

LETTER FROM INDIANA.

Mrs Ida Ingrid Masten Writes on Times by Topics.

Frankfort, Ind., Dec. 13, 1904.

Dear Courier:—The election is over, most of us are still alive and the country hasn't gone to ruin. One of the strongest preachers I have ever heard said a few weeks before last election that when he was a boy his father put him in red "briches" and a blue coat and took him out to hear political speeches. The speakers of each of the two great parties declared that the country was going to eternal "siddleticks" if the other got in power. He, then and there, with a boy's quick faculty for classifying men and things, was seized with the belief that both parties were telling an untruth and has never gotten rid of the seizure.

That has been the experience of more persons than one. The first campaign that enlisted my interest was the one, I think, in which Harrison was elected against Cleveland. Immediately after the election a person in whom I placed a fair degree of confidence said in my hearing that the country was ruined. Now, this was a grown man with a beard on his face and—I won't be sure, but I think—with a quail of tobacco in his mouth, and I, a little girl, thought that any person big and old and ugly enough to wear a beard and chew a quid of tobacco was very wise, so I promptly took him at his word and believed that the country was ruined. In what way I could not understand, perhaps there was to be a king and every body should have to pay out half or two thirds of their property and produce to the king. That was my idea of a king. Wouldn't that be awful? And it snob a thing should take effect very soon, where were my new parasol and button shoes to come from next spring for the commencement? Perhaps we should all be made to become Roman Catholics or Mormons or be hung. And my mental attitude was that I would rather be most any thing than not to be at all. I know that I went to school the next morning with a heavy heart. The country was ruined! When I saw the teachers laughing out their pleasant "good-mornings" to us, and the other people looking rosy and happy from contact with the crisp, frosty air, I thought in my heart, how could they all be so careless about our country's welfare? Perhaps they had not heard it. Should I tell them? At recess I ventured to ask a boy who was some older than I, if he knew that the country was ruined. He said that he did, but that the report was that we had a democratic governor, and if so North Carolina was not going to the dogs just yet. All visions of a king and taxation vanished at once from my mind, and the parasol and button shoes shone again with renewed splendor. And so I went about my lessons all that week, perhaps for two weeks, comforted in the thought that though ruination might be streaming out in every direction from the White House, it could not reach a little tarheel and our parents and our houses, for if there was the governor in between, he would make it alright.

But when my father came on Friday afternoon to take me home for a short visit, I let him know something of what I had felt about the state of national affairs. And, while he told me that he would rather Cleveland had been elected, yet he laughed at my fears and assured me that we had always lived and got along and should continue to do so. And then I learned that the man with a beard and a quid was not nearly so wise as my father who was very common, for I had known him all my life, and who never chewed a quid. Then I decided what after several years I found expressed in these words by Downing:

"The lark's on the wing; The snail's on the horn; God's in His heaven— All's right with the world!"

God's at the helm of this great nation. It will never go to ruin so long as it acknowledges Him. Our God is a God of nations. Some people's idea of God is so little and pinched up that they think He is only to be found away back in some steeple sitting there waiting for people to come at their leisure and bow to Him. (Not that I would undervalue closest communion with God, for it is the mainspring of the christian life, but God is omnipresent and omnipotent and His presence is only essential that man may shut out all things but the face of His God.) They seem to think that God is a special God for them and a few others who will see exactly as they see and go through their special byways to get to Him. And in consequence of such an idea of God, their thoughts are pinched up, distorted, their lives set so narrow that you could pass them around with your little finger, and, if you will think about it, their very countenances are pinched and dried up. God pity such people. My friends, some people think you have so cap-

PROFIT

The matter of feed is of tremendous importance to the farmer. Wrong feeding is loss. Right feeding is profit. The up-to-date farmer knows what to feed his cows to get the most milk, his pigs to get the most pork, his hens to get the most eggs. Science.

But how about the children? Are they fed according to science, a bone food if bones are soft and undeveloped, a flesh and muscle food if they are thin and weak and a blood food if there is anemia?

Scott's Emulsion is a mixed food; the Cod Liver Oil in it makes flesh, blood and muscle. The Lime and Soda make bone and brain. It is the standard scientific food for delicate children.

Send for free sample. Scott & Bowne CHEMISTS, 409 Pearl St., N. Y.

For Curing Meats.

The following method of putting up beef, copied from Chase's Receipt Book, has been a favorite one with many families. For Winter and Present Use—Cut the beef into slabs, sprinkle a little salt on the top of the barrel only, then pack your beef without salting it, and when needed, pour over it a brine made by dissolving six pounds of salt for each hundred pounds of meat in just enough cold water to sufficiently cover it when well weighted. This salt can be used and fresh as often as fresh meat for a long time, and is not right for boiling, also. When I get a little too salt for frying, one fresh it nearly as nice as one for frying, moreover, it can be parboiled, the water turned off, and a stew made of it. By using more salt it soon loses its freshness, and the juices are drawn off by the salt. In three weeks, perhaps less, such pieces are intended for drying are taken out of the brine and hung up, and improved by soaking overnight to remove the salt from the outside. This is all right for winter and drying purposes, but if any is left until warm weather, drain off the brine, put salt on each side of the meat and cover with brine made as follows: For every one hundred pounds of beef, use seven pounds of salt dissolved in water enough to well cover it, weighting it down closely.

Another Way—First, thoroughly rub salt into meat in bulk and let it remain for twenty-four hours to draw off the blood. Then, let drain, cutting as desired, and pack carefully. Here ready a pickle made as follows: For every one hundred pounds of beef, use seven pounds of salt; salt, pepper and cayenne pepper, of each one ounce; molasses, one quart, and soft water, eight gallons; boil and skim well, and when cool pour it over the beef. Boiling and skimming cleanses the brine, while the cayenne and saltpepper improve the flavor and help to preserve.

For a reliable method of curing beef, I do not know of any that has proven satisfactory on trial. In regard to the method of frying and packing down, in fact of either sliced beef or pork, or of sausage, the general verdict is that it soon gets strong.

JUST A SMILE.

You can drive the clouds away with a smile. Turn the frowns of the day into a smile. As a smiling face is a magnet for good things, so a frowning face is a magnet for evil things. Let your face be a magnet for good things.

Under The Mistletoe. Merry Xmas. Let us be merry and let us be kind. Let us be merry and let us be kind. Let us be merry and let us be kind.

A Holiday Rhyme. Christmas is a day of joy and cheer. Christmas is a day of joy and cheer. Christmas is a day of joy and cheer.

Obituary. Mrs. J. H. ... died at her home in Liberty, N. C., Dec. 12, 1904. She was born in ... and was the wife of the late J. H. ...

A FRIEND. ...

Horses & Mules. I will have a car load of fine Horses and Mules on exhibition at my stables Friday and Saturday, Oct 7th and 8th. I shall be glad to serve U.

R. R. ROSS, Asheboro, N. C.

BUY THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE. Do not be deceived by those who advertise a \$60.00 Sewing Machine for \$20.00. This kind of a machine can be bought from us or any of our dealers from \$15.00 to \$18.00.

TAX NOTICE.

I will attend at the following places for the purpose of collecting the taxes for the year 1904.

Trinity, Asheville, Dec. 17th, at night. A. W. Fuller's, N. R. Skene's, Liberty, Dec. 18th, at night. C. C. ...

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Largest Commercial Schools in the Carolinas King's Business College, Capital Stock \$30,000.00. RALEIGH, N. C. Fullen Building. CHARLOTTE, N. C. Piedmont Ins. Bld.

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W. J. MILLER.

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Armfield & Laughlin, Real Estate Dealers.

SHOES! SHOES! We have the Elkin home-made shoe in men's, boys, women's, misses and children's and school shoes manufactured by the George De Witt Shoe Company. We have just received a nice line of Dress and Waist Goods, Shirts, Hats, Notions, Ladies, Youths and Children's Union Suits, Fashions, Hoops, Outings, Canton, Panama, Etc. Those goods were bought at old prices and we can save you money by getting your goods of us. We have over 100 pairs of Nos. 3 and 4 ladies' shoes which we will close out at below cost. Thanking you for past favors we hope for a continuance of same.

Yours truly, RIDGE, FOX & COMPANY.

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Holiday Gifts. 1847 ROGERS BROS. SPOONS, FORKS, KNIVES, Etc. The "1847 ROGERS BROS." brand has a world wide reputation as "Silver Plate that Works," and is used by all leading dealers. Send in the makers for beautifully illustrated catalogue "C.L."

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