

sears of that terrible calamity. The flower of its manhood destroyed, their wealth and resources consumed, their homes shattered, their very labor on whom they leaned as a strong right arm all swept from under them. Not much was left; but heroically the old men, the children, the women, and those who returned from the wars, all made the best they could of it. As far as possible they retained their estates; as far as possible—and that means very largely—they still rely upon the darkey to do their labor. But now they do not own the negro, and so they have not that full control of him. The negro still makes the crops, but now he does it either as a renter outright or on the shares, or as a regular month-wage hand. This causes an increase of cost in the production of the crop over slave days; the land is not as productive as formerly; the owner of the land has not as full control over his labor as previously. All these factors produce a smaller profit to the landowner. Still, he is able to operate profitably in this way, and will be, and will continue to do so, as long as the darkey can grow cotton.

But these conditions have not tended to improve the conditions of the farm. The negro knows how to produce one crop, and practically only one, viz., cotton; it was the chief crop grown in the earlier days, and continues to be the chief crop. It will be the chief crop grown in Mississippi so long as the conditions are sufficiently favorable that the negro may make a rent-paying crop of cotton. After that, the negro will either have to learn more about farming, or, which is more likely, the present method will be displaced. When the land becomes so worn-out by this one-crop system that it will not produce a paying crop, it is allowed to "lie out" for a number of years, becoming sodded over, and likely pretty well covered with various shrubs and brush; frequently, one encounters a good-sized forest where once cotton grew.

Live stock is scarcely a Mississippi product. Mississippians do not supply themselves with corn, oats, flour, beef, butter, pork, bacon, horses nor mules, but are heavy buyers of all these commodities, depending upon their cotton crop for all things. Thus arose a strange condition amongst them this last winter, viz., the market price for all farm commodities has been high, yet the farmers of Mississippi were the chief grumblers thereat. Think of a farmer complaining at the high price of oats or wheat? Why should a farmer protest if pork, beef, mutton and mules are unusually high? These conditions should be pleasing to the average farmer. The production of one chief crop, the scarcity of live stock, the large tracts of low land still forested, the abandonment of worn-out lands, the pinch of poverty following the war, the incompetency of labor, are some of the many factors which have helped to paint the less-pleasing picture that unrolls to the traveller's eye: a profusion of vines, weeds, shrubs and trees, few good fences, meandering streams that wander at great random, sadly cutting up the fields, with brush and trees along their edges, cutting off the vision; dilapidated negro cabins, set up on stilts, as it were, on account of the moisture—these are the things one sees too persistently. They do not bespeak prosperity; they are not inviting.

Yet, though Mississippians may justly boast of their past, their future contains much more for them. Agriculturally, Mississippi shall some day take rank with the foremost. Her climate, her soil, her great range of crops, her splendid grasses, her many horticultural possibilities, all surely combine to make the Mississippi home a beautiful, happy one, and her farms replete with the necessities of the race. J. A. M.

Hoo Tae Keep Weel.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

There isna' ony doot that, gin we didna' break any o' Nature's laws, we wouldna' hae muckle to complain aboot in the way o' sickness, sac, ad-mittin' this, the ane sensible thing for us to dae is to find oot what Nature's laws are, an' then obey them, so far as it is in the power o' poor weak humanity to dae it. For instance, we ken that we are not a' built so that we can mak' guid use o' a' the victuals we may be inclined tae pit intae oor stomachs, and gin we follow oor inclinations, there's gaein' tae be trouble. In fae', I'm thinkin' that this is at the bottom o' aboot seven-eighths o' the sic'ness o' this country, juist plain over-eatin'. Gin we wad juist eat what we ken a' enouch o' plain, wholesome food, we wouldna' hae to be payin' so mony big doctor bills, to say naethin' o' what we would be savin' in the way o' bannocks an' pork, an' parritch.

An' then the quare thing aboot it a' is the way we will be rinnin' tae the doctor an' dosin' oor bodes wi' his mixtures an' his pills, instead o' givin' Nature a chance at repairin' us and bringin' us back to a state o' health again. For it's nae so that has got tae cure us, although nae o' us didna' seem tae look at it in that way. Aboot the best we can dae is to start tae live up her a

chance, an' no' tae be loadin' oor system wi' drugs o' a' kinds.

I was talkin' tae an auld chap the ither day, an' he was tellin' me some o' his experience along this line. He said his auld wumman told him one spring that she thought that ilka mon wha was warkin' oot in the slush an' wet ought to tak' some guid patent medicine whether he needed it or no'. "So," says he, "I went like an auld fool an' got a bottle frae the doctor, an' commenced takin' it accordin' tae directions. Weel sir, ye willna' believe me, but I hadna' been takin' it mair nor three days when I got so weak like I couldna' walk further than your barn. I hadna' mair than strength eneuch tae tak' the bottle an' smash it intae bits on the stane wa'. It wad hae kilt me, there's naethin' surer nor that, gin I had na' stoppit when I did." I ken o' anither case along the same line. A lady frien' o' my ain wha had never been a day sick in her life, an' wha weighed on ordinary occasions aboot one hundred an' eighty, went tae see the doctor aboot a cold she had caught somewhere or ither, an' which was na' gettin' better as quick as she liked. "Wumman," says the doctor, "ye're too fat. I maun gie ye somethin' tae reduce yer weight. Ye'll hae tae pit yersel' under ma' care for a couple o' months gin ye're goin' tae regain ye're health." Weel, the upshot o' it a' was that she did pit hersel' under his care, an' it wasna' two months, but mair nor five years before she was able to tak' care o' hersel' again, an' to this day she is na' as weel as she used tae be, an' I'm dootin' if she ever will. It was juist this way: The medicine the doctor gae her tae bring her doon in flesh ruined her stomach, an' this in turn brought on nervous prostration or some like trouble, an' there she was. An' a' due to a veesit tae the doctor that she should never hae made.

I'm no' goin' to say ower muckle agin' the doctors. They hae their place. I daur say they hae cured as mony as they hae kilt, an' if ye've had the misfortune tae break yer leg or pit yersel' oot o' joint somewheres, or even gin some o' yer wife's relations are sick, I wad say call him in. But dinna' be doctorin' and dosin' yersel' for every bit trouble ye hae. Aboot a' the guid there is in patent medicine is in the water its mixed in, an' ye can get this purer an' cheaper frae the pump oot in the yard.

I min' once o' askin' my grandfaither hoo it came that he was never sick, an' him as auld as he was. "Weel, Sandy," says he, "I'll tell ye. I was a hard drinker, but I made it a rule tae never tak' onything stronger than water. Guid water, an' plenty o' it, especially when ye get oot o' bed in the mornin', will mak' a guid-lookin' auld mon o' ye. An', Sandy," he goes on, "there's anither thing that winna' dae ye ony harm tae ken, an' that is that ye canna' be oot o' yer bed mair than sixteen hours oot o' the twenty-four, gin ye want tae be weel an' dae yer best wark. Gin I were a young mon, I wouldna' let the best girl that ever stood on shoe-leather keep me frae na sleep aifter ten o'clock."

An' ae' thing mair, Sandy," says he, "dinna' worry aboot what ye canna' help. I min' one time tellin' yer grandmither I hadna' slept muckle the nicht, on account o' worryin' aboot the debt on the farm. 'Aye, Donald,' says she, an' hoo muckle did ye pay o' it? Since that I haena' wasted mony o' ma sleepin' hours thinkin' o' ma debts. Those I was owin' might lie awake thinkin' aboot it, but not me."

"So, you see, Sandy," he ends up, "it's no' so hard to live tae a healthy auld age, aifter a'. We a' hae brains, mair or less, an' we hae only tae use them a wee bit in the matter o' formin' oor habits o' life tae keep frae rinnin' aff the track."

The auld chap must hae kenned what he was talkin' aboot, for it had warked oot weel in his case. Gin he wasna' feelin' juist richt, he wad miss a meal, an' let it go at that. Doctors did na' mak' muckle oot o' him.

This matter o' keepin' well is o' conseederable importance, onyway, for we're on this earth for the purpose o' accomplishin' somethin', an' gin we are to dae that, we must hae oor health. The mon handicapped wi' sickness stands a poor chance o' comin' oot ahead in the race. An' that we all hae, to a large extent, oor health or sickness in oor ain hands, is what I hae been tryin' tae prove tae ye in the foregoing. Gin ye're a mon o' as muckle common sense as I tak' ye for, I hae na doot ye'll see it the same as mysel'.

SANDY FRASER.

HORSES.

Preserving the Morgan Horse.

The efforts of the United States Government to preserve and perpetuate what has been designated as "The American Horse," began some years ago, as "The Farmer's Advocate" readers are aware, and are being continued in conjunction with the Experiment Stations of Colorado and Vermont. The stud for the latter is located at Middlebury, Vt., and the stallion upon which reliance has been placed, in conjunction with selected mares of Morgan breeding, to rescue from oblivion the justly famous Morgan horse, is General Gates (666). He is still in use, along with a recently-purchased son of his, Red Oak. Our illustration shows that he possesses a desirable combination of conformation and style, and with these characteristics he couples endurance and propotency. He is a black horse, bred by Joseph Battell, of Middlebury, Vt., and foaled in 1894. He stands 15 hands high and weighs 1,000 lbs. He was sired by Denning Allen; he by Honest Allen, a son of Ethan Allen, by Black Hawk, one of the most famous Morgan horses of his time. Black Hawk was also the grandsire of Denning Allen's dam. General Gates' dam was by a Thoroughbred horse, known as Revenue Jr. At the head of the Colorado stud is Carmon No. 32917, a Standard-bred horse, 16 hands high, weighing 1,250 lbs., by Carnegie, a son of Robert McGregor; dam Monitor Maid, whose dam traced to Ethan Allen. The reason for these efforts by the American Government was that the craze for speed had threatened the existence of carriage breeding lines of horses, and was largely responsible for the introduction of the Hackney, German, French and Yorkshire Coach horses and Cleveland Bays. The grand old Morgan type of horse was all but destroyed by crosses with Hambletonian and George Wilkes horses. A great many horses were recorded in the Morgan Stud-book that were "Morgan" only in name. The type is also said to have been injured by violent out-crosses designed to increase the size of the breed. The aim at Middlebury is to reach from 15.1 to 15.3, with 15.2 as the ideal, not to create a "big" horse, but one with conformation, qual-



General Gates.

At the head of the United States Morgan Horse Farm, Middlebury, Vt.