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WRITTEN FOR THE WATCHMAN.

IF.

A BALLAD.

Oh, if I were a bird. I would weave me a nest
In the jessamine vines by her door;
And my love-breathing lays from my wild-heaving crest
With my heart's current there I would pour!
Oh, if I were a flow'r, in her own garden bow'r,
For a day might I bloom 'neath her eye—
Then when gathered at eve, 'twere my holiest dow'r
On her bosom to wither and die!
Oh, if I were a star, and my raylets could kiss,
For a night, through her low lattice pane,
That sweet brow while she slept, 'twere my quantum of bliss,
And the moment she woke I would wane!
Oh, if I were the moon, 'twere a passionless boon
Of my lady so fair I would crave—
Just to bathe her soft couch in my night-beams jejune,
Till at twilight I sank in my grave!
Oh, if I were the sun, from the watery clou
I would scatter the bow's brilliant dyes,
In a deluge of tints, when she wandered abroad,
While I set in the ambient skies!
Oh, if I were the breeze, ever fondly I'd toy
With her dark waving tresses, I ween!
And my life, ever soothing her blushes so coy,
Would be lost in the breath of my queen!
Oh, if I were a guardian spirit, no harm
To my treasure could ever betide;
For her soul with my essence a union would form,
And a seraph become when she died!

E. P. H.

How beautifully has the Quaker poet, Whittier, expressed the mighty march of events.—the lightning-like progress of the age.

Behind the squaw's light birch canoe,
The steamer rocks and raves;
And city lots are staked for sale
Above old Indian graves.
I hear the tread of pioneers—
Of nations yet to be—
The first low wash of waves where soon
Shall roam a human sea.
The rudiments of Empire here
Are plastic yet and warm;
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest on the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth;
The grass is green, and the flowers are bright.
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

ANON.

His Looks Were Deceptive.

He did not look like a joke. One to sit and study his face would have said that his soul was so lost in melancholy that he didn't care whether the sun set at noon, or stayed up until 7 o'clock. He entered the ladies' sitting-room of the Central Depot, walked up to a woman whose husband had left the room about ten minutes previously, and calmly inquired:

'Madam, your husband went out to see the river, didn't he?'

'Yes—why?' she asked, turning pale in an instant.

'He was a tall man wasn't he?'

'He was,' she replied, rising up and turning still paler.

'Had red hair?'

'He had—oh, what has happened?'

'Weighed about one hundred and eighty pounds?'

'Yes—yes—where is he—where is my husband?' she exclaimed.

'Couldn't swim, could he?'

'He's drowned—my husband is drowned,' she wailed.

'Had a silver watch chain?, continued the stranger.

'Where is my husband—where is the body?' she gasped.

'Do not get excited, madam. Did your husband have on a gray suit?'

'Yes—oh! my Thomas! my Thomas.'

'And stoga boots?'

'Let me see him—let me see him!' she cried.

'Come this way, madam, but do not get excited. There, is that your husband across the street at that peanut stand?'

'Why, yes, that's him; that's my husband!' she exclaimed, joyfully. 'I thought you said he was drowned.'

'No, madam, I did not. I saw him buying peanuts and I believed it my duty to say to you that peanuts are not healthy at this season of the year.'

He slid softly out, and she stood there and shewed her parasol, and stared after him as if he were a menagerie on wheels.

MR. EDITOR:—Every excursion party generally has its correspondent, who is expected, for the benefit of themselves and their friends, to report publicly what they have seen, and sometimes what they haven't seen.

And now since all of the Salisbury Excursion Party have returned safe and sound, overjoyed with their grand trip, so much so that some already are talking of a next year's trip of the same kind; to complete it I prepare to give you a short sketch, imperfect as it may be, of our route, the scenes, incidents, &c., therewith connected.

Leaving Salisbury on Wednesday morning of the 14th, ult., as we did with music sweet and colors gay, we reached at twelve o'clock Mill Bridge, where our county representative and former enterprising townsman, Mr. J. S. McCubbins resides, there we fed and dined.

Two o'clock found us again on the road. Towards the close of the evening as we neared the little village of Moorsville we met large crowds of people on their way home, and upon inquiry of what was up, we found that they had been attending the speaking, and as we entered the village with the band playing "The camels are coming," who should we meet but our honest and noble representative, of whom we are so proud, the Hon. Wm. M. Robbin's, who had just closed one of his telling two hour speeches for Convention. He came out and gave us all a hearty shake of the hand. Our excellent Luit. Gov Armfield had also made one of his convincing speeches there that day. Stopping only a few minutes in Moorsville, we started again upon our journey: ere long dark and angry clouds were seen gathering in the West, and soon a drenching rain was upon us with all its fury, but still we drove on until the shades of night began to fall, when finding the ground too damp to pitch our tents we borrowed an old gentleman's front porch upon which to sleep.

We found that we were camping in the corner where three counties joined together, not far from the spot where the brave and patriotic Gen. Davidson of revolutionary fame gave up his life in defense of his beloved country.

The next morning bright and early we were upon the road, crossing the noted old Beaties Ford, which brought up many reminiscences of the past; we struck for Lincolnton which we reached at two o'clock. There we were met by our excellent and handsome Dr. Griffith, who by his wit and humor enlivened the crowd considerably. *"But not speaking so much as to dat"* as his adding so much to the music.

As we passed the outskirts of the old and historic town of Lincolnton, on the roadside was a beautiful residence, upon the veranda of which stood a most beautiful young lady, who as we passed made us a bow which would have been admired in the court of Charles I, and of course our gallant Captain ordered a halt, and [illegible] ing one of his best pieces gave her some of the best music that was made on the trip, therefore to return the compliment she sent out some splendid wine and good old rye, which was a very agreeable surprise; yes, Miss Guion created an indelible impression upon some of our hearts, and some no doubt have been oft repeating to themselves,

"Sweet girl though only once we met,
That meeting I shall ne'er forget."

The second night we pitched our tents in regular camp style, and we found sleeping upon the ground much better than sleeping upon the floor.

By the next day at twelve we reached Cleveland Springs, a place for which nature has done every thing, art nothing. The water was the finest we have ever seen—so strong that the white sulpher could be seen in the bottom of the Spring. There were only about fifty visitors there, but a great many more were expected.

Leaving there we passed through the beautiful little village of Shelby, where we met several old friends who treated us very kindly.

We camped that night at McBrayers, a well known place in that country, where we got a most excellent supper and breakfast for forty cents a piece, and as it was the first time we had taken our meals out of camp. I don't think he made a fortune off of our party.

The next morning was our first full view of the mountains, and knowing that we would soon be among them, our hearts were gladened and our pulses quickened. That evening we reached Rutherfordton, and by a special messenger sent by the citizens who requested it, we consented to spend the night there. We were treated very kindly by Messrs. Carrier, Bryan and Harris whose services shall be warmly remembered. By invitation we took supper at the Hotel and that night, were entertained by two of North Carolina's fairest daughters, the Misses. McEntire, who did everything in their power for our enjoyment. While there we had some most excellent music from Prof. Neave, on his Cornet with Piano accompaniment by the accomplished Miss Jenkins of Granville.

While at Rutherfordton we had some of the most beautiful echoes we ever listened to, three distinct echoes could be heard, so distinctly that even the false tones made with any of the instruments could be clearly distinguished.

Leaving Rutherfordton the next morning we soon found ourselves, before we had any idea of it, right among the mountains. Sunday night we camped at the old Harris place owned by a Mr. Justice. There we found ourselves walled in by mountains, with old Bald with his naked head standing out in full view, but his fires it seemed were smothered, his rumblings had ceased, his groanings were hushed, but the impression he had made upon the minds of the people had not died out, and strange to say for the first and last time on our trip, there with Old Bald looking down upon us, we held a prayer meeting. Oh! the efficacy of prayer.

On the next morning (Monday) we entered Hickory Nut Gap with Broad River on our left and the tall mountains on the right, and so narrow was the passage sometimes that it seemed almost impossible to pass, and it had not been for the skillfulness of our driver many a time, we would have been dashed to pieces below. One mile from Harris's was the residence of a Mr. Freeman who has an Apiary and is doing a profitable business. From his house we had the finest view of the trip, and all seemed to be overawed, not a word was spoken, every thing was still as death, what a grand view, how sublime:—"Language fails before the spell. On the left was chimney rock, a lone rock 205 feet high deriving its name from its near likeness to a chimney, in the centre was a huge rock 250 feet from top to base, and to the right, the grandest of all was Hickory Nut Falls, a stream about 9 feet wide falling over a precipice 960 feet. Long before it reached the bottom it becomes spray, upon which the rays of the sun falls, forming a thousand little rainbows, dancing in the sun light.

As far as the eye could reach, was stretched out a vast panorama of mountains, vast chain, around how far, above how high, below how deep! while below our feet flowed the beautiful Broad (whose banks were lined with beautiful trees, herbs and flowers of all kinds and every description) flowing on and on with gentle murmur, until it with the Catawba forms the Santee, one of the first river of South Carolina. How beautiful, how grand, how sublime: the Broad river to our idea of the beautiful, Falls to our idea of the grand, and huge masses of rock to our idea of the sublime all placed there by the Almighty's hand, as a material manifestation to lead our souls to heavenward aspiration.

After going up the Hickory Nut Gap three miles we turned to the left passing through Reedy Patch Gap the nearest way to Hendersonville, along which we think there is some of the wildest and most romantic scenery in the world.

We crossed the Reedy Patch creek, a beautiful little stream flowing down the mountain side, singing as it flows in sweet acord with zepher's breeze nature's song of happiness, thirteen times; and reached Hendersonville that evening, and encamped near the Episcopal church; about ten o'clock the rain began to pour down in torrents and the tents began to leak, and all with one accord made for the church in which all rested quietly, except one of the party who had the misfortune to dream that the blue-devils with the fiddle and the band and the old banjo and with dancing and singing were making gay sport around him, when looking up he saw a beautiful white cross descending at which he immediately made a grasp, and was suddenly awakened with a severe pain in the back of his head, and found himself flat on the floor instead of the bench upon which he had at first laid himself.

Leaving our baggage at Hendersonville we went out to Flat Rock, a great place of resort for South Carolinians; we visted the residence of Rev. J. G. Draytair which stands on the summit of a small mountain, the most beautiful place we have ever seen; from the back of his house there is terrace after terrace until it reached at its foot a beautiful little lake; in front of his house are flower beds laid off in the most magnificent style, and containing flowers of every kind, the most beautiful.

Mr. Draytair is an Episcopal minister, who with his whole parish removed during the summer months from Charleston S. C. to Flat Rock.

Throughout the whole country for miles and miles on every hill side are residences of the same kind.

Coming back to H. we left in the evening on our road to Asheville. About five miles from Hendersonville we passed a beautiful place belonging to Col. Courtland, who with his family removed from Baltimore and built him a house with all modern improvements. Just below his house was a large and beautiful meadow upon which five mowers were playing. Col. Courtland who came out with his fine whiskey and all those that indulged fared sumptuously.

The next morning (Wednesday) we reached Asheville and was met by the gay, intelligent, handsome, and hospitable, Rob. Freeman, who showed every attention possible. That night he took supper with us. After supper was over we were met by the Thespian corps who came out to welcome us, and whose desire it was to make us comfortable. Thursday we were invited to the Central Hotel to dine. Col. Robertson certainly knows how to get up a dinner, and all those going to Asheville who believe in good fare stop at the Central and we assure you will be treated right.

Our trip to Asheville was one of unbounded pleasure.

The services of our commissary, C. R Barker's were invaluable, and for his always having something ready, and always having it well prepared he received the thanks of the whole party.

In our next issue will give you something of our homeward journey.

CHI PHI.

How to Cook Vegetables.

In this country fat meat, oftentimes strong and rancid, is considered the base of almost every prescription of cookery. Eggs, chickens and beefsteak are made horribly indigestible by it, plugs of the gross stuff dropped into hash, greens, cabbage, beans, peas, turnips and even asparagus, are steeped in bacon greese, tasting more of the hog than the delicious vegetables they represent; and, lastly, the simon pure article itself is converted into salt sole leather by the frying process, and then consumed.

It may not be too much to say that this wholesale use of fat bacon is one of the prolific causes of that almost universal American complaint—dyspepsia. It requires the stomach of an ostrich to digest all this greese. And the saddest part of the matter is, that the people don't know any better. Turnips, cabbages, squashes, peas, beets, and, indeed, almost every other vegetable are far more wholesome and delicate when cooked by themselves, and afterwards seasoned with pepper, butter, and other condiments, to the taste.

The preparation of Irsh potatoes for the table likewise, though exceedingly simple, is properly understood by but few cooks. They usually appeared hard and sodden, and unfit to be eaten. To have them flaky and mealy, was clearn without breaking the skin, and about thirty minutes before the dinner hour drop the tubers into water boiling as rapidly as possible, and keep up the heat until tried with a fork they seem perfectly done. Then draw off every drop of water and cover over closely for a few minutes before serving, and they will be so mealy as almost to require handling with a spoon. Eaten piping hot in this condition, no article of food is more wholesome or delicious.

It is unfortunate that the proper preparation of their food is so much neglected by the masses. Both press and medical faculty should spare no effort to promote reform in a matter so vitally essential to health and comfort.

The Value of Red Rust-Proof Oats.

In the Rural for August, 1874, I published an experiment with red oats, that several friends asserted was an exception, because "it was growing oats too cheap." Another year has come and gone. I have repeated the experiment, succeeded equally as well, and am pleased to say, I have witnessed a better success with more than one of my neighbors. Red oats can be grown at an expense of twenty five cents per bushel upon any ordinary farm in the South, every such bushels will weigh thirty pounds, and a pound of oats will produce just as much muscle and fat as a pound of corn. I have kept a horse for two years without ever feeding him an ear of corn or a blade of fodder, his daily diet being shelled oats and straw, or cut oats from the sheaf; he has been ploughed, wagoned, hacked about in a buggy, and ridden under saddle, and there never was a time when he was not ready and willing to do a full share of work Any land that ever I have seen in the South will produce two bushels of oats where it will grow one bushel of corn; each farmer for himself can calculate the cost of growing the two crops.

Red oats will yield more grain to the straw, and more delicate straw than any oats I have ever grown. Sown in the fall, they will produce a remunerative crop on good land, even if frozen out during the winter to a single stool to every square foot. They are heavier than any other and have never been known to take the rust. A few years ago, I selected eight adjoining acres, and on them sowed a bushel to each acre of eight varieties of oats. Some were entirely destroyed by the winter, some were ruined by rust, and all but the red oats were more or less damaged by this parasite. Not even a blade of the red oats was touched, though the acre was in tee midst of those most thoroughly ruined. The time is upon us when they should again be sowed, though they are remunerative if sown at any time between this and the 1st of next March.

I prefer to sow in cotton land broadcast, and plough in with three or four sweed furrows. This lays by a cotton crop as well as sows a small grain crop, hence a saving of half the labor. It is cheaper to sow in the cotton field even if postponed till September or October, because cotton requiring clean culture the land is in better tilth, and fewer furrows are necessary. The hands while picking cotton during the winter will trample upon the sprigs, and make them stool out better therefor. Sheep will winter on oats in a cotton field and never molest the cotton till they have eaten up the oats.

Where cotton is the exclusive crop, there is no little vexation and harrassing doubts at harvest time to him who ventures to sow small grain. In June the cotton and corn need the attention of the laborer constantly. Hence, the policy, almost necessity, of interesting the laborer in the ownership at least of the oat crop. A fair contract, in this regard, is for the employer to furnish the seed, fertilizer, and land, and require the employee to supply the labor of seeding and harversting, and at harvest time divide the crop, one-fourth to the laborer and three-forths to the employer. An acre of land, producing twenty bushels of oats, would thus give the laborer five bushels of oats for about two days work, (ploughing, scattering manure, knocking down stalks, and harvesting,) and fifteen bushels to the owner, one and a half bushels of seed, three and a half bushels to pay for fertilizer, and ten bushels rent. I have never known red oats to sell for less than seventy five cents per bushel, and even at fifty cents per bushel, ten bushels is a very fair rent for land that will not produce more than twenty bushels of oats per acre. Fair uplands in middle South Carolina will average twenty bushels without manure; and I have seen it stated that the Mississippi bottoms have yielded one hundred bushels per acre during favorable seasons.

COL. D. WYATT AIKEN, *in Rural Carolinian for August.*

The Man Who Won't Pay.

A little old man, smoking a huge pipe, and wearing an excited look, rushed into the City Hall yesterday, and found his way into the rooms of the Chief of Police. Standing before that official the little old man swelled out and exclaimed:

'No, by dunder—no!'

'No, what?' said the chief.

'You tings I bay dat license," shouted the smoker 'You tings I pay one hoonered fifty dollars tax license?'

'That's the new law.'

'You tings I was a fool so high, and so long, and so pig around?' continued the man, measuring the air

'I guess you'll have to pay."

'We shall see about dat pooty quick! I shall do sometings.'

'What?'

'I shall show you—ha! you know what I does—eh? I shall shut up my saloon and sell nodings no more. Ven der fellows coom roundt und kick on der door nobody shall be dere. Ven a pig growd coome up from Toledo on Zunday, dey shall haf no zigars, no beer, no Limpurger. I shall rent my saloon mit an insurance agent, und he shall sheat der beeples, und I shall get droonk in my house, und der beeples shall haf to drink wasser, und Dedroit shall go down hill, und zumbody shall goom from New York, und puy der whole blace vor swelf dollars, und move him up py Shicago—ha!

And he shook his fist at the Chief, and rushed out.

The "Color Line."

The Fayetteville *Gazette* is in favor of drawing the "color line," and commenting upon this declaration, the Duplin *Record* says:

"The 'color line' has always been drawn by the negroes. We simply want the whites to do the same. We expect but few negroes to vote with us, they never have. We would not truckle to them one iota to induce them so to vote. While we are willing for them to go with us, let it always be with the understanding that our's is a white man's party, and that white men must rule.

We say draw the 'color line' so strongly, so decidedly, so distinctly, that every white man who goes with the negro party, now in this moment of supreme necessity, will be made to understand that his action puts him, politically at least, with the enemies of his color and people, and that he must abide the consequences.

The 'color line' has been and still is drawn. The present contest is between native white people, on the one hand, and the negroes, led by a few white men of the old carpetbag host and native scalawag office-holders and office-seekers, on the other. The one constitutes the Conservative Democratic party, the other the Radical.

There can be no doubt surely, on which side the earnest, honest, permanent white citizens will stand. Draw the Line more and yet more closely until every decent white man shall take position on the white side. Most of them are there now, and many more will be there by the 6th of August.

The Wilmington *Journal* is in full accord with its Fayettevill and Duplin cotemporaries. It is idle to pretend that there is anything in eastern Carolina but a struggle between the white man and the negro party wins, then the negro race will rule. If the white man's party wins, then white men will rule.

Feed Hogs in Warm Weather.

The *Journal of Agriculture* says that the practice of turning hogs into the woods to make their own living till cold weather, and then shutting them up and feeding them on corn alone is a very expensive way of making pork. To be sure, the summer feed costs nothing; but then, as a general fact, the hogs make very little growth, not half as much as they would if they were supplied with proper food.

The growth should be made as rapid as possible during the warm weather. It should be remembered by every pork raiser that a given amount of feed will produce larger results in summer than in winter. In winter a large amount of vitality is expended in resisting the cold, and therefore an increase of feed is required just to sustain the system in a healthy condition.

To promote the growth of hogs during ing warm weather slops made of shorts and bran should be used, also of oats and rye. Neither corn nor any other carbonaceous food should be fed to hogs in large quantities in hot weather, yet if they are permitted to feed on clover, corn in moderate quantitites will be as good as any other feed. But the principal point we would make is that the hogs should be fed all through the summer, so that when the cool weather of August comes they will be found in a thriving condition. If other feed is scarce, let the farmer commence cutting up green corn for his hogs by the first of August or even earlier. It will be economy to do so, rather than to let them go without till it is ripe and then feed it to them.

By the middle of September the fattening process should be commenced in good earnest, and the work completed before the severe weather sets in. As a rule, we believe that where hogs are kept in open lots without shelter, as most are, two bushels of corn will lay more fat in October than three bushels in January.

Feed through the summer and fatten early.

"A ROAD OF TOMBS."—Col. Forney writes from Rome: "Everybody has read about the Appain Way. It was the great line of communication between Rome and South Italy. Before you reach the old road you see the colossal ruins of the baths of Caracalla, which occupy the space of nearly a mile, and accommodated 1,600 bathers at a time; but this is surpassed by the size of the bath of Diocletian, which accommodated 2,200 bathers at a time. The baths were the favorite resorts of the poets and philospners, and were adorned with porticos and vestibules for the idle and libraries for the learned; they were also decorated with the finest objects of art in painting and sculpture, and placed in the midst of fountains and shaded walks. Along the Appian Way were built the tombs containing the urns with the ashes of hundreds and thousands of Romans who lived and died thousands of years ago. These tombs are temples above the ground, built of solid stone walls, inside of which were placed the urns, while outside were carved the beautiful decorations and inscriptions, oftentimes including exquisite statuary to designate the dead. Many of their busts were found centuries after inside, and as you now ride along this still solid road you see the remains of costly sepulchers, with the fragments of their marble memorial-wrought statues. You would think that this road of tombs would be rather a mournful affair, but the Romans had strange notions of death. Their funerals were fully feasts, and they liked to have their villas and their merry meetings near the houses of their departed relations and ancestors. For miles the relics of the graves extend along the Appian Way. One of the most curious of these sepulchers is the tomb of Caecilia Metalla, erected sixty-seven years before Christ, to the memory of Caecelia, the Crete, and wife of Crassus. It is circular tower of massive construction and enormous strength, and has seen many changes. It was a fortress or feudal stronghold in the Middle Ages, and sustained great injury in the sixteenth century when Rome was besieged. To-day it stands in solid and solitary grandeur, as it primly defying the ravages of another 1,900 years.

Why Small Farmers are Prosperous.

We have often had occasion to call attention to the fact that those we are accustomed to call "small farmers" are generally the most prosperous people in the South. They are not so because small farms and very limited operations are, in themselves, best, but because these farmers are working in harmony with their circumstances. They have accepted the situation, and put their own hands to the plough. Having small capital, and often very limited knowledge, and skill, they go safely, as they see the way clearly before them. The large planter, on the contrary, often without any capital at all of his own, attempts on borrowed money (at fearfully high rates of interest,) to conduct large operations, without closely counting the cost of the risks, and fails, as any sound minded man, not infutated with cotton, would see that he must. This does not prove that small farms and small farming are necessarily most profitable, but that our operations, both as to method and to extent must correspond with our capital and other circumstances.

The Cheapest Manure known.

Dr. Daniel Lee, in the Nashville *Union and American*, says that land plaster (Gypsum) is the cheapest manure known to him, and he has been a careful observer of its effects for sixty years. He adds that it has been in use in the country one hundred years since Franklin wrote his name in sowed plaster, brought from Paris to Philadelphia, which had such a fertilizing effect that all could read his name in clover and lucerne. He refers to a locality in the State of New York, where it has been used for fifty years, and though containing no ammonia or nitrogen, in any form; no potash, no magnesia, both of which exist in all crops; no phosphoric acid, yet many upland fields were more productive in 1874 than in 1824, after the removal of fifty harvests, receiving in return less than seventy-eight pounds per acre of a true sulphate of lime a year, and never any other fertilizer. Can the learned Doctor give the rationale of its actions?

[*Rural Carolinian for August.*

Carnivorous Plants.

The *British Medical Journal* states that, at the last meeting of the Edinburg Botanical Society, Dr. T. A. G. Balfour reported some interesting experiments on the *Dionaea muscipala* (Venus fly-trap, native of Wilmington, N. C.) The irritability under which the leaf contracts seems to be limited to six delicate hairs that are so situated on the surface of the leaf that an insect must brush them in crowding over it. Dr. Balfour touched every other part of the leaf with a needle, and no response followed; but the instant the base of one of the leaves was hit the leaf closed quick as a flash. Chloroform dropped on a hair caused the leaf to close immediately, but water had no such effect. When the leaf shut upon an object incapable of holding nutrition, like a bit of wood or a dried fly, it opened again very soon. But, when it closed upon a live fly, caterpillar, or spider, the contraction lasted for about three weeks, during which time the inner surface of the leaf gave out a viscous, acid secretion. It was noted, also, that this viscid secretion was only produced when an insect was captured. In the case of a fat spider it was very abundant, but, when a shriveled fly was inclosed, very little was poured out. As evidence that the plant obtains nourishment from the insects thus captured and digested Dr. Balfour pointed to the facts that young plants of the *Dionaea* placed under bell glasses, from which, of course, insects were excluded, did not thrive as well as those that were left free; and that while a bit of beef wrapped in a leaf of any other plant became putrid, a bit inclosed by the *Dionaea* remained entirely inodorous, but soon lost its red color, and was gradually disintegrated and reduced to pulp.

A NEW KIND OF POISONOUS DRESS GOODS.—Professor Giaul says that in some English and Alsatian print works, the expensive albumen is partially replaced by glycerin-arsenic and acetate of alumina. Some of the goods in market contain 3 or 4 grains of arsenic in a yard of the stuff. Muslins and cambrics, with little white spots, circles, stars, or flowers, on a violet ground, and those printed with brownish-yellow or reddish-brown patterns, have been found to contain arsenic; and these are colors which have never before been considered with any suspicion, and would be purchased by the uninitiated without any foreboding of the danger that would attend the wearing of such dresses. The danger is not slight; for aside from the large quantity of arsenic in it, the compound is not insoluble. If the goods are soaked in water, there is dissolved out a sufficient amount of arsenical salt to give a distinct reaction. This peculiarity is explained by the supposition that the goods, being comparatively cheap, are not washed or rinsed after printing, but sent directly to be finished.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HARDWARE.

When you want Hardware at low figures, call on the undersigned at No 1 Granite Row.

D. A. ATWELL.

Salisbury, N. C., May 13—tf.

CEDAR COVE NURSERY.

FRUIT TREES, VINES & PLANTS. A large stock at reasonable rates.
New Catalogue for 1875 and '76 with full descriptions of fruits, sent free.
Address CRAFT & SAILOR,
Red Plains,
Yadkin County, N. C.
July 1, 1875.—4tm.

NEW MILLINERY STORE.

At the old stand of Foster & Horah.
Just received a full line of Hats, and Bonnets, trimmed and untrimmed. Ribbons, Scarfs and all the latest French and American novelties, at

ALL PRICES.

Orders executed with care and dispatch.
Pinking and Stamping done to order.
The Store will be conducted on the Cash system and no goods or work will be charged to any one. This rule is unvarible.
MRS. S. J. HALYBURTON.
April, 15th—6ws.

SALISBURY'S GREAT BARGAIN STORE.

The undersigned take pleasure in informing their customers and the community at large that they are now in receipt of a large stock of *Spring* and *Summer* Goods selected with great care and direct from the Eastern markets consisting in part of all kinds of Dry Goods Notions,

HATS,
BOOTS,
&
SHOES,
CLOTHING,
GROCERS,
&c., &c.

Which they are determined to sell low down for cash. Highest Cash prices paid for all kinds of Country produce. Our plan is

Quick Sales and small profits

and we believe that the public will find it to their interest to call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

NO TROUBLE to SHOW GOODS.

We beg to return our thanks for past patronage and hope by fair dealing and strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.
McCUBBINS, BEAL & JULIAN.
April 1 1875—tf.

LOOK OUT

BELL & BRO.

Offer the best selection of Jewelry to be found in Western North Carolina, Consisting of

LADIES' & GENTS' GOLD WATCHES,
Gold Opera and Vest Chains,
FINE GOLD PLATED Jewelry,
SILVER WARE, GOLD PENS, &c.

They are agents for the celebrated Diamond Spectacles and Eye Glasses, Manufactured from Minute Crystal PEBBLES.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired and warranted 12 months, charges as low as consistant with good work.
Store on Main street, 2 doors above National Hotel.
Apl. 1874—y.