The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XXI.---THIRD SERIES. SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1890. NO. 24.

GENERAL DIRECTORY

COUNTY GOVERNMENT.

Clerk Superior Court, J M Horah.
Sheriff, C C Krider.
Register of Deeds, H N Woodson.
Treasurer, J Sam'l McCubbins.
Surveyor, B C Arey.
Coroner, D A Atwell.
Commissioners, T J Sumner chairman, W L Kluttz, C F Baker, Dr L W Coleman, Cornelius Kestler.
Sup't Public Schools, T C Linn.
Sup't of Health, Dr J J Summerell.
Overseer of Poor, A M Brown.

TOWN.

Mayor, Chas D Crawford.
Clerk, D R Julian.
Treasurer, I H Foust.
Police, R W Price, chief, J F Pace, C W Pool, R M Barringer, Benj Cauble.
Commissioners—North ward, J A Rendleman; D M Miller; South ward, D R Julian, J A Barrett; East ward, J B Gordon, T A Coughenour; West ward, R J Holmes, J W Rumple.

CHURCHES.

Methodist—Services every Sunday at 11 a m and 6½ p m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 6½ p m. Rev T W Guthrie, pastor.
Sunday school every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. J W Mauney, sup't.

Presbyterian—Services every Sunday at 11 a m and 8:30 p m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 8:30 p m. Rev J Rumple, D D, pastor.
Sunday school every Sunday afternoon at 4 p m. J Rumple, sup't.

Lutheran—Services every Sunday at 11 a m and 7 p m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7 p m. Rev Chas B King, pastor.
Sunday school every Sunday afternoon at 3 p m. R G Kizer, sup't.

Episcopal—Services every Sunday at 11 a m and 6:30 p m and Wednesday at 6:30 p m. Rev F J Murdoch, rector.
Sunday school every Sunday afternoon at 3 p m. Capt Theo Parker, sup't.

Baptist—Services every Sunday morning and night. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Rev ——, pastor.
Sunday school every Sunday at 9½ a.m. Thos L Swink, sup't.

Catholic—Services every second Sunday at 10½ a m and 7 p m. Rev Francis Meyer, pastor.
Sunday school every Sunday at 10 a m.

Y M C A—Devotional services at Hall every Sunday at 10 a m. Business meeting first Thursday night in every month. I H Foust, pres't.

LODGES.

Fulton Lodge No 99 A F & AM, meets every first and third Friday night in each month. E B Neave, W M.

Salisbury Lodge, No 21. K of P, meets every Tuesday night. A H Boyden, C C.

Salisbury Lodge, No 775, K of H, meets every 1st and 3d Monday night in each month. ——, Dictator.

Salisbury Council, No 272, Royal Arcanum, meets every 2d and 4th Monday night in each month. J A Ramsay, Regent.

POST OFFICE.

Office hours from 7:30 a m to 5:30 p m. Money order hours 9 a m to 5 p m.
Sunday hours 11:30 a m to 12:30 p m. J H Ramsay, P M.

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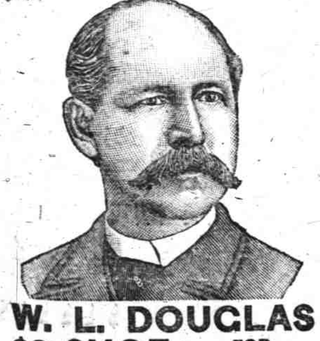

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$4.00 HAND-SEWED WELT SHOE.
$3.50 POLICE AND FARMERS' SHOE.
$2.50 EXTRA VALUE CALF SHOE.
$2.25 & $2 WORKINGMEN'S SHOES.
$2.00 and $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
All made in Congress, Button and Lace.
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$1.75 SHOE FOR MISSES.
Best Material. Best Style. Best Fitting.
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M. S. BROWN.

Press Notices on the Death of Mr. J. J. Bruner.

Salisbury Truth.

Died, at his home in this city, last Sunday, between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock, a. m., Mr. John Joseph Bruner. He was born on the 14th of March, 1817, and was therefore 73 years and 11 days old at the time of his death.

* * * *

He was eminently practical and considerate. Up to the war, by industry, he had accumulated a handsome fortune, and he could have put his money in realty and saved it, but instead he sold what he had and refused to invest in anything, lest it be regarded as speculating and doing injury to the Confederate cause. Stoneman wrecked his printing office, throwing the types into the street and breaking up the presses, and his money and bonds having become converted into Confederate securities, of course, died with the government.

In 1842, he was married to Miss Mary Ann, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Kincaid, Esq., who bore him thirteen children, but five of whom survive him.

In private life, he was a plain, matter of fact, upright citizen, a faithful and devoted husband, firm but kind father, and true friend. He believed in God, bowed to his providences, exercised a saving faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and strove to live up to the teachings of the Bible. More than 30 years ago he told this writer that there was nothing stable but God and Heaven, and that the sooner young people recognized the fact and devoted their lives to His service, the better it would be for them in this life and in that which is to come. That he acted upon this idea the record of his life attests.

The immediate cause of his death was congestion of the lungs, though he had been suffering from senile catarrh of the lungs for several years. He seems to have been perfectly conscious of the near approach of death. On Thursday and Friday preceeding, he visited his daughters in the town. On Saturday, he arose as usual, ate his breakfast, went to his garden, planted some seeds, returned to his room, privately wrote his will, laid it away, shaved himself, ate supper, walked out on his back piazza and viewed and discussed with the family the beautiful sunset of that evening and returned to his room whence he never came forth alive.

He was suddenly attacked between 8 and 9 o'clock Saturday night, and soon became speechless. On Sunday morning he passed away as quietly as an infant going to sleep. His funeral was conducted from the Presbyterian church on Monday evening by Rev. Dr. Rumple in the presence of a large assemblage of citizens. His pall bearers were Hons. J. S. Henderson, F. E. Shober, Kerr Craige, E. B. Neave, Dr. J. J. Summerell, and Messrs. S. H. Wiley, O. D. Davis, Capts. W. C. Coughenour, T. B. Beall, J. A. Ramsay, W. H. Overman, Jr. The remains were laid to rest beside his deceased children in Oak Grove cemetery.

Perhaps no man ever lived in Salisbury whose example was more worthy of imitation. He was a truthful, honest, brave man; a progressive citizen, a safe counsellor, a true friend, a pure Christian, a bold, outspoken editor, a respectful, but firm advocate, a friend to all classes and a constant seeker after something that he might do for the promotion of the happiness and well-being of his fellows. In all the relations of life he was just what he seemed. He delighted to do good, often seeking out cases of charity and administering relief to the extent of his ability. He believed in having an object in life, and the great object, to do right. When pressed to do anything about which he had not fully made up his mind, his first inquiry was, what is to be effected by it? what good will come of it? The writer has known him intimately for twenty-five years and has never known a purer man, a truer friend, nor better Christian. His life was a blessing to many, a comfort to this writer, and a boon to be treasured and remembered by all good people.

Mecklenburg Times.

J. J. Bruner, the editor of the SALISBURY WATCHMAN, died at his home Sunday, the 23d, at the age of 73. He was the oldest editor, and edited the oldest newspaper in the State. He entered the office of the *Western Carolinian* at the age of nine years, and excepting short intervals, he remained continuously in the newspaper business from that time until his death. His career in journalism covered a period of 64 years. Mr. Bruner never displayed the dash and wild search for sensations or for notoriety which so characterize modern journalism. He did not follow the crowd or yield to innovations which were inconsistent with his ideas of journalism. He had a well defined conception of the mission of a newspaper. His idea was to convey useful information, to furnish wholesome mental food, to teach sound political doctrines, and above all, to elevate public morals. His editorials were always written in a calm, dispassionate, and conservative, but firm spirit. He was a sturdy Democrat of the old school, well grounded in first principles, and he uniformly condemned such departures by his party as the Blair bill, and other measures which were inconsistent with State rights. A self-educated man, he was wanting in the versatility and rhetorical powers which go to make up the brillent editor of the day. But much of the brilliancy which characterises our journalism is at the expense of sound teachings. It is too often alloyed with immorality and features which debase rather than elevate society.

In his quiet way Mr. Bruner has done a great work for the cause of morality and Democracy. His career was not a brillant comet in the journalistic heavens, but rather as the Northern star whose serene and constant light has been a guide to those who travel the sea of life.

His editorial record has never been stained by uncharitable speech. If he had any enemies his newspaper was never made the weapon for a personal attack on them. In his old age he had nothing to embitter his life. He was an upright, high toned man: honest and sincere: a devout Christian, and a respected citizen.

In his death, he leaves the press of the State a rich legacy in his exemplary life.

Statesville Landmark.

Joseph J. Bruner, Esq., editor and proprietor of THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN, died at his home in Salisbury at 11 o'clock Sunday morning of congestion of the lungs, aged 73 years. He was, we think, a native of Montgomery county, and had for 51 years been connected with the WATCHMAN as joint or sole editor and proprietor. For some time he has not been able to give his paper any attention and it has been in the hands of his son, Mr. T. K. Bruner, secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, who has been writing to it, from Raleigh, and his son-in-law, Mr. C. G. Viele. Before the war the WATCHMAN circulated very largely throughout the Piedmont section of Western North Carolina, and was a recognized Whig authority. Mr. Bruner always gave the mechanical department of his office a great deal of attention, clipping with great judgment but writing less for his paper than most editors. He wrote, however, when he chose to, with great force and felicity of expression, and always with conservatism and great good sense. To high-mindedness, the inflexible and universally recognized integrity of the man, added to his prudence and fine judgment, gave weight to his counsels and rendered him always an individual and an editor of influence. A person of pronounced views and great decision of character, he was yet the most amiable, genial and kindly of men. With him passes away about the last of the older generation of North Carolina editors. He had reached a green old age and died with the honor and esteem of those among whom he spent all the years of his manhood. What more could be said for the character and worth of any man? Mr. Bruner was a member of the Presbyterian church and had been for many years an elder in that church at Salisbury.

Concord Standard.

Mr. J. J. Bruner, the veteran and venerable editor of the Salisbury WATCHMAN, died in that place Sunday at the age of 73 years. He is said to be the oldest editor in the State, having been connected with the WATCHMAN for 51 years. His paper has always been a favorite in this part of the State, being at one time the only paper published in this section. During this long career, we learn, the WATCHMAN has visited its patrons regularly with the exception of a brief suspension necessitated by the raid of Stoneman's brigade in 1865, as the Federal soldiers smashed his press and emptied his type out of the windows. As soon as the type could be sorted and a new press obtained, the WATCHMAN came out again, badly mutilated but still in the ring. Mr. Bruner was held in high esteem by his neighbors in Salisbury and by his brethren of the press, who valued him for his great worth and sterling qualities.

Wilmington Star.

We regret exceedingly the death of Mr. J. J. Bruner, the veteran editor of the Salisbury WATCHMAN, which occurred at his residence in that city last Sunday. He had been engaged in editorial work for fifty-one years and was doubtless the oldest editor in the State in continuous service. Fifty-one years ago he established the WATCHMAN, in the editorship of which he was true to his convictions, true to his people, honest, upright, and without pretence. He sought rather to do his duty in a quiet, unobtrusive way than to win notoriety. He did his duty—did it well—and at the age of 73 years, lays down his life work, respected, honored, and mourned by the community which knew him best.

Greensboro Patriot.

The *Patririot* learns with profund regret of the death at Salisbury Sunday morning, of Mr, J. J. Bruner, the venerable editor of the WATCHMAN. His heart was as simple as a child's and full of the milk of human kindness and he laid down a pen that for more than fifty years had labored untiringly for the up-building of his country and the improvement of his people. That he did his work well, we who have been familiar with that work, can testify. He has set an example of patience, industry, honesty, singleness of purpose and devotion to duty, that we younger members of the profession he adorned, would do well to follow.

Star of Zion.

The venerable John Joseph Bruner, the oldest editor in North Carolina, having been editor of the WATCHMAN here for 51 years, died last Sunday morning about 11 o'clock, age 73 years. He was a man of positive conviction bold unflinching. We differed with him on many points, but we honored him for his true manliness which would enable one always to place him, since he always stood up to be counted. He was never a negative quantity. We had business dealings with him, and he was uniformly kind, courteous and obliging on all occasions. He passed away peacefully and serene. Peace to his ashes.

Monroe Register.

Mr. J. J. Bruner, who has been for fifty years editor of the Salisbury WATCHMAN, died at his home in Salisbury last Sunday. He had been ill for some time, and unable to do active work. Mr. Bruner was an honest, conscientious man, and during his long connection with journalism maintained a reputation for honesty of purpose and fidelity to his convictions of right. He had been for years an elder in the Presbyterian church. In his death the State loses a good citizen, his church a faithful official and the profession of journalism an honored member.

Press and Carolinian.

With real, unfeigned sadness we chronicle the death of our highly respected editor of the Salisbury WATCHMAN, J. J. Bruner. Over fifty years he has faithfully edited that conservative paper, and on last Sunday he closed his labors and bade adieu to this life at the age of 73 years. A good man, a faithful editor and a respected citizen has left us. Honor to his name and peace to his ashes.

Stanly Observer,

Mr. J. J. Bruner, for 51 consecutive years editor of the Salisbury WATCHMAN, died last Sunday morning about 11 o'clock, a. m. Mr. Bruner was the oldest editor in the State, and was greatly respected, not only by the craft, but by everybody. The WATCHMAN is a valuable newspaper—always reliable.

Winston Sentinel.

Mr. J. J. Bruner, the venerable editor of the Salisbury WATCHMAN, is dead. He was an honest, honorable man.

Tears on His Cheek.

We may slight a stranger whose language we cannot understand, but his silent sorrow will touch us, and we—

"Believe the tears, which from his heart,
Bleed at his eyes."

There is much natural pathos in a rough master mason's account, in the Watford, Ontario, Guide, of a terrible accident to a poor laborer.

"Bless you! but I had never given him a second look. I knew that the man was Norwegian, slow, but solid, hardly able to speak a word of English and I never cared whether he had a relative on earth. Perhaps it looks a bit hard-hearted in me, but I am driven from morning till night, and I must drive the men under me. When I want a hod-carrier I look for muscle, and when I have found muscle I don't look for further sentiment."

"How did the accident happen?"

"He stepped off the scaffold."

"And is bodily hurt?"

"Yes, though I think he will pull through. Any man might have blundered as he did, but since I have learned how it was with him, I've felt womanish in my heart."

"How was it?"

"Well, he had just got his hod filled with bricks when two or three of his countrymen came along and told him that his baby was dead. They had just come from his house to bring him the news.

"He came on the scaffold with his hod, probably intending to notify me of his affliction. His eyes must have been full of tears, and as he stepped out he missed his distance and went to the ground.

"There were tears on his cheeks when we picked him up, and the only word he uttered was to speak his dead boy's name.

"I had looked upon him as an old Norwegian, but I found that he was a husband and father who went home at night to coo with his baby and kiss the wife who had left all behind to follow him over the sea, and I tell you I feel like asking forgiveness and doing all I can to soften the grief which has come upon his humble home."

When a Cincinnati burglar pleaded guilty the other day, and piteously alleged that he was drunk when he committed the crime, the judge gave him two years extra on his sentence, saying, "The man who gets drunk and commits a felony is worse than a sober man who breaks the law."

My First Cigar.

The time had come in my boyhood which I thought demanded of me a capacity to smoke. The old people of the household could abide neither the sight nor the smell of the Virginia weed. When ministers came there, not by positive injunction, but by a sort of instinct as to what would be safest, they whiffed their pipe on the back steps. If the house could not stand sanctified smoke, it may be imagined how little chance there was for adolescent cigar puffing.

By some rare good fortune which put in my hands three cents, I found access to a tobacco store. As the lid of the long, narrow, fragrant box opened, and for the first time I owned a cigar, my feeling of elation, manliness, superiority and anticipation, can scarcely be imagined, save by those who have had the same sensation. When I put the cigar to my lips, and stuck the lucifer match to the end of the weed, and commenced to pull with an energy that brought every facial muscle to its utmost tension, my satisfaction with this world was so great my temptation was never to want to leave it.

The cigar did not burn well. It required an amount of suction that tasked my determination to the utmost. You see that my worldly means had limited me to a quality that cost only three cents. But I had been taught that nothing great was accomplished without effort, so I pulled away. Indeed I had heard my older brothers in their Latin lesson say, *omnia vincit labor;* which translated means, if you want to make anything go, you must scratch for it.

With these sentiments, I passed down the village street and out toward my country home. My head did not feel exactly right, and the street began to rock from side to side, so that it became rather uncertain to me which side of the street I was on. So I crossed over, but found myself on the same side that I was on before. Indeed, I imagined that I was on both sides at the same time, and several fast teams were driving between. I met another boy who asked why I looked so pale, and I told him that I did not look pale, but that he was pale himself. After some further walking, I sat down under the bridge near my house and began to reflect on the prospect of early decease, and on the uncertainty of earthly expectations. I had determined to smoke the cigar all up, and thus get the full worth of my money, but was finally obliged to throw three-fourths of it away. I knew, however, exactly where I threw it, in case I should feel better the next day.

Getting home, the old people were frightened, and demanded of me an explanation as to my absence and the rather whitish color of my complexion. Not feeling that I was called to go into particulars, and not wishing to increase my parents' apprehension that I was going to turn out badly, I summed up the case with the statement that I felt miserable in the pit of my stomach. Mustard plasters were immediately administered, and I received careful watching for some hours. Finally, I fell asleep, and forgot my disappointment and humiliation and being obliged to throw away three-fourths of my first cigar.—*T. De Witt Talmage.*

Has the Earth too Much Gas?

Is it safe to drill the earth too much for natural gas? Prof. Joseph F. Jones answers this question in the Popular Science Monthly, and his conclusions are of a most alarming nature. The professor assumes the earth to be a hollow sphere, filled with a gaseous substance, called by us natural gas; and he thinks that tapping these reservoirs will cause disastrous explosions, resulting from the lighted gas coming in contact with that which is escaping. He compares the earth to a balloon floated and kept distended by the gas in the interior, which, if exhausted, will cause the crust to collapse, affect the motion of the earth in its orbit, cause it to loose its place among the heavenly bodies, and fall in pieces. Another thinks that drilling should be prohibited by stringent laws. He, too, thinks there is a possibility of an explosion, though from another cause. Should such a disaster occur, "the country along the gas belt from Toledo through Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky will be ripped up to the depth of 1,200 or 1,500 feet, and flopped over like a pancake, leaving a chasm through which the waters of Lake Erie will come down, filling the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, and blotting them out forever." Still another theorist has investigated the gas wells with telephones and delicate thermometers and he announces startling discoveries. He distinguished sounds like the boiling of rocks, and estimated that a mile and one-half or so beneath the Ohio and Indiana gas-field the temperature of the earth is 3,500 degrees. This scientist says an immense cavity exists, and that here the gas is stored; that a mile below the bottom of the cavity is a mass of roaring, seething flame, which is gradually eating into the rock floor of the cavern and thinning it. Eventually the flames will reach the gas, and a terrible explosion will ensue.—*Dr. Oswald.*

"What to do with the surplus!" will soon be changed to "What to do to get another surplus!".—*Washington Star.*

Planting Corn.

While it is possible that we may have some freezes again this spring, it would not be wise to defer planting corn any longer. Corn ought to be planted either early enough to mature before intense summer drouths are likely to overtake the crop, or else late enough to catch the August rains when about ready to ear. March and May are the two months for planting. One can still more probably escape the midsummer drouth by planting an early variety of corn as soon as the weather will permit. Taking it all in all, the golden dent is the best field variety of early corn we have ever grown. To get an early maturing crop the seed should be Northern grown—Southern grown seed will not bring the earliest crop; it losses in earliness every year it is planted on poor land. All early maturing crops must have rich soil, and corn is no exception. The land should also be very thoroughly prepared, and the crop should receive early and frequent working. For the main crop, plant the best common corn of the neighborhood.

We prefer to plant the main crop in a shallow watter furrow, and gradually work the dirt up to it. This renders cultivation easier, and makes it possible to lay by the crop with the surface flat. But for an earlier corn it is better to plant on plat beds. The soil will be dryer and warmer in such beds, and the seed will germinate better and the young plants grow off more promptly. With large and late varieties, this growing off rapidly is not desirable; there is too much tendency with them to make stalk at expense of ear. It is even better to have them held back by a slight nipping of frost. But there is no danger of making too much stalk if early varieties of Northern seed are planted. The tendency with them is more to earing than to stalk-making. To facilitate quick germination and a rapid send off, cover seed quite shallow. More failures to secure a good stand in early spring come from deep planting of seed than from any other cause. Place the seed so the sun's heat can reach them easily and so the young spear of corn will have less earth to force its way through.—*W. L. J., in Atlanta Constitution.*

Be Explicit in Making Bargains.

It is evident that many lawsuits and unpleasant business differences, and considerable loss of money, could be avoided by explicitness in asking and giving prices, in ordering, and in making statements, either oral or written, regarding the details of transactions. Kicks and complaints are very common in the lumber business, says the lumberman, and it applies equally to business transactions of every kind. Trouble arises from misunderstandings that might easily have been averted by carefulness at the outset of a deal, while in other instances definiteness of statement on the part of buyer or seller, in event of controversy, would have made plain the merits of a case that looks decidedly mixed because too much has been taken for granted. An ambiguous order should never be given, nor should goods be forwarded on the strength of it. If there is any opening for a mistake as to the dimensions or quality of stuff that is ordered, all the points should be definitely stated. Orders by telegraph especially are often too brief, are open to misconstruction, or lacking in detail. If goods are so urgently wanted that they are telegraphed for, it is certainly highly important that there should be nothing wrong on their arrival. The great aim of most persons in writing out a message is to save a few cents by boiling it down—an economy that often loses dollars for the sender. An order by telegraph should be made to state exactly what is wanted, no matter how many words are required. and then in case of a dispute the buyer will have more ground to stand on.

Of the fly species, the *Country Gentleman* say the horse-fly is the most cruel and bloodthirsty of the entire family. He is armed with the most formidable weapon, which consists of four lancets, so sharp and strong that they will penetrate leather. When not in use they are nicely folded away in a sucker. He makes his appearence in June, and may often be seen in the vicinity of small streams of water. He is said to subsist in part upon airy diet, and to pass his life harmlessly. Not so the female, for she is armed with six lancets, with which she bleeds both cattle and horses, and even human beings. She lays her eggs in moist places, and after they are hatched into footless maggots, they make all necessary journeys by stretching and closing the segments of their bodies, their hands being suppled with two hooks, by which they get their food. In process of some weeks, after which it bursts the pupa case, and comes forth a large black fly armed and equipped like its predecessors.

"How is it that you have not called upon me for your account?" "I never ask a gentleman for money." "Then how do you get on if he does not pay?" "After a time I conclude he is not a gentleman, and then I send his bill."

Notes and Comments.

Some English doctors recently put corsets on a number of monkeys in order to study the effects of tight lacing. "Half of the animals," it is reported, "died suddenly and the others "appeared to be seriously injured.

The vitality of the snail is remarkable. One that had been glued to a card in the British Museum for four years came to life upon being immersed in warm water. Some specimens in the collection of a naturalist revived after they had appearently been dead 15 years.

The Richmond Christian Advocate gives no names, but it says a certain Republican "occupying official position in a foreign country under our present Administration was a spree, as our outgoing missionaries report, nearly the entire voyage, and behaved scandalously."

It seems that the African elephant is in danger of being as thoroughly exterminated as has been the American bison. The demand for ivory has caused them to be relentlessly hunted and they have become so scarce that the supply of ivory has greatly decreased and its price has advanced in proportion.

A female dress reformer presents Eve as an example to her sisters. Eve, she says, wore no corsets. Neither did she wear a number two shoe on a number four foot, nor a two story hat at the theatre, nor bangs, and didn't chew gum. There are a good many things that she didn't do that her daughters might take a hint from, but it would not do for them to imitate her too closely in matters of dress.—*Wil. Star.*

The question has been asked why it is a bill cannot be passed in any of our legislatures requiring Romish institutions, convents and the like, to open their doors to ficial inspection. Why is it that everything else is a subject to inspection but a Roman Catholic convent? Why is it that higher walls surround them and their gates closed, and doors locked and they are kept in total secrecy?—*Baptist Chronicle.*

Dion Boucicault, the playright and actor, makes a statement that is very discreditable to the American people. He says that "more than $200,000,000 is paid every year by the American people for their theatrical entertainment. What pretense can a nation or people have to being Christian that pay out eighteen dollars to theatrical stuff to one dollar to send the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ to the heathens of the world! It is a blistering disgrace if true.—*Wilmington Messenger.*

More Clover.

Fellow farmers, now is the time for us to sow clover, while seed are cheap. Your lands are poor, and clover is the best crop to plant to reclaim them; too, it makes such nice hay to feed our cows and horses! You can sow clover now, and with good seasons cut a nice crop of hay in July, by planting good seed. You see the negroes are going away, and we are bound to plant some crop that does not require so much labor, and planting clover is not as expensive as hauling so much compost, and the clover sod is worth a great deal more as a fertilizer, especially if you will broadcast lime on the sod after fallowing, which will be good for most any crop. "Strike while the iron is hot," and sow a few acres in clover right away.—*H. W. Clark in Progressive Farmer.*

Corn Stalk Breaker.

Take a pole large enough to be hewn down to four by six inches, and long enough to take three rows of stalks at a swarth. Bore a hole two and a half feet from each end. Take another pole same length as first and much lighter; bore holes in it to correspond with those in the front piece, and pin the two together by stakes three feet long. The main object is to keep the weight in the front pole, as it does the breaking; the hind pole being used merely to steady the front one. The great fault with breakers is the sliding; to prevent this, bore two more holes in the front poles nine and one-half feet apart and equal distance from the ends, extending outward. Insert pines from the front, two and one-half feet long, and you have a splended corn stalk breaker.

Man and woman are fit to be companions everywhere in the world's work and in the world's life. Society suffers, and the individual suffers, when either sex is excluded from any great human interest.—*Rev. George Willis Cook.*

Delaware has recently secured school suffrage to women. This makes 25 of the 46 States and Territories wherein women have some form of suffrage—a majority of all.

French wine growers have a superstitious appreciation of comets, and expect good crops because four comets will be seen during the summer.