

Making both ends meet—Closest Economies.

How shall we make both ends meet? Is a serious question in many farmers' homes. It is easy to say, by economy, but it is not so easy to work it out. Our forefathers kept but one fire, around its cheerful blaze the family gathered. The back log in the ample fire-place warmed the room, which served for kitchen, sitting room, pantry, and with a recess in one corner, a bedroom for the old folks. Now two or more fires are considered as necessary. The kitchen stove must be kept going, and then in most farmers' families there is a "living room," a sort of combined dining and sitting room, which must be warmed. Stoves are required for both and perhaps coal must be purchased. Often where there is a wool lot, the kitchen fire is made from wood. It takes a hundredfold more capital to warm a farmer's home now than formerly. Well, what of it? We are trying to make both ends meet. The cost and repair of the stoves is a considerable item where there is a short income. Carefulness must be practiced to save expense. Make the stoves last as long as possible. Then we must cut our own wood and burn it where we can. In more than three fourths of the State of New York the farmer can buy his coal for less money than he could hire his wood cut and drawn to his house and made ready for the stove. To save money, he must do the work without hiring, and if possible, sell wood enough to pay for the coal, which has become such a necessity and luxury. Our forefathers lighted their dwellings with tallow dips, and later on the candle moulds were invented, and a set did for the neighborhood, the thrifty housewives taking turns in making up the candles, after the fat cow was killed and the tallow had been tried out. In very economical families, or where poverty haunted the fireside, the chimney blaze lighted the room, or a better light was had from pine knots. One of the ablest statesmen New York ever produced, Col. Samuel Young, educated himself by the aid of such a light. The brass candlesticks were ornaments of the parlor when not in use, and on public occasions they vied with the whale oil lamps as evidences of luxurious comforts. Our lighting, thanks to the bountiful earth and its resources, is the least of expenses, so we cannot cut down much on this, except we buy our oil by the barrel—then there may be a saving of eight or ten cents on a gallon, if we purchase the better kinds, and we should never get any others. The best are the safest. There will be some loss when we buy a barrel by evaporation and leakage, but it is a trifling and not equal to the bother and time spent in getting it by the little. Candles should not be entirely discarded, as they are best to carry about. Glass chimneys break easily, and where there is carelessness, are quite an item of expense. The maple trees used to furnish the most of the sweets, but now money has to do it, except with a few praiseworthy farmers, who are wrestling with the problem of sorghum at nonpaying odds, so far as an income is concerned. Our less nervous ancestors enjoyed a drink of hot pea or barley coffee, and suffered less than we do with sleepless nights and poor digestion. There was a saving as well as health in their drinks, and the boughen tea was by for visitors. How true it is, that comfort and happiness are wonderfully of the imagination. If I, as a farmer, could only think so, when my hunger is appeased with plain and welcome food, and I have a warm fire to sit by and a comfortable bed to sleep in, I am just as well off, and should be as happy as Wm. H. Vanderbilt or any other money king. Why not? If I imagine that a Wilton carpet is necessary for my happiness, and a lot of gaudy stuff all around me, which I cannot have, then I can be so far unhappy and a fool. Many are so, no doubt; but the vast majority of farmers do enjoy their simpler and less boisterous surroundings. We should be the happiest people in this world. When we make our wants less, we will have less trouble. An old New York merchant said to me not long ago: "How nice it must be to pick a ripe apple from your own tree. I wish I could." Contrast this longing with the thousand sunshine and green field pleasures we have, more than city folks, and let us be content and happy.—F. D. Curtis, in American Agriculturist.

Plowing Corn.

J. W. Vandiver in Asheville Citizen.

Our brawny armed farmers have very little to do with the government of the country, but a good deal to do with its support. Anything expediting their operations is a public benefit. Con being a leading crop for these hills, I want to give my fancy and experience about its cultivation. These lands are active enough to make better yields than farmers generally gather; and the failure is attributable first, to leaving the plants too thick on the ground, and second, to excessive plowing. Rows five feet wide, and one plant every two feet in the row is sufficiently crowded. The most successful corn raisers on the continent intersperse the plant still more. The soil should be well broken, pulverized and cleaned, like men

do for tobacco, before the corn is planted. Then one plowing with a very narrow plow is sufficient. Twelve days after the plowing a sharp toothed one horse harrow should be run through the rows, and twelve or fifteen days thereafter a light one horse cultivator run twice along each row concludes the plowing. Instead of "stirring roots," as some say ought to be done, the delicate rootlets whose important function it is to absorb the nutrient that develops the plant, should not be interrupted. The surface should be kept clean and periodically "stirred," so that a crust should not prevent the circulation to the roots of certain atmospheric properties. Many of the very best planters now in the cotton belt, furnish stock to their tenants until their fields are well plowed and planted, and then withdraw them and allow said tenants to complete the cultivation with the hoe.

I have seen men plowing corn for the fourth time in this country, when the plant was tasseling, and at the end of the row kick off his plow a bunch of white corn roots as large as a big year of corn. Now if that can be done without injury to the forthcoming yield of corn, nature varies in her general operations.

I once heard a wealthy farmer telling of his experience in hiring a boy. He said while working in his barn one morning, a boy of about fifteen years came to him enquiring for work. He was much in need of a boy, and he liked this one's appearance, but being an entire stranger he was much in doubt about hiring him. He said what he wanted to know most was, if the boy would be faithful in the little duties. The farmer showed the boy through his large commodious barn, leaving him to pass last through the doors. He stopped and carefully closed every door after him. Two or three tools that some one had carelessly left on the barn floor, the boy picked up and laid to one side. The farmer said that as unconscious as the boy was that he was doing anything in his favor, these little acts decided the question of doubt in his mind. The boy was hired. He proved to be a careful, faithful workman, which fact was so appreciated by his employer that he assisted the boy in obtaining an education, and remembered him substantially when he started in life.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES, WHEN GAS AND KEROSENE WERE NOT.—Uncle Davy was giving the boys some advice in their love-making affairs, and one of them asked him how the young people did when he was sparking. "There was the great times, boys," he said in reply. "We didn't have no gas nor kerosene. We done our sparkin' by a plain tallow dip; but most frequently just by the firelight. Firelight is warmin', boys, and flickers just enough to make a girl's eyes shine. It's mighty soft and purty, too, and kinder in a way none of your gas lights knows anything about. Sometimes the fire shined up a little too powerful in places, and the young man would git up without sayin' anything and put a shovelful of ashes on it. Then he would cuddle up to the girl in the shadows, and she would cuddle some, too, and it really didn't seem like there was anything else in the whole big round earth to be wished for. Party soon the fire would get obstreperous again, and the little flames would twinkle in and out, as if they wanted to see what was goin' on, or had seen and was laughin' and winkin' about it and havin' some fun, too, and the young fellow would reach for the shovel and the ashes and cover the bright blaz's all up. And sometimes—remember, now, only sometimes—the girl would get up and put ashes on and then—well, boys, when the bluebirds came in the spring, and the fishin' worms crawled out of the ground, and the boys set on the banks of the little creek waitin' for a bite, and the johnny-jump-up nestled in the sunny places, there was a weddin' in the old house, and when the winter come again they set by their own fire and the shovel and the ashes was out of a job."—Merchant Traveler.

Mrs. Thompson's Hair.

Society in Bayou Grand, Louisiana, was recently startled at the appearance of Mrs. Col. Thompson with short hair. Mrs. Thompson had long been leader of fashion, and her wealth of yellow hair was the admiration of all who saw it. What had induced her to cut her hair short and thus destroy one of her principal attractions was a mystery until she kindly gave the solution of it in strict confidence to seven of her most intimate friends.

It appears that on the night of the 21 of May, Col. and Mrs. Thompson were awakened by the persistent crying of one of the children in the nursery, which was on the next floor above. Mrs. Thompson, like a good mother, promptly arose and went to the nursery to see what was the matter; and finding that Jefferson Davis Lee Jackson Thompson, aged 3 years, was suffering from an excess of peanuts, she undertook to calm him with kindness and pueric.

Meantime Col. Thompson could not go to sleep again. The moon was shining into the room, and he finally decided that he must get up and shut the blinds. He remained in bed some five or six minutes to impress this decision upon his mind, and then, with a sigh, slowly arose. He had made but a single step when he trod upon something round and soft, and simultaneously felt a sharp prick on the side of his foot. He knew at once that he had been bitten by a moccasin, and was a dead man.

As soon as he was bitten the Colonel sprang half way across the room, seized a stick, and proceeded to attack the enemy. In the dim moonlight he saw the snake lying quietly near the bedpost, its dull yellow tint contrasting with the black oak of the bedstead. Half a dozen ferocious blows dispatched the intruder, which was then slung to the furthest corner of the room. This done the Colonel staggered to the bed and threw himself down.

He did not call his wife, for already he felt too faint to climb the stairs to the nursery. A clammy perspiration covered his brow. Sharp, stinging pains made themselves felt in his foot and lower leg, and a glaze seemed creeping over his foot and found that it was swelling rapidly. His heart was growing feebler in its action, and a deathly nausea nearly overpowered him. There is no remedy for the bite of the Bayou Grand moccasin, and Col. Thompson knew that he was dying, and that his wife on returning to the room would probably find him a corpse.

Presently Mrs. Thompson made her appearance with a litigated candle. Naturally she was filled with horror at the condition of her husband. To her frenzied inquiries he replied feebly that he had been bitten by a moccasin and was dying. The snake he managed to add, had been killed and was lying in the corner. To his unutterable amazement Mrs. Thompson went to the corner, picked up the dead snake, and, bringing it to the bedside, said in a solemn tone: "Thomas Jefferson Thompson, what have you been drinking? Any other fool would know that this is my back hair." She spoke the truth. Her back hair had dropped from a chair to the floor, and the Colonel, having trodden on it and having been slightly pricked by a hairpin, had mistaken it for a moccasin and destroyed its usefulness by beating it with a cane.

It is needless to say that Colonel Thompson instantly recovered from his alarming symptoms, but he did not attempt to sleep until he had made Mrs. Thompson promise that she would never again wear back hair unless the Colonel should be appointed Consul at an Irish port, where snakes are totally unknown.—N. Y. Times.

The amount of Water Trees Absorb.—Dr. J. M. Anders, in a geological survey report, gives the result of his inquiry as to the quantity of water pumped from the earth by trees. He finds that the average exhalation from soft, thin-leaved plants in clear weather amounts to about one and a quarter ounces Troy per day of twelve hours for every square foot of surface. Hence a moderate sized elm tree raises and throws off seven and three quarter tons of water per day. In the report the facts are applied to what is going on in America, where certain inland, fertile districts are becoming converted into deserts by wholesale clearings; and in other places, such as the plains of Colorado, where only five or six years of irrigation and planting have already produced a measurable increase of rainfall. It is maintained that the deserts Syria and Africa are the results of cutting down trees, and that original luxuriance may be restored by skillful planting.—Detroit Free Press.

Pay as you go, if you want to be prosperous and happy.

"If man wants to own the earth, what does woman want?" inquired Mr. Grab of his better half, after a family matinee a few days ago. "Well, my dear," responded that lady in a gentle, smothering tone, "to own the man, I suppose."

THE GREATEST ENEMY to children is worms. Shiner's Indian Vermifuge will save them from ruin if used according to the directions.

Terrific Earthquake in the Vale of Cashmere.

LONDON.—A dispatch from Serinagar, India, says that the city was visited by a frightful earthquake last Sunday. The shocks, which occurred at intervals of ten minutes, were of great violence. The greater part of the city was destroyed and the cavalry barracks is a mass of ruins. Fifty persons are known to have been killed, and hundreds of injured ones have already been taken from the general wreck. The total loss of life, or the number of maimed, must remain unknown for some days, as many of the inhabitants still lie buried in the ruins.

When the shocks were first felt, and people realized that they were being subjected to the awful possibilities of an earthquake, the wildest panic seized them. Everyone able to do so rushed from the tumbling houses and fled to the boats on the river and on the lakes, or sought the open country.

The terrified inhabitants are now encamped on the fields that surround the town. Serinagar is the centre of the Vale of Cashmere, and that whole territory has experienced terrible earthquake shocks. The damage caused throughout the valley is enormous. The loss in cattle alone is very great. The affrighted people seem to be utterly helpless, and succor is being sent them as rapidly as the Indian authorities can organize relief.

Many of the houses yet standing show large rents in the walls, and must be razed to the ground. The shocks have not ceased, and this fact greatly retards the work of rescuing the people pinned down in the debris, and it is feared many of these must perish before they can be reached by the relief parties.

AN AMERICAN VENICE.—A citizen of Jacksonville, Florida, has hit upon a wonderful idea, and he has done it, too, upon very slight provocation. The correspondent of one of the newspapers chanced to remark that traffic in Bay street, Jacksonville, was well nigh noiseless on account of the sand as are the picturesque waterways of Venice; and straightway it flashed into the quick and ingenious brain of a reader of this journal that it would be very easy for Jacksonville to have streets not only as quiet as those of Venice, but watery. The sand is easily digged; why not excavate the streets to a depth of a dozen feet, and let the river into these improved canals, thus establishing water ways through the city? the current would keep these streets clean, he argues, while the novelty of the plan of this improvisation Venice could not fail to draw to Jacksonville many of those winter travelers who are the delight of the enterprise of the place.

The suggestion seems to us a very happy one. There is no reason whatever that Europe should continue to exist in an old, worn out Venice when we are perfectly well able to have a brand new one any day we choose to take the trouble.

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Plthy Sayings of Rev. Sam. Jones.

Here are some of their pithy sayings of the Rev. Samuel Jones, of Georgia, who is conducting an extraordinary revival at Nashville, Tenn.: "What is culture worth if it's nothin' but whitewash on a rascal?" "I'd rather be in heaven learnin' my A. B. C.'s than in hell reading Greek." Some preachers are so elegant that they speak of hell as the 'burnt district,' but this sort of dignity is the stench of a shroud. "Heaven is on dead level with every good man, and every good man will be provided for in some way." "Will honest men starve? God will feed an honest man if he has to put the angels on half rations." "Be honest and pay your debts. There's too many men in the church boardin' with their wives." "Pull up your doubts by the roots and you'll find a seat at the bottom, and that seat sin." "A lie is always on the down grade, but the truth you have to hit an engine to."

The miserable Internal Revenue system (we still call it miserable if it is now in the hands of Democratic) should be abolished as iniquitous and unjust in every respect. The poor, destitute women and children of the country pay the tax on whiskey and tobacco, because their poor husbands and fathers use those articles extensively. It was very unfortunate for the Democratic party that the odious and unjust tax was not abolished before the Government went into Democratic hands. The Democrats of North Carolina, in State Convention, have frequently denounced the internal revenue tax and the whole iniquitous system, and they must continue to denounce it, no matter who fills the revenue offices. Every Democratic stump speaker, last year, denounced the odious tax and corrupting system, and if they now refuse to denounce it, because Democrats hold the offices, they are unworthy of trust, and inconsistent from selfish motives.—Home Democrat.

In Michigan they assess a dog \$1 for being a dog. In Tennessee they assess a man 50 cents to become a doctor. It costs half a dollar more to be a dog in Michigan than a doctor in Tennessee. Don't be a dog.—Battle Creek (Mich.) Moon.

MOTHERS DO NOT let your children be destroyed by worms. Do your duty, for you are responsible. No child will die from worms if Shiner's Indian Vermifuge is used in time.

NOTICE!

GO to Mrs. James M. Farron's, to get Gentlemen and Ladies' clothing made. Satisfaction guaranteed. Will also keep Boarding house. Residence southeast end of Innis Street. Salisbury, N. C., June 2d 1885. 33:p.t.

Take Notice! I have opened an office on Innis street, in rear of J. D. Gaskill's, and will take orders for repairing any furniture, Dishes, etc. Patent medicine store in the United States. Painting and mending all work done in the neatest style. No matter how badly your stove is broken or worn, I can make it good as new. Work done in your house. Done & Don't worry about that stove but send me for me to have it fixed at once. JOHN A. MURPHY. Salisbury, June 4th, 1885. 33:m.

Administrator's Notice!

I having qualified as Administrator of the estate of C. J. Miller deceased, I hereby give notice to all persons who have claims against the estate of said C. J. Miller to present the same to me properly authenticated within one year from this date, or this notice will be placed in the bar of the estate of said C. J. Miller, are requested to make immediate payment to me.

S. H. WILEY, Adm'r. of C. J. Miller dec'd. Salisbury, N. C. June 1st, '85. 33:ft.

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"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility, \$1.

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If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

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Cures Piles or Hemorrhoids, Itching, Protruding, Bleeding, Internal or other. Internal and external remedy in each package. Sure cure, 50c. Druggists.

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