

She does not know Chicken from Turkey."

Helen is the handsomest girl of her race; She's an elegant form and an exquisite face, And she dresses with perfectly consummate

But she doesn't know chicken from turkey.

She knows many languages, living and dead; In science and fiction is very well read, But she cannot cook meat, and she cannot make bread

And she doesn't know chicken from turkey.

She can play a "Fantasia" or "Nocturne" with skill; Can sing up to "B"-has a wonderful trill; Can write a good story or sonnet, but still

She does not know chicken from turkey. She's been up the Tiber, the Rhine and the

Nile: She's a painter in every popular style-Can decorate china, a plaque or a tile-But she doesn't know chicken from turkey.

She's always self-satisfied, graceful and cool;

A critic, both just and correct as a rule; And knows every stitch in the Kensington School,

But she doesn't know chicken from turkey.

She can work a design of Lensing or Burt; But she cannot cut out for her children skirt.

Or make for her husband a well-fitting shirt-She doesn't know chicken from turkey.

I'm willing a girl should read Latan and Greek;

Should German and French and Italian speak: And be "up" in the latest æsthetical freak, If she only knows chicken from turkey.

I'd like her in music and song to take part; Read poetry, science and cultivate art, If husband and children were first in her

And if she knew chicken from turkey-

Knew barley from rice, knew a tart from a A boil from a stew, a broil from a fry;

And if she went into a market to buy, Knew very well chicken from turkey.

For, to make a home happy, all knowledge must blend;

Art, science and service their benefits lend; Then, ladies so clever and wise, condescend To know about chicken and turkey.

-Lillie E. Barr, in the Continent.

Thanksgiving at the Barnyard.

"I heard cook say, up at the house to day, when I was getting a drink of wa-ter from a pan under the window, that to-morrow would be Thanksgiving Day," said Mr. Cropplecrown to his wife, as he stood on one leg, gloomily watching a big bronze turkey strutting up and down the barnyard.

"But I don't see what we have to give thanks for. I've scarcely had a chance to crow half a dozen times to-day, just for old Fadladeen." Fadladeen was the bronze turkey.

"Dear me!" sighed Mrs. Cropplecrown,

foung Mr. Dorking went and scratch-ed behind the barn in peace, and Mrs. Speckle wallowed behind the stump, without the fear of Fadladeen before her eyes, while Mr. Cropplecrown held up his head, and crowed till his throat was sore. And so ended Thanksgiving Day in the barnyari.—Golden Days.

"Mammies" Before the War.

The office of "mammy" in a Southern family was often hereditary, little mam my that is to be beginning her profes sion as playmate, and then waiting maid, of pretty Miss Mary. But when young mistress goes off to boarding school for the finishing touches, the maid rises a

step in rank. Instead of being taught to cook, wash or iron, the ladies' maid spends her time in knitting socks, hunting old miss's spectacles, or sometimes learns to read a few words out the primer.

At the close of the war it so happened that one of these incipient mammies applied for service to a bustling, strongminded woman, one of King Solomon's paragons, "who riseth while it is yet night and giveth meat unto her house-Well pleased with the girl's hold." fionest, dark face, Mrs. Allen asked her name. "Alcinthy Fitzallan de Montague,

marm. "Well, Cinthy, I suppose you can

cook?" "Oh, no ma'am; Aunt Melindy was de cook at our house. "Can you wash and iron?"

"Me wash and i'on! Law, no, marm! Aunt Big Tildy, she did the washing and

i'oning." "Can you attend to the table?" "He! he! Dat was nobody's business

but Uncle Solomon's and he didn't 'low no children to fool long o' his dinin' room."

"Can you make up beds and attend finally. Lowell, N. C. to the chambers." "In course not, marm! Little Tildy

and Cousin Pat was de house gals, and they didn't want nobody to tend ter der

business. "Then what under the sun was your occupation?" "I did keep flies off the old miss.

Atlantic.

Chinese Science.

From ancient times the Chinese have taken note of natural phenomena. Their record of solar eclipses is perhaps the most ancient and accurate in the world. They have more or less elaborate works on astronomy, mathematics, botany, zoology, mineralogy, physiology, and many other sciences. Yet there are scarcely any true science in them. Class-

ification, even in regard to plants and animals, there is none. Mineralogy is mainly a description of curious stones. Nor is there any progress, for the more ancient works are generally the best, and as a consequence the Chinese to-day are as their fathers were thousands of years ago. The superstitions respecting

So the fowls all felt very thankful, in-leed. Young Mr. Dorking went and scratch-ad behind the barn in peace, and Mrs. Speckle wallowed behind the stump, "ante bellum days" to take off a grop and turn on the cattle and hogs, and the habit left to the children of such. farmers impoverished soil and a poor inheritance which, I believe, the present generation will greatly improve. We have brains at the South and necessity

is a stern teacher. We want the best of every thing to farm with and we want the best methods of farming and, to take two crops from a soil in one season without a fair recompense in the shape of both mineral manures and nitrogen, is fallacious, and results ultimately in failure.

This fall I plowed up crab grass waist high and sowed wheat on the land. Several persons advised me to make hay of it. This advice, followed year after year, is what makes our average wheat crop so small to the acre, and is the cause of so much poverty and ignorance, throughout the land. Our soil, fairly and intelligently cultivated, will not only give us a competence, but wealth with all its attendant advantages. If the boys want to attend the agricultural schools and colleges, and are not

able to do so, let them go to their near-est book-store and ask the owner to send and get them a standard work on agricultural chemistry. Let them study it, and this will soon start them in the

soil to get good results, and persever-

ance in the right direction will give it

er information will keep them studying. My mother says Hop Bitters is the only thing I have known fifty bushels of wheat to be raised to the acre here under proper cultivation, and as much as one hundred that will keep her from severe attacks of paralysis

and twenty bushels of oats. Now why

1610

Hop Bitters will not cure?

cannot every farmer do that? The an-My little sickly, puny baby, was changed into a swer is simple. He does not know how. great bouncing boy and I was raised from a sick But he can do it, and he must learn bed by using Hop Bitters a short time. how. It takes time on an exhausted

> No use to worry about any Liver, Kidney, o urinary trouble; especially Bright's Disease or Diabetes as Hop Bitters rever fails of a cure where a cure is possible.

Stop the Leaks.

J. H. W., JR.

[las, R. Thigpen in Tarboro Southerner.] To-day at the same time, I saw five wagon-loads of Northern hay rolling into

Tarboro. A soliloquy occured with me as to how it was possible that the Northern farmers could send hay hundreds of miles by

rail or water to this county, that has at this time enough grass on its soil, if harvested, to feed and furnish bedding for all the stock for the next five years. If the farmers abroad can harvest, and submit to the tariff of freights, can it be possible the planters in Eastern North Carolina cannot save at least a sufficiency and to spare, to furnish all demands? Here is a leak that ought to be stop-

Ded! In this town may be seen a large quan-

tremenduous, drain!

goes the money to Ohio

ant that ever sustain-

ed a sinking system. \$1.50 at Druggists. Ine DR.S.A. RICHMOND

prietors, St. Joseph, Mo. >-

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PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.

RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS, buy of

any Druggist

tity of seed wheat and oats that are imported. Why should this be? Here is another leak!

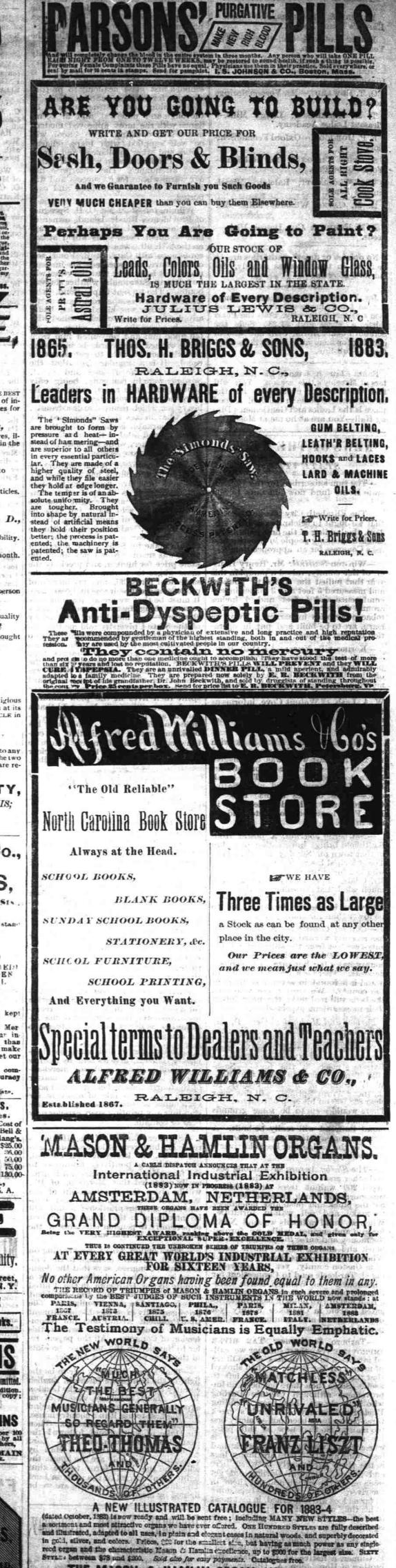
In consequence of cholera and mere want of attention to hogs, sheep and cattle, thousands of pounds of meat are sold here every week, which constitute a

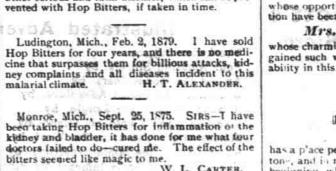
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ANSWER THIS.

and headache. Ed. Oswego Sun.

A YOUNG MOTHER.

'I don't see what they keep him for! He don't do an earthly thing but strut up an down the yard and spread his tail and say, 'Gobble-gobble!'

"And pitch into the rest of us, when we aren't doing a thing but minding our own business," said Madam Dominique. a connection by marriage of the Cropplecrowns.

"I wish a varmint would get him, said young Mr. Dorking. "I was scratching behind the barn to-day, all by myself, and had found quite a good-sized worm, when he pounced on me all at once, jerked out a clawful of feathers,

and ate up the worm himself!" And Mr. Dorking, who was a very peaceable young fellow himself, looked savagely at the big gobbler, as if he would have liked to pounce on him and jerk out some of his feathers, if he had

only been big enough. "Yes," put in old Mrs. Speckle, a mortherly hen, who had just brought out a fine brood of young chicks-"yes; he's a regular old tartar! I found a nice place by a stump to-day, and was wallowing in some clean dust, when the old savage jumped at me, scared me half out of my wits, and scattered my little dears in every direction. I've scarcely got over the fright yet."

"Pot-rack! pot-rack!" chimed the Guinea rooster, who sat pluming himself on the pig trough, near by. "He's a quarrelsome fellow, and a body has to be pretty active to keep out of his way. He's attacked me plenty of times, and I've no doubt would have broken some of my bones, if I hadn't flown away.] have a good pair of wings, if I do say it myself, and I generally manage to keep lear of him that way.'

"Quack! quack!" said a Pekin duck who came waddling out from under the wagon shed to join the rest. "I can't see what they keep him for. I can't abide him." "He's no better than the rest of us:

and yet he is fed night and morning out of cook's own hand, on the very best of food, too-wheat screenings and boiled corn, tid-bits from the table, scraps of meat, pieces of bread, and the likewhile we have to put up with raw corn or whatever we can get, and have to fight and scratch for that."

"It's a shame," grumbled Mr. Croppleerown. "He's no better than us,

"He ain't, hey?" cried old Fadladeen, who had stolen up, unseen by the rest of the fowls. "No better than the rest, hey? Take that, and that." With which he flew upon poor Crop-plecrown, flopped and buffeted him with his wings, and pecked and scratched bim numercifully. Proor Mrs. Crownla.

him unmercifully. Poor Mrs. Cropple-crown cackled loudly for help, but no one dared come to the rescue.

The Guinea rooster flew up to the ridge-pole of the barn, chattering "Pot-rack!" with all his might. The Pekin duck waddled off as fast as her web feet would carry her, and hid under pokeweed. Dominique made the best of her way under the garden hedge, and Mrs. Speckle hustled her brood off in safety behind the barn. The rest of the fowls scattered here and there and everywhere

bent only on securing their own safety. In the meantime, black Chloe, the cook, hearing the rumpus, came hurry-ing down, with her hands full of corn, calling, "Chick, chick!" "Turkey, tur-key, turkey!" upon which old Fadladeen dropped poor Cropplecrown, and hur-ried off, crying, "Gobble, gobble, gob-ble!" and began pecking at the corn in cochic hand.

"Hil" cried Aunt Chloe, deftly catching him by one leg, "time you was a-gitting ready fo' de pot, ole Fad;" and she bore him off in triumph to the

China, remind us rather of man in his state of barbarism than of the ancient culture and civilization of the middle kingdom. The sun and moon are to the farm. Chinese as they were to primitive man, living things, gods to be worshipped. The stars in their courses powerfully influence, if they do not absolutely determine, all human events. In them the wise may read as in a book the des-

natural phenomena, which are as living,

active truths to-day for all classes in

tiny of man and the fate of empires. tons of commercial fertilizers annually. Their combinations make lucky and unlucky, and we shall do well to note market crop! carefully their signs and silent warnings. It seems as if we cannot help planting Comets are the precursors of famine, peslarge portion of the farm where we tilence and war-prognosticators of the know it will not pay half the cost of wreck of empires and the fall of kings. preparing, seeding and culture under Eclipses are the periodic efforts of the he best of seasons and cultivation, bedragon fiend to destroy the lights of heaven, and every notice of an approaching eclipse sent by the imperial

cause of its poverty. Here is a drowning leak, just such a one as all must avoid in the future, or astronomer to the provinces is accomthey will go under. "The higher the tariff, the lower the panied by a government order to employ the usual methods of gong-beating, goods," is synonymous with the poorer and so forth, in order to rescue the the soil, the larger the crop. threatened luminary. Again, thunder is the roar of the anger of heaven, and "Having tested the virtue of Phenol to be smitten with a thunderbolt is to Sodique in our own family, we can un-

marked as a thing accursed. Wind is hesitatingly recommend its use. It reborn in the heart of great mountains, lieves pain almost instantly, and rapidly whence it issues at the command of the heals the wound. It is an article which wind dog. Most districts have their should be kept on hand where accidents are liable to occur."—Jeffersonian, West wind mountains. That at Lung-Shan, in the northern province of Chihli, is Chester, Pa. the most remarkable. It has a cave at each of its four sides. The spring wind issues from the cave on the eastern side, SAMARITAN AND INPALLIELE the summer wind from the southern, and so for the others. Wind eddies or whirlwinds are raised by the hedgehog in his rapid passage from one place to another, the dust serving to screen him from the vulgar gaze. Rain is produced by the dragon god, who carries up vast quantities of water from the lakes and rivers in his capacious jaws, and pours it down in showers over the earth. Every mountain has its spirit or genus, every valley its nymph, every spring its naiad. Hence, mountains and rivers, old trees and curious rocks, become objects of worship.-Nature. proclaim it the most wonderful Invigor-

Believing, but not Understanding. "I will not believe anything but what

understand," said a self-confident young man, in a hotel one day. "Nor will I," said another.

"Neither will I," chimed in a third. "Gentlemen," said one who sat close by, "do I understand you correctly, that you will not believe anything that you don't understand?"

"I will not," said one, and so said each one of the trio. "Well," said the stranger, "in my ride this morning I saw some geese in a field eating grass; do you believe that?" "Certainly," said the three unbeliev

ers. "I also saw the pigs eating grass; do you believe that?"

"Of course," said the three. "And I also saw sheep and cows eating grass; do you believe that?" "Of course," was again replied

"Well, but the grass which they had formerly eaten, had by digestion turned to feathers on the backs of geese, to bristles on the backs of swine, to wool on the sheep, and on the cows it had turn-ed to hair; do you believe that, gentlemen?

"Certainly," they replied. "Yes, you believe it," he rejoined, "but do you understand it?" They were confounded, and silent, and ashamed.-The Young Churchman.

The Harm.

value to me. I was laid up with typhoid for over two months, and could get no relief until I tried Tubs and firkins of butter, by the your Hop Bitters. To those suffering from de-bility or any one in feeb e health, I cordially recundred, that ought to be raised on the Here is another loss!

J. C. STOETZEL, 638 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill. ommend them. To-day, there were landed fifty bug gies from Cincinnati. This means that

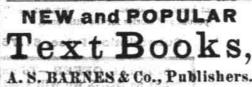
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