

NYE TILLS THE SOIL.

WILLIAM GIVES US SOME BEAUTIFUL WORD PICTURES OF NATURE.

The Pleasant Task of Weeping on Watermelons to Make Them Sprout—How Nye Keeps Himself So Rarely Beautiful—A Letter from a Married Man.

(Copyright, 1892, by Edgar W. Nye.)

BUCK SHOALS, N. C., June. This is a great pleasure resort, consisting of seventy-five acres lying along the French Broad. It is frequented by myself and a wealthy man who is building me a house overlooking the river. The estate lies on this side of the French Broad. So does the man who thought he could dig me a damp well at a depth of eighty feet when he knew damn well that he could not. I had aimed to celebrate the landing of Christopher Columbus this summer with a considerable amount of explosives, but I have already used my allowance in this well, and did not make very much noise, either.



CRYING ON THE MELONS.

As I pen these lines I see the man slowly emerging from the well. He is the man who has been digging the well. He has a stern look and a big dynamite cartridge in each hand. Come to think about it, he did not say that he could strike water at a depth of eighty feet. It was a feeble man who afterward turned the contract over to this one.

I am building a house and studdery here on the estate and learning how to till the farm, so that by piecing out the crop with my salary I can maintain three North Carolina hens and possibly add a guinea in the fall.

When George and I—George Vanderbilt and I—came here to show the Tar Heel horticulturist how brains would overmaster a sluggish soil, and how with a course of careful rotation of crops and by tickling these overshoot farms with the hoe we could make them laugh—a low, gurgling laugh—we did not think that each acre of these Venetian red hillsides needs a livery stable and a feed store on it to enrich it.

We are learning that with some sorrow and irrigating our watermelons with tears. We exchange work, weeping on each other's watermelons. My tears go farther than his and knock the striped bugs quicker, he thinks. On a good day I can cry over quite a patch.

Cow peas are used here a good deal for bringing up the soil. I never heard of them before. They are of no use except to bring up the soil. They do not make good soup, and they are not a horticultural exhibit that one would go very far to attend, but for impaired soil and loss of fertility they are highly spoken of.

Wet down the farm with Apollinaris water, then put on camphor tar to prevent moths from eating the young sasfras which grows here quite plentifully, and as a foliage plant ranks with the bull thistle and jimson weed of the vulgar and nasty north.

Now dust off the farm, as there might possibly be remnants of soil on it. Next mix enough white lime with your red hillside to give it a creamy shade. Some put blueing in their farms here. Now fertilize the abutments of your farm with chaos from the barn and summer fallow the land. By autumn you can turn the soil over and cross plow. This will bring the under side of the farm to the surface. This should have a top dressing of guano, and if you have in the house two or three carloads of shad roe that is pretty gamy, you will find that it will startle the soil and possibly give a great stimulus.

At first I overstimulated my farm and gave it a headache. I put on it several of Zola's works and then added some other fertilizing material, which gave the soil what the physicians call hyper-nutrition, followed by overexcitation and then coma.

My peas have been planted three times, and each time eaten by rabbits. When I first came here I put up on my grounds this notice:

No shooting on these grounds except for political reasons. Moonlight lynchings parties will also please not hitch to these trees. E. W. NYE.

As a result, the estate is covered with wild game, and yesterday I tried all the forenoon to overhaul a turkey that had apparently stolen her nest, only to learn at noontime that she was a wild turkey and rather better than the average as a roadster.

But the fatigues and face of nature in western North Carolina at this season of the year makes you scream with delight. Every curve in the road gives one a new and beautiful picture of the far blue mountains, the near green of the foothills and the magnificent forest and wood flowers at your elbow in the foreground.

North Carolina has the widest range of varieties in useful and ornamental woods of any locality in the world, I reckon. In the radius of a few miles all kinds of oaks, pines, hickory, maple, elm, ash, etc., without end, are found, and among others the tulip tree, a beautiful ornamental wood, especially when it is curly and well finished up. On this tree grows each summer a big tulip.

olive green on the outside and shading down on the inside to a bright lemon color or straw. Every shade of green and yellow make up this beautiful flower, and the tree is often covered with it, though it grows seventy or eighty feet high.

Ever and anon through the shady woods, as one rides, he gets the flash of a scarlet asalia twenty feet high, or smells the rich and penetrating odor of the calacanthus, as mellow and sweet as the bouquet of a peri. The laurel covers the sides of the mountain now, and if you keep your eye peeled you will see the sharp explosion of red fire which shows that the oriole is looking for the early rising worm in the ferny glen.

The rhododendron is also now on deck with its mighty waxen flowers and its wonderful leaves of rich and varnished green. From Hickory Nut Gap Mr. Vanderbilt has brought this season, I presume, a half million of these beautiful natives and transplanted them to his grounds on the French Broad. They will look well and add to the value of his estate—possibly also sending you own up thirty cents per acre, which on eight acres gives a neat advance of \$2.40 to the keen and thoughtful proprietor of Buck Shoals.

There are also several of the rarest and most curious orchids growing wild here, which dumfounded and delight the botanist, the florist, the phrenologist and the veterinarian. One of them especially is very beautiful, and has a name to it with which I am now picketing my cow.

Violet Bowersox writes, under date of June 18, from East Miggins: "What are your habits regarding care of complexion and skin? How do you manage to look always so young? Could you give us your programme for preserving so wonderfully your elastic and rosy appearance?"

Certainly there can be no reason why the world should not have the advantage of a valuable experience, especially when it is so useful to good health and an attractive appearance.

I arise in the early morning, taking dull care be gone, and almost at once proceed to take a tepid bath of twenty minutes, followed by a shower bath of five minutes and a rest of thirty minutes.

The face and throat are then subjected to a gentle friction of elder flower water mixed with a half goblet of warm water. This removes all impurities from the pores and gives the surface a clear, ivory hue.

I got into this in Paris. Scented oris powder is then rubbed into the hair and brushed out again, taking care not to leave any of it at the temples or nape of the neck. A delicate cream, containing the juice of the lettuce, is then spread over the face and throat. After ten minutes it is removed with a linen cloth.

This is said to remove the drawn or tired look contracted in society so often while trying to think of something to say which will not betray evidences of thought.

Valentine—a mixture of rice, powder and bismuth—is next applied with great care, producing a clear alabaster whiteness, with a trace of luster, and tending down the hot and hectic nasal flush which is liable to come upon those who allow the use of a strawberry on the top of their cocktail.

The eyebrows are then smoothed with a baby brush, leaving a touch of farde in dien. Then with a leather estampe lay under each eye a delicate shadow, which increases its brilliancy and gives also a touch of gentle remorse, which I society indicates that wealth has made one blane.

The above is the secret of my young and well rounded appearance, and I give it here that all may, if they will, be beautiful.

Sometimes when I have not the time for the above programme, especially while here in North Carolina, I simply bathe in the branch, afterward running up and down an unfrequented path for twenty minutes before dressing, and avoiding so far as possible the haunts of the coon dog, which is very plenty here, and does not recognize me without dressing, though he generally prefers me that way, I find.

Then I come back to the branch, rub briskly with a nose bag, dress and begin my literary work for the day.

Any one can be well and beautiful if he will obey these simple rules.



A LITTLE RUN IN THE WOODS. This is followed by a light breakfast of cold ooon and possum sweetbreads breaded.

Speaking of letters, the following was written to a neighbor of mine here last year by a man who was working one of his farms. Much of the keen delight and excitement of reading it is lost when it gets into type, but still the eager, yet repressed, enthusiasm of the groom in referring to his bride, who is under a good character, according to rumor, together with the vague unrest that haunts him regarding the male, will strike the reader even if the Ticktown orthography and Keeley institute penmanship are torn away:

Texas, N. C., December the 15, 1891. Dear Mr. B.: I rose to you yesterday morning and was so much interested in last night I would not let you in my other letter but I was not

reporting it at that time I only lost 29 and Bill was here at work yesterday I rode your mule after the beans which I thought it would be all right with you I want you to take your pay out of my wages for I have got my wife with me here I hope it will be all right with you I can put in better time and have no occasion to be a way I married a Miss Evaline Blankens. They say she is under a good character I want to no if you have any objection of me keep her with me on your place please rise to me at once I want to no if it is all right of me a riding your mule your truly.

(Name suppressed, as the man is still living near me, and feeling tolerably robust this season. He also threatens to keep hens.)

Bill Nye

How It Happened.

The old man had been away for two years and when he came back he met Jim Smiley—the same Jim he had left a tall, gangling, awkward boy sort of man, who remains that way till he dies. Their greeting was cordial.

"And how's Mandy?" inquired the old man with a nudge in Jim's ribs and a chuckling laugh.

"Mandy was Jim's sweetheart when the old man went away. "Mandy's well," said Jim with a blush. "She ain't Mrs. Smiley yet?" continued the old man.

"No, ner ain't likely ter be, I guess," said Jim uncomfortably. "That so?" "I guess it is."

"You don't say? What's the matter?" "Oh, I don't know. I kinder lost interest in that gal somehow or 'nother." "Somethin' you done er she done?" queried the old man seriously.

"She done," said Jim solemnly. "What was it, Jim," said the old man, putting his hand on Jim's shoulder in a fatherly way. "You can trust me, I guess?"

"Yes," and Jim shuffled about uneasily. "Well, tell me what it was."

"She shook me and married another feller."—Detroit Free Press.



She—What did you break off your engagement with Miss Yardley for? He—Her father sold his yacht.—Life.

Comfortable. The tall man of the little party in the corridor was reminded, he said, of an incident in his last season's fishing trip. Then he got red in the face as he caught the little man winking across three chairs at a neighbor on his left.

"I was down on the Kankakee," he said, "and one afternoon was fishing up a small creek that put into the river. Seated under a big tree some distance up the stream, I blundered upon a young Englishman who was whipping the water with a costly tackle. Just at this point the water was so shallow that only a small minnow might have floated."

"My friend," I said, "you won't catch anything there, I'm afraid; the water is too shallow."

"He looked up at me from his comfortable seat with a native stare. "Ya-as?" questioning; "but you see it's such a delightful place to sit, don't you know?"—Chicago News Record.

Deserved It. "I'm going to see if you know anything about arithmetic, Johnny. How many are ten times two cents?" asked Uncle George.

"Four," said Johnny innocently. "Nonsense!" said Uncle George. "Bet you an apple, and leave it to papa," said Uncle George.

"Done," cried Johnny, "ain't ten times two cents four nickels?" "Yes," said papa; and Johnny got the apple.—Harper's Bazar.

Change in the Weather. Mrs. Spinks—Where is the money you have been saving up for a rainy day? Mr. Spinks—In the Neverbreak Savings Bank.

Mrs. Spinks—Well, give me a check for some of it. I want a new water-proof.—New York Weekly.

Only a Woman. Her name was quite familiar to the Hottentots and Zulus. And the Comanches and Apaches and Sioux knew all about her; She had furnished Chinese toddlers with the different kinds of talus. And the great unwashed of Java said they couldn't do without her.

She figured as the patron of a patent incubator. And her name was spread out broadcast by the chickens as they speepled. From the frozen fields of Lapland to the lands of the Equator; She supplied a waiting public with the very things it needed.

As a sewing circle leader she achieved a reputation. And her name was like a tootin in the dry goods stores around her; She was known in every military art association.

And an army of dream-makers sent up thanks that they had found her. But she was a total stranger to the art of domesticity. As all matters appertaining to the same were much bel-w-her. She could write up letters by thousands on the home and its felicity.

For the bestment of all nations. But her husband did it. "I know her."—Tom Mason in Gleaner and Forerunner.

HER FIRST GAME.

She Was So Very Bright That He Wanted to Talk Her.

She expressed a desire to go over and see a game of baseball, and he was only too glad to take her. There were several reasons for his joy—because she was pretty, because he liked her, because he was a baseball crank and because he knew she was so bright and smart she would catch right on at once and be a great comfort to him as a companion at future games and in talking them over in the gloaming. So he took her, and when they had been comfortably seated he began to explain the "lay out" to her.

"I'll do this," he said, "before the game is called."

"Called what?" she inquired. He laughed good naturedly and explained that "to call" meant "to begin," and she laughed and said "of course," and how silly she was, just as women always do under those circumstances. By this time the players were taking their places.

"You see," he said, "there are nine players on each side."

"How many sides?" she asked, determined not to make any more mistakes. "Two."

She calculated a moment on her fingers. "That's eighteen in all, isn't it?" "Yes, and nine are at the bat and nine in the field. That square there is the diamond, and around it are the first base, second base and third base."

"Don't they have any tenors or sopranos?" she asked innocently. He looked at her earnestly and laughed, but not sweetly.

"That man behind the man with the bat in his hand is the catcher," he said coldly.

"What does he catch—buts? But of course he doesn't," she interrupted herself hastily. "How silly I am! He catches flies, doesn't he? He couldn't catch bats in the daytime, could he?"

"And there's the pitcher's box," he went on, not noticing her explanation. "That box over there with the men sitting on it?" she inquired. "What does he keep in it—his curves? I heard brother talking the other day about what an elegant curve some pitcher or other he knew had."

"No, Mary," he said sadly, "the box is the place where the pitcher stands. Beyond him is the shortstop, and out in the open there you see the fielders. Behind the catcher is the backstop."

"What's the difference between the backstop and the shortstop?" she inquired earnestly.

"You'll see that as the game progresses," he said. "Now watch the players a minute."

"The umpire shouted, "Three balls." "Why, Harry," she protested, "there was only one ball. I saw the catcher get it in his hands."

"The umpire has to do that," explained the young man. "What do they call him the umpire for?" she asked. "Because it is a monarchical form of government?"

"I guess so," said Harry, with a real smile at her ingenuity. "This is real exciting, isn't it?" she exclaimed, clapping her hands when everybody did at a good play. "I didn't think I knew enough about the game to enjoy it at all, but this is real fun."

The player had knocked a safe fly to right, and the man next at the bat followed with a foul, which the umpire mentioned in the usual manner.

"What does he call it foul for?" she asked. "I know," she put in quickly. "It's because it didn't go any distance, so the hitter could run. Isn't it, Harry?"

Harry said it was, and shortly after the man on second sneaked to third. "He stole that base beautifully," exclaimed Harry enthusiastically.

"Can they keep them when they steal them?" she asked. "Certainly."

"And can they take them home with them and count them at the end of the season in making up their record?" she asked again.

Harry looked at her, this time scornfully, and until the game closed he made no more explanations. Then he made a few, and since that day she has not talked baseball at all, and Harry prefers it so.—Detroit Free Press.

Something Worse. Caspar Corker—Remember de big house ober dere on de hill? Jonas Deadbeat—Sure.

Caspar Corker—Den mind yer eye dere, cull. I ast de cook fer pie yestidd and de landlady bein away de cook m. feelingly set de dorg on me.

Jonas Deadbeat—Huh! I ast de cook fer pie de day before yestidd and de dorg bein away she set de landlady on me.—Chicago Tribune.

The Reporter's Half Holiday. New reporter (tired out)—Today is Saturday, and you know this state new has a Saturday half holiday law which—

City editor—By Jinks! I nearly forgot it. Rush out and get up a five column article on how the day is being observed.—New York Weekly.

At the Wedding.



A Privileged Person.

There are a good many Belgian servants in Paris. They have no great pretensions. Some of them get twenty francs a month with daily allowance of thirty centimes (six cents) for their food, and do not ask for more. Out of this they contrive to send, at long intervals, some assistance to the old folks at home. The other day one of these girls came to our back door. She appeared all smiles.

"What is up with you this morning?" inquired her countrywoman, who was busy polishing her copper stew pans.

"Oh! I am so pleased," was the reply. "I have had news from home. My father has received a license to beg!"—Figaro.

At Fortress Monroe.



Mr. Rice—May, may—may we sit here, sir?

Confirmed Celibate—If you're perfectly sure that you love each other just as much as ever you did, and that you ain't sorry a bit, and that you never did love anybody else just this way, and that it ain't too cold for popsy popsy in this night air—why, I can stand it. But don't you try me too hard, young man. I've been here for three weeks and seventy-nine couples.—Smith & Gray's Monthly.

He Was in No Hurry.

An old gentleman, evidently a philosopher, had been spending a week in Chicago, and had been jostled on the sidewalks, crowded against walls, prodded in the side and shoved hither and thither in the midst of a turmoil such as he was quite unused to. His visit was at an end. He was going to a quieter place. He had just bought his ticket, when a station official said briskly, but not unkindly:

"Hurry up, sir, or you'll miss your train."

No doubt the old gentleman seemed a little "slow."

"Hustle, there, hustle," shouted a gate tender.

"I don't have to, do I?" said the old man.

"You do if you want to catch that train."

"But I don't have to catch it unless I want to, do I?"

"I suppose not; but Chicago's a fast place, sir, and you can't keep up with the procession if you don't hustle."

"People don't get honest here any faster than they do elsewhere, do they?" asked the old gentleman seriously.

"No, I can't say they do."

"Nor they don't become respectable citizens any faster, do they?"

"I suppose not," said the official, whose face was beginning to look puzzled.

"Nor develop the Christian graces any faster, do they?"

"No, I guess not."

"Nor reach the highest type of manhood and womanhood any faster, do they?"

This was getting almost beyond the official, but he shook his head negatively.

"Nor learn any faster their duty to their fellowmen?"

Again the official shook his head.

"Nor go to heaven any faster?"

"Not much!" said the railroad man, with emphasis.

The stranger took out his watch.

"Well, I have two minutes in which to walk a hundred feet. I guess I can make it without blowing out a cylinder head, can't I?"

He spoke in a gentle tone, almost as if he were speaking to himself, and the railway official picked up his satchel and carried it for him through the gate and across the platform.—Youth's Companion.

MERCURIAL

Mr. J. C. Jones, of Fulton, Ark., says of Mercurial: "About ten years ago I contracted a severe case of blood poison. Leading physicians prescribed medicine after medicine, which I took without any relief. I also tried mercurial and potash remedies, with unsuccessful results, but which brought on an attack of mercurial rheumatism that made my life one of agony. After suffering four years I gave up all remedies and commenced using S. S. S. After taking several bottles, I was entirely cured and able to resume work."

S. S. S. is the greatest medicine for blood poisoning to-day on the market.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

TUTT'S Tiny Liver Pills

as an anti-bilious and anti-malarial remedy are wonderful in their effects in treating the system of biliousness and malaria. No one living in Malarial Regions should be without them. Their use prevents attacks of chills and fever, dizziness, bilious colic, and gives the system strength to resist all the evils of an unhealthy and impure atmosphere. Gladly sugar-coated. Price, 25c. Office, 39 Park Place, N. Y.

ANNOUNCEMENT—I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Register of Deeds, for Buncombe county, subject to the action of the democratic county convention, when called, and I respectfully ask the support of my fellow citizens. June 7th JAMES SLUDDER, Sr.

NOTICE—At the earnest request of friends I announce myself a candidate for the office of Register of Deeds of Buncombe county, N. C. at the convention by the democratic convention. Being totally unable for manual labor, I feel it a duty to myself and family to apply for the office and hope to have the support of all voters. Res. respectfully, June 13th S. S. LYNCH.

DEED PROPOSALS—Sealed proposals (endorsed proposals for beef contract) will be received at my office from now until 8 o'clock on July 15th, 1892, for the state hospital, for the period beginning July 15th, 1892, and ending July 15th, 1893. Bids to be of prime quality, butchered in the vicinity of and delivered at the hospital on the Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays of each and every week, in quantities running from 1,200 to 1,500 pounds per week. Bond with approved security will be required for faithful performance of contract. The execution of the contract reserves the right to reject any or all bids. F. M. SCROGGS Steward. By order of the executive committee. Morganton, N. C., June 9, 1892. June 10th 31

ANNOUNCEMENT—To the voters of Buncombe county—I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Treasurer of Buncombe county, N. C. at the convention of the democratic nominating convention. The present worthy incumbent has held the office for several consecutive terms, and has had ample time to get his hands above the water financially. I, like he, am a disabled Confederate soldier and need the office. I believe I am amply qualified to fill this important and responsible office to the satisfaction of the public, and if elected shall devote my best energies to the faithful discharge of its duties. I trust my friends throughout the county will give me their earnest support in my nomination. Very respectfully, JNO. H. REYNOLDS. Sandy Mush, June 7, 1892. d&wtf

TRUSTEE'S SALE—By virtue of a power of sale contained in a deed in trust executed by D. M. McCauley and S. J. McCauley, his wife, to J. E. Ransin, trustee, on 21st day of September, A. D. 1890, and recorded in the office of Register of Deeds of Buncombe county, North Carolina, in Book No. 21 of the records of deeds of trust and mortgages of said county, to wit: that the said D. M. McCauley and S. J. McCauley, as trustee will on Saturday the 25th day of June, A. D. 1892, offer for sale by public auction, at the court house, in the city of Asheville, for cash to the highest bidder, the land and premises situate on the north side of Hill street, in the city of Asheville, county of Buncombe and State of North Carolina, where the said D. M. McCauley now lives, and more particularly set forth and described in said deed in trust to which indebtedness so secured; the undersigned as trustee will on Saturday the 25th day of June, A. D. 1892, offer for sale by public auction, at the court house, in the city of Asheville, for cash to the highest bidder, the land and premises situate on the north side of Hill street, in the city of Asheville, county of Buncombe and State of North Carolina, where the said D. M. McCauley now lives, and more particularly set forth and described in said deed in trust to which indebtedness is hereby made for a more definite description of the same; in order to satisfy the indebtedness interest and costs, as secured and set forth in said trust deed. This May 24th, A. D. 1892. J. E. RANSIN, Trustee. w&t

WANTED. THE NATIONAL CAPITAL LIFE ASSOCIATION. of Washington, D. C., wants one or two good men in each county; pay good for work done. The Company is on the fairest plan with assets Dec 31st, 1891, of \$113,823.47. Average cost per year, last two years, age 40, to carry \$1,000 insurance, \$5.51. Agents meet success with little labor and cost, as secured and set forth in said trust deed. This May 24th, A. D. 1892. J. E. RANSIN, Trustee. w&t

ORDER. Sash, Doors, Blinds

MILL WORK

MORGANTON MFG & TRADING CO.

Col. M. E. Carter says of their work: "The doors are the best by all odds I have ever seen in Asheville. The material is first-class and the workmanship certainly cannot be surpassed. You ought to be able to do a big business in this place in this special line, and I will take much pleasure in commenting your work."

WRITE FOR ESTIMATES. apr22ed3m

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

Qualifications for admission being open, the University of Virginia, located at Charlottesville, Va., is now receiving applications for admission. For particulars apply to the Registrar, University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.

Frau Schraube—It says in this paper that old Krepenthaler is worth at least two millions. Ah! when I think that I once rejected his offer of marriage.

Yes, Frau Schraube—(absent minded)—He, it is remarkable how lucky some people are.—London.

Fo' de Lo'd, Lige, de ushers dus forgot to take de ribbon off de sash. How kin we git ovah gracefully.

Lige—Yo' come along; I'll show you. I has mah razor in mah han an I'll cut it. Doan' yo' worry.—Truth.