

THEY DIDN'T THINK.

Once a trap was baited
With a piece of cheese;
It tickled so a little mouse,
It almost made him sneeze.
An old rat said, "There's danger;
Be careful where you go!"
"Nonsense," said the other;
"I don't think that you know."
So he walked in boldly—
Nobody in sight;
First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite,
Close the trap with a wink,
Snapped, as quick as wink,
Catching "mouse" fast there,
Cause he didn't think!

Once a little turkey,
Fond of her own way,
Wouldn't ask the old ones
Where to go or stray.
She said, "I am not a baby;
Here I am half-grown;
Surely I am big enough
To run about on my own."
Off she went, but Mister Fox,
Hiding, saw her pass;
Soon, like snow, her feathers
Covered all the grass.
So she was a surprise
Ere the sun did sink,
"Cause she was so headstrong
That she wouldn't think!

Once there was a robin
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside,
And hop upon the floor.
"Oh no!" said the mother;
"You must stay where you are;
Little birds are safe
In sitting in a tree."
"I don't care," said Robin,
And gave her tail a fling,
And don't think the old folks
Know quite everything.
Down he flew, and Kitty seized him
"Fore he'd time to blink;
"Oh!" he cried, "I'm sorry,
But I didn't think!"

Now, my little children,
You who read this song,
Don't you see what trouble
Comes of thinking wrong?
And can't you take a warning
From their dreadful fate,
Who began their thinking
When it was too late?
Don't think there's a safe way
Where no danger shows;
Don't suppose you know more
Than anybody knows,
But when you're warned of ruin,
Purse upon the brink,
And don't go over headlong,
"Cause you didn't think!"

A WOUND WELL HEALED.

"Mamma, if you please, I'll not wear this dress to school any more," said Jenny Bliss, beginning to unbuckle the pretty garment in the making of which her mother had taken so much pains.

"Why, what's the matter with the dress?" demanded the lady; "I am sure there are not many of your schoolmates who have better."

"No, indeed," said Jenny. "But, dear mamma, that's just the trouble. The girls were all admiring it at recess, when Rebecca Dale spoke up and said that she might have as pretty a dress if my papa would pay her papa what he owes him; and I'd rather," she continued as she hung up the new dress and took down an old one, "wear the shabbiest clothes in the world than wear nice things and be insulted."

Mrs. Bliss made no reply. Jenny was but twelve years old, yet she spoke somewhat decidedly, and the mother had lately begun to perceive that her children were no longer babies. That her husband owed some debts she knew; but it was only in the way of business, in which she had no interference, and so long as she did not waste his money, or tense him for more than he could afford to give her she thought that her duty was done. But here was a pinch that hurt. It had always been her ambition to see her family looking nice, and now these debts, that had hitherto sat so easy, were obtruding their ugly presence to mar that pleasure. As these thoughts flitted through the good woman's mind, tears rushed to her eyes, which Jenny seeing came to her side and kissed her.

"Now, mamma," she said, "don't you worry. I'm not unhappy about it. But you know it's a little tantalizing, if papa owes Mr. Dale money, that Rebecca should see me dressed up when she can't. So we'll just fix over my old frocks, and I'll feel comfortable in them until papa pays his debts."

Still Mrs. Bliss did not speak, but now it was surprise that kept her silent. Here was the child that such a short time ago she had rocked in her arms, soothing her in trouble, and arranging her own course in a family difficulty. At last a bright thought struck her and she said: "Jenny, do you know where Rebecca Dale lives?"

Jenny replied that she did.

"Well," said the mother, "go round there, and ask her to come and spend the evening with you. You can study your lessons together; and if the child needs clothes she shall have them."

Jenny was delighted to go; and both Rebecca and her mother were surprised at the invitation, as the Blisses had always held their heads a little high. But the evening was spent pleasantly. When Mr. Bliss came home his wife had a little gentle talk with him and the next day she further surprised Mrs. Dale by calling on her, and offering to give her so much a week until the debt between their husbands should be liquidated.

After that there was much economy in the Bliss household, but it was not half as unpleasant as you would suppose. Indeed, it became an amusement when mother and daughter planned cheerfully together how less could be made to do as well as more; and they were happy in feeling that they were working in the cause of honesty. When Jenny again wore the pretty dress that had been the innocent cause of this movement, Mrs. Dale and Rebecca had both new ones, and there was strong neighborly affection between the two families.

Dun River Coalfields Railroad Company.
A meeting of the Stockholders of this Company is called to take place in Charlotte on the 12th of June, at which time business of importance will be transacted. It will be recollected that this Road is to run from Statesville direct to Danville, Va., and when constructed will make a through line between the South and North, connecting with the Western N. C. Road at this point. The link to be constructed is only about 110 miles.—*Statesville American.*

A TOUCHING CASE.

Orphans Traveling Alone—From Arkansas to North Carolina.

Last night a scene was witnessed at the Union Passenger Depot that will never be effaced from the memory of those witnessing it. Well did the eloquent Butler say at the State Sunday School Convention that God did not have all the blessings or all the orphans to attend one age. The sight of little children, without fathers or mothers, naturally excites the sympathy of the human heart—not entirely selfish—and more so when they are drifting along in the world without a guide.

When the Western & Atlantic Railroad train reached here last night shortly after ten o'clock, two small children were lifted out by conductor Moore, with a hand as tender as a woman's, while his eyes softened in commiseration of their condition. One was a boy about 8 years of age, who had a haversack on nearly reaching to his feet. The other was a girl some year or so older than her brother. Upon their necks were the following printed placards:

"To all railroad conductors on the roads traveled by these little orphans:
Gentlemen: The bearers, two little orphan children, are traveling alone from Fulton, Arkansas, to Durham, N. C. You will please be kind enough to care for them during the time they may be on your several trains, and please see that they do not get lost or injured in changing cars. They will be very thankful.
P. S.—Conductor on Raleigh division of R. & D. railroad will please put the children off at Durham.

ROUTE.
Fulton to Little Rock, Little Rock to Memphis, Memphis to Chattanooga, Chattanooga to Atlanta, Atlanta to Charlotte, Charlotte to Durham. About 1,000 miles.

Just before they got off of the train they were handed some biscuits which they devoured with gusto. Seeing their condition, bluff Bill Akers, with characteristic impetuosity, rushed up to them and sent them to the National Hotel. Their names we did not ascertain. The conductors along the route, with Christian sympathy, did all they could to please the little ones with safety. In fact, the conductor is one of the most liberal of men, and such cases as the above ever strikes a tender cord.

The little orphans spent the night at the National Hotel, where every attention was paid them. They will probably leave to-day for Durham, N. C. We hope they will be "passed along" with great care and sympathy. Their parents are dead.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A MATCH BROKEN OFF.

A match has been broken off in Calumet avenue between the male and female sections of two prominent families, who, it had been thought would have made an excellent marriage since she was young and handsome and he was old and rich. It appears, however, that they had an irreconcilable quarrel on a very vital subject. He was a very precise man, who used to say that time was money, and profligacy was the thief of time, and so on, and when they were discussing their carried life she said: "Next Easter you'll give me the loveliest hat and dress in Chicago, won't you pretty?" He said he would. "And," she continued, "you'll take a pew in the very front of the most fashionable church?" "I will," he said. "And," she said, "we'll always go to church nice and late, won't we?" "Nice and early, my love," he said, correcting her. "No, I mean nice and late, of course," she answered. "But, my dear," he remonstrated, "time is money, as Solomon says. If I were to be seen going to church late, people would think I was slothful in business serving the bank. Why do you wish to cultivate the unlavish habit of nonpunctuality. "Oh, because," she replied, "when you go to church late every one turns round to look at you and see what you have on. Do you think I am a heathen and don't want to go to church properly?" Alas! to be worth with one we love both work like madmen in the brain; and the match is off.—*Chicago Tribune.*

SMALL ENGAGEMENTS.

How much the brightness of christian honor is dimmed by inattention to "rites" has, by contrast, an illustration in the following bit of history: "Sir William Napier was one day taking a long walk near Freshford, when he met a little girl about five years old, sobbing over a broken bowl. She had dropped and broken it in bringing it back from the field to which she had taken her father's dinner in it, and she said she would be beaten on her return for having broken it; then, with a sudden gleam of hope, she innocently looked into his face and said: "But you can mend it, can't you?" Sir William explained that he could not mend the bowl, but the trouble he could by the gift of a six pence to buy another. However, on opening his purse, it was empty of silver and he had to make amends by promising to meet his little friend in the spot in the same hour next day and bring the six pence with him, bidding her meanwhile to tell her mother she had seen a gentleman who would bring her the money for the bowl next day. The child entirely trusting him, went on her way comforted. On his return home he found an invitation awaiting him to dine in Bath the following evening, to meet some one whom he especially wished to see. He hesitated for some little time, trying to calculate the possibility of giving the meeting to his little friend of the broken bowl, and of still being in time for the dinner party in Bath; but finding that this could not be, he wrote to decline accepting the invitation, on the plea of a pre-arrangement, saying to one of his family, as he did so, "I cannot disappoint her, she trusted me so implicitly."

MORTON COMING.—Bloody Shirt Morton will arrive here from Wilmington, it is said, in the morning of the 31st, and will speak in the evening, at 8 o'clock, from the front porch of the National Hotel. He is "swinging around the circle" with an eye to drumming up support at the coming Cincinnati Convention.—*Raleigh Sentinel.*

Presence of mind and quick wit are good things in case of accident, though they didn't help a Missouri farmer out of his troubles the other day. He had dug a well eighteen feet deep, and was at the bottom when the constable came along and leveled on the rope and bucket, for a debt, and took them off, leaving the farmer helpless to do anything but swear. His wife was a tripe in the house, and there was nothing to do but to wait until a man came along the highway. He proved to be a tramp of keen perceptions, and he was at once fully posted as to what should be done. His first plan was to roll enough stones down the well to bring the farmer to the top, but the idea didn't take with the man below, who realized that he would be mashed. The next plan was to make a ladder and lower it; but there were neither nails, saw, or lumber. The tramp then proposed to lower a pole, but none could be found of sufficient length. Ready with another idea he took a pair of harness apart, made a rope of sufficient length, and when the lower end was made fast to the farmer the tramp hauled him up about nine feet by the windlass and then lowered him down again.

"Here, what's the matter?" shouted the farmer.
"Nothing," replied the man, looking down the well.
"But why don't you haul me up?"
"I haven't time! I must be in Lexington at five o'clock, and its most four now. I have practically demonstrated that it is easy enough to haul you out of that well, and the next man who comes along may have more time for experiment. Good-bye—no use hollering!"

[From the Southern Planter and Farmer.]
THE BEST BREED OF CATTLE FOR THE ENTIRE SOUTH.

There has been so much said in agricultural journals about the different breeds of cattle. Some recommend the Ayrshires, some the Jerseys, some the Short Horns, and some the Devons. There is no breed that possesses so many good points combined for all about grass sections as the Devons. All the above breeds have qualities which give them preference for the particular purposes the breeder may desire to make of them, but for general purposes and the rough range of any country that is not especially a good grass section the Devons will probably take pre-eminence over all other breeds of cattle. The Devon ox is admired above all others for work, and is acknowledged to be superior to all, being hardy, active, docile, easily fed, and has endurance, having a strong constitution. They make good oxen at the age of 16 to 18 years of age. Devon blood crossed with the native cows, or with other improved breeds, will convey their peculiar traits of form color of fur and improved breeds of cattle.

The very first cross produces such a vast improvement in size, form and general appearance that the most casual observer cannot fail to notice it. The difference in the value of a calf by a Devon bull over that of a scrub from the same cow would not be less than ten dollars at one year old, and the difference would increase as they grow older. The general introduction of Devon bulls to replace the scrubs that are wandering about over the old fields of Virginia and North Carolina would save more than double the value of the net stock. The most feasible method for the introduction of these animals amongst the farmers is for several farmers to combine and purchase one for the use of all. The pure blood Devon cow of today is different from what she was fifteen or twenty years ago. It is no unusual thing of the present day to see a pure blooded Devon cow carrying off the first prize at our agricultural fairs as the best dairy cow. From trials made in DeLishbury, England, the Devon breed of cows, fed on the same pastures, prove quite equal to the Jerseys or Ayrshires in quantity of butter.

The writer made several trials of half-breed Devons and Short Horns of same age, raised on same feed to the age of four years. "In this trial the Short Horn grades excelled the Devon grades in height and length, but in weight or flesh, the Devon grades showing more flesh and better condition during the whole term they were fed together. Both trials proved the Devon stock the easiest fed and hardiest cattle, and the most profitable stock for all purposes, with ordinary feed." I have seen Devon oxen that weighed over 2,000 pounds, and not as fat as they might have been at that.

The Devon cow is the poor man's cow, the pet of small farms and scant pastures, being docile, yielding a good product longer than any other known breed; will yield a fine chance of milk until 15 or 18 years old. She is satisfied with little, and with that little cows. Their butter commands the very best price in the market. Their milk is the best of all other breeds, being rich in quality, the cream bleaching with the milk, making it peculiarly suited for the milk dairy.

The Devons are being introduced into all the grass sections of the United States, and some of the largest Short Horn breeders are now turning their attention to the breeding of them. Wherever they have been introduced they have met with favor.

Louisa C. H., Va.

STOPPING ITS PULSE.

Says Mr. Spurgeon: "There is not a Christian beneath the scope of God's heaven from whom I am separated. At the Lord's table I always invite all Christians to come and sit down and commune with us. If any man were to tell me that I am separated from the Episcopalian, the Presbyterian or the Methodist, I would tell him he didn't know me, for I love them with a pure heart fervently, and I am not separated from them. This bears hard on our strict communion Baptists. I should not like to say anything hard against them for they are about the best people in the world; but they really do separate themselves from the great body of Christ's people. They separate from the great universal church. They say they will not commune with him; and if any one comes to their table who has not been baptized, they turn him away. The pulse of Christ's communion; and was to the church that seeks to cure the ills of Christ's church by stopping its pulse?"

We have received a copy of the *North Carolina Farmer*, published by J. H. Eubanks & Co. We think it a success to this new publication which promises to fill an important place in agricultural journalism in this State.

The editor is quite an adept in gathering up facts and from the variety of subjects contained in the first number, we infer that he intends to take the whole field of "agriculture, horticulture, and domestic economy." We hail with special interest every publication looking to the advancement of agricultural knowledge, and hope that the editor will meet with abundant success in his new field of labor. This is the most important month in the year, so far as the cultivation of the crop is concerned. It is the "May grass" that ruins the crop. No idle time should be spent in this month. The farmer who has his corn and cotton in good condition the 1st of June has little to fear from grass.

"Work thoroughly, work rapidly and keep at work," the farmers maxim for May.—*Weekly Recorder.*

MR. MOODY IN AUGUSTA GA.

An Augusta correspondent of the *Atlanta Constitution* writes, under date of the 21st, as follows of the interest manifested in that city in the labors of this successful evangelist, who has been conducting a series of meetings under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association:

Perhaps there never was a time before now when religious feeling was stronger, deeper, or more earnest in Augusta. Under the leadership of Mr. Moody, the doors and windows of the city were thronged by multitudes of people. Strong, rough men, who were wont to disregard and laugh at every pious exhortation, and who were always careless of the future, are now, in many instances, bending beneath a deep sense of religious conviction, and are becoming serious and apprehensive as to their spiritual condition. Young ladies and girls have left off thinking of the giddy ball room, and are turning to serious and imperative duties. Indeed, all ages and kinds of men, women and children seem to be affected by this unusual fervor that is in the very atmosphere of Augusta. The city pastors have put on new energy, and are working with a harmony and earnestness that will of necessity accomplish great results. And with a great many of the hymns of the different denominations. The Church generally of this city is like a spiritual bee hive, and many are the workers therein. Mr. Moody thinks the cause of Christ ten-fold stronger here than ever before, and that the great interest that is manifested in Augusta is but a type of the general spread of the Gospel among the nations of the earth that is going on.

Miss Harriet Tilgham. A heroic girl. She climbs on a house-top and fights like a steam engine. *Remo News:* We learn that the fine, large dwelling house near Garysburg owned by J. J. Long, Esq., and at present occupied by Mr. J. B. Tilgham and family, caught fire at an angle of the roof from the chimney sparks (it was supposed) about three o'clock on the afternoon of Friday last. There was no assistance nearer than a quarter of a mile. Mr. T. and his sons were absent, and nearly a mile distant at the time. Mrs. Tilgham and her two daughters Misses Harriet and Ella, Mrs. T.'s little grand daughter, and the school children, were the only persons in the house. Very soon after the alarm was raised, the point of danger was ascertained, and Miss Harriet Tilgham procured a ladder which was in the yard, some twenty-five steps from the back door, and with it hastened to the house, and then up a flight of stairs to the second floor and by means of it, after being placed in position, reached the scuttle. Here she encountered a volume of smoke. Nothing daunted, however, and knowing no time was to be lost, she acted without hesitation, and finally reached the burning roof through the trap door, raising the door with her head and turning it over so that she could get on the roof and make her way to the fire. On the roof a double danger awaited her in the risk of falling to the ground thirty-six feet or more, and of her clothing catching fire from the quivering flame, pressing towards her by the high wind prevailing at the time. Buckets of water had been drawn, and carried to the second floor by the school children and some colored friends on the premises, as soon as circumstances would permit, though Miss Harriet was on the roof ten minutes or more before aid reached her. The buckets had to be gotten up the ladder, and Miss Harriet to reach them, had to go to and from the trap door, probably twenty feet or more, and sometimes walked upright on the highest part of the roof with a bucket of water in her hand, and at others crawled along to the fire as best she could. Determined to subdue the flames she succeeded and great daring, the property was saved from destruction and (perhaps) some insurance company or other from a large sum. The young lady descended in safety and suffered no inconvenience beyond a few bruises.

ABOUT FOWLS.

Always use china eggs for nest eggs, and never put eggs under a hen till she has set one night on a china egg and is found upon her nest the second night back at evening put the eggs under her, eleven to a large hen and nine to a small one. Let the nest-boxes be of ample size, fifteen to eighteen inches square, and first put a layer of dry earth at the bottom, then make the nests of fine hay or straw, and sprinkle a little flour or sulphur among it to drive away lice. Keep your hen-house well whitewashed, perches and all, and remove the manure often. Put it in a barrel and wien filled or partly filled take it into your garden and mix it with about four times its bulk of soil. Make a heap broad enough to contain the entire droppings of the season, and here compost your manure from time to time, as leaving the top of the heap flat so as to retain rain, and cover with litter of any kind, so that none below heap will be exposed to the rays of the sun. These compost heaps should be covered over two or three times during the season, to mix their contents thoroughly; and the next season apply a half pint to a pint of this mixture to hills of garden vegetables, or to field crops of corn, and you will find every pound of the compost equal in value to a shovelful of barnyard manure.—*T. B. M., in N. Y. World.*

MILANER botanists assert that Europe can not claim to have done every thing for the sun-dried tobacco, potato, jalap, pepper, tomatoes, quinine, ginseng, and corn, and mention cotton, petroleum and other things.

COVETOUSNESS.

This sin will perhaps send more church members to torment than any other except drunkenness. In the Scripture it is called idolatry. Col. 3:5. In Deut. 13, a man was to kill his own wife, brother, son or daughter for going into idolatry. He was to cast the first stone and then the whole congregation was to complete the work of death. If a town went into idolatry, every man and beast were to be killed and the whole town burned to ashes. In the New Testament the covetous man is not to take the Lord's supper. 1 Cor. 11:17; nor to be a deacon, 1 Tim. 3:8; nor to be a minister, 1 Tim. 3:3; nor to go into heaven, 1 Cor. 6:10.

The covetous man says clearly begins at home; Belzebub says amen. God contradicted the devil. The first corn, wine and oil, barley and wheat; the first of all the fruits; the first of all the flocks and herds—all belonged to God. In the Lord's prayer "thy kingdom come" is before daily bread. The devil's rules have always been, and forever will be wrong. Professors ought to never live by them. God first and self second is Christianity; self-first and God second is idolatry.

E. DODSON.

PEAS AS A FARM CROP.

The idea has gotten hold on the public mind that it is a good thing but a costly one. It is true that, when considered simply as a preparation of wheat, without cultivating on any immediate return except through the increase of the wheat crop, the outlay of money and labor might form a considerable item; but I am confident that a return much more immediate, and even, if possible, more valuable, may be realized. If farmers would give one field to the peas to be drilled in with one hundred pounds of superphosphate, to the acre, and after maturity, fed down upon the ground to hogs, the pork realized would more than pay the entire expense of the peas crop, and leave the land almost if not quite in as good a condition as if the entire crop had been turned under, for everything would be left upon the land, except that carried away in the form of fat. I am satisfied that an acre of good peas will make at least one hundred pounds of pork, which will pay all the expense attending the crop twice over.—*Correspondent of Southern Farmer.*

CUNNING OF THE ADDER.

A correspondent of the *Milwaukee Sentinel* states that over thirty years ago, in Leeds, Greene county N. Y., his attention was one day attracted by the plaintive cry of a cat. Looking into a garden, an adder was seen near the cat. The cat seemed to be completely paralyzed by fear of the adder; she kept up the plaintive cry, as if in great distress, but did not take her eye off the serpent, or make any attempt to attack or escape. Soon the snake saw that human eyes were observing him, and he commenced to crawl slowly away. "I then," continues the writer of the narrative, concluded to release the cat from its trouble. I took a garden rake and put it on the snake's back, and held it without hurting it. As soon as I had the snake fast in this position, it raised its head, flattened it out, and blew, making a hissing noise, and something resembling breath or steam came from its mouth. When that was exhausted I removed the rake, and the adder turned over on its back, lying as if dead. With the rake I turned it over on its belly again, but it immediately turned on its back. This was repeated several times. At last it was taken out of the garden, laid in the road, and we all retired to watch its movements. It commenced to raise and turn its head slowly (looking about the while) until entirely on its belly, and started at full speed for a little pool of water in the road, from which it was waked out and dispatched."

The Oriental Brick Machine.—Mr. Battelle, of Washington City, in company with Mr. Howard, an agent of an architect and building company of that city, and Mr. Tompkins, the machinist and builder of the Oriental Brick Machine have been in our town for some days, inspecting the Brick machine now at work in this place. The two first mentioned gentlemen were here to inspect the workings of the machine, and we suppose that they were perfectly satisfied as Mr. Battelle has ordered one of these to be built for him to be used at Washington City.—*Win. Sun.*

It has been given to the courts of Tennessee to decide how much of malice there may be in a kiss. A colored man in Memphis has been dragged before a Justice of the Peace in that city a colored woman whom he charges with maliciously kissing him, the malice consisting in doing it in the presence of complainant's home quiet and against the peace and dignity of the people of Tennessee. The Justice rather evaded the real question at issue by finding the defendant guilty and suspending sentence.

General Early, in a letter to the Richmond Enquirer, suggests that the Confederate Soldiers in the Southern States form themselves into associations, for the purpose of collecting funds for the monument to General Lee, to be erected at Richmond, Va.

There is an old German proverb to the effect that a war leaves a country with three armies—an army of cripples, an army of mourners and an army of thieves. How literally this has been proved, especially the last part, in this, the one hundredth year of our American Independence.

Every evening gay young people can be seen in the beautiful front yards of the city, playing croquet; and this reminds us of seeing, in a newspaper, some days ago, that the latest thing in a croquet set, is to have the stripes on the balls and mallets to match those of the players' stockings. Players will please take notice.

SALEM.—Salem has a steam brick machine in full operation and turns out brick as fast as two men can carry them off. The Press records the death of the Rev. Michael Doub in his 85th year, and for more than forty years a member of the North Carolina Conference.

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

Tears, life tears! I know not what they mean.
Tears, from the depths of some divine despair.
Rise to the heart and gather to the eyes.
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.
Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the under world.
That sinks with all we love below the verge,
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

O, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns,
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement grows a gleaming square,
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,
Oh, death in life! the days that are no more.
—*Tennyson.*

Is It Too Late?

Is it too late to curtail the "cotton" crop? The price still goes down and the probability is that a full crop will bring prices down to eight or ten cents next fall. What farmer who fails to make his supply can live at such prices? We beg our readers to ponder seriously these questions:
Are farmers generally making an effort to produce a supply of pork? We prophesy hard times to the man who fails to make his own meat the coming year.
Can the present prices of labor be sustained while the price of cotton has been so much reduced? This is a question which farmers must answer.
Are farmers going in debt this year with the expectation of paying out with the coming crop? It is wise to look ahead and diminish expenses to the very lowest point.—*W. T. W.*

WHAT the key is to the watch, prayer is to our graces—it winds them up, and sets them going.

Love is said to be like whiskey; men are always complaining that it kills them, but they go on with it as lively as ever.

Commodore Vanderbilt and Daniel Drew are both under the constant care of the doctors; and it is possible that both the venerable gentlemen may ere long take a trip to the world where money bags cease to trouble and the clamor of the stock board is heard no more.

The Congregationalist thanks the Vermont judge who, the other day, in pronouncing upon a divorce suit, laid down the opinion that when a woman marries a man of known intemperate habits, she takes her happiness, prosperity and welfare in her own hands, and has no claim for redress of him hereafter.

Mr. Dan Jones, living in Linnville, Iowa, has been afflicted with tubercular consumption for several years, and recently an abscess which had formed in the right lung broke externally, between the second and third ribs, forming an air-passage through which the patient can breathe with entire freedom by closing his mouth and nostrils.

Governor Tilden has signed the bill allowing a wife to testify in favor of her husband in criminal cases; the law does not compel her, however, to be a witness. This is the first innovation ever made by the New York Legislature upon the old common law rule prohibiting husband and wife testifying for or against each other in criminal cases.

| Time Table Western N. C. R. R. | |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| On and after Monday April 14, 1875. | |
| TO NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON. | FROM NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON. |
| Leave Richmond 8:45 a.m. | Arrive Richmond 6:10 p.m. |
| Charlotteville 1:25 p.m. | Charlotteville 12:15 a.m. |
| White Sulphur 2:50 " | White Sulphur 11:40 " |
| Huntington 4:20 " | Huntington 10:10 " |
| Arrive Cincinnati 6:10 a.m. | |

Carolina Central Railway Co.

OFFICE GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT, Wilmington, N. C. April 14, 1875.

Change of Schedule.

On and after Friday, April 16th, 1875, the trains will run over this Railway as follows:

PASSENGER TRAINS.
Leave Wilmington at 7:15 A. M.
Arrive at Charlotte at 7:15 P. M.
Leave Charlotte at 7:00 A. M.
Arrive in Wilmington at 7:00 P. M.

FREIGHT TRAINS.
Leave Wilmington at 6:00 P. M.
Arrive at Charlotte at 6:00 P. M.
Leave Charlotte at 6:00 A. M.
Arrive in Wilmington at 6:00 A. M.

MIXED TRAINS.
Leave Charlotte at 8:00 A. M.
Arrive at Buffalo at 12:12 M.
Leave Buffalo at 12:30 P. M.
Arrive in Charlotte at 4:30 P. M.
No Trains on Sunday except one freight train that leaves Wilmington at 6 P. M., instead of on Saturday night.

Connections.
Connects at Wilmington with Wilmington & Weldon, and Wilmington, Columbia & Augusta Railroads, Semi-weekly New York and Tri-weekly Baltimore and weekly Philadelphia Steamers, and the River Route to Fayetteville.

Connects at Charlotte with the Western Division, North Carolina Railroad, Charlotte & Statesville Railroad, Charlotte & Atlanta Air Line, and Charlotte, Columbia & Augusta Railroad.

Thus supplying the whole West, Northwest and South with a short and cheap line to the Seaboard and Europe.
S. H. FREMONT,
Chief Engineer and Superintendent
May 6, 1875.—11.



RATHBONE'S ACORN COOK.

With or without Portable Hot Water Reservoir and Chimney.
Don't buy an old-fashioned stove, but get one with all latest improvements.
Largest Oven and Flues. Longest Fire Box for long wood.
Ventilated, Oven, Fire Back and Fire Box Bottom—insures a Quick, Sweet and Even Bake and Roast.
Swing floor in and Ash C. Box. Won't soil floor or carpet.
Durable Double and Dracel Centers and Ring Corners.
Burns but little wood. 11 1/2 Mica or Solid Iron Frame.
Carefully Fitted Smooth Castings. No Old Scrap Iron.
Nickel Plated Trimmings. Tin Lined Oven Doors.
Ground and Silver-Like Polished Edges and Mouldings.
Heavy. Best New Iron. Won't crack.
WARRANTED SATISFACTORY.
Manufactured by
RATHBONE, SARD & CO., Albany, N. Y.
Sold by an Extensive Dealer in every Town.
L. V. BROWN,
Salisbury, N. C. Nov. 11, 1875.—6000.

E. H. MARSH'S MACHINE WORKS.

Corner of FULTON & COUSINS STREETS, Salisbury, N. C.

Having all my new Machinery in operation, I am now prepared in connection with the Iron & Brass works to do all kinds of wood work, such as Lumber Dressing, Tongue & Grooving, Making Sash, Blinds & Doors, making moulding from 1 inch to 6 inches wide, also Turning & Pattern making, Sawing Brackets, &c. Having the best Machinery and first class workmen, satisfaction is guaranteed.
July 29, 1875.—1y.

OMNIBUS & BAGGAGE WAGON ACCOMMODATIONS.

I have fitted up an Omnibus and Baggage Wagon which are always ready to convey persons to or from the depot, and from private residences, &c. Leave orders at Mansion House or at my Livestock & Sale Stable, Fisher Street near Railroad bridge.
M. A. BRINGLE
Aug. 19.—11.

Chesapeake and Ohio R.R.

