

### Agriculture.

#### Hints and Helps.

##### Our Home Journal.

Garden work is usually considered as a half recreation, yet it pays better than any part of the farm proper.

Over should not be depended on for summer pasture. Bermuda should be mixed with it and nothing better can be desired.

Though farmers should not work all the time, it would surprise the best to know how much of their time is positively wasted.

Potatoes manured with five hundred pounds of ash per acre, will yield satisfactory results. An animal manure has a tendency to make them waxy.

Let there be no drones in the farmer's household. There is an abundance of labor to be performed and the burden thereof should be equally shared.

The best fowl we know of for farm use is the cross between the large native hen and a vigorous light brahma cock. This cross makes a large fowl, which matures early and lays very satisfactorily.

Before the busy season commences, every set of bars upon the farm should be replaced by a good substantial gate. Much time and annoyance will thus be saved.

Arrange orchards with reference to making them poultry yards. It has been demonstrated, most conclusively, that poultry are essential to successful fruit culture.

Whitewashing pear trees is said to be a perfect preventive of blight. Can any of our readers verify or disprove the assertion?

Subsoiling lands, especially stiff clay soils, is a great preventive of drought. Our progressive farmers find their best results by going from twelve to twenty inches below the surface.

Let the area of corn land in the South be materially enlarged this year. Don't say "it don't pay," because you can buy the fifty cents bushel. It is not economy to buy it at any price.

Dry earth should be kept under the poultry perches. Stir it up occasionally, adding more dirt, if any odor is perceptible. Never add ashes, as these expel instead of retaining the ammonia.

The social instincts of our nature should be cultivated upon every possible occasion. Farmers especially should make and receive visits and the time spent should not be deemed wasted.

Before laying shingles upon your buildings, immerse them for a short time in lime water, putting them in place upon the roof immediately on removing them. This will add immensely to their value.

Poultry perches should all be on a level with each other. This prevents quarrelling for the highest place, and prevents injury to the old and heavy fowls who may be crowded from the top perch.

It is the poorest kind of an investment to invest in poor land. The more one has the poorer he is, as a rule. Good land may become poor, however, if no returns are made to it, in compensation for its crops.

Give the boys time to have one square hunt before the heavy work of the coming season begins. Do not forget the girls either. Let them have such recreation as they desire, and they will work the better for it.

If you are in doubt what fertilizers are most suitable for your soil, or what crops are best suited for your locality, experiment on a small scale, keeping an exact record of your transactions to guide you in the future.

If you own but forty acres of land, or only ten, be content with it. Improve it in every possible manner. Pest production to its utmost limit. You will soon find that a "little farm well tilled," is better than a gold mine.

Tree planting can still be successfully prosecuted. Pruning is now in season. It is good time to cut back rose bushes, and the knife should not spare if an abundance of flowers is desired. Cut out all old and decaying wood.

A country devoid of trees is subject to drought and is on the high road to poverty and ruin. Many instances are on record where desert wastes have been returned to fertility by planting quickly growing forest trees.

If your stock has no shelter kind reader, egg right up and go to work to prepare something. Make a shed of poles and cover with green boughs, or thatch it with long grass. This is rude and primitive, but it is infinitely better than nothing.

Just so long as our farmers neglect to make their homes and surroundings pleasant and attractive, the boys will seek more congenial localities. A little judicious labor, expended in ornamenting buildings and grounds pays in more ways than one.

The workshop of the farm is now a busy place. Ever implement in the least dilapidated state should be overhauled, repaired and painted or oiled. There should be no delay in these matters, for the busy season is upon us. Soon every tool will be needed for use.

Early pullets make winter layers. Old hens do not lay much, even in this low latitude, till the backbone of winter is broken. Those therefore, who desire winter eggs should now be making the necessary preparations for hatching the chickens that are to lay them.

Many a fine horse is ruined by driving him too fast immediately after a hearty meal. If the journey must be resumed without delay, the horse should be driven very slowly for a half hour or more, when the speed may be safely increased. A good horse is too valuable an animal to ruin by injudicious haste.

It is said that the red clover of the North (Trifolium pratense) will flourish in any part of the South, resisting, with great vigor, the hardest usage and worst neglect. It makes splendid pasture and,

### Draining the Soil.

In England the value of underdraining has long been acknowledged, and there is probably no country where it is so systematically practiced. They understand that its beneficial action is two-fold; it drains the superfluous water from the soil under excessive rains, and during drouths conserves moisture, through the admission of air into the tile, to be condensed, but more particularly into the pores of the earth when dry. This air is constantly replaced, and thus the soil is constantly renewed, and thus the conservation goes on indefinitely. On the continent of Europe, especially in Germany, draining is now being systematically carried on and without reference in many cases to the relative wetness or dryness of the soil, and it is said, with beneficial results. The Hollanders have long been persistent drainers of the country, principally from the fact that much of it was so wet as to preclude cultivation until drained. Hence they have invented many curious means of freeing the land of surface water. They are especially noted when emigrating to the West for selecting lands usually regarded as of little value, for want of drainage. In Michigan, Illinois, Iowa and in other States where they have settled, they have rendered such lands among the most valuable in their States. It is the result of a well digested system of drainage and thorough cultivation, and the lessons thus taught have been appreciated by their neighbors. It is to be hoped that the impetus given to drainage of late years will not be allowed to flag, if some dry seasons should intervene. The next best time to drain, except when crops are suffering from water, is when the soil is dry.—*Prairie Farmer.*

### THE APIARY.

Bee-keeping requires special care, and first I will speak in regard to the bees themselves. There are not less than 250 species of bees, the native of Great Britain alone. The best known, the most widely diffused and the most useful of these is the honey-bee. This bee originated in Asia, became naturalized in Europe, and is quite at home in all parts of America. I need not describe this wonderful insect. He is familiar to all, and "painfully" familiar to such as have ventured near his home in the "busy season." All may not know that the bee has six legs and two stomachs, though none will doubt that he has one "sting." The bee has wonderful muscular strength, and the power of rapid and long continued flight. Since the invention of the glass hive (in 1712), the character and habits of the bee have been studied with great care and success.

A hive of honey-bees consists of three kinds, viz: females, males and workers. The females are called queens, but only one can live in the same hive. Her presence is indispensable to the establishment and maintenance of the government. The males are called drones, and may exist by hundreds and thousands in every hive, but they do not work. The workers are still more numerous. These are supposed to belong to neither sex, and are sometimes called neuter. Here we have monarchy as completely organized and systematized as any despotism on earth, with a queen on the throne. Or we may consider the bee-hive from another standpoint, and call it a community—Mormonism inverted, not many wives to one husband but many husbands to one wife! These husbands are all drones, being on their dignity, and priding themselves on their royalty. There is, then, an aristocracy of nature, as manifested in the instincts of the insect world, and it seems to be hereditary.

Have the kingdoms of the earth copied the government of the bee-hive? The queen lays the eggs from which the race is perpetuated. The males "hang around" in idleness until they die or are killed. The workers secrete the wax, build the cells, and feed and protect the young. The males have no weapons of defense, and drowse as they are, they have no right to defend themselves. Is this the reason they are defenseless? The females and workers have stings. The sting consists of a sheath inclosing needle-shaped darts of extreme fineness, placed side by side. Towards the end, these darts are armed with minute teeth, like a saw. The sting is worked by very powerful muscles. When it enters the flesh an acid poison contained in a bag near its base is squeezed into the wound, and acute pain and swelling are the result. When a colony of enraged bees whose hive has been upset attack a man, even his life is in peril. The workers are more fierce and warlike than the queen, though both are "armed and equipped as the law directs." The three kinds of bees are of different sizes and may be easily recognized. The queen is the largest, the male next in size, and the workers the smallest. The queen lives in the middle of the hive, moves about in all her dignity, and receives the homage of her subjects. When a new swarm has been hatched the queen leads them out in person. She is the mother of the whole colony, numbering from twenty to thirty thousand, and hence she rightly governs all. If she is removed from the hive, the whole swarm follows her. The workers construct three kinds of cells for the three kinds of bees. The queen deposits her eggs in these cells, and never makes any mistakes as to the kind of eggs she lays in each. And in this manner the curious work goes on.—*Educator in Indiana Farmer.*

Never put the hands into batter. There is no excuse for so doing, and every sense of cleanliness forbids it. Even if the hands are clean, still, as butter when the speed may be safely increased. A good horse is too valuable an animal to ruin by injudicious haste.

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### A SOUTHERN ROLL-CALL NEAR THE END OF THE WAR.

A C Redwood in Midwinter Settlement.

A single life and drum—the whole regimental field music—are squealing and thumping the last notes of an old-time melody which has clung to the command through all its fortunes; it is "Run nigger, run! I do patrol ketch you!" often heard in the days when the war was young. In a space between the tents, serving in lieu of more pretensions parade, about a dozen men are ranged in an irregular line facing the orderly sergeant, and my little soldier falls into his place just as the roll-call begins. It is short work now, but memory interposes the list with many names in the order in which they were committed to its keeping in the old days—names to which the man will ever answer again until the reveille of the eternal morning shall sound. The sergeant bestows more than once, as his thought corrects his tongue, which was wont to run over the longer array so glibly; and at each such pause there rises up before the apparition of some familiar face as it used to beam upon us in life, or perhaps as we last looked upon it, ghostly and grim beneath the taints of time, and we folded our comrades in his bloody blanket shroud, and laid him in his shallow grave. From dank Chickasaw marsh and fertile Pennsylvania valley, from the tangled thickets of the Wilderness, the sterile slopes of Manassas, the dreary pine levels of the Southside, the ghosts of the old company come back to outface the living witnesses of its valor, and challenge their sturdy "Here!" with an answer prouder still.

Watanga.

No county in the State is so little known. And yet it is in some respects, one of our best counties, and one of the most unique as well. It is the highest county; its average altitude rising to near 3,500 feet, that of the court house being 3,250, just 1,000 feet above Asheville. It is the most extensive and unbroken and magnificent oak forest, to be found. Its soil is almost uniformly productive. And most singular of all, it has no old fields, a term which describes one half of all our open lands. And there is more evidence of improvement and thrift than in any other station, away from the railways. It has the finest summer climate to be found this side of the Rocky Mountains, and the only condition wanting to make it the most frequented is accessibility; and this difficulty will be removed in great part within a year by the completion of the Narrow Gauge railroad to Liberty, from which the "pig-stick" is reached by a turnpike of 20 miles over one of the easiest crossings of the whole Blue Ridge.

Watanga is a fine wheat county. The best buckwheat in the United States is raised here, and two new and complete buckwheat mills have been erected within a few years. No such cabbages come to market, as are raised on this plateau. I have seen a plot of cabbages, planted one yard apart, cover the entire surface completely, weighing 15 and 20 pounds; and the weight of 24 pounds has been reached on Elk River. Fruit of course flourishes luxuriantly, and of the finest quality.

The county also contains excellent beds of iron ore, and the copper veins about Elk Knob are well known. The eastern section of the county abounds in white pine. The county is drained mostly by the head streams of the Kanawha and New Rivers. The Watanga and Elk of the west side going to the Tennessee.

This region needs to be annexed to North Carolina. A railroad would do it. The Chester and Legair Narrow Gauge, nearly finished, will easily reach Patterson on the upper Yadkin, 7 miles nearer the foot of the Blue Ridge. Twenty miles more of a very practicable grade will cross the mountains and twenty five more will connect with the iron road now building to Cranberry. This will give a long and urgently needed connection to the middle region of the State and so to the whole of it, with the salt and plaster mines and the limestone mountains of southwest Virginia. And there is no doubt that a branch road will be speedily carried by the great Ore Knob copper mines to the New River or branch of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, soon to be built; and thus the great west will have an open way through the State to our sea coast, both by the existing lines, which are crossed by the Narrow Gauge road, and by a branch that will build itself from Patterson down the fine valley of the Yadkin to Salem, and so connect by change of gauge, with Fayetteville and Wilmington. Such a road will be from the day of its completion the best paying road in the State.

THE SORT OF GIRL TO GET.—The true girl has to be sought for. She does not parade herself as show goods. She is not fashionable. Generally, she is not rich. But, oh! what a heart she has when you find her! so large and pure and womanly. When you see it you wonder if those sherry rings outside are woman. She'll not ask you for a carriage or a first class horse. She'll wear simple dresses, and turn them when necessary, with no vulgar magnificence to flaunt upon her economy. She'll keep everything neat and nice in your sky parlor, and give you such a welcome when you come home that you'll think your parlor higher than ever. She'll entertain true friends on a dollar, and astonish you with the new thought how little happiness depends on money. She'll make you love home (if you don't you're a brute), and teach you how to pity, while you scorn a poor, fashionable society woman that thinks herself rich, and vainly tries to think herself happy.

Now, do not, I pray you, say any more "I can't afford to marry." Go, find the true woman, and you can. Throw away that cigar, burn up that switch-gear, be sensible yourself, and seek your wife in a sensible way.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

A friend can not be known in prosperity and an enemy can not be hidden in adversity.

### Train the Boys for Business.

There is one element in the home instruction of boys to which, says a Boston paper, too little attention has been given, and that is the cultivation of habits of punctuality, system, order and responsibility. The day of the town meeting came at last, and the boys' opponent scooped in the contest by a two-thirds vote.

The anti-Boggs party swept their candidate into office on the tidal wave of popularity, and poor Boggs was left perched high upon the spike-mounted picket fence of despair.

Boggs will never run for office again, not even for President.

There is a great strain on the character of a man who is not a gentleman. He can gain the esteem of his neighbors by grubbing along in the old way, he intends to do it, and leave office seeking to people of cast iron reputation.

Boggs is just coming to his senses.

Max Adeler.

### Facts and Fun.

There are no tombs or monuments with eulogies earlier than the eleventh century.

An Arkansas paper says that the girls in that State grow to be six feet high. They must be well cultivated.

It is vulgar to call a man "bow-legged." Just speak of him as a parenthetical pedestrian.

Mean souls, like mean pictures, are often found in good looking frames.

It was good advice the old man gave to his son: "John," said he, "don't buy any more goods than you can pay for, and don't sell more than other folks can pay for."

"Father," said an inquisitive boy, "what is meant by close relations?" "Close relations, my son," replied the father, "are relations that never give you a cent." The boy said the old man, then was the "closest" relation he'd got.

A new Baptist convert wished very much to be baptized by one minister and to join the church of another. She went to the first and asked him if it could be done. "Yes," he replied, "I could do it, but I don't take in washing."—*Boston Globe.*

A woman in Sacramento has a land-turtle for a pet and has beautifully cared and polished its shell, which she strokes readily and gently, the animal expressing its satisfaction by purring like a cat.

A man who had gone out fishing caught several splendid bass, which he promptly threw back into the river. Being remonstrated with for this apparently foolish act, he replied: "I take no interest in bass. I came out to catch catfish, and when I come out for catfish I want catfish."

A hunter, after long following a grizzly bear in the direction of its den, suddenly abandoned his pursuit, and when questioned as to his motive for doing so said that the trail was getting "too darn fresh."

A Frenchman who had been to India being interrogated as to the pleasures of the chase replied: "Oh, ze tigre-but-ting—zat is a sport magnifique when ze Frenchman hunt ze tigre, but when ze tigre hunt ze Frenchman—parbleu, zat is quite another thing!"

An agent who had sold a Dutchman some goods was to deliver them at the residence of the purchaser. The Dutch man gave him the following direction: "You shoote gees behind de church; den you turns up de right for a while till you come to a house with a big hog in the yard. Dot's me."

"Jane," said her father, "I thought you hated stingy people, and yet your young man—" "Why, pa, who said he is stingy?" "Oh, nobody," replied pa, "only I could see he was a little 'close,' as I passed through the room."

"Little boy," said a woman to a boy who had been impudent to her yesterday "have you a mother?" "No; but pap would'n't marry you if there wasn't a housekeeper in the whole land."—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*

A man who was to have been married in Rochester could not get nearer than within forty miles of the city at the appointed time, in consequence of the snow blockade. The assembled wedding party was informed by telegram of the trouble. A suggestion that the ceremony be performed by telegraph was favorably received by the bride, and the usual questions and answers were flashed over the wires. It was fun for the guests in the warm Rochester parlor, but the bride groom, shivering all night in a cold car, did not particularly enjoy it, and the bride wept.

PLOWS! PLOWS! PLOWS!!!

THE celebrated Oliver chilled Plow; the Gale Plow, the Melroe Plow, the Tate Plow (reversible), for hills, and for subsoiling. A large stock of Steel Plows.

Hedge's Feed Cutters. I expect to keep a full stock of agricultural implements. My stock of plows cannot be beaten by any one. I have the best in the world, and will sell them at low prices. Call and examine them before purchasing elsewhere.

WALTER BREM, Ag't.

SELECT BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL

HILLSBORO, N. C.

THE Misses NASH & KOLLOCK, will resume the exercises of their school on Friday, the 7th of February, 1879, and close them 28th of June (twenty weeks). Circulars on application.

AXES, AXES.

LOWER than any house in town.

WALTER BREM, Ag't.

WE have bought a much heavier stock and greater variety than we ever before, and at prices that will justify us in offering greater inducements to Wholesale Buyers, than ever offered them in this market. Our stock is the most complete; our goods the freshest, our prices the lowest in the State.

KYLE & HAMMOND.

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### And Boggs' political goose was thus cooked.

His chances for being elected were not worth three cents on a dollar.

When Boggs passed along the street his neighbors looked at him with suspicion and crossed over on the other side.

Boggs was a miserable being.

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and will guarantee as low rate of storage and insurance as any responsible house. Consignments solicited, and prompt returns made of the sale of articles. All goods left at the store on consignment will be covered by insurance. J. G. SHANNONHOUSE, Ag't nov 17

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