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and W. T. Jones. Meet first Monday in every month at 7:30 o'clock p. m.

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CARTHAGE, N. C.

Claims collected and returns prom

Ida Lewis Wilson, the lighthouse heroine, still keeps the old boat in which she has saved thirteen people, and shabby as it looks she uses it, and says if she were again to have the opportunity to rescue the drowning she'd take the old boat rather than the handsome new one presented her by the citizens of Newpost.

Few men have ever had a more varied experience than O. S. Fowler, the phrenologist, who died a short time since, after a brief illness, at the age of seventy-eight. He was perhaps the champion traveler of America, and there were few towns in the United States or Canada where he did not lecture and examine heads for a consideration. Professor Fowler was fortunate enough to take up phrenology as a study, when the public were becoming interested in it. He may be said to have been the pioneer of a long army of lecturers on the subject whose theories no longer meet with the unquestioning acceptance formerly accorded to them. He was a busy writer, too, of books and magazine articles.

THE UNBRUISED GRAIN. There's silence in the mill. The great wheel standeth still, And leaves the grain unbruised.

The miller gray and old, Who lieth dead and cold, Hath earned his blessed rest. O youth, take thou his place And, with uplifted face,

Work thou for human need. Let not life's force in thee Unused and wasted be-Take thou the true man's place! -Grace Webster Hinsdale.

A NOBLE VICTORY.

PROM THE GERMAN BY L.V. STUR

North Sea. A sharp wind from the north sweeps over the surface, driving the waves high before it. On their crests rises and sinks the white foam. How the water surges forward, as if it would rush far into the land. But again and again it retreats from the white sand, only to return in haste the next morning. On the shore lies stretched out the village of Husom. Every little house stands by itself, often separated from its neighber by a wide space of perhaps fifty feet, which is generally made into a garden, in which a few feeble plants draw a scanty nourishment from the ground. With no less difficulty do the inhabitants of Husom manage to get their living. They are all fishermen, and the sea is their real home, on which they go out for miles to cast their nets. When the sun shines on a smooth surface it is an exhilarating occupation, but when a sudden storm springs up while the boats are far from land and a fog settles down upon the water like a broad, heavy mantle, then one understands how hard are the onditions, and the perpetual danger attending the labor by which these men earn their bread

he sea runs high and most of the at have pulled in to land. Two men e at Il working to save their property the same way. They are both young, gr, vigorous men, with sunburned e's and toil-hardened hands.

At last their boat, too, rests on the shore firmly secured. "Lars," said one of the men, straightening up and butoning his short jacket, "this will be a ierce blow, to-night." The other nodded. "It is lucky that

none of us are out." Meanwhile they have started homeward, and stride along together in silence. The only street of the village is quiet. It is dark, here and there a faint ight gleaming from a little window.

They are passing a small house, and, almost as if by a secret agreement, they approach and glance through the lighted window to the inside. An old man with white hair and beard sits in a large arm chair; his head has fallen forward on his | ing. I intended to come directly to you breast-a picture of the life fast sinking | and tell you. to rest. At the table, on the opposite side, sits, in bright contrast, a young girl, sewing-a fresh, lovely face, with round, rosy cheeks, and luxuriant, fair hair. Katie Mason is the prettiest girl in the village, and the most judustrious, on whom many a young fellow looks with earnest glance. Early and late she is busy, supporting herself and her aged

father by her own hands. The loiterers at the window have turned and gone on their way. At last Lars said: "Good night, Cristoph," and rossed street to his home. He had heard the reply to his greeting, and now waited and listened, standing by the fence that inclosed his little tract of ground. Crisoph had not gone on, but had turned back-for what? Lars felt a misgiving. SUPERIOR COURT-1st Monday in He, too, hastened back. The wind drives full in his face, but he does not heed it. Now he hears Cristoph's steps before him, but cannot see, for it is very dark-There stands the little house where Katie Mason lives. Cristoph stands by the window. Lars sees him plainly in the light of the lamp that falls upon him. He hears a tap on the window, and now Cristoph has his hand on the door, and it pens before him.

'Thou, Cristoph? What brings thee so ate?" asked Katie, holding on to the door, which the storm was shaking. "I was passing and saw thee sitting, so

stopped to bid thee 'sleep well.'"

"Thou dear!" she said, putting out her The wind seized the door thus set free, and flung it wide open against the wall. But Cristoph, using his strength, drew the girl into the hall and closed the door. I are grew hot under his coarse jacket; hot in spite of the blustering wind. He stepped close to the door and heard speaking within, but could not distinguish anything. He waited, his heart filled with the pangs of jealously. How long he stood he knew not; it seemed an eternity to him. At last the door opened and Cristoph stepped out. "Sleep well, dear girl," he whispered. 'Good-by, dear Cristoph." The key was turned in the lock. Cristoph went nome, the joy of love requited in his The other, too, turned homeward, but a long time passed before he

reached the little house. They had grown up together-Lars, ristoph and Katie. The three had played together continually as children, dents, both male and female, and others - and Katie would be carried by no others Cristoph. When they grew larger they Good 100ms and polite attention always went to school together, and were conneighboring village. No strife had ever come between, never had the girl shown whether she preferred one of the lads or the other. As these developed into strong men, Katie bloomed into still greater beauty, as was apparent to other young men of the village, and Rob Steffel had ventured to intimate as much, in a rough fashion, to the girl. The following day his place in the boat was empty; he was sick, his father said—the truth was Rob would not show his discolored face. From that time the young fellows held themselves aloof from Katie Mason. But between Lars and Cristoph the old intimacy began to gradually diminish. They went with Katie to her first dance. Who should be her first partner? They disputed long over it, out of the girl's hearing, and at last, with heated faces, appealed to her to choose between them. Katie looked at them, and for the first time felt a misgiving that if she choose one the other would be deeply hurt. So she said: "It makes no difference to me which I dance with first, but if it is of so much account to you draw cuts." They did so, and Cristoph was the lucky one. While they were settling the matter Katie looked on with apparent indifference, but her heart beat fast under her bodice, and when it was decided she almost unconsciously smiled with evident pleasure. Lars saw it, and from that day jealousy began to take root

deeper and deeper in his heart, and there

was no lack of occasion to develop it.

Margrit Hermensen, Katie's best friend,

went to the altar to plight her faith.

Katie was chosen to carry the wreath,

accompanied by Cristoph. When Lars

heard of it he opposed it vehemently.

ing she did not wish to go to the wedding prevented perhaps the very worst butbreak of Lars's passionate storm of anger. After that the two avoided each other as much as possible, but sought to be with Katie. Each knew that the other loved the girl, and both felt secretly conscious to whom Katie's heart inclined. Cristoph, the calmer and more self possessed, felt a silent, blissful happiness taking possession of his heart when the girl looked at him with her blue eyes so sweetly and kindly. Lars, more vehemment, believed at times that Katie loved him, her manner was so cordial. But, again, when he saw her with Cristoph, a voice within him told him that he was not the favored one, and he suffered bitter torment. So it had gone on till the evening when the young fishermen returned together from the shore. Cristoph's heart beat fast at the quiet, The waves break on the shore of the peaceful scene in old Mason's cottage. and it drew him back with irresistible power to leave a greeting for the loved one. But after he had entered the hall, in his effort to close the door, so violently | machinery. They are washed and dried flung open by the storm, he suddenly be-

shore mending his boat, when Rob Steffel | flavor that has made them famous the

"You are early, though you came home Lars looked at him, red with anger. He struck the wood with his axe, and the chips flew far around.

"Hoho!" continued the other, "you did not have good luck, it seems." "Keep still!" cried Lars. "What is it to you whether I have good luck or not?" unjust to me," he said. "A big fellow like you should not take it so meekly. San Francisco send to us for Saratoga Cristoph has plainly taken the fish away

from you." Lars' made no answer, but his hand clasped the axe convulsively. "You and I have no love for Cristoph." continued Rob; "let us join together against him,"

and he held out his hand. "I want nothing to do with you," replied Lars, and turned away, resuming

Rob Steffel laughed scornfully, and went away, but the sting that his words contained remained in Lars's breast. When the other was out of sight he flung down his axe, and went back to the village. Slowly, with downcast head, he walked. Before the house of old Mason he paused, then with a sudden resolution he entered. But, as if bound. he stood in the doorway-in the room stood Katie tenderly embraced by Cristoph. A painful silence prevailed for a moment, then Cristoph stepped toward Lars, put out his hand, and said: 'Katic is my betrothed since last even-

He did not answer, only a bitter smile quivered on his lips. It was excessively painful to the girl. She felt what a olow she had given him, though blameless nerself. She longed to say something to hime but could not find the right word. So she only looked at him and, without speaking, held out her hand to him, but he turned away and

Toward noon the shore was alive with

The sea gleamed in the sunshine again, the waves played gently, and a soft wind was blowing. The day was favorable for a large haul. All the fishermen of the village were gathered together, the nets and oars were put into he boats, the sails spread wide, and the little fleet sailed far out into the broad, beautiful sea. Katie stood on the shore sending greetings to her sweetheart as long as his boat was in sight. Then she went home, smiling happily to herself. She had much to do. After she had seen to her old father, who sat quietly in his chair and smoked a short pipe, she went about her work. How it flew under her hands to-day, though frequently she stopped, gazing down, lost in sweet dreams. Then she worked so much the faster again. So hour after hour flew by unheeded. At last the day's task was ended, and Katie went to the door. But the weather had changed. the sun had disappeared behind thick clouds, and the sky hung in gray folds over the sea. The fishermen also had finished their work. Their rich booty lay in the boats, promising a fine reward for their hard labor. But in the east it was black and threatening. They must reach home before the storm came on. The little sails spread out, the ships flew over the water, causing the foam to break over the deep dipping sides. Then came the first blow strong against the sails; the loaded boats threatened to upset. The men were forced to take in sails, and trust wholly to the oars. It grew dark, and the sea lifted itself restlessly into huge, far rolling waves. Then the storm broke loose with wild force; it howled and lashed the sea till it reared in short, foam-capped waves. The men rowed with all their might; the shore could not be far away, though it was not risible in the darkness. Ahead of all the others shot Cristoph's boat; close behind him was Lars's. It seemed as if the two firmed together in the little church of the A thought shot through his heart, bury Cristoph, and Kate is yours."

were running a race for the safety of the shore. A wave seized Cristoph's boat, ifted it high, and flung it with its broad side against the end of Lars's vessel. Lars saw it sinking before him. frightful and vivid: "Let the waves the thought was gone in a moment; in the next he had leaned far out, grasped the constant friend out of his youth. now struggling with death. But he lost his own balance, sitting upon the extreme edge. He flung out his hand to catch hold of something, but found nothing, and plunged headlong. A huge wave seized the boat. threw it far from the place, and in the roaring of the waves a last, despairing cry was lost.

At last the fisherman had painfully reached the shore. Women and old men full of anguish stood waiting the returning ones. "Katie," cried a voice from the darkness, and the girl felt herself embraced

by two arms.

inaudibly.

"Christoph! thank heaven that you are here! She led him to her house. He was silent all the way, only holding her fast. She, too, hardly spoke. When they reached the house she noticed for the first time that his clothes were saturated, and asked the reason. Then his mouth quivered with repressed pain, while he

"Katie, the storm destroyed my boat. Lars snatched me from the waves, but he himself fell into the sea and -"What?" she asked breathlessly. "I could not save him," he said almost

After a few days the sea washed the body of Lars ashore. It was the only sacrifice it had demanded that day. I ars had no parents living, but even parents could not have shed more burning tears than Kate and Christoph when he was Both young men grew violent, and buried in the little churchyard. The only Katie's presence of mind in declar- thought of him, the consciousness that than half that number."-New York Sun. little, I suppose."-Lire.

his sacrifice had secured their happiness

Long after Katie went to the altar with Christoph, and when they came from the church their first steps were directed to the grave of Lars. - Albany Argus.

Saratoga Chips.

"Do Saratoga chips come from Sara toga?" inquired a Mail and Express reporter of a New York grocer. "Not much," said the grocer. "They are made in this city, and many are shipped to Saratoga. But if you want

to know all about them just go up to the bakery and see how they are made.' At the bakery it was learned that the concern has a monopoly of the business in this city, and that there are only three makers of Saratoga chips in the country. Chips are an American institution, and are not known aboad save for some small lots that have been exported. The process of manufacturing is in part a secret. The potatoes are peeled and sheed by between muslin clothes. If they were came conscious of Katie in his arms. And | now fried the amount of starch that they while it raged and stormed without he contain would make them brown, and kissed her, and in wild happiness, he the secret of the business is to remove all whispered: "Katie, do you love me?" of the starch, so that the chips will be She did not answer, but her lips pressed | perfectly white. When this is done they are put into the hot grease, and come out The next morning Lars stood on the curled and crisp and with the delicious

world over. Said the manager: "We use seventy-five barrels of pota-Were you with your sweetheart?' toes a week, keep seven bakers at work, and have three wagons out delivering. Hotels take them by the barrel restaurants take them in twenty-five pound boxes, and for grocers to serve to private families we put them up in one pound cartons. The dining cars on nearly all the railroads use them, and we Rob Steffel stepped nearer. "You are have sent some to England. Cities as far away as Jacksonville, Florida, and chips. They will keep for three months. A few minutes in a hot oven makes them as crisp as though they were just

Where Dancing is a Passion.

I presume those who have not traveled in Spain hardly realize how thoroughly dance demon seizes on Spaniards at all angry roar of an enraged lion. times and under all circumstances-in the streets, on the public squares, under the porches of the stately mansions. A peripatetic musician comes along strum maid servants throw aside their brooms, they are carrying to the fountain, the muleteers leave their mules, the innkeeper forgets your dinner, and all spring forward, arms akimbo and eyes sparkling. Their feet just touch the ground, they balance in unison with the music and dance with their souls as well as with their bodies. Let a tourist pay a visit to Toledo and put up at the ancient

hostelry of De Lino, and let a guitar player station himself under the great sombre archway that Don Quixote himforeboding of evil. He will see with his own eyes how the natural order of things will be disarranged and everything thrown into confusion. A fandango will begin in the court, the kitchen and the street, and amid such a hubbub that he will think that he has taken leave of his One day at St. Sebastian the regiment passed by with a band at its head. A fandango was played. Even the children who had been industriously engaged in making dirt pies pricked up their ears, caught each other by the wists, and tried to go through the steps. Their nurses joined in, snapping their fingers. The passers-by came to the assistance of the nurses. The soldiers

themselves couldn't stand the tempta-

tion, but fell out of the ranks and mingled in the dance. Washington's Wonderful Monument. I have been living now for some months at a distance of a mile away, in full view of the Washington monument, looking directly upon its eastern face, says a correspondent of the Kansas City Journal. It never seemed twice alike. It has its moods and changes of color, like the tops of the Swiss Alps. This morning the base of the 600-foot structure was lost in a deep blue mist, which filled the valley for a depth of a couple hundred feet. Then came a section of, perhaps, 100 feet more in which the shaft was purple and pink, the whole crowned with a white blazing column, hundreds of feet high, flashing back the sunlight, set against a deep blue western sky! At another time you will see the cold, gray base of the monument rising above the deep green foliage which surrounds it, with the dark blue highlands of Arlington beyond, and overtopping all these the graceful shaft pierces the heavens, towering far above the horizon line, until its top is lost in a sea of fleecy clouds. It is a realized vision of Jacob's ladder. a real visible stone causeway leading from heaven to earth. Do you know of any other monument like this? A few evenings ago there was a grand thunder shower in the east. The west was black with darkness, and even the white monument was blotted out of sight. But at every flash of the lightning the whole eastern face of the monument gleamed and flashed like a polished sword, coming out of the darkness with a suddenness and vividness that was startling. It seemed to be a ghastly monument, a column of electricity, which leaped from the earth to the sky. I am sure no other monument in this world can exhibit such a phase as that.

Effect of a Solar Eclipse Upon Animals. "Although the scientific results of the observation of the solar eclipse in this neighborhood are insignificant," says the strength and activity of the calf. Berlin correspondent of the London Times, "some interesting reports are given of the effects upon the lower animals of the untimely obscuration of the sun. Foresters state that the birds. which had already begun to sing before the edipse took place, became of a suddisquiet when darkness set in. Herds of deer ran about in alarm, as did the small four-footed game. In Berlin a scientific man arranged for observations to be made by bird-dealers of the conduct of their feathered stock, and the results are found to deviate considerably. In some cases the birds showed sudden sleepiness, even though they had sung before the eclipse took place. In other cases great uneasiness and fright were observed. It is noticeable that parrots showed far more susceptibility than ca to their usual state."

Unfounded Fears.

Friend (to young author) -" How is your new book going, Charley?' Young Author (dubiously)-"It's going pretty fast. I've already given away five hundred copies."

Friend-"Five hundred copies! Why, I congratulate you, old boy. I was afraid you wouldn't be able to give away more

BRANDING YOUNG CALVES

LIVELY SCENES IN AN OREGÔN CATTLE CORBAL

Difficulties Encountered by Cowboys in Corraling and Branding

the Frisky Calves The past two months, says a letter from Harney Lakes, Ore., to the San Francisco Post, have not been happy ones for the calves that have been browsing around the borders of this lake, for a stout campaign has been directed against them, and several hundreds of your g animals have been marked, cut and branded during the past few days. It would seem that the three operations entailed a vast amount of pain upon them, but owing to the toughness of the brutes' hides, the bluntness of their nerves and their general easy nature, a steer or a heifer does not seem to experience more than a momentary inconvenience from the necessa-

ry mutilation. This campaign calls for an extraordinary degree of physical exertion on the part of the cowboy. He responds to the task with the alacrity of his ardent nature. The principal part of this work lies in the corrals, some five miles from

the house. On arriving upon the stamping ground it is the plan to split into parties and thoroughly scour different sections of the country for cows and their calves. This is no easy matter, as the cattle seem to band together and range for a few miles in small societies, and then again a few miles distant another herd may be ing about in all directions and keeping that country is given to the worship of | ceasing sound in all notes and keys, from | tion. If given at all they should be

branded calves and their mothers. It is Cultivator. ming his guitar, and in an instant the a duty which requires as much discretion from the horse as from the man, as the the work women set down the pitchers | horse that knows his business will soon recognize the cow and the calf that are wanted, and will drive them out from the herd with, perhaps, but little guiding from its rider. The cows then are huddled together in a narrow plain which borders upon the lake, so as to prevent a men do the cutting out, while the rest are stationed on the skirts of the field to drive back any animal which might escape. Very often a cow does make a break, and then it is the duty of the man self would not have passed without a nearest her to head her back into the herd. The cow and her calf are as swift as deer, and as sure-footed as mules, and as the ground around the lakes is liferally besprinkled with badger holes, running is accompanied with a good deal of danger. By night time the cattle have generally been collected, when camp is made and a rest is taken for the hard work to follow on the morrow.

Before five o'clock the men who are to

separate the cows from the calves are in

the corrals, and soon finish that work. Then comes the real trouble. The fire for heating the branding irons is soon alight, the man who has to drag the calves from out the inner corral mounts his horse and the play begins. The mounted man holds the end of a long riata, while the noose is held by a man on foot, who encalf. The noose is slipped over the body, before it can get to the feet there is generally trouble. Roundabout the corral bucks the calf, tumbling and sprawling, kicking and bellowing, and making an indescribable confusion. However, this does not last long. The rope is soon down by his feet, the word "pull" is given, and the calf is hauled to the gate, where a man adroitly slips a noose over his head and forefeet. Thus bound head and feet the calf is helpless. Then a man slips out a pocket knife, slashes its ears into whatever fashion prevails on the ranch, while another applies the branding iron. Thus in about a minute from the time the calf is caught he is cut, marked and branded. The calf does not seem to feel the mutilation in the least. He doesn't seem to wince at the lopping of his ears, though sometimes a shiver does pass through its frame when the hot iron scars an indellible mark upon its

flank. But when over the calf hops gaily up and trots up to his companions as if perfectly unhurt. This is but a mild statement of the case. The gentle reader need not imagine that all that the cowboy has to do is to enter a corral and slip a rope over a a six-weeks'-old calf and have a horse haul the animal out. It is by no means so easy. The calf never yields. He will kick, squirm, buck, charge, rush and butt at everything. Though well nigh throttled to death, he will tugat the rope which encircles his neck until the rope is ready to snap with the tension. Then the alert cowboy will make a rush at the calf, and catching him on the side will bring him, with a thump, on the ground. while the rest throw themselves on him, with a view to brand. The ages of these calves that were branded ran from three days old to one month-there were, of course, some calves branded which were older, but the majority of the animals were of that age. This will enable one to form some idea of the extraordinary

A "Fortune" That "Come True." Some years ago Christine Nilsson, whose recent marriage, you remember, had the lines of her hand examined by a palmist, who told her she would have den quite silent, and showed signs of trouble from two causes, fire and manacs. This prediction was verified, for during the Chicago fire she lost \$20,000. and when Boston was burned she lost \$200,000. When at New York a crazy man followed her for a week, believing that the words addressed by Marguerite to Faust were intended for himself. In Chicago a poor student decided to marry her, and wrote passionate letters to which he received no answer. One day he came in a superb sleigh, drawn by four horses, to take his affianced bride to the church. The manager quieted him naries, becoming totally silent during the by saying, "You are late; Madame Nilseclipse, and only returning very slowly son has gone there to wait for you." The third insane person was her husband, M. Rouzeaud, who died in an asylum .-Musical Record.

A Natural Inference. She: "Does your parrot talk, Mr

Marks

Mr. Marks (not intellectual): much, except what I've taught him." "Only whistles and swears a

FARM AND GARDEN.

The Care of Hay.

Barfis or "bafracks" are much better for the preservation of hay than the circular stacks, e.en though the last be well built. Hay contains, in the dry as well as in the green state, matter that in soluble in wa'er. For this reason all exposed hay on the exterior of stacks is subject to having the soluble matter washed from it. In round stacks the amount of hay thus exposed is much larger than is usually supposed. The best place for storing of well-cured hay for use is in a gool, well-sheltered mow, where it should be tramped as put in and packed closely. Thus it will all keep in uniform condition. Next to a tight mow an old-fashioned barrack with a well-thatched foof, arranged so as to slide up and down the four corner posts, is the better. If hay has not been well cured in the field, ventilation should be permitted in the mow .- Commercial

Cows and Green Apples.

Whether apples will injure milch cows depends greatly upon how they are fed, and something also on the character of the fruit. A cow usually has no more discretion as to the kind of apples she should cat or the amount than a small school-boy. When cows break into an orchard or a sudden wind storm brings down a great number of apples prematurely, so that cows can get them, then serious injury is sure to result. The cow has the cramps as evidently as a boy cou'd have them. Often the first sign found. This entails upon both horse the owner has is a sudden falling off of and rider a great deal of exertion, for the milk yield, and though they may be often the cattle are hard to drive, charg- partially restored, the injury to the tone of the stomach is such that the yield will the horse in a state of fretful excitement. | not again be as great during that season When, however, all the cattle have been as it was before. The worst effects are gathered in the allotted section they are | from unripe fruit. It takes only a few driven to a convenient locality and there sour green apples to derange the stomach. held until the band arrives from the The acid, bitter juices, with which they other section. Then commences a babel, | are filled are more or less poisonous, and the like of which can be heard only oven one or two will do more harm than when near a vast herd of cows. The good. When apples are fully ripe a very lowing and the bellowing that a couple few daily may be given with advantage to of hundred cows can make has no equal milch cows, though sour apples should in the world. It is a regular swelling be avoided, as even in small quantities noise, a regular wave of diabolical, never- they are of little value for milk produc-St. Vitus. Says a recent writer: "The | the squeak of the sucking pig to the | fed in measured quantities, and on no account should cows be turned in to When the cows have all been bunched | help themselves; they will cat a great together, then comes the somewhat diffi- many in a short time, and if hurried may cult task of separating the already choke in trying to cat too rapidly .-

The Parsnip.

When well grown, the parsnip is considered to be one of our most valuable and desirable garden vegetables, and it is to be regretted that so little care and attention has been bestowed upon it by our amateur cultivators, for it well debreak on one side. Then two or three serves a place in all gardens, no matter

It prefers a deep, moderately enriched sandy loam, one that has been well worked for a previous crop, although any other will answer if thoroughly and deeply plowed as early in the season as

It is best to give a liberal dressing of decayed manure, and this should be well and deeply incorporated with the soil by means of the plow. A good harrowing should then be given, so as to level it off nicely, when it should be marked off into drills about two feet apart and an inch and a half in depth. In these drills the seed should be sown rather thinly, and covered to the depth of about half ap

The seed should be sown early in the spring, just as soon as the ground can be properly prepared. As soon as the young plants are strong enough to handle they should be thinned out, so that they stand five or six inches apart, then a thorough hoeing should be given. After ters the calf-crowded corral and lassos the this all the attention they will require is to keep them well cultivated and free and is made taut at the hind foot. But from weeds, and at each hoeing let a little fresh carth be drawn up around the

As they are best after being touched y frost, it is customary to permit at least half of the crop to remain in the ground until toward spring, when it can be dug and used. The portion of the crop intended for winter use is dug in November, the later the better, and stored in sand in a cool cellar.

The long smooth, or hollow crown, is the variety most generally grown, but for his defeat, and when told of his electhe student is, in my opinion, a much | tion, said: "Why could they not let us better variety; but one will not go astray alone? We are so happy here. Why do in selecting either of them. An ounce of seed will sow one hundred

and fifty feet of drill .- Vick's Mngarane.

Tuberculosis in Cattle. Tuberculosis in cattle is the same disease as consumption in men. Neither, says a writer in the New England Farmer, s understood to be curable, though quack doctors may sometimes offer remedies to cure consumption. It is not produced b; lung worms. The word uberculosis is derived from a latin word meaning small tuber. Tubercles are of various size, from that of a millet seed to that of large grapes, and sometimes an aggregation of tubercles form a mass weighing a pound or more. They are all too large to be found in milk or butter. Chemical analysis is unnecessary W., a State elector, after discussing for determining the presence of the disease; it is usually quite apparent to the naked e e, but doubted cases may need the microscope to determine their true tered dreadfully. "The tariff, General, nature. Animals sometimes fatten well said Colonel W. "Why! what's that!" when affected by this disease in its earlier stages, but emaciation is one of the common symptoms. Tuberculosis lived, "that the people are much excited is a disease that is not confined to the lungs, though it more commonly affects | General Taylor, slowly; "I believe, Jack. those organs. It may locate itself in al- I saw one in Mexico, but I forget what it most any organ or part of the body. It undoubtedly is a frequent cause of abortion and of barrenness when the generative organs are the seat of the disease. Cows that appear to be almost constantly in heat are often affected with disease. It is transmissible from parent During our day at Fort Wrangel, Washto offspring by heredity, and from either ington Territory, while the sun was shinmale or female parent, but infected ing, a family of Thlinket Indians a short parents may produce offspring that will distance back in the country were hudnot have the disease, though a predispo- dled together in their but; but as soon as sition to the disease is greatly increased it commenced to rain one and all is far more common in adults than in the | seeming to enjoy being rained on! The young of animals. It prevails more in natives take little account of time; they warm than in cold countries, and in hot paddle along the coast for thousands of than in cold stables, which accounts in miles on the most trivial of errands, the part for its greater prevalence in herds of question as to where they stay or sleep fancy cattle kept in tight, warm barns. apparently being of small consequence.

It is far more common in districts where the stock is chiefly purchased than where exhaustible. Salmon appear in solid it is raised. The buyer is more or less at schools six and eight feet deep. The at the mercy of the seller, for the latter Strickeen River back of Fort Wrangel is the first to discover indications of de- and the outlets of some of the inland wacline in condition or health, and the ters to the salt water are at certain seatemptation to "unload" upon another is sons actually choked with squirming sair a weakness not wholly confined to horse jockies or dealers in stocks. The disease is most dangerous to man-

kind when badly diseased meat or milk is eaten without thoroughly cooking. The disease is most contageous when the tubercles are breaking down; that is, pels. The candle fish, a small fish about when they are ripe, and the germs are six inches long, which is delicious eat milk.

There is no doubt whatever that tuberculosis in cattle is increasing as our cat- abound until the lover of fishin tle are better housed and protected. tires of the sport.

One's chances of being killed by drinking milk or eating beef from tubercular and mals are probably small, but no one wants to take that small chance. There should be greater protection to the pub. lic, and there will be when the people are sufficiently informed in the matter. Every person who buys milk or beef has a right to know that the animals producing said food are in good health and not dangerous to the community. Cor. respondents who have facts to commu. nicate bearing on this important ques. tion cannot be too prompt in making such facts public property through the medium of the newspap ?r. We shall be glad to give all a hearing on the subject

Farm and Garden Notes

As a breeder of disease few things ex. cel a neglected farm-house cellar

Always water your horses before feed. ing them grain, and not soon after. Air-slaked lime is recommended for

the cabbage, onion and turnip maggota Coal ashes possess little or no manurial value, but serve to lighten up a stiff soil The Swiss dairyman salts his come every morning before they are watered

ines, etc., in pots and uncer glass in practiced by the English. Several cases are reported of fresh apple pomace having been preserved in the silo with very ratisfactory results

Raising fruit, such as grapes, nectar.

An expression of opinion at a recent meeting of farmers developed the fact that most of them inclined to cut has when in full bloom. Dr. Warder says that the strawberre

affords one of the best illustrations of the benefits of shortening-in fruit bear. ing plants to increase fauitfulness.

It is better to have a crop of some kind in the ground at all times, provided such crops be not permitted to perture, but to be turned under as minure. Fallowing is not always best. Prof. Goessman, of New York, has

profited by cultivating the Southern com pea, producing a large amount of forage but not seeds. As a green manure and as a fodder the cow pea is invaluable Corn, clover and other crops should be allowed to pass the succulent stage and come nearly to maturity before putting

them in the silo. Thus they contain the

most nutriment and the smallest per cent. Every horse, no matter of what breed or for what purpose, is the better for enoving at least a few weeks of pasture in summer. Horses should not be subjected to sudden changes from stable to hot sun.

There are several reasons for butter becoming strong, says Hourd's I'e ryman, Among them are. Using pails and pans that are not thoroughly cleaned from stale milk; setting the stale milk in badly yentilated cel'ais or milk-houses; keeping the milk too long, until it gets very sour: keeping the cream too long; churaing too slowly, or in an unclean churn; not taking all the buttermilk out of the butter; keeping the butter in a warm, badly aired or mouldly place; these all cause the butter to become strong which is the effect of decomposition in it. The food or water of the cow will also cause

Those who have plowed corn under for green manuring have been surprised that no benefit from it was observed in after tillage. Even after the lapse of two, four and six months the corn was still lying green in the bottom of the furrow, and good as ensilage. Clover, however, thus turned under will rot and emit a powerful odor in a week after being covered, in warm weather. Green manuring with clover : eems , to benefit the land, while that with corn usually does not. Green manuring with rychas been found of great benefit to the potato crop, if plowed under in the spring. The rye for this purpose should be sowed in the autumn. After heading out and growing to a height of three or four feet, it can be plowed under for corn

and potatoes. "Old Rough and Ready."

President Taylor was probably the

only President to whom the presidency was an uncoveted and unsought for boon. Mrs. Taylor was so adverse to public life that it was said that she prayed/every night during his candidacy they want to drag us to Washington!" Who that ever saw General Taylor at a levee could forget him? He grasped every new comer cordially by the hand, and saluted all, high and low, old maids, brides, young girls, all, with the words "Glad to see you! Glad to see you! How's your family? Hope the children are all well." He hardly ever opened his mouth without making a mistake, and people laughed heartily. Still they loved him, trusted his judgment, and knew his heart and hand were true as steel; and when he died the whole nation was a mourner at his grave. When Major Donelson returned from Europe he introduced him at a dinner party as, "My friend Donelson, just from Berlin, Austria." During his candidacy Colonel several public topics, asked him what were his views on the tariff. "The what, Jack?" said General Taylor, who stut-"It's sine qua non," said Colonel W., who was one of the greatest wags that ever about now." "A sine qua non," sad

Pacific Coast Indians and Salmon.

looks like, and I'll be blamed if I have

any views on the tariff."-Boston Buildet.

A letter to the New York Por' 5855 by having diseased parents. The disease emerged, sat around on logs and chatted, The fish supply here is seemingly in

mon, causing them in their eagerness to pass through to crowd each other above the surface of the water, thus creating for the time a solid bank of fish. Smaller fish are also to be found in surprising quantities. Herring swarm in the chanbeing thrown off from the body in the ing, can be caught by the million. pailful can be had from a native for the merest trifle. A host of other varie