

# WENT TO SEE BULL FIGHT

DESCRIPTION OF HOW NATIVES FIGHT THE BRUTES.

IT IS AN INTENSE EXCITEMENT

News Editor Had the Pleasure Last Week of Seeing One of the Fanciest Mexican Bull Fights in All its Glory, Goldfields and Trip Home.

On Board the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Special, North of Chihuahua, Mexico, Jan. 22.—From a staff correspondent: The Stillwell excursion has made its last stop in Mexico and is now headed north toward the United States, which will be entered some time this evening when we cross the Rio Grande river at El Paso.

Leaving the City of Mexico Thursday evening, the excursion started north on the Mexican Central railway, which travels northwesterly through the central part of the republic. Here a better stretch of country is found than when we went down on the Mexican National. Here is less magney and more wheat and corn, and the people are better looking and better dressed, showing that more attention is paid to the making of flour than to the production of pulque. A high state of cultivation is maintained through a splendid system of irrigation, water being brought for miles from the mountains to the thirsty fields. The irrigation in Mexico is a revelation along that line, showing what can be done by hard work and determination, and amid such difficulties as are not encountered in the United States except in the most barren of the western plains.

The same Moorish style of architecture prevails throughout the whole of Mexico as was seen shortly after we crossed the border the day we came into the republic. The box like houses never cease to be a source of interest and amazement to a Yankee that there is on this continent a people whose habitations and customs are so vastly different from ours. We thought when we saw the Mexican villages, the streets of Cairo and the Moorish palaces at the expositions in the United States, that the pictures were overdrawn for spectacular effect, but in fact they were true to life, even to the hooded or bareheaded women and the blanketed men. Nothing but just such life as we portrayed at those exhibitions can be found among the natives in Mexico.

**Vast, Treeless Plain.**  
All of the republic of Mexico, except on the coast slopes, which vary from 50 to 150 miles in width, is a great table land, a vast expanse of treeless plains, varying in height from 3,500 to 8,500 feet, and this surmounted by frequent ranges of mountains, called Sierra Madres, those on the east being the Sierra Madre Oriental and those on the west the Sierra Madre Occidental, while the other mountains that are scattered about over the country are just plain Sierra Madres. On account of the elevation of the interior the climate is chilly except in the sun, when it is uncomfortably warm at the City of Mexico, and only comfortable at Chihuahua.

It is just 1,000 miles from the City of Mexico to Chihuahua, and we passed several good towns on the way. At Aguan Calientes, a town of 40,000 people, is one of the largest silver and copper smelters in the world, deriving its support from the immensely rich mines in the mountains near by. Here is made the finest "drawn work" in Mexico, the making of which is the sole occupation of a large per cent. of the population.

The highest point reached on the journey is at Zacatecas, over 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. The train climbs the tortuous windings of the track to reach the summit of the mountain, when suddenly there is spread out before the view a scene of dream-like strangeness. From the car window the passenger looks down upon the flat top houses, domes and taverns, crowded together in the gulch below, extending up the hillsides and down through the valley to the plain below, where is the town of Guadalupe, and beyond this may be seen a lake of sparkling water. In the distance on the opposite side of the town on the crest of another mountain spur may be seen the little church of Los Remedios, founded in 1728, reached by a rocky path, up which the faithful climb once a year to do penance, for but one service a year is held in this little chapel. A view of this enchanted city brings back the Bible lessons of younger days. The long narrow lanes between flat-topped houses, the women with veils closely drawn about their heads, the men muffled to the eyes in their serapes, the little donkeys heavily laden going toward the city or returning over the road that seems as hard as that which leads to Jordan.

**Among Silver Mines.**  
Zacatecas is a town of 25,000 people and is capital of the state of Zacatecas, and is celebrated for the enormous output of silver from its mines. Silver was discovered in the mountains here as early as 1546, and it is estimated that the value of the silver taken from the mines since their discovery has reached the enormous sum of \$1,000,000,000.

The train was stopped here half an hour while the tourists inspected the mine recently purchased by Mr. Stillwell, president of the Orient railroad, which is one of the largest and most productive here. The subscription books were opened for a few minutes

and considerable stock was snapped up, Secretary of State Galusha taking a chunk.

From Zacatecas the train comes down the mountains rapidly until Toron is reached six hours later. This is the lowest point on the road between Mexico City and Chihuahua, the elevation here being 3,750 feet. This is the cotton growing district of Mexico and immense quantities of it are produced in the lake region tributary to the town. It has a number of cotton mills, a brewery, ice factory, soap factory, etc. It has a population of 15,000 now, among whom are a good many Americans, and is growing rapidly. Signs on the stores which spell English words, attest the presence of Americans. Near here on the mountain sides grows a small bush from which is extracted rubber, and there are a number of plants here for that purpose. The brush is brought to the mills on the backs of burros, loaded on until it looks like a moving haystack, with the nose and fore feet of the little beast sticking out in front. This brush is paid for at the rate of \$25, Mex. per ton, and affords a livelihood for the peons as well as a use for the mountain sides.

**World's Richest Gold Fields.**

The junction of the Mexican Central with the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient was reached five miles out of Chihuahua at about noon Saturday. Here the sleepers were left and day coaches were taken in a trip over 76 miles of track east. The line already penetrates the region of a number of rich silver and zinc mines, with the products of many more to be carried as soon as the line reaches them. The line also passes through the best agricultural and cattle country seen in Mexico. Returning to Chihuahua that night, the train was taken west over the line of that road up into the mountains 200 miles. The end of the line is now within 200 miles of the Pacific coast, and a practical route has been found through the range of mountains. Either way from Chihuahua the line is now in operation for 300 miles, while quite a stretch of track has been built and is in operation from Topolampayo to the northeast, the connecting link to be built through the mountains. The trip west took the party into the only timber region seen in Mexico, large pine trees growing on the mountain sides. On the coast slope are immense forests which this railroad will open up, besides it will reach some of the richest gold, silver and coal fields in the world.

Returning to Chihuahua early Monday morning, a stop was made until noon to give the pilgrims an opportunity to stretch their legs and see the town. At 10 o'clock the party called upon Gov. Enrique C. Creel, governor of the state of Chihuahua, who is first vice president of the Orient railroad. The governor received the party in the executive apartments of the magnificent new state house, and it was apparent that he is much interested in the building of the Orient. He is a fine Spanish gentleman 70 years old, and is said to be one of the richest men in the republic, numbering his acres and his herds by the millions.

**Diversion in Chihuahua.**

In relating the meanderings of the Stillwell party about Chihuahua, it does not necessarily follow that all the party saw the railroad that runs up into the mountains to the west of the metropolis of northern Mexico. As a matter of fact, the writer is one of a party of eight or ten who quietly dropped from the train as it was passing through the suburbs of Chihuahua at about 11 o'clock Saturday night. It was the last chance to come in actual contact with real Mexican life and believing that their presence in the Stillwell party was not of essential importance, they decided to drop off until the return of the train from the west. As the train passed on, the little party found themselves upon the platform of an apparently deserted depot at 11 o'clock at night, without an intimation of which way to turn or what to do. In the distance could be seen the electric lights of the city, but as they seemed to string along a mile or more of territory, there was a good deal of prospective walking in the situation, with no end of complications with policemen who could not understand us and whom we could not understand any better. Finally, as we were about to see what we could do, a man hove in sight coming down the track. This proved to be the station agent, and he proved a friend in need. Telephoning up town he soon had a carriage for us, driven by a jehu who knows no more English than we know Spanish. The agent told him in his native tongue to drive us to the Hotel Palacio, which is the leading American hotel of the city. Off he dashed, his decrepit old carriage rattling over the stones through the narrow Mexican streets faced by the inhospitable stone walls on either side. At last there was an open square beautifully parked, and on one side of this we drew up with a flourish in front of the hotel. We just had sense enough not to pay the jehu until we had entered the hotel office. The room looked good to us, but alas! The only occupant of the room was a sleepy eyed Mexican boy, who insisted on pushing us away from the register when we attempted to write our names. We finally tumbled to the fact that the house was full and that no more guests could be cared for. Then back to the carriage we went and in pigeon Spanish tried

to tell the jehu to try another hotel. He was a good fellow, was this Mexican, and he knew what we wanted. Away we went through the narrow streets and finally stopped in front of the portal of a real Mexican house. After pounding the knocker awhile, a Mexican came and gave us no understanding there was no room there. Away we went again and again paused in our mad race in front of another portal. This time we had better luck—or perhaps worse. A man who could speak a little English came to the door, and he shook his head when told what we wanted. It began to look as though Chihuahua might not prove such a fine thing for us after all. We tried to impress the English speaking gentleman with a Spanish accent that we were strangers in a strange land and that we must have a temporary home for which we were willing to be separated from a liberal number of pesos. A happy thought struck the gentleman finally and he dove into the rear recesses from which he emerged with a lantern in his hand and beckoned us to follow him. This we did, after emptying a handful of silver into the jehu's outstretched palm, and he conducted us into a cavernous room, in which were three make-downs on that resembled American saw horses, into these four of us crawled, where we remained shivering and desolate. There was very little sleep among that crowd, but all things have an end, and when the shuffling of feet outside, so daylight penetrated the room, announced that it was morning, we went out into the bright sunlight and were glad. In the morning we secured quarters at the Palacio for the remainder of our stay, and this is a nicely built American hotel, with certain Mexican characteristics of garb and strong smell, with which we have now become familiar.

Then we were ready to see a Mexican town in all its Sunday glory. Early the little alameda, or park, in front of the hotel, began filling up with daily costumed Mexicans, the band played during the morning hours, there was a great hurrying to and fro and the street vendors did a good business. At 11 o'clock the chimes on the old cathedral, facing the park from another side, rang out loud and long, and the throng all went to church. We followed the crowd. This cathedral, like all Mexican churches, dates from ancient times, this particular building having been commenced in 1747, but was not completed until 1789. The exterior is of great architectural beauty, the front being a series of ornamental columns, terminating in two lofty towers which may be seen from all parts of the city. Unlike the cathedral at Mexico City, the interior is rather bare and cheerless. Most of the worshippers stood or knelt upon the floor, what few pews there are being securely locked with padlocks and not well looked.

**Mexico's American City.**

Then we went out for a drive to see the city. Chihuahua is a place of 40,000 people, and is known as the American city of Mexico, because a good many Americans make their homes here. While the Mexican style of architecture prevails, yet in many of the newer buildings American ideas have been incorporated, relieving the monotonous box-like, flat-roofed style of building. There are more three-story buildings in Chihuahua than in the whole City of Mexico, and it has many modern improvements. In the course of the drive we passed the ancient aqueduct, which still brings water to the city from a mountain four miles distant over a continuous line of stone arches, built more than two hundred years ago, for the town was founded in 1539. The state of Chihuahua has a magnificent state house, in which have been incorporated enough American ideas to make it attractive. Near here is the government mint, which turns out silver dollars at the rate of sixty a minute. A beautiful theater occupies a prominent place near the capitol building, which is under government control. There is quite an American colony, and handsome American homes have been erected in the eastern part of the city. Chihuahua is in the center of an immense mineral and stock growing country and many of its people are very wealthy.

This seemed destined to be a day of experiences. As we returned from the drive, we found a crowd of policemen around the hotel door, and as we attempted to enter we were stopped by a man in uniform. The clerk came to our rescue and after exchanging a little gibberish with his royal presence, we were permitted to enter. Then it transpired that while we were absent, there had been an attempted murder and suicide in the hotel, and the scene of the tragedy was in the room next mine. A Spanish company was stopping at the hotel, giving nightly entertainments at the theater, and during the morning one of the actors had shot his sweetheart and then himself. The girl was not killed nor was the man, but both will probably die. After hovering around the entrance to the hotel for a few hours, the squad of police was removed and one officer was stationed at the door of the man's room, waiting for him to die or get well and be arrested and started on his way to the salt mines. After the tragedy it was announced that the company would not appear at the theater for two nights, but pretty soon an order came from the governor that an entertainment must be given that night—and it was.

**Sees a Bull Fight.**

When you are in Mexico do as the Mexicans do, is a principle we attempted to follow yesterday. So about 3 o'clock we followed the crowd which went to the cock fight. After seeing

two gamey roosters laid out, we quit the game, as not coming up to our idea of refined sport. Then we annexed ourselves to the bigger crowd that was wending its way to a building where a sign announced "Plaza de Toros," in other words the bull pen. After placing dos pesos in the hands of the gate keeper we were permitted to mount a long flight of stone steps which led to the rim of an amphitheatre surrounding an arena perhaps 100 feet in diameter. There was a crowd of several thousand people on the seats of the amphitheatre, all on the qui vive for the forthcoming national sport, which is given on Sunday and no other day. The seats of the amphitheatre rise in tiers to the top, where the private boxes are, and there is no roof except over the outer elevs and in the boxes. The ring itself is surrounded by a stone wall, with a gate at the farther side, through which the performers and the bull enter. Back of this inside wall is another, the space between serving as an alley in which the secondary performers of the game keep themselves when not engaged. At intervals on the rimside of the inner wall are stationed strong barriers placed just far enough from the wall to admit the body of a man and not wide enough to admit the horns of the bull, where the man retreats when too closely pressed by the bull. The sport is under the direction of a president, who sits in state in a box opposite the entrance gate to the ring. A bugler stands at the side of this functionary and he calls the signals at the direction of the president. A band plays continuously during the performance, except at the critical time when the bull is to be killed. At a call from the bugle the gate on the far side of the arena opened and in came five matadores, the athletes who are to do the active work, accompanied by two men on horseback, called the pleaders, then a team of horses harnessed to an arrangement for dragging out dead bulls, besides a number of attendants. The matadores are dressed in highly colored silks, and each carries a highly colored cloak, which is used to flaunt in the eyes of the bull and anger him to desperation. When the time comes for the bull to enter, the ring is cleared of all except the matadores and the horsemen, and at a call of the bugle the door opens and the bull dashes into the ring. As he passes under the red steel bars, to which are attached long bright ribbons, he thrust into his shoulder. The bull comes from a dark stall where he has been kept previous to the fight, and he dashes through to what appears to him an avenue of escape. Startled by the pricking of the steel dart in his shoulder and maddened by its stinging he bounds forward to the center of the ring. Stopping a moment, he spies one of the bright colored capes and rushes for it with a fury that causes the man to rush to cover, closely pursued by the bull. Turning the bull sees the horseman and charges the horse with fury, goading it with his horns. Once the horse and rider were pelted up bodily and tossed over on the ground by the horns of the bull. The goring of the horse is such a senseless piece of cruelty that we were rather glad to see the rider go over, but it is said that no bull fight is complete without this feature.

The second act of the bull fight is placing the banderillas, a dart about two feet long with a sharp pointed barb on one end and covered with fancy covered paper. One of the matadors takes one of these in each hand, walks out in front of the bull, holding them up and shaking the paper to call the bull's attention toward him, and as the bull charges the athlete sinks the barbs in the animal's shoulders and jumps to one side in time to escape the horns. The barbs cause the vanderillas to hang in the bull's shoulders as if they were for ornaments instead of goads to further anger him. The bull is kept charging about the ring until six of these banderillas have been placed in his shoulders, and then comes the final act, the killing of the bull. The matador to whom this honor falls advances to the front of the president's box and makes a speech in which he says he will kill the bull in the most approved style, and dedicates the bull to something or somebody. Having exchanged his cloak for a blood red flag, the matador advances toward the bull holding in his right hand a long perfectly straight, sharp pointed, keen edged sword; in his left he holds the red flag, carrying it on a stick near the ground. When the bull sees this fluttering red flag it infuriates him further, and he lowers his head and makes a dash for it. The flag, although held in the left hand, is carried across to the right of the matador, and as the bull advances with head lowered to attack the red flag the right hand of the matador drives the sword to the hilt in the bull's shoulders, or between them, cutting the spinal cord or piercing the heart. In a few moments the bull is dead and the team comes in and drags him out. Then another bull is admitted to the ring and the performance repeated. Three bulls were killed in this manner yesterday, but the fourth refused to show fight when the killing time came, and as a bull must not be struck except when on a charge, the president's bugle called two horsemen who lassoed and threw the bull, and he was butchered as an act of mercy.

This bull fighting is not what Americans would call refined sport, and I have no defense to make for attending, except for the purpose of learning as much of the customs and life of a strange people as possible while among them. I would not care to see

another, and yet it must be admitted that it is intensely interesting, particularly at the critical points which frequently occur when it is a question whether it will be man or bull that will be killed. W. N. H.

**MONDAY MENTION.**

W. N. Huse returned Sunday from Mexico.

Pete Stafford, Jr., spent Sunday in Scribner.

Robert Utter went to Sioux City this morning.

L. B. Nichols of Foster spent Sunday in Norfolk.

Rev. Walbert of Stanton was in Norfolk today.

J. R. Smith of Lincoln was in Norfolk yesterday.

Editor Host of Neigh was in Norfolk yesterday noon.

H. H. Hall visited over Sunday with his brother, W. E. Hall.

T. H. Ubbdale of West Point spent Sunday night in Norfolk.

Carl Bunch of Creighton spent Sunday with friends in Norfolk.

George D. Butterfield went to Omaha this morning on business.

Mrs. Frank Tannohill and daughter spent Sunday with Mrs. G. W. Evans.

W. J. Houston of Plainview was in the city this morning enroute to Hooper.

G. M. Kruse and Bert Lant spent Sunday with their families at Plainview.

Miss Myrtle Bayer returned today from a visit over Sunday in Battle Creek.

J. D. Hollister and J. W. Porter of Central City came up Sunday night on business.

Dr. Peters of Stanton visited yesterday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Tannohill.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hazen spent Sunday in Stanton with Mr. and Mrs. Herman Zibler.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Burnham returned yesterday noon from a trip to Meadow Grove.

Mrs. Thomas Mather and little daughter is visiting with her daughter, Mrs. C. H. Vol.

Miss Ethel Marty of Creighton is here visiting her sister, Mrs. M. P. Ryan of South Norfolk.

John Singer, a student at the commercial college, spent Sunday with his parents in Plainview.

Mrs. Hattie Alberry returned from Council Bluffs Sunday evening. She has been visiting with Mrs. Tinley.

Miss Agnes Mather has returned from Lincoln where she has been visiting with her sisters since Friday.

J. E. Neesham went to Albin Saturday to attend the funeral of H. A. Ludlow, an old time friend and neighbor.

A. R. Egan, manager of the Plainview telephone exchange, was in Norfolk this morning enroute to St. Edwards, where he has a sick child.

J. M. Livingston was called home from Rapid City, S. D., yesterday on account of the illness of his son, John, who is suffering with pneumonia.

Art Krahn returned Saturday from a trip to Chicago. On his way home he stopped over in northern Iowa for several days visit with friends and relatives.

Dr. McKim, state veterinarian, passed through Norfolk Sunday evening on his way to Bassett to investigate a number of cases of glanders in Rock and Brown counties.

Miss Hattie Bridwell, who has been visiting friends here, will leave Wednesday for North Platte to visit and will then go to Denver, where she expects to make her home.

W. H. Kramer of Humphrey spent Sunday night in Norfolk while on his way to Omaha where he has accepted a position with the Beatrice creamery in the cream-testing department.

Attorney Arthur Panocest of South Omaha arrived in Norfolk from Long Pine Saturday evening for a brief visit with his brother, Dr. C. M. Panocest, returning yesterday noon. He was accompanied part way by his mother, Mrs. S. E. Panocest of Ashland, who had been here for several months, and who returned home yesterday.

Mrs. Charles Rudat had a number of her old-time friends for lunch Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Baum will entertain the West Side Whist club tomorrow evening.

Miss Fay Widaman entertained Saturday evening in honor of the Misses O'Connor.

Miss Minnie Maas entertained a number of friends Sunday in honor of her cousin, Paul Maas of Minnesota.

R. H. Reynolds will this week complete work on the new bank building of W. W. Young at Stanton. He left this morning for that place.

The little town of Magnet has a curfew ordinance which prohibits youths under twenty-five years from loafing on the streets after 8 o'clock at night.

William A. Wagner purchased Saturday afternoon a quarter section of land near Battle Creek from William Goble. The consideration was \$4,500 or \$28.75 per acre. The land lies about four miles east of Battle Creek.

L. M. Hibbs, a commercial traveler now living in Sioux City, expects to move to Norfolk about the first of March. Mr. Hibbs represents the Fairbanks scale company in this territory and spent yesterday in looking over the city.

Floyd Hull has returned from Butte and will spend the remainder of the winter here. He has been with the Warner drug store there for a year and, according to the Gazette, has filled the position satisfactorily and will be missed in Butte.

The public schools of Elgin reopened this morning after having been closed on account of an epidemic of diphtheria. Two children died and others

are affected. Every effort was made by the board of health to stamp out the disease, according to the Neigh Register.

Madison Chronicle: When Sigv. Schayland returned home from Omaha on Monday he was accompanied by his sister, Mrs. Martha Knutson, and her daughter, Ragnhild of Mobile, Ala. It has been nearly twenty years since Sigv and Chr. have seen their sister, and the reunion was a most happy one. She will visit here about a month.

W. H. Bucholz left Norfolk this morning for Oakland, Cal., after having been here for several weeks on business. He returned by way of Kansas City. Mr. Bucholz did not announce before leaving what he expects to do, now that he has regained his position with the Central bank of Oakland, but his many friends in Nebraska hope that he will return to the middle west.

Officers in the Woman's Relief Corps were installed Saturday afternoon for the ensuing year, as follows: President, Mrs. M. M. M. M.; vice president, Mrs. Livingston; junior vice president, Mrs. Dudley; chaplain, Mrs. Batters; treasurer, Mrs. Mather; secretary, Mrs. Davis; conductor, Mrs. Howe; guard, Mrs. Davis; delegate to next state encampment, Mrs. Quinn; alternate, Mrs. Mather; installing officer, Mrs. Boyer.

Plainview News: S. H. Crippen has almost entirely recovered from the effects of the wound he received at the hands of Leisner, and is able to be up town every day. He expects to resume his former duties as city marshal the first of February. Mr. Topper, who has been acting in that capacity during Mr. Crippen's illness, has not decided as yet what he will do. He has given excellent satisfaction and his efforts while marshal have been appreciated by the city council and citizens of Plainview.

At the meeting of the Warnerville lodge of the M. B. A. Saturday evening the officers for the ensuing year were installed. Refreshments were served at the close of the evening's entertainment. Those present from neighboring lodges were: George Carlson, Lehigh; Mr. and Mrs. Ben Gomer, Mr. and Mrs. George Matthews, Miss Jennie Just, Miss Jennie Freeman, John Munsterman, Will Munsterman, Rudy Korth, Miss Lena Munsterman, Mr. and Mrs. Jess G. Bremer and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Root and daughter of Norfolk.

Judge Polhard of Silver Creek, Neb., went through a queer range of legality the other day when, after fighting with a neighbor, he caused himself to be arrested, tried, convicted and fined. Judge Polhard fought on the street with B. F. Lacey. Then he swore out a complaint against both the combatants, caused them both to be brought into court, heard the evidence after both had pleaded not guilty, and convicting both, fined each man \$1 and costs. After the sentence, Judge Polhard administered a lecture to Lacey and himself and warned each prisoner not to appear in that court again.

Mrs. C. E. Burnham of Norfolk has a brother and an uncle who came in for shares of the Marshall Field will. Her uncle, Milton McLanahan, who had been with Marshall Field since before the Chicago fire and whose position in that of general salesman in the wholesale house, received \$5,000 out of the \$100,000 left to the employees. Mrs. Burnham's brother, Harvey Loper, who has been with Marshall Field for thirty years and who started in the work at the age of fifteen, will receive a portion, though the amount has not been learned here. Mr. Loper is foreign buyer for the big establishment and makes trips to Europe three times a year to select his lines of goods.

A queer freak in the calf line was born Saturday night at the farm of William Wells, ten miles west of Norfolk. The animal has but one head and in this head are three eyes, two mouths, two sets of teeth and lips, two tongues, two noses and two ears. The little baby calf uses each of its two mouths at the same time in deriving sustenance for its stomach. It can bite with each set of teeth and can see with each one or all of its three eyes. Mr. Wells is at a loss to explain the cause of so extraordinary a phenomenon, but attributes it to the fact that during the past year the mother cow has been in a yard with two other younger members of the herd. As the calf is alive and healthy it is probable that Mr. Wells will place it in some circus for exhibition as a freak.

**HOG PLAGUE KILLS MANY.**

Half of the Hogs North and West of Norfolk Have Died.

Half the hogs belonging to farmers living north, northwest and northeast of Norfolk have died of the hog plague within the past three months. The disease has spread slowly from farm to farm and wherever it has reached to the hogs have slowly dwindled in numbers until two-thirds and even more of a drove have died. The disease, which is commonly known as the hog plague, is a contagious pneumonia. The deceased animal first shows signs of illness by coughing. It goes off in its feed and then drops slowly away, perhaps living a month before it dies. The farmers have found it almost impossible to cure a hog once infected with the disease or to stop its ravages when found in a drove of hogs. Not a single case of the disease has been reported south of Norfolk.

Farmers bring in your repair work for spring. I will save you 20% as I have the time and an prepared to do the work. Paul Nordwig.