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March, 4th—5mos.

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AN IMPORTED NATURAL GUANO.

A GENUINE ANIMAL DEPOSIT.

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THE COMPANY GUARANTEE THAT

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GUANAHANI GUANO COMPANY,
PETERSBURG, VA.

In offering this FERTILIZER to the Agricultural Community a Second Season we do so with the utmost Confidence, feeling satisfied that the high opinion, we formed, and expressed last season based on its Chemical Constituents have been most satisfactorily borne out by the test, by which all Fertillizers must be judged, that of the Plantation.
Last season, owing to the lateness at which we commenced importing we were forced to put our Guano on the market at once, but now having continued our importations during the summer and fall, and having large and well ventilated Warehouses in this City and City Point, we are enabled to put our Guano on the market, in a condition as to dryness, and freedom from lumps, equal to any Manufactured Fertilizer.
We solicit a careful persual of our Circular containing the certificates sent us, and which can be had on application at this OFFICE, or from any of our AGENTS. Having nothing to conceal, we made an innovation on established usage, by publishing those letters received unfavorable to our Guano, but careful inquiry in many cases proves that the cause of its failure was not owing to any fault in the Guano, but to those far beyond our control We have frequently heard the same complaints of its kindred Fertilizer, Peruvian Guano, but the concurrent testimony of well known Farmers and Planters from Maryland to the extreme Western counties of North Carolina, justify us in claiming a place for our Fertilizer Superior to many, and Second to None.
We confidently expect the continued patronage of the Agricultural Community and no exertion shall be spared on our part to make

GUANAHANI
THE STANDARD FERTILIZER
FOR THE
COTTON, TOBACCO & GRAIN CROPS
OF THE SOUTH.

:o:

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FOR SALE BY
MERONEY & BRO.,
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CHORLOTTE, N. C.

In offering this Feltilizer to the people of Rowan, and surrounding counties we are satisfied that we offer them the best Guano for the least money now on the market. It has been throughly tried during the past season and the results have been even better than we hoped for. Below we append two of the numerous certificates we have received.

AN IMPORTANT TEST, PAID OVER 600 PER CENT.

SALISBURY, N. C., October 10th, 1874.

Messrs Meroney & Bro.
Gentlemen: In reply to your inquiry as to the merits of the Guanahani Guano, I will state that I have given it a fair, and, as I think, a thorough test, and believe it to be one of the best fertilizers now in use in our country. In the month of February I bought two tons and applied it over my farm at the rate of 200 pounds to the acre under Cotton, and 100 poundsto the acre on Corn. On the 8th of October I picked from one row of Cotton 14 rods long, which had been fertilized at the above rate, 8 pounds of seed cotton; from another immediately by the side of this one, of the same length, to which I had applied no fertilizer, I picked 1½ ounces the same day—showing a difference of over 8500 per cent. between land fertilized and not. I counted the number of unopened bolls in each, and making calculation on this basis, I find that the land without the Guanahani would yield 30 ounces to the row, 80 rows or 150 pounds to the acre; with Guanahani it will yield 12 pounds to the row, 80 rows or 960 pounds to the acre—showing a difference of over 600 per cent.
I have not had an opportunity to test the Corn yet, but from general observation, I feel warranted in making the statement that Guanahani has benefited my Corn at least 100 per cent.
On one acre of ground, as a test, I sowed 400 pounds of Guanahani broadcast, subsoiling at the same time 15 inches deep. This acre, under ordinary circumstances, has average 700 pounds of seed cotton; this year the yield will be at least 1800 pounds E. A. PROPST.

DAVIE CO., N. C.

Messrs Meroney & Bro.
GENTLEMEN:—In reply to your inquiry as to the merits of Guanahani Guano, I would say that I used it last Summer on an old field which would have produced very poorly under ordinary circumstances but which under the application of Guanahani yielded me a very good crop. I had one test row and this showed a difference of over three hundred per cent. in favor of the Guano.
I am satisfied that it is a good Fertilizer and take pleasure in recommending it to every farmer who wishes to increasehis crops as being fully equal if not superior to any Guano on the market.
MATTHIAS MILLER.

WE SELL GUANAHANI AT $38 PER TON.
Freight added.
CALL AND SEE US.
MERONEY & BRO.
Feb. 13th. 1875.—3mos.

"EVEN THIS SHALL PASS AWAY.'

The New York *Sun* publishes the following poem by Theodore Tilton. It is a great wonder it has not been brought out in the Beecher-Tilton trial, as it is incomparably superior to "Sir Marmaduke's Musings" and "Amie, Amie, C'est a Vivere," yet we think it well it is spared the contamination of such filth:

THE KING'S RING.

Once in Persia reigned a king,
Who upon his signet-ring
Graved a maxim true and wise
Which, if held before his eyes,
Gave him counsel, at a glance,
Fit for every change and chance;
Solemn words, and these are they;
"Even this shall pass away!"

Trains of camels through the sand
Brought him gems from Samarcand;
Fleets of galleys through the seas
Brought him pearls to watch with these.
But he counted not as gain
Theasures of the mine or main.
"What is wealth?" the king would say,
"Even this shall pass away.'"

In the revels of his court,
At the zenith of his sport,
When the palms of all his guests,
Burned with clapping at his jests,
He, amid his figs and wine,
Cried, "O, loving friends of mine!
Pleasure comes, but not to stay:
"'Even this shall pass away.'"

Lady fairest ever seen
Chose he for his bride and queen,
Couched upon the marriage bed,
Whispering to his soul, he said:
"Though a bridegroom never pressed
Dearer bosom to his breast,
Mortal flesh must come to clay;
"Even this shall pass away.'"

Fighting on a furious field,
Once a javelin pierced his shield,
Soldiers with a loud lament,
Bore him bleeding to his tent.
Groaning from his tortured side,
"Pain is hard to bear,' he cried;
"But with patience, day by day,
"'Even this shall pass away.'"

Towering in the public square,
Twenty cubits in the air,
Rose his statue carved in stone,
Then the king, disguised, unknown,
Stood before his sculptured name,
Musing meekly. "What is fame?
Fame is but a slow decay:
"'Even this shall pass away.'"

Struck with palsy, sere and old,
Waiting at the gates of Gold,
Spake he with his dying breath,
"Life is done; but what is death?"
Then in answer to the king
Fell a sunbeam on his ring,
Showing by a heavenly ray—
"'Even this shall pass away.'"

HAROLD CLIFTON'S FATE;

OR,

The Blue-Ribboned Manuscript.

—:0:—

"But I never could account satisfactory for it!" said Hermann Dorchester.

Mr. Dorchester and his friend Harold Clifton, the editor of the "*Apollo Magazine*," were sitting cosily, *tete-a tete*, in the editorial sanctum down town, a pretty room, with a blue carpet, and a table of carved black walnut in the centre of the apartment, high heaped with papers, manuscripts, letters, scissored "items" and books of reference; while the fire crackeled in the chimney piece with dancing bituminous flame, and the driving snow clicked softly against the window panes. It was very snug, very, disorderly, and very professional. To be sure, there had been a boquet in a Venice glass two weeks ago, but it was faded now; a print pinned against the wall was curled at the corners, and awry at the the top, and the editor's right slipper hung on the entended arm of a beautiful marble statuette of "Psyche" in the corner. Mr. Clifton meant to have an arrangement some day, but the period had never yet arrived, and he had a theory that orderly disorder was rather an advantage than otherwise.

He was tall and good looking with clear, gray eyes, thick brown hair, and features which, if not strictly classical, were regular enough to be very pleasing; and there was a something in the mould of his firm mouth which betoken no ordinary degree of character.—Dorchester, on the contrary, was small and rather feminine in his style—what ladies would call "a love of a man," and gentlemen "a dapper little fellow." And these two men were fast friends and allies, after their man-fashion.

"What is that you never could account satisfactorily for?" asked Mr. Clifton, reaching over for a Greek Lexicon, and tipping the Venice glass on to the floor, where it splittered into a score of ruby sparkling fragments. "There goes my last flower vase; and serves it right for being everlastingly in the way."

"The fact that you never married," was the curt reply.

"And why should I marry?"

"Because you are the very man of men for whom a home and a hearth stone of your own is a vital necessity—because your nature is a born double, and you can never be yourself until you meet and recognize another half."

"That sounds metaphysically," said Clifton, with a slight curl of his upper lip.

"I don't care how it sounds—it's as true as gospel! Come old fellow own up—how is it that you never fell in love?"

"Supposing I should tell you that I was in love once!"

"Really and truly?"

"And suppose I were to further add that I was young and untried, with no fortune but my own strength and brains—that she was beautiful, proud and ambitious. I was subdued—and I dare say it was the very lesson I needed most.

"But it rankles yet?"

"A little—at times. I never was one to do things by halves. I nearly died of scarlet fever, battled with measels and chicken-pox with a hand to-hand combat, and took love by the hardest, after very much the same fashion. I may be scarred a little yet."

"Was she beautiful?" asked Dorchester, encouraged by this unusual mood of confidence on the part of one who was generally reserved to the last degree.

"As Diana's self!"

"And who did she finally marry, if the question does not touch too nearly home?"

"That is what I cannot answer you. I lost sight of the family long ago. They went to Europe I believe; she was quite ambitious and lovely enough to try for a title and a coronet—and for aught I know she is a countess or a marchioness by this time. And now that I have fully satisfied your curiosity, you will perhaps, be good enough to let me read this pile of manuscript in peace."

"Can I help you?"

"If you like—by giving me your opinion of this fat parcel tied with blue ribbon, and written on gilt-edged note paper—a sure sign that its authoress hasn't been accustomed to writing for the papers."

Mr Dorchester untied the dainty azure bow of ribbon.

"*By Cicile Kavanagh*," he read. "A romantic name—most probably a *nom de plume*."

"I dare say," noded Clifton, absently; and no more was said until nearly an hour afterwards, when Dorchester tossed the last page on the table.

"Pretty good," he said, "but bearing the evidences of crudity."

"Then we don't want it," said Clifton, tearing open a new evelope.

"But there are some good things about it."

"It must be a very poor manuscript that has not some redeeming quality in its platitudes; but we haven't time to polish up other people's carelessness and prune their redundances. Into the waste basket with it!"

"But the authoress particularly wishes it to be kept here until called for—at least so she says—in her note."

"Then, I suppose, we must keep it. Just lay it on one side."

He was still uttering the words when a boy opened the door and peeped in.

"What is it Tom?" asked the editor, with a resigned sigh.

"A lady, sir, wants to see you—she's called about 'The Ghost of Lessington Powers.'"

"The unlucky blue ribboned manuscript," said Mr. Clifton, with a slight elevation of his eyebrows. "You may as well take it in to her, Dorchester, and tell the disagreeable truth as politely as possible."

'I guess not!' said Hermann, grimacing. 'Not I—you may do your own decapitating, for all of me.'

Mr. Clifton rose up with a sort of resigned sigh:

'If you had any of the Damon and Fythias spirit about you, old fellow, you wouldn't leave me in the lurch in this sort of way,' he said reproachfully.

'A man don't want to hurt a lady's feelings, you see—that's where the chivalrous element lies."

'Chivalrous fiddlesticks!' said Clifton, satirically, as he took up the scattered pages of 'The Ghost of Lessington Powers,' and entered the ante-room, where he was in the habit of receiving visitors not sufficiently intimate to share the privileges of the editorial sanctum within.

It was a prettier, neater little room than that beyond, plainly and inexpensively furnished with matting, hair cloth chairs, and a single-table covered with green drapery, on which lay a bound file of the 'Appolo Magazine' for the last five years. There was nothing specially inviting about the apartment; therefore, it was not strange that the lady, who was its sole accupant, sat by the window, her face turned away from the door-way, looking wistfully out on the white wilderness of fast falling snowflakes.

Mr. Clifton's courteously modulated voice made her start.

"I am very sorry to have to tell you, madam," he began, politely, "that your manuscript is quite unsuited to the pages of our magazine, for—"

It was his turn, now, to start and look embarrassed.

'Do you recognize me?' asked the lady coloring scarlet. 'I—I thought I was so changed!'

'Do you think it is likely I should ever forget Eleanor Kirby?' he asked a little bitterly.

'You will shake hands with me Harold?'

'Certainly!'

He proffered his hand, with the easy grace of a man of the world.

'But you look pale and worn—have you been ill?'

'Ill—and poor—and alone in the world,' she said, trying to keep down the sob in her voice. 'Oh, Harold, since you have refused my poor little story—'

'Did you write it?'

'Yes, but I got the landlady's daughter to copy it, so that you would not recognize my handwriting. I did not intend that you should know who it was that—'

She burst into tears, and threw the roll of papers in the fire. It blazed brightly up.

'So vanishes away my last hope,' she said, bitterly. 'And now I am going home to a fireless hearth and a solitude worse than death.'

He reached his hat down from the row of pegs on the right hand of the door.

'I shall walk with you,' he said.

'But I am shabbily dressed!' with a downward glance. 'My shoes are ragged, and my gloves are patched and mended.'

"Eleanor, has it come to this?"

And as she told him her story of poverty, misfortune and orphanhood, as they walked side by side through the beatings of the December snow storm, he saw that her eyes were yet softly radiant in their sapphire light and her face still as beautiful as of yore. The lovely temples were yet there, but the spirit that glowed within it was softened and purified through much trial.

Harold Clifton was not one who usually took much time to make up his mind on any subject, least of all one that directly concerned himself. As he took leave of Miss Kirby on the doorstep, after having secured permission to come again very soon, he added, as if by an after thought:

"I have asked you so many questions already, Eleanor, that you must deem me unwarrantably impertinent."

"Oh, no! she interrupted, with rising color. I never could think that."

"But, he went on, there is one that I have not yet spoken. Five years ago I asked you to be my wife, and you refused. My sentiments still remain unaltered. Eleanor, shall you think it strange if I ask you once again ta try and love me enough to marry me?"

Eleanor Kirby burst into tears yet a second time.

"Dear Harold, what have I done to deserve this?" she faltered: and he knew that his suit was won.

And all that Hermann Dorchester said, when the editor of the 'Apollo Magazine' told him about it, was:

"Didn't I say, this very morning, that you were cut out for a married man?"

ADVICE TO A DAUGHTER.

The Letter of an Empress—Maria Theresa to Her Daughter Maria Christina—A Princess who Married for Love.

Translated from the German for the Sunday Chronicle and Sentinel.

MARIA THERESA'S LETTER TO HER DAUGHTER MARIA CHRISTINA.

My dear Daughter:—You want me to give you some advice upon your future situation. There are a great many books which treat upon this subject. I will not repeat what they say. You know that we women are subject to our husbands; that we owe them obedience; that our only aim shall be to serve the husband, to be useful to him, to make him a father and our best friend. If, also, unfortunately, example shows the contrary, still I cannot release you of your duty. You married your husband from inclination; that is the only reason why I established you. You know your husband; you have every reason to hope to be as happy with him as it is possible in this world to be.

Seek to deserve God's blessing by leading a Christian's life. Set others an example by your kindness, your piety—by a decent deportment, a modest reserve—which you ought to observe everywhere. It is for you to set the fashion, and I am convinced that you will do it; you are well fitted for it; you posses grace and humility; but take care not to exaggerate these virtues and good qualities. I ought especially to remind you that in your tender love for your husband you do not show it too much, so that it would be inopportune to him; nothing is more delicate than this rock, and the most affectionate and virtuous women and those who marry for love, often shipwreck upon it; you must not offer even the most innocent caresses; endeavor to have them sought and asked for. In our country they want above all things no restraint; by the bad examples it has got so far that you can do so without offending. The more liberty you let your husband have, in asking the least restraint and the less tender attention, the more amiable you will appear—he will seek you and be devoted to you.

Your principal study should be for him to find you always in the same humor, the same amiability, the same complaisance. Endeavor to entertain him, to occupy him, so that nowhere he is better pleased than with you. To gain his confidence you must take care to deserve it by your behaviour and discretion. Never let suspicion enter your heart; the more liberty you let your husband enjoy, the more you show your feelings and your confidence, the more attached he will become to you; all happiness in marriage consists in confidence and continual amiability. The foolish love soon disappears, but you must esteem each other; be useful to each other. The one must be the other's true friend; to bear the misfortunes of this life and to establish your welfare. This is the most essential point in whatever position you may be placed. In this regard I only fear a *too much*, that could influence your mutual happiness. I have seen you jealous with your friends, beware of it with your husband, that would take him from you. You must not even joke upon this subject, from jest one gets to reproaches, vexation is added to it, the respect and the charm of life disappear and dislike takes their place. The more confidence you show in your husband, without restraining him in the least, the more attached he will be to you. What happiness for a man to have always at his side an amiable wife, who is constantly occupied to make him happy, to entertain him, to console him, to be useful to him; who does not restrain him, lets him come to her at his pleasure, is satisfied with his tender attentions and happy to be with him. The wife who does not do this from the beginning will feel the consequences afterwards. All marriages would be happy if regulated by this; but everything depends upon the wife, she ought to keep the right middle to gain the respect and confidence of her husband; she ought never to misuse it, neither to show off with it nor to command it. No coquetry, no vanity is permitted to you. Listen to nobody on this subject.—Show them that you are above such foolishness. With a married woman everything is a matter of importance, nothing indifferent. Be always modestly dressed Not the same privileges are allowed to a married woman as to a young girl. Others would want to surpass you directly. Have no confidant; your husband alone ought to be that. I will not even claim an exception for myself, so as not to accustom you to confidences. You have plenty of sense and genius, if you want to use it for your own happiness, especially as your husband's character and deportment can make you feel easier for the future than anything else, if you yourself do not disturb these happy circumstances. You must try to be always occupied about your husband, then you make no mistakes.—You will find more pleasure in amusements when you enjoy them with measure; you have seen plenty of examples. Order in time and housekeeping is the soul of a quiet, happy life. I know in these times one does not believe in any pleasure if there is the slightest restraint with it. I would agree with them if I had not experienced myself and did not see every day how these same people, that believe in these maxims, are always bored and the least happy; they take pleasure in nothing, give their fancies free run and finally are tyrannized over. I speak of an order that is in conformity with your husband's will. Nothing shall prevent you to agree with each other on this subject. You must sacrifice everything to please him and do as he wants; then you have nothing to reproach yourself. You have only to obey, after you have stated your objections or remonstrances in meekness and kindness. You can do that once, but if he decides on the contrary, you have only to obey, and even in such a way that one thinks you are doing your own business without listening to any modification. Nothing is easier, when one loves truly and knows one's duty.—This is in this world the only means to live happy and contented. If your husband finds you always occupied to add to his happiness by your kindness, if you try, that he is happier, more contented, more trusting with you than elsewhere, then you may hope to attach him permanently to you and thus to found your happiness; but you must not want to force things or make a confession upon the subject, he must become convinced of it himself. Very plain and old women have often enflamed the strongest passions by their complaisance, by their expertness to entertain and attract people, while the most beautiful women are neglected, because these qualities are wanting. The less playful the better. This is an evil that now-a-days is much in fashion, but a great superiority of mind and much honesty is necessary to be playful without becoming disagreeable. When familiarity comes elsewhere, it brings bitterness in the society and drives away all propriety, all politeness. At your court never allow speeches with double meaning or calumny. Explain things right away, and you will banish all licentiousness from around you. On all occasions show you zeal to do justice to virtue, expel from your society all that are wanting in it. I do not tell you anything about your own conduct. Never neglect the duties of religion; in marriage one has most need of prayer and the help of God. Your religious readings ought to take place regularly. I recommend you especially to be punctual in this. Regulate your devotions as well as your alms according to your confessor's advice. The good God has given you so many talents, so many graces. He has selected you from your numerous family to be the happiness and joy of your parents and your sister-in-law, who is a saint and a prophetess. He has given you a virtuous husband of your own choice. I hope that God will finish his work and make you happy, if you do not desert Him, and if you follow my advice, which, as well as my tender love, shall never desert you. I give you my blessing and embrace you tenderly. Ever your loving mother,

MARIA THERESA.

The Art of Shopping.

Very many dollars my be saved if buyers exercise judgment and forsight in making their purchases. It is, generally speaking, a saving both of time and money to buy a large quantity at a time of anything that will be likely to increase in price; and these without forethought, buy each day only what is required for the days's needs, to use another old proverb, "let money run out at the heels of their boots." Wood may be laid in at the end of summer to last through the winter; apples may be bought by the bushel and soap by the hundred weight; for soap will not waste half so much if it be kept till it is dry. Always do your shopping yourself. Do not give your orders to the servants to give to the tradespeople; but go round to the shops, choose what you want, and pay for it at once. That most objectionable practice of a tradesman sending round for articles to be paid for sometimes, is the cause of ruin in many a home. Such a system leads to the purchase of many an unnecessary article, which would never have been thought of if the money had to be paid down at once. Personal illness, or more urgent duty, may prevent the mistress of a household from doing her own shopping; but love of ease and indolence ought never to be allowed to do so. Given a certain amount of health, energy and common sense, and what may not a woman, accomplish! For in providing for the wants of her household, experience daily grows upon her.