

Poor Thing.

Pick it up tenderly! Touch it with care! Fashioned so slenderly! Give it some air. Let not the winds brush it With touch that is rude, There, soft you may crush it, For it is a dude!

About Horses.

The famous horse George Wilkes lost his mother when very young and was brought up by hand. He took to cows milk kindly and became a great favorite in the family and soon grew fond of all sorts of tid bits. He used to follow the family, which fed him, all around like a dog and was very affectionate and gentle. Like his namesake George Wilkes he was a child of fortune with lots of friends.

When a horse has three feeds of grain, ten pounds of hay, evenly divided, is enough for one day. A horse fed in this way would always be ready for service and not be clogged or over loaded with food. Ten pounds of straw is also enough for an ordinary sized horse. When heavier than twelve hundred pounds add one pound of hay or straw for each one hundred of weight. More horses are injured by too much hay or straw than by too little.

When a horse is in the habit of striking his hind feet against his fore ones, careful attention should be given to the shoeing. It is due to quick action behind and slow action in front. Shorten the toes of the fore feet, and put on light, nicely-fitting and turned up shoes. Do the same with the hind feet, but put on the shoes somewhat heavier than the fore ones. By this arrangement the horse will pick up his fore feet quicker, and the hind feet slower, thus accomplishing just what is wanted. If a quarter of a second of time is thereby gained, the fore foot will be clear out of the way of the hind foot.

An Alliance Crisis.

The resignation of President Jackson, of the State Alliance, which is understood to have been something more than a resignation, marks a very serious crisis in the affairs of the order in Georgia.

It is the history of all such organizations that they have gone to pieces through internal dissensions. The alliance undoubtedly has elements of strength no similar order has ever possessed. There is assuredly a crying need for some organization, co-operative, educative and inspiring among the farmers. Many had hoped this was found in the alliance.

Shall the hope be disappointed? Two things that may happen will shatter it. The first is a serious and bitter scramble for the vacant place. The second is the election of a man of little weight, of less than first class reputation, and of suspected motives. It is not essential that this man should not be a candidate for office. Indeed it may be necessary that the man who shall lead the leadership of the alliance now shall lead it through more serious campaigns than any it has yet known. But the man should be a practical farmer, a man absolutely above suspicion, of strong common sense, successful in his own affairs and possessing the confidence of all men.

The alliance is at its crisis! Will its friends come to the front and control, or will they let it into weak or designing hands? We write as one who has hoped for much from the alliance and who has seen much that it can do and should do.

Swallowing a Farm by the 100 Feet.

My homeless friend with the chromatic nose, while you are stirring up the sugar in that 10-cent glass of gin hold me give you a fact to wash it down with. You say you have longed for years for the free, independent life of a farmer, but have never been able to get enough money together to buy a farm. But this is just where you are mistaken. For several years you have been drinking a good improved farm at the rate of 100 square feet a gulp. If you doubt this statement figure it out yourself. An acre of land contains 43,560 square feet. Estimating for convenience the land at \$43.56 per acre, you will see that it brings the land to just one mill per square foot, one cent for ten square feet. Now pour down that fiery dose and imagine you are swallowing a strawberry patch. Call in five of your friends and have them help you gulp down that 500-foot garden. Get on a prolonged spree some days and see how long it requires to swallow a pasture large enough to feed a cow. Put down that glass of gin; there's dirt in it—100 square feet of good rich dirt, worth \$43.56 per acre.—Robert Burdette.

A Tragedy in One Act.

Boston Courier. "Then this is your final answer, Miss Stubbles?" "My final answer." "Nothing can move you?" "Nothing." "Then my life will be a lonely one and my fate a harsh one, for my uncle, with whom I lived, has just died and left me—"

Charity itself commands us, where we know ill, to think well of all; but friendship, that always goes a pitch higher, gives a man a peculiar right and claim to the good opinion of his friend.

A billet fired into a Tennessee negro who was stealing a pig struck him in the right arm, ran up to the shoulder, passed down to the left side, twisted around two ribs and dropped at his feet.

An Eminent Doctor's Prescription. Dr. C. P. Henry, Chicago, Ill., who has practiced medicine many years, says: Last Spring he used and prescribed Clarke's Extract of Flax (Papillon) Skin Cure in 40 or 50 cases. "I know of no remedy I can rely on so implicitly." Positive cure for all diseases of the Skin. Applied externally.

There are three kinds of men—the "wills," the "won'ts," and the "can'ts." The former effect everything, the others oppose everything, and the latter fail in everything.

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IMPROVED LIVE STOCK.

Why It is as Necessary as Improved Agricultural Machinery. Closely following the advance of the mechanic arts, we find the agricultural industries with improved machinery and improved methods of tillage, enabling the farmer to double his acreage and more than double the value of his production.

The intelligent farmer readily falls in line with these advanced ideas. Not waiting to be told it will be a paying investment, he at once supplies himself with the latest labor-saving machinery, and adopts the improved methods of tillage.

Observation and experience has taught him it will no longer pay to resort to the old hand-cradle to harvest his wheat—that it will be a paying investment to put from \$100 to \$150 in a modern self-binding harvester.

While he is ever ready to adopt these improved methods in grain farming, he is slow to adopt improved methods of stock-raising, from which a large part of the profits from general farming would be derived.

With improved cattle the unmarketable and by-product of the farm could be marketed with profit. While he sees the wisdom of investing a hundred dollars or more in a self-binding harvester, he does not see the wisdom of investing a like amount in a thoroughbred bull by which he would double the value of his live-stock production. He does not stop to consider that the thoroughbred bull is to the scrub what the improved self-binding harvester is to the old hand-cradle which has abandoned. Why does he adopt the improved methods of grain-farming and reject the improved methods of stock-raising?

Is it not from the fact that he has had experience with the former and proved its value, while with the other he has had no experience, but takes it for granted that it will not pay, and never tries it? This would seem to be the charitable solution of the problem—for had he ever had the services of a thoroughbred bull, he would be no more ready to return to the scrub than to the old hand-cradle long since abandoned.

Now, my good farmer, you that have proven the value of modern agricultural machinery, but have not proven the value of a thoroughbred bull, when compared with the native scrub, examine the facts as they are placed before you, and note the difference in value of imported cattle when compared with the native scrub, to which you so dearly cling.

Last year the Bureau of Animal Industry at Washington, among other things, obtained from authentic sources the rating values of the various classes of live stock, and placed in tabulated form the average prices per head of these various classes. These statistics show the average price per head of three-year-old thoroughbred cattle to be \$191.53—the average price of high grades, \$74.75—the average price of three-fourths bloods, \$54.62—the average price of half bloods, \$36.93, while the average price of native cattle was but \$28.59. Here is a difference of \$83.40 in favor of 10 steers from scrub cows by a thoroughbred bull, and 10 steers from the same cows by a scrub bull. In other words, the farmer with 10 scrub cows can afford to pay \$80 for the services of a thoroughbred bull, or counting money with ten per cent. he can afford to pay \$80 for a thoroughbred bull and then be as well off as he is breeding scrubs. Now, is there a farmer with ten or fifteen common cows that can truthfully say that it will pay to invest \$100 or more in a self-binding harvester, but will not pay to invest a like amount in a thoroughbred shorthorn bull, when with the present prices he can get a good one for that money? To go a little further with these figures, we find ten cows high grades (which they could be with two three crosses) with thoroughbred bulls, ten steers by a thoroughbred bull would be worth \$600 more than the ten scrubs. He could therefore afford to pay \$5,000 for a thoroughbred bull to use on his ten high grade cows and then make as much money as with his scrub cows and scrub bull.

The farmer does not now have to pay \$5,000 for a thoroughbred bull—he can get a good one for from \$100 to \$150. We say, then, if you do not wish to stand in your own light, get a thoroughbred bull at once, and keep the live stock branch of your farming abreast with your grain farming. To make money on a small farm the two must go hand in hand. To do less you may get a fair living for yourself and family, but you can not make farming a success or enable the calling which you have chosen.—Indiana Farmer.

Concerning Old Maidhood.

There are many worse things than single blessedness, and the condition of the old maid is no less honorable to her than that of matrimony to her wedded sister. The old maid may, if she will, and she generally does, bear a noble part in the good work of making the world a better and happier place. There are probably few who do not carry with them through life the tender memory of some old maid whose love and goodness cheered and blessed their early years. How often is she a ministering angel whose life is spent in acts of unselfish devotion to those around her? We can not spare the old maid. She has an important role to play in the human comedy, and the thing for her to do is to study it and play it well. The woman who worries because she sees old maidhood before her is without good sense. Let her be sure that there are thousands of wives who only wish that they had old single lives, and then she may find it easier to learn of the apostle in "unostentatiously she is therewith to be content."—North American Review.

Intelligent Readers will notice that are not "convinced to cure" all classes of disease, but only such as result from a disordered liver, viz:

Vertigo, Headache, Dyspepsia, Fevers, Costiveness, Bilious Colic, Flatulence, etc. For these they are not warranted, but for all other cases they are guaranteed to make a permanent cure. Price, 25c. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Comfort on the Roll.

The old man had just arrived at his son's house from the country. "Well, father," said the boy, "I hope you came through in the sleeping car, as I told you to, and had a good night's sleep."

"The old man smiled a sickly, sarcastic smile. "Oh, yes," he said; "I had a good sleep, first rate sleep; went to bed early."

"Did you wake up during the night?" "Only twice; went to sleep twice."

"Say, father!" said the young man, "you've got two great humps on the top of your forehead. What have you been doing?"

"Them's the two times I woke up; passed another train both times, and when I heard the big engine whizzin' by and the bell ringin' I thought 'twas a fire and jumped up slam again the ceiling. It's lucky I was awake one time, though?"

"Why, how so?" "The high and mighty importer that laughed when I last got to my room early in the evening 'was sneakin' off with my boots."

"Why, he was only going to shine them."

"Oh, go 'way," said the old man. "I never asked him to shine 'em. Any way, I took 'em to bed with me after that, and never slept another wink. Say, Henry, you ain't got an old pair suspenders, have ye?"

"I guess I can find a pair for ye."

"Busted mine tryin' to put my pants-aloons on lyin' down. Done it, though. Got all dressed lyn' flat—boots, pantaloons, coat, collar, necktie—hull business."

"Why didn't you get out of the berth to put on your collar and coat?" "Wimmin in the car. Got a handy place where I ken wash up, Henry? There was a well o' water in the car and I pumped some but the train was goin' so fast I couldn't stand up to the sink. Say, Henry, what time's dinner ready, I'm so hungry I bin eatin' my whiskers."

"Didn't you get breakfast in the dining car, as I told you to?" "Oh, yes," said the old man. "Oh, yes, but I didn't want to go it too expensive, so I told the fellows I'd just take a cup of coffee an' some buck-wheat pancakes."

"Pretty light breakfast," said Henry. "Yes," said the old man, "light breakfast; two pancakes."

"Well, come down stairs and we'll fix up something to eat right away. You must wait for dinner."

"Charged me a dollar," continued the old man. "Feller set next to me eatin' grapes and oranges and oysters and stewed chicken and biled eggs and I don't know what all. When we got back in the bed room car I told 'em I calculated that breakfast he eat cost him \$13. And then he told me breakfast was a delin' any way, 't'her you eat much or little. You'd oughter wrote me about that, Henry."

"Well, father, a man can ride pretty comfortably nowadays after he gets used to it," said Henry, as he started to lead the old gentleman to the bathroom for a wash.

"Oh, yes, oh, yes, a man can ride all right, now," and the smile lasted until he started to wash his face from the faucets over the bath tub.

A Woman's Discovery.

"Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a lady in this country. Disease fastened its clutches upon her for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was so much relieved on taking the first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus writes W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby, N. C.—Get a free trial bottle at T. F. Klutz & Co., drug store.

Business Ways.

Clerk—"Why do you want these apples marked 'open this end'?" What difference does it make which end is opened?"

Fruit Dealer—"We can't afford to pack large apples at both ends of the barrel."—Drake's Magazine.

Piedmont Air-Line Route.

Richmond & Danville Railroad. CONDENSED SCHEDULE. IN EFFECT Jan. 6, 1889.

TRAINS RUN BY 75° MERIDIAN TIME.

DAILY.

Table with columns for SOUTHBOUND and NORTHBOUND, listing train numbers, destinations, and times.

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DAILY.

Train for Raleigh via Clarksville leaves Richmond daily except Sunday, 2:10 P. M.; Keyville, 4:00 P. M.; arrives Clarksville, 7:31 P. M.; Oxford, 8:30 P. M.; Henderson, 9:20 P. M.; arrives Durham, 10:30 P. M. Raleigh, 11:40 P. M. (returning leaves Raleigh daily, except Sunday, 7:00 A. M.; Henderson, 8:30 A. M.; Oxford, 10:10 A. M.; Keyville, 11:10 A. M.; Keyville, 12:45 P. M.; arrives Richmond, 3:30 P. M.)

SLEEPING-CAR SERVICE.

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Richmond and Danville Railroad Co.

W. N. C. Division. Passenger Train Schedule. Effective May 13th, 1888.

Table with columns for Train No. 52, Train No. 51, and Train No. 50, listing destinations and times.

Murphy Branch.

Daily except SUNDAY. TRAIN NO. 10. 8:00 a.m. Leave Asheville. 10:00 a.m. Arr. Waynesville. 11:00 a.m. Arr. Charlotte. 12:00 p.m. Arr. Jarratts. Leave 7:00.

A. & S. Road.

Daily except SUNDAY. TRAIN NO. 12. 8:00 p.m. in. Arrive Spartanburg. 10:00 p.m. Arrive Hendersonville. 11:00 p.m. Arrive Asheville. Leave 8:00.

Pullman Sleepers between Washington & Salisbury.

West of Salisbury. West of Washington. Richmond & Greensboro. Raleigh & Greensboro. Knoxville & Louisville. Salisbury & Knoxville.

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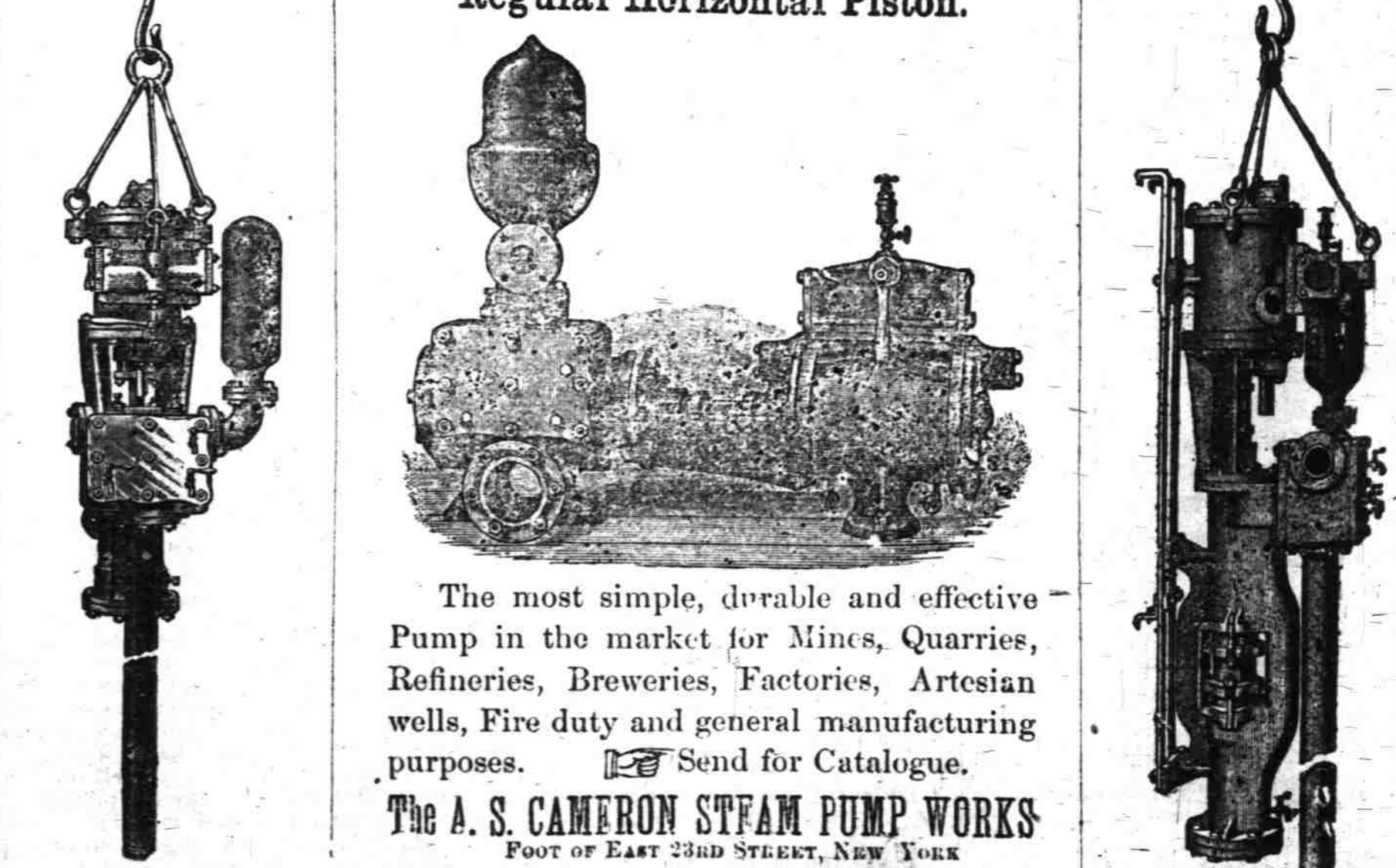
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