

# The Carolina Watchman.

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SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1887.

NO 14

## Cats Are Now the Rage.

In the fashionable and domestic circle cats are supplanting the dogs that have been pets so long. Cats of fine breed and beauty of appearance are now in demand. Angora pussies of aristocratic mien and very nice tortoiseshell tabbies are bringing fancy prices. The objection made against feline pets by the beau monde for so long a time—that they cannot be taken out and displayed on the promenade—has no longer any weight, for it does not appear to be the proper paper to appear in public accompanied by any pet animal. The sight of grand dames dragging their pugs and greyhounds by ribbon harness into the dry goods stores, and of pretty women hugging shaggy poodles and upholstered carriages, is as rare today as it was once common. The little brass circlet with its myriads of silver bells that formerly shone resplendent on Bijou, the pet pug's neck, now encircles the soft velvety throat of Beauty, the pet feline of the house; and the soft, downy cushion where-on Bijou formerly reclined and took his matutinal nap has a new owner and occupant in the purring, mewling Beauty.

## Poem.

The day is done, and the darkness,  
Falls on the wings of Night,  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in his flight.  
I see the light of a village  
Glimmer through the rain and the mist,  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me  
That my soul cannot resist—  
A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles rain.  
Come, read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
And banish the thoughts of day.  
Not from the grand old masters,  
Not from the bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of Time;  
For like strains of martial music,  
Their mighty thoughts suggest  
Life's endless toil and endeavor;  
And to-night I long for rest.  
Read from some humbler poet,  
Whose songs gushed from his heart  
As showers from the clouds of summer,  
Or tears from the eyelids start;  
Who, through long days of labor,  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.  
Such songs have the power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer.  
Then read from the treasured volume  
The poem of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice.  
And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares that infest the day  
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.  
Longfellow—The Waver.

## AN ELOQUENT SPEECH.

EDITOR GRADY ON "THE NEW SOUTH."

*The First Southerner at the Dinner of the New England Society Thru His Heavens and Carries Off the Honors—What He Said.*

The speech of Henry Grady, of the *Atlanta Constitution*, delivered at the dinner of the New England Society in New York is pronounced to be in many respects the greatest address of the year. He said:

"MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: Let me express to you my appreciation of the kindness by which I am permitted to address you. I make this abrupt acknowledgment advisedly, for I felt that if, when I raised my provincial voice in this ancient and august presence, I could find courage for no more than the opening sentence, it would be well, if, in that sentence, I had met in a rough sense my obligation as a guest and had perished, so to speak, with courtesy on my lips and grace in my heart. [Laughter.] Permit me through your kindness to catch my second wind, let me say that I appreciate the significance of being the first Southerner to speak at this board, which bears the substance, if it surpasses the semblance, of original New England hospitality—[applause]—and honors a sentiment that in turn honors you, but in which my personality is lost, and the compliment to people made plain. [Laughter.] I bespeak the utmost stretch of your courtesy to-night.

"I beg that you will bring your full faith in American fairness and frankness to a judgment upon what I shall say. There was an old preacher once who told some boys of the Bible lesson he was to read in the morning. The boys, finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. [Laughter.] The next morning he read on the bottom of one page; when Noah was 120 years old he took unto himself a wife, who was—then turning the page—140 cubits long [laughter], forty cubits wide, built of gopher wood [laughter], and covered with pitch inside and out. [Long and continued laughter.] He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it, and then said: 'My friends, this is the first time I ever met with this in the Bible, but I accept it as evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made. [Immense laughter.] If I could get you to hold such faith tonight I could proceed cheerfully to the task I otherwise approach with a sense of consecration.

PURITAN AND CAVALIER HERE TOGETHER. "Pardon me one word, Mr. President, spoken for the purpose of getting into the volumes that go out annually freighted with the rich eloquence of your speakers—the fact the Cavalier, as well as the Puritan, was on this continent in its early days, and that he was 'up and able to be about.' [Laughter.] I have read your books carefully and I find no mention of that fact, which seems to me important for preserving a sort of historical equilibrium.

"With the Cavalier once established as a fact in your charming little book, we shall let him work out his own salvation, as he has always done with engaging gallantry, and we will hold no controversy as to his merits. Why should we? Neither Puritan nor Cavalier long survived as such. The virtues and traditions of both happily still live for the inspiration of their sons and the saving of the old fashion. [Applause.] But both Puritan and Cavalier were lost in the storm of their first revolution, and the American citizen, supplanting both, and stronger than either, took possession of the Republic bought by their common blood and fashioned in wisdom, and charged himself with teaching men free government and establishing the voice of the people as

the voice of God. [Applause.] Great types like valuable plants, are slow to flower and fruit. But from the union of these colonists, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace of this Republic—Abraham Lincoln. [Loud and long continued applause.] He was the sum of Puritan and Cavalier, for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both, and in the depth of his great soul the faults of both were lost. [Renewed applause.] He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was American—[renewed applause]—and that in his homely form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of this ideal government—charging it with such tremendous meaning, and so elevating it above human suffering that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated from its cradle to human liberty. [Loud and prolonged cheering.] Let us, each cherishing his traditions and honoring his fathers, build with reverent hands to the type of this simple but sublime life, in which all types are honored, and in the common glory we shall win as Americans, there will be plenty and to spare for your forefathers and for mine. [Renewed cheering.]

## WHAT THE NEW SOUTH MEANS.

"In speaking to the toast with which you have honored me, I attribute the term, 'The New South,' as in no sense disparaging to the Old. Dear to me, sir, is the home of my childhood and the traditions of my people. There is a New South, not through protest against the Old, but because of new conditions, new adjustments and, if you please, new ideas and aspirations. It is to this that I address myself. I ask you gentlemen, to picture, if you can, the footsore soldier, who, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was taken, testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, and pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find—let me ask you, who went to your homes eager to find all the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for your four years' sacrifice—what does he find when he reaches the home he left four years before? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves freed, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away, his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions gone. Without money, credit, employment, material or training, and besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

"What does he do—this hero in gray with a heart of gold—does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had scourged him in his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. Ayrin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June; women reared in luxury cut up their dresses and made breeches for their husbands, and with a patience and heroism that fits woman always as a garment, gave their hands to work. There was little bitterness in all this. Cheerfulness and frankness prevailed. 'Bill Am' struck the keynote when he said: 'Well, I killed as many of them as they did of me, and now I am going to work'—[laughter and applause]—or the soldier, returning home after defeat and roasting some corn on the roadside, who made the remark to his comrades: 'You may leave the South if you want to, but I am going to Sanderville, kiss my wife and raise a crop, and if the Yankee fool with me any more, I will whip 'em again.' [Renewed laughter.] THINGS THAT HAVE BEEN ACCOMPLISHED.

"But what is the sum of our work? We have found out that in the general summing up the free negro counts more than he did as a slave. We have planted the school-house on the hill-top and made it free to white and black. We have sown towns and cities in place of theories, and put business above politics. [Applause.] We have challenged your spinners in Massachusetts and your iron makers in Pennsylvania. We have learned that the \$100,000,000 annually received from our cotton crop will make us rich when the supplies that make it are home raised. We have reduced the commercial rate of interest from 24 to 6 per cent., and are floating 4 per cent. bonds. We have learned that one Northern emigrant is worth fifty foreigners, and have smoothed the path to the southward, wiped out the place where Mason and Dixon's line used to

be, and hung our latch-string out to you and yours. [Prolonged applause.] We have reached the point that marks perfect harmony in every household, when the husband confesses that the pies which his own wife cooks are as good as those his mother used to bake; and we mind that the sun shines as brightly and the moon softly as it did before the war. [Laughter.] We have established thrift in city and country. We have fallen in love with work. We have restored comfort to homes

[Continued on Second Page.]

## String 'em Up.

SENATOR VANCE AND THE ADMINISTRATION.

From Goldsboro Messenger.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 16.—The North Carolina delegation, except Senator Ransom, called upon the President late Friday afternoon. Their purpose was to present to him the request of a large number of citizens that certain officials of the Internal Revenue service in North Carolina should not be retained. They protest against the present management as entailing, if possible, greater hardship, amounting to perjury, than that under the former Republican regime, and bringing discredit and injury to the Democratic party. Senator Vance acted as the spokesman, and presented the memorials in behalf of the people. His remarks were well-timed and in his hands most careful consideration. Whatever wrongs had been or were being brought upon the people of North Carolina through any agency of the United States should be remedied, so far as his power extended. He further stated that he was always glad to hear from the people, and to know their wishes, which could be done by direct communication with the people or through their representatives. Ex-Congressman Armfield accompanied the delegation.

It is understood here that the relations between Senator Vance and the Administration have become personally pleasant. For a long while the Senator was not in what might be called good terms with the President. I have reason to think that a distinguished Representative, or friend of both, arranged the rapprochement.

Charles Lemar, the new candidate for register of deeds if Matthews is finally refused, is another colored man. He owns several blocks of buildings and is proprietor of a negro paper here. He is also a real estate agent.

## The Taring Feat of a Young Confederate Soldier.

From Philadelphia Times.

If the accounts were written of the many acts of daring and devotion done by privates and men of humble rank on both sides during the war between the States "I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books." Not the least distinguished of these unnoted heroes was the subject of this sketch, to whose bravery the safety of Richmond was perhaps in great measure due at the time Gen. Butler attempted the capture of that city in May, 1864.

Flax Wood, of Yadkin county, N. C., enlisted as a private in the Confederate army before he was fifteen years of age. At the first battle of Manassas, or Bull Run, he was wounded, and in 1863 he was transferred from Wharton's N. C. battalion to serve as courier to Brigadier General Hoke. The staff officers of Gen. Hoke, finding that Wood had had no advantages of education and that he was very desirous to improve himself, taught him to read and write, and a bright pupil he proved himself to be. In 1864, when Hoke was promoted to major-general, Wood was made division scout, a position for which he had proved that he was well fitted, though he was then only eighteen years old. Sometimes, however, he made the very unusual error in judgment of capturing to many prisoners. Many were his successful forays upon the Federal outposts, and on one occasion, when single-handed he had compelled the surrender of nine men and brought them safely into camp, he had to be told that information and not prisoners was what he had been sent for, and that however desirable the latter might be the former was of more importance.

In May, 1864, when Gen. Butler landed at Bermuda Hundreds with two army corps, the Confederate forces at first in his front were entirely insufficient to resist successfully his march upon Richmond. He advanced to the neighborhood of Drury's Bluff and going into position extended his left until it seemed inevitable that he would envelop the right of the Confederate position and get possession of the road to Richmond. This movement it was essential to check. But how? The troops then at hand were not equal to the task, and to get reinforcements time was necessary. The question was how to get this precious time. Gen. Hoke, who commanded on the Confederate right, determined to attempt its solution by a ruse as bold as unusual. Night was not far off and it was felt that if Butler's further movement could be delayed until darkness fell all would be well. Calling up Wood Gen. Hoke explained to him the position fully and asked him if he were willing to give his life, if need be, to save Richmond. Without hesitation the boy—who he

was hardly more—replied that he was. He was then dressed in the uniform of a Federal cavalryman and ordered first to get in some way into the rear of the Federal position and then to ride boldly, as if coming from the river, to Gen. Butler's headquarters and report to him that the Confederates were landing in heavy force on the James river on his right and rear. This done, he was to ride away, rapidly, as if returning to his post, without waiting to be questioned closely. Wood, having thorough knowledge of the country, rode off on his perilous errand. After he had been gone for what seemed a very long time it was observed that the threatening movement of the Federals ceased, and it was evident that there was some change being made in their disposition. Shortly thereafter, to the surprise of every one, no one expecting ever to see him again, Wood rode up safe and sound, and saluting General Hoke, reported that he had carried out his instructions to the letter. Meanwhile night had come on. Before next morning the Confederate reinforcements came up, and the result of the subsequent battle of Drury's Bluff and the "bottling up" of Butler at Bermuda Hundreds, are well known.

Most of the few persons who were aware of what Wood had attempted could not believe that it was possible for him to have done as he said and to escape unharmed. But shortly after the close of the war Gen. Hoke met Col. Michie, of Butler's staff, and asked if Wood had reported to them as related. Col. Michie replied that a cavalryman did ride up to their headquarters and made the report stated, and that though he was somewhat suspected of being a Confederate spy he was not detained; that the movement to their (Federal) left was arrested until the report could be investigated, and that when it was ascertained to be false it was too late to resume the move that night.

For this and other acts of gallantry Wood was made a commissioned officer by President Davis, under authority of a law providing expressly for such cases. But the brave fellow did not outlive the struggle in which he had borne himself so well. He came to his death near the end of the war through treachery, and he met it with the same fearlessness that had characterized his previous career. After the evacuation of Wilmington in February, 1865, the Confederate forces lay for a short time on the north of that city. While they were there Wood was sent down the right bank of the main river to obtain information.

Scouting around in the neighborhood of Wilmington, in Brunswick county, he met a citizen who invited him to his house and emphasized the invitation by adding: "some of your friends are there." Wood, suspecting nothing, went with the man, and when he entered the house found himself confronted by a Federal lieutenant and a squad of soldiers, who demanded his immediate surrender. For reply he shot dead the traitor who had betrayed him and endeavored to escape. He was shot down, but not, it was said, until he had killed or disabled several of his assailants. A sad and untimely end for one so young and brave. Modest and unassuming as he was brave, no one would have suspected this quiet, retiring and rather diffident youth of being the hero he was. GRIFATH DAVES, New Berne, N. C.

The blood-cleansing qualities of Ayer's Sarsaparilla render it invaluable in all skin disorders.

A Double Murder in Arkansas. Little Rock, Jan. 29.—Particulars of a thrilling double murder, near Murfreesboro, Ark., reached here yesterday. Arthur Miller and Miles A. Wallace, while returning to their homes in the country, were attacked from ambush. The assassins numbered three persons, and were armed with rifles. Wallace and Miller attempted to defend themselves, but without effect. Miller was shot three times, and fell to the ground, dying almost instantly. Wallace escaped, but is believed to be mortally wounded. The assassins were un injured. Miller had lived in the county many years, and was unpopular, having shot a number of men with whom he had personal encounters.

**INFORMATION**  
MANY PERSONS  
at this season  
suffer from  
either  
**VOLINA CORDIAL**  
Headache,  
Neuralgia,  
Rheumatism,  
Pains in the  
Limbs, Back and  
Sides, Bad Blood,  
Indigestion, Dyspepsia,  
Malaria, Constipation & Kidney Troubles.

—VOLINA CORDIAL CURES RHEUMATISM,  
Bad Blood and Kidney Troubles, by cleansing the  
blood of all its impurities, strengthening all parts  
of the body.

—VOLINA CORDIAL CURES SICK-HEADACHE,  
Neuralgia, Pains in the Limbs, Back and Sides, by  
toning the nerves and strengthening the muscles.

—VOLINA CORDIAL CURES DYSPEPSIA,  
Indigestion and Constipation, by aiding the secretion  
of the Food through the proper action of the  
stomach; it creates a healthy appetite.

—VOLINA CORDIAL CURES NERVOUSNESS,  
Depression of spirits and Weakness, by en-  
riching and toning the system.

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and Tired Women, Faint and Sickly Children.  
It is delightful and nutritious as a general Tonic.

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and useful Book, telling how to CURE  
DYSPEPSIA, HOW TO LIVE in a pleasant, natural way.  
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## About Wills.

Some amusing instances of peculiarities in testators are gathered in an interesting little volume on the "Curiosities and Law of Wills," by John Poffatt, counsellor-at-law. Doctors' Common, the depository for English wills, contains many remarkable testaments. Mr. Zimmerman, who died in England as late as 1840, directs in his will that no person shall attend his corpse to the grave and no funeral bell shall be rung, adding the startling threat: "If this be done I will come again—that is to say if I can,"—a very safe and reassuring proviso. One happily married Englishman who died in London in 1791, leaves his wife Elizabeth "the sum of one shilling, to be paid to her six months after my decease." In his will he says of the aforesaid Elizabeth that "Heaven seems to have sent her into the world solely to drive me out of it," and that "the strength of Sampson, the genius of Homer, the prudence of Augustus, the skill of Pyrrhus, the Patience of Job, the Philosophy of Socrates, the subtlety of Hannibal and the vigilance of Hermogenes would not suffice to subdue the perversity of her character."

Instances are "plentiful as blackberries" in which testators prohibit their wives from marrying again. Mr. Granville Harcourt, whose will was proved in 1862, is an exception. In it he says: "The unspeakable interests with which I constantly regard Lady Waldegrave's future fate induces me to advise her earnestly to let her again with some one who may deserve to enjoy the blessings of her society, during the many years of her possible survival after my life." Mrs. Van Harriagh, whose will was proved in 1863, was equally disinterested. She says: "It is my earnest wish that my darling husband should marry ere long a nice, pretty girl who is a good housewife, and above all to be careful that she is of a good temper."

Not unfrequently persons take occasion to indulge in humor in their wills, solemn as such documents usually are. The most curious of these is the old will of the Earl of Pembroke. His bequests are all of a sarcastic turn, and among the "items" is one which reads: "I give nothing to my Lord Saye, and I do make him this legacy willingly, because I know that he will faithfully distribute it unto the poor." And the following: "I give to the Lieutenant General Cromwell one of my words, the one which he must want, seeing that he hath never kept any of his own."—N. Y. World.

## Being a Boy.

One of the best things in the world to be is a boy. It requires no experience, though it needs some practice to be a good one. The disadvantage of the position is that it does not last long enough. It is soon over. Just as you get used to being a boy you have to be something else, with a good deal more work to do, and not half so much fun. And yet every boy is anxious to be a

## Colds, Coughs, Bronchitis,

And other affections of the Throat or Lungs, are speedily cured by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This medicine is an anodyne expectorant, potent in its action to check the advance of disease, allaying all tendency to Inflammation and Consumption, and speedily restoring health to the afflicted. On several occasions, during the past year, I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. In cases of severe and sudden Colds, if used according to directions, it will, judging by my experience, prove a sure cure. —L. D. Colburn, Addison, N. Y.

Last December I suffered greatly from an attack of Bronchitis. My physician advised me to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which I did. Less than a bottle of this medicine relieved and cured me. —M. A. East, M. D., South Parish, Me. —John Tooley, Loudon, Mich.

I have no hesitation in saying that I regard Ayer's Cherry Pectoral as the best remedy within my knowledge for the cure of Colds, Chronic Bronchitis, Coughs, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. —M. A. East, M. D., South Parish, Me. —John Tooley, Loudon, Mich.

An experience of over thirty years enables me to say that there is no better remedy for Sore Throat and Coughs, even of long standing, than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It has ever been effective in my personal experience, and has warranted of many an attack of Croup from my children, in the course of their growth, besides giving effective relief from Colds. —Samuel Motter, Editor of the *Enquirer*, Buzzards Bay, Massachusetts, Md.

We have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in our family a great while, and find it a valuable medicine for Colds, Coughs, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. —Alice G. Leach, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

## LUNG COMPLAINTS.

About three years ago, as the result of a bad Cold, I had a Cough, from which I could get no help until I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. One bottle of this medicine effected a complete cure. —John Tooley, Loudon, Mich.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for a number of years, and with marked success. For the cure of Throat and Lung Complaints, I consider this remedy invaluable. It never fails to give perfect satisfaction. —Elihu M. Robertson, Battle Creek, Mich.

Two years ago I was taken suddenly ill. At first I supposed it was nothing but a common cold, but I grew worse, and in a few weeks, was compelled to give up my work. The doctor told me that I had Bronchitis, which he was afraid would end in Consumption. I took two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was entirely cured. —J. L. Kramer, Danbury, Conn.

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

**TRADE MARK.**  
**FOR THE BLOOD.**  
**ECZEMA ERADICATED.**  
Gentlemen—It is due you to say that I think I am entirely well of eczema after having taken Swift's specific. I have been troubled with it very little in my face since last spring. At the beginning of cold weather last fall it made a slight appearance, but went away and has never returned. S. S. S. no doubt kept it up; at least it put my system in good condition and kept well. I have benefited my wife's eczema by use of this medicine, and made a perfect cure of a breaking out on my little three year old daughter last summer. —Watkinsville, Ga., Feb. 15, 1886. —REV. JAMES V. M. MORRIS.  
Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. —The Swampy Structure Co., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

**SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR**  
PURELY VEGETABLE.  
It acts with extraordinary efficacy on the LIVER, KIDNEYS, AND BOWELS.  
AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC FOR  
Malaria, Bowel Complaints, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Kidney Affections, Jaundice, Mental Depression, Colic.

**BEST FAMILY MEDICINE**  
No Household Should be Without It, and, by being kept ready for immediate use, will save many an hour of suffering and many a dollar in time and doctor's bills.

There is but one  
**SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR**  
See that you get the genuine with red "Z" on front of Wrapper. Prepared only by  
**J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Sole Proprietors,**  
Philadelphia, Pa. PRICE, \$1.00.

**A CAR LOAD OF VICTOR Grain DRILLS**  
—KELLER'S PATENT.  
for sale to the Farmers of Rowan. Cheap for cash or well SECURED TIME NOTES.

This Drill stands at the very front and is unsurpassed by any other in America. It sows wheat and clover seed and bearded oats together with fertilizers most admirably. The quantity per acre can be changed in an instant—by a single motion of the hand. Read what people who have used it say about it.

Mr. VERNON, ROWAN CO., N. C., Sept. 15th, 1886. I have used the Victor—Keller's patent—Grain Drill for several years and I consider it a perfect machine. One can set it in an instant, to sow any quantity of wheat or oats per acre, from one peck to four bushels. It sows bearded oats as well as it does wheat or clover seed and fertilizers to perfection. I know it to be strictly a No. 1. Drill and combines great strength, with its other good qualities.

W. A. LUCKEY, SALISBURY, N. C., Sept. 15th, 1886. Last Spring I borrowed Mr. White Fraley's Victor (Keller's patent) Grain Drill and put in my oats with it. It sowed bearded and non-bearded oats to perfection. I believe it to be the best Grain Drill I ever saw. It sows wheat or oats and clover seed and fertilizer all O. K., and I have bought one for this fall's seeding of it, the Agent, John A. Boyden.

RICHARD H. COWAN, SALISBURY, N. C., Sept. 17th, 1886. I have used the Victor—Keller's patent—Grain Drill for the past ten years and consider it by far the best Drill made. I have also used the Bechford & Huffman Drill, but greatly prefer the Victor, because it is much the most convenient and I believe one Victor will last as long as two Bechford & Huffman Drills. The Victor sows all kinds of grain satisfactorily.

FRANK BREATHED, For sale by  
**JNO. A. BOYDEN.**