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with a cloth and shook it about. "You draw first," said he. "Long one gets the water, short one hitches the horses."

When they came to measure the boy had drawn the long one. "My luck again," remarked he.

Without a word the man passed through the door, which the boy closed behind him, but not quickly enough to escape a cloud of snow which swirled round the room. Silently he pulled on his moccasins and wrapped himself in such outer clothes as he possessed, cursing luck generally that he had no furs.

By and by there was a tinkle of sleigh-bells outside, and the man appeared with the team ready harnessed to the bob-sled, on which four empty barrels could dimly be discerned.

"Have you put the pail and rope in?" asked the boy.

The man nodded as they solemnly shook hands, while the boy shielded his eyes with the crook of his arm and gave the horses their heads. He tried from time to time to peer into the storm, but the snow made wraiths round him and froze his eyelashes together.

How the horses got there the boy never knew, but get there they did, and whilst the icy blast probed remorselessly amongst his clothes for the flesh beneath, and poured the powdered snow down his neck.

The maddened animals charged him as he lowered the bucket into the well, and spilled the water all over him as they fought for the first drink.

It was a slow process at best, and his clothes and mittens crackled with the congealed ice as he hauled up each pail. When they had drunk their fill they quivered with the cold, and plunged to get back, but the boy bound the reins round the runners of the foremost bob. They bucked as the frozen bits galled them, causing him to spill as much as he put in the barrels, and to slither about on the rapidly forming ice, rendering a foothold almost impossible. In between times the boy rubbed his eyes and the frozen places.

It was a slow and tedious task, and he soon was fagged, because at 19 the muscles are not hardened. The horses knocked him over and the sleigh ran over his legs, but, being light, only bruised him. In his puny rage he slashed them with the pail rope, and it warmed him until one of the horses trod on the bucket and bent it flat. Foolishly he took off his mittens to straighten it, and only learned sense when he felt the sensation of many needles piercing his hands and the skin on his fingers adhered to the metal.

It was a painfully slow job; to lift a filled pail shoulder high and empty it



Fought for the First Drink.

in a barrel mounted on a sleigh requires strength, and his was fast leaving him. Moreover, the water ran up his sleeves and froze, until he was like an automatic block of ice, if such a thing can be conceived. He became such an embodiment of misery that he no longer troubled about anything, but occasionally buried his head in his arms to rest, and had only sufficient strength left when at last it was finished to put the reins behind his back and brace his feet against the hindmost barrel before returning, and in this position the water slopped over him and played its sweet will unchecked.

Where the horses went he knew not, and if they tipped the lot over again he cared not. He was past caring. With what little sense remaining him he rather hoped they would, and so end it. He believed they stopped, but couldn't be quite sure. It seemed hours after in a dream that he fancied he heard the man's voice: "My God, I thought you were never coming back," and in the same dream he heard himself saying: "Neither did I."

I knew the boy in those long years ago. I see him and it is in day dreams myself sometimes even now, especially on New Year's day, as I sit round the fireside here at home. It is incongruous that pictures should appear in the embers, but so they do, or else one's fancy paints them there. Then a coal drops out, and I wake up to the remembrance that I was once that boy.

FOR FARMERS' CLUBS

Some Wholesome Advice Given Out by the Wilmington Star— Boost the Country.

The farmers of North Carolina are perhaps aware that all the successful interests in this country are banded together by unions, clubs and associations. That means organization and alliance and the purpose is to co-operate in a movement for a common cause or identical interests. There is the Farmers' Union, a very strong, influential and useful organization, but it would be all the stronger if every farmer in North Carolina should join it.

We must all recognize the importance of organization among the farmers of this country and it is obvious that the farmers should be the first to recognize it. One organization is better than many, and since the Farmer's Union already is in the field and has a powerful nucleus of organization on right lines, we should say that as it has been demonstrated to be a good thing it should certainly be pushed along for all it is worth.

This is the era for unions, clubs and societies for social purposes, avocational advantages, and progressive movements, for there is nothing like the co-operation of the people of every community. We should say that unionism and club work are one and the same thing, and each neighborhood certainly should unite and build its own union home or club house where the farmers can hold their meetings, hear addresses, have neighborhood entertainments and gradually provide their club or union with a library and reading room supplied with helpful and enlightening publications. Whenever a farmer is able to do so, there are four classes of publications to which he should subscribe—his church paper, his home newspaper, the Progressive Farmer and the Manufacturers' Record. Nevertheless, the neighborhood club or union should also have all of them in its reading room, along with such popular magazines and literature as the organization is able to supply. A club house with its piano, library and picnic grounds, would be a great neighborhood institution, for nothing outside of good schools would prove such a great educational factor. There would be information, education, and entertainment for the old and the young, and none can doubt the tremendous benefit that could be derived from that source.

The farmers of North Carolina show signs of wanting to be progressive. Nothing will so help them as their club house or union. The people of towns and cities have their organizations to make progress for their communities and there is no reason why the farmers should not get together and improve their methods, keep posted, and boost their communities. When the people of every rural community get to doing their best, promoting their neighborhood interests and pulling for their communities there is bound to be something doing in a practical way. The farmers can have social gatherings and can meet to discuss agricultural methods, drainage, good roads, and community progress, and in all of these the ladies can be as helpful as the men. If each county cannot have its farm life school, each neighborhood can have the next best thing to it in a community union or club. We suggest organization under the plans of the Farmers' Union because that is a cohesive and live organization of approved character and earnest purpose.

Let the farmers of North Carolina get busy and keep up with the co-operative and organized movements of the day. We boost towns. Lets also boost the country. Every neighborhood, every county and every town will share in the benefit and progress that is sure to follow.

Every man ought to boost his neighborhood his county and his town.

Christmas Entertainment at Dysartville High School.

Yes, it rained, and the mud—don't mention it! Nevertheless the entertainment and Christmas tree at Dysartville High School Monday evening drew a full house. The exercises consisted of songs, recitations, dialogues, etc. Every selection was well rendered and was very appropriate to the occasion. "The Baby's Christmas Toys," a motion song, by the first grade, reflected much credit upon the primary teacher, Miss Maggie Goforth. A dialogue, Christmas at Holly Farm" by the high school students, was a true picture of Christmas in the beautiful Southland in the ante-bellum days. To say this was greatly enjoyed by every one present would not be enough.

Old Santa failed to arrive in time for the exercises, but put in his appearance when the presents were to be distributed. He informed us that his work this year was the heaviest he has ever known. The little folks at first were not disposed to be friendly, but when he began to hand out the many presents he had sent in during the day their fear changed to joy and happiness. At 9:15 o'clock, having made old and young alike feel that Christmas is the best day in the year, he bade us good-night and sped away to carry happiness to other places on his route.

Principal N. F. Steppe was the recipient of a beautiful carving set, given by the boys and girls of the high school department. A purse was made up by the children with which presents were bought for the old people of the village and vicinity.

A VISITOR

Hong Kong has an American equipped shoe factory.

The corn crop this year is estimated at 2,531,448,000 bushels valued at \$1,565,258,000.

What relation is a child to its own father when it is not its own father's son?—A daughter.

The total production of coal for the past year is estimated at 490,000,000 tons, only 11,000,000 less than in 1910. Of the 1911 production 400,000,000 tons was bituminous coal.

A High Grade Blood Purifier.

Go to J. W. Streetman's drug store and buy a bottle of B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm.) It will purify and enrich your blood and build up your weakened, broken-down system. B. B. B. is guaranteed to cure all blood diseases and skin humors, such as Rheumatism, Ulcers, Eating Sores, Syphilitic Blood Poison, Catarrh, Eczema, Itching Humors, Risings and Bumps, Bone Pains, Pimples, Old Sores, Scrofula or Kernels, Supercrating Sores, Boils, Carbuncles. B. B. B. cures all these blood troubles by killing the poison humor and expelling it from the system. B. B. B. is the only blood remedy that can do this—therefore it cures and heals all sores when all else fails. \$1 per large bottle, with directions for home cure. Sample free by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga.

1911 1912

I wish to thank my customers for their patronage during

Nineteen Hundred and Eleven

and hope the treatment, and values received will merit a continuance of their patronage during

Nineteen Hundred and Twelve

My ONE PRICE SYSTEM insures my customers from being overcharged.

J. D. BLANTON

A NEW LEAF

Resolved That this year I will put my money in the Bank. It will be safe there and it will grow.

Peter Cooper, who when yet alive, gave \$630,000 to found Cooper Union in New York City, earned only \$25 a year for the first two years he was in that city. He was an apprentice to a coachmaker. He saved \$20 the first two years and put it in the bank.

Make OUR Bank YOUR Bank.

We pay liberal interest consistent with safety 4 per cent.

The Merchants and Farmers Bank

Franco-Swiss

Chocolates

SATISFY

The Most Exacting

Connoisseur of Sweets

Delicious-Satisfying

J. W. STREETMAN