What is a Farm Title.

The question, What does a man buy when he purchases the title to a farm? has been often asked, but not satisfactorily determined. From the latest decisions on the subject it is plain that he buys the ground, of course, and all the buildings erected on it, whether these are mentioned or not. He also buys all the fences, but not material once used, then taken down and laid aside, nor material purchased for new fence, unless these are specifically mentioned. He also buys all adjuncts necessary to the farm, except implements and machinery. For instance, if there is a pile of bean poles cut and once used for the purpose, these go with the farm; but if cut and never used, they are the seller's property unless specified as sold. Standing trees and trees which have fallen or been blown down go with the ground, but if cut down and made into cordwood they become personal property, and to go with the land must be specified in the sale.

Peculiarities of the Year 1893.

A study of the calendar of 1893 will show that the present year will have some peculiarities. To begin with it commenced and closes on Sunday, and contains all or a part of 53 weeks. Each of the seven days of the week has the honor of being the first day of at least one month. Three of the months begin on Wednesday, while Sunday, Thursday, and Saturday are each the natal day for two months. There are three months—April, July, and December—that cover part of six weeks each. Washington's birthday came on Wednesday, and Decoration Day and the glorious 4th of July fall on Tuesday. Thanksgiving Day will fall on Thursday, the last day of November, and will be the latest Thanksgiving celebrated in the last decade. In fact it can never be any later in the year. As this is the World's Fair year, all the peculiarities are excusable.—Ex.

President Jackson's Wife.

N. C. Presbyterian.

Mrs. Rachel Jackson did not live to witness her husband's inauguration. Theirs was almost an ideal married life. Few husbands love their wives more tenderly and deferentially than General Jackson did his. Her wish was to him in most instances law. On one occasion, however, he did not yield to her desire. Not long before her death she begged him to join the Presbyterian church near their home in Tennessee; but being in the political campaign as a Presidential candidate, he said to her; "My dear, if I were to do that now it would be said all over the country that I had done it for the sake of political effect. I cannot do it now, but I promise you that when once more I am clear of politics, I will join the church." She is said to have been a noble woman, blessed with sincere piety and abundant good sense. On December 23, 1828, when the friends of the President-elect were preparing to give a public dinner in Nashville in his honor, she passed away from these earthly scenes to her heavenly home. His grief was deep and touching. When she was informed, a short time before her death, of her husband's election, she said: "Well, for Mr. Jackson's sake I'm glad; for my own part I never wished it."

Good Roads.

Rome made good roads and ruled the ancient world. Her traders could travel freely and her legions could march swiftly to peaceful or warlike conquests. The same law holds to this hour. On one side of the Mississippi lands are worth fifty dollars an acre, and on the other, twenty. One side has good roads and good citizens; the other has poor ones. If a farmer loses two hours a day during the winter season from bad roads, that foots up a month of lost time. He must have heavier vehicles and is able to draw only lighter loads. Four trips have to be made where three would suffice. The harness is broken, the horses are worn out. Time is wasted, social life is hampered, commerce is handicapped. Several of our newer States are making earnest provision for better roads. Bonds are to be voted for improvements. The road building in many sections has been a mere farce. A man works out his own tax according to his own notions in front of his own house. It will pay to build macadamized roads, without slipshod economy, in all well travelled districts. It cannot be done at once. It should be done well when it is done. But it will be invaluable for all regions where roads become impassable at times.—*The Occident.*

N. C. Presbyterian: Some one complains that the ancients have said all our good things; the more one reads them the more he realizes Solomon's words, "The thing which shall be is that which hath been and there is nothing new under the sun. "Conscience," says Shakespare, "makes cowards of us all," Cicero says: "Do not imagine the wicked are haunted by the blazing torches of the Furies sent by the gods. It is each one's own guilt, own villany, own crimes. These are the furies, these the flames, these the torches of the wicked; Hae flammae, hae faeces, hae sunt impiorum Furiae."

Six old men, the youngest being 60 and the oldest 80 reached San Antonio last Thursday, having walked all the way from near Winston, N. C. They announced that their mission in Texas was to grow up with the country.

New Bern *Journal*; Mr. W. H. Bray has killed his prize fat Berkshire hog, which he exhibited at the fair. His dressed weight was 628 pounds. Mr. Bray made 315 pounds of lard from his porker and sold it to Mr. John Dunn at 13 cents per pound.

A Model Union County Farmer.

Monroe Enquirer.

One of the best farmers of Union county, and one of the best citizens, is Mr. J. R. Latham, of Buford township. He never bought a sack of flour, a bushel of corn or a pound of meat because he had it to do; he had bought them some times to trade on but not for his own use. There has not been a year since he was married, 27 years ago, that he has not had some of the necessaries of life to sell to neighbors, who neglected these things to devote their whole attention to raising cotton. It goes without saying that while he has prospered many of them have gone from bad to worse, and there was hardly one of them that did not begin life under more favorable circumstances. On the night of his marriage he resolved that his wife or children, if he was ever so fortunate as to have any, should never see him intoxicated, and from that day to this a drop of liquor has not entered his mouth.

Very Effectively Disposed Of.

Philadelphia Times.

Mr. Vance very easily and effectively disposed of the argument of Mr. Hoar, that the Senate must be kept full, even if the constitution has to be strained to fill it. He shows that the constitution provides but one way of filling a regular term, by election by the Legislature, and one way of filling an accidental vacancy, by temporary appointment by the Governor. Either may fail, but it is not in the power of the Senate to coerce their action. If a Legislature deliberately refuses or fails to elect a Senatar, there is an end to it; the place remains vacant till the Legislature shall change its mind. To assume that there shall be no vacancy and that therefore the Governor's power to appoint must be assumed, is to get upon very dangerous ground.

Electricity From the Catawba.

Charlotte News.

The plan to furnish Charlotte with electric power from a power station on the Catawba is entirely practicable. As the men who secured the charter have both money and energy it will not be long until all the cotton mills of this section are run by electricity, generated by the works on the Catawba, electric lights will sparkle everywhere and there will be an electric road from Charlotte to Mt. Holly and the line of mills along the Catawba.

The success of this plan has been practically demonstrated in Europe. Now it is about to be operated in California. A San Antonio company is having a power plant set up in the San Antonio canon, where there is a minimum flow of 1,300 cubic feet of water per minute under a head of about 400 feet. The water is conveyed to the power station in pipes, where it revolves a number of turbine wheels that are coupled to the armature shafts of as many alternating current generators. From these, through suitable wires, ten thousand volts of electricity will travel to Pomona, thirteen miles away, and to San Bernardino, twenty-three miles distant, and in both places be used for the production of light and power.

A Remarkable Child.

Boston Globe.

Helen Kellar, the remarkable child who, although born blind and deaf and dumb, has accomplished so much that is beautiful and inspiring, numbers among her friends many persons of royal station in European courts who never saw her. One of these is the queen of Greece, who learned of Helen through Mitchel Anagnos, the director of the Institution for the Blind, when he visited Greece some time ago. The interest which the queen took in Helen was so intense that she exacted from Mr. Anagnos a promise that he would let her read every letter that Helen wrote to him while he was at the Greek capital, and when he was about to return to this country she induced him to permit her to retain several of the letters that she had read, which are treasured very highly at the court.

The queen expressed on more than one occasion her surprise that Helen, who is not yet in her teens, should have so remarkable a command of the purest English, and hinted that the child might have had some assistance in the preparation of her wonderful letters. But Mr. Anagnos disposed of that thought by informing her majesty that there was no person connected with the institution who could write English so faultlessly pure and sweet as Helen wrote, since the little girl never had an opportunity to form acquaintance with any but the loftiest models of the language.

Helen has learned to articulate, and can speak as freely and fully as any unafflicted person. When she wishes to hold a long conversation with anybody dear to her she places one finger across the lips of the speaker and another on the throat at the larynx. In this way she understands every word that is uttered as rapidly as could be understood by a person with good eyesight and hearing.

The Birmingham (Ala.) *News* voices the genuine Democracy in saying: "The *News* wants the "rascals" turned out, and good, honest Democrats placed in office. Be patient and Mr. Cleveland will do this."

Paper dresses are being worn at evening parties in Paris.

The Freak of a Bullet.

There used to be a hotel clerk in St. James, La., who had a remarkable story of the freak of a bullet. He told it with great warmth and with such an air of truth that it would be hard to believe that he had fabricated it. The story, about the way he used to tell it, was this:

"I got my memory back and a bullet on the tongue in a jiffy. Yes, sir, a jiffy. Look right there between my eyes. See that scar? That's where the bullet went in. I don't know how far it went, but I know that it didn't come out; at least it didn't for a long time. Well, I went ahead about my work with a bullet in my brain, and I felt pretty queer all the time.

"I didn't seem to have much memory, and sometimes I felt pretty queer and heard queer kinds of noises. One day I sat down to breakfast. I'd been feeling better for some time past. I had begun to remember things. So I was just sitting down at breakfast, remembering things and eating buckwheat cakes with syrup when I felt something plump down on my tongue.

"'There goes that blamed eyetooth,' said I.

"'What's the matter, William?' said my wife.

"'Eyetooth dropped out, I reckon,' said I.

"Then I brought eyetooth down between my teeth and took it out with with my fingers. Well, sir, it wasn't no eyetooth at all, but a bullet. You bet I was surprised. It was the same bullet that had gone in between my eyes."—New Orleans *Times-Democrat.*

Revolutionary Relics.

A correspondent of the Wilmington *Star* writes from Wooton, N. C.: "Mrs. E. J. Collins, of Bladen county, a great-grand-niece of Nathan Meridith, a soldier of the Revolutionary war, has in her possession his powder gourd which he carried with him through the war.

Mr. W. H. Flake, of the same section, shows with a good deal of patriotic pride a bed quilt, made in the year 1773. It is wonderfully well preserved.

Rev. E. W. Wooten has in his possession a mortar used for beating up coffee that was brought from Scotland by Rev. Hugh Monroe's father, over 100 years ago. It is about eighteen inches high and quite a curiosity."

A Celestial Phenomenon.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., March 28—At midnight last night a most peculiar phenomenon was visible in the heavens here a little south of the west. It appears to be a very large star and shooting out red and blue sparks. It is not very far above the horizon and is slowly sinking It is also moving rapidly from south to north. The same phenomenon is reported from Santa Cruz, San Luis, Obespio and other points in the State.

Large Trees.

The Elkin correspondent of the Winston Sentinel says:

"Mr. Will Ashe, of Raleigh, and Mr. Lindsey, of Asheville, are here getting up specimens and taking photographs of large trees and scenery of different kinds for the World's Fair. Among their subjects is found some trees of the following diameter to wit: A dogwood 54 inches in circumference a juniper 15½ feet, a sugar maple 15½ feet, a popiar 39 feet, an elm 15½ feet and 75 feet to the first limb from the ground, a cucumber tree 16 feet, a sweetgum 17 feet, a cherry 16½ and a chestnut 27 feet. These figures are all the circumference of the different trees named. They are all located in the counties of Mitchell, Robeson, Bladen, Northampton, Wilkes and Surry.

The Girls' Tea Table.

It is quite the fancy now, says a valued exchange for girls still in the debatable country between school days and full-pledged young lady-hood to have dainty tea tables in their own rooms, with all the requisite appurtenances, and to receive their girl friends at the regular tea hour on certain days. The cups and saucers and spoons are generally souvenirs from some harmless summer flirtation or holiday outing, and have all sorts of mystic symbolisms for the girl herself and her "gossip," to whom she tells all her confidences.

There is nothing a girl enjoys half so much as these little teas, all her own for from the time a girl baby can talk her instinct of hospitality develops and manifests itself in her doll tea parties, never to quite die out until her hands are too old and tottering to lift the tea urn. It is one of the inherent woman graces like motherhood which in the girl baby thrills as surely in the protecting tenderness she lavishes on her sawdust doll as in the self-sacrifice with which she promenadss the floor until dawn with the teething baby a man would toss out of the window, if he dared, before midnight.

The opinion is given out in New York that Col. Shepard died under an operation because ether was administered after eating two hearty meals.

There are now over 100 convicts at the phosphate diggings at Castle Hayne, near Wilmington. The State has a farm adjoining, and this is now being prepared for peanut planting.

Cloth for 611,520 Shirts.

Concord Standard.

One of our cotton mills has received a big order.

The order calls for 700 cases, 42 bolts to the case and 52 yards to the bolt.

This goods is to be of a nice stripe and for shirts—every day shirts.

The whole number of yards is one million five hundred twenty-eight thousand and eight hundred, 48 inches in width.

This order was sent in to the Odell Manufacturing Company and this company is now running lots of looms on this great big job.

We can hardly conceive of the size of the amount, without comparison.

To lay it out between here and Salisbury, our neighbor on the north, it would go to Salisbury fourteen times, and then have a piece long enough to reach from here to Mt. Pleasant.

Commissioner Bruner Looking Up Exhibits.

Charlotte Observer, 30th ult.

Mr. T. K. Bruner, secretary of the State Board of Agriculture and North Carolina's commissioner of exhibits at the World's Fair, was in the city yesterday, looking up some material for the State's mineral display. He was just from Statesville, where he secured from J. A. D. Stephenson the promise of about a dozen specimens from this gentleman's elegant collection, and while here secured some specimens from Prof. Hanna's collection at the mint. As a matter of course the State's exhibit in all lines has long ago been secured and, as *Observer* readers know, a large part of it has already gone forward—the trip that Mr. Bruner is now making is in the nature of a supplemental excursion, to find whatever may be found for addition to the display. He has, since he undertook this collection, done immense labor, and it could be gathered from his conversation yesterday that he is satisfied with the result. The *Observer* undertakes to say that no North Carolinian will need blush for the figure his State will cut at the great fair.

Mr. Bruner leaves early next month for Chicago to remain until the exposition closes in November. He and Mr. Peter M. Wilson will be in charge of the North Carolina exhibit, and it could not be in better hands. These gentlemen have been to Chicago repeatedly during the past few months, arranging for space and for the placing of the exhibit. Mr. Wilson has already gone forward to take charge, pending Mr. Bruner's arrival.

Raising Horses on the Farm.

It is at this season that the question of the kind of horse that is to be raised on the farm must be determined. Whether or not it is best to have all of the mares foal in the spring rather than in the fall has not been fully determined, but the general practice is to have the mares bred reasonably early in the spring. At the outside it should be remembered that it costs no more to raise a good hore—one that is in demand in the market—than it does to raise a poor one that is hard to sell at anything like a fair price. It should also be remembered that the horse that might be best to raise, especially for the farm, is not always the one that will bring the highest price or return the most profit when marketed What is usually considered the best horse for the farm is often too light to be sold as a good draught horse, and will be too heavy to suit the customer that wants a coach or saddle horse.

On most farms it should be remembered that it is only inexceptional cases that it will pay to keep a gelding on the farm until he is worn out. A good mare may be kept because in addition to the work she will do she will also raise a good colt.

A good plan is to have brood mares the main dependence on the farm for work teams and breed them to a good horse either for a good roadster or a draught horse. When the colts are past 2 years old they can be broken to do light work. This can be gradually increased as they become accustomed to it.

From this time on until they are 5 years old they ought to do work enough to pay for their keep, while they will be growing in value. They ought to be fully ready for market by the time they are 5 years old. Then they can be sold to good advantage and by that time another younger team can be ready to take their places.

It is largely by this plan that raising horses on the farm can be made most profitable. It is essential to select good mares for breeding, and then breed a good horse. While perhaps the sire is of the most importance, yet, no matter how good he may be, the best grade of coalts will not be secured unless good care is taken in selection of the dams. A good plan is to select the best of fillies, and when 2 years old breed them to a good horse. In this way a decided improvement is made in the quality, not only of the horses raised for market, but those kept on the farm at a very small cost. While there is little or no market for the average run of horses, a really good horse will sell readily at a good price, and this is, of course, the kind of a horse to raise.—*The Republic.*