

HATCHING CHICKENS.—Prepare a box 15 inches cube, closed on all sides but the front, on which nail a narrow slit opposite the egg place, leaving an opening below, so as to be able to clean it the more easily. Place in it a sod, grass side up. If the weather is warm, place the eggs directly on the sod for moisture; if cold, cover it with cut straw—long straw may entangle the hen's feet—do not use hay, as it is apt to get musty; level the surface of the sod to prevent breakage of eggs. If the eggs get soiled, wash them with warm water.

Place the box in a retired place away from the roosts and from other fowls. The boxes should be somewhat different from the laying boxes to prevent mistakes, yet of the same general appearance, to make the hen feel at home. Generally, Brahms and Cochins may be moved and set almost anywhere. Medium-sized fowls are less liable to break the eggs. Set from 9 to 15 eggs, the number depending on the weather and size of the fowl and eggs. Those outside are apt to get chilled in cold weather. An odd number is preferable, because the arrangement of them more nearly approximates an oval.

Examine the hen to see if she is free from lice; if she is, set her after dark on some common or china eggs to see if she means business. Sprinkle the whole nest with sulphur, and dust it among the hen's feathers and under her wings to prevent the spontaneous generation of vermin and to kill any lice that may have escaped observation. All fowls will generate lice if they do not take a dust bath often, or if they are not protected artificially. Do not use coal oil, as any grease will smother the chick germ—the embryo likes air in common with other animals, and the shell is porous to let it in.

Do not disturb the hen, but some Asiatics require to be lifted daily off the nests for food, exercise and dusting. In lifting, place the hands under the wings and separate the feet to free her from the eggs. If the weather is hot, do not worry about her staying off two or three hours. It is a good plan to set two hens at the same time, and then give all the chickens to one to raise. Fresh eggs hatch in 21 days—stale eggs take a day or two longer.

Leave the hen and chickens alone for a day, unless all the eggs are hatched. The absorbed yolk affords sufficient nourishment for the chicks for twenty-four hours. Chickens need drink before they need food. Feed them the first day on the mixed yolk of hard-boiled eggs mixed with milk. Then with oat-meal, pounded pop-corn, stale bread-crums and sweet milk. Do not wet corn-meal too much; it is better boiled and mixed with boiled potatoes. After a few days, cracked corn is good food. Milk is always good whether sweet or sour. Give pure water, pure air, feed often, and keep everything clean, dry and comfortable.

SICK HEADACHE CURE.—For headache, wet with camphor a piece of flannel, (red) sprinkle with black pepper and bind it on the head. And I will assure you before it is on long, your headache will be gone and you will be ready to sing a song.

TO CLEAN CARPETS.—Shake and beat them well; lay them upon the floor and tack them firmly; then with a clean flannel wash it over with one quart of bullock's gall mixed with three quarts of soft, cold water, and rub it off with a clean flannel or house cloth. Any particularly dirty spot should be rubbed with pure gall.

HOW TO KEEP THINGS.—Crusts and bits of bread should be kept in an earthen pot, closely covered in a dry, cool place. Keep fresh lard and suet in tin vessels. Keep salt pork fat in glazed earthen ware. Keep yeast in wood or earthen. Keep salt in a dry place. Keep meal in a cool, dry place. Keep ice in the cellar wrapped in flannel. Keep vinegar in wood or glass. Keep preserves and jellies in glass, or china, or stone-ware.

HOW BOGGS RAN FOR OFFICE.

Boggs was as peaceable a man as ever lived. He was sober, honest, respected. He had never pounded his wife. Never took any interest in a dog-fight. Had never been known to pawn somebody else's watch. And never had attempted to steal a saw-mill. Boggs' character was above reproach. He was a shining light in society. All Boggsville looked up to and honored him. But a change came, a fearful, direful change.

In an evil hour Boggs accepted the nomination for Constable of his native village. Alas! Poor Boggs! Little did he understand the deceit and treachery of this wicked world. His eyes were soon opened, however. In less than a week after he was nominated, the opposition had fully and conclusively established the following damaging charges against his character: 1. That he was a free lover and an infidel. 2. That he had fed his neighbor's hens on poisoned corn. 3. That he had broken his mother-in-law's jaw with an iron boot jack. 4. That he had on one occasion given a whole wagon load of green water-melons to an orphan asylum. 5. That he had served a term in the State prison for horse stealing. 6. That he had set fire to his neighbor's barn, merely because he refused to lend him a hoe. 7. That, because he found a button off his shirt, he tied his wife to the bed-post and mashed in three of her ribs with the stove poker. 8. That his chief Sunday amusements were cock-fighting and card playing. 9. That he sold his vote every year regularly to the highest bidder. 10. That he was not fit for the place anyhow.

These charges, although without the slightest foundation, were religiously believed by the majority of the voters of Boggsville. And Boggs' political goose was cooked.

His chances for being elected were not worth three cents on the dollar. When Boggs passed along the street, his neighbors looked at him with suspicion and crossed over on the other side. Boggs was a miserable being. The day of town meeting came at last, and Boggs' opponent scooped in the Constablenesship by a two-thirds vote.

The anti-Boggs party swept their candidate into office on the tidal wave of popularity and poor Boggs was left perched high up on the spike-mounted picket fence of despair.

Boggs will never run for office again, not even for President. He says it is too great a strain on the character. If he can regain the esteem of his neighbors by grumbling along in the old way, he intends to do it, and leave office-seeking to people of cast iron reputation.

TWO CURIOUS SOUTHERN CAROLINA CHILDREN.

A remarkable case of defective vision is that of the three children of James Howard, a seafaring man whose family live on Ocracoke Island. They become totally blind each day immediately after the sun goes down. If by chance they happen to be in the yard playing when the sun sets, their play-things are instantly laid aside, and efforts made to reach the house, when they soon after retire and sleep soundly until sunrise, after which their sight is described as being restored, and, to all appearance, perfectly unimpaired. The youngest is three and the oldest ten years of age—two boys and one girl, all of light complexion. Their eyes are light blue, and there is nothing about them that appears at all strange.

The weather in New York city on the third of January was the coldest in ten years—the thermometer at 8, a m., registering two degrees below zero. Throughout the State a furious storm of snow and wind had raged for thirty-six hours, compelling the almost complete suspension of business in many places. Travel on the New York Central, the Erie and the Lake Shore railroads was at a standstill, and the cold was intense in all parts of the Eastern and Middle States.

Texas ranks third among the wool-producing States, having 3,674,000 sheep, and so treading closely on the heels of Ohio. California leads, of course. Nueces County, Texas, has more sheep in its limits than any other county in the Union—656,000.

Alms are the golden key that opens the gate of heaven.

YOUNG FOLKS' DEPARTMENT.

[For the Ledger.] BY J. U. How bright the face and sweet the smile Of our dear children here; And, O! how sweet to be a child, And watched by mother dear, Who often thinks, as she toils along Through Summer's heat and rain, Or her little ones to shield from wrong, Or how her children she must train.

Children. Yes, all are dear to me, Though ever so small are they; Yes, small, but not too small to see The importance of being taught to pray. Oh yes, dear children, you all must pray For grace to help you day by day; And now may grace its love impart To every loving childlike heart.

TWO SIDES OF A STORY. "What's the matter?" said Growler to the black cat, as she sat numping on the step of the kitchen door. "Matter enough," said the cat, turning her head another way. "Our cook is very fond of talking of hanging me. I wish heartily some one would hang her."

"Why, what is the matter?" repeated Growler. "Hasn't she beaten me and called me a thief, and threatened to be the death of me?" "Dear, dear!" said Growler. "Pray what has brought it about?" "Oh! the merest trifle, absolutely nothing; it is her temper. All the servants complain of it. I wonder they haven't hanged her long ago."

"Well, you see," said Growler, "cooks are awkward things to hang; you and I might be managed much more easily." "Not a drop of milk have I had this day," said the black cat; "and such a pain in my side!" "But what!" said Growler—"what immediate cause?" "Haven't I told you?" said the black cat pettishly; "it's her temper—what I have to suffer from it! Everything she breaks she lays to me. Such injustice!—it's unbearable!"

Growler was quite indignant; but being of a reflective turn, after the first gust of wrath had passed, he asked: "But was there no particular cause this morning?" "She chose to be very angry because I—I offended her," said the cat.

"How, may I ask?" gently inquired Growler. "Oh! nothing worth telling—a mere mistake of mine." Growler looked at her with such a questioning expression, that she was compelled to say: "I took the wrong thing for my breakfast."

"Oh!" said Growler much enlightened. "Why, the fact was," said the black cat, "I was springing at a mouse, and I knocked down a dish; and not knowing exactly what it was, I smelt it, and just tasted it, and it was rather nice, and—" "You finished it?" suggested Growler. "Well, I should, I believe, if that cook hadn't come in. As it was, I left the head."

"The head of what?" asked Growler. "How inquisitive you are!" said the black cat. "Nay, but I should like to know," said Growler. "Well, then, of some grand fish that was meant for dinner."

"Then," said Growler, "say what you please, but now I've heard both sides of the story, I only wonder she didn't hang you." "Little reader, are you ever like the black cat?"

DARE TO SAY NO! The great thing is for a boy to meet a temptation boldly, frankly, and at once, with a "No!" which has a meaning in it. Some boys will say "No," but it is in such a half-hearted way that the tempter knows that it means a half "Yes." This simply gives an invitation for a repetition of the solicitation, and makes almost certain, too, the yielding. But a "No!" that is enforced by tone and look that tell that the word has its own true meaning, settles largely the matter; or if it does not settle it, makes it certain that if the temptation comes again, it will be weaker and he will be stronger. The first "No!" is a great thing.

Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want of prayer or virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers need sunbeams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing pleases, they are apt to seek it; if it displeases, they are apt to avoid it. If home is the place where faces are sour, and words harsh and fault-finding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere.

What is the difference between a cat and a document? One has claws at the end of its paws, and the other has pauses at the end of its clauses.

Which are the two hottest letters of the alphabet? K, N.

IT IS NOT BIRTH, RANK NOR STATE. IT'S GIT UP AND GIT THAT MAKE MEN GREAT.

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