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Yearly advertisements changed quarterly if desired.

Local notices ten cents a line, first insertion No local inserted for less than fifty cents.

Poetry.

Song of the Seasons.

I love the new-born, fragrant spring,
For then the flowers, too, have their birth—
The birds returning sweetly sing,
And resurrection comes to earth;
Then in the daisy-spangled lane,
Beneath the silver moon and star,
I court my queenly Mary Jane,
And scoff at ague and catarrh.
I love the summer with its glow,
For then with Mary by my side
I sit upon the portico
And ask her if she'll be my bride;
And as she, blushing, answers yes,
I pounce upon the little miss
And in the darkness steal away
A little truant maiden kiss.

I love the autumn—be it sere,
And let the winds be ere so chill—
My bridal and my bride are near,
I love, I love the autumn still—
Though nature wear a somber mien,
And all her creatures seem to wane—
'Tis autumn gives to me my queen,
My own, my precious Mary Jane!

I hate the winter with its snow—
It is the bane of wedded life—
I've drunk the very dregs of wine,
For Mary Jane is now my wife;
And be it ever so cold and drear,
Each morn, at six o'clock, or prior;
My darling whispers in my ear;
"It's time, my love, to build the fire."

SAL LAYTON'S APPLE CUT.

'They don't have apple-cuts nowadays like they did twenty years or so ago,' said the Sheriff, as he peeled a big greening with his jack-knife and threw the peelings on the stove.

'Apple-cuts,' said Uncle Ira. 'They don't have apple-cuts nor anything else sensible these days. If the young fellows that runs things now can only cock a fur cap on their heads and get a suit of plaid clothes, they're happy and don't care for such things as apple cuts. Unless it's the juice of the apple,' continued Uncle Ira, after a pause. 'And that cuts some of 'em up pretty bad, oftener than is good for 'em.'

'We usty hev bully good times to them apple-cuts, Sheriff,' said the Old Squire. 'Dance all night, sure, and half the next day if the fiddler held out.'

'I gues I never told you about Sal Layton's apple-cut, did I?' asked the Sheriff, dropping the core of his apple in the sleepy dog Cæsar's ear.

'Humph!' grunted Uncle Ira. 'Heard you tell it more'n a hundred times, and you've told it so much that I'm blamed if I don't think you believe it yourself.'

'That story is a cast-iron fact,' said the Sheriff, 'and too good to be lost. I'll tell it again.'

'If there wasn't snap in the boys of twenty-five years ago, this court don't know itself,' the Sheriff went on. 'We never calculated to get left when there was any fun going on, and if we did you can make up your mind that on that day the thermometer was very low. We were always ready for a fight or a dance or a singing-school, and came out particular strong on protracted meetings. There was a dance about every night from the time cold weather set in until the canal opened in the spring and we used to make the Pike county woods just howl. There was a family named Layton lived up in the hills back of Lackawack. The old man had pried a piece of ground out from under the stones that protected the soil in that garden spot of that township, and stuck a shanty in one corner of it. The house was found on a rock. That rock, I believe as much as can be, had an outcropping in China. Owing to this rock, Layton had to build his cellar about forty rods away, by scooping a hole in a side hill and putting a door of hemlock slabs to it.

Sal Layton was a nice girl. She was the old man's only daughter, and could cook a slap jack or butcher a pig with skill and grace. Sal had a big gawk of a fellow named Rube Calkins. He was terrible mussy—one of these lick-my-weight in wildcats sort of fellows who always went to clear out bar-rooms whenever they get outside of three drinks of court week whiskey. I had a side partner named Reeves—Sid Reeves. He was a team. He never walked his shoes off to get where there was a fight, but if he thought one would be likely to come his way he'd wait all day for it.

There was a ball at the Narrows one night. Sal was there with Rube, and Sid had our girls. Rube primed himself with the best the bar afforded, and, as usual swore he would never be happy until he had cleaned out every man in the bar-room. Well, the upshot of it was that Sid had to drop him out of the window. This made a little hard feeling between Rube and Sid, and when Sal made up her mind to give an apple-cut, a few weeks afterward, Sid didn't get any invite and neither did I.

Sal had been dying to give an apple-cut for a long time, but the trouble was, the only orchard on the old man's place was a wild gooseberry bush, and there were no apples in the old man's cellar. He raised some potatoes and a little buckwheat and managed to fatten a pig every fall, but how they could give an apple-cut on such products of the soil was something that neither Sal nor the old folks could wrestle and get the upper holt. But one lucky day Sal's dad was over to the Falls, and who should be there but some Jerseyman who had a bag of apples that he was willing to trade off for buckwheat. If Bobby Layton didn't freeze to that bag, then a snapping turtle won't snap. He took it home and put it in his side hill cellar and the invitations were given for the apple-cut. As I remarked, Sid and myself got the grand-gosby. But we kept mum.

About three miles from Sal's there lived a couple of girls that Sid and I used to go and see once in a while. About a week before Sal's dad got the apples these girls had a quilting bee, and didn't invite Sal. So Sal got back at them by slighting them in the apple cut. Sid and I went up to see the girls and we made it up to have a little apple cut of their own. Their old man didn't have any apples, either. Apples were scarcer that winter than scales on a catfish, anyhow. So we fellows agreed to skirmish around and get the fruit for our rival festivity. We concluded to have our party on the same night that Sal had hers, and, the night before the apple cut, Sid and I hitched up to a sled and took a ride. We didn't have much trouble in getting all the apples we wanted, and we had a roaring old time at our apple cut.

"The next day I met one of the fellows who had been to Sal's party.

"'Well,' says I, 'how'd you enjoy yourselves last night?'

"'We busted up in a fight,' he says.

"'Fight!' I says. 'How's that?'

"'Well,' says he, 'after we all got to Sal's and had sot there a spell, talking and laughing, Sal says to the old man:

"'"Pap,' says she, 'I guess ye had better go and fetch the apples and we'll git to business. Oh, wait till ye see them pippins,' says she. 'They are good ones, and there's plenty of them,' says she.

"'"So Bobby goes out an' fetches in the bag. Sal had got a big tub an' sot it in the middle of the floor to put the apples in. Bobby come a luggin' the bag in on his shoulder, an' we all piled around the tub to see the pippins. The old man ontied the bag an' dumped her. May I hope to die ef Bobby didn't dump that tub full o' turnips! Two bushels o' thunderin' big flat turnips, an' not the smell of a pippin!'

"I had to lay down in the road and laugh," said the Sheriff.

"'Turnips,' I says, after a spell. 'Not turnips?'

"'Y-a-a-s, turnips!' snorted the fellow. 'An that wa'n't the fun o' the thing, You know Stub Wagner was there, an' it's only a month ago that he was ketched comin' out o' Decker's paster with one o' Decker's sheep. Well, when the turnips was tumbled in the tub, Sal looked at her old man, an' the old man looked at Sal. If an earthquake had a fell in that place they couldn't a looker scarcter. Nobody said a word for about a minute. Then Bobby woke up.

"'"I kin lick the hide out'n any sheep thief as has gone an' busted this apple-cut!" he hollowered.

"'The old man didn't have no more reference to Stub Wagner than he did to the man in the moon, but Stub peeled his shirt an' howled:

"'"I wouldn't let my own father call me a sheep thief!" he yelled. "An' no bushwacker as tries to put turnips off on me for pippins kin do it an' not fight.

"'He swep' the old man around that kitchen like a house-a-fire before we could git him loose. Rube Calkins chucked Stub out through a winder, and I got out o' the back door an' clum on the fence. In less'n two minutes the party was filin' out o' that shanty an' makin' fur hum. Sal's apple-cut were busted, an' if I ever find out who done it I'll make 'em sweat!'

"Well sir," said the Sheriff, "do you know that Sal always kind o' thought that Sid and I played that on her? But nobody ever found out who did take the apples, and I believe my mother is wondering to this day who in the world ever carried off that bag of nice white turnips she had out in the woodshed.

'I think,' said an impecunious man who hadn't seen a farthing for a long time—'I think that any change that should come to me would be for the better.'

Making Butter.

A man who resides in the suburbs of Oil City recently purchased some oleomargarine. He didn't know it until after he had eaten it. That made him mad. Of course it did. People don't like to eat butter and then find out that it was oleomargarine.

Well, he swore he would never be deceived no more, no never.

He would make his own butter.

He bought a cow.

He milked the cow.

That is to say, his wife did, but as man and wife, in reality he milked the cow.

In time cream rose on the milk.

It rose in goodly quantities and was collected by the wife.

On Saturday evening as the man was starting out to spend the evening the wife remarked:

'You must come home early, so as to get up early in morning and churn the butter before going to church.

He said he would.

He came home early in the morning.

About two o'clock.

His wife remarked, distinctly:

'Now, sir, I want you to prepare—'

'Two pair bie no good.'

That was sufficient.

She soon after rose.

He retired without the formality of removing his boots.

She was mad.

He was sleepy.

Being mad she churned the butter and put it away, leaving the butter-milk in the churn.

Being sleepy he did not hear her.

Before leaving for church she wiped the outside of the churn, concealed the butter and left the buttermilk in the churn.

She also left a note telling him the churn was already for him to commence operations.

He said:

'D—d—d—dash'er churn.

It was a dasher churn.

He feared his wife, as all good men do, and commenced churning.

He began at nine o'clock.

At 9:30 he looked to see if it was 'coming.'

It did not appear to be.

At 10:15 he looked again.

Result of inspection not encouraging.

At 10:40 perspiring freely, he happened to think of the bottle of brandy kept in the house for medical purposes.

The butter was not coming neither was his wife.

But the brandy was forthcoming.

He drank heavily.

At 11:45 he stopped again and made another inspection.

Result was to warrant another drink.

He was getting mad.

At 12:30 he took a lunch and continued churning.

At 1:10 he looked to see if the wife was coming.

She was not, nor was the butter.

At 2:30 he could stand it no longer.

And therefore took another drink.

Then he churned five minutes.

He then swore a few minutes.

Next he took his gun and loaded it.

At 3:30 he had dropped down completely exhausted.

Ten minutes later he had demolished the churn with a hatchet, and was just going out to shoot the cow when his wife came in, almost breathless and put him to bed.

Carolina Cherokees.

The Eastern Band of Cherokees has its own peculiar government, the head being Chief Smith, or Tsa-la-te-lie. He is by virtue of his office, entitled to a salary of $500, but this sum has never been paid him by his people. He is 44 years of age, was born in Cherokee county, and has been chief just a year, succeeding to the position upon the death of L. R. Welsh, who for many years held it. Once a year the people of the Eastern Band assemble at Yellow Hill, the seat of the Indian Government, in Swain county. Chief Smith presides at these grand councils. They are interesting ceremonials, though a trifle strange, partaking both of the nature of a legislative assembly and that of the purely primitive "pow-wow" of the noble red man.

About one half of the Indians of the proper sex and age are voters, and take a lively interest in political matters. The others do not vote, and are apathetic on questions of the day. The subject of education has recently begun to be much discussed among them. Heretofore, when left to their own resources, they have paid but small attention to educational matters. A fund of $10,000 lies in Washington in charge of the Indian Commissioner, to their credit. In January last two Indians sent as messengers by the great tribe of Cherokees, now in the Indian Nation, came as envoys to their brothers of the Eastern Band. They were sent to endeavor to induce the Indians in North Carolina to move West, following the example of that part of their tribe which went there so many years ago. But the Cherokees are content and will not desert the State. About sixty enrolled themselves as consenting to go but most of these will not make good their promise. There is no fund to pay the expenses of removal, but the Cherokees in the nation are endeavoring to obtain from Congress an act to defray such charges. There are some hundreds of Cherokees and a few Catawba's and Creeks in the northern portion of Georgia, but these never attend the Councils of the Eastern Band in North Carolina, nor are they under the rule of Chief Smith.—The Indians are, as is ever their wont, extremely simple in their habits. They live in log houses mainly and dress in the plain costume of the mountaineer. Gone are the plumes of eagles' feathers, the necklaces of bears' claws, while war paint and the tomahawk are as much things of the past as coats of mail or maces are to us. The only indication of that passionate love for personal adornment which is a characteristic of the savage is found in the gay turbans worn occasionally by some aged member of the tribe. The health of the Indians is in the main good and in that pure air and glorious woodland where they dwell should be perfect. But occasionally diseases become epidemic, and in 1865 smallpox played havoc with them. Last year pneumonia slew numbers. They knew no treatment for these diseases, but are rendered helpless by fear of them.

What's the Matter.

About a week ago Mr. Crumble, a suburban resident of Cleaveland, Ohio, discovered that the water of his well had a peculiar taste.

"This is undoubtedly sulphur water."

"I wouldn't be surprised," replied Mrs. Crumble, 'for you know that father found a sulphur well on his place once."

"Now here, Mary, if you are going to express an opinion, express a sensible one. Do you suppose that because your father found a sulphur well on his place, that all of his children are likely to find sulphur wells? Don't let anyone hear you talk that way. They'd go away and say that I'd found a sulphur well simply because your father once found one."

"I was just agreeing with you. But Uncle James discovered a sulphur well and—"

"That'll do. I don't care anything about your Uncle James; but I believe that we have a genuine sulphur well."

He invited neighbors over, who, when they drank pronounced it pure sulphur. They took bucketsfull home, and declared that Crumble would have one of the finest summer resorts in the State. "This water gets stronger and stronger every day,' remarked Crumble to a neighbor. "The vein must be very large. Why, if it keeps on improving, we can go down and dig up the sulphur with a spade.'

Crumble had several offers to sell, and although he had previously thought of selling his house and lot, he refused to take twice its former value.

"She's boiling with sulphur now," said Crumble, yesterday.

"I don't like it so strong," replied his wife.

"No, for you don't know what good water is. You'd rather drink water without any taste to it."

He went out to the well and came back with a pitcher full of the valuable fluid. He poured out a glass full drank about half, gagged, turned away and remarked; "She'll be fine by a week from now." However he went away and hired a man to go down and see if he could not scrape up some of the sulphur.

"See any?" yells Crumble.

"Oh yes," answered the man.

"Genuine is it?"

"Yes—w-o-o-o-sk."

"What's the matter?"

By this time he arrived at the top and threw out a yellow dog and an old boot. Crumble turned away and heaved. His house and lot can be bought at half price.