

THE FARM.

Selling Small Things.

Many farmers scorn to deal in small things grown on the farm, and often allow little things to go to waste which might be made a source of revenue.

Farmers neglect their home markets too much. Every country village may be made to furnish a market for a large quantity of fresh vegetables, milk, cream, butter and similar farm produce.

Not I," said Daddy Wotherspoon, after a short pause. "That's the winter we used to give the horses melted lead to drink, and keep a hot fire under 'em so it wouldn't harden till they got it down."

"Well, I should say I did," retorted Uncle Sammy. "What! remember 1817? 'Deed I do! That was the spell when it took a steam grindstone four days to light a match. Ay, ay! But do you know I was uncomfortably warm that winter?"

"How so?" demanded Daddy Wotherspoon, breathing hard. "Runnin' around your ice-house to find where you got in. It was an awful spell, though. How long did it last?—From August to the 30th June? I guess you're right. But you mind the snap of 1813, don't you? It commenced on the 1st of July, and went around and lapped over a week. That year the smoke froze in the chimneys and we had to blast it out with dynamite. I think that was the worst we ever had. All the clocks froze up so we didn't know the time of day for a year, and when men used to set fire to their buildin's so as to raise the rent—Yes, indeed. I got \$3,000 a month for four burnin' buildin's. There was a heap of sufferin' that winter, because we lived on alcohol and phosphorus, till the alcohol froze, and then we eat the brimstone ends of matches and jumped around till they caught fire. Say, you—"

But Daddy Wotherspoon had fed—The statistics were too much for him. Laziness is a premature death. To be in no action is not to live. One may live as a conqueror, a king or a magistrate, but he must die as a man.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

An Arkansas girl refused to marry her lover unless he performed some heroic deed. He eloped with her mother. Teacher: "Did I not tell you to be prepared with your history lesson? And here you are unable to repeat a word of it." Scholar: "I didn't think it was necessary, sir; I've always heard that history repeats itself."

Cold Snaps.

"We're having some pretty wintry weather," said old Daddy Wotherspoon to Uncle Sammy Honniwell, as the two gentlemen met near the City Hall.

"Right for 'ard weather for the season." "Jist so, jist so," conceded Uncle Sammy. "Reminds me of the fall of 1831. It commenced 'long the fore part of November, and froze stiff till March. Good, smart weather, too. I remember that it was so cold in Brooklyn that November that bilin' water froze over a hot fire."

Daddy Wotherspoon looked at him and braced himself. "Yes, yes," said he, "I mind it well. That's the fall the milk froze in the cows. But the cold season was in 1827. It commenced in the middle of October and ran through to April. All the oil froze in the lamps and we didn't have a light until spring set in."

"Ay, ay," responded Uncle Sammy, growing rigid. "It's just like yesterday to me. I walked 140 miles due east from Sandy Hook, on the ice, and slid back, owing to convexity of the earth, you know. It was down hill comin' this way. But that wasn't as cold as the winter of 1821. That season commenced in September and the mercury didn't rise a degree till May. Don't you remember how we used to breathe hard, let it freeze, cut a hole in it, and crawl in for shelter? You haven't forgotten that?"

"Not I," said Daddy Wotherspoon, after a short pause. "That's the winter we used to give the horses melted lead to drink, and keep a hot fire under 'em so it wouldn't harden till they got it down. But that was nothin to the spell of 1817. We began to feel it in the latter part of August, and she boomed stiddy till the 30th of June. I got through the whole spell by living in an ice-house. You remember that season of 1817. That's the winter we wore under shirts of sand-paper to keep up a friction."

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One Hundred Feet in the Air.

The following sad account of the death of J. T. Moore, son of Capt. W. T. Moore, of Thomasville, is related by a News and Observer correspondent:

"Mr. Moore was employed by the Richmond and Alexandria Railroad Company as foreman of rock work, and was on last Thursday evening at work twelve miles from Lynchburg, on the banks of James River, trying to break a vast rock with powder. Having drilled a hole fifteen feet in the rock, and failing the third time to break the rock with powder, he attempted to charge it with nitroglycerine, pouring it in the hole from a jug. It ignited some way, supposed to have been caused by the heat from the former efforts to explode it, or from friction by the fall of fifteen feet to the bottom of the hole. He was blown one hundred or more feet high, the body falling in James River, 350 or 400 feet from the explosion, where the water was fifteen feet deep. The body was thrown with such speed that the men who were near by and saw it thought it was a rock or powder keg. There was but one man assisting him at the time, and he was mortally wounded. A search was made for the body, and, failing to find it, but finding a trace of blood from the place of accident to the river, they were forced to believe—though it seemed unreasonable—that the object seen flying through the air and falling in the river was his body. After a search of four hours the body was found, the feet and hands gone and being otherwise mutilated."

"Mr. Moore had been employed by the Western North Carolina Railroad Company for the last six or seven years, at Mud Cut and other points, until about six weeks ago, when he left to take the position he was filling at the fatal moment. He was twenty-four years old, and a very excellent young man of high character and standing in this community, where he was raised."

Young Moore was a cousin of Mr. Jno. D. Paylor of Winston. A Printer's Dream. A printer sat in his office chair; his boots were patched and his coat threadbare; while his face looked weary and worn with care. While sadly thinking of business debt, old Morpheus slowly round him crept, and before he knew it he soundly slept, and, sleeping, he dreamed that he was dead, from trouble and toil his spirit had fled, and that not even a cow-bell tolled for the peaceful rest of his cow-hide sole. As he wandered among the shades, and smoke and scorch of lower Hades, he shortly observed an iron door that creakingly swung on hinges ajar, but the entrance was crossed by a red hot bar, and Satan himself stood peeping out and watching for travelers thereabouts, and thus to the passing printer spoke and with growling voice the echoes woke: "Come in, my dear, it shall cost you nothing, and never fear; this is the place where I cook the ones that never pay their subscription sums, for though in life they may escape, they will find, when dead, it is too late; I will show you the place where I melt them this with red-hot chains and scraps of tin, and also where I comb their heads with broken glass and melted lead; and if of refreshments they only think there's boiling water for them to drink; there's the red-hot grind stone to grind down his nose, and red-hot rings to wear on his toes; and if they mention they don't like fire, I'll sew up their mouths with red-hot wire; and then, dear sir, you should see them squirm while I roll them over and cook to a turn." At these last words the printer awoke and thought it all a practical joke; but still at times, so real did it seem, that he cannot believe it was all a dream; and often he thinks, with a chuckle and grin, of the fate of those who save their tin—and never pay the printer.

Business before pleasure—always pop the question before you attempt to hug your sweetheart. People who have the asthma should eat onions. They have a tendency to strengthen the breath. "The spring will be backward," predicted Vennor, as he was about to apply a red hot poker to the cat's nose. An Olead farmer has had painted and posted up in his poultry house a large sign bearing the inscription:—Eggs fifty cents a dozen." He also keeps light burning all night to prevent the hens from going to roost. Angry debtor: "Here is your money boy. Now tell me why your master wrote eighteen letters about that paltry sum." Shopboy: "I'm sure I can't tell, sir; if you'll excuse me, sir, I think it was because seventeen letters did not fetch it."

It is stated that the cost of running Northern mills by steam per horse power is about \$70 per annum, while the cost of running by water is estimated at about \$20 per annum per horse power. The difference in favor of water is thought to be about \$50 per annum for each horse power. Agreeable to the above statement the water-power on Dan River in this county is worth millions of dollars per annum.

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WHOLESALE GROCERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS. 20 S Howard street, corner of Lombard; BALTIMORE. We keep constantly on hand a large and well assorted stock of Groceries—suitable for Southern and Western trade. We solicit consignments of Country Produce—such as Cotton; Feathers; Ginseng; Beeswax; Wool; Dried Fruit; Furs; Skins, etc. Our facilities for doing business are such as to warrant quick sales and prompt returns. All orders will have our prompt attention. 43-17. IN ITS 17TH VOLUME.

THE RALEIGH NEWS.

P. M. HALE, Editor, L. L. POLK, Corresponding Editor EDWARDS, BROUGHTON & Co., Business Managers.

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ARE the recovered dyspeptic, bilious suffering, victims of fever and ague, the mercurial diseased patient, how recovered health, cheerfulness and good appetite; they will tell you by taking SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR. The Cheapest, Purest, and Best Family Medicine in the World! For DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, Jaundice, Bilious attacks, SICK HEADACHE, Colic, Depression of Spirits, SOUR STOMACH, Heart Burn, &c., &c. This unrivalled Southern Remedy is warranted to contain a single particle of Mercury, or any injurious mineral substance, but is Purely Vegetable, containing those Southern Roots and Herbs, which in all-wise Providence have placed in countries where Liver Diseases most prevail. It will cure all Diseases caused by Derangement of the Liver and Bowels. THE SYMPTOMS of Liver Complaints are a bitter or bad taste in the mouth; Pain in the Back, Sides or Joints, often mistaken for Rheumatism; Sour Stomach; Loss of Appetite; Bowels alternately constive and lax; Headache; Loss of Memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; Debility; Low Spirits, a thick yellow appearance of the Skin and Eyes, a dry Cough often mistaken for Consumption. Sometimes many of the symptoms attend the disease, at others very few; but the LIVER, the largest organ in the body, is generally the seat of the disease, and if not Regulated in time, great suffering, wretchedness and DEATH will ensue. CAUTION. As there are a number of imitations offered to the public, we would caution the community to buy no Powders or Prepared SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR unless in white wrappers, and has the red letter Z and H on the front, and is made by J. H. ZEILIN & CO. "We have tested its virtues, personally, and know that for Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Throbbing Headache, it is the best medicine the world ever saw. We have tried forty other remedies before Simmons' Liver Regulator, but none of them gave us more than temporary relief; but the Regulator not only relieved but cured us."—Ed. Telegraph and Messenger, Macon, Ga. MANUFACTURED ONLY BY J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Retail Robert G. Galloway, Jr., with STERN & CO., WHOLESALE.

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GEORGE W. HINSHAW. W. M. HINSHAW.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS, 1880.

HINSHAW BROTHERS,

(BIG STAR SIGN, SHALLOW FORD STREET) WINSTON, N. C.,—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN—

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General Merchandise, Grass Seeds, Fertilizers and Country Produce.

ONE OF OUR FIRM HAS JUST RETURNED FROM NEW YORK, BOSTON, AND other Northern cities, and we now offer the trade a much larger stock than we ever before had, consisting in part of

- 20 Cases of Prints 200 Cases Shoes and Boots 5 Cases of Dress Goods 50 Packages Crockery and Glassware 5 Cases of Bleached Domestic 100 Kegs Cut Nails 2 Cases of Flannel 20 Kegs Horse and Mule Shoes 2 Cases of Linsey 25 Boxes Horse Shoe Nails 5 Bales of Blankets and Quilts 15 doz Shovels, Spades and Forks 3 Bales of Ticking 20 dozen Axes 2 Bales of Drilling 3,000 dozen Cuts' Spool Cotton 10 Bales of Plaids Cross-Cut, Hand and Wood Saws 20 Bales of Sheetting 2,000 lbs Sole Leather 16 Cases of Jeans, Cassimeres and Cloth 500 lbs Upper Leather 20 doz Men's White Shirts and Drawers Files, Locks, Hinges, Batts, Screws, Hammers, Traces and Cellars, 15 doz Men's and Ladies' Merino Shirts and Drawers 2,000 lbs Pots, Skillets, Ovens and Lids 200 lbs Meat and Lard 20 Grosses Sault 1,000 Bags Salt 500 bushels Clover, Orchard and other Grass Seeds 40 dozen Buckets and Tubs 30 dozen Brooms 30 Coils Rope 200 Oak Kegs 5 barrels Coal Oil 2 barrels Lined Oil 2,000 lbs Lewis' White Lead 250 Trunks, Valises and Saddles 65 Distonies and Fixtures

School Books, Blank Books and Stationery.

1,000 Pairs Winchester (Virginia) SHOES and BOOTS. All warranted. None better. Complete assortment of FRIES' JEANS, GEORGIA JEANS and Holston Woolen Mills, ALL WOOL CASSIMERES. All sold at FACTORY PRICES. Our stock of ALPACAS and DRESS GOODS and TRIMMINGS is very large. We have recently added a

Clothing Department

TO OUR STOCK, AND NOW OFFER AN ENTIRE NEW LINE OF OVERCOATS AND 200 SUITS FOR MEN AND BOYS, at bottom prices. We will sell our clothing as low as we can afford and have only one price for it. Our goods are bought right and will be

Sold at a Small Profit. We defy competition in both stock and prices. Country merchants will find our

WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT UNEQUALLED.

Our trade has increased more rapidly than that of any other house in Winston and we intend to keep it growing. We are thankful for past patronage and ask everybody to come and see us.

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COMPLETE MANURES are the BEST for WHEAT, CORN and TOBACCO.

N. H. MEDEARIS, of Forsyth, THOS. H. PEGRAM, Jr., of Winston, J. W. MARTIN, of Davis, W. H. BYNUM, of Stokes, J. M. MARTIN, of Stokes, W. T. POINDEXTER, of Yadkin. Respectfully, October 28th, 1880. HINSHAW BROTHERS.

STILL ALIVE AND KICKING!

JOHN F. GRIFFITH, FRANK L. MOORE, ISAAC H. NELSON, Of Davie County. Of Stokes County. Of Stokes County.

A BIG SHOW COMING!

Although we have been driven out of the Joyner block by fire, we beg to let the public know that our business is going on as if nothing had happened. We are now located on the Ogburn Corner, where we have on view a Large, New and Well Selected

STOCK OF DRY GOODS,

Groceries, Notions, Hats, Boots and Shoes, Tinware, Queensware, Willow-Ware Sole Leather, Bacon, Salt, &c., &c. In fact everything kept in a First Class Store. We are now open and earnestly solicit our many friends and former customers to

BE SURE

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We are just starting and intend to build up an honest trade by fair dealing. Griffith, Moore & Co.

Winston, January, 8th.

IRON A TRUE TONIC A PERFECT STRENGTHENER. A SURE REVIVER. IRON BITTERS are highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient tonic; especially Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Intermittent Fevers, Want of Appetite, Loss of Strength, Lack of Energy, etc. Enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles, and gives new life to the nerves. They act like a charm on the digestive organs, removing all dyspeptic symptoms, such as Tasting the Food, Belching, Heat in the Stomach, Heartburn, etc. The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache. Sold by all druggists. Write for the A B C Book, 32 pp. of useful and amusing reading—sent free. BROWN CHEMICAL CO., Baltimore, Md.