Billy Mahone.

Cincinnati Commercial.

When the lion eats grass like an ox,
And the fishing worm swallows the whale;
When the terrapins knit woolen socks,
And the hare's outrun by the snail;
When serpents walk upright as men,
And the doodle bugs travel like frogs;
When the grasshopper feeds on hens,
And feathers are found upon hogs;
When Thomas cats swim in the air,
And elephants roost upon trees;
When insects in summer are rare,
And snuff never makes people sneeze;
When fishes creep over dry land,
And mules on velocipedes ride;
When foxes lay eggs in the sand,
And women in dress take no pride;
When Dutchmen no longer drink beer,
And girls get to preaching on time;
When billygoats butt from the rear,
And treason no longer is crime;
When the humming bird brays like the ass,
And potato bugs sing like the lark;
When plowshares are made out of glass,
And fleas can be caught in the dark;
When gas meters cease to tell lies,
And the cow jumps over the moon;
When the Yankees forsake pumpkin pies,
And the dish runneth after the spoon;
When streams to their fountains flow back,
And limburger smells like cologne;
When the skin of the white man turns black,
And the hearts of Virginians to stone;
Not till then will they follow the track
Of thy treachery, Billy Mahone.

A Wonderful Cotton Plant.

A SPARTANBURG FARMER RAISING COTTON WITHOUT LINT.

News comes from Spartanburg of a new cotton plant, which, if is like claimed, will make a wonderful revolution in the agricultural and cotton oil interests of the nation. T. Ferguson, an experienced cotton planter, claims to have a cotton plant which will produce nothing but cotton seed without the lint. His statement is briefly as follows.

He claims that there is a male and female cotton plant—the male being designated, he thinks, by the red calks. The seeds are vari-colored the shades being generally blue, green and white, and of course cannot be distinctly specified, Given this fact, Ferguson commenced, some time ago, to pick out the male plants, and with the seed extracted from them planted another patch separately. When the crop was ready for picking the male plants were again selected and the production of seeds planted separately again. This process of selecting the male plants was kept up until at last the lint refused to germinate, and nothing is left in the bolls save a large amount of seed. The amount of seed. The amount of seed contained in the boll is more than equal to the weight of the lint and seed found in the average sized boll of cotton. Ferguson claims that he can produce four hundred bushels of seed to the acre by his new discovery, where only thirty-five bushels are now gathered with the lint. He has been very careful in producing the results given above—to obliterate all vestige of lint from a boll of cotton—and has succeeded in a most remarkable manner. Other experienced planters have been sbown Fergueson's new discovery and are much struck with it.

An expert who was shown the plant and boll said it had the appearance, both on the exterior and the interior, of a regular boll of cotton after the lint has been picked out. The seed are a little larger than the common seed and are perfectly free from any semblance of lint. The bolls are filled with these seed, which are as numerous as okra seed in a pod of okra. The revolution that will be effected by this cotton plant, if it can be cultivated successfully, will be beyond calculation. If Ferguson's calculations are correct, the cotton oil business will be entirely revolutionized. The planters who now raise cotton are fortunate if they can make 200 pounds of lint cotton to the acre. Counting the value of cotton seed at $50 an acre is considered a big return to planters in this State. Ferguson claims that his new cotton seed plant will yield at least $90 an acre. This amount he says will be obtained from 400 bushels of cotton seed t twenty cents per bushel, that being the present price paid for the raw seed. The State agricultural bureau will investigate the matter.

Have a Few.

Arizonio Kicker.

A correspondent inquires if The Kicker has any libel suits on hand, as the result of its independent and outspoken course. Well, yes, it has a few—about four dozen, we believe, but we are not worrying any. They have all been instituted by second class ducks, who haven't any character to be damaged, and the whole batch will probably be thrown out of court in a lump some day. In the beginning of the career a libel suit used to give us the colic for three days and nights, and we'd wake up from a troubled sleep to find our cheeks wet with tears, but we soon got sunburned. Indeed, we rather prefer to see them come. It looks like business.

Epoch

The transition from long, lingering and painful sickness to robust health marks an epoch in the life of the individual. Such a remarkable event is treasured in the memory and the agency whereby the good health has been attained is gratefully blessed. Hence it is that so much is heard in praise of Electric Bitters. So many feel they owe their restoration to health, to the use of the Great Alterative and Tonic. If you are troubled with any disease of Kidneys, Liver or Stomach, of long or short standing, will surely find relief by use of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50c and $1 per bottle at Kluttz & Co.'s Drugstore.

The Great Eastern Gone.

THE LEVIATHAN BROKEN UP FOR OLD IRON AFTER THIRTY YEAR'S SERVICE.

London Graphic.

We have so often been called upon in past years to announce the last, and the very last and positively the last, of this magnificent and generally useless ship, which has lingered on, through an obscure and profitless existence, since her single voyages to New York, New Orleans and Melbournse proved a commercial failure, that the stranded hull on the Mersey shore, ready to be broken up for a few thousand pounds' worth of old iron, may seem but a reminiscence of the fate, repeatedly declared to be imminent and commonly believed to be past.

It is thirty years since she first put to sea from the Thames, and her passage down the Channel was marred by a shocking disaster from the blowup of her steam apparatus, which cost ten lives; but the laborious efferts to launch this enormous "Leviathan," as she was at first called, in 1857, from Mr. Scott-Russell's building yard Millwall, had been ominous of ill success. Men were killed by the breaking of the gear attached to hydraulic engines that slowly pushed her, broadside on, into the comparatively narrow river, and Mr. Brunel the eminent engineer, dying a few days afterwards, was thought to be a victim of sore anxiety and severe disappointment.

One serviceable and honorable performance the laying of the Atlantic telegraph cable in 1855, is set down to the Great Eastern; but experience has shown that vessels of moderate size can do such work as well. It is a sad chapter in the history of marine architecture, and some people must have lost at one time and another nearly a million sterling altogether by this immense mistake. The Great Eastern might perhaps have been converted into a very commodious floating hotel, moored in some tranquil bay; she could never have been a good sea-going ship, or competed in speed, comfort or safety, with the admirable "liners" of recent construction. Her engines, indeed, were manifestly of insufficient power and she rolled grievously for lack of a keel. The dimensions of the big ship were 694 feet long, 83 feet wide, and 60 feet deep; capacity, 22,500 tons burden.

Throwing Out Hints.

When a Georgia farmer found out that his son John was spacking a certain farmer's daughter for a year or more without settling any question, he called him out behind the stack and said to him:

"John, de you love Susan Tinker?"

"I guess I do, bad."

"And does she love you?"

"That's what I dunno, and I'm 'fraid to ask her."

"Well, you'd better throw out a few hints to-night and find out. Its no use wearing out boot leather unless you are going to marry her.

That night at ttn o'clock John came home a wreck. His face was all scratched up, his ear was bleeding, his hat gone, and his back was covered with mud.

"John! John! What on earth is the matter?" exclaimed the old man, laying down his paper.

"I've bin over to Tinkers," was the reply.

"And—and——"

"And I threw out a few hints to Susan."

"What kind of hint?"

"Why I told her I'd been hoofiing it two miles four nights out of a week for the last year to sit up with her while she chawed wax and sung through her nose, and now I reckoned it was time for her to brush her teeth and darn up her stockings, cure the bile on her chin and tell the old folks that we're exgaged."

"And her father bonced you?"

"No, dad, no; that's where I'm consoled. It took the whole gasted family, including Susan, two hired men, and three dogs, and then I wasn't more than half licked. I guess we moved on 'em too soon, dad—I guess it wasn't quite time to throw out.

Breaking Up Public Gambling.

Durham Sun.

The editor of the Henderson Tomahawk attended the Weldon Fair, and he says he is sorry he went; had he stayed at home he would have been spared the disagreeable duty of comment. He found the "numberless gambling stands run by fakirs and other cut throats." We mention this because the brother says "the time has come for the pres of the State to put its foot down, with full force, upon every fair whose principle feature consists in the number and variety of gambling concerns to be seen on the grounds." He adds: "Here after, we shall publish no notice, either as news, complimentary, or for pay, of any associaton which induces people to come there and licenses sharpers to rob them."

That's the way to talk it, and that's the way to break it up. We do not believe there is a conscientious paper in the State, but what will do the same thing. The papers like human beings, are often led into error along this line, and in many instances they are not aware of these things. As far as our observation goes, the press of North Carolina generally speaks out and there is no uncertain sound about it.

A Lady in South Carolina Writes:

My labor was shorter and less painful than on two former occasions; physicians astonished; I thank you for "Mother's Friend." It is worth its weight in gold. Write the Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. Sold by all druggists.

Compound Interest on a Quarter.

About thirty-five years ago a little boy was given a quarter of a dollar for spending money. As he walked down the street, very happy, he met with an older boy, and showed him the money, saying as he did so, "See what my good papa gave me to spend." The older boy knocked it out of the little fellow's hand, snatched it up and ran away with it. The little boy was almost broken-hearted, but when he went home crying and told about it his mother gave him another quarter. This modified him, but he never forgave the older boy. The war came on and the older boy was given a commission in the army, while the little one, who was too young to enlist, staid at home.

After the war the younger boy became a clerk in the war department. Within the past fifteen years the older boy, who had become a lawyer and an orator, announced himself as a candidate for the United States Senate, and he had a large following. It looked as though he might be elected. But one morning the newspapers in many portions of the country, and especially those of his own State, published a statement to the effect that the candidate had been dismissed from the army for cowardice and other questionable conduct. The lawyer denied the charge and extracts from the records of the War Department were published, showing that the charge was true. He was not elected. After his defeat was accomplished, he received a letter postmarked Washington, D. C., of which the following is an exact copy: "Do you remember the day you outraged a little boy's feelings and almost broke his heart by stealing a quarter from him? That deed cost you a seat in the Senate."—*Washington Capitol.*

Poor But Honest.

Detroit Free Press.

The other forenoon a young man with a forlorn looking countenance and a suit of clothes which seemed to have run all together and consolidated to save expense, mounted a salt barrel on the sidewalk on Michigan avenue and started off with:—

"My dear friends, pause for a moment and hear my narrative. I am a poor but honest young man. My motto is 'Excelsior.' My parants are dead and I am a lone orphan."

He added considerable to the above, and in a few minutes he had a crowd of fifty people around him. Then he announced:—

"My dear friends, I do not ask for charity. All I want is a fair show to manke my way in life. I shall now ask you to chip in a nickel apiece, and I will endeavor to do something never yet done on the face of the globe. I will try to turn a quadruple somersault in the air."

The crowd seemed to like the idea, and the small change rattled in until the gross amount was about $3. Then the young man got down off the barrel, spit on his hands, picked out his ground and turned a pretty fair somersault. He turned another and another and then remounted the barrel and said:—

"Kind friends, I have tried to, but I can't do it. Assuring you of my heartfelt thanks for your kindness, I remain yours truly."

And not a man uttered a word of complaint.

Teach Boys to Work.

If you are weathly it is your matter as to whether you support your boy in idleness or not, but when your boy reaches the age of maturity it will be his matter as to whether you have taught him how to earn an honest living or not. You are simply his custodian for his good and not yours, you are his guardian—the guardian of his interest not only that which pertains to money that he is left and may be swept away by misfortune or squandered and he left in want. But if you train him up with an honest and industrious chyracter it will last him to the end of life, and be a stay and support in all emergencies.

If boys are trained to work, their muscles will be hardened, and their morals kept pure, so that when they reach manhood they will not only be able to ke p the money their parents may have left them, but they will be able to earn more, and also enjoy the respect and the confidence of their fellow man. An idle brain is the devils worship, and you may be sure that he keeps busy there all the time. Keep your boys engaged in some honest employment if you wish to make valuable men out of them.—*Twin City Daily.*

Northern Farmers on Southern Farms.

N. Y. Herald.

What odd and unexpected changes time produces! Years ago, for example, the New Hampshire and Vermont farmers were among the most independent and thrifty folks on the continent. Farming in New England, nowadays, however, is a constant grind and discouragement. The soil has grown stubborn and the mortgage increased.

If the grandfathers of the present generation in Vermont and New Hampshire had been told that their children's children would pull up stakes and colonize in different parts of the South, they would have raised their hands in horror. But the war is over, we are one people and our young men receive an equal welcome in all the parts of the country.

There is some difference between ploughing round the rocks of a New England farm with a pair of open and turning up the rich soil on the Mississippi plantation with a pair of mules. So the South invites colonists, and a good many farmers' sons are leaving the North with the hope of making their fortunes.

LONG WALKING TRIP.

An English Family with Six Children Walk Five Hundred Miles.

Mrs. Adam Acton, an English lady who has one residence in St. John's Wood, London, and another in Ormidale, Arran, is the heroine of the latest remarkable pedestrian feat—a walk of five hundred miles in England and Scotland, beginning in London and ending in Glasgow, and performed, not alone, but in the company of her whole family of six children, the eldest of whom is twelve years and the youngest twelve months. The latter, it need hardly be said, did not walk the whole distance, being wheeled, in fact, together with his feeding bottle and appurtenances thereto belonging, in a baby carriage. Mrs. Acton, in the course of conversation with a Scotch reporter on the experience of her trip, remarked: "You must bear in mind that we had no idea when we started of doing any thing wonderful in walking. We come up from London every year from our house here in Arran; and as we went down by rail no less than nine times last year, we thought we would walk this year and see the country, for, of course, you never see any thing of it from the window of a railway car.

"Our party consisted of six children, the youngest in our famous baby coach, which has been, oh, thousands of miles on the Continent and in England and Scotland, and my husband and myself and two maids—ten in all. When we started from St. John's Wood we each took a small black bag in our hands; but we soon had to give these up. Afterward we had absolutely nothing but a night-gown and a mackintosh each. There was one brush and one comb for myself and all the children. We really couldn't carry more than the least possible quantity of luggage, you know. Tea—my husband is so fond of a cup of tea—so we carried our tea all the way from London; and we had a kettle, too; one of those flat ones to boil over a spirit lamp, and the spirit lamp itself. And, of course, the baby, being a young baby and fed on the bottle, obliged us to carry a tin can of milk. We had very light fare. As soon as we got into the North of England we always had porridge for breakfast. We never had much meat; on the only two occasions when we had really a good dinner, we found that we could not walk afterward. We had eggs and milk, and bread and butter to any amount. The meat we had was almost entirely tinned meat, which we bought with bread in the town or village in the morning, and carried with us till we came to a suitable place for dinner. We had dinner in the open air always. Then for tea we had just to call and get a kettle of water and the use of tea things, which they were always glad to supply us for a shilling (twenty-five cents.)

"Of course the trouble was boots," Mrs. Acton continued. "We were recommended all sorts of hygienic soles, and every thing, and we tried every thing, and we had to give them all up. We gave up boots altogether and took to 'sand shoes'—canvas shoes with India rubber soles. Those allow the feet to go any how they like; there is no pressure and we found them admirable. We never got blisters or sore feet or any thing. We used to soap our toes and heels and the inside of our stockings before we started; that is a very good thing. Then as to washing, we could not possibly stop to have every thing washed at the inns and places, so the way we managed our washing was to have one thing washed every night. We found we could always get one thing washed and quickly got up, and so we had clean things without the trouble of carrying any with us. We carried no umbrellas. But though the weather was very bad in England we did very well without. In the first part of the time we walked in our mackintoshes and hats that the rain would not hurt. Of course it was very muddy, and, what with the mud and the rain and the sun, our dress got into such a state we were quite ashamed of ourselves. And on Saturday nights we had to stop somewhere and buy flowers or some little frilling or something to brighten up our hats to go to church on the next morning. But we never had colds, in spite of having no umbrellas, and, though we had a great deal of gray, cold weather that people complained of, we found it splendid weather for walking."—*Cor. Philadelphia Press.*

George Was Not Afraid.

Young lady (badly frightened)—O, George, here comes pa.

George (ditto)—Where? Where?

Young lady—Hear him stepping along the hall in his stocking feet?

George (greatly relieved)—Be calm, darling, be calm. George is not afraid of stocking feet.—*Washington Critic.*

—A fight between a rattlesnake and a coach-whip, near Moultrie, Fla., is thus described: The rattlesnake watched his antagonist, but could not obtain an opportunity to strike. Thinking that the coach-whip did not mean business, the rattler then leisurely uncoiled himself and started to go, when, quick as lightning, the whip started for him, seizing him back of the neck, and wrapped himself tightly around his body. In ten minutes the coach-whip leisurely uncoiled himself and glided away into the underbrush, leaving the latter a mass of jelly, quite dead. The rattlesnake had several rattles, and was a dangerous-looking monster.

—The report of the Trustees of the Vermont Lunatic Asylum shows the whole number of patients admitted to the asylum in fifty-two years is 6,288; 3,222 men, and 2,966 women.

How to Bathe.

Perfect healthfulness is impossible without perfect cleanliness. Frequent bathing is necessary to free the mouths of the innumerable little sweat glands from obstructions, and permit the elimination of impurities from the body. Another important effect of the bath is its influence upon the circulation of the blood. A bath, properly taken, invariably accelerates the circulation.

One should never bathe immediately after eating a hearty meal, but should wait two hours at least; nor should he bathe when greatly fatigued. The best time is just before retiring at night.

The entire body should be bathed two or three times a week in winter, and from three to seven times a week in summer.

It should be remembered that a quick, hot bath, especially when followed by a cool sponging and brisk rubbing, is strengthening, while to remain long in a warm bath is weakening. A hot bath is one in which the temperature is from 85 to 105 degrees, a warm bath is one from 70 to 80 degrees, and a cold bath below 60 degrees.

ecora'ing Cheap Cigars.

There was an article in The Globe-Democrat the other day exposing some of the secrets of the cigar trade, but there was one little trick that was not mentioned. I refer to the new scheme of wrapping up or labeling cheap cigars. Some of the choicest and most costly Havanas are always either wrapped in a peculiar kind of paper or have a gilt band around them, and lately manufacturers or packers have thought of the plan of putting up cheap cigars in similar style. I have had on my counter two boxes side by side filled with precisely similar cigars, but only those in one box with collars. This box would only last three or four days, while the other one would last as many weeks. Smokers of cheap cigars who are not particular as to flavor always seem to favor a decorated smoke, and I expect before long the little garnishments mentioned will be used exclusively for cheap brands, and used for them very generally.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

How to Make a Hand Grenade.

A Georgia physician writes to an Atlanta paper that the solution used in the hand grenade now offered so extensively for sale is easily and cheaply made by taking twenty pounds of common salt, ten pounds of sal ammoniac (muriate of ammonia, to be had of any druggist), and dissolved in seven gallons of water. When dissolved it can be bottled and kept in each room in the house. In case of fire one or two bottles should be thrown with force into the burning place, hard enough to break them, and the fire will certainly be extinguished.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Their Business Booming

Probably no one thing has caused such a revival of trade at Klattz's Drug Store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchistis, Croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You an test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size $1. Every bottle warrented

Chicago Mail.

Wateree Messenger.

A pound of saltpetre to each square rod of ground is recommended as an excellent quick-acting manure for flower beds, and it is also excellent for strawberry plants. As it is easily soluble in water it is soon appropriated by plants, and gives immediate results.

A VALUABLE REMEDY.

A letter from S. P. Warfell, Boston, says: "I used CLARKE'S EXTRACT OF FLAX (Papillon) CATARRH CURE in June last for Hay Fever with great satisfaction, and find it the ONLY thing I have seen which would allay, without irritating, the inflammation of the nostrils and throat. "Its soothing and healing properties were soothing and immediate." Large bottle $1 00. Clarke's Flax Soap is the latest and best. Try it. 25 cents. Ask for them at Jno. H. Enniss' drug store.

Nuggets.

Many a man may double his physical capacity by strengthening his mind somewhat.

Without cleanliness in the dairy, all efforts to produce the best butter or cheese are vain.

Generally, he who sells hay from his farm pays a high rate of interest for the money he gets.

For the nutrition of live stock and the conversion of soil fertility, grass is the world's royal crop.

Excessive growth or fattening is at a great expense of food. Better a continuous good growth and no cramming stages.

The man who lays good animals and gives them scrub feed, might, to be consistent, not to hoist his umbrella in a rain storm.

The farmer must have a long bank account who can afford to breed immature animals for the shambles after they approach maturity.

Billy Mahone says the gun he had in his hand when young Harrison was shot was not loaded. But it is the gun that isn't thought to be "loaded" that does the harm these days. The gun may not have been loaded, but it is fair to assume under the circumstances that Billy was.—*Wil. Star.*