

Agriculture.

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

BY O. H. SPURGEON.

He who boasts of being perfect is perfect in folly. I have been a good deal up and down in the world, and I never did see either a perfect horse or a perfect man, and I never shall till two Sundays come together. You cannot get white flour out of a coal sack, nor perfection out of human nature; he who looks for it had better look for sugar in the sea. The old saying is, "Lifeless, faultless," of dead men we should say nothing but good; but as for the living, they are all tarred more or less with the black brush, and half an eye can see it. Every head has a soft place in it, and every heart has its black drop, every rose has its prickles, and every day its night. Even the sun shows spots and the skies are darkened with clouds. Nobody is so wise but he has folly enough to stock a stall of Vanity Fair. Where I could not see the fool's cap, I have seen the ass and the mole's jugle. As there is no sunshine without shadows, so is all human good mixed up with more or less of evil; even poor law guardians have their little failings, and parish beaules are not wholly of heavenly nature. The best wine has its lees. A man's faults are not written on their foreheads, and it's quite as well they are not, or hats would need very wide brims. As sure as eggs are laid, faults of some sort nestle in every bottom. There's no telling where a man's sins may show themselves, for hares pop out of the ditch just when you are not looking for them. A horse that is weak in the legs may not stumble for a mile or two, but it is in him, and the rider had better hold him up well. The fatby cat is not lapping milk just now, but leave the dairy door open, and you'll see if she is not as best a thief as the kitten. There's fire in the flint, coal as it looks; wait till the steel gets a touch at it, and you will see. Everybody can read that riddle, but it is not everybody that will remember to keep his gunpowder out of the way of the candle.

If we would always recollect that we live among men who are imperfect, we should not be in such a fever when we find out our friend's failings; what's rotten will rot, and cracked pots will leak. Blessed is he who expects nothing of poor flesh and blood, for he shall never be disappointed. The best of men are men at the best, and the best will melt. It is a good horse that never stumbles, and a good wife that never grumbles. But surely such horses and wives are only found in the foot's paradises, where dumpings grow on trees. In this wicked world the straightest timber has knots in it, and the cleanest field of wheat has its share of weeds. The most careful driver one day upsets the cart, the clearest cook spills a little broth, and as I know to my sorrow a very decent ploughman will now and then break the plough, and often make a crooked furrow. It is foolish to turn off a tried friend because of a failing or two, for you may get rid of a one-eyed nag and buy a blind one. Being all of us full of faults, we ought to keep two bears, and learn to bear and forbear with one another; since we all live in glass houses, we should make of us as row stones. Everybody laughs when the satce-pat hits the kettle, "How black you are!" Other men's imperfections show us our imperfections, for one sheep is much like another; and if there's an apple in my neighbor's eye, there is no doubt one in mine. We ought to use our neighbors as looking-glasses to see our own faults in, and mending ourselves what we see in them.

I have no patience with those who poke their noses in every man's house to smell out his faults, and put on magnifying glasses to discover their neighbors' flaws; such folks had better look at home, they might see the devil where they little expected. What we wish to see, we shall see or think we see. Faults are always thick where love is thin. A white cow is all black if your eye choose to make it so. If we sniff long enough at rose water, we shall find out that it has a bad smell. It would be a far more pleasant business, at least for other people, if fault hunters would turn their dogs to hunt out the good points in other folks, the game would pay better, and nobody would stand with a pitchfork to keep the businessmen off his farm. As for our own faults, it would take a large slate to hold the account of them, but, thank God, we know where to take them, and how to get the better of them. With all our faults John may be the angels' best ploughman, so John may be the angels' worst; do his work for him, and he is off to do it himself. Go along, Violet! Go woe I Dapper!

TEXAN REAPPROB.—Bless the rain—the glorious rain! the long-looked-for, the hoped for and prayed for rain—looked for and hoped for with deepening rain that brings hope where despondency was; that makes the wheat laugh; that throws the struggling grass into merry convulsions; that comes to cool the parched lips of feverish springs, to turn the labor of the husbandman into gold; to purify the air, to stoke the thirst of tens of thousands of thirsty cattle, to bring to the jubilant fishes and lettuce beds, to muddy the unwanted feet of the schoolboy and make the fishes rejoice, and to take to the bed of the Branch from a turn pipe into a river. It is no nickel plated, galvanized, two-for-a-cent rain, but a genuine winter rain, pure gold, eighteen carats. *(Waco (Tex.) Examiner.)*

FRANKS WITH THE MOUTH.

The mouth is not to be plect franks with, but it often is so. The heedless practice of putting small articles in the mouth, either for the purpose of holding them for a few moments or for playing some trick, has been frequently attended with very serious consequences. Yet this practice is common, especially among young women, who may be seen holding pins between their teeth while dressing. Medical attendants in hospitals have frequent cause to find fault with female patients of a humble rank for putting pins in their mouth when they have occasion to remove any part of their dress.

Children of both sexes seem almost to have an instinctive fancy to put playthings in their mouth, and sometimes therefore give no end of trouble to parents and nurses. Notwithstanding every precaution, distressing accidents occur. A few years ago a boy swallowed a small piece of brass chain, with which he had been amusing himself by putting it into his mouth. The bit of chain lodged in the stomach, and though medical aid was resorted to, the poor child languished and died. Only a few weeks ago, as mentioned in the London Lancet, a young boy in Devonshire died from having swallowed a small tin whistle to slip from his mouth into the trachea, where it stuck, and baffled attempts at removal. Death took place from inability to breathe.

Remarkable instances are related of needles which had been accidentally swallowed during their way, pointing foremost through the sides of the stomach, and thence to the exterior surface of the body, where they are drawn out. It is all a chance, however, that they make their escape in this harmless manner, and accordingly there is no excuse for women thoughtlessly, it may be perversely, putting needles in their mouth. Those who do run a great risk of perishing in considerable agony. Occasionally fatalities in their mad freaks naturally kill themselves by swallowing needles, which they manage to secrete. A case has been mentioned to us of a most extraordinary degree of mad perversity. A female lunatic had such a morbid craving for swallowing small parcels of needles, which from time to time she procured, and at length she destroyed herself. A post-mortem examination has shown us that she had swallowed three hundred and twenty needles, in a less or more state of corrosion, were found lodged in various parts of her body. In another case that has been recorded, the great French surgeon, Baron Dupuytren, extracted two hundred and fifty-four needles through the skin, to which they had found their way from the stomach.

In the narrative of memorable cases connected with Guy's Hospital there is a curious story of a sailor named John Cummings, who, in a spirit of vulgar brag, and mealy when half intoxicated, swallowed a pair of shears. In 1799 he had seen a French juggler perform the trick of assumedly swallowing knives of that kind as a public entertainment. The feat was so cleverly performed that the "operators"—or at least some of them—were under the belief that the knives vanished down the throat of the juggler. Instead of being put by slight of hand in some part of the dress, the shears were simply, was one of the credulous sort, and to astonish his spectators he began to swallow a pair of shears. He at first swallowed four, which, fortunately for him, were expelled, and no inconvenience ensued. He thought no more of knife-swallowing for six years. In March, 1808, when at Boston, he was one day tempted, while drinking with a party of sailors, to boast of his former exploits, and was ready to repeat his performance. A small knife was produced, which he instantly swallowed. In the course of that evening he swallowed five more. The next morning crowds of visitors came to see him, and in the course of the day he was induced to swallow eight knives more, making in all fourteen.

He paid dearly for his frolic; for he was seized with constant vomiting, and the great surgeon, Taken in, as it is said, he was by efficacious medical treatment relieved, as he imagined, of all the knives he had swallowed. But in this he would appear to have been mistaken. Portions of knives undissolved remained in his stomach. The amount of relief, whatever it was, did not cure the poor wretch of his folly. When at Spithead in December, 1808, and somewhat tipsy, he resumed his boastfulness of being able to swallow knives, and to amuse the ship's company swallowed more clasp-knives, some of them of a large size. Again he became ill, and was in the hands of the ship's surgeon for several months, during which portions of knives were discharged. At length he was admitted as a patient at Guy's Hospital in 1807, and again he came to the hospital in 1808. There he remained, sinking under his sufferings, until March, 1809, when he died in a state of extreme emaciation.

An incident is told of the late Mr. Brunel, the eminent English engineer, who planned the Thames Tunnel and the Great Western Railway. One day while diverting a child with tricks of sleight of hand, by causing a half sovereign to mysteriously disappear and re-appear, a stunning disaster occurred. The trick consisted in adroitly concealing the coin in his mouth, and pretending to bring it out at his ear. All at once, before he was aware, and to his dismay, the half sovereign slipped down into his gullet. He tried to cough it up without effect. The obvious fact was that if the coin could not be dislodged, fatal results would ensue. It was a matter of life and death. In the dire dilemma into which he had needlessly brought himself, Brunel's presence of mind did not desert him. He devised a wooden structure to which he could be strapped head downwards. In this he was suspended, and a surgeon, who had been sent for, cut away the neck and throat by the force of gravity. It was a painful experiment, but he was at stake. He was fixed to the machine head down, most, keeping his mouth open. To his inexpressible relief, the coin dropped from its lurking place and rolled to the floor.

An account was lately published of the death at Heidelberg of Mr. Adolf Sander, who was formerly in large practice as a physician in Eberfeld and its neighborhood. One morning in 1874, while dressing, he contrived in some way to get a shirt button between his teeth. Unconsciously, while laughing, the button slipped into the back of his mouth, and thence into the larynx. All the exertions of his surgical friends to remove it were vain. It was ascertained that it sank into his right lung, which soon became irritated. Spitting of blood ensued, and he was himself looking forward to his death as not very remote. He removed to a villa he had near Frankfurt-on-the-Main, to pass his last days in quiet. Here he was surprised by a violent fit of coughing, accompanied by spitting of blood, in a paroxysm of which the button was ejected. His health rapidly improved, and in a couple of months, regarding himself as quite cured, he resumed his professional work, and endeavoring to gather up the threads of his former practice. But last year unmistakable symptoms manifested themselves that the lung had not fully recovered from the presence in its substance of a foreign body for several months. He mentioned in the London Lancet, a young boy in Devonshire died from having swallowed a small tin whistle to slip from his mouth into the trachea, where it stuck, and baffled attempts at removal. Death took place from inability to breathe.

Dr. Talmage on Mortgages.
The history of the mortgage would be the domestic, social, political, financial, and ecclesiastical history of all ages," said Dr. Talmage in the opening of his "seventh annual sermon in the Brooklyn Tabernacle Sunday. He continued: "There has been much absurd and money-sale denunciation of borrowing money, if I should request all in this house who had never asked a loan to rise, not one of you would rise, save it would be some one who had been so bad all the while that he could not get trusted. Mortgage in some form is the foundation of almost every enterprise. Discredit to the note of any private and you will find the \$5 or the \$100 from which a great estate started. Of the 100,000,000 numbered homesteads to day, only 99,000 started with a mortgage. The mortgage has purchased railroads and farms, dredged channels, built bridges, and sent the whole world centuries further onward in civilization than it would have been without it. Nations are built upon mortgages. Suppose that during the late war, or the Revolutionary War, our government could not have borrowed money? We would have been blotted from the world. The United States owes a billion dollars; Great Britain three billions, France three billions, Spain two billions, Italy one billion; and I say that if you could call the mortgage out from under the nations, Europe and America would tumble into barbarism, anarchy, and annihilation.
"A mortgage is simply borrowing more strength from some one else. If obstreth had not been built till all the money had been raised, ten thousand of them would never have been built, and a million souls of the earth would never have been converted and saved. The millions of steamers went into bankruptcy, but that did not destroy the fact that they had carried thousands of passengers safe across the sea. Fully three quarters of the churches built are mortgaged, yet they have brought millions into the kingdom of the Lord. There is a great deal of nonsense talked about not dedicating the churches until they are free from debt; but people do not hesitate to borrow money for social and religious purposes, why should they hesitate to borrow money for religious interests? Is not the Lord as good pay as the Rothschilds, or the Astors, or as Vanderbilt? Secular institutions fail, while churches live. I have known but two churches to go down in the seven years I have been in Brooklyn, and those two have revived again. John Livingston would not let one altar be used for anything but church purposes, and John Wesley would not let the altar be used for anything but church purposes. The church stands because God stands with it, and a man needs to brace himself very firmly and get good and ready before he tries to throw the Almighty He who tries to destroy any church attempts to wrestle with Omnipotence.
"Next to the happiness of cash down for a religious movement, is the happiness of getting money on a loan for that object. This slang against obtrushe in debt has better ceased, until business men give no more notes and ask no more acceptances, pay no more bonuses and ask no accommodations until next week. When the world pays cash down, the churches will pay cash down. When the moneyed institutions lend money to churches they get more than six per cent; they get the benediction of God, who is in such institutions the chief patron. They lend to Christ, and the name on the bond is the name of the Almighty.
When our farmers, or merchants, or obtrushe have a chance to pay off a mortgage, they ought to pay it off. There are some persons who advocate a strenuous debt because it keeps the people busy. So do the rheumatism and neuralgia; but that is no argument in favor of rheumatism or neuralgia."
Dr. Talmage then read a circular that he had prepared, which he said he believed was an inspiration that had come to him in a letter. His inspiration was that all who could afford it should give \$1 each to wipe out the debt of the Tabernacle. "Make this, my cry for relief," he said. "I make it in the name of Christ and the Obtrushe. Will all those who read my sermons send \$1 each, by the editor of the paper in which they read them, that I may be delivered from this load?" In conclusion he said, on this point: "Give me a credit for this one solicitation of a dollar from everybody I have become the prince of beggars."
Reflecting his eleventh year's missionary in Brooklyn, he found two chief sources of congratulation. One was the utter defeat of his clerical enemies, and the other was his satisfaction at his reception on his return visit abroad.—New York Sun.

HOUSE AND FARM.

Raspberries should be pinched back to cause them to throw out lateral bearing branches, besides growing more stocky. In applying kerosene to trees for killing insects it should be remembered that the roots are too tender for this application. Before the raspberries begin to leave out be sure and clear out the old dead stalks that fruited last year. They should be broken off with the hand, as a hoe is liable to bruise the live stalks. Grape rot is caused not so much by wet weather as by hot, muggy weather. Damp weather prevents evaporation from the leaves, causing a pressure of sap in the leaves and fruit, which is in the right condition to invite the action of fungus spores, causing leaf mildew and rotting of berry.

Sawdust put into bottles, and some specially such bottles as have contained oil. Dr. Lambert says that cranberries, with their malic and citric acid, are good for those living in malarious places. Cranberry jelly is especially recommended, as the seeds and skins irritate a weak alimentary canal. Where it is desirable to pasture sheep in orchards, the bark of a young tree may be successfully protected by washing the trees in spring and again in midsum with a mixture of carbolic acid or a solution of coal tar and white wash. Shearing sheep should never commence till all danger of frost is over. To prepare wool for market, see that it is dry, no tags, avoid burrs, each fleece to itself, carefully dried and not tightly stamped.

For grub on sheep, make strong tea of tobacco by boiling. As soon as cool enough to use, turning the sheep on its back with a syringe, inject about a teaspoon of it into the sheep's nostrils. Hold it on its back a short time. Pole Beans—Is a tender plant, easily destroyed by frost, or its growth retarded by a cold, wet soil. Land for beans should have a good exposure to the sun. I should be dry and rich. In planting, work well rotted manure into the soil. During warm, dry days stir the soil three or four inches deep with a hoe. Plant four or five beans around the pole in the hill with the row down.

Beets delight in a good, strong soil. A sandy natured soil is best for early beets. Rapid growth is desirable. They should be liberally manured and thoroughly worked into the soil. A dressing of superphosphate, say 2 pounds to the square rod, sown broadcast, will prove beneficial. For cabbage, more depends on the season, preparation, manuring and cultivation, than the soil. You can grow fine cabbage on any land if it is drained, well prepared and abundantly manured, and the weeds are kept down.

Never keep too many sheep in one flock. Protect shelter against severe weather, salt freely and regularly, keep no old animals on hand, but sell all such. When cows are becoming too fat, stop the meal and increase the bran. A very fat milk cow is a losing piece of property. Butter is never first class when the cream is allowed to get sour enough to form the white flecks sometimes seen in the butter. They are bits of curdled milk, caused by the acid in the cream. Carrots for cows will increase the flow of milk and improve the looks and quality of the butter. Beets will increase the milk more than carrots, but the butter is not so good.

Feeding roots to milk cows is becoming popular with dairymen everywhere. Whether the smaller and sweeter beets are better than the large coarse mangels does not appear; but the latter are certainly easier to raise and cows seem to like them. When cows teats are sore from any cause they should be washed clean with warm water and at once moistened with glycerine. Two or three applications will cure the worst case. For caked bag apply lard as hot as can be handled, with a rag, and thoroughly rub in by hand.

BREEDING SOWS.—A brood sow is usually at her best, as a producer, in the number and quality of pigs, as well as in the secretion of milk, when she is from two to three years old. The number of pigs dropped at a litter will usually increase with each successive litter up to the third or fourth, provided the sow is put to breeding so as to drop her first litter when she is about a year old, as in the custom with most breeders of swine. After the sow reaches four years of age, her powers of gestation usually grow weaker, and she is much less able to save the pigs that may be dropped. Like all other general rules, there are exceptions to this, but, under ordinary circumstances, we would not recommend the keeping of brood sows by farmers, who are raising hogs for the general market, after they reach four years of age.—Live Stock Journal.

GRAPES ROT.—Hot weather and warmth and moisture of the soil, cause rapid growth of grape vines, a vigorous flow of sap to every leaf and berry, and of course a correspondingly rapid progress and elaboration and assimilation of the leaves and young fruit, but in order for these vital functions to go on freely, there must also be a corresponding rate of evaporation of the watery portion of the sap from the leaves. If there comes a day or more of cloudy or muggy weather, or, as occurs frequently, when the atmosphere is so saturated with moisture that clothes will hardly dry on the line, then evaporation from the grape leaves being stopped, there is a pressure of plethoric sap in the foliage and fruit which is just in the right condition to invite the action of fungus spores, causing mildew of leaf or rotting of berry.

Do not possess your little ones with any soothing remedy containing Opium, Morphia or Paregoric. Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is warranted not to contain any Opium or anything injurious to the infant system.

FACTS AND FUN.

Lobbyists go to Washington to read the constitution and buy laws. Why is a pretty young lady like blotting paper? Because she is so absorbing. It was Ponsou du Terrail who made his enraged hero cry, "I will answer this letter as it should be answered—bring me a tiger's quill."

An Ohio girl sued a man for a breach of promise, and proved him such a mean scoundrel that the jury decided she ought to pay him something for not marrying her. Bread is good, and labor is good. But when we get ailm in our bread and don't digones among our workmen, neither is good for anything.

"My boys," said a kind Oil City teacher, "if you would be President of the United States, you must be good and studious." "No, I want to be president," yelled out a young chap from a back seat. "I'd rather be Buffalo Bill, and shoot at Indians." And the boys all chorused, "Them's our sentiments."—Oil City Derrick. Young Japanese children scarcely ever cry, because great care is taken to keep out of their way every possible cause of irritation. It is probably in consequence of this that the Japs are, as a race, almost exasperatingly good-natured, so that a servant severely scolded will often quietly reply by a beamish smile.

Miss Roseberry wanted to marry Mr. Deputy, at Seymour, Ind, but her father commanded her to marry Mr. Bowers, and appointed a day for the wedding. On the evening before she secretly became Mrs. Deputy. She was on hand for the other ceremony however, and it proceeded smoothly as far as the question whether anybody objected, when Mr. Deputy remarked that he had an objection—a trifling one, which he felt some reluctance about mentioning—the lady was his wife.

"I believe in a personal devil," said Mr. Moody, at a revival meeting held in a remote western city. "That's true, that's true—you're right there, stranger," said an old farmer, rising from his seat in his carelessness. Worn-up to a calculated, proud looking woman rose, from the other end of the pew, took him by the ear and led him slowly up, and the assembly knew then, for the first time, that the old man's mind was filled with domestic thoughts instead of the hereafter.

"Dey say dars pervishuns in de Constitution far de cultured man," said the old fellow sadly, "but I haint seen de fast curb." Small debts are like small shot; they are rattling on every side, and can scarcely be escaped without a wound; great debts are like cannon, of loud noise, but little danger.—Johnson. During the eight years in which Thom as Jefferson practiced law, he was employed in 248 cases. The Revolution, however, turned him from law to statesmanship and he never resumed the practice. His skill as an advocate was set forth by the compliment which an old man unconsciously paid him.

"How did my grandfather rank as an advocate before a jury?" asked Jefferson's grandson of an old man who had often heard him speak in court. "Well, it is hard to tell," replied the old gentleman, "because he was always on the right side." Rev J. B. Books is writing a series of very interesting articles for the *New York Sun* on drunkenness and the poisonous adulterations of liquor sold to the people of this country. He mentions among other facts that the whole production of the Champagne Wine District in France does not exceed 800,000 baskets. Of this Russia consumes 180,000; France 162,000; Germany 146,000; England 220,000; and yet the United States consumes 1,000,000 baskets!

This reminds us of an incident in the Drug Store of the late Dr. Still, of this place, before the war. A customer entered and asked— "Doctor, have you any pure French Brandy?—I want it for a sick person." An old man said of the head the honest old man said: "My dear friend, I do not know, probably I have not. We have what we call French Brandy, but I have my doubts whether there is a gallon of pure French Brandy in the State." An article in the *State Journal* of recent date, showed that large quantities of the wise productions of the Tokay vineyard are shipped to New York in a manufactured into Champagne.—*Saturday Watchman.*

HOLIDAY GOODS! I HAVE just received a full and complete assortment of Jewelry and Silver Ware, suitable for Holiday presents, consisting of Cameo, coral, enamel, jet and Roman gold sets, neck, guard and vest chains, medallion, lockets, bracelets, earrings, stones and plain rings, cuff and collar buttons, scarf and sash pins, ear drops, and great plain gentlemen's studs, tons, gold pens and pencils, case, rases, cases and Fruit BASKETS, butter dishes, epergnes, toilet sets, berry and celery dishes, pitchers, goblet cups, cut-crystal sets, waiters, napkin rings, knives, forks, card receivers, watches, clocks, &c. Call and examine my stock, before purchasing elsewhere. E. J. ALLEN, Watchmaker and Jeweler, Tryon st., next to Irvin's corner.

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The Tremendous Rush.

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