THE SUN.

"Let There Be Light: And There Was Light."

VOL. I. FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., TUESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1884. NO. 48.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

THE SUN.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY IN THE EXCELSIOR JOB PRINTING BUILDING ON PERSON STREET.

JOSIAH EVANS, R. K. BRYAN, JR., } Editors.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

1 copy 1 year	$1 50.
" 6 months	75.
" 3 "	50.

These terms are strictly in advance. Liberal discount to clubs. Agents allowed 15 per cent. on all cash subscriptions.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

1 square 1 time	$ 1 00.
" 1 month	2 50.
" 3 "	5 00.
" 6 "	7 50.
" 12 "	12 00.

Contracts at fair rates for any specified time and space. Special notices 15 per cent above regular advertising rates.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

☞ The editors hold themselves in no wise responsible for, nor do they undertake to endorse the views of correspondents. And they positively refuse to give the name of a correspondent except at their own discretion. No communication will be received without the name of the author not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. No objectionable personalities published at all.

☞ Obituary notices, to the extent of 10 lines, will be published, free of charge. All space in excess of this must be paid for at the rate of 10 cts. per line.

☞ Contributors are requested to write on but one side of the paper. We will not undertake to return rejected manuscript.

HOME CIRCLE.

OLD CORNSTALK.

The Denson boys had committed a foul murder, and the entire neighborhood was up in arms against them. Jack Dover, the victim had dared to face the boys, and tell them they were infringing on his rights by pulling down fence and allowing their cattle to range in his field. For this assumption he was shot down. The Densons, four in number, fled to the mountains. The governor issued a proclamation, calling on all good citizens to assist in their arrest. Men turned loose their plow handles and rallied to the support of the law. It reminded one of the beginning of the war, when farmers suddenly became soldiers. The posse was under command of Sheriff Guilding, a bold man, who brought home three wounds from Gettysburg, and among the avengers was an old fellow named Cornstalk Johnson. Why this name was given him is not known, unless it be the fact that he has but one ear, and it is said that a stalk of corn in Old Flat neighborhood never bore but one ear. Cornstalk took with him an old rifle which he declared was presented to his grandfather by Davy Crockett. The neighbors held their own opinions concerning the historic value of the gun, and some of them hinted that he "nipped" the rifle during the Brooks-Baxter war, but as every one desired to be on good terms with the old fellow, he was allowed to have his own way.

It was known that the Denson boys had friends in the mountains, and that a desperate resistance would be made.

Quite a number of men who were eager to serve the state, became discouraged when the excitement had died away, and finally Sheriff Guilding, just as the posse was entering the defiles, stood high up in his stirrups, and exclaimed:

"I want you fellows to understand one thing. There is going to be some music round here, and a coward has no business in the gang. If anybody wants to go back, now's the time to git".

The appellation of coward had effect, and for a time no one was disposed to accept the humiliating terms of discharge. Finally old Cornstalk rode from the ranks, and said:

I know as well as I know my name that some o' you fellers are skeered I don't want to see no man hurt, an' some of you need a leader what is got the moral back bone. Jis' let me say: 'Mr. Sheriff you can count me out o' this undertakin'."

"Shame on him!" exclaimed several voices. Coward! traitor!"

"Cornstalk," said the sheriff, I thought you would fight, but I see you ain't got no more grit than a worm. Go on back with your rake handle that you stole during the Brooks-Baxter fight, and don't never speak to me no more."

"If it wan't on sich a solemn occasion," replied Cornstalk, "I'd whup ye fur callin' this old gun a rake-handle, an' then airter yer sorter rekivered yerself I'd whup yer fur sayin' I stold hit."

"Yes; you've always got some excuse. Go on back and tell the wimmin folks that you'll tote water and make fires for 'em.

None of the mumurers now had the courage to face the sheriff's indignation and that of his more determined followers, and as they rode on, losing sight of Cornstalk, no one dared to lift a voice against the expedition. For a time they proceeded in silence; the clank of the horses' hoofs and the occasional splash of water falling from the grim rocks above were the only sounds to break the still quiet of the rugged region of solitude.

"We've got to be mighty careful along here, fellers" said the sheriff, turning and looking over his men who sled along the now steep pathway, reaching a place of high prominence, the leader stopped a moment and shading his eyes from the sun which blazed over a distant peak, he surveyed the ravine below, and then led his men down the dangerous slope. The last man had descended, and the sheriff and an adviser were debating as to the proper course to be taken, when from up among the rocky ledges puffs of smoke arose and the sharp crack of the rifle and the jarring bang of the shot-gun threw the men into confusion. Two men fell from their horses and were borne away by their comrades. Each man sprang from his horse and took refuge as best he could. The surprise was complete though it might have been expected, and several minutes elapsed before the sheriff's men returned the fire, and when a shower of bullets and shot was sent up rattling among the rocks, behind which they couched. Duke Denson, leader of the outlaws, recognising the uselessness of firing under such circumstances crawled from his niche of concealment, braving the fire from below and posted himself behind a rock overlooking nearly every position taken by the pursuers. Taking deliberate aim he fired, and Jack Simons leaped into the air and fell dead.

"Great God" exclaimed the sheriff "this will never do. Lay close, boys or he'll kill you. Don't run. The other fellers will kill you before you can reach shelter."

Duke Denson cooly surveyed the situation, and selecting another mark he fired. Old John Patterson turned over dead. Duke was preparing for another shot, when, far up in the mountains, a rifle cracked. Duke writhed from behind the rock, and fell on the sharp rocks below. The sheriff's men shouted. Jack Denson sought his brother's position, but the rifle, far up in the mountain, cracked again and Jack rolled out and joined his brother. The remaining outlaws with one impulse, scrambled from their hiding places and attempted to climb the rugged steep, but the Sheriff's men, taking deliberate aim shot them down.

"Well fellers, how air yer gettin' along down thar?"

"It's old Cornstalk' exclaimed the sheriff.

"That's about the size of it" and the old man climbed down. "Yer see, I did'nt like the way you were cutting the kerds, Mr. Sheriff, an' I thought I'd whip around an see how the land laid. Been hangin' 'roun' on your outskirts all the time. Say beleeve I heerd sobody talk er bout a rifle what was stold during the Brooks-Baxter scrimmage?"

No one replied.

"Now, sheriff, did you ever heir sich repo't?"

I have always understood replied the sheriff "that your rifle was one owned by Davy Crockett."

"Correct" said old Cornstalk. "Now let's take care o' the po' fellers what have suffered in this here transaction.—*Opie P. Read in Texas Siftings.*

The Queen of Roumania on Women.

Queen Elizabeth, of Roumania, is one of the most literary ladies of European courts. She writes pleasingly and much—too much, indeed for her own reputation. Her great theme is woman, her joys and sorrows, for she has suffered much. Some of her thoughts are worthy of transcription:

"If a woman is bad man is generally the cause therof" writes the Queen.

"Do not trust a man who does not believe in thy happiness in thy home."

Among the savages the wife is an animal of burden, among the Turks a luxury, among the Europeans she is both.

"The woman of the world is seldom the wife of her husband."

"An unhappy wife is like a flower exposed to the blast; she remains a bud for a long time, and when she develops to a blossom she quickly fades."

"The virtue of a wife must often be very great, for not unfrequently she must have sufficient for both her husband and herself."

"If one forgives one loves no longer, for true love knows nothing of forgiveness."

"The jealousy of those who love us is the grandest flattery."

"Man and wife should never cease to do a little courting, no matter how old they may be."

Dr. York's Record.

In 1876–7 Dr. York was a member of the Senate when the "bill to provide for the speedy completion of the Western North Carolina Railroad" came up for its second reading Dr. York moved to amend as follow: "Strike out one hundred and forty thousand dollars and insert one dollar." Failing in his propositon Dr. York proposed to limit the expenditure to $50,000 a year. The limit was finally fixed at $70,000 a year, Dr. York voting in opposition.

By reference to page 804 of the same Senate journal we find, when this bill came up on the third reading, Dr. York moved "to strike out seventy thousand, and insert fifty thousand." His motion being lost, he offered a proviso limiting its operation to two years. Failing in this, he again voted squarely against the bill.

If Dr. York had controlled the Democratic party, the Western North Carolina Railroad would never have crossed the mountains, but would have stopped at Old Fort. With the yearly appropriation of $70,000 the road has been built, and at no cost to the State, as every dollar of the appropriation has been paid back into the State Treasury, and we have no State taxes this year.

In February 1879, Dr. York was a member of the House of Representatives, and that body passed the bill authorizing the consolidation of the Western Railroad Company with the Mt. Airy Railroad Company and merging both into the Yadkin Railroad Company. When the roll was called on the passage of this bill Dr. York failed to respond. He dodged, although the building of this road would afford railway facilities to the county he represented. To Chatham, the building of this road was of vital importance.

Dr. York voted squarely against the compromise of the old bonded debt. He also voted against exchanging old North Carolina Railroad Construction Bonds for new ones. Both these measures were perfected at the session of the Legislature of which he was a member in 1879. The bill for the establishment of the colored Insane Asylum at Goldsboro was passed by the Legislature of 1876–7. Dr. York voted against it. He voted against the completion of the Western Insane Asylum, proposing to "strike out $15,000 for the year 1877 and 1878 and insert $50 for each year to keep an ordinary board roof on the walls for the next two years, or until the State can sell the same." He voted against the State Agricultural Department, the establishment of which has given an impetus to the farming, manufacturing, and mining interests of the State. He has persistently fought the educational advancement of our people. By reference to Senate Journal 1876–7 we find him voting against the establishment of a white Normal School in connection with the University, and against the establishment of one for the blacks at Fayetteville. Again in 1881, he voted squarely against the bill to establish additional Normal Schools. Fortunately for the Common School System of the State, Dr. York could not control the policy of the Democratic party. Endorsing the national Republican platform, including of course the civil rights plank, and supporting Blaine and Logan, it seems incredible that he can hope to receive the votes of the intelligent white men of the State.—*Pittsboro Home.*

The North Carolina Headquarters at Chicago.

The North Carolina State headquarters at the Palmer House was one of the most popular and attractive places of resort. It was handsomely decorated with flags, banners and mottoes An immense basket of flowers was placed on a table in the centre of the room. A beautiful boutonnier depended from the buttonhole of each of the delegates. A well-supplied side-board stood in the corner of the room. Every one was welcome. No particular candidate was being boomed. The hospitalities were dispensed by Mr. Julian Carr, of Durham, one of the handsomest and most affable gentlemen of the Old North State. Col. F. E. Shober, ex-secretary of the United States Senate, discoursed sweetly on themes appropriate to the day in one corner, while Senator Vance talked politics and cracked jokes in another corner, and those battle scarred veterans, "Cerro Gordo" Williams and Wade Hampton, were seated in the centre of admiring groups not far off.—*Chicago Special Despatch, June 6th, to Baltimore Sun.*

The seventh district Democratic Convention of Missouri, adjourned on Saturday, 9th inst., without making a nomination, after taking fifty-seven ballots.—*Greensboro Daily Workman.*

A True Romance.

It will be remembered that a few weeks ago Johnnie Clayton, a young man of Athens, was killed while bathing in the Oconee river. He was for some time connected with Mr. J. B. Toomer, and had made many friends in this section by his pleasant and obliging manner. Young Clayton, at the time of his death, was engaged to Miss Octavia Kenney, a beautiful young girl formerly employed in the tailoring department of the Messrs. Cohen, and the devotion of the youthful couple to each other was as sincere as it was pleasing to the friends of each. They were both the picture of health and happiness, and while in the humble walks of life, were industrious and prudent, and a bright future seemed to await them. But, alas! In the midst of life we are in death. In the zenith of life and happiness Johnnie Clayton, without a moment's warning, was gathered by the dread Reaper. Among the sorrowing relatives and friends who stood around the bier of this young man, the grief of none was so keen and deep as the fair young girl's who saw her heart's idol laid to rest. Upon her return home Miss Octavia began at once to pine and droop, and her friends tried in vain to cheer her She continued at her daily toil, but her thoughts seemed far away, and from one of the gayest and brightest of her sex a pall of gloom and despair seemed to hover over her young life and earth had no longer charms for her. Her despondency at last settled into sickness, and she rapidly drooped away until death, too claimed her as his own. On Wednesday last she breathed her last, and Thursday was laid to rest beside the rippling waters of the Oconee, where her lover had preceded her by only a few short days. Miss Kenney died of a broken heart, there is no doubt, and the sad story of the young couple will bring tears to the eyes of all whose heart is not adamant. Miss Kenny was a most worthy young girl who deserves great credit. She was adopted by Mr. Richard Boggs when a child and by her modest deportment and industry earned the respect of all. It is pleasant however to know, that these two loving hearts are now united in the world above, where pain and parting are unknown.—*Marion Star.*

Anecdotes of Agassiz.

I remember him when more than thirty years ago he was tendered a government vessel to make coral and sponge investigations off the coast of Florida, said a gentleman in Hartford the other day in speaking of Agassiz. For six weeks I was associated with him. When the Government was about to tender the vessel to him, the Secretary of the Navy told Commodore Rogers—John Rogers, but recently dead—not on any account to point out to the naturalist anything strange in the ocean. "If you do" he added, he will jump overboard after it; you can't stop him." The commodore took great care to obey the injunction. When the vessel reached the Florida coast, Agassiz was placed in the cutter and rowed toward the shore. The water was clear as crystal, you could see every pebble on the bottom. This was about the first of Agassiz acquaintance with corals, and as he observed the delicate growths, he exclaimed in rapt admiration: "Oh! what beautiful specimens." When the boat was in about fourteen feet of water, he saw a fine lot of coral, and immediately sprang overboard clothes and all. Of course he went down, having miscalculated the depth, but he soon came puffing, and grasped the gunwales. He would'nt re-enter the boat but retained his hold till his feet touched bottom—then he immediately made for some specimens. I remember he was stung in the palm of the hand by some unknown insect that had been liberated from a large mass. He had finished his superficial examination, and was about to throw it into alcohol, when it turned upon him. He fell instantly to the floor. When he recovered he said: "I would'nt take a thousand dollars for that experience."

All aboard for Quhele! Raleigh has now the choice of three routes to Shoe Heel. Via Wilmington, Hamlet, or Fayetteville. The brass-bands blew, and the whistle too, and men not a few, raised hullabaloo,—as the Cape Fear engines crawled into the little town, on Saturday; night giving Fayetteville a tolerably direct route to Wilmington and South Carolina. Quhele! Shoe Heel! Tar Heel!—we congratulate you! *Farmer and Mechanic.*

The life of a Kentuckian has been shortened by tobacco. A hogshead of the weed fell on him and crushed him out of symetrical proportions.

It cannot be denied that tobacco in quantities is injurious.

Who Got The Money.

Mr. Blaine tells us that the country has increased its wealth thirty thousand million dollars ($30,000,000,000) in two decades from 1860 to 1880 which mark the reign of his party; and he intimates that this large growth in wealth is the product of the protective tariff policy which his party inaugurated in 1861 and has maintained up to the present day. Mr. Blaine's figures are not correct; they are enormous exaggerations. But let us for the present admit them; will he please to tell us where this thirty thousand millions of increased wealth, produced in the last twenty years, is to be found? Who owns it? It is $2,000 for every adult laboring man in the country. Do the laboring men of the country own it? They certainly produced it, if it exists; but do they possess it? The incessant strikes among the laboring classes, their hourly protests against low wages, and the chronic discontent that has prevailed among them for over half half the twenty years embraced in Mr. Blaine's review are the most effective answers to this question. There is not one working man in a hundred who is worth $3,000. If this vast wealth has been produced somebody owns it—not they.

Let us see if we can trace it up. The aggregate amount of capital employed in manufactures in the United States in 1880 was $2,790,000,000; total number of hands employed was 2,737,000; the total wages paid was $947,000,000; the total value of material used was $3,396,000,000; and the total value of finished products was $5,369,000,000. Divide the wages paid (947,000,000) among the number of hands (2,737,000) and we have as the yearly earning of each hand $346—less than a $1 a day.

Now add together the amount the manufacturers paid out in wages ($947,000,000) and the amount they paid out for materials (3,396,000,000 and the sum is $4,343,000,000. Subtract this from the total finished product ($5,369,000,000), and we have their net profit—$1,053,000,000—which is 36 per cent. on their capital ($2,737,000,000).

The census figures tell a curious story. They show that the manufacturers made more money than they paid out in wages to their hands. The amount they paid out in wages was $949,000,000; the net profits were $1,053,000,000. They made a profit of $1.08 on every dollar's worth of labor they employed. They paid their hands on an average $346 a year, and they made a profit for themselves on each hand's labor, of $378 a year.

The working class then did not get the enormous amount of money which, according to Mr. Blaine, their labor produced in twenty years of Republican rule. They made a bare living—$346 a year. The profits of their labor went to swell the mammoth fortunes of the protected manufacturers.

Mr. Blaine and his party assert that the high tariff tax is imposed to secure good wages to American workingmen. But it appears that the real object and effect of it is to enable the manufacturing capitalists to make a profit of $1.08 on every dollar in wages he pays for labor, and to secure dividends of 36 per cent a year on his capital.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Prejudice

On a recent visit to Asheville, we were a little suprised to see prejudice quite as high as we found it. Because we did not agree to support Dr. York, we failed to get several subscribers among the unterrified. If these self-sanctified followers of Republicanism were as particular about their support of Democratic journals, we imagine that things would take a different shape; or should Democrats be so mean and low as to attempt to swear every Negro against Republicanism, there would not be a single Negro paper in the State,—for, if Democratic patronage should be withheld—the last one of them would be compelled to suspend, which would be just what these latter day masters desire. They fear every Negro paper that they do not own, and would gladly assist in consigning them to oblivion.—*Banner Enterprise, (Ind.) col.*

J. F. Datson, Esq., of Iredell, and Dr. R. F. Hackett, of Wilkes, the Senatorial nominees for the 34th Senatorial district, composed of Iredell, Alexander and Wilkes will add strength to our ticket and will aid in disrobing Dr. York of those Democratic friends who followed him off in 1882. Wilkes county will go back on "the one-armed candidate."—*Farmer and Mechanic.*

The Washington *Post* says it is understood that the New York *Sun* will support old Ben. How much will the old fellow pay for the music?—*Wil. Star.*

Willing to Go Another Dollar.

Quite a sensation was created on Albermarle street the other day. An old man came driving up the street. His cart was a queer vehicle of an ancient type and had evidently been used a great many years. All at once the iron-gray mule came to a standstill. He refused to move. He wouldn't go. The dilapidated specimen of a long departed past beat him vigorously with a club. The old man pounded him unmercifully. But that mule refused to go. He would not move. By this time a great crowd had gathered about and strange to say almost every one knew how to make that mule go.

"Unfi his belly-band," said a man with a pug nose.

The belly-band was made loose.

"Put a rope around his neck and tie him to a great street car," said a man who was smoking a big cob pipe.

A rope was put around the animal,s neck and tied to a street car. The mule moved almost a block. The crowd followed. He was untied but refused to move.

"Tie a string to his ears and pull," said a man with long red hair.

It was done. The mule remained stationary.

"Put some dry sand in his mouth," said a little man.

Another failure.

"Tie up one of his front legs," said a swaggering fellow.

The leg was tied up. The mule didn't move, and apparently didn't miss the leg.

"Blow in his ear," said a clerk.

The mule winked his left eye, and throwing the other ear back, looked as if he would be blowed before he'd move.

The old man began to show signs of discouragement. Trouble, and labor had told on him.

At last a man came up wearing a smile, a Roman nose and a blue shirt. "I can make that mule go," he said.

"You can't nuther." said the old man.

"Bet a dollar I can," said the young man.

The money was put up. The young man took a railroad torpedo and placed it under the mule's tail. Then he took a long stick and punched the mule in the flank, and—well it was fun to see the sight. The mule was thrown off his guard, his tail went down with a bang, and away went that mule like a flash up the street at a rate that would make Jay-Eye-See blush with humiliation. The old man looked up the road a moment at his rapidly disappearing outfit, and, turning to the young man, said:

"Say mister, have you got another one of them things?"

"Yes, I guess so said the young fellow."

"Well here's another dollar. Please put one under my coat tail and I'll try and catch my dodgasted mule.

A Congressman's Story.

I had arranged with friends that they should be on hand to help me out, and felt so sure about the whole business that I went out and telegraphed the parties in interest that the bill would certainly go through that day. About 2 o'clock I concluded I would go down and get some lunch. I suppose I had been sitting in the restaurant for about half an hour when I heard an awful scurrying of feet, and going to the door I saw a great throng of members pouring down the stairway with their hats, overcoats and papers, evidently clearing out for the day. With my heart in my boots I dashed out and collared my colleague.

"Good God, Mack!" why in the world has the house adjourned?"

"Adjourned" said my associate; "there has been no adjournment. John D. White, of Kentucky, is back on his postern jints and going to make a speech· We've got to protect ourselves, so we just mizzled."

It was a regular stampede, I tell you, and my bill frozen out along with the Kentuckian.

The President has called for the resignation of General James Longstreet as United States Marshal for the Northern District of Georgia. This action is passed on the recommendation of the Attorney General, who had preferred charges against him for carelessness and inefficiency and asked for his immediate removal. It is generally understood that he will be succeeded by John E. Bryant.

Vanderbilt's household expenses are $250,000 a year.

Don't fill the system with quinine in the effort to prevent or cure Fever and Ague. Ayer's Ague Cure is a far more potent preventive and remedy, with the advantage of leaving in the body no poisons to produce dizziness, deafness, headache, and other disorders. The proprietors warrant it.

FIELD AND FARM.

Sheep.

The Merino sheep of which there are several varieties—the Saxon, the French, and the Spanish—came originally from Spain, and were no doubt known to and appreciated by the Greeks and Romans. They have the finest wool of the whole genus, and a great quantity to the weight of the carcass. As mutton they are quite nice in flavor, though inferior to many other breeds as flesh bearers, being deficient in the fine points of the carcass "The finer the wool the finer the mutton," an old saying, does not seem to be contradicted by the Merino, the quantity and not the quality being deficient. And although the Merino has in the last century doubled its weight of carcass as well as of wool, the increasing demand for mutton must give it a second place. The facility of transporting wool is so much greater than that of flesh that wool growing must be more and more confined to distant and comparatively barbarous lands; whilst the mutton sheep must take their places near the centers of population and consumption. America can claim the credit of having made the greatest improvement in this fine breed of sheep; and New England among the States up to this time perhaps has a claim to pre-eminence in this culture. But there is still room for advance and the end is not yet.

When to Cut Grass.

The analytical chemist of the Department of Agriculture, summing up the results of analysis of nearly all the cultivated grasses, says it is apparent that in most cases the time of bloom, or thereabout, it is the fittest for cutting grasses in order to obtain the most nourishment and largest relatively profitable crops, and for the following reasons: The amount of water has diminished, and the shrinkage will therefore be less. The weight of the crop will be the largest in proportion to the nutritive value of its constituents. The amount of nitrogen not present as albuminoids will be at its lowest point fibre will not be so excessive as to prevent digestion, and the nutritive ratio will be more advantageous. If cut earlier the shrinkage is larger, although the fibre is less and albumen is a little larger. The palatability may be increased, but the total nutriments to the acre will not be so large and the nutritive ratio will be more abnormal. The disadvantages of late cutting are evident in the increase of fibre destroying the digestibility of the nutriments and the falling off of the albumen by conversion into amides. This is not made up by the larger crop cut.

Test for Butter.

"Every housekeeper should know how to tell oleomargarine from butter," said a Washington market dealer to a New York *Herald* reporter. "The market is full of bogus butter, so skilfully made that it cannot be told from the genuine article by the eye or the tongue. To detect it market men draw the blade of a knife across the suspected butter. If it is oleomargarine the place where the knife was pressed will look white, and track of the blade will be marked with little beads of water. When the test is made with the genuine butter the white look does not appear, but the butter holds its color."

Another test is to drop a piece of the suspected butter into a well-heated fryingpan. If it is oleomargarine it will sputter, because of the water in it. If it is real butter it will melt and bubble or boil but not sputter. Any housekeeper can tell the difference.

A full and varied supply of fresh vegetables during the fall months, is a luxury not always enjoyed by farmers. And yet it is about as easy to have them late as early, and sometimes more so. A good, rich soil, worked fine and kept moist by frequent stirring, is the essential feature. Ground from which early vegetables have been taken is always available. Bear in mind at this season that seeds require moisture to germinate and grow, so first steep in warm water several hours, plant deep and keep the soil from baking about them.

Walhalla *Courier 24th* inst.: The largest oat crop harvested this year in the county is that of Mr. A. H. Ellison. He made between 900 and 1,000 bushels.

Young, old, and middled-aged, all experience the wonderful beneficial effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Young children suffering from sore eyes, sore ears, scald-head, or with any scrofulous or syphilitic taint, may be made healthy and strong by its use. †