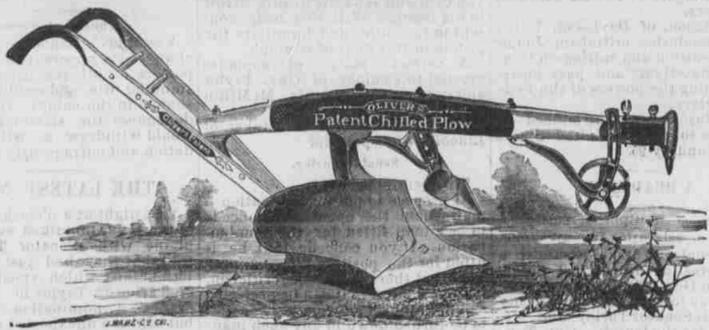


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OLIVER CHILL PLOWS are far superior to any ever made; lighter draft, cheaper, stronger. Have stood the test for twenty-five years. We have a car load just in. Try our No. 40. We have them with wood or steel beams.

A large stock of back-bands, singletrees, doubletrees, trace chains, bark collars, blind bridles, plow lines, etc.

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We sell for CASH, and can sell on a shorter profit than any Credit House; besides, you don't have help pay another man's bad debts.

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Respectfully,

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Agricultural and Live Stock Department.

AGRICULTURAL.

Items of Interest From all Around the Farm.

Do not go into breeding sheep and growing wool unless you mean to give the flock the best of care.

It is a mistake not to feed the breeding ewes well from the time the milk is dried up until the ram serves them.

Are the gates all in good repair? There is no better time of the year than now to attend to such things. Every good gate should have a coat of paint; they last much longer and look better.

During the winter is the farmer's best time to read and study about his business. Subscribe for as many farm papers as you can afford, and buy some good standard agricultural work and study it.

Do not be frightened if your cows are large eaters, for it is a pretty sure indication that they have something of value to give you in return. All that you can induce a cow to eat and digest, above that needed for support, will go directly to profit.

A flock of poultry on any farm can be made the source of a neat income; but even should the farmer only raise enough for his own family, selling never an egg nor a feather, they will pay better than anything else requiring same outlay of time and money.

You have arranged for feeding the stock this winter, but have you also arranged for proper feeding of the land? The manure should be put to work again producing something more which is of value, for the rotation thus procured is the highway to success. A rotation of crops is not the only one requiring attention.—Farmer's Home Journal.

There is an advantage in storing the seed corn in the smoke house. The odor of creosote which attaches to corn from its exposure to smoke is an effective safeguard against the ravages of many worms and insect pests which play upon early planted corn.—Farmer's Home Journal.

The successful farmer of to-day is a man of broad intelligence and sound business judgment. He is familiar with the situation; grows crops and stock that are adapted to his soil, climate and markets; then studies to make surrounding conditions and circumstances contribute to his needs. He not only uses the light that comes to him through the experience of others, but also keeps his own lamp trimmed and burning.

Preparing Ground For Onions.

If the frost does not permit so doing, plow the plot of ground for onions and leave it rough, so that the frost can penetrate it. When a warm day comes spread the manure, and plenty of it, on the plot and work it well into the soil with a harrow. As onions are put into the ground very early in the year, one cannot prepare for the crop too soon. The main points are to have the land worked deep and fine, and to use decomposed manure that is free from stalks, straw or other litter.

Eye For Pig Feed.

Rye is extensively used in North Europe for pig feeding. In Denmark, where it is fed extensively, it has the reputation of producing the same amount of pork from a given weight as barley. The quality of the pork produced is nearly as good as that made from barley, which stands at the head of the list for producing pork meats of the finest quality.

Breeding Dairy Cows.

A correspondent of Hoard's Dairyman, who seems to be thoroughly well informed in regard to the subject, tells in a recent issue how Jersey cattle are bred on the Island of Jersey. The island, which contains only about 10,000 acres of farm land, is divided into eleven parishes, and each parish has an annual show, at which yearling bulls are shown with their dams, and the two are scored jointly, so that a bad bull with a good dam or a good bull with a bad dam cannot be the winner.

Both must be good to win. The prize, ranging from £20 to £40, is not paid until after two years, and is forfeited if the bull is parted with. This induces the owner to keep him, and he practically becomes the bull for the parish, to which all the good cows in it are bred. Animals are registered, but the owners know little or nothing about pedigrees. They know the sire and dam of an animal they own, but that is about all.

The result of this kind of breeding is that little account is taken of pedigrees or families, but large stress is laid on individuality. It is the individuality of the bull and his dam that makes him a winner, and he is probably always the descendant of a winner on the sire's side at least, and probably on that of the dam as well.

The Dairy.

Cows may be fed very cheaply through the winter on straw and poorly cured corn fodder, but they cannot be expected to produce much on such food. The owner will certainly be out at least the cost of their keeping—whatever that may be.

Extra quality can be looked for only in the improvement of breeds and in judicious selection. Feed enough of a mixed ration to increase the quantity of a cow's milk, and the product will be the best of which she is capable. It is now established that an extra quantity of nutritious food will not increase the percentage of butter fats.

When butter selling is dull a profitable trade to fall back upon is the selling of cream, and such a trade can be worked up by every creamery or dairy. Especially if it is well known that the cream is pasteurized before it is put on the market it will go off with a whirl. Creameries can obtain special apparatus, but it will not be difficult for a man to arrange one for himself.

English dairymen have concluded that they can, on an arable farm, get a succession of crops which are the best dairy foods, and can procure 50 per cent. more food suited to dairy cows than by keeping the same area in grass. This, and the English method of feeding, by which root crops and soiling are made to play a prominent part, are worth consideration.

Things That Don't Pay.

Keeping too many fowls in two small quarters.

Keeping two or more breeds when you are only posted on one.

To get rid of your best breeders. Always keep the best at home.

To dose or doctor fowls in health to keep them healthy. "What fools ye mortals be."

To pose as a judge or critic, when your faculties lead you to the plow.

To send out inferior stock. Better use the hatchet freely and not kill your reputation.

To breed from pullets, where healthy, strong chicks are wanted, or from old cocks with old hens—one just as bad as the other. Better mate a strong yearling cock on two-year-old hens. This mating pays best.

Oceans of Room.

The poultry business is the largest of our agricultural industries, and yet it is practically in its infancy. There is oceans of room for enterprising men and women to earn a livelihood with the hen. It is a business that will not sustain indefiniteness of purpose; the idea and aim of the prospective poultryer must be carefully and thoroughly planned before he embarks in his work. Don't rush madly into it; study it, learn it, and build a solid foundation for the business to grow on. Begin moderately and gradually increase your stock as your knowledge increases in caring for that stock after you get it. Nothing will succeed unless you know the secrets of success. The secrets of poultry raising are not many, but you should know them if you hope to succeed.—The Feather.

WARREN'S ADDRESS.

Stand! The ground's your own, my brave! Will ye give it up to slaves? Will ye look for greener graves? Hope's a mere still!

What's the merry despot's stay? Hear it in that battle peal! Read it on yon bristling steel! Ask it, ye who will!

Fear ye foes who'll kill for hire? Will ye to your homes retire? Look behind you!

They're afe! And, before you see Who have done it! From the vale On ye come! And will ye quail? Lend us rain and iron hail! Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust! Die we may, and die we must! Be consigned so well! As where heaven its dew shall shed On the martyred patriot's bed And the rocks shall raise their head Of his deeds to tell!

—John Pierpont.

A TAVERN GHOST.

Several travel worn drummers sat in the lobby exchanging yarns. It was Rodney Green's turn, and he looked wise and began his tale:

I don't claim by any means that the belief in ghosts is a general thing in Arkansas, but I do say that I had an experience out there a few years ago. It was late in the fall, and I happened to be in the village of Bucktown, which desecrates a very limited portion of mother earth in the southern part of the state. The town is about as small and dirty a place as ever I saw, and the Bucktown Inn is not much above the general character of the place. The region is inhabited by natives who still cling to all sorts of foolish superstitions. The inn in the antebellum days was kept by one who was said to be the meanest and most crabbed of mortals. The old demon was as miserly as he was mean, and all his narrow life he hoarded his filthy lucre with fiendish greed. Report had it also that he had even murdered his patrons in their beds for their money. What the facts actually were I don't know, but even to this day the old inn is held in suspicion. A lingering effect of former horrors still clouds its memory.

The present proprietor, Ben Watson—his real name is Bunker, I believe—is altogether different sort of chap—a southern type, in fact—one of those shiftless, helpless, happy-go-lucky mortals who love strong whisky and who chew an enormous quid of black tobacco and smoke a corncob pipe at the same time. When the former keeper "shuffled off," his property fell to a distant relative, in the person of the present keeper, who with his family immediately moved in from a neighboring hamlet and took possession. It was well known that the old proprietor had accumulated considerable wealth during his sojourn among the living, but all efforts to discover any treasure upon the premises had failed, and now the idea of ever finding it was practically given up. As far as Bunker was concerned, the matter troubled him little. He had a hardworking wife, who ran things the best she could under the circumstances, and saw that his needs were forthcoming at their respective intervals. What more could he wish? Why should he care if there was a treasure buried upon his place? Indeed it would have been a sore puzzle for him to know what to do with a fortune unless perhaps his wife came to his aid.

Among other stories that hovered in the history of the Bucktown inn was one which involved a ghost. In the room where the former keeper had died peculiar noises were heard at unearthly hours. Sighing, moaning and, in fact, all the other indications which point to the existence of ghosts were said to be present. On account of this the chamber had long since been abandoned.

I listened with keen interest to the wonderful tales about the haunted room and then suddenly resolved to investigate and see for myself all that was to be seen. I told Bunker my purpose. He shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, but instead of warning me and offering a flood of protests, as I expected, he merely took his pipe from his mouth and called out "Jane!" His wife appeared, and he intimated that I should settle the matter with the "old woman." The prospect of a fee persuaded the wife, and off she went to arrange for my bed in that ill-fated room.

At 9 o'clock that evening I bade the family good night, took my candle, ascended the rickety stairs and entered the chamber of horrors. The atmosphere was heavy and had a peculiar odor that was not at all pleasing. However, I latched the door and was soon in bed. Having propped myself up with pillows, I was prepared to await the coming of the ghost.

Overhead the dusty rafters, which once had experienced the sensation of being whitewashed, but which were now a dirty yellowish color, were hung with a fantastic array of cobwebs. The flickering light of the candle reflected upon the walls and against the ceiling a myriad of grotesque shapes, and, this effect being continually disturbed by the swaying cobwebs, the whole caused the room to appear rather ghostly after all, and especially so to an imaginative mind.

I waited and waited for hours, it seemed, but still no ghost. Perhaps it was afraid of my candlelight; so I blew it out. No sooner had I done this and settled back in bed again than a white hand appeared through the door and then a whole figure. At last the ghost had come, a white and sheeted ghost!

It had come right through the door, although it was locked, and now it advanced toward the bed. Raising its long, white arm, it pointed a bony finger at me and then in a hollow voice commanded, "Come with me!" Thereupon it turned to the door, while instantly I jumped out of bed to follow. Some unseen power compelled me to obey. The door flew open, and the ghost led me down the stairs, through long halls, into the cellar, through mysterious underground corridors, up stairs again, in and out of rooms which I never dreamed were to be found in that old rambling inn. Finally through a small door in the rear we left the house. I was in my sleeping garments, but so matter. I had to follow.

The white form, with a slow and measured tread and as silent as death, led the way into the orchard. There under a tree at the farther end it pointed to the ground and in the same ghostly tones before used said:

"Here you will find a great treasure buried."

The ghost then disappeared, and I saw it no more. I stood dazed and trembling. Upon recovering my wits I started to dig, but the chill of the night air and the scantiness of my night robes made such labor impracticable. So I decided to leave some mark to identify the place and come again at daybreak. I reached up and broke off a limb. Overcome with my night exertions, I slept the next morning until a

loud rapping on my door and a croaking voice warned me that it was noon.

I had intended to leave Bucktown inn that day, but prompted by curiosity and anxious to investigate I unpacked my gripsack for a comfortable stay.

You must understand that this was my first experience with a ghost, and I feared I might never see another.

At breakfast my landlady waited on me in silence, though once I detected her eyes following me with a peculiar expression. She wanted to ask me how I enjoyed the night, but I would not gratify her by volunteering a word.

My host was more outspoken.

"Reckon ye didn't get much sleep," said he, with a queer smile.

"Did you hear anything?" I asked.

"Well, I did, ye-es," he said, with a drawl. "But ye didn't disturb me any. I knew ye'd hev trouble when ye went in that room ter sleep."

That afternoon I slipped out to the tree, but to my amazement I found that the twig I had broken from the branches was gone. Finally I found under the lower trunk of an apple tree an open place from which a small branch had evidently been wrested, but on looking further I discovered that every apple tree in the orchard had been similarly disfigured.

"More mysterious than ever," I said, "but tonight shall decide."

"That night I plended weariness, which no one seemed inclined to question, and sought my couch earlier.

"Goin' ter try it ag'in?" asked my host.

"Yes, and I'll stay all winter but what I'll get even with that ghost," I said.

That night I kept the candle burning until midnight; then I blew it out.

Instantly the room was flooded with a soft light, and at the foot of the bed stood my ghost, the identical ghost of last night. Again the bony finger beckoned, and a sepulchral voice whispered, "Follow me!" I sprang from the bed, but the figure darted ahead of me. It flew through the doorway and down the stairs and I after it. At the foot of the staircase an unseen hand reached forward and caught my foot, and I fell sprawling headlong.

But in a second I was on my feet and pursuing the ghost. It had gained on me a few yards, but I was quicker, and just as we reached the outside door I nearly touched its robes. They sent a chill through my frame, and I nearly gave up the pursuit.

As it passed through the doorway it turned and gave me one look, and I caught the same malignant light in its eyes that I remembered from the night before.

In the open orchard I felt sure I could catch it.

But my ghost had no intention of allowing me any such opportunity. To my disgust it darted backward and into the house, slamming the door in my face.

In a frenzy of fear and chagrin I threw myself against the oak door with such force that its rusty old hinges yielded and

I landed in the big front room of the inn just in time to see the white skirts of the ghost flit up the stairs.

Up stairs I fled after it and into an old chamber. There, huddled in a corner, I saw it. In the minute's delay it had secured a lighted candle, and as I entered it advanced to daunt me with bony arm upraised to great height.

"Caught!" I cried, throwing my arms around the figure. And I had made the acquaintance of a real live ghost.

"The white robes fell and I saw revealed my hostess of Bucktown inn.

Next morning when I threatened to call the police she confessed to me that she masqueraded as a ghost to draw visitors to the out of the way old place and that she found its tales of being haunted highly profitable to her.—Baltimore Herald.

Early Refrigeration.

The most ancient method of making ice is practiced in India. Holes are made in the ground, dry straw is put at the bottom of these, and on it at the close of the day are placed pans of water which are left until the next morning, when the ice that is found within the pans is collected. This industry is carried on only in districts where the ground is dry and will readily absorb the vapor given off from the water in the pans. The freezing, of course, is due to the great amount of heat absorbed by the vapor in passing from its liquid to its gaseous form.

Another process was practiced in the day of ancient Rome when the wealthy are said to have had their wines cooled by having the bottles placed in water into which saltpeter was thrown, the bottles being the while rotated.

Dr. Cullen in 1755 discovered that the evaporation of water could be facilitated by the removal of the pressure of the atmosphere, and that by doing this water could be frozen. Nairn in 1777 discovered that sulphuric acid would absorb the vapor of water if placed in a second vessel separate from that containing the water, but connected with it. This discovery he put to use in 1810 by constructing an apparatus for absorbing the vapor of the water that it was desired to cool or freeze. This apparatus greatly facilitated the freezing operation of a vacuum freezing machine.—Cassier's Magazine.

Large Doings.

On Long Island, a hundred and more years ago, there was fox hunting for three days during the season, and the biography of Catherine Schuyler contains the following apt lines, from the pen of a witty woman whose name, unfortunately, remains unknown:

A fox is killed by twenty men.
That fox perhaps had killed a hen.
A brilliant act no doubt is here.
All wicked foxes ought to fear
When twenty dogs and twenty men
Can kill a fox that killed a hen.
—Youth's Companion.

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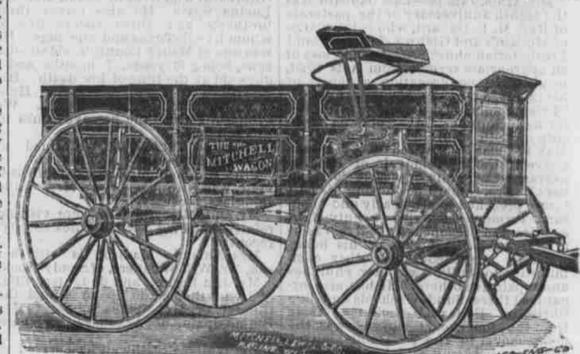
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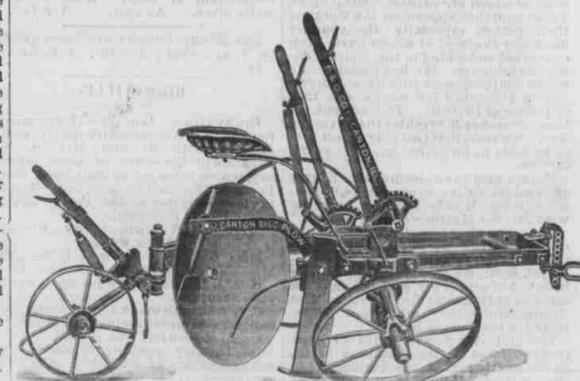
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Perhaps you haven't seen one of Gov. Taylor's books. If they couldn't be bought for less they are worth that money themselves. Call at the HERALD office and see a copy. You will wonder then how so much can be furnished you for so little.

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