

# Statesville American

A Family Paper, devoted to Politics, Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce, and Miscellaneous Reading.

VOLUME XVIII

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NUMBER 13.

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## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

**R. F. ARMFIELD,** GEO. N. FOLK,  
At Statesville, N. C. At Lenoir, N. C.

## Armfield & Folk,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.

**PRACTICES IN ALL** the Courts of the Fourth Judicial District, McDowell and Burke in the Eleventh District, in the counties of Mecklenburg and Rowan, in the Federal Courts—Circuit and District—and the Supreme Court of the State.  
Communications addressed to the firm at either Statesville or Lenoir will receive prompt attention.  
October 20, 1873. 36-1f

**H. KELLY, M. D.,**  
OFFERS his services to the public, and may be found at his Office when not professionally engaged.  
January 1, 1871. 15-1f

**M. W. HILL, M. D.,**  
STATESVILLE, N. C.,  
OFFERS his services to the public. Office over Hampton's store.  
March 13. 15-1f

**DR. T. J. CORPENING,**  
**DENTIST,**  
Will be at  
**WILKESBORO, DURING THE FIRST WEEK OF COURT IN MAY,**  
and will be pleased to receive the calls of those who may need his services.  
April 3, 1875. 8f-1

## Hotels.

**St. Charles Hotel,**  
RE-OPENED.  
THE undersigned, late of the City Hotel, Raleigh, having leased the  
**ST. CHARLES HOTEL,**  
in Statesville, informs the public that it is now open for the accommodation of travelers and guests, and will be conducted as a  
**First-Class Hotel,**  
The table being supplied with the best the Country affords; attentive Servants, &c. The House has been newly refurnished and red carpeted, and no pains will be spared to give entire satisfaction to its patrons.  
A share of public patronage is solicited.  
Guests of the St. Charles will always find a splendid assortment of Cigars.  
M. SCHLOSS, Proprietor.  
July 20, 1874.

**CENTRAL HOTEL,**  
FORMERLY MANSION HOUSE,  
**H. C. ECCLES, Proprietor.**  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.  
**NATIONAL HOTEL,**  
Delightfully situated, next to Capitol Square.  
RALEIGH, N. C.  
A NEW HOUSE.  
Fine Rooms, well Furnished and Fitted up in the Best Style.  
**ATTENTIVE SERVANTS.**  
The Table Daily Supplied with the Best and most choice of Meats, &c.  
C. S. BROWN, Proprietor.

**TURNER HOUSE,**  
MAIN STREET,  
SALISBURY, N. C.  
THIS well-known House having been recently taken, refitted and refurnished by the undersigned, is now opened to the traveling public.  
A full and complete assortment of stationery, printing, stationery, &c. can be rendered at reasonable rates. The undersigned is prepared to receive the calls of his patrons.  
W. W. HARRIS, Proprietor.

**R. F. DAVIDSON,**  
DEALER IN  
**FASHIONABLE FURNITURE,**  
Spring Beds and Mattresses,  
Wool and Mattresses,  
Barrel Cases and Chaises,  
&c. &c.  
No. 100 North Main Street, Statesville, N. C.

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ruins of the old store, whom they thought they recognized. They crossed over, and found it to be their fellow clerk, George Acton. They were astonished and scandalized.  
"In mercy's name, George, what does this mean? Is it only an escape of yours?"  
"No," answered Acton wiping the sweat from his brow, "I am fairly and honestly at work, and I can earn two dollars a day. That's better than loafing."  
"But you're a clerk, George, with a start, have come Mr. Beverly and Florence. Go and hide yourself, Acton, before they see you."  
But the young laborer did not budge an inch. Just then the boss called out to "hoist away!" and George applied himself to the work.  
Meanwhile Mr. Beverly and his daughter had come upon the scene, once more to look upon the ruins of the grand storehouse. Lewis and Bigbee bowed respectfully and then drew aside in mortification that one of their fraternity should be found in so menial a position, for it was evident that both father and daughter had recognized the youth in the garb and guise of toll, as the former clerk.  
"Halloo!" cried Mr. Beverly, as soon as he was sure his eyes had not deceived him. "Is that you, George Acton?"  
"Yes, sir," replied our hero. His face was flushed, but it was with healthful labor, and not with shame—the steady brightness of his eyes showed that.  
"Are you regularly hired here?"  
"Yes, sir. The conductor gave me this berth until he could find one better."  
"What does he pay you?"  
"Just the same as he pays the others—two dollars a day; but I earn a dollar extra in the evening by keeping his accounts. It's better than nothing, sir. I tried to find a clerkship, but there was at least a dozen applicants for every vacant place."  
"Of course I couldn't starve; and while I have both health and strength I will not let the long run in debt. I was brought up to work, you know; and thank Heaven, I am neither afraid of it, nor do I feel above it."  
"Hoist away!" shouted the master, and George Acton applied himself again to his work.  
Mr. Beverly went over and talked with the conductor, and from the fact that they looked several times toward the windlass where the young clerk was at work, it was reasonable to suppose that they were speaking of him.  
And during this time Miss Florence spoke with Philip and Clarence, and a delicious fluttering seized them as they met her welcoming smile. They expected that she would speak of the sad and humiliating spectacle exposed before them, and they were prepared to tell her how mortified they felt; but she made no allusion to the circumstances. She did not even intimate to them that she had recognized the young man at the windlass.  
By-and-by Mr. Beverly came out from amid the ruins, having drawn the arm of his daughter within his own, and bowing to his former clerk, he departed. He did not bow an adieu to young Acton, for just then the laborer was busy at his work.  
And Philip Lewis and Clarence Bugbee walked away talking of their pity for poor Acton.  
"Beverly" cried the former, "I would not have been in his place when Florence Beverly came upon the scene for all the money in Boston."  
"It was certainly humiliating," asserted the other. "But," he added, reflectively, "Acton never was really light-headed. I guess his family is rather low bred, any way."  
And in this conclusion both young men fully agreed; and they further agreed that they should not in the future recognize George Acton as an acquaintance.  
A week later Lewis and Bugbee had occasion to call at the office where Mr. Beverly had established his business headquarters, and they were not a little surprised at beholding George Acton seated at the desk of the confidential clerk and correspondent. It was a private room, with a glass door, which George occupied, and they ventured to ask one of the bookkeepers if Acton had been permanently employed.  
"I don't know about that," replied the bookkeeper, "I only know that Mr. Beverly seems to have taken a sudden and strong liking to the young man, that he instructed him with his private correspondence, and has given him a home beneath his own roof."  
Another day came—a day when the sleighing was excellent, and when the merry bell was ringing far and near. Through the kindness of a friend Lewis and Bugbee had managed to secure a team for the afternoon, and they drove out upon one of the Brighton roads. Out in the country they met the superb double sleigh of Mr. Beverly, drawn by a pair of foaming bays. Upon the front seat sat the merchant and his wife, and on the back seat, smiling and chatting merrily, sat Lewis and Bugbee. They had been to a riding party, and had just returned.  
"A little boy of Mr. Lewis Johnson's," said the driver, "dropped in New River a few days since, and told me

## THE WISE MAN'S CHOICE.

It is a simple story we have to tell and is a story of to day, with the actors living; therefore we will not direct the stare of the multitude by publishing real names.  
Let us say that Mr. Beverly was a merchant, wealthy, respected and influential, doing a business large enough to satisfy the ambition of an Asa or a Bill Gray. Previous to the fall sweep of the fire fiend in Boston, his store reared its granite front on Franklin street, and multitudinous and bulky were the bales and boxes that found daily transit to and from the busy mart.  
In Mr. Beverly's employ were three clerks—George Acton, Philip Lewis and Clarence Bugbee—who had entered to learn the mercantile business, and who had given promise of proficiency. The fact that they had been retained in the house a year or more, was proof positive to those who knew Mr. Beverly that they were of industrious, steady habits, and youths of promise.  
At his home Mr. Beverly had among his children a daughter—Florence by name—who often came to the store, and whom the clerks had met at her father's house. These clerks could be gay and gallant on occasion, but never toward Florence Beverly. The feeling they entertained toward her was one akin to worship. In their hearts they adored her afar off, giving her respectful attention, and prizing her smile of recognition as a priceless boon.  
So far as the family connections of these three young men were concerned, they were all honorable, respected people, but none of them wealthy.  
On a certain occasion Mr. Beverly was heard to remark that he had rather give his daughter in marriage to a man poor in purse, who could bring the wealth of a pure and upright heart, than to the possessor of millions whose manhood was tainted in the least degree.  
This remark came to the knowledge of the clerks, and it is not surprising that they thereupon experienced wild and brilliant day dreams, in which most stupendous and dazzling castles were constructed in the air.  
As time passed on they became more and more familiar with Miss Florence's sweet smile, and were admitted to a degree of friendship which proved, at least, she did not despise them.  
At length came the devastating fire of the ninth of November. Upon viewing the scene of desolation, and calculating the chances and the necessities of business, Mr. Beverly resolved that he would not immediately seek new quarters for the continuance of his trade. He had no need, and he did not care to do so, so he secured an office where he could meet and consult with his correspondents, and settle outstanding accounts, in pursuance of which only the services of his private secretary and two bookkeepers were required.  
The three clerks were summoned to the merchant's presence. He told them what he had concluded to do, and why he had so concluded, and he advised them that they should seek some other employment until he was ready to start again.  
"I shall rebuild as soon as possible," he said, "and then your old places will be open for you. In the meantime, if you are hard pushed, do not hesitate to come to me for assistance."  
Within two weeks from that time both Philip Lewis and Clarence Bugbee called upon Mr. Beverly, and asked for the loan of a hundred dollars each. They had been unable to find employment and were in arrears for board. The merchant kindly gave them the money, and with a little friendly advice touching care and economy.  
One day, after this, he found an advertisement in the Statesville American, which had been inserted in the Statesville American, and which was headed "A Little Boy of Mr. Lewis Johnson's."

If Philip Lewis and Clarence Bugbee are not stupid beyond belief, they must conclude they have solved the problem; and may the solution give them new and enlarged views of life and its duties.

## A Good Example.

"Burleigh" writes to the Boston Journal:  
"Those who visited Commodore Vanderbilt's office last week could have seen in the room, waiting for an audience, a person about fifty years of age, under-sized, light hair, quiet, and evidently well preserved. When his time came, he was ushered into the little room where the Commodore holds court. 'You don't know me' said the visitor, 'but I know you very well.' 'Who are you?' said the great railroad king—'I am Eaton Stone.' 'What, not Stone the bare-back rider?' 'Yes,' was the reply. 'And what are you doing?' 'I have made a little money in my business, and have retired to a farm near Paterson. I have taken with me my old horses that helped me to make what little money I have. I have built a small circus, and when my friends come to see me I treat them to a little entertainment. It is difficult to tell whether myself, my friends, or my horses enjoy the treat most.' 'But, Eaton, how have you preserved yourself so well?' 'During all my circus life I abstained from the use of all stimulating drinks and from tobacco. I found that to be at the head of my calling it was necessary for me to hold my nerves in perfect control, and this I could not do with the use of stimulants. I never used tobacco, and never took a drop of intoxicating drink in my life. I am not as rich as you are, Commodore, but I am quite as happy.'"  
A Glowing Picture.

A lady writer from the Isle of Singapore, gives the following glowing picture of tropical flowers in "Fruits and Flowers of the Tropics," published in Lippincott's Monthly:  
"We gathered whole handfuls of the lotus, or water lily, with its pale blue and white blossoms, gleaming up from the sparkling waters. There are many varieties of this exquisite flower—blue, pink, carnation, bright yellow, royal purple fringed with gold, and more beautiful than all, pure virgin white, with the faintest possible rose tinge in the centre of each section of the corolla, a just perceptible blush, as of its own conscious loveliness. This last is the royal flower of Siam; borne before the king at weddings, funerals, and all state festivals, and the royal reception rooms are always beautifully decorated with the young buds arranged in costly vases of exquisite workmanship. In moist portions of the jungle were whole groves of fragrant pandanus, ferns of infinite variety, a species of wild mignonette, spotless japonica, fragrant tuberose, cape jessamine, wild passion flower, the calla Indica, with its five long petals of heavenly blue, then the innumerable company of roses, tea roses, perpetual cluster, climbing, variegated, and a score of others, queenly still even amid such a gorgeous array. The Victoria Regia and Rafflesia Arnoldii, the two largest flowers in the world, we saw in Dr. A's garden—the flower of each two feet in diameter. Rarest of all was the night-blooming Cereus. There were six blooms in full maturity, creamy waxen flowers of exquisite form, the leaves of the corolla of a pale golden hue, and the petals intensely white. Its wondrous perfume is exhaled just at night-fall, and readily discernible for a mile. The odor partakes largely of that of lilacs, violets, tuberose, and vanilla. It reaches perfect maturity about an hour before midnight, at which point the petals are beginning to wane, and the fragrance rapidly; and by sunrise only a willed, worthless wreck remains."

**WORTH KNOWING.**—On last Friday we saw in town John Satterwhite, Esq., a worthy farmer of Granville, in the enjoyment of vigorous health—as good as he has ever had. He was thought some months ago to be dying of consumption. He had hemorrhages from the lungs, had a dreadful cough and seemed destined soon for the grave. He tells us that his restoration to health was secured by a very simple remedy, which we give, as it may be of service to other afflicted people. He had seen a notice in the papers of persons being greatly benefited by drinking a tea made from millon (Cassia) in Botany that grows wild. He began to drink it in place of his coffee at breakfast and supper, and it wrought the great change and cure for him.  
Mr. Satterwhite is worthy of credit, and the writer has known him for many years.—*St. Louis True Light.*

**SAN DEVIDE.**—Mr. Deane has a little shop of Mr. Deane's in the city of San Devid. He has a few days ago from the Statesville American, which had been inserted in the Statesville American, and which was headed "A Little Boy of Mr. Lewis Johnson's."

**Female Printers.**  
That "there is nothing new under the sun" has been presumptively demonstrated by the American Newspaper Reporter. In the general demand for woman's rights and the numerous complaints that have been made of the exclusion of women from all but few industries, and from the public sphere, it has been rashly concluded that before the agitation there were few, if any, women printers. But the Reporter gives quite a respectable list of women compositors, printers, and publishers, some of whom lived before the Declaration of Independence. Many of these succeeded their husbands in the printing business, but some at least worked and during the lives of their husbands—and one had obtained so many rights nearly a century ago that she formed the firm of Sarah Goddard & Co., a man being the partner. Among the women publishers mentioned in the list are: Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, the wife of Benjamin Smith, a Quaker, who was partner in the Quaker's of Rhode Island; Mrs. Cornelia Bradford, wife of Andrew Bradford, of this city; Mrs. Hannah Bradford, wife of Nicholas Bradford, the first printer of the State; and Mrs. Elizabeth Bradford, who succeeded her husband in the printing business, and who was a partner in the firm of Bradford & Co., a man being the partner. Among the women publishers mentioned in the list are: Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, the wife of Benjamin Smith, a Quaker, who was partner in the Quaker's of Rhode Island; Mrs. Cornelia Bradford, wife of Andrew Bradford, of this city; Mrs. Hannah Bradford, wife of Nicholas Bradford, the first printer of the State; and Mrs. Elizabeth Bradford, who succeeded her husband in the printing business, and who was a partner in the firm of Bradford & Co., a man being the partner.

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**Making Treason Odious Rather a Slow Business.**  
Here is what the Chicago Tribune has to say about the ku-klux voters in the Northern States.  
The leading Southern Democrat in Congress is Mr. L. Q. C. Lamar. He is a relic of paleozoic politics—an able war Bourbons—whose views were purified by the ordeal of fire, and who has shown himself worthy of the forgiveness a nation has extended to him. Mr. Lamar is naturally very anxious to see a Democratic President elected in 1876, but his predictions on that theme show that his hopes are not high. He has been interviewed by a reporter of the Atlantic Herald, and his sketch of the way in which the Democrats must act in order to carry the next campaign proves that they will not carry it.  
Mr. Lamar declares that the majority of American voters are opposed to the Administration, but he says the Democracy is not that majority. It has won its recent victories "by co-operation, not by conversion." It has had allies in the fight, but those allies are not Democrats. It must have their aid to elect the next President, and it can get their aid only by adopting a liberal, not a Bourbon, a national, not a sectional, policy.  
Here, then, we have the distinct statement by a Democratic leader of the course that must be pursued in order to carry the election in 1876. We have, on the other hand, the record of the course his party has pursued and is pursuing, and that record is in flat contradiction to the policy which is the sole means, in his opinion, of success. In Connecticut the Democracy has sent to the Senate a bitter Bourbon, a worshipper of the Pandora's box of State sovereignty, a Copperhead, a volcano of hate against the emancipated slaves, a condensed essence of everything that is fatal to the peace and prosperity of the United States. Sign one of Eaton's speeches with the name of John C. Calhoun or Jefferson Davis, and the trick would not be suspected. The same spirit breathes through the works of both men. To choose such a blatant foe of the Union, the Connecticut Democracy passed over English, Ingersoll and other liberal partisans. More recently the same body of voters rejected the Union General Hawley and elected the Bourbon absentee, Barnum. Pennsylvania passes by Buckalew and elects a bumper—"Coffee" Wallace. In Illinois a Democratic House declines to complete a monument to Stephen A. Douglass on the (unavowed) ground that the dead statesman patriotically sustained the Union. In Missouri a Democratic Legislature refuses to give Carl Schurz the poor honor of a complimentary vote, and fills his senatorial chair with a meddler whose sole recommendation is that he fought hard to destroy the Union and perpetuate slavery.  
Through the country, wherever the Democrats have come into power, this reactionary policy prevails.—Confederacy, beaten by bullets, is trying to win by ballots. Its spirit of hostility to the results of the war asserts itself everywhere, and Bourbonism exults over the apparent decline of Unionism. "There is a general fear," says Mr. Lamar, that when the Democrats get into power they will reopen the question of the amendments, attempt to undo the results of the war, and demand payment for the Southern slaves." This is quite true. There is such a general fear, and every day's experience of Democratic rule tends to confirm it.—The Bourbons have abused the power given them in a moment of weakness. They are showing themselves unfit to be trusted."

## A Spelling Match.

The other evening Mr. and Mrs. Coffin, who live on Bush street, sat in their cozy back parlor, he reading his paper and she knitting, and the family cat stretched out under the stove and sighed and felt sorry for cats not so well fixed. It was a happy, contented household, and there was love in his heart as Mr. Coffin put down his newspaper and remarked:  
"I see that the whole country is becoming excited about spelling-school."  
"Well, it's good to know how to spell," replied the wife. "I didn't have the chance some girls had, but I pride myself that I can spell almost any word that comes along."  
"I'll see about that," he laughed; "come, now, spell 'buggy.'"  
"Hump! that's nothing—b-u-g-g-y, buggy," she replied.  
"Missed the first time—ha! ha! he roared, slapping his leg.  
"Not much—that was right."  
"It was, eh? Well, I'd like to see anybody get two g's in buggy, I would."  
"But it is spelled with two g's, and any school-boy will tell you so," she persisted.  
"Well, I know a darn sight better than that!" he exclaimed, striking the table with his fist.  
"I don't care what you know?" she squeaked; "I know that there are two g's in 'buggy?'"  
"Do you mean to tell me that I've forgotten how to spell?" he asked.  
"It looks that way."  
"It does, eh? Well, I want you and all your relations to understand that I know more about spelling than the whole cadoodle of you strung on a wire!"  
"And I want you to understand, Jonathan Coffin, that you are an ignorant old blockhead, when you don't put two g's in the word 'buggy—yes, you are!"  
"Don't talk that way to me!" he warned.  
"And don't shake your fist at me!" she replied.  
"Who's a shaking his fist?"  
"You were."  
"That's a lie—an infernal lie!"  
"Don't call me a liar, you old bazaar! I've put up with your meanness for forty years past, but don't call me a liar, and don't lay a hand on me!"  
"Do you want a divorce?" he shouted, springing up; "you can go now, this minute!"  
"Don't spit in my face—don't you dare do it or I'll make a dead man of you!" she warned.  
"I haven't spit in your freckled old visage yet, but I may if you provoke me further!"  
"Who's got a freckled face, you old turkey-buzzard?"  
That was a little too much. He made a motion as if he would strike, and she seized him by the neck-tie. Then he reached out and grabbed her right ear and tried to lift her off her feet, but she twisted up on the neck-tie until his tongue ran out.  
"Let go of me, you old fiend!" she screamed.  
"Get down on your knees and beg my pardon, you old wild-cat!" he replied.  
They surged and swayed and struggled, and the peaceful cat was struck by the overturning table and her back broken, while the clock fell down and the pictures danced around. The woman finally shut her husband's supply of air off and fopped him, and as she bumped his head up and down on the floor and scattered his gray hairs and shouted:  
"You want to get up another spelling-school with me don't you?"  
He was seen limping around the yard yesterday, a stocking pinned around his throat, and she had court-plaster on his nose and one finger tied up. He wore the look of a martyr, while she had the bearing of a victor, and from this time out "buggy" will be spelled with two g's in that house.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## Fertilizers for Corn and Cotton.

The Southern Cultivator, whose editorial utterances are always pertinent and well-digested, gives the following:  
**Bedding Cotton Land.**—Where no manure is applied, or ordinary commercial fertilizers are used, bedding of cotton land may be advantageously continued this month. Bed the lighter lands first, and leave the stiff, for the last, that they may soak, if possible, through the winter. Where bedding can be guaranteed against high beds are decidedly the best, as they admit of being cut down just in advance of planting, leaving a fresh, smooth surface to receive the seed.—An ordinary triangular harrow, with the teeth set, some short and some long, so as to conform to the general outline of the bed, will do this rapidly and well. The importance of a good stand cannot be overestimated, and hardly any trouble or labor, which tends to secure it, can be considered unreasonable or expensive.—If the tops of one's cotton beds are closely, or ensumbered with rocks or tufts of grass, the opening plow cannot make a furrow of uniform depth, and some of the seed will inevitably be covered too shallow or too deep. This may be obviated by shaving down the bed with the harrow as above.  
**Putting in Commercial Fertilizers.**—In some respects this work is best done with cotton planters; these can be gauged to distribute it with perfect uniformity, and from discharging the fertilizer near the ground, avoid its being blown off by the wind. The chief objection to their work, is the concentration of the manure in a very narrow line at the bottom of the whole cadoodle of you strung on a wire! The planter would mix the fertilizers with the soil, and this would be a decided improvement. Especial care should be taken to put the manure deep enough to feed the cotton plant and not the grass—it should be at least three inches below the surface.  
**Quantity per Acre.**—This is regulated by richness and depth of soil, and the presence or absence of vegetable matter—the richer, deeper and more abounding is the soil in vegetable matter, the larger the quantity that may be safely and profitably used. On ordinary medium lands, 150 to 250 lbs. of fertilizers pays best. The kind of fertilizer is best to apply, depends also on character of land. The richer the soil and the more humus it contains, the less ammonia and the more phosphoric acid it should receive. New ground and old pine fields just cleared, for instance, need no ammonia, but will be benefited by liberal supplies of super-phosphate. Poor old lands need pretty liberal applications of ammonia to secure sufficient seed.

## The Intimate Relations Between the Farmer and the Mechanic.

It is a time-honored assertion that the world is dependent on the farmer for his bread and meat, and to a great extent for his clothing, too; but we should not allow ourselves to forget that we receive a great degree of aid from the merchants of the land. "The plow, the loom and the anvil" are closely connected. In like manner are the farmer and mechanic mutually dependent on each other, and it is the interest of all to encourage our home mechanics, and by this means build our home enterprises. It is the duty of the Granges, instead of sending to an overgrown monopoly for plows, for wagons, for farming utensils, for anything, to encourage our own mechanics who help to build up our towns, and who add to our wealth and to our taxable property, and create a home market for the products of the skillful labor of our home workmen.  
Suppose that all the wagons, the farming utensils, the every thing that is used on the farm, were made in our own country, what a change it would bring about in our financial condition.  
Let our Granges and farmers generally conclude at once to build up mechanical enterprises of every kind, to foster and encourage our home mechanics, and keep our money at home, and we shall soon behold a condition of affairs never before seen. Will our people think well on these things, and suggest some plan to put into operation one or more of these mechanical industries?—*State Agricultural Journal.*

**The Tobacco Fly and Tobacco.**—A correspondent of the New York Tobacco Leaf gives his experience in protecting his crop from the fly, by the use of turpentine. He covered his plants with turpentine with long-handled brushes, and instead of being injured by the fly, the plants were healthy and the crop was a good one. In other respects, the fly is a pest, and in the Statesville American, which had been inserted in the Statesville American, and which was headed "A Little Boy of Mr. Lewis Johnson's."

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**Female Printers.**  
That "there is nothing new under the sun" has been presumptively demonstrated by the American Newspaper Reporter. In the general demand for woman's rights and the numerous complaints that have been made of the exclusion of women from all but few industries, and from the public sphere, it has been rashly concluded that before the agitation there were few, if any, women printers. But the Reporter gives quite a respectable list of women compositors, printers, and publishers, some of whom lived before the Declaration of Independence. Many of these succeeded their husbands in the printing business, but some at least worked and during the lives of their husbands—and one had obtained so many rights nearly a century ago that she formed the firm of Sarah Goddard & Co., a man being the partner. Among the women publishers mentioned in the list are: Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, the wife of Benjamin Smith, a Quaker, who was partner in the Quaker's of Rhode Island; Mrs. Cornelia Bradford, wife of Andrew Bradford, of this city; Mrs. Hannah Bradford, wife of Nicholas Bradford, the first printer of the State; and Mrs. Elizabeth Bradford, who succeeded her husband in the printing business, and who was a partner in the firm of Bradford & Co., a man being the partner.

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