The Mill Bridge Fair.

The awards were as follows:

Stallion, Percheron, 2 years old, by J. M. Harrison, 1st p.

Stallion, ½ Norman and ½ Hamelteman, by J. M. Harrison, 1st p.

Horse, heavy draft, by E. A. Sherrill, 1st p.

Horse, light draft, by S. A. Carrigan, 1st p.

Mule, draft, J. M. Harrison, 1st p.

Mare, brood, W E Deal, 1st p.

Brood mare and colt by side, J B Parker, 1st p.

Colts, bay colt 3 years old, J A Stewart 1st p.

Sorrell 3 years old, J W Miller 2d p.

Sorrell 2 years old, H N Goodnight 1st p.

Bay 2 y'rs old, C A Sloop, 1st p.

Sorrell 2 y'rs old, J A Stewart 2d p.

Gray and bay, each 2 yrs old, J M Harrison 3d p.

Dark gray, 2 yrs old. Geo Hall 2d p.

Gray 2 yrs old, S F Baker 2d p.

Colts, black colt, 2 yrs old, H O Archie 2d p.

Sorrell, 1 yr old, G W Corriher 1st p.

Bay, 1 yr old, J M Harrison 2d p.

Light gray 1yr old, J M Harrison, 2d p.

Jack, H N Goodnight 1st p.

Mule colt 6 months old, H N Goodnight 1st p.

Horse colt, gray, 6 mos old, Wm Graham 1st p.

Horse colt 6 m old, J B Parker 2d p.

" " " G F Meismer 3d p.

Mule colt 1 yr old, U M Pless 3d p.

" " " J S Whitman 2 p.

" " " J E Goodnight 1 p.

Horse, harness and family, J F Corrigan 1st p.

Horse, family, J R Davis 1st p.

" saddle, S A Lowrance, 1st p.

CATTLE.

Bull, thoroughbred. (Carlo) J M Harrison 1st p.

Bull, thoroughbred, (Ben Ayvery) S A Lowrance 2d p.

Bull, thoroughbred, S N Wilson 3d p.

Bull, thoroughbred, calf, J M Harrison 1st p.

Bull, any kind, (Shakespear) Amos Overcash 1st p.

Cows, thoroughbred, (Gowanna) J M Harrison 1st p.

Thoroughbred, (Bell of Rowan) J M Harrison 2d p.

Thoroughbred (Lucy) J M Harrison 3d p.

Heifer, thoroughbred, 2 yrs (Adda Bell) S A Lowrance 1st p.

Heifer, any kind, J M Harrison 1st p.

Best fatted cattle, J M Harrison 1st p.

Boar, thoroughbred, J M Harrison 1st p.

Pig, Victoria pig, 4 mos, Lowrance McConnell 1st p.

Sheep, thoroughbred, J M Harrison 1st p.

FOWLS.

Chickens, trio, thoroughbred, Mrs R F McConnell 1st p.

Chickens, best collection, R F Blackwelder 1st p.

Trio bantums, Allen Irwin, 1st p.

Pair Bantums, Leroy Gillespei 1st p.

Chicken coop, R L Blackwelder 1st p.

Geese, trio geese, Mrs J V Bradshaw 1st p.

Duck, 1 pr Pekin, J F Russell 1st p.

Turkeys, Mrs S F Baker 1st p.

FARM AND GARDEN PRODUCTS.

Cotton, best stalk, Mrs V C Irvin 1st p.

Tobacco in hand, J F Stansill 1st p.

Corn, best ½ bu. F K Bost 1st p.

" " D C Bradshaw 2d p.

" " S A Lowrance 3d p.

Wheat, " P C Goodman 1st p.

" " J B Parker 2d p.

" " M J Barger 3d p.

Field peas " S A Lowrance 1st p.

Oats, best ½ bu., 63 bu. per acre, S A Lowrance, 1st p.

Clover seed, " W W Miller 1st p.

Sw't po'toes " R A Milholland 1st p.

" " J L McConnaughey 2 p

Irish " " W C Creswell 1st p.

" " P A Sloop 2d p.

" " Mrs J M Harrison 3d p.

Beets, best ½ bu. J A Torrence 1st p.

" " W S Shulinberger 2d p.

" " J A Torrence 1st

" " Mrs S A Sloan 3d

Molasses cane stalk, Mrs V C Irvin 1st

Corn, best stalk, S C Russell 1st

Bench tools, best set, A L White 1st

Harrow best, W L Kistler 1st

Phæton " " 1st

Sewing machine, the Davis 1st

" Vibr. Shut. Singer 2d

" Jewel 3d

There was exhibited by J T Wyatt a very fine specimen of Rowan county mill stone granite, also collections of relics and natural curiosties. 1st

The Salisbury Cotton Mills made a very handsome display of their goods 1st

Also the Knitting Mills of Salisbury. Their exhibit was indeed fine and deserves credit. 1st

Bedstead best made by D C Bradshaw 1st

" made by J Haynes 2d

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Flowers, best boquet, Miss Mollie Barrier, 1st

Best boquet by little girl, Miss Mary Ramsay, 1st

Bread, best loaf, Mrs S C Thomason 1st

Bread best 6 rolls, Mrs W S Shulinberger, 1st

" bread (girl) Miss Bessie Corriher 1st

" rolls, Mrs S F Baker 3d

Tea cakes, " " 1st

Sweet pickles, Mrs J A Ramsay 1st

" " S F Baker, 2d

Pickles, " D C Bradshaw 1st

" " G W Corriher 2d

" U M Pless 3d

Peaches, best jar, Mrs G W Corriher 1st

Canned and preserved fruits, best display, Mrs D C Bradshaw, 1st

Honey, best, Mrs J M Harrison 1st

Quilt, best, Miss M Josie Burke 1st

Fruit, best display, N W Craft 1st

Embroidery, and needlework, Miss Bina Lingle, 1st

Paintings, Mrs B S Krider 1st

Pictures, best display, J R Davis 1st

" Mrs S J Sloan, 2d

Counterpane, Miss Maggie Parker 1st

Hearth rug, " Nannie Lingle 1st

Rag carpet, Mrs M E Bost 1st

Blanket, Mrs W L Kistler 1st

Butter, Miss Fannie Woodward 1st

" " Rebecca Parker 2d

" Mrs Leo Safrit 3d

Jelly, " C A McConnell 1st

There were other exhibits too numerous to bring in which deserve honorable mention, and a great many things were overlooked by the judges for the want of time.

D. C. BRADSHAW, Sec'y.

A Princely Anachronism.

N. Y. World.

The Prince of Monaco, who has just died, reigned over a trifle less than eight and a half square miles of territory, with a population of 8,000 persons, all titled nobles in their own right. His principality is defended by an army numbering seventy-two officers and men, and his people, besides enjoying aristocratic titles, are exempt from taxation, the expenses of the empire being paid by gambling-house franchises.

The whole matter is absurd enough to furnish forth a "Pinafore opera, but the comedy has been played with profoundest seriousness for hundreds of years, and there isn't a king or a titled personage in Europe who has ever ventured to laugh at it, for the reason that its absurdity is really no greater than that of every other monarchical establishment that exist among civilzed people.

It is all a sham, of course, but so are all its fellows. It is monarchy reduced to the lowest terms. It is the kernel that is hidden in the wrapping of royalty in Russia, Germany, Italy, and all the rest. It is an anachronism, but not an absurder one than is the German empire or the Russian autocratic state. It is the embodiment of the kingly idea, and that idea is itself a survival of mediævalism which would make angels laugh at its presecne in this matter-of-fact modern world if it did not so often afford them occasion for grieving.

These ancient fictions linger as a bad smell tarries in a room; free air will expel them after a little while when class privilege is deprived of its power and men come clearly to see that reigning is crime.

Undersold the Owner.

"Your reference to the bantering style of doing business calls up many funny reminiscences," said an old merchant. "I must tell you of one occurrence that took place in a neighboring country store. The proprietor was noted for being particularly affable and obliging to his customers and he had a clear headed and smart young man for clerk. One day one of the best customers of the concern called to buy a dress pattern. The price was 75 cents, and after a long talk the clerk closed the bargain at 70 cents. While the clerk was selecting the trimmings, &c., in another part of the store, the genial proprietor came along rubbing his hands, inquired after the family of the customer, praised her taste in selecting that particular piece of goods, and as a special favor to the customer, let her have it for 68 cents per yard. The clerk returned and the lady told of the reduction the proprietor had made. The clerk was furious, but not in the least disconcerted. He saw that if the customers thought that he was selling higher than others in the store they would avoid him and his discharge would follow. So he says:

"'I just looked at the bill and can sell you that piece at 65 cents a yard.'

"When the deal was completed the proprietor was as angry as the clerk.

"'Do you know that I made the price 68 cents?' said the proprietor.

"'Yes,' said the clerk, 'but I want you to understand that no man can undersell me in this store.'

"He kept his job."—*Utica Observer.*

Stamps from the Slot.

An ingenious machine was exhibited to Postmaster General Dickinson shortly before he retired from office, and if it should strike his successor as favorably as it did him may be in general use before long," remarked an official of the Baltimore postoffice. "It is an adaptation of put-a-nickel-in-the-slot machine to the sale of postage stamps. A sheet of stamps is cut into slips the width of two stamps, and these slips are wound around a cylinder inside the machine. A nickel is placed in the slot, which drops down, starts an electric current, which causes the stamp cylinder to revolve, the slip of stamps glides along and passes under a row of needles, which drops down and cuts off two stamps.

"The owner of the nickel waits a few seconds after his money disappears and then shoves down a metallic button, and two stamps make their appearance to an aperture in the lower part of the machine. It is proposed by the inventors to place these machines in stores and prominent places about a city. If the department approves the plan they will adopt the machine so that two pennies or a ten cent piece can be used with the result that one two cent stamp or five stamps can be obtained. In case a spurious coin is used a magnet in the interior detects fraud and throws it to one side."—*Baltimore News.*

Insolence Rebuked.

At a table in a restaurant a diner said to another on the opposite side of the table, "I beg pardon, sir, but will you kindly pass me the salt cellar?"

"Humph!" said the other insolently "Do you take me for the waiter?"

The first diner made no reply, but calmly called, "Waiter!"

The waiter came up, bowing, and asked him what he desired.

"Nothing," said the gentleman "except to apologize to you. It seems that I took this man for you." —*Youth's Companion.*

Large Cows and Little Milk.

The Farmers' (Irish) Gazette says: The dairyman who buys a big cow, giving a little mess of milk, for the sake of having heavy weight as a basis for beef at the termination of her usefulness, is like a manufacturer who buys a big steam engine for doing a little work, for the sake of having a heavy weight of old iron to sell when the engine is done with. The waste of food for keeping the excessive weight of the big cow warm, and the waste of steam in keeping hot the needless iron in the big engine, are very analogous, and there is a striking similarity between the old iron in a worn-out engine and the beef in a worn-out cow.

The editor also gives the following reasons why the last milk drawn from the udder is the richest in cream: Because, he says, it is at the top of the bag when milking begins, but follows down as the milk is drawn out. Probably the heavier milk sinks to the bottom of the bag during the twelve or more hours between milkings, and the heavier milk is the smaller in its proportion of cream. The first milk is, however, rich enough for calves, if they have plenty of it; but it is better to milk it separately than to let the calf suck. The latter process tends to diminish the flow of milk, especially if the sucking is at irregular intervals. If a cow were milked clean every six hours through the twenty-four, both the yield and the richness of the milk would be increased. While the milk is in the bag some of its fat is absorbed and goes to the cow. And to make the milk originally, some fat is taken from the cow. Hence, if a cow were milked every one or two hours, she would lose flesh, no matter how highly fed. She would be constantly giving out fat to make milk, which would be taken nearly as soon as made.

A Parable for Fathers.

We are indebted only in part to an exchange for the following dialogue. An appropriate ending would be the words with which the great Teacher often concluded his parables: "He that hath ears to hear let him hear."

Mother.—Our boy is out late nights, and I am afraid he spends his time in the saloon.

Father.—Well, then, we must tax the saloon fifty dollars.

Mother.—Husband, I believe John is contracting the habit of drinking.

Father.—Well, if that is the case, we must put up the tax to one hundred dollars.

Mother.—Oh, my God! my boy has just come home drunk.

Father.—Well! well! we must make the tax on saloons not less than three hundred dollars.

Mother.—O husband! just think of it, our dear boy, William, is in jail for being drunk.

Father.—I'll fix those saloons. They shall be taxed four hundred dollars.

Mother.—Our once noble boy is a wreck.

Father.—Now I'll stop 'em; make the tax six hundred dollars.

Mather.—Alas! we must carry our poor boy to a drunkard's grave to-day.

Father.—Well, I declare! we *must* regulate this traffic; we ought to have made that tax not less than a thousand dollars.

New England Farms Deserted.

ALL THE FARMERS. SONS MAKING THEM-HOMES IN THE CITIES.

Mourn over it as we may, it is nevertheless true that there are many deserted farms to-day in New England, and many more that are likely to be abandoned in the near future, says the *Congregationalist.* It is equally true that farms remote from large towns or cities have been steadily decreasing in value for several years past. There may be a difference of opinion as to the causes which have tended to produce this unfortunate state of things, as well as the best way, if there be one, to counteract the evil.

No one who goes about the country towns remote from large centers can fail to observe that many farms—especially on the hills—which in former times were considered valuable, and on which several generations lived and prospered, are now left to grow up again to forest. In many cases all the young men and women have left for cities and it is only a question of time—and that not very long—when the old folks, now well advanced in life, will be gathered to their fathers, and then in a few years the old farm is no longer to be cultivated.

To Tell the Age of Cattle.

A heifer has no rings on her horns until she is two years of age, and one is added each year thereafter. You can, therefore, tell the age of a cow with tolerable accuracy by counting the rings on her horns and adding 2 to the number. The bull has no rings, as a rule, until he is five years old. To tell his age after that period, add five to the number of rings. The best way to tell the age is by the teeth, which is, of course, the only way with polled cattle. What are called the milk teeth gradually disappear in front. At the end of three years, the second pair of permanent teeth are well grown, at four years the third pair, and at five the fourth and last pair have appeared, and at this time the central pair are full size. At seven years the dark line, caused by the wearing of the teeth, appears on all of them, and on the central pair a circular mark. At eight years this circular mark appears on all of them, and at nine years the central pair begins to shrink, and the third at eleven. After this period the age can only be determined by the degree of shrinkage generally. At fifteen years the teeth are nearly all gone.—*O. J. Farmer.*

CRYING FOR THE MOON.

The Vain Longings and Hopes Which Come to All of Us.

There is no use in denying it—it is a folly we must all plead guilty to, and which we commit all our lives long, more or less. As children it was the actual moon we wanted—the pale, silver crescent, or the golden harvest moon that we could see shining so far above us in the clear sky from our nursery window. So far above us! Yes; that is, after all, the grand secret of most of our wishes in childhood, as well as in later years. What we desire is so far off, so difficult of attainment. As years pass by and we grow older, though very often not wiser, it is no longer the moon itself we want as a plaything; we are content by that time to see it in its proper place, shining placidly above, and our wondering fancy leads us in a roving search after will-o'-the wisps and newer lights. Sometimes one hears of a man wasting his whole life in this restless craving for some object totally out of his reach. Openings of success are given him, honors, chances of distinguishing himself lie before him. He has only to stretch out his hand and take them, but he passes them carelessly by, perhaps because they are so accessible, and fixes his eyes and longings on an impossibility. He treads ruthlessly under foot the red roses of life which grow about his path as he hurries by in his eager search for a blue rose. He is a man of one idea, and that a foolish one, and the will-o'-the-wisp that he follows leads him over marshy ground and into many dangers; sometimes, it may be, to his own destruction. Why is it, I wonder, that this longing for the unattainable is so strongly implanted in our nature? And is there not, perhaps, greater pleasure really in the pursuit than there would be even in the possession of the desired object itself? Might it not happen that the blue roses would wither at a touch, and the much-coveted golden fruit turn to dust and ashes, like the apples of the Dead Sea? How seldom one comes across a person who is perfectly contented with his lot in life, who has absolutely no crumpled rose leaf to disturb his rest.

Sometimes our moon is riches, sometimes fame and honor, and there have been known cases of men eating their hearts out for a love that could never be theirs and wasting their time and energy in the mocking light of eyes whose brilliancy was not for them. Every one's individual case is different, but the fact remains the same. We all want something we have not got; whether we should appreciate it if it were ours is another question and, as a rule, one not often proved. It is man's nature to wish most ardently for that which baffles his pursuit and the more obstacles there are in the way so much the better. He will pass by the modest wild flower to seek the rare exotic whose beauty is perhaps intrinsically less, but whose kind is rarer.

It must be a sad thought at the end of a wasted life to look back on all the long years misspent in a vain craving for something unattainable, and to think of the many tangible blessings we have left unheeded as things of small account.

It is of no use then to recall the loss and the might have been, and in that clearer light which will come to us all then, we shall see but plainly the insignificance and folly of our dreams. It will seem so foolish then to have spent our lives in pursuit of a shadow which always eluded our grasp, and those wasted years will never, never return to us. From the summit of the steep hill we have climbed we can see, ere we feebly totter down the other side, our children in the golden haze of the valley below setting off with buoyant hearts on the same journey, only to meet with the same disappointment as we have. And yet, if we try to impress this on them, does it make them any the wiser in their turn? It may be folly, and no doubt it is so; but it is a folly mankind will continue to cling to, in spite of precepts and counsels, and happy indeed are those few rare exceptions who obtain their heart's desire. —*London Truth.*

AN HONEST PEOPLE.

The Trusting and Unsophisticated Nature of Norwegians.

I like the Norwegians. All travelers here declare them perfectly honest. I certainly have not seen the slightest disposition on the part of any one of them to deceive or cheat, and if trustfulness is an evidence of honesty these people are wonderfully so. They have huge keys to their storehouses and granaries—keys big enough to brain a man with. They are nearly always in the keyhole or hanging somewhere within reach of one feloniously inclined. At wayside stations curiosities—sometimes of small silverware—are exposed in the public room, where any one can easily carry them off. The cigars are in open boxes for the traveler to help himself from, with the expectation that he will honestly account for any he has taken. Farm-houses are left open when the whole family goes off to the mountain to cut hay, and in some unfrequented localities the wayfarer goes in, builds a fire and cooks a meal; goes to the store-room, helps himself to milk and "flat brood," and leaves on the table money enough to pay for what he has used. Frequently a post-boy (he is sometimes a man and not infrequently a girl or woman) has taken what I have paid for his dues, putting it into his pocket without counting. He always, however, sees what you give him as a gratuity, and shakes you by the hand when de says "tak" (thanks). I gave a servant-girl too much for our dinner. She was much amused, when she followed me, that I should have made such a blunder. At wayside stations they charge ridiculously low prices, and as far as I can learn make no distinction in making charges to foreigners and home people.—*Carter H. Harrison, in Chicago Mail*

Neatness in Girls.

Neatness is a good thing for a girl, and if she does not learn it when she is young, she never will. It takes a great deal more neatness to make a girl look well than it does to make a boy look passable. Not because a boy, to start with, is better looking than a girl, but his clothes are of a different sort, not so many colors in them; and people don't expect a boy to look so pretty as a girl. A girl that is not neatly dressed is called slovenly and no one likes to look at her. Her face may be pretty, and her eyes bright, but if there is a spot of dirt on her cheek and fingers' ends all black with ink and her shoes are not laced or buttoned up and her apron is dirty and her collar is not buttoned and her skirt is torn, she cannot be liked. I went into a little girl's room once and all her clothes were on the floor, and her plaything, too. Learn to be neat, and when you have learned it, it will almost take care of itself.—*Christian Women.*

Brush with a Wildcat.

Elezer Goodrich had an exciting experience in the Spring Brook woods on a dark night last month. He was riding a horse along an old log road, on his way home from Moosic, when a wildcat sprang from the bushes with a growl, gave two or three leaps and seized the horse by the neck. Goodrich kicked at it as hard as he could until it let go and dropped, in front of the running horse. He did not hear anything more from the wildcat, and, after he had quieted the horse and hitched him to a tree, he went back, struck some matches and searched for the savage beast. The wildcat lay in the road with a crushed skull, the horse having apparently trod upon it as it fell.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Progressive Farmer says: If the farmers of the South are wise they will abolish the custom or rule of giving liens, mortgages and notes, to mature on the first of November. Let the farmers hold every pound of cotton except just so much as may be required to meet their obligations as they become due. And then resolve and agree that all their accounts, hereafter, shall mature at the end of the year. Let the Alliance look into this matter and discuss it in their meetings before the time arrives to make contracts.

Billy Mahone declares that the "colored man is by instinct a Republican." If race instinct settles this question what should the white man be?

In Virginia they are telling the following war incident: "The Union army having cut off the sources of supply, the Confederate army was suffering for food. At that time Lee's army had a large number of Union prisoners, and Mahone hastened up to General Lee and suggested as a means of getting food that all food be cut off from these Union prisoners until the Union army opened the way for the Confederates to get supplies, and he suggested that the Union army be so notified. Robert E. Lee, fixing his eyes contemptuously upon Mahone, said: 'No, sir; no, sir. As long as we have a crust of bread we will divide with our prisoners. Mahone quailed beneath the old General's glance and slunk away. Lee refused to have any delicacies his men did not have, and lived on corn bread, with an occasional bite of bacon. Mahone had a fine cook and a fine milch cow."

NOTICE.

NORTH CAROLINA } SUPERIOR COURT.
ROWAN COUNTY } Nov. Term 1889.

Mariah L. Smith, plaintiff,
against
H. P. Smith, defendant.

Action for divorce from the bonds of matrimony:

The defendant above named is hereby notified to be and appear before the Judge of the Superior Court of Rowan county to be held in Salisbury, on the 11th Monday after the 1st Monday in September, 1889, and answer the complaint which has been deposited in the office of the Superior Court Clerk of said county; and if he fail to answer said complaint the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein as stated above. JOHN M. HORAH,

Clerk Superior Court of Rowan county.

LEE S. OVERMAN,

47:6t. Att'y for Plaintiff.

Administratrix Notice.

The undersigned having qualified as Administratrix upon the estate of Nathan H. Neely, deceased, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them to me for payment on or before the 10th day of September, 1890, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate settlement.

September 2d, 1889.

MARGARET C. NEELY,

T. C. LINN, Administratrix.

Attorney. 46:6t

SALE OF LAND.

By virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Rowan county in the case of E. T. Goodman and others against Effie Kilpatrick and others, I will sell on the premises in Rowan county, on the 7th day of October, 1889, the following real estate to wit: Adjoining the lands of Louisa Jamison, J. P. Kenerly, J. R. McCorkle, W. B. McLean and others, containing 167 acres, known as the Raymer place. This land is in a good neighborhood, desirably located, and within a few hundred yards of Prospect church.

Terms, one-third cash, and the balance in six months with interest from day of sale at the rate of eight per cent. per annum. Title retained till all the purchase money is paid. Bond and approved security required.

This 7th day of September, 1889.

E. T. GOODMAN,

47:t.s. Commissioner.