



Agriculture.

North Carolina Agricultural Report—The Outlook for the Present Year.

The opening of the crop season is auspicious and hopeful. The remarkably mild and dry winter has been peculiarly favorable to our outdoor work, and it has, as a rule, been pushed vigorously by our farmers. So that at the beginning of the year their work and plans are well advanced. Reports from a large number of the counties indicate a healthy and hopeful condition financially among our people. Having in a great measure gone back to the good and safe rule of producing farm supplies at home, our farmers were generally in a position to utilize the proceeds of their cotton and other surplus crops last fall to the best advantage; as, in the main, it belonged to them instead of the commission merchant. The general buoyancy in all circles of trade and commerce, and the fair price obtained for cotton, has greatly encouraged the people, and renewed and redoubled efforts will be exerted in the coming season to reap still richer rewards from their labors. Not since the war have greater or more extended preparations been made in our State for a large cotton crop. But our people should be admonished by the trying experiences of the recent past in the matter of planting cotton for profit, to the exclusion of other crops, not to take too great a risk. Twenty five cent cotton lured us well-nigh to the verge of financial ruin, and we should be careful when it brings only half so much. We cannot afford to risk our time, labor and money on one single crop over the market value of which we have no control. The only safe rule, with the soil possessing diverse capabilities as ours, is to first produce our bread and meat and other necessary farm supplies at home, for just in proportion as we diversify crops to suit our soils, do we lessen the risks of dependence on fluctuating markets or the freaks of trade. The strongest possible proof of the correctness of this policy is found in the independence and thrift which almost invariably blesses the man who pursues it.

The financial condition of our people is improving. In most counties they have increased their small grain crops, especially that of wheat. Cholera still prevails in many sections among the hogs, and all efforts to arrest it are unavailing. The wheat crop in some localities has been seriously damaged by the ravages of a small fly which seems to multiply with wonderful rapidity. Specimens of this insect have been examined at this office, and it is evidently a stranger in the State.

A greater area will be devoted to the tobacco crop this year than ever before in our history. The splendid success that has rewarded the efforts of our planters to cure the brighter grades, and the uniformly fair prices realized, have greatly stimulated our people from one extreme of the State to the other. It is a matter of sincere regret that the earnest efforts of the Department to obtain reliable statistical information have been unavailing, as no doubt a gratifying progress in this, as well as other important crops, could be shown. From a few counties in the north-central portions of the State, this crop is now rapidly spreading all over the State, and we find in our Museum beautiful specimens from the most counties to those west of the Blue Ridge.

Our mining interests have been revived, and great activity in this class of our industries prevails, especially through the central counties.

Labor has not materially improved. In many of the counties it has been greatly demoralized and impaired by the general movement, and it is difficult for the farmer to make satisfactory arrangements. But the general condition of our people is unquestionably better than it has been at any time since the war.

COTTON MANUFACTURING.

This industry has received quite an impetus within the past few months in our State. Old machinery is being replaced by the latest improved machinery, and buildings are being enlarged—new mills are being erected, and at no time perhaps in our history, have there been so much enterprise and activity manifested in this branch of our industries as at present. Definite and detailed information as to the progress we are making in the manufacture of cotton will be procured and published at an early day. Meantime we present such facts as have been ascertained by our correspondents in certain localities bearing on the subject.

The High Point Manufacturing Company, located at High Point, has established a factory for spinning warps and yarns, beginning with a capital of \$30,000. Their capacity per day will be 1,000 pounds of warps—number of operators 80—one-half to be employed during the day, the other during the night—the plan being to run the factory day and night. It is to be put in operation during the present month, with the probability of increasing the capital stock during the year, to \$50,000, and of using their warps in their own looms.

Buildings are being erected in the city of Charlotte for spinning warps and yarns. Six thousand spindles will be employed with a capital stock of \$75,000, which, by the action of the city authorities, is exempt from municipal taxation. This will be opened as soon as possible. In Randolph county two new factories are being built, and two others are in contemplation. In the mills of the following named companies—the *Randleman*, the *Cedar Falls*, the *Franklinville*, the *Randolph* and *Deep River*, the old machinery is being thrown out and new and improved machinery is being substituted. In *Alamance*, Messrs *L B & L S Holt*, have recently erected the *Belmont* Mill, and will begin operations during the present month, with 5,000 spindles. Messrs *J H & W E Holt* are arranging to erect a mill on *Haw River*, which will be put in operation towards the close of the year.

Mr Geo W Swenson is putting in 120

additional looms, increasing his capacity 8,000 yards of plaid per day. The Concord factory has discarded the old machinery, substituting the latest and best, and has increased its capacity—now running 90 looms.

The *Harden Manufacturing Company* at *Windsor*, *Bertie* county, is running mills with the "Clement Attachment," which has excited the attention of our people at several points in the eastern counties, and investigations will probably lead to the establishment of mills on the same system at several points.

Clover and the Grasses.

Yours asking for my method of sowing clover seed, &c, is at hand, and agreeably to your request I will state that generally about the first week in March I sow, provided the weather and lands are suitable. On clover follow I run over the land (if it is not too soft), with the *Thomas Smoothing Harrow*, and then sow the seed, with a box 12 feet long, about 4 inches wide, and 4 inches deep, divided into 12 or 15 compartments, each with a small hole in the centre of bottom, which will allow the seed to fall (as the man walks) at the rate of one bushel to about ten acres. A man with a box will sow 15 to 18 acres per day; and I have only failed once in the fourteen years that I have been farming, to get a stand of clover sown in that way. On pea fallow, or on corn land wheat, I sow the seed (without the harrow), and then roll the land well, as I think the rolling benefits the wheat as well as the clover seed—both the land generally being light and puffy. In my judgment, clover seed should always be sown on the surface of land and covered very little, as the rain covers them sufficiently, and being near the surface they get the benefit of the sun better than when they are covered after being sown. In sowing orchard grass, I sow, late in March, 1879, made a fair show; had poor season for grass; clover came to nothing; neither wheat cutting or turning under.

In January, 1877, ploughed 30 acres stiff, wet land, having quite a heavy cover of broomstraw. Applied 25 bushels lime in April, planted corn in May; laid by corn middle of August, sowing winter oats, three pecks, covering with Malta plow; very rough; made no corn, little over one barrel, but good stand of oats, which sheep grazed in the winter. In May and June, 1878, turned in these oats; quite a good crop the milk and doughy state; sowed one bushel peas in September, ploughed in the peas; a very poor crop.—*Planter and Farmer.*

JOHN PLOWMAN'S TALK; OR, PLAIN ADVICE FOR PLAIN PEOPLE

BY C H SWENSON.

IX. On Patience.

Patience is better than wisdom; an ounce of patience is worth a pound of brains. All men praise patience, but few enough can practice it; it is a medicine which is good for all diseases, and therefore every old woman recommends it, but it is not every garden that grows the herb to make it with. When one's flesh and bones are full of aches and pains, it is as natural for us to marmur as for a horse to shake his head when the flies tease him, or a wheel to rattle when a spoke is loose; but nature should not be the rule with Christians, or what is their religion worth? If a soldier fights no better than a ploughboy, off with his red coat. We expect more fruit from an apple-tree than from a thorn, and we have a right to do so. The disciples of a patient Saviour should be patient themselves. Grin and bear it is the old-fashioned advice, but sing and bear it, is a great deal better. After all, we get very few cuts of the whip, considering what bad cattle we are; and when we do smart a little, it is soon over. Pain is a wise fellow, and experience comes by it. We ought not to be afraid of going down into Egypt, when we know we shall come out of it with jewels of silver and gold.

Impatient people water their miseries and hoe up their sorrows; sorrows are visitors that come without invitation, but complaining minds, send a wagon to bring their troubles home in. Many people are born crying, live complaining, and die disappointed. They chew the bitter pill which they would not even know to be bitter if they had the sense to swallow it whole in a cup of patience and water. They think every other man's burden to be light, and their own feathers to be as heavy as lead; they are hardly done by in their own opinion; no one's toes are so often trodden on by the black ox as theirs; the snow falls thickest round their door, and the hail rattles hardest on their windows; and yet, if the truth was known, it is their fancy rather than their fate which makes things go so hard with them. Many would be well off if they could but think so. A little sprig of the herb called content put into the poorest soul will make it taste as rich as the Lord Mayor's tartle. John Plowman grows the plant in his garden, but the late hard winter nipped it terribly, so that he cannot afford to give his neighbor a slip of it; they had better follow *Matthew XXV*, and do to those who sell and buy for a stomach for his meat. A poor man's table is soon spread, and his labor spares his buying sues. The best doctors are Dr Diet, Dr Quiet, and Dr Merryman, and many a good ploughman has all these gentlemen to wait upon him.

Plenty makes dainty, but hunger finds no fault with the cook. Hard work brings health, and an ounce of health is worth a sack of diamonds. It is not how much we have, but how much we enjoy that makes happiness. There is more sweet in a spoonful of sugar than in a cask of vinegar. It is not the quantity of our goods, but the blessing of God on what we have that makes us truly rich. The parings of a pippin are better than a whole crab; a dinner of herbs, with peace, is better than a stalled ox and contention therewith. "Better is little with the fear of the Lord than great treasure and trouble therewith." A little weed will heat my little oven, why, then, should I murmur because all the woods are not mine?

When troubles come, it is of no use to fly in the face of God by hard thoughts of providence; that is, kicking against the pricks and hurting your feet. The trees bow in the wind, and so must we. Every time the sheep bleats, it loses a mouthful, and every time we complain we miss a blessing. Grumbling is a bad trade, and yields no profit, but patience has a golden hand. Our evils will soon be over. After rain comes clear shining; black crows have wings; every winter turns to spring; every night breaks into morning.

Blow the wind never so fast, It will lower at last.

If one door should be shut, God will open another; if the peas do not yield well, the beans may; if one hen never lays eggs, another will bring out all her brood; there's a bright side to all things, and a good God every where. Somewhere or other in the worst flood of trouble, there always is a dry spot for contentment to get its foot on, and if there were not, it would learn to swim.

Friends, let us take to patience and water grub, as the old folks used to tell us, rather than catch the measles, and give others the disease by wickedly fudging fault with God. The best remedy for affliction is submitting to providence. What can't be cured must be endured. If we cannot get bacon, let us bless God that there are still some cabbage in the garden. Must is a hard nut to crack, but it has a sweet kernel. "All things work together for good to them that love God."

Whatever falls from the skies is, sooner or later, good for the land; whatever comes to us from God is worth having, even though it be a rod. We cannot by nature like trouble any more than a mouse can fall in love with a cat, and yet Paul by grace came to glory in tribulations also. Losses and crosses are heavy to bear, but when our hearts are right with God, it is wonderful how easy the yoke becomes. We must go to glory by the way of the Cross; and if we were never promised that we should ride to heaven in a feather bed, we must not be disappointed when we see the road to be rough, as our fathers found it before us. All's well that ends well; and, therefore, let us plough the heaviest soil with our eye on the sheaves of harvest, and learn to sing at our labor while others marmur.

Marrying for Love.

The Winkles run a small farm near *Reidsville*. The old man has been a hard working farmer all his life, but his wife was teaching school when he married her, and preserves such fondness for her creature to this day that she still wears a few straggling curls. It was from her that their son *Adolphus*, took all his romance, and two weeks ago he married a pretty and sentimental young woman entirely for love, and brought her home to live, that he might help the old man run the farm, though the farm was hardly big enough for two families to run it. Of course they kept the breakfast table waiting several mornings, but the old man held his peace and said nothing, and it was not until the other evening when *Adolphus* proposed a walk with his bride and called her "Rosebud" that the old Squire opened.

"What's it, he called you?" said he. "Rosebud, Pa!" pipered and blushed the bride—"he has three names for me, 'Rosebud', 'Magnolia' and 'Pot'—I'd think 'Dolly' didn't love me if he was to stop calling me pet names, wouldn't you dear?" and she pouted her pretty lips at *Adolphus* for a kiss.

"Jes be drot if I ain't sick!" said old *Winkle*. "Why, Henry," cried his old lady, shaking her foot in the corner, and one of her curls in a slight tremble, "you used to be just as big a fool over me!" "Never sense I was born!" "Yes that you did!" she said excitedly, "I remember once we were going through Mr Brown's broom sedge field you called me your 'Life Everlasting', you know you did!" and the old mother's face brightened that she had him.

"Well—I must'er had the rickets at the time," said he. That night old *Winkle* was waked up by his wife's crying and sobbing as if her heart was breaking. "Thunderation and blue sial what's the matter, Nancy?" "Nobody loves me," she sobbed—"A dolphus used to love me—and now he's wrapped up in that young thing—and you care nothing for me—you never call me pet names—and you as go'd as told me I lied, and before her too—oh—ah—bo I shall die! I shall die!"

"Here, Nancy, smell this camphire and swallow this brandy; you know I love you, dinged if I don't call you after every yard in the garden, from sweet potatoes to poke root—thar now"—as she got quiet—"but by Jacks! I knowed it and it all comes from that—no don't know his head from a hole in the ground—his marrying for love and bringing a doll baby concern her to pet, why, be nanged if the old wimmin ain't fonder of pettin' than the young ones, and a blessed shter was! Nancy, Nancy!"

"Hey O my! how you startled me, I was just going to sleep; what is it?" "I jes want to say to you, don't you ever turn fool any more, no matter if I don't call you Hinky Dinky, and that sort'er stuff; I love you good enough to plow all day in the sun for you."—*Reidsville (C) Times.*

HOUSE AND FARM.

IRISH POTATO CULTURE—Which is the best way to insure a good crop of Irish potatoes? Some say leave three or four eyes in cutting them, and plant eight or ten inches apart. Others maintain that only one eye is necessary, and plant twelve or fourteen inches apart. The latter way I believe is the Irish way, and they ought to know.

ANSWER—Potatoes are cultivated in almost endless variety and almost every way. Those who grow them for market to make money pretty generally cut to about two eyes, and plant twelve to fourteen inches apart in the rows.

A good, rich clover sod, turned in February and planted early, will produce the best crop.—*Courier Journal.*

DUNBAR'S WHITEWASH—I give a receipt for whitewash: Into a clean barrel put one half bushel of quick lime; pour on boiling water sufficient to cover six inches, and stir until well slaked; then add about twelve gallons of boiling water and stir in; then two pounds of rice-flour boiled to a thin paste, and stir in; add two and one-half gallons of linseed oil, two pounds blue vitriol, and two pounds Spanish whiting; stir all in while the mixture is hot, and apply with a brush at leisure.

CHICKEN CORN—In answer to some inquiries, please give the following directions as to planting chicken corn: Plant in rows about three feet apart, leaving the plants ten inches apart in the drill, one plant in each hill. Scrape and hoe once, then plow as you would corn. Yield in good soil about sixty or seventy bushels. Can be gathered after frost; does not waste badly.

TO DRIVE AWAY HEN MITES—If you will use snuff freely, and keep your hen house clean, they will leave. I have tried this with success.

TO KILL MOLES—Educator, Feb 25, 1880—Probably if you will advise B Jones, of West Point, Miss., to watch for the working of the moles is smooth ground, and to creep behind, to throw them out with a stick, he will succeed better than to use poison on corn; and, he will open a few of them, he will find that they are carnivorous and will not eat the best of corn. At least such is the experience of G G E.

SALLY LUS—Three eggs, one pint of milk, tablespoonful of lard or butter, two tablespoonfuls of yeast, one of sugar, and a cup of flour.

Cut Cabbage Pickle—Cut cabbage as for slaw; to one gallon of cabbage add an ounce of white mustard seed, half-ounce ground black pepper, half teaspoonful of made mustard, two pounds of sugar, salt to taste, two quarts of vinegar. Put all on the fire, and boil hard until the cabbage is tender.

Lamb Pudding—Take scraps of old lamb and slice of ham; mince very fine, and season highly with butter, pepper and salt. Put in a deep dish, and mix thoroughly with a batter, made of three or four eggs beaten separately, one quart of sweet milk, and a pint of flour. Bake about half an hour. Take the bones of the lamb and a spoonful of butter, and make a nice brown gravy to serve with the pudding.

CORN BEAN—Take two teaspoonfuls of corn, boil till soft, and while hot mix with it very large spoonful of butter. Beat four eggs very light, and stir them into the hominy; then add a pint of milk stirred in gradually; and, lastly, add a pint of corn meal. The butter should be about as thick as rich boiled custard; if thicker, add a little more milk. Bake in a deep pan, with a good deal of fat at the bottom, so that it will rise quickly.

The Philadelphia Times is laughing at the small percentage of killing in the duels in the South. It certainly requires a great deal more courage to stand up and be shot at than it does to stand up and be cursed and no blow. The latter is the Northern style.—*Wilmington Star.*

A writer beautifully remarks that a man's mother is the representative of his Maker. Misfortune and mere crime sets no barriers between her and her son. While his mother lives, a man has one friend on earth who will not desert him when he is needy. Her affection flows from a pure fountain and ceases only at the ocean of eternity.

A little girl in *Oil City* is just recovering from a severe attack of scarlet fever, and during her illness the parents have been very indulgent in providing for her toys and everything that would serve to render her enforced confinement pleasant. As she was convalescing, she said, "Mamma, I believe I'll ask papa to buy me a baby carriage for my doll." The brother, a precocious little youngster of only six years of age, spoke up at once and said, "I would advise you to strike him for it right away, then; you won't get it when you get well."

W. S. EVERETT, SURGEON DENTIST. TENDERS his professional services to the citizens of Charlotte and surrounding country. Office on Tryon street, opposite *Ellis & Cohen's*.

Carpenter and Blacksmith's Tools. I HAVE a full stock of Carpenter and Blacksmith's Tools, of the best make, on hand, and guarantee prices as low as any other house in Charlotte.

Facts and Fun.

Transported for life—the man who is happily married. Old ocean indulges in a storm merely for wreck-creation. Women are archers by nature. The bent of their inclination is to bend a beam.

The force of the adage, "Words are cheap," is somewhat lost when you go to the telegraph office to send a cablegram. A wise man may be pinched by poverty; but only a fool will allow himself to be pinched by tight shoes.

A little girl went into a drug store the other day and said to the proprietor in a half whisper, "If a little girl hasn't got no money, how much chewing gum do you give her for nothing?"

The man is not necessarily brave who knows nothing about fear. He may be a fool who knows nothing about anything.

Two Kentucky maidens have opened a blacksmith shop, and it's an interesting sight to see a male bluish when the girls accidentally tickle him while putting on his new shoes.

The Boston Post has got the idea that there is no love in second marriages, and that where the wife lends her husband a quarter she expects it back in something besides kisses.

Miss *Harriet Hosmer* is still trying to discover the secret of perpetual motion. If a woman can't find it, may I just as well let the secret alone.

A witness in court was asked if a party to the suit was a truthful man. No, he answered, he'd rather be at sixty days than to tell the truth for cash.

Tolerance comes with age. I see no fault committed that I myself could not have committed at sometime or other.

When a member of a convention misses the chance of nominating the chairman, he needn't be discouraged. He can get mentioned in the papers by offering a resolution thanking somebody for the use of the hall. The road to fame is open to all.

A boy who won't take as big a bite as he can from another boy's apple is disgracing his feelings and should be narrowly watched, lest he make a sudden grab and rush off with the whole.

Pride is like the beautiful acacia that lifts its head proudly above its neighbor plants, forgetting that it, too, like them has its root in the dirt.

Two boarding house keepers are comparing notes. "It pears to me, Mrs. *Miggles*, that your chicken said is never found out—leastways, I never hear none of the boarders complain." "Well, you see," explained Mrs. *Miggles*, "I sits chop up a few feathers with the real."

A school teacher recently electrified her pupils, who were reciting her with questions, "Children, I'm engaged." No using the general look of astonishment, she added, "but not to any fool of a man," and the excitement died away.—*Kingston Freeman.*

A fellow stopped at a hotel at *Leadville* and the landlord charged him \$7 a day for five days. "Didn't you make a mistake?" "No," said the landlord. "Yes, you did; you thought you got all the money I had, but you are mistaken. I have a whole purse full in another pocket."

A well-known lawyer of this State, being perplexed over a point of law, called at the office of a brother attorney to consult him upon it. The latter remarked, with dignity, that he usually had pay for his advice. "Toon," said the lawyer number one, extending fifty cents, "tell me all you know, and give me back the change."

Eureka Fertilizer. I AM Agent for the celebrated *Eureka* soluble Fertilizer. It has given the best satisfaction of any Fertilizer in the market. Price has been reduced 10 per cent. I refer you to *R D Whitley, B McDowell, W B Harry, J A Wilson*, and to every one who has used it as to qualities.

The Tremendous Rush.

FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS, BUT FACTS ARE FACTS.

The Liveliest Place in Town is

SPRINGS' CORNER.

Find Out the Truth,

And when you want to save dollars in buying CLOTHING, come to Springs' Corner, where you will get most and best for your money. We believe in

LARGE SALES AND LITTLE PROFITS.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY

Men's and Boys' Clothing,

AT SPRINGS' CORNER.

W. KAUFMAN & CO.,

221 Cheapest and Best Clothing House, Cor. of Trade and Tryon Streets.

F. G. ROGERS,

Furniture Dealer,

TRADE STREET NEAR THE POST OFFICE.

I have opened a full stock of Furniture, comprising all grades, Common, MEDIUM AND FINE.

This stock is entirely new, and bought at bottom prices. I will sell low, and all goods will be found as represented. Special care will be taken in packing. In connection with the Furniture Business a full stock of Coffins, Caskets and Metal Cases, constantly on hand.

GUANO AND ACID.

200 TONS OF "L. & R." Ammoniated Dissolved Bone,

AND ACID PHOSPHATE,

Manufactured by *Lorreat & Bittler*, Baltimore, Md.

NOW IN STORE AND FOR SALE.

We guarantee the analysis equal to any Fertilizer offered on the market, having been successfully used for the past two years, by some of our best and most reliable farmers.

We are satisfied that it will please any one who will give it a trial. TERMS as low as any first-class Fertilizer.

R. M. MILLER & SONS.

jan30

FIRST OF THE SEASON!

JUST RECEIVED, A COMPLETE LINE OF

WOOL BUNTING,

IN ALL DESIRABLE SHADES.

FRENCH BUNTING,

In Black, the Handsomest ever Brought to this Market.

A BEAUTIFUL LINE OF HAMBURG EDGINGS,

It Entirely New Designs with Insertings to Match. A large lot of

SPRING PRINTS,

In new and desirable effects, just opened and ready for inspection.

Respectfully, T. L. SEIGLE & CO.

SCHIFF & GRIER,

Grocers and Commission MERCHANTS. CHARLOTTE, N. C.

One of the Largest and best assorted stocks of

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERS IN THE STATE.

CLOSE AND PROMPT TRADE SPECIALLY INVITED. Agents for the Planter's Favorite and Long's prepared

CHEMICAL FERTILIZERS,

too well known to need further comment. Call for the book with testimonials from all sections. Also, agents for Sterling Baking Powder, one of the purest and best. Chemists of national reputation recommend it, as Prof. *Doremus*, of New York, and others. Sample package free. Try it. Attention of physicians called to it. For sale by all leading grocers.