

AGRICULTURAL.

Bill Arr's Letter.

It's a wonder to me that every body don't go to farming. Lawyers and doctors have to set about town, and play checkers, and talk politics, and wait for somebody to quarrel or fight or get sick; clerks and book-keepers figure and multiply and count until they get to counting the stars, and the flies on the ceiling, and the peas in the dish, and the flowers on the papers; the jeweler sits by his window all the year round, working on little wheels, and the mechanic strikes the same kind of lick every time. These people do not belong to themselves; they are all penned up like convicts in a chain-gang; they can't take a day nor an hour for recreation, for they are the servants of their employers. There is no profession that gives a man such freedom, such latitude, and such a variety of employment as farming.

While I was ruminating this morning, a boy came along, and said the do s had tried something down in the bottom. So me and my boys shouldered the guns and an ax, and took Mrs. Arr and the children along to see the sport. We cut down a hollow gum tree and caught a possum and two squirrels, and killed a rabbit on the run, and had a good time generally, with no loss on our side. We can stop work most any time to give welcome to a passing friend and have a little chat, and our nabors do the same by us, but if you go into one of these factories and workshops, or even a printing office, the first signboard that greets you says, "Don't talk to the workmen." Sociable crowd, ain't it?

There's no monotony on the farm. There's something new every day, and the changing work brings into action every muscle in the human frame. We plow and hoe, and harrow and sow, and gather it in at harvest time. We look after the horses and cows, the pigs, and sows, and the rams, and the lambs, and the chickens and turkeys and geese. We cut our own wood and raise our own bread and meat, and don't have to be stingy of it like city folks. A friend, who visited us not long ago, wrote back from the town that his grates don't seem bigger than the crown of his hat since he sat by our great big friendly fire-place.

But they do get the joke on me sometimes, for you see I'm farming according to schedule, and it don't always make things exactly. For instance, it said that cotton seed was an excellent fertilizer. Well, I had 'em, and as they was clean, nice thing, I handle, I put 'em under most every thing in my garden. I was a runnin' in gun sets heavy, and one morning went out to perus them and I saw the strait trace of a big mole under every row. He had just listed 'em all up about three inches. He hadn't eat any one, and thinks I to myself he's just going around a smellin' of 'em. Next morning all my sets was a settin' about six inches up in the air right on top of the thickest stand of cotton you ever did see. Now if I had read about spin of 'em, as my neighbors call it, before we use 'em, it would have been more luminous. However, I knifed 'em down, set the inguns back again and nobody ain't got a finer crop.

It's a great comfort to me to set in my piazzar these pleasant evenings and look over the farm, and smoke the pipe of peace, and ruminate. Ruminates upon the rise and fall of empires and parties, and presidents and preachers. I think when a man has passed the Rubicon of life, and seen his share of trouble, smoking is allowable, for it kinder reconciles him to live on a while longer, and promotes philosophic reflections. I never knowed a high tempered man to be fond of it.

I may be mistaken, but it seems to look out upon the green fields of wheat and leafing trees and the blue mountains in the distance, and hear the dove cooing to her mate, and the whippoorwill sing a welcome to the night, and flowers and bubbly blossoms with the children and make whistles for 'em get after a jumping frog or a garden snake, and hunt hen's nests, and paddle in the branch and get dirty and wet all over and watch their petulant and subdued expressions when they go home, as Mrs. Arr looks at 'em with amazement and exclaims, "Mercy on me; did ever a poor mother have such a set? Will I ever get done making clothes? Put these things on right clean this morning, and not another clean rag in the house! Go get me a switch right straight, go! I will not stand it!" But she will stand it and they know it—especially if I remark: "Yes they ought to be whipped." That saves 'em, and by the time the switch comes the tempest is over, and some dry clothes are found, and if there is any cake in the house they get it. Blessed mother! fortunate children. What would they do without her? Why her very scolding is music in their tender ears. I am thankful that there are some things that corner in the domestic circle that Wall street cannot buy, nor money kings depress.

BILL ARR.

Don't Dog the Cows.

Every one who has anything to do with a cow should learn thoroughly this fact: that every annoyance and thing that excites or frets her takes a proportion from both the amount and richness of her yield, and in just as much takes money from her owner's pocket. A man who will permit it to be done, much less, himself dog the cows home from the pasture or kick and club them about the barn or yards is not a fit person to own or have charge of cows. It is not only cruel to the defenseless cow, but it is ruinous to his own finances, a reason that ought to appeal strongly enough to his awake to compel proper treatment of his own property if humanity will not.

Working Corn.

We assume that corn has been worked the first time, and that the main crop on upland is now in good order, with a good stand. It should now be the object of the farmer to push the plants forward as fast as possible. The richer or more highly fertilized the soil the more rapidly it should be cultivated—the oftener it should be plowed—for the simple reason that it will give larger returns for additional cultivation. There are doubtless thousands of acres now planted—nook and corners here and there, and occasionally whole fields—whose final yield will barely pay the expense of three plowings. Such land should not have been planted at all; having been planted, it were better perhaps to do the next best thing, turn it out for a summer pasture, or sow down in peas.

Make it a point to go over the corn as often as once in two weeks at least; every ten days would be better, provided a rain has fallen in the meantime. To do this at smallest expenditure of time, a narrow or wide expanding cultivator is almost indispensable. Five cultivations at intervals of two weeks will cover just eight weeks, or from say April 15 to June 15, by which time corn will be in condition to lay by. With a wide cultivator, this can be done with ten furrows, or if we allow four furrows with a smaller plow at first plowing, twelve furrows in all. Three plowings, three weeks apart, (the old rule) would carry the crop to, say June 22, but with the narrow, deeper-running implements would require probably not less than twelve to fourteen furrows in all. Which is the cheaper method, and which will give the larger yield? Somebody try it and report results.

Of course it is understood that peas are to be planted in the corn, according to one of the several plans in vogue. On good land, with rows not wider than four or five feet, we believe it is better to wait until the last plowing and then put them in broadcast.

Working Cotton.—The practice is growing in favor of broadcast harrowing the cotton field as the young plants are coming up. It is in accord with the best methods, as applied to corn culture in the great West, where it is almost universally the custom to harrow the corn fields once or twice before the cultivator is used. We rather prefer the longitudinal harrowing lengthwise the rows, especially if repeated. There is nothing that benefits the young cotton plants, if the ground has been impacted by rains since planting, more than a prompt harrowing or mere scratching of the surface, so that the air and sunshine can penetrate to the roots.

After harrowing, if this plan be adopted, or sidng with sweep, or better, with a straddling cultivator, comes the thinning, the most laborious and costly detail of the cultivation. We have several times adopted the plan of chopping, in advance of siding. This can be done with saving of labor to the amount of one plowing, if the cotton has not had heavy rains on it since planting, and is therefore free from grass and soil crust. Usually, however, it will be found best to freshen and mellow the surface by the harrow or plow, as soon as the cotton is up, and before the formation of a hard crust.

We always require our hoe hands to go at an almost half walking gait, when chopping cotton, the rule being "strike but once in the same place," and going over from one and a half to two acres, and sometimes more, per day. By this plan, we cut out more cotton, destroy more grass, and accomplish many more rows, than by the tedious old-timed way of doing the work, and get over the crop in less than half the time. Of course the hoes should immediately start again in the cotton, and put to final stand with more care.

Follow the hoes with the plow within two or three days, and if the work be skillfully done, the crop will be well underway, and safe from grass of an ordinary season.

Other Matters.—May is the time to plant the main crop of sweet potato slips, those planted now, making cheaper, if not more potatoes. Don't plow soft, mellow land too deep. Don't set the slips in land not freshly plowed for the purpose. If a heavy, soaking rain has fallen, wait until the ground is dry enough to plow, and make fresh beds or lists (better), planting the slips in the loose, mellow soil; they will live and grow off much better. If you do plant without fresh beds, and just after a rain, be sure to plow or hoe the ground within a few days. Young plants require not only moisture, but also air in the soil, in order to recover the shock from transplanting.—Southern Cultivator.

Salt for Dairy Cows.

Salt ought at all times to enter into the food of the dairy cow, says the South African Agriculturist, and it should be kept where she can partake of it in any quantity desired. Salt enters largely into the mineral elements of milk, and as these elements are in scanty proportion in young grass, it is, therefore most needed in the spring and early part of summer. Both the quantity and quality of milk are considerably affected by the withholding of salt until the cow gets hungry for it. Cows in full milk require more salt than at other times and those which give the most milk require the most. In some experiments it was found by letting cows used to getting salt go without it for five days that they fell off in their milk 2 per cent in quantity, and 7 per cent in quality, a loss of 9 per cent in the value of the cows' usual returns. A supply of salt at once restored the milk to its usual standard.

A Fair Show.

We were sitting in front of Taylor's grocery on a summer day, when a big black hog came nozing along the gutter and started a new train of thought. In the crowd of loungers was a man from St. Louis, and, after watching the porker for awhile, he remarked: "I wonder if that hog ever had a real good time in all his life?"

"Hogs allus have good times, I guess," remarked the village cooper, who had knocked off work and come over to hear some politics.

"I doubt it," said the other. "He must feel his degraded position in life, and so he cannot be happy. I wish I could do something to make him feel that life is worth the living."

"Fust man I ever saw who pited a hog," grunted the blacksmith, who ought to have been tacking a shoe on a waiting mule.

"Yes, I do pity him. I've been down myself and know how it is. Taylor, have you got any cherry whisky?"

"Mighty little, if any. More cherries than whisky, I guess."

"If you've two quarts of cherries which have been in liquor, bring 'em will cover just eight weeks, or from say April 15 to June 15, by which time corn will be in condition to lay by. With a wide cultivator, this can be done with ten furrows, or if we allow four furrows with a smaller plow at first plowing, twelve furrows in all. Three plowings, three weeks apart, (the old rule) would carry the crop to, say June 22, but with the narrow, deeper-running implements would require probably not less than twelve to fourteen furrows in all. Which is the cheaper method, and which will give the larger yield? Somebody try it and report results."

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How he Preserved His Boots.

The following is a letter which we have received from a Vermont correspondent: "Noticing a recent question in your answer to correspondent on oiled boots, I would like to call the attention of your readers to a cheap and easy method of preserving their feet from wet and their boots from wear. I have only had three pairs of boots for the last six years (no shoes), and I think that I shall not require any others for the next six years to come! The reason is that I treat them in the following manner: I put a pound of tallow and half a pound of resin into a pot on the fire; when melted and mixed, I warm the boots, and apply the hot stuff with a painter's brush, until neither the soles nor upper leathers will suck in any more. It is desired that the boots should immediately take a good polish, dissolve an ounce of bees wax in an ounce of spirits of turpentine, to which add a teaspoonful of lamp black. A day or two after the boots have been treated with the tallow and resin, rub over them the wax in turpentine, but not before the wax has dried. The exterior will have a coat of wax alone, and shine like a mirror. Tallow or any other grease becomes rancid, and rots the stitching as well as the leather; but the resin gives it an antiseptic quality, which preserves the whole.—Etc.

Here is the Prescription.

Some weeks ago a correspondent of this paper asked if there was any cure for a love-sick Swain, in a peculiar state of mental dissatisfaction. The following remedy has come into our hands, which we publish for the benefit of any who may wish to try it:

Yes, there is a cure—at least it said to be a cure by those who have been there. An afflicted individual has spent years of study in finding out a remedy and has published the following: Take 12 ounces of Dislike, 1 pound Resolutions, 2 grains of Common Sense, 2 ounces of Experience, a large sprig of Time and three quarts of cooling water of consideration. Set over the gentle fire of Love, sweeten it with the sugar of Forgetfulness, skim it with the Spoon of Melancholy, put it in the bottom of your heart, cork it with the Cork of a Clear Conscience, and let it remain, and you will quickly find ease, and be restored to your senses again. These things can be had of the Apothecary at the house of Understanding, next door to Reason, on Prudent street, in the Village of Contentment.—The Democrat.

Onions.

One of the healthiest vegetables, if not the healthiest one grown is the onion, yet, strange to say, but few people use it as liberal as they should. Boiled onions used frequently in a family of children will ward off many of the diseases to which the little ones are subject. The principal objection to the promiscuous use of this vegetable is that the odor exhaled after eating is so offensive. A cup of strong coffee taken immediately after eating is claimed to be excellent in counteracting this effect. Although for a day or so after eating onions the breath may have a disagreeable odor, yet after this time it will be much sweeter than before.

For croup onion poultices are used with success, providing the child is kept out of drafts, and a sudden chill avoided. The poultices are made by warming the onions in goose oil until soft, then putting them on the child's feet and chest as hot as they can be borne. Unless in very obstinate cases, when taken in time, the croup rapidly yields to the onions. This is another old-fashioned remedy, as a good one, as any mother who has brought up a family of children can attest.

Onions are excellent blood purifiers, and for eradicating boils or any of the blood humors are very efficacious. They are good for the complexion, and a friend who has a wonderful clear, fine complexion attributes it to the liberal use of onions as a food.

People suffering from nervous troubles are much benefited, either cooked or raw. When troubled with a headache, if a raw onion is eaten, the pain will loosen almost immediately, and can be removed with very little effort. A raw onion is made much more palatable if when eating, a little salt or pepper is used as a seasoning. Those troubled with wakefulness may insure a good night's rest often if just before retiring they eat a raw onion.

There are few aches to which children are subject as hard to bear and as painful as earache. One of the best remedies we know is to take out the heart of the onion (a red onion is the best if it can be had, although lacking this kind any other can be used) and roast it. When soft, so it can be handled without mashing, put it into the afflicted ear as hot as can be borne. Unless the cause is deeper than ordinary, the pain will cease in a very short time and will not return.

A cough syrup in which onions form an important part is made by taking one cup of vinegar, one cup of molasses and one-half cup of cut up onions. Put on the stove and simmer about half an hour, or until the onions are soft. Then remove and strain. Take a teaspoonful of this frequently, when troubled with a cough, and unless very deep seated, the cough will not last long.—Charlotte Democrat.

Found in the Newspaper.

From Cresco, Iowa, "Plaintiff": "We have never, as our readers for nearly thirty years can testify, written a puff of any patent medicine. Duty as well as inclination impels us to depart from this established policy, to say to our readers and the public that, having been completely prostrated with a violent and distressing cold after three days fighting it with ordinary remedies and getting no relief therefrom, we obtained a bottle of 'Clarke's Extract of Fux (Papilion)' 'Cough Cure, obtaining almost instant relief and a steady improvement under its use.' Lar e bottles only \$1.00. Ask for Clarke's Fux Soap. Best on earth. 25 Cents each of the above for sale by J. H. Emis.

Nicotine Whim of Statesmen.

Senator Hampton has a queer habit. He does not chew or smoke to any extent, but he is fond of pinching off sections of a fine cigar, powdering it in his hands and snuffing it. He will sit in the cloak room where he can see the president's desk and sniff cigars for an hour at a time.

Senator Daniel, of Virginia, also has a nicotine fad. That is, he keeps an unsmoked cigar in his mouth all the time. Gen. Samuel Thom's, of the Brice-Thomas Syney syndicate, got into this habit as a compromise between smoking and not smoking, and the result was a surgical operation to remove a tumor-like growth that appeared on his lips just at the place where he always held his unlighted cigar. The doctor told him to either smoke or let the whole thing alone, but not to carry an unlighted cigar in his mouth.—Wilmington Post.

A Scrap of Paper Saves Her Life.

It was just an ordinary scrap of wrapping paper, but it saved her life. She was in the last stages of consumption, told by physicians that she was unbleeding and could live only a short time; she weighed less than seventy pounds. On a piece of wrapping paper she read Dr. King's New Discovery, and got a sample bottle; it helped her, she bought a large bottle, it helped more, bought another and grew better fast, continued its use and is now strong, healthy, rosy, plump, weighing 140 pounds. For fuller particulars send stamp to W. H. Cole, Druggist, Fort Smith. Trial bottle of this Wonderful Discovery free at Klutz & Co.'s Drugstore.

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THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For Sale by Klutz & Co., 21y.

Eupopy.

This is what you ought to have. In fact you must have it, to fully enjoy life. Thousands are searching for it daily, amounting because they find it not. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in the hope that they may attain this boon. And yet it may be had by all. We guarantee that electric bits, if used according to directions as the user persisted in, will bring you Good Digestion and out the demon Dyspepsia and install instead Eupopy. We recommend Electric Bits for Dyspepsia and all diseases of Liver, Stomach and Kidneys. Sold at 50c and \$1.00 per bottle by T. F. Klutz & Co., Druggist.

Important Invention.

Capt. E. Everett, of this city, is proprietor of a patent on a device for preventing cars from running off the track. It is attached to the trucks and in the event the wheels run off it falls onto the rail, and prevents the wheels from striking the cross ties. It also prevents the track from spreading and when a car jumps the track, it acts as a brake while dragging along on the rails.—Wil. Messenger.

An Eminent Doctor's Prescription.

Dr. C. P. Henry, Chicago, Ill., who has practiced in the same many years, says: Last spring he used and prescribed Clarke's Extract of Fux (Papilion) Skin Cure in 40 or 50 cases, and never knew a case where it failed to cure. "I know of no remedy, I am sure, so implicitly." Positive cure for all diseases of the skin. A perfect cure. Clarke's Fux Soap is best for Boils, Skin Cure \$1.00, 8c per 25 cents, at Jno. H. Emis' Drug Store.

The Swarrow Islands, which have just been taken possession of by England, lie in the Southern Pacific Ocean, northwest of the Cook Island. They are mere specks, but that England has appropriated them is quite significant in connection with other actions she has recently taken in the same waters. Only a few months ago a British protectorate was declared over the Cook or Harvey Islands, and a few weeks later Savage Island, west of them, was also taken under the British wing. Now follows the appropriation of the Swarrow Islands. All these annexations are in waters where England has never had any possessions before, and she thus seems to have entered into competition with France for the control of the extreme southeastern group of the Pacific. With these new possessions southeast of Samoa, Penrhyn and Fanning Islands, which she also annexed last year, northeast Samoa, and Fiji, west of Samoa group, she now has these much discussed Islands pretty well surrounded.

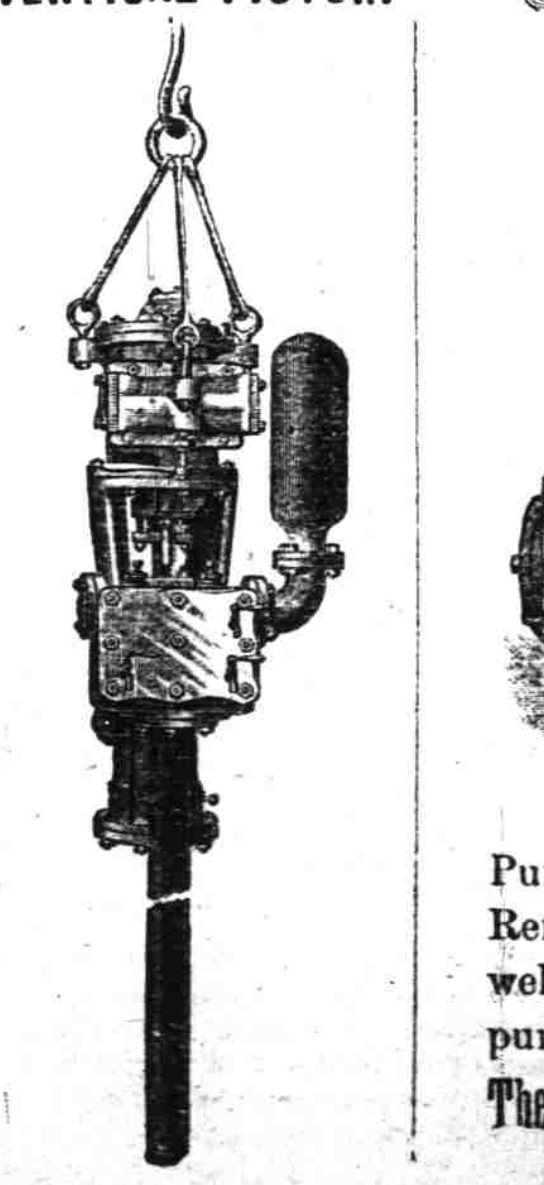


Which will it be? Which is the sweetest, a peach or a pear? Merry's coquette, and charming is Milly. Dora is gentle and fair. Sweet as a flower was her face when I kissed (Love is the romance and glory of life.) Milly, my playmate, I love like a sister. But Dora I choose for my wife. That is right, young man, marry the girl you love, by all means, if she will have you. Should her health become delicate and her beauty fade after marriage, remember that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded. See the printed certificate of guarantee on bottle-wrapper. For overworked, "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest curative boon, being unequalled as an appetizing, cordial and restorative tonic, or strength-giver. Copyright, 1888, by World's Disp. Med. Ass'n.

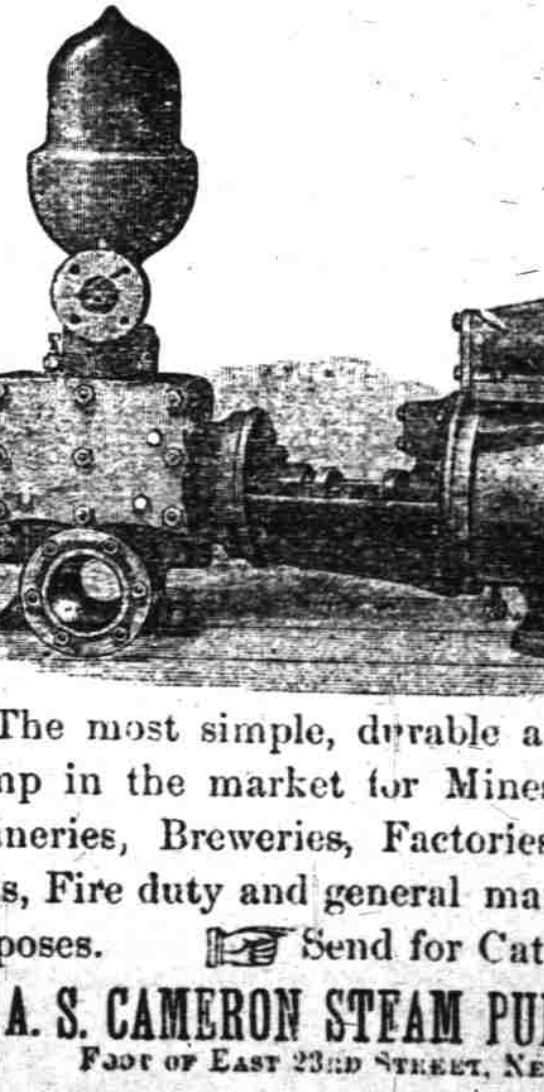
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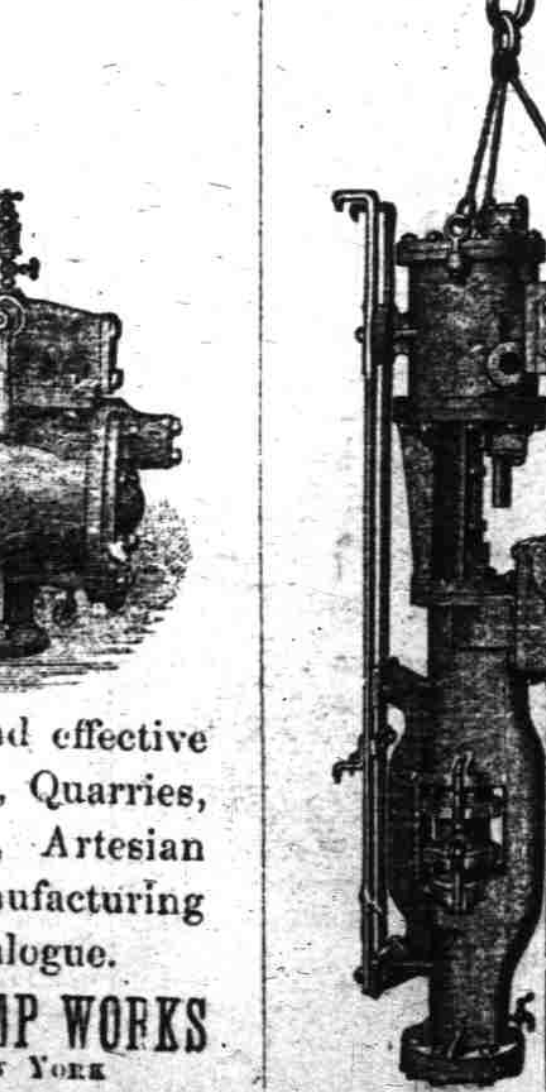
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PIEDMONT AIR-LINE ROUTE. Richmond and Danville Railroad. CONDENSED SCHEDULE. IN EFFECT April 14, 1889. TRAINS RUN BY 75° MERIDIAN TIME.

Table with columns for SOUTHBOUND, NORTHBOUND, and DAILY. Lists train numbers, departure times, and destinations including New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and various Virginia cities like Greensboro, Salisbury, and Farmington.

Richmond and Danville Railroad. W. N. C. Division. Passenger Train Schedule. Effective May 13th, 1888.

Table with columns for Train No., Direction, and Time. Lists passenger train schedules between Richmond and Danville, including morning and evening services.

FORTY YEARS TESTING FRUITS.

TO YOU MY KIND READER Have you planted a bounteous supply of fruit trees? The Apple, Pear, Peach, Strawberry, Apricot, Quince, the Grape, Cherry, and all other desirable fruits. If so, why not send in your orders? One of nature's great blessings is our great number of varieties of fine attractive wholesome fruits.

ONE MILLION of beautiful fruit trees, vines and plants to select from, including nearly three hundred varieties of home acclimated, tested fruits, and at rock bottom prices, delivered to you at your nearest railroad station freight charges paid. I can please every one who wants to plant a tree, grape vine, or strawberry plant, etc. I have no comparative cost of other nurseries, and to compound and desirable value stock or quantity. I can and

WILL PLEASE YOU. I have all sizes of trees desired from 3 foot tree to 6 and 7 feet high and stock. Priced descriptive catalogue free. Address: N. W. CRAFT, Prop., 411y Shore, Yadkin county, N. C.

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