

POETRY.

EARTH BEAUTIFUL.

O, life! It is fair as the dawn!
And the world is a wondrous world!

Each breeze as it sweeps o'er the sea
Is fraught with health to the isles;

Each plant that blooms on the land
The promises old repeat;

And the earth sends back a song
To the answering heavens above;

A Fatal French Duel.

A Paris correspondence of the London Telegraph gives the particulars of a remarkable duel between two French noblemen, which recently took place on the Belgian frontier.

Woman.

The Tar River Beacon, published at Greenville, N. C., has a story written by Mrs. T. J. Jarvis in which she says of the purity of woman: "How often follies deepen into sin, and sin is the mother of great crimes."

Life.

What a wavering thing is the stream of life! How it sparkles and glitters! How it bounds along its pebbly bed, some times in shade; sometimes sporting round all things, as if its essence were merriment and brightness;

structed without locks and flood-gates upon it to hold in the pent-up waters of the heart till they are ready to burst through the banks.

A Short Sermon to my Students.

You are the architects of your own fortunes; rely upon your own strength of body and soul. Take for your star, industry, self-reliance, faith, and honesty, and inscribe on your banner, luck is a fool, pluck is a hero.

H. G. EASTMAN, LL.D., Pres't Eastman Business University.

Since long prayers have been introduced among Christian congregations, the spirit of devotion has been lost; for where such prevail most listlessness and deadness are the principle characteristics of the people, and these have engendered formality and frequently total indifference to religion.

Mark Twain as Editor.

He put the paper on his lap, and while he polished his spectacles with his handkerchief, he inquired: "Are you the new editor?" "I said I was."

Epistle of St. Rube to the Republicans.

THE PARABLE OF THE PRETTY FOOT.

1. And it came to pass in the last year of the reign of Ulysses the son of Jesse that these things did occur.

2. There was a valiant captain of the tribe of Belknap who dwelleth in the regions of Iowa, who was a mighty man of valor.

3. Yes, verily, he did smell the battle afar off, and longed to plunge into the thickest of the carnage, but was always prevented from doing so whenever the rebels appeared in the field, by some duty at home.

4. Now Belknap was a man after Ulysses' own heart, for was it not written that Ulysses sprang up like a mushroom in the night, like a mushroom sprang he up.

5. For Ulysses the son of Jesse sold his cord wood, and filled himself full of jugurum, and became a spectacle to the people of St. Louis, who dwell beyond the father of waters.

6. But when the blast of war blew in his ears, then rose he up and sent forth his valiant soldiers by millions who put to flight the famished host of Jeff. the E. V. A, the Tar Heels, the Goubers, the Butternuts, the Sand-Hillers, the Dagoes, and all the that dwell south of Mason and Dixon's lines.

7. Then came forth Ulysses the son of Jesse, from his tent, and the smoke of the weed went forth from his nostrils, and his nose was red with the fumes of fire-water, and he said, let us have peace.

8. Now the people of Yankeedoodle-dum rejoiced exceedingly, and proclaimed Ulysses the son of Jesse, the Great Highecockalorm, to rule over the land of Utele Samuel for the period of four years.

9. And Ulysses went into the White House and surrounded himself with all manner of plunderers, who gave unto him a portion of their spoils, which they had taken away from the people of the land of America.

10. And Ulysses the son of Jesse refused not the horses, and the houses, and the lands, and the other good things that were offered unto him by the bribors and plunderers, save the bull pup which was sent by express, C. O. D., which Ulysses would not take until all the charges were paid. Selah.

11. Moreover Babrooster, the scribe of Ulysses the son of Jesse divided the spoil of the crooked whisky with the St. Louisites, but gave not unto Ulysses a portion thereof, and Ulysses waxed wroth and bounced Bab; yes, in his anger did he bounce him from beneath the roof of the White House.

12. And it came to pass that Belknap the mighty man of valor, did take unto himself a beautiful damsel in the land of Kentuckee of the tribe of Tomalison; but the Lord took her away, and he did mourn exceedingly.

13. And it came to pass that the sister of the damsel, who was a widow with an exceedingly pretty foot, did cleave unto the valiant captain, that she might comfort him; but the Lord waxed wroth that so great a sin should be done before the people of the nation, and great was the punishment of Belknap.

14. For the Lord caused Ulysses the son of Jesse, to appoint Belknap his chief Scribe of War, which honor turned the head of the spouse, who had the pretty foot, and who was as poor as a church mouse in the beginning.

15. But now she yearned for the greenback, where-with she might buy the shoddy, the brown stone, the chariot, the glittering bracelets, and all the trash that is so much sought after by the upstarts who do sojourn in the capital of the nation.

16. Moreover she wanted to give big dinners, and would not be outdone by Fisk nor the flesh, nor the fowl of any entertainments that aboundeth in the city where he who maketh the greatest show is worshipped by those that partake thereof.

17. But the pretty spouse, with the pretty foot had not the greenback wherewith to purchase these things, and she urged her husband, that he might sell the post-railroads to the frauds who swindle the poor Indians out of their lands and their lives.

18. And William did.

19. Whereupon he sank into the Marsh of despair and the rejoicing of the widow, with the pretty foot, is turned into lamentation. Ulysses the son of Jesse, had bounced him, and all the lunchers have eaten up all the greenback that the post-traders yield; yea like a swarm of grasshoppers have they devoured all and flown like the wind.

20. But the people do clamor to have the matter investigated, and punish all the persons who are concerned in this great iniquity; and it is written that they shall not escape; not even Ulysses, the son of Jesse, who taketh presents and bribes, and drinketh the rum that is in the jug behind the White House door, and who smoketh the weed of the devil, and who driveth chariots furiously with the bull pup under underneath the dust thereof.

21. So endeth the Epistle of St. Rube.

"Why should we celebrate Washington's birthday more than mine?" asked a teacher in Boston. "Because he never told a lie!" shouted a little boy.

A little girl who was sent for some indigo, forgetting the name, asked the grocer: "Please, sir, what do people dye with?" "What do people die with?" exclaimed the grocer; "why, with the cholera sometimes." "Then," said the child, "another wants twenty-five cents' worth of cholera."

The Passenger Conductor.

A few days ago a freight conductor on one of the Western railroads went to the superintendent and said he thought he ought to be advanced, having served on the freight for several years. The superintendent agreed with him, and told him that the change should be made the very next week. And it was made. The superintendent a day or two after took a seat in the rear end of one of the coaches to see how the new conductor would take to business, and pretty soon the official danced into the door, cap on his ear, sleeves pushed up, and a half-acre smile on his face.

"Get out your paste-boards!" he shouted, "I'm the high munky muck that runs this train," and then turning right and left, he continued: "Right orders this way—play lively—pass or bow up—how's trumps with you—slide you right into Chicago—hurry up, there—trump this ace—what kind of hand do you hold, old man?"

There was something novel and exhilarating in his style, but yet the superintendent called the conductor up stairs the next day and told him that he was the best man in America to run a freight train, and that he should have to promote him backwards. He was too talented for a passenger conductor. Detroit Free Press.

Something About the Management of Swine.

We copy the following from the Michigan Farmer, and commend it to the attention of our friends:

"I learn from your paper and other sources that there are a good many sows losing their pigs this spring, either at farrowing, or soon after. From what I can learn, I do not think we have the hog cholera in this State, and the trouble probably arises from mismanagement.

Having met with some losses in this way, and from sows eating their pigs, in previous years, I am satisfied it generally arises from the following cause: Feeding sows on corn and corn meal; confining them in close pens; not having a dry and sheltered place to sleep; leaving them to get too fat, and from absence of vegetable food.

Any of these reasons are a sufficient cause for weak unhealthy pigs, as we have found to our cost from experience.

Owing to the low price of corn many farmers are feeding on that almost exclusively.

For sows bogs running out doors, or for fattening, we can feed nothing, perhaps, more profitable than corn and meal, but it should not be fed to sows just before or after farrowing.

I have known sows to stop giving milk almost entirely in two weeks after the pigs were born when fed on boiled corn meal.

We have never had better success with litters of pigs than this spring, and we have fed as follows: During the early part of the winter our sows were fed corn in the ear, raw beets, and what they could pick out of the litter thrown from the stables. For two months previous to farrowing they have been fed on boiled bran, middlings, poor wheat, rye, oats, and a little corn ground together, with raw beets all the time, and reducing the richness and quantity of food as farrowing time approaches. They have the run of the yard, and sleep on a straw bed, on a plank floor, under a shed, sheltered from the wind.

About a week before a sow is to farrow she is put in a pen by herself every night, turned out daytimes, and the feed reduced to boiled bran and wheat screenings, just enough to keep her quiet.

After farrowing, we feed boiled bran alone a few days, and then add ground mixed grains, making the feed richer as the pigs grow older, feeding all the sow will eat. After the second day the sow is turned out in the afternoon an hour for exercise; as the little pigs become accustomed to her absence she is left out longer.

We usually let the boar serve the sow as soon as she farrows in the spring, so that she may have another litter in July or August. The little pigs then get a good start before cold weather.

It is not generally known that the sow will take the boar between the second and fourth day after farrowing, but such is the fact. She will not generally be in heat again till the pigs are weaned.

We aim to keep our sows in good order, but not fat. When too fat they seem stupid and clumsy, and not so careful about lying or stepping on the young pigs; neither are the pigs so strong.

On the other hand, if the sow is not in good condition at the time of farrowing, she will get run down to skin and bones before the pigs are weaned.

It must be borne in mind that after becoming pregnant there is a greater tendency to lay on fat, and the same feed that will keep a sow in good order at other times will make her so fat she will hardly be able to walk if kept up till she farrows.—Southern Planter and Farmer.

The young man who was filled with emotion had no room for his dinner.

Teacher—(addressing the class in etymology)—"Now, then, what is the meaning of the word appetite?" Little Boy—(after deep reflection)—"I know what it means. When I'm eating I'm 'appy, and when I'm done I'm tight."

Foreigners do not appear to understand our people. That was particularly the case with an Englishman in a cross-town car the other day, when a female passenger, with a market basket in her lap, suddenly jumped up and shrieked, "Oh, heavens!" and plugging her head full till against his shirt-front, begged him to "jask his hand down her back and 'jask that bug out."



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