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THE WILSON ADVANCE.

J. & J. C. Daniels, Ed's and Prop's — "LET US SEE THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTHS'." — $1.50 a Year, Cash in Advance

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UNCLE JABEZ'S LETTER

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"MUSIC HATH CHAMS TO SOOTHE THE SAVAGE."

Jim Talk Will Dance the Pigeon Wing If He Believes in Being Happy While You May.

I'm going to stop thinking about the race problem, and the tariff, and Speaker Reed, and John Wanamaker, and everything else of a turbulent nature. I'm going to boycott everything now except domestic affairs. I'm going to stay at home and work, and if I read a paper at all it will be with one eye on the head lines and nothing else.

They say that exercise is a remedy for trouble—trouble of mind or trouble of body. Get up and move around lively. My old father was afflicted with rheumatism, and when the sharp pains began to worry him he would take his long stick and start out over the farm and limp, and grunt, and drag himself along until he got warmed up, and in an hour or so would come back feeling better. A man can mope and groan over his troubles until, as Cone says, "they get more thicker and more aggravatinger." He told me that he had tried liver medicine and corn juice and various "anecdotes" for disease, but that a right good sweat of perspiration was the best thing for a man or a beast. He used to cure mules of the colic by trotting them around until the sweat came.

I havn't got the colic nor the rheumatism, but I feel such a constant uxorial goneness that I have to step around lively to forget myself. I feel just like I had lost my tobacco. The sparrows are regaling on my strawberries. The happy mocking birds are singing their tee diddle and too doodle, and the lordly peacock screams, and struts, and spreads his magnificent tail, and all nature seems gay and joyous, but how can the lord of creation sing a glad song when his lady is far away in a strange land. A letter from there says: "Mamma is having a good time and is behaving so nice to everybody." Of course, of course. And I'm nice to everybody here—especially the ladies—some of them come every day, come to comfort me they say. I'm having a pretty good time considering. We had some fine music last night, some of the boys came home with Carl to practice for a serenade to the spring chickens. They had a guitar, and some harps, and a triangle, and were right good singers besides, and I enjoyed it immensely. Jessie is a musician, too, and when she struck the wrong key with some salutatory notes like, "Oh, Jinny is your ash-cake done," and the "Highland Fling," and "Run Nigger Run," accompanied by the sweet harps and guitar, I just couldn't keep my old extremities subdued and they got me up and toted me around on light fantastic toe amazing. I was all by myself in the next room, but I had lots of fun. It does a man good sometimes to unbend himself and forget his antiquity. I like a little hornpipe or la pigeon wing on the sly sometimes. It may be original sin or it may be that there is a time to dance, as Solomon says, but I like it. My beard is growing gray, and there's not many hairs between my head and the ceralean heavens but I'm obliged to have some recreation, especially when Mrs. Arp is away. You ought to see me caper around to the music with a little grand-child, a three-year-old who chooses me for a partner whenever the music begins. She knows the dancing tunes as well as I do, bless her little heart. My boys have got a new step now that they call the "buzzard lope," that is grand, lively and peculiar. The story goes that an old darkey lost his aged mule, and found him one Sunday evening lying dead in the woods and forty-nine buzzards feasted on his carcas. Forty-eight of them flew away, but the forty-ninth, whose feathers were gray with age, declined to retire. Looking straight at the darky, he spread his wings about half and half, like the American eagle on a silver dollar, and tucked his tail under his body and drew in his chin and pulled down his vest and began to lope around the dead mule in a salutatory manner. He was a greedy bird and liked his meat served rare, and rejoiced that he now had the carcass all to himself, and so he loped around with alacrity. The old darky was a fiddler and dancer by instinct and inspiration. He had danced all the dances and pranced all the prances of his neighborhood for half a century. He had played prompter for the white folks at a thousand frolics, and knew every step and turn of the heel-tap and the toe, but he had never seen such a double demi-semi-quiver shuffle as that old buzzard loped around that mule. He stood aghast. He spread his arms just half and half and bent his back in the middle, unlimbered his ankle joints, stiffened his elbows, and forgetting both the day and the place, he followed that bird around that mule for four solid hours and caught the exquisite lope exactly. At dusk the tired buzzard soused his beak into one of the dead mule's eyes and bore it away to his roost, while the old darky loped all the way home to his cabin door feeling ten years younger for his masterpiece. The buzzard-lope suits an old man splendid, for it is best performed with rheumatism in one leg and St. Vitus dance in the other and is said to be a sovereign remedy for both.

Some folks don't care much about music—some don't care anything about dancing, but some folks like both, because it is their nature and they can't help it. It is just as natural for children to love to dance to the harmony of sweet sounds as it is for them to love to play marbles or jump the rope, or any other innocent sport. The church allows its member to pat the foot to music, but condemns dancing because it leads to dissipation and bad company, but we shouldn't let it lead the young folks that way. The church condemns minstrel shows and minstrel songs, but has lately stolen from them some of their sweetest tunes, and set them to sacred verse, and is all the better for it. Who does not appreciate the "Lily of the Valley" that is now sung to the "Cabin in the Lane." Puritanism, and menace, and long faces, and assumed distress are passing away. The Methodist discipline that forbade jewelry, and ornaments, and fine dressing has become obsolete, for it was against nature—what our creator has given us to enjoy let us enjoy in reason and in season and be all the more thankful for his goodness.

I believe in music. Joseph Henry Lumkin, our great chief justice, said there was music in all things except the braying of an ass or the tongue of a scold. I believe in the refining influences of music over the young, and if an occasional dance at home or in the parlor of a friend will make the young folks happy, let them be happy. I read Dr. Calhoun's beautiful lecture that he delivered before the Atlanta Medical College, a lecture on the human throat as a musical instrument, and I was charmed with its science, its instruction and its literary beauty. I read part of it to those boys that were practicing for the serenade—about the wonders of the human larynx, that in ordinary singers could produce 120 different sounds, and fine singers like Jenny Lind could produce a thousand, and Madam Mora, whose voice compassed three octaves, could produce 2,100 different notes; and about Farinelli, who cured Philip V, king of Spain, of a dreadful malady by singing to him, and after he was fully restored he was afraid of a relapse and hired Farinelli to sing to him every night at a salary of fifty thousand francs, and he sang to him as David harped for Saul. Music fills up so many gaps in the family. The young people can't work and read and study all the time. They must have recreation, and it is better to have it at home than hunt for it elsewhere. If the old folks mope and grunt and complain around the house it is no wonder that the children want to get away. And they will get away if they have to get married to do it. I have known girls to marry very trifling lovers because they were tired of home. This reminds me of a poor fellow who was hard pressed by a creditor to whom he owed forty dollars. He came to employ us to get a homestead for him so as to save his little farm. "Are you a married man?" said I. "No, I ain't," said he. "Well, you will have to get married before you can take a homestead," said I, "Is there no clever girl in your neighborhood whom you have a liking for?" He looked straight in the fire for a minute or more and then rose up and shook his long, sandy hair, and said: "Gentlemen, the jig are up, I'll have to shindig around and get that money, for I'll be dogond if I'll get married for forty dollars. Good mornin'."

We are working hard now renovating and repairing the home inside and outside. We have whitewashed the fence all round, and the barn, and coal-house, and chicken house and all. We have painted the gates a lovely red, and striped the green-house, and Carl wanted to stripe the calf with the same color as a meandering ornament to the lawn, but he couldn't catch him. I have planted out Madeira vines and Virginia creepers and tomato plants, and we have declared war against the English sparrows that destroy more strawberries than we get. We will have things fixed up when the maternal comes home. I reckon she will come some time. Come home spoiled like I do as when I take a trip off and am petted up by genial friends. It will take us a week to get her back in the harness, but it won't take her half that long to get us back. We've got two picnics on hand and a fishing frolic and there are five pretty girls from Cement coming here to-night and on the whole I don't think I am as lonesome as I think I am.

"So here' a health to her whos' away."

BILL ARP.

NATIONAL POLITICS.

Comment on The Work of The National Government.

They've got so now they'll have to begin pensioning the people who will be injured in the next war. All other classes seem to be exhausted.—Philadelphia Times, Ind.

The passage of the $42,000,000 pension bill after a three hours' debate by means of the caucus machine goes to show that the tendency of machinery is to lessen the hours of human labor.—Philadelphia Record, Dem.

In his response to the toast, "The Republican Party," at the dinner of the Americus Republican Club at Pittsburg, Saturday night, Speaker Reed vigorously waved the bloody shirt by championing Federal interference in Southern elections. What confidence does this hopelessly bankrupt party deserve from the American people?—Utica Observer, Dem.

Speaker Reed's policy may be summed up in one word—force. Give him a law of his own devising and plenty of bayonets to enforce it, and no doubt he would be able to produce most surprising results in connection with elections in the South.—Albany Times, Dem.

Not so Bad,

If anybody thinks the candidates on the Republican State ticket didn't get anything he is mistaken. Look at this; O. H. Dockery, for Governor, is Consul General in Brazil. J. C. Pritchard, for Lieut-Governor, Deputy Collector Internal Revenue. G. A. Bingham, for State Treasurer, U. S. Stamp Deputy at Salisbury, C. F. McKesson, for Auditor, U. S. Court Commissioner. T. P. Devereux, for Attorney General, District Attorney for the Eastern District of North Carolina. The candidates for Secretary of State and Superintendent of Public Instruction are yet unprovided for.—Greensboro North State.

Since Harrison has been President no one feels that it requires either brains or character to fill the office and candidates for the Republican nomination are numerous. Every little crossroads politician now feels that it is perfectly right for him to aspire to the Republican nomination.

The Asheboro Courier has been shown a briar 20 feet 6 inches high.

In a recent issue sister Stubbs, of the Orphans' Friend, drops into rhyme anent the closing exercises of Oxford Female Seminary, and disports herself as follows:

"Three more weeks, and then vacation,
And then we stand on Oxford station;
No more beef and no more hash,
No more of Horner's boys to 'mash.'"

The record for the largest amount of butter produced by a cow in one year has been broken by a cow owned by D. F. Appleton, of Ipswich, Mass., who, with three days to spare, produced 941 pounds 11 ounces. The previous record was 936 pounds 13½ ounces, held by Landseer's Fancy, owned by Dr. William Marrow, Nashville, Tenn.

The Fayetteville Observer says: "The engineer corps of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Company, Mr. Latta in command arrived here on Monday evening last, and it is their design to commence work immediately on the southern extension of the Wilson & Fayetteville branch of the great Coast Line

A. W. Venable died in Oxford Monday morning, aged 36 years, of pneumonia. He was a factor in North Carolina journalism, at one time editing the Torchlight and News of Oxford. In 1875 he was professor in Horner & Graves' school. For the past several years he resided at South Boston, Va.

THE EDITOR'S DESK

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TIMELY COMMENT ON IMPORTANT EVENTS.

Short Paragraphs on Topics of Lively Interest for Busy Advance Readers.

Education is a necessity not a luxury. The State should supply this necessity to every child.

The Sanford Express announces the candidacy of Capt. James D. McIver for Judge McRae's place.

The Sanford Express has discovered the whereforeness of spring poetry. It prescribes pills as a sure cure for the malady.

Indications point to the nomination and election of Capt. A. H. A. Williams, of Granville, as the next Congressman from the 5th district.—Henderson Tomahawk.

The stability of the nation demands the education and elevation of the people. Character—not money—must be the criterion by which men are judged, if the manhood of the nation is to be brought up to a high plane.

We see that Mrs. "Stonewall" Jackson is preparing a biography of her husband. The people of the South will always revere the name of "Stonewall" Jackson and a biography written by his wife will be received with enthusiasm by our people.

The editor of the Goldsboro Headlight recently took a trip through Moore county. That paper says everybody in that section is solid for C. B. Aycock and there is not the least doubt that he will be the next representative in Congress.

We are sick and tired of the disgraceful lying tricks of the New York Sun and World to injure Grover Cleveland in the public estimation. Both papers are low bred assassins of character—the editor of neither paper knows what decency or principle is.

There are several aspirants for Judge Shipp's place on the Superior Court Bench. We do not know the men who desire the office but we do know that Judge Shipp is pronounced by our lawyers one of the best Judges on the Bench. He has a strong hold upon the bar of this county at any rate.

If newspaper men were paid for one tithe the work they did in advertising their towns and booming their home enterprises they would become bloated bond holders in a very short time.—Greensboro Patriot.

And yet some of them have to pay the town in which they labor to develop, a tax for the privilege of existing.

From a poem on Ben Harrison, the Midget, in New York Saturday Globe, we copy the last stanza:

We made a bitter bargan, Ben, 'at sairly now we rue.
To change a man like Grover for a feckless coof like you;
But we'll be wiser next time, Ben, and nine-two will show
That we hae learned our lesson weel, Ben Harrison, my jo!

The negroes are endeavoring to induce Harrison to appoint a negro as Secretary of Oklahoma Territory. The negroes have practically taken possession of that Territory and they want to show their capacity for self government by having controll of the same. We would like to see the experiment tried—provided it is not tried in the South.

Greensboro is undoubtedly one of the most progressive towns in the State. She at present, among her other innumerable attractions, has several candidates for the Congressional nomination. There are some men in that city who can "beat the hide off of Brower" while the patriots of a similar mind are to be found all over the district.

The press and the people of the country do not blame Harrison for putting Republicans in all the offices of the government. They dispise him for the hypocritical cant in which he and his party indulge when they promise to respect the civil service laws. In violating the laws of the land, after swearing to observe them, he is a perjurer, and as such he receives, as he should, the hearty contempt of the whole people.

We see from the papers that the handsome Mary Anderson is to be married and retire from the stage. As brother St. Clair of the Sanford Express says: "Mary hath chosen the better part—a husband rather than to remain on the stage."

The avenues of usefulness for women should be multiplied. There is much work that women might do that is less tiring on them than the class of work they do, and yet public opinion closes the doors of so many honorable avocations to them.

We are pleased to see editors honored. Several of the brethren have been elected Mayor of their respective towns. Surely there is no class of citizens who do more political work, and yet no class who receive so few political honors. Brethren this ought not so to be.

Almost every week when we pick up the Statesville Landmark we are impressed with two things: The excellence of the paper, and the hearty, generous manner in which the good people of Statesville hold up brother Caldwell's hands in his efforts to give the people a good newspaper and to help build up the town. When the people show their appreciation for a newspaper they give the editor a new impulse and a new incentive to labor, and he does better work because he feels that it is a labor of love.

THE BREECHES POCKET

The Only Distinctively American Convenience.

What is the greatest distinctively American convenience?" I asked this question in the Senate gallery.

"The bath," said a pale man with a light-blue necktie.

"Pie" said a man with a double chin.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed a stern looking citizen. He was, of course, going to add something to this exclamation, but a man with curly hair interrupted him with:

"Yes; nonsense is a great American convenience. I believe that I would go further and say it is a great American necessity. If it were not for the American love of nonsense our busy, nervous people would get no rest at all and we should break down."

"Shut up," said the stern man. "I didn't say nonsense was a convenience. I only said 'nonsense!' because the men said pie and bath were. I was going to say, when you interrupted me, sir, that the railroad is the greatest of all conveniences. Imagine, if you can, how we should get along without railroads. Why, sir, we could hardly live in cities without the street railroads, to say nothing of the lines that connect the different parts of this country."

"You ain't none o' you got at the real situation," said Uncle Jabez Larrabee. "Britches pockets is the greatest convenience of 'em all, an' they're distinctively American, too, which is more than you can say of the bathtub, er of pie, er of railroads."

"Do not other people have trouser pockets?" asked the pale man.

"Mebby they do," answered Uncle Jabez, "but they don't use 'em as Americans do. They jest carry keys and knives and loose coin in 'em. But look at us! We use our breeches pockets for mittens an' fer helpin' us think, an'—"

There was a smile all round, and a young man in plaid pants humorously asked:

"We do our thinking with our breeches pockets, do we?"

"To a very consid'able extent we do," answered Uncle Jabez seriously. "Ef you don't happen to believe it, you jest set here in this gallery a few days an' watch the men who are elected to do the thinkin' for this country. Now there's Seniter Evarts, fer instance, an' he does a heap of mighty hefty thinkin', too. I kin tell you—you jest keep your eye on him, an' you'll notice that when they's some question up that he's interested in he winds one leg clear around the other, an' socks his hand clear down into his briches pockets as fer as it'll go, an' sets thur an' thinks like sixty. I've noticed that every time he sets that way it's been sort o' risky business fer any other Seniter to stir him up. He seems to keep a hull pocketful o' his best thoughts down there, an' when he sets with his hand on 'em he kin jump up an' scatter a han'full of 'em over the Senit 'thout losing any time at all.

"An' the britches pocket ain't confined to no section nur locality, neitheir" continued Uncle Jabez; "it reaches out an' takes in the whole country. It's jost as much of an institootion fer Noo Englan as fer the Percific slope. Thur is Seniter Hoar, for instance. Look at 'im over there. See how he goes walkin' around with both hands shoved down into his pockets. He's thinkin out somepin to say, an when he gits it thought out you'll see he'll set down in his chair and pull out his bunch o' keys an fumble with em sort o fidgety-like till he can git the floor; fer when a Seniter gits a thing all thought out an is ready to say it, it seems an awful long time to him till his turn comes. On the other hand, theres Seniter Stewart of Nevady. If you ask him a question, first thing hell doll be to poke his hand into his pocket, wrist an all. Thats to help him think. North er South dont make no difference, either. Theres Seniter Davis of Minnasoty—that man over there that looks like he might be a son of old Generl Ben Butler—he thinks best with his hands in his pockets, and so does Seniter Eustis of Louisiany and Seniter Cook of Texas. So you see it goes all over the country.

Does Senator Hale do his thinking with his hands in his pockets? asked a young man from Maine.

I guess he does, answered Uncle Jabez with a sly twinkle, fer Ive been a-settin here for a good many weeks an I never seen im put his hands in his pockets yit.

Mr. Blaine thinks a good deal with his hands in his pockets, said a gentleman who spoke as if he knew what he was talking about.

Like enough, then that explains why Seniter Hale never has to put his hands in his pockets, said Uncle Jabez, and the young man from Maine took up his hat and went away.

* * *

Jus then Senator Plumb, of Kansas arose to address the Senate.

There now, said Uncle Jabez triumphantly; now youll see whats the greatest American convenience. See? He allus starts a speech with his hands chucked down into his pockets half way to the elbow. You know it takes a heap more thinkin in the first part of a speech than in any other part. Arter you git it to goin, and git sort o' wound up to it—arter you git yer mind sort o' in the habit o' thinkin—you dont have to help it so much. But right at the start it comes hard, an you have to give your mind a lift, you know. Waal, that is what Semiter Plumb is doin now. Thats why hes got his hands clear down in his britches pockets that way. Now, you watch him. Bimeby youll see, hell git his thinkery sort o' oiled up an set agoin at the right gait, and then hell left his right hand out of his pocket an to do some gesturatin with it, lettin the left hand stay where it is to help his mind along a little. Then, bimeby, arter that, hell take his left hand out, too, and his thinkin machine ill run along alone all right. A train of thought, said Uncle Jabez, dropping into almost poetic simile, a train of thought is jest like any other train—just like a railroad train. The bigger an heavier it is the harder it is to start but when you once get it agoin then the bigger an heavier it is the farther it ill run without help. Thats the way Seniter Plumb allus starts with his hand way down deep in his pockets, an thats why arter a while he takes em out an jest lets the momentum theyve given his thinkin carry it along.

I tell you, gentlemen, its a question o' britches pockets, an its to britches pockets more to anything else that Ameriky owes her greatness.

And Uncle Jabez look up at at me with an expression which said: Aint I right?

I put my hands into my pockets and reflected long before I committed myself.

BEN WYLDE.

Everybody who attended the Weldon and Rocky Mount fairs last year remembers seeing two men in fantastic garb who wandered over the grounds playing a violin and guitar and singing comic songs. They were the Roberson brothers and were from Warren county. Nobody expected anything good from men who could make such abortive music, and we are not surprised to learn that they were arrested last week for using the mails for fraudulent purposes.

FOR THE FARM.

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MATTERS OF INTEREST TO TILLERS OF THE SOIL.

Original, Borrowed, Stolen and Communicated Articles on Farming.

WORK IN A SWAMP.

The farmer who has a muck swamp on his farm has a mine of wealth. Every ton of pure swamp muck, that consists of decayed vegetable matter free from sand, is worth from one to three dollars per ton as it lies on the bank after having been dug two or three months and drained. It contains from one and a half to three per cent of nitrogen, inert and insoluble, it is true, but made easily available by judicious treatment. At the price of inert nitrogen in fertilizers that is contained in a ton of good muck is worth from two to six dollars, counting the price at ten cents per pound. Thousands of farmers buy nitrogen in fertilizers at nearly double this price, when by making compost of the muck they may get from twenty to sixty pounds of available nitrogen from every ton of it. The winter season is the best time for working in a swamp, making drains, and getting out the muck—American Agriculturist.

SILOS AND ENSILAGE.

The subject of ensilage is one that has received considerable attention at the hands of the ADVANCE during the last two years. It is one that should occupy the attention of every farmer. Last year we published a letter from Col. Elias Carr, of Tarboro, one of the leading farmers of North Carolina, in regard to the preparation of a silo and ensilage crop. Mr. James R. Young, of Vance county, has a timely article in the Henderson Gold Leaf in which he says: "I believe ensilage a good thing and a great need to our section." He is a practical farmer and knows what he is talking about. We would like to publish his article entire but it is too long for us. We only quote enough to show that every farmer who desires can raise and handle a crop of ensilage. Mr. Young says:

"WHAT IS ENSILAGE?"

The answer to this question is made necessary because some people need the information, while many need to have their prejudices removed by a plain statement and fuller details. Ensilage is forage cut green and not cured but preserved by being packed in an air-tight apartment called a silo. Thus you can preserve all of your forage in its very best state for food and at the least cost. Not only is it the best state for food but all of it is saved, e. g.: You save not only the fodder and shucks of your corn but the stalks also. You can put up in your silos almost every known forage plant grown. The following are used, being named by me in the order of their use and adaptability to use for ensilage, viz: Corn, peas, clover and grasses, oats, wheat, rye and various other forage plants. You observe that I named corn first. It certainly will make the most to the acre and I believe, all things considered, the best ensilage. Many pull off the ears and then use the balance for ensilage, while others make a much finer food by cutting up and putting in the silo ears and all. In using the latter no grain ration is necessary for your stock.

WHAT TO PLANT FOR ENSILAGE.

By all means sow some corn; how much will depend on what you need. An acre of land will raise from five to twenty tons for ensilage, according to land and season. By my use of the word "sow" don't be mislead into making the "sowed corn" so common in this section. Let your stalks stand from 10 to 15 inches apart in the rows and let rows be the usual distance apart that every stalk may bear a shoot or better still an of corn. Manure your land well; it is cheaper than cultivating so much. Then you raise peas, clover, grasses, &c., all of which do well for ensilage and give you a variety of food. It is best to cut up the corn or other ensilage before putting it in the silo but it is not necessary by any means.

THE SILO.

At one time it was thought necessary that the silo should be built in the ground of stone. Now it is settled that it is not necessary to put in the ground and that for many reasons wood is preferable to stone. It must be strong and air-tight. The usual and cheapest way is to use six or eight inch upright studding, two feet apart for the outside, and inside two thicknesses of board with tarred paper between. Nothing more is necessary for the sides but there must of course be a good top. The cost of the building of a silo in this section will be about $1.50 or $2.00 per ton, where everything must be bought and the labor hired. To arrive at the size that you need it is only necessary to know that a cubit foot will hold 40 or 50 pounds of ensilage, which is enough for an animal for one day. Thus a silo 10 feet by ten feet and 15 feet high will hold 30 tons of ensilage, which will feed one animal 1,500 days, or 10 animals for 5 months.

In conclusion, allow me to indulge in a few plain statements bearing on the subject. Ensilage will give you the best and cheapest forage you can, in my opinion, get. Now, don't misunderstand me. If you wish good food, you must put good food into the silo. The silo does not claim to make but only to keep your forage. The plant must not be cut too green but be allowed to begin to dust before the plant is ready for cutting. The whole stalk is then richest and will make best ensilage. This explains why we here make better ensilage than they do in the North and North-west. Their seasons are too short to allow for proper maturing. Again it is a mistake to suppose that ensilage is only for those who have many heads of stock. Every farmer can have it. It is only necessary to make your silo in size according to the number of your stock. The silo must be divided in compartments, so that in feeding from any one at least ½ to 1½ inches of ensilage will be used each day.

TOM OCHILTREE'S STORY.

"Cus 'Em Out," the Solution of the Race Question.

"There is considerable trouble between the North and the South relative to the treatment of the negroes down in Dixie," said ex-Congressman Tom Ochiltree last night at the Hoffman house; "and that reminds me of one of our Texas darkies named Sam, whom I used to have in my service. Sam could read, and in the newspapers he had seen so much of the love the people of the North bear for the colored man that he concluded the North was the place for him. So to Iowa he went, where he was pretty well treated. The people there called him "Mr." and shook hands with him, and talked politics with him as if he were an equal, but nobody seemed anxious to have Sam work for him.

"After a while all his money was gone, and he then concluded that the best thing he could do was to go back to Texas; so he started on foot, hoping to pick up enough food on the way to keep him going. The first place he reached was a farm house where a man from New York lived. The farmer was very polite, but when food was mentioned, said times were hard and he didn't believe he had anything to spare. He tried several other farm houses but always with the same result—everybody was very polite, but nobody gave him any food. For two or three days he didn't have anything to eat, until he came to a place where a man was out in the front yard mowing grass. To him he told the old story of leaving Texas, of his bad luck in Iowa, and of his desire to get back to Galveston, and of his great hunger. Before he had concluded his story the farmer interrupted him: 'You black idio'!' he exclaimed. 'Why didn't you have sense enough to stay in Texas?' Sam's face brightened instantly. He almost fell upon his knees for joy, and he cried out: 'Boss, you dunno how glad I is to see you. When did you leave the souf yoursef? Oh, boss, but I is glad to git 'mong friends agin'.' 'Go in the house there, you black fool,' said the farmer, 'and git some chuck. Perhaps you will know enough another time to stay where you belong.'"—N. Y. Star.

A banking house has been organized at Marion with a capital of $50,000. The citizens took one-half the stock, and Richard Mitchell of the Farmer's Bank of Kentucky took the other half. It will open July 1st.

In the elections held on the first Monday Laurinburg went dry, Maxton wet and Rockingham voted for high license. In that town license costs $300 now. Washington voted in favor of issuing $10,000 worth of bonds to be devoted to the purchase of rights of way and terminal property for a branch of the Wilmington & Weldon railway.