

An Address to the Boys, Patriots, and Sewing-Machine Agents of My Native Land.

Breath there a Yank so mean, so small, Who never says, "Waal, neow, by gah, I reckon, since old Adam's fall, There's never grown out of this 'ere ball A nation as self-fired tall As we Centennial Yankees!"

FELLOW-CITIZENS: It is with concentrated feelings of national pride as Americans that we stand, here to-day, upon our own feet, watching the car of American progress as it goes rattling around the three hundred and sixty-five mile track for the hundredth time. It is the same old car whose wheels were lubricated a century ago with the blood of our patriot primogenitors; but which are greased in these latter days with a lubricator made from the odoriferous spunk of oil furnished us by political polecats. This is owing to a scarcity of patriots, primogenitors and blood.

Looking at the upturned faces of my intelligent audience I see, branded as it were upon the burglar-proof cheeks of this overdone assemblage, these two inscriptions—love of country and love of money. And, if I dig deep down into the summer followed soil of your agricultural hearts, I shall find these two loves so firmly rooted that nothing but death can ever eradicate them.

From the first root, love of country, has sprung our republican form of self-government, growing up into a shapely tree, upon each limb of which an office-holder sits perched, gorging himself with golden fruit and shaking down leaves to his constituents. The umbrageous foliage of this thrifty tree makes it a favorite hiding place for unclean birds of prey, and all manner of filthy fowls that come squeaking from the political baryards of our fruiting land.

From the other root, love of money, there springs a tree whose fruit is a balm in Gilead to the lacerated credit—a fruit that brings mirth, jewelry, concert tickets, blizz, silk dresses, and plenty of poor relations. A man with a pocket full of this fruit can say with the poet, or without the poet for that matter:

To owe is human, To pay up divine.

The wonderful growth of this glorious country, to which we sometimes allude, is patent to every single son, every married daughter, as well as to every pair of twins, within sound of my harp-tongue voice. I say it is patent, for history records the taking out of letters patent in 1776. An event which is poetically expressed, or rather, embalmed, and all ready to be expressed, C. O. D., to the Centennial, in the following chased lines:

A hundred years ago, you know, Our country's glorious story As Liberty's Knight went out to fight Great Britain's big Goliath.

It would be well, or at least convalescent, for each of us to pause here in the portico of our Centennial superstructure, wipe our feet, on the doormat of Time, and ask our neighbor, or if he is away from home, ask his wife, three important questions: From whence as a nation did we come? Whether as a people have we wandered? Where in thunder are we going?

Get up, fellow-citizen, and go back to the dawn of our country's history; back as early as four o'clock in the morning, and while the first auroral glimpses of the sunlight of civilization are streaking across the eastern horizon, behold the intrepid Columbus discovering this continent in three vessels; some historians say in 1492; but, gentlemen, Columbus did it in three vessels. And, as Christopher stands there with his hand upon the front door of our western hemisphere, take a peep inside at the country which for untold ages has been revolving around on its own axis independent of the white man. You see before you a bounding wilderness, howling to shake hands with civilization. You see bounding islands bounding over the boundless oceans. You see a race of untutored Lo's building camp fires all over Martha's Vineyard. You see a goodly portion of the earth's surface in the possession of a people living without the simplest comforts of civilization. Not a penitentiary, not a bond and mortgage, not a barrel of whiskey, not an assessor, not a politician from the suburbs of San Francisco to the suburbs of Boston. A simple people worshipping the Great Spirit, helping one another, and living on game. By game I do not mean serpen-

pp of raw poker. Contrast this picture of the past with a photograph of the present. To-day our country, instead of an unbroken forest, is made up of land, water and taxes—Most of the land is mortgaged, most of the water is wet, and most of the taxes are exorbitant. Underneath this heavily mortgaged land is stored our treasures of gold, silver, platinum, opium salts, and worms for fishing. The surface is monopolized by the grunting old grangers, who raise grain. This grain is illicitly distilled into whiskey, and the whiskey is mixed with water and used for caffeine and rheumatism. Thus you see how beautiful the land and water wash each other's hands. Show me another country on this green earth where exists a more perfect system of domestic economy.

Oh, my countrymen! Oh, my fellow-citizens! I tell you with candor in my words, with sincerity in my heart, and with the sealings of my emotion, I tell you that, as a nation, as a people, as a country, we are perfectly overwhelmed in our preponderant immensity. And now, despite our political simoons which seem to be sweeping every honest man from the face of our American earth, despite, just now, the scarcity of presidential aspirants waiting to quench their thirst with the crooked whiskey which is drank from the golden vessels Belshazzared in the temple at Washington, despite all this, let us American citizens take the sword of Banker Hill from the gathens, and with uplifted hands swear that we will henceforth make honest men of our representatives, or make representatives of our honest men.

THE END. —N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

MOTHERS OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

John Randolph, of Roanoke, was deeply attached to his mother, and her death had a melancholy and striking effect upon him afterwards. She was thirty-six years old when she died. Out of the bloom of youth and beauty, he always retained a vivid remembrance of her person, her charms, and her virtues. He always kept her portrait hanging before him in his chamber. The loss to him was irreparable. She knew him—she knew the delicacy of his heart, the waywardness and irritability of his temper. "I am a fatalist," said he, "I am all but friendless—only one human being ever knew me. She only knew me—my mother." He always spoke of her in terms of the warmest affection. Many and many a time during his life did he visit the old churchyard at Matoax, in its wasted solitude, and shed tears over the grave of his mother, by whose side it was the last wish of his heart to be buried.

Henry Clay, that great man, the pride and honor of his country, always expressed feelings of profound affection and veneration for his mother. Habitual correspondence and enduring affection subsisted between them to the last hour of life. Mr. Clay ever spoke of her as a model of maternal character and female excellence, and it is said that he never met his constituents in Woodland county, after her death, without some allusion to her, which deeply affected both him and his audience. And nearly the last words uttered by this great statesman, when he came to die, were, "Mother, mother, mother." It is natural for us to feel that she must have been a good mother, that was loved and so dutifully served by such a boy, and that neither could have been wanting in rare virtues.

Benjamin Franklin was accustomed to refer to his mother in the tenderest tone of filial affection. His respect and affection for her were maintained among other ways, in frequent presents, that contributed to her comfort and solace in her advancing years. In one of his letters to her, for example, he sends her a *moidore*, a gold piece of the value of six dollars, "the choice hire," said he, "that you may ride warm to meetings during the winter." In another, he gives her an account of the growth and improvement of his son and daughter—topics which, as he well understood, are ever as dear to the grandmother as to the mother.

Thomas Gray, author of "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," was most assiduous in his attentions to his mother while she lived, and, after her death, he cherished her memory with sacred sorrow. Mr. Mason informs us that Gray seldom mentioned his mother without a sigh. The inscription which he placed over her tomb speaks of her as "the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her." How touching is this brief tribute of grateful love! Volumes of eulogy could not increase our admiration of the gentle being to whom it was paid—her patient devotion, her meek endurance.—Wherever the name and genius of Gray are known, there shall also his mother's virtues be told for a memorial of her. He was buried, according to his directions, by the side of his mother, in the churchyard at Sturke. After his death, her gown and wearing apparel were found in a trunk in his apartment, just as he had left them. It seemed as if he could never take the resolution to open it, in order to distribute them to his female relations, to whom, by his will he bequeathed them.

Amos Lawrence always spoke of his mother in the strongest terms of veneration and love, and in many letters to his children and grandchildren are found messages of affectionate regard for his mother, such as could have emanated only from a heart overflowing with filial gratitude. Her form, bending over his bed in silent prayer, at the hour of twilight, when she was about leaving him for the night, was among the earliest and most cherished recollections of his early years and his childhood's home.

Sergeant P. Prentiss. From his mother Mr. Prentiss inherited those more gentle qualities that ever characterized his life—qualities that shed over his eloquence such bewitching sweetness, and gave to social intercourse such an indescribable charm. A remarkably characteristic anecdote illustrates his filial affection. When on a visit, some years ago, to the North, but after his reputation had become widespread, a distinguished lady, of Portland, Me., took pains to obtain an introduction, by visiting the steamboat in which she learned he was to take his departure in a few moments. "I have wished to see," said she to Mr. Prentiss, "for my heart has often congratulated the mother who has such a son." "Rather congratulate the son on having such a mother," was his instant and hearty reply.—This is but one of the many instances in which the most distinguished men of all ages have been proud to refer to the early culture of intellect, the promptings of virtue, or the aspiration of piety, and to the influence of the mother's early training.

Francis Marion. General Marion was once a plodding young farmer, and in no way distinguished as superior to the young men of the neighborhood in which he lived, except for his devoted love and marked respect for his excellent mother, and exemplary honor and truthfulness. In these qualities he was eminent from early childhood, and they marked his character through life. We may remark, in this connection, that it is usual to affect some degree of astonishment when we read of men whose after fame presents a striking contrast to the humility of their origin; yet we must recollect that it is not ancestry and splendid descent, but education and circumstances, which form the man. It is often a matter of surprise that distinguished men have such inferior children, and that a great name is seldom perpetuated. The secret of this is as often evident; the mothers have been inferior—mere pipers in the scale of existence. All the splendid advantages procured by wealth and the father's position, cannot supply this one deficiency in the mother, who gives character to the child.

Sam Houston's mother was an extraordinary woman. She was distinguished by a full, rather tall and matronly form, a fine carriage, and an impressive and dignified countenance.

She was gifted with intellectual and moral qualities, which elevated her, in a still more striking manner, above most of her sex. Her life was pure and benevolent, and yet she was nerved with a stern fortitude, which never gave way in the midst of the wild scenes of the frontier settlers. Mrs. Houston was left with the heavy burden of a numerous family. She had six sons and three daughters, but she was not the woman to succumb to misfortune, and she made ample provision for one in her circumstances, for their future care and education. To bring up a large family of children in a proper manner, is, under the most favorable circumstances, a great work; and in this case it rises into a nobility, for there is no finer instance, especially a mother, laboring for that end alone. The excellent woman, says Goethe, is she who, if her husband dies, can be a father to her children.

Few of the Stories That Will be Told Before the Canvass is Over.

[From the N. Y. Sun.] "What do you think of the ticket?" asked Mr. Magruder, in the boarding house, last night. "Tolerable," said Mr. Maguffin, tolerably. "Morning I saw a clerk behind the counter trying to stuff off a lot of fellows who wanted to get their invoices verified. I asked him what he thought of it, and he stopped work at once. "Think of it," he said. "It's a blazer. It will draw like a house fire." "Think Governor Hays will be a Reformer?"

"Reformer! I don't know anything about that, but just look at his war record. I was in a regiment that served under Hays at Shiloh. The Governor was a brandishin' his sword and urging the boys on, when along came a bullet and knocked off his right arm. He just shifted his sword to his left hand, had a tourniquet put on the stump of his right arm, then plunged into the fight again. Good ticket! I should say so."

"Over in the Appraiser's Office I found the enterprising young man that used to put the figures in Charley Lawrence's invoices. I asked him what he thought of the ticket?" "Think of it? It's a roarer." "Believe the Governor will pitch in for reform?" "I don't know what your eye is on; but will you just cast your eye on his war record? I was in a regiment that served under him at Antietam. The Governor was brandishin' his sword and shouting to the boys to get in, when along came a bullet and snaked off his left arm. He just shifted the sword over to his right hand, had a hasty tourniquet put on the stump of his left arm, and then bolted into the fight again. Draw! He'll draw like a blast furnace."

"Happening to be in at the Post-office I asked one of the boys who were 'rastlin' the mails how the ticket struck him." "I'll sweep the country!" "Do you suppose Hays will reform the Government?" "Hey! I didn't catch that;" and the young man put his hand up to his ear. I repeated the question. "Oh, yes, reform. Well, now, I really can't say whether he will be a Reformer or not; but will you just let your eyes rest on his war record for a moment? I was in a regiment that served under him at Gettysburg. The Governor was brandishin' his sword and hollerin' to the boys to let 'emselvs loose, when along came a bullet and carried away his right leg."

"The Governor stopped just long enough to have his leg cooped up, and then he droye into the battle again.—Good ticket! The country was crying for it." "Then I dropped in at one of the United States Court rooms, up stairs, and asked one of the officials what he thought of the ticket." "A boon to the country, sir; a sweet boon." "Think he'll root out the corruption that defiles the service?" "Just how much rooting he will do I am unable to state; but may I invite you to consider for a moment his war record? I was in a regiment that served under Hays in the Wilderness. The Governor was brandishin' his sword and calling on the boys to rush forward, when along came a bullet and lopped off his left leg. The Governor didn't even get off his horse. He just tide a waist belt around the leg and went ahead again. Will the people vote for him? My friend, they'll have to enlarge the ballot boxes."

"In a room across the hall I met a United States Marshal making out a bill for extra charges. I asked him about the ticket." "Magnificent!" he said, "magnificent!" "Think the Governor is likely to reform the Administration?" "Now, really, I hadn't give the reform question much consideration; but let me ask you to look at his war record. I was in a regiment that served under him at Cold Harbor. The Governor was brandishin' his sword and whoopin' the boys forward, when along came a shell and struck him square on the breast. It busted inside of him and tore him into fine bash. We raked him into a rubber blanket and were carrying him to the bivouac of the dead, but the Governor wouldn't have it. He jumped out of the blanket and sprang on his horse and went forward, brandishin' his sword.—Will he be elected? Just you wait and see!"

"Anatomically speaking, Mr. Magruder, the Governor is, or was, a man of parts; much so; but I don't believe they can get him together in time for election."

A purchaser of a riverside property asked the real estate agent if the river didn't sometimes overflow his banks. "Well," responded he, "it isn't one of those risky streams that are always confined to beds."

CULTIVATING CELERY.—When the plants are three inches high, make a small bed in the opening air, and work the ground fine and rich. Set the plants out for a temporary growth four inches apart, water lightly, and shade them, if the sun is hot, for a day or two. A bed ten feet long and four feet wide will hold three hundred and sixty plants, and if well cultivated will supply a family with this luxury. The plants can remain in this bed till the first or middle of July, when they can be removed to trenches a foot or foot and a half deep, and five feet apart, laying the earth on one side. At the bottom of the trench, use some old well rotted compost. It won't do to use coarse manure; it will make it grow too rank and hollow, and it won't keep well. Set the plants in these trenches carefully, six or eight inches apart. The plants will soon begin to grow, then hoe on each side and begin to "blanch" up, a little at a time, taking care to keep the stalks upright and close together, so that the earth will not get into the "heart" of the plants. That spoils them. One horse in one year will produce enough manure, which with the aid of our chemicals making it a concentrated manure, to grow twenty acres of land, or two hundred acres of garden. These chemicals should be bought in August and September for wheat crop, and from December to March for cotton and corn, as it requires from thirty to sixty days to make the compost perfect. Read the following certificates from the best farmers in the country:

BEST FOOD FOR SWINE.

What would be the best food for swine in summer would not answer the same purpose in winter. In summer, such food should be given as would keep the animal in an improving condition, and would cause it to lay on a little fat, but not so much as to cause it to suffer from heat, as a fat porker undoubtedly does. Cooling foods, such as plenty of young clover and bran and middling slop is what we use much of, not forgetting to give regular and abundant supplies of fresh, cool water. In putting up swine for exhibition purposes, we have tried many different kinds of food for the fall exhibitions, but have found none so desirable as a slop made of corn and oats ground together, one-third of the former, by measure, two-thirds of the latter. One of the best ways to prepare it is to scald it at night and feed next morning, put on the mass only enough hot water to thoroughly moisten it and then cover up the barrel tight so it can steam well, and make the mass mel-low and nice by morning. If it is found undesirable to scald it, moisten the mass with water and then put in one or more pans of sour milk—thick milk or clabber—to cause it to sour by the time it is fed. We use both or either plan, and find them both good. As an ordinary summer feed, we have found this food to answer almost all purposes as experience has abundantly proved that breeding stock should not be very fat, only in a healthy, vigorous condition, to insure healthy, vigorous offspring. The refuse from the truck patches, such as tomatoes, cabbages, &c., come nicely into play for summer food, in connection with the above slop, as do apples—windfall—pears &c.—Sine and Poultry Journal.

MECKLENBURG COUNTY, 1876. J. W. HARRIS.—Dear Sir: I take pleasure in stating that I used your Empire Compost this past season by the side of other first-class fertilizers, and state that it beat all of them. Yours truly, A. J. HOOD.

UNION COUNTY, N. C., December, 1876. I used your two tons of Harris' Empire Compost, and am so well pleased with it that I consider the entire season worth \$100 to me, and I shall use a double quantity the next season. The cheapness of it, and the general utility, makes it indispensable to farmers. I never expect to use any other kind. A. HENBY.

BEAVER DAM, Union County, N. C., November, 1875. I certify that I have used Harris' Empire Compost, and find it as good as the Navassa under Cotton, at about one-fourth of the price. One ton goes over ten acres. T. L. DOSTER.

BEAVER DAM, Union County, N. C., 1876. I certify that I have used Harris' Empire Compost, and find that it paid me as well as any Guano I have ever used under Cotton. I have used Bahama, Navassa, Carolina, Zell's Am. Acid Phosphate, and had Harris' Empire Compost equal, if not superior to any on my lands. JAS. F. MARSH.

KING'S MOUNTAIN, N. C. Messrs. Wilson & Black—Gentlemen: We certify that we sold chemicals, bought of you last season, for making Harris' Empire Compost, and take pleasure in saying that they have given entire satisfaction to all that have used them, and all intend using large quantities of it this season. The cheapness of it makes it the most desirable Fertilizer sold. Yours, very truly, MAUNY BROS. & ROBERTS.

CABARRUS COUNTY, N. C., 1875. We, the undersigned, have used Harris' Empire Compost the past year, and take pleasure in saying that it is by far the best and cheapest Fertilizer that we know of. We intend to use more largely this season. F. A. ARCHIBALD, E. C. MORRISON, W. M. L. SAPP, JACOB BARRINGER, DR. D. W. FLOW.

CLEUNOUE, N. C., November 30, 1875. This is to certify that I have used five tons of Harris' Empire Compost this year, and find it giving me a better yield than any commercial Fertilizer I have used or noticed used, even at the cost of sixty dollars per ton, making an increase of about 100 per cent. on stable lands. I expect to buy more largely next year. F. A. ARCHIBALD.

PLEASANT VALLEY, Lancaster County, S. C., November, 1875. This is to certify that I have used Harris' Empire Compost and am very well pleased with it, as it not only prevents rust, but is as good as any of the high priced Gunnos, the cost per ton making it the cheapest Fertilizer sold. W. D. HAYATT.

GREENVILLE COUNTY, S. C., 1876. This is to certify that I used Harris' Empire Compost last year on my land for Wheat, and though I did not give it a fair trial, as I left out one of the ingredients, but must say that where it was used my wheat was never better, and where I did not use it I find that it is very inferior. I shall use six tons this Spring. I consider the formula invaluable to farmers. Yours respectfully, W. F. PENNINGTON.

GASTON, N. C., May, 1876. Messrs. Wilson & Black—Gentlemen: It gives me much pleasure to state that I used the Compost bought of you last Winter, and must say that I am highly pleased with it. I used it on an old brown sedge field that would produce nothing, and must say the result is astonishing. I consider it an invaluable compost, and just the thing needed to bring out our old worn-out lands. Yours, very respectfully, DR. J. F. SMYER.

MECKLENBURG CO., N. C., 1876. I take pleasure in stating to my brother farmers all over the country that I used, last year, Harris' Empire Compost, under both corn and cotton, and the result was astonishing to all my neighbors. The cost was only one fourth of what I had been paying for commercial fertilizers. LENS HOOK.

MECKLENBURG CO., N. C., 1876. This is to certify that I used Harris' Empire Compost last year side by side with several commercial fertilizers, and I find that the yield from Harris' Compost was one-fourth greater and the quality better than any. It makes the cotton mature better, and, in my judgment, it is preferable in every respect. The cost was one fourth the price of high priced gunnos, and it even will grow over two acres of land. Yours truly, D. C. ROBINSON.

These Chemicals are for sale by J. H. ENNIS, Salisbury, N. C. Agents wanted in the several towns to sell farm rights. J. H. ENNIS.

TO FARMERS. MAKE YOUR OWN FERTILIZER. USE HARRIS' EMPIRE COMPOST Or Home-Made Fertilizer.

You can with these chemicals make your own Fertilizer at home, and thereby save the money paid for high-priced commercial manure. The cost is but one-fourth the price of commercial fertilizers. We will show by the following certificates, from parties who have used chemicals for the past three years, that the result is much greater and therefore more satisfactory. Four hundred pounds of this compost sown broadcast over one acre will produce you a double yield of wheat, and two hundred pounds per acre, under corn planted exactly three feet each way, will give fifty bushels of shelled corn to the acre on the poorest land. One horse in one year will produce enough manure, which with the aid of our chemicals making it a concentrated manure, to grow twenty acres of land, or two hundred acres of garden. These chemicals should be bought in August and September for wheat crop, and from December to March for cotton and corn, as it requires from thirty to sixty days to make the compost perfect. Read the following certificates from the best farmers in the country:

[Telegram from Charlotte.] CHARLOTTE, N. C., June 12, 1876.

To J. W. HARRIS. Farmers highly pleased. Will sell thousands of tons this season. WILSON & BLACK.

YORK COUNTY, S. C., December, 1876. Messrs. Wilson & Black—Gentlemen: We have sold and used Harris' Empire Compost in large quantities, and cheerfully say that it has given us greater satisfaction than any sold or used. We intend to use it the coming season. Yours truly, CARROLL & CAMPBELL.

MECKLENBURG COUNTY, 1876. J. W. HARRIS.—Dear Sir: I take pleasure in stating that I used your Empire Compost this past season by the side of other first-class fertilizers, and state that it beat all of them. Yours truly, A. J. HOOD.

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Piedmont Air Line Railway

Richmond & Danville, Richmond & Danville E. W. N. C. Division, and North Western N. C. R. W. CONDENSED TIME-TABLE In Effect on and after Sunday, June 4, 1876.

Table with columns: STATIONS, MAIL, EXPRESS. Rows include Leave Charlotte, Air-Line Junction, Salisbury, Greensboro, Danville, Dundee, Burkville, Arrive at Richmond.

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Table with columns: STATIONS, MAIL, EXPRESS. Rows include Leave Greensboro, Co. Shops, Arrive at Raleigh, Arrive at Goldsboro.

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Passenger Trains leaving Raleigh at 11.43 A. M., connect at Greensboro with the Southern bound train; making the quickest time to all Southern cities. Accommodation Train leaving Raleigh at 8.00 P. M., connects with Northern bound Train at Greensboro for Richmond and all points East. Price of Tickets same as via other routes.

Accommodation Train leaving Greensboro at 6.30 A. M., connects at Goldsboro with Northern and Southern bound Trains on the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad. Lynchburg Accommodation leave Richmond daily at 10.25 A. M., arrive at Burkville 1 1/4 P. M.; leave Burkville 5.20 A. M., arrive at Richmond 8.30 A. M.

Express Trains will only make the following stops between Richmond and Charlotte, viz.: Chula, Burkville, Clover, Wolf Trap, Kingwood, Dundee, Danville, Greensboro, Thomasville, Salisbury and China Grove. Tickets will therefore, in no case be sold to passengers by this train to other than the points mentioned above.

No Change of Cars Between Charlotte and Richmond, 282 Miles. Papers that have arrangements to advertise the schedule of this company will please print as above and forward copies to Genl. Passenger Agent.

For further information address JOHN B. MACMURDO, Genl. Passenger Agent, Richmond, Va.

Time Table Western N. C. R. R. Table with columns: STATIONS, MAIL, EXPRESS. Rows include Greensboro, Salisbury, Durham, Raleigh, Charlotte, and various intermediate stops.

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.

Table with columns: STATIONS, MAIL, EXPRESS. Rows include Leave Wilmington, Arrive at Charlotte, Leave Charlotte, Arrive in Wilmington.

Leave Wilmington at 6.00 P. M. Arrive at Charlotte at 6.00 P. M. Leave Charlotte at 6.0 P. M. Arrive in Wilmington at 6.00 A. M.

Leave Charlotte at 8.00 A. M. Arrive at Buffalo at 12.30 P. M. Leave Buffalo at 12.30 P. M. Arrive in Charlotte at 4.20 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 Boats to Fayetteville. Connects at Charlotte with its Western Division, North Carolina Railroad, Charlotte & Statesville Railroad, Charlotte & Atlanta Air Line, and Charlotte, Columbia & Augusta Railroad.

Thus applying the whole West, Northwest and South west with a short and cheap line to the Spaulding and Europe. S. L. FREMONT, Chief Engineer and Superintendent, May 6, 1875.—tf.

To the Working Class.—We can furnish you employment at what we make very large pay, in your own localities, without being away from home over night. Agents wanted in every town and county to take subscribers for The Centennial Record, the largest publication in the United States—16 pages, 64 columns, Elegantly Illustrated. Terms, only \$1 per year. The Record is devoted to children of interest connected with the Centennial year. The Great Exhibition at Philadelphia is fully illustrated in detail. Everybody wants it. The whole people feel great interest in their Country's Centennial Birthday, and want to know all about it. An elegant patriotic crayon drawing premium picture is presented free to each subscriber. It is entitled, "In remembrance of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Independence of the United States." Size, 23 by 30 inches. Any one can become a successful agent, for but show the paper and picture and hundreds of subscribers are easily obtained everywhere. There is no business that will pay like this at present. We have many agents who are making as high as \$20 per day and upwards. Now is the time; don't delay. Remember it costs nothing to give the business a trial. Send for our circular, terms, and sample copy of paper, which are sent free to all who apply; do it today. Complete outfit for agents, who are making so much for Farmers and mechanics, and their sons and daughters make the very best of agents. ADDRESS: THE CENTENNIAL RECORD, 35-ly. Portland, Maine.

E. H. MARSH'S MACHINE WORKS. Corner of FULTON & COUNCIL 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 1/2 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.—ly.

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, to and from parties, weddings, &c. Leave orders at Mansion House or at my Livery & Sale Stable, Fisher street near Railroad bridge. M. A. BRINGLE, Aug. 19.—lf.

Chesapeake and Ohio R R. THE GREAT CENTRAL ROUTE BETWEEN NORTH CAROLINA AND THE WEST. PASSENGER TRAINS RUN AS FOLLOWS. MAIL EXPRESS. Leave Richmond 8.45 a.m. 10 p.m. Charlotteville, 1.25 p.m. 3.15 a.m. White Sulphur, 8.50 a.m. 8.42 p.m. Huntington, 9.30 a.m. 5.6 p.m. Arrive Cincinnati, 6.00 a.m.

Connecting closely with all of the Great Trunk Lines for the West, North-West and South-West. This is the shortest, quickest and cheapest Route, with less changes of cars than any other, and passes through the finest scenery in the world. Passengers taking the Express train to the N. C. R. R. have no delay, but connect closely to any point in the West. First-class and Emigrant Tickets at the Lowest Rates and Baggage checked. Emigrants go on Express Trains. Time, Distance, and MONEY saved by taking the Chesapeake and Ohio Route. Freight Rates to and from the West, always as low as the lowest. Merchants and others will find it to their interest to get our Rates before shipping or ordering. For Information and Rates apply to J. C. DAME, Sr., Agent, or G. M. MAXWELL, Ticket Agent, Greensboro, N. C. C. R. HOWARD, General Ticket Agent, W. M. S. DUNN, Superintendent, Richmond, Va.

655 ACRES! Best Tract in the County. One of the best (if not the very best) tracts of land in the County is for sale. It contains 655 acres, and will be sold at \$2000. There is land enough adjoining this tract which may be purchased to accommodate a pretty large colony. Its within 2 miles of a railroad depot. For further particulars address box 22, Salisbury, N. C.

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