THE

Carolina Watchman.

OUR COUNTRY, MAY SHE EVER BE RIGHT, BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY."

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The Wealth of Love.

I was as poor as the poorest, dear,
And the world—it passed me by;
But not that day
When you walked Love's way!
For heaven itself drew nigh—
Sweetheart!
For heaven itself drew nigh.

I was as lone as the loneliest, love,
With never a dream of bliss;
But not that day
When you walked Love's way
And leaned to his thankful kiss—
Sweetheart!
And leaned to his thankful kiss.

And dear to my life is your love—your love,
And my soul has ceased to sigh;
For sorrow seems
But an echo of dreams,
And the stars are in life's sky—
Sweetheart!
And the stars are in life's sky!
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

"FROM JIM."

Dell Irving tripped down the garden path, with its fringes of feathery ferns and pale, sweet-faced violets. She was looking as cool as if the day were filled with delicious sea breezes.

Scissors in hand, she stood and contemplated the sweetly-blooming flower-beds before her, filled with their old-fashioned favorites; as well as newer, rarer flowers!

Another figure flitted up the garden-path—that of a young man, tall, dark, stalwart and handsome. The "dark, dark eyes" lit up when he saw Dell, and he waved his hand gaily to her.

"Isn't it warm today?"

Rick said this with a profoundly wise look, as if afraid Dell might not yet have discovered the fact. Then he fanned himself vigorously with his straw hat.

"Do you really think so?" with sarcasm. "Why, I was laboring under the mistaken impression that it is rather cool. I'm glad you came to undeceive me," gratefully.

"Don't be ridiculous!" said Rick Anderton, severely. Then: "Won't you give me a flower, Dell?" with an insinuating smile.

"Here is the last rose of summer,'" said Dell, cutting the "last rose" off its stem with a vicious snip of the scissors. "It's rather faded and old, but of course you don't mind," in a tone impossible to translate.

"No, indeed," said Rick, provokingly, while Dell pinned it to the lapel of his coat. "Of course I don't mind if it is a trifle faded."

He was looking straight into her eyes as he said it, and as he was her lover, Dell took a very unfair interpretation of his remark.

"Dell, where did you get that ring?"

Rick Anderton took Dell's snowflake of a hand on his own great, strong one, and gazed at it, a frown, half playful, half real, in his eyes.

"Oh, somewhere!" said Dell, in a manner as exasperating as it was vague. "But which one do you mean, Rick? This one? Why, you gave it to me. Don't you remember?"

"I don't mean that one," said Rick, the frown in his eyes growing more ominously dark, the playful expression entirely gone.

"This one, then? Aunt Belle gave it to me on my last birthday. You've seen it ever so many times before, I'm quite sure."

"I don't mean that one!"

And Rick's voice was so harsh and stern and jealous that Dell almost skipped out of her dainty slippers.

She heaved a reluctant sigh; there was only one ring left—a delicately-chased gold one—so she supposed she would have to tell him all about it. She meant to teach him a lesson, though, for being so jealous.

"This," she began, with a charming, as well as exasperating air of reluctance—"er—Jim sent me yesterday. Isn't it lovely?" gazing up at him with bewitching blue eyes.

Rick made no reply, but held her hand tightly crushed in his own, displeasure and pain in his eyes.

"You hurt me, Rick," said Dell, plaintively, gently essaying to withdraw her hand.

She was rather enjoying the scene, but she had no intention of permitting her hand to be broken to bits.

With an impatient gesture, Rick dropped it.

"Who is Jim?" he said, abruptly.

"A dear old friend of mine, Rick," with enthusiasm. "I only wish you knew Jim. You would be perfectly delighted."

"I beg leave to differ with you," said Rick, freezingly. "I would not be delighted with him, for I'm sure he's a prig and a fool!"

Dell looked snubbed.

"But isn't the ring pretty?" she said, at last, holding it up tantalizingly. "And see what's engraved on it."

"To Darling Dell, from Jim."

As Rick read, the passionate, jealous pain at his heart became almost unendurable. He dared not trust himself to speak, so he turned abruptly and strode rapidly down the garden-path.

"Dell laughed, though just a little uneasily.

"He will come back tonight," she thought, "to ask to be forgiven for doubting me, and then how he will laugh when he knows all about it!"

But the lovely blue eyes were a trifle clouded for all that when she returned to the house laden with flowers.

Aunt Belle noticed the cloud and said:

"What is the matter with Rick Anderton, Dell? He walked away as if racing for a wager?"

"Oh, he got mad!" said Dell, delightfully vague, as was her wont.

"The mountain and the squirrel had a quarrel!'" laughed Aunt Belle, resuming her book without giving further thought to the matter.

She was quite accustomed to Rick's and Dell's little squabbles, and did not imagine that this was anything more serious than usual.

But Rick did not come back that evening, nor the next; and Dell became distrait and uneasy, and then indignant.

What a fuss Rick made about nothing, on account of jealousy and ill-temper! Why couldn't he have waited for an explanation, instead of starting off in such a huff?"

Well, she was glad to get rid of him, and hoped it was for good and all.

But for all that Dell did not feel quite happy. If only Rick were not so inclined to misjudge her!

Glad news! Jim Harper was coming on a visit, that very afternoon, and Dell was to be at the railroad station at two o'clock, with her pony phaeton.

She made herself look very bewitching in a light summer dress, with great, golden-hearted pansies at her throat and in her belt.

She was radiantly happy. How nice it would be to see dear old Jim again! After all, this world was a very glad world to live in, in spite of the jealous Ricks who tried to make it so unhappy.

Rick Anderton was at the station, lounging about with a dissatisfied and not altogether happy look on his face.

As the train swept up, shrieking and puffing, Dell flitted past him without even a nod of recognition, and gazed delightedly at one of the car windows.

There were not many passengers bound for this sleepy village, but among them was one dainty little brunette, who threw herself rapturously into Dell's arms.

Rick stared in astonishment. He had heard, as naughty Dell well knew, that a certain Jim Harper was about to pay a visit to Mrs. Belle Irving, and he had haunted the station in order to find out what sort of a looking fellow this Jim was. He found out at last.

"Jemima Harper—dear old Jim—how delighted I am to see you again!" gushed Dell, rapturously, taking good care to speak loud enough for Rick to hear every word.

And then she and her old school friend drove away, while Rick Anderton stood and stared after them like one dazed.

But when he came to her that evening, so repentant and humble, what could she do but "forgive and forget."

Rick promised never to be jealous again, and bids fair to keep his word.

Dell was a little sorry, however, that she surrendered so soon, for, as her old schoolmate herself declared, "Rick would never have found so ready a pardon from Jim!"—Saturday Night.

A Theory.

Marie—He seemed somewhat dissatisfied, although I assured him that he held the first place in my heart.

Edith—Perhaps he fears that some one else may be a close second.—Puck.

Cost of Wild Animals.

The most costly of wild animals held in captivity is the elephant. A fine African elephant costs from $6,000 to $7,000. A fine Indian elephant would cost about $5,000.

Giraffes cost about the same as the best elephants, about $6,000 or $7,000, but that quotation is really only nominal; it would be difficult to get a giraffe at any price. This is due partly to their increasing scarcity and partly to the difficulty of obtaining them, due to the internal wars of the natives in the giraffe country. Giraffes very rarely breed in captivity.

A fine hippopotamus would probably cost about $3,000.

A good African lion, with a full and perfect mane, would cost from $1,000 to $1,500; a fine lioness $800 or $900.

Good Bengal tigers cost about the same.

Camels usually cost from $400 to $500 apiece.

Many wild animals breed in captivity, and the supply of wild animals is now made up to some extent from that source. In New York's menagerie in Central Park, for example, a large number of wild animals have been born, some of them of rare kinds and great value. The same is true, in a greater or less degree, of menageries and of zoological gardens in various parts of the world. It is customary to sell or exchange the surplus animals so born.

Wild animals in captivity may finally cease to breed. Wild animals born in captivity are not so likely to be as fine specimens as those born in a wild state, and in succeeding generations they degenerate and become weaker and more susceptible to disease. This stock is improved by adding to it, from time to time, wild animals from their native homes.—New York Sun.

An Ingenious Signal.

Few pedestrians who have passed along Walnut street between 7th and 8th have ever noticed the little black shingle extending from the third-story window of No. 715, and still fewer know that it has any significance. Dr. Henry W. Leffmann, the well-known analytical chemist, occupies the third story front office of the building, and the shingle is a primitive means of announcing to his regular callers that he is in or out. The end of the board nearest to the window is hinged, and to the other is attached a cord which passes over a pulley and dangles from the wall inside of the room. When the doctor is in he hangs his hat on a hook on the end of the string, and the weight pulls the shingle up into a vertical position. When he puts his hat on before going out the sustaining weight is released and the sign board drops to horizontal. It can readily be seen from the street, and Dr. Leffmann says that automatic annunciators are crude when compared with his scheme.—Philadelphia Record.

Structure of Coral Reefs.

In order to prove, or disprove, the accuracy of the generally accepted subsidence, or "Darwinian," theory of coral formations, it has been considered necessary to know more thoroughly one element in the construction of three peculiar formations—namely, the thickness of the coral-made rock. With a grant of $4,500 made by the Royal Society of London, Professor Lollas was commissioned to execute borings in the coral reefs of the Funi-Futi atoll of the South Pacific. News has recently been received that the borings have proved unsuccessful, a quicksand, by clogging the borehole, preventing more than a superficial penetration into the rock. It is now urged that a second effort be made in the Bermuda islands, where greater facilities are afforded for such operations, and where the general conditions for success appear much more favorable.

No Room for Argument.

She—What were the happiest moments of your youth?

He—When I'd hear father calling my brother Jack to get up in the morning, and knew that he'd make Jack get up before he got after me.—Truth.

General Booth has announced that the Salvation Army is to extend its operations over the whole Malay archipelago. The movement will be directed from the army's headquarters in Australia.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

PROLIFIC APPLE TREES.

There has been a great crop of apples throughout the country this year, and probably more trees bore crops that will exhaust them for at least a year to come than ever before. When we visited apple orchards in Lincoln and Concord last September, we saw trees loaded more heavily than ever before. They were not the largest trees we have grown apples on, but some of them undoubtedly bore ten, twelve or more barrels of fruit, counting defective and poor with the good. At a low price per barrel these trees pay in a single crop many times more than the land they occupy is worth. We have known this often to be done with plums, peaches and the smaller fruits. But what other farm crop can do this? The gardeners often do it, but with the addition of much expense for manure and labor.—American Cultivator.

DON'T WASTE PLANT FOOD.

If you feed in a stable don't throw manure out daily under the eaves of the barn and the water from the roof. Perhaps some of you would hardly believe it, but I have seen many barns where this wasteful practice is followed yet. Don't throw the horse manure out of windows or doors into a careless pile. This is an almost universal custom. The valuable plant-food, half the value or more, is washed out of the cattle manure under the eaves, and most of the nitrogen goes into the air from the loose, heating pile of horse manure. Oftentimes one could make money faster, than he did in summer, by simply getting a wheelbarrow and wheeling out the cattle manure, and making a pile away from the barn and surface wash. Make the pile broad and flat, and if you can wheel the horse manure to the same place and spread it in thin layers on the same pile, along with the other manure, you save it in the best manner. It can be saved by itself, however, by sprinkling and tramping. I used to put rubbing posts on our manure pile out in the yard, so the cattle would go up on it and tramp it for me. And then I always shovelled it up around the edges before a rain, to prevent loss. Twenty-seven years ago I bought a wheelbarrow, and began doing just what I have advised above. Had I waited until we could build a large manure shed and cement floors as we have now, before trying to save the manure, we probably never would have had these improvements.—T. B. Terry in Practical Farmer.

WATERING MILK.

I do not mean to advocate the practice of bringing the milk can into contact with the pump spout, but do wish to present for serious consideration a point too often ignored in caring for the cow. Ordinary milk has about 87 per cent water in its make-up, and in spite of all that may be said as to the value of proper feeding, it is a self-evident fact that without a proper supply of water it is impossible for the cow to give the usual amount of milk. Nevertheless, it is not sufficiently understood that the cow should have water of the right kind, and at the right times.

We have often seen cows come up from the pasture where there was a running stream that they had to pass on their way up, and the first thing they did after getting into the yard was to make straight for the pump trough. The reason for this was that the water in the trough was more palatable to the cows than the branch water. Whether we want to or not, if we are successful in the diary business we must consult so small a thing as the taste of the cows, and if they prefer pump water to branch water, must give it to them. It is absolutely essential to the highest production of milk that the cow have all the water she wants, and this she will not have if the water does not suit her taste.

It is also important that the cow have access to water frequently. A camel may drink once in a week and thrive, but a cow is not a camel by any means. She is using water all the time in making milk, and her reservoir is not constructed to hold enough water for any length of time.

If a cow is turned out of a winter's morning to drink water from which the ice has been broken first, she will not drink all she wants unless she has been parched by thirst, and then she will stand drawn up with cold chills running up and down her spine, and at the same time taking the feed that she would otherwise have turned into butter, and using it to warm the water that she has just filled herself with.

Unless a cow has all she wants of water that suits her taste, she will not produce all the milk she is capable of, and we don't want to keep a cow unless she is doing that.—P. B. C. in National Stockman.

KEEPING FOWLS IN CONFINEMENT.

The idea that poultry cannot be kept in good health and in good laying condition unless they are allowed free range of the premises of their owner as well as the gardens of the neighbors is erroneous. If a house is well built and well taken care of, as well as the fair-sized yard connected with it and the fowls are fed properly there will be no chance for disease, and a good profit from the egg product will be assured. Two small rooms 10x12 or 10x14 for ten or twelve fowls is much better than one large room for a flock of double that number and too it is much better that each small flock have its one cock than that there be two or three with a large flock as one cock is sure to rule and there should never be more than ten or twelve hens with a good cock to ensure a satisfactory hatching of the eggs.

A thorough cleaning of the roost boards and a stirring of the soil of the ground floor of each room daily as well as a forking over of a part of the ground of each yard in summer time, and a change of water in clean dishes, should not be neglected. It is an easy matter to overfeed when fowls are confined to small quarters, but it is very easy to watch, as one will if he has an interest in his work, so that just the right quantity will be given so that all will be cleaned up at each feeding, and the fowls left with their appetites just sharp enough so that they will not mope but will keep themselves busy scratching for the few grains of wheat that may have been scattered when the soil was loosened with the fork or spade earlier in the morning, for the cleaning should be done first of all.

Some kind of ground meat should be mixed in the dough in the morning; a constant supply of oyster shell and a little green food each day are necessary for thrift and profit. Cabbages, rutabages and apples are all good. A still better winter supply can be secured by cutting a sufficient quantity of young clover while it is in the leaf, but with not much stem or blossom, and curing it sufficiently so that it can be pressed in barrels and kept without molding. A large quantity can thus be kept in small space, and if a little is cut fine and put in the hot water that is used for mixing the dough each morning, and mixed up thoroughly with the dough, it will be found to be a nice thing. Lawn clippings can be saved and used in the same way. Although this may appear like a good deal to be looked after, it is not more than there is in any other undertaking where there is any hope or expectation of success; but all can in a short time be reduced to such a system that the labor will be comparatively light. When considering the profits to be gained from the keeping of poultry the loss that may result from allowing them to run at large should of course be considered.

What is there more tempting to the hens than the sight of a newly planted flower or vegetable garden? And if they can get a chance what havoc they can make scratching over the smoothly made beds and in eating the seeds so carefully planted, to say nothing of the unsightly holes made in the lawns and burrowing in the paths in which they like to dust themselves. And too, you want to keep in the good graces of your neighbors which you cannot do if you allow your fowls free range over their property as well as your own. There is no valid reason why fowls should not be kept in their places as much as horses and cows.—American Agriculturist.

A house was sold on the Comstock, Mexico, recently for $21, which cost $5,000 to build.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

A HIGHLY INTERESTING RETROSPECTIVE COMMUNICATION.

Suggests That All Patriotic Young Americans Should Read of the Battle of New Orleans.

This is the 8th of January—a day memorable in the annals of American history. The young people ought to read about the battle of New Orleans—Jackson's great battle, where his troops in less than an hour killed and wounded 2,600 of the flower of the British army and lost only eight killed and thirteen wounded. Never in the history of the world has a battle been fought in which there was so great disparity of loss. Pakenham, who was in command of 12,000 troops, was the brother-in-law of Wellington and had only a short time before obtained a great victory over Napoleon at Salamanca. Jackson had only 6,000 untrained riflemen, and Pakenham was killed and his army routed and put to flight. This battle established the prowess of the southern yeomanry and made Jackson president. He was certainly a very wonderful man. He had but a little schooling in an old field school, and never learned in the course of his life to use the English language correctly. When only thirteen years old an English officer cut him with his sword because he refused to black his boots. His father died early, his brothers were killed in the revolutionary war and his mother died from hardship and suffering and so he grew up with an intense hatred of the British. The family were Scotch-Irish, and my friend, George Adair, would say that accounts for all his wonderful deeds. He had but little knowledge of law, but was made public prosecutor and was a terror to evil-doers. He gave the new state its name of Tennessee, and waged a war of years against the Indians, whom he subdued, not only in his own state, but even in Alabama, Mississippi and Florida. He had to cut out roads wherever he went with his troops and almost every great highway in the south from north Georgia to the Mississippi is still known to the old men as Jackson's road. When on the warpath he paid no respect to orders from Washington, but pursued his own plans in defiance of the government. He was several times wounded in battle and in duels with his political enemies, but seems to have lived a charmed life. He followed no precedents and made no alliances with political cliques. He was always original, self-willed and defiant. John Forsythe was his secretary of state and Berrien his attorney general, both from Georgia. He hated Adams and Clay and all the followers of Jay and Hamilton. He challenged Winfield Scott for a remark he made about him. He turned Calhoun out of his cabinet because Mrs. Calhoun wouldn't associate with Mrs. Eaton, the wife of the secretary of war. The whig papers had maligned Jackson's wife and Jackson never forgave the party for it and turned 2,000 of them out of office the first year of his administration. His chivalrous respect for the female sex was the most winsome feature about his character. Sam Houston and Davy Crockett had fought under him and were his trusted political friends and advisers. Like Grant and Taylor, they had fought their way up in hard, dangerous warfare, and had but little respect for the limitations of law or the provoking delays of red tape. Almost all West Pointers have a similar contempt for the slow methods of the civil law, and especially for the writ of habeas corpus and appeals from court to court. I remember when General Joe Johnston ordered a court-martial at Centerville, Va., to try two soldiers for striking their captain. The crime was committed at 10 o'clock in the morning. They were tried on the afternoon of the same day and shot the next morning at sunrise. That is the kind of swift justice that military men admire.

There are some curious things about these old-time presidents. Three of them died on the Fourth of July. The first fourteen wore no beard; sixteen no moustache; twelve had no middle name; five were named James; seven had thirteen letters in their names, and every name had the letter A in it, somewhere, except John Tyler's, and he was a vice president. So it is no use in nominating a man who has not that little vowel to give him luck, nor is thirteen an unlucky number among presidents. It is my misfortune that I never saw a president. I looked toward Franklin Pierce once in New York, but he was so tangled up in a carriage with other gentlemen that I could not distinguish him. But I have seen quite a number of great men—some of them, indeed, who were greater than presidents. I saw Daniel Webster and Clay and Choate and heard them speak. Mr. Calhoun put his hand on my head when I was a lad and spoke kind words to me. I still reverence his memory, for he was a great and a good man. I saw and heard Jefferson Davis on the battlefield and on the platform after the war. I saw and heard all the great men of Georgia who figured in politics in the '40's and '50's. The greatest speech I ever heard from any of them, it seems to me, was made by Walter Colquitt, but I was a young democrat then and very susceptible. During the war I saw the great generals quite often. Lee and Johnston, Longstreet, Beauregard, Early, Hardee and others. I never saw Stonewall Jackson but once, and then he was asleep, lying upon some straw in General Lee's tent. I wish I had a photograph of that scene. It was about noonday. Lee, with his staff were dining at their camp tables, but Jackson was tired out with the seven days' fighting, and General Lee said, "Let him sleep; he needs rest more than food." All the great men I have ever seen are dead, save General Longstreet and General Gordon, whom our people have delighted to honor. Age is telling on them now, and they should be retired on a liberal pension from the national treasury, and so should all our other heroes. Yes, and their widows, too.

Well, the glad greetings of Christmas times are over at our house, and so are the sad farewells. The banquet hall is deserted. The long table has been shortened up to its accustomed length. The holly and the mistletoe have withered and lost the glossy green that gave welcome to the holidays and to the children who came from afar. A sad, reflective silence broods around the family hearth, for we are pondering upon the future and wondering if we all shall ever meet again. But we had a happy time, old and young. Old Santa Claus headed the procession, and the little folks have not subsided yet. Last night we had to get off our dignity and play with them. Everything we could think of, from "Clubfist" to "Milybright." And we made an "Aunt Betty" for them and introduced them to the king and queen, and we had music, too—sweet, delicious music that softens us down and makes us think of heaven. Home and sweet contentment and loving children bring us as near to heaven as we can get in this sublunary world. The time was when I had ambition and wanted to be a great man, but all that is nothing now. Domestic love is worth everything else.

"Sad is the home where love—domestic love
No longer nestles.
But stricken by some cruel doom,
Its corpse lies on the trestles."

—Bill Arp, in Atlanta