

...from plow stocked... handsome album for... work, made... \$5.00 for best... made by... doll for neat... 8 years of... dressed boy

Table with columns for months (JUNE, JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER) and rows of numbers representing prize amounts or dates.

List of Special Premiums Offered by the Business Men of Fayetteville to Exhibitors at Current Fair.

- R. W. Hardie, \$5.00 to winner in colored farthing... \$3.00 to second best...
Geo. M. Hays, \$5.00 to winner of...
E. E. Moore, barrel of flour for largest yield of corn on 5 acres...
F. W. Thornton, handsome set of iron...
W. P. Hays, pen and ink...
Geo. H. Hays, Mrs. Hays's...
Jas. Hays, 5 lbs. of...
M. P. Hays, box fine cigars for best...
G. F. Williams, box fine cigars for best...
A. Moore, 1 doz. 1 lb. boxes of very fine...
M. Otterbein, fine mattress for best...
F. R. Hays, pair of ladies' gold...
R. W. Thornton, set of coral and gold...
One No. 35...
John Shaw, bolt of Beaver Creek...
J. A. Brown, box fine cigars for best...
H. McDonald, 2 sacks salt for largest yield of hay per acre...
J. H. & G. G. Myrer, \$5 cash for best home-made shirt...
N. C. Gazette for best yield of turnips...
\$5 cash for best loaf bread and biscuit...
T. B. Hollingsworth, 49 yards of...
Cole, Ganey & Co., sack of flour for largest yield of corn on 1/2 of an acre...
J. C. Thompson, fine hat for best

THE MAGIC WAND.

Nestled close among the green hills of Vermont stood an old farm house, browned and discolored by the winds and tempests which had beaten against it for more than half a century. The low roof and small windows added to its homely appearance, but the eye need not tarry there, for in the general surroundings there was many a redeeming feature. Here I had found a home and eventually my mission. For in three months after my arrival Aunt Lucy had a stroke, and I gave up my wanderings among the hills and woods, and turned my attention to the making of butter and cheese, in fact, became housekeeper, nurse and maid of all work to my uncle and Aunt Howard.

had hired one of the neighboring boys to assist in the farm work. The next step was to declare that she must have some butter and cheese made by her own hands. Ever since a child she had listened to the most marvelous stories of what an old maid could do, but seeing was believing. Of course I was naturally deposed, and between aunt and the girls I found considerable time upon my hands. Kate told me, in great confidence, that she had thought Bella off to give her time to baking, she had been under the influence of a girl who was not true to her, through her influence was likely to throw away the best part of her life.

As I took down my hair that night I felt again the touch of those hands which had loved to caress it in those vanished years, and in my dreams there came a face and voice which were wonderfully like Bella's and yet sterner and more majestic. With one exclamation and another, the girls drove me from the kitchen and almost from the house for the week that followed. They took possession of every thing; the windows and high post-bedsteads were draped with the long unnailed white curtains, with their netted and tasseled fringe. I heard aunt tell them that she had put them by in case of a funeral.

How Kate's merry laugh rang out upon the air. "You dear old fudge of an aunt, do you know I have brought with me the immortal bloom of youth; talk to me of weddings and births, but not of the tomb." Aunt began a lecture upon the uncertainty of everything here below, but Kate threatened to leave her if she didn't desist, and added, "You know what you would be if I should withdraw my magic; why, they would have to tack you up in that bed and give you gallons of herb tea. Don't you know what a bed-ridden, forlorn old woman you were when I came, and just see what I have done for you!" She caught hold of the old lady and made her dance across the room, humming to her, "Where's my little dog, he will know if this is I!"

He brought the candles and looked me over. I decided to have him see how old and careworn I had become, but he assured me the only sign of my age was that my hair was growing thin, or I wouldn't call it with his gray hairs, "handsome" over. In the morning—oh, that glorious Sabbath morning! How the sunshine filled my room when I awoke! Did I kneel to pray? I'm not sure. We offer prayer when we have something to ask for. My heart was full, wanting nothing. Every breath must have been praise, for in that hour I forgot the past, and had no thought of the future. The present held all perfection to me. I wondered at myself, as I looked in the glass. "Surely," said I, "it is the glory from my soul, touching up all my countenance, for this is not the face I have looked at all these years."

The Disease of the Day. A correspondent of the Boston Journal writes: "Paralysis is becoming a prime disease. It is not confined to the fleshy, the plethoric, nor to the aged. The fast life of our business young men tells on them. It is a very common thing to see men of thirty and thirty-five bald headed, feeble gaired, and walking about with canes, their underspinning knocked out with other signs of premature age. These signs of early weakness develop in paralysis. Sudden deaths from this cause are very common, several have occurred in railroad trains, the vibration seeming to predispose persons to the disease. Not long since a gentleman died in one of our churches. He was interested in a case of discipline. He made a report to the church on the case, sat down, laid his head on the back of the seat and instantly expired. In another case, a man not accustomed to public speaking, arose to relate his religious experience. He was so excited that he could scarcely speak. In the midst of his remarks he was seized with paralysis, and carried to his home. Our young men will have to tone down their style of living if they wish to amount to anything."

Uncle and aunt believed every word she uttered, and in two weeks time she had aunt out-doors feeding the chickens and ducks, and uncle

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