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ROCKINGHAM, RICHMOND CO., N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1885.

MECKLENBURG

IRON WORKS,

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

MANUFACTURES AND KEEPS IN STOCK

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A WULL STOCK OF

A large Stock of Furniture is now being bought in the Northern markets. Prompt attention given to

Buried Alive.

fore the French Academy of Medicine

expresses the opinion that one in every

5,000 persons is buried alive, while offi-

cial statistics show that the mortality

one in every 4,000. The question has

ical body just mentioned, and it seems

to be settled that none of the accepted

indications of death, with the single ex-

ception of the unmistakeable decompo-

perfectly conclusive. It is certain that

the possibility of such a frightful death

weighs on the minds of man- at "

Winter Life in the Northwest,

It is droll to see the transformation in

the street scenes after the cold weather

sets in, says a St. Paul letter. Every-

body who has much to do out of doors

wears a fur great-coat coming down to

bis heels. Buffaloskin is the common

material, but almost every animal capa-

ble of furnishing a furry cuticle is

brought into requisition. One must be

an expert in furs to recognize them all.

There are bear-skin coats, wolf-skin

coats, fox-skin coats, lynx-skin coats,

seal-skin coats, otter-skin coats and even

dog-skin coats. The furry procession

that moves downtown of a cold morning

is a chrious sight to a stranger from a

less rigid clime. He might well imagine

that a menagerie had broken loose and

that the animals had adopted the biped

style of locomotion. The illusion is

increased by the huge fur caps and

Joe Brown's First Dounk.

The Atlanta Constitution tells this

ttle story :- Senator Brown was asked

the other day at a banquet if he

was ever drunk. He replied, "Never

but once. When I was a boy I was sent

to mill by my father on a very cold day.

wheel frozen into the creek, which was

a solid mass of ice. We were obliged

to have some meal ground, so we got

axes and cut the ice out so as to free the

wheel. This chilled us very much, and

the miller supplied us with whisky.

When I got home I was pretty badly

sympathize with me, but my father was

very emphatic. He addressed me a very

A Friend to Poor Prisoners.

Gov. Begole, of Michigan, has written

a letter to a Detroit paper defending his

course in granting pardons by the whole

sale. He says: "From my experience

in our prisons, where I have devoted

much time, I earnestly believe that there

are 200 men in our prisons to-day in

whose cases the ends of justice, both to the State and the convicts, would be

better served by their release. There

are many young men serving out sen-

tences for no other crime than being

poor. There are rings in all the large

towns of our State that arrest, convict

and send to prison persons for no other

reason than to make business for con-

stables, sheriffs and justices that a small

THE CAUSE. -St. Louis has been

looking into destitution complaints, and

has discovered that in four cases out of

five, the head of the family is a drunk-

ard and a loafer, and wouldn't reform if

sum of money would release."

he were paid for it.

forcible argument which I never forgot.

mixed. My mother was disposed to

enormous fur mittens worn.

ATTORNEYS.

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THE PEOPLE ARE HAPPY

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BY GOODS. GROCERIES BOOTS, SHOES, CUTLERY, MEAL, FLOUR, MOLASSES, BACON, SHIP STUFF. And almost everything needed by the people.

Be sere to cal and see me before buying. It will be your advantage.

J. W. PARKS, sanie att

ROCKINGHAM, N. C.

J. H. BARNES, Proprietor

Shot by His Wife.

Arnold C. Stacy, who lived on the out. skirts of Bath, Me., was shot dead during a family quarrel. Stacy was proprietor of the Crystal Mineral Spring, purchasing it about three years ago, at which time a residence was erected at considerable expense. He became financially embarrassed about a year ago. and the property was transferred to his wife. A few weeks ago the debt was | When I reached the mill I found the cleared and he wished to become the possessor of the property, but the wife relused to turn it over. At the supper table, so Mrs. Stacy states, her husband renewed his demand, using threatening

Fearing violence, Mrs. Stacy arose from the table and from a drawer in the pantry adjoining the kitchen took a revolver that was kept by her fer defence in his absence, as the house is quite a distance from any residence. She states that he took hold of the barrel when the weapon was discharged, the bullet entering the left side of his head, near the ear, killing him instantly. Deceased was about thirty-three years old and his wife is a few years younger. They had

Found in Siberla.

An interesting discovery is reported to have been made by the Governor of Irkutsk in the course of a prolonged inspection of the province, which shows that Siberia is still an unknown country, even to the Russian authorities. His Excellency came across the little town of Ilim, with 500 inhabitants, 160 houses, and four ancient churches, with remark, able relics of Cossack times. It is still under the Republican rule of a vetche, or public assembly, convoked by a bell as in old Novgorod the Great, although the new nunicipal institutions were supposed to have been applied to that part of the Empire ten years ago. Not one of the inhabitants can read or write.-London Echo

Sadly afar I

THOU AND I.

Strange, strange for thee and me,

Thou safe beyond, above

I 'neath the star; Thou where flowers deathless spring.

I where they fade; Thou in God's paradisa,

I 'mid time's shad Thou where each gale breathes balm.

I tempest-tossed: Thou where true joy is found

I where 'tis lost: Thou counting ages thine,

I not the morrow;

Thou learning more of bliss, I more of sorrow.

Thou in eternal peace, I 'mid earth's strife;

Thou where care hath no name, I where 'tis life:

Thou without need of hope, I where 'tis vain: Thou with wings dropping light,

I with time's chain. Strange, strange for thee and me.

Loved, loving ever! Thou by Life's deathless fount

I near Death's river: Thou winning Wisdom's love, I strength to trust;

Thou 'mid the seraphim, I in the dust.

ELLINGTON'S WILL

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Lily Ellington's bright face looked very attractive as she presided over the steaming coffee-urn; at least so thought her father as he watched the slender fingers adding just the right quantity of sugar to his cup. As he received it from her hand he said:

"I have something to ask my little girl this raorning." Lily gave her father a shy, swift

glance of inquiry, but something in his face kept her silent. "I saw George Herbert this morning as I was going into the post office and

he walked back with me. Can you guess what he asked me?" The old man looked at the girl keenly but saw that she was really as indifferent as her careless "No, papa," sug-

"I also had a talk with Charley Story last evening, and strange to say be wants 'the writer of a paper recently read be- | to beg away The same treasure which

Herbert also covets." Lily flushed even to the waves of fair hair which curled back from her temples, and a tremor about her lips beamong sailors from shipwreck averages trayed her secret to the kind, old eyes watching her face. He smothered a of late been much discussed by the medsigh as he continued:

"So my little girl can guess my secret Child, it never struck me that you were anything but a school girl before and now you are asked in marriage. So you sition of the body, are to be regarded as want to leave your old father?"

Lily sprang from her seat and threw her arms about her father's neck.

Fire su, se, see thing to a at used . ration of the President of the Chamber with no one to love you and care for of Notaries, express instructions are you; but," and the sweet voice dropped given in one will out of every ten to have to a whisper, "Charles would be like a the testator's heart pierced by a qualison to you: and we could all live tofied surgeon before the coffin is screwed gether."

"Well, my darling, it is the way of the world and I must not be selfish. So my little girl loves him." He patted her cheek caressingly. "I am a little disappointed that it is not George. He is

"Oh, papa, he is not to be compared o Charles, who is so handsome and re-

"Well, Lily, you are the one most interested, and I have no doubt Charles is all that is good and desirable. So I am to say 'yes,' am I?"

Lily hid her head upon her father's preast for an answer. He stroked her hair tenderly, thinking regretfully that "papa's" place in her heart was no longer the first one. The fair little maiden had been the sunlight of his home since the death of his wife a few years previous. Somehow the idea of young Story as a son-in-law was not as pleasant to him as the thought of Herbert-the frank, manly wouth whom he had known from boyhood-had been. But Lily had chosen and he gave his sanction to the match. In a few months they were married, and, by invitation, set up their

household altar under his roof-tree.

Lily was a loving, obedient child her father, and she transferred the same allegiance to her husband. She had one of those transparent natures which take their coloring from the strongest will. If her husband had required the sacrifice of her right hand she would have given it. Mr. Ellington yielded her up unreservedly, and lived his own youth over again in the happiness of this, his only child. One day he sur-

prised his son-in-law by saying: "Charles, I am thinking of making you a gift of my property. How would you like to own everything, and have your old father for a guest the rest of

The young man looked surprised a Mr. Ellington said this, but he an swered, pleasantly:

"I see you are in a jesting mood thi morning, father." "I was never more in earnest in m

tife, I am tired of worldly cares, and wish to make my preparations for the world to which I am so fast tending. II you, I will take steps for the transfer."
"Burden!" said the young man,

warmly. "I do not look upon wealth in that light. If you do, I will cheerfully relieve you of it, and Lily and I will do our best to make your home with us happy."

"All right, Charles ; it shall be done," said Ellington.

That same day he went to his young friend, Herbert, who was a lawyer, and asked him to make his will, with a present transfer of all his property to his son-in-law. George Herbert listened quietly to the explanation of his wishes, When he concluded, he said:

"I will draw up the papers as you wish; but you will take my advice? Do l alacrity. Perhaps to old gentleman !

not have the deed recorded for at least one year. Try how the thing works. It may not prove as pleasant as you think, Leave a loop-hole of escape."

"Your advice is good, George, and I will take it to please you, if for no other reason. But you know what a true little woman Lily is."

"Yes, indeed," answered Herbert, "She is the best little girl in the world." He did not add that Lily was but a reflection of Charles, and that sons-in-law are not daughters.

The papers were drawn up, signed and sealed in due time, and Mr. Ellington gave them to his son to put away. The Ellington house was very pleasant and roomy. It was one of the owner's hobbies not to have one room singled -Jat to be see apart for visitors and never made any other use of. He wanted to have every room nicely furnished and inviting. He had a passion for flowers, and go where you would through the house during the many years of his experience as a householder, stands of plants would give you a silent welcome from the windows.

For a time, after the transfer was made, all continued pleasant, and the new arrangement worked well. One day, about six months after the change, Mr. Eilington was reading the daily paper in the east room. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and the freedom from sunlight made it seem a cool and inviting retreat.

Young Story had come to tea earlier than usual, and was sitting beside Lily on the vine-shaded veranda. He broke the silence which lasted some minutes by saying ; "Lily, what say you to having the east room refurnished and shut up, un-

less when we have company. "Why, Charlie, papa never would

have a room shut up. He save it makes it seem so stiff and formal. We'll have the furniture changed, if you are tired of it, and we'll enjoy it ourselves." "You must remember Lily, that I am

the head of the house now; and I wish to have a parlor. Another thing you can please me in. Ask your father to choose some other place to read his prise: but there was no mistaking his

meaning. She saw he meant what he said, and she had learned that she must yield the point in any difference of opinion, or she would feel a barrier of icy coldness between Charles and herself for days after. That was his mode of punishment, and her tender little heart could not bear it. So the rext morning she went to her father, and threaded her fingers through his white hair. Suddenly she bent and kissed him, and said, hesitatingly:

"Papa. Charles wants to have the east | for each 100 gallons of beer. room refitted and set apart for company.

blue eyes a moment, then said :

"Do you want it done, Lily?" "Not for myself, father; but if it will please Charles ____"

"Enough said, dear. The old man must read his paper somewhere else." The kind eyes resting on her face detected the shade of sadness upon it and he

"Never mind me, little girl, if Charles wishes it, it's all right." So the change was made. The next week Mr. Ellington was

caught in a sudden shower. In hurrying to escape from a thorough drenching he left his foot prints on the clean veranda. When Charles came in he looked decidedly cross. He said sharply. "Lily, who was out last?"

"I think it was father." "Will you tell him to wipe his feet when he comes in? He must think our

house is a pig-sty." "My son," answered a quiet voice, "I

need to complain again. The young man did not youchsafe to answer, though he would not have spoken so sharply had he noticed Mr. Ellington's presence it the room. He preferred that Lily should be the go-between, He strode off sulkily.

Lily's sweet face began to wear a trouled look. She worshiped her husband. and would fulfil his slightest wish. though it tortured her; but her heart was loyal to her father, and she felt a keen heart pain to see her Charlie so in-

creasingly disagreeable to him. Mr. Ellington made no sign. He was calm and courteous, and seemed to take all in good part, even to have the coarseest portions of the food placed on a plate, and having it pushed to him with an air as though the task of helping him was irksome.

One morning at the breakfast-table Charles said to his wife:

"Lily, I hear that it is not healthy to have so many plants in a room. I want you to have this trash removed. Flowers are no good any way, except to shut out the light."

Lily's eyes filled with tears, but wift a strong effort she kept them back. She loved her flowers as though they had been children. It was an inherited taste, and had grown with her growth, Mr. Ellington was a silent witness of her emotion. He knew that her wifely selfyou are willing to take the burden upon abnegation was so complete that her flowers would be banished if Charles wished it; but he said nothing.

That evening the old man was seated in front of the blazing grate-fire, apparently seeing visions in the crumbling masses of coal. Charles came in and said, insolently: "Can't you give the rest of us some of

the heat?" "Certainly, my son, I did not think I was keeping it from you;" and he moved to one side and continued his meditations. After a time he said: "Charles. will you get those papers for me? I think of making a little alteration in

The young man went for them with

had more property than he thought, The idea was pleasant to him.

Mr. Ellington broke the seal and read the document carefully through. Then he cast it into the blazing grate. It flashed up into a flerce blaze for a few moments, then smoldered into ashes,

Charles started forward with an exclamation of anger. Mr. Ellington rose from his seat, and the old man and the youth faced each other. In the presence of Mr. Ellington's quiet dignity, Charles's anger soon died out.

"Son-in-law, I have learned a lesson in my old age. I find the part of entertainer is more fitting for me than to be dependent. I have discovered that failing powers of body must have money to supplement them, to call forth the respect due to a silvered head. Let bygones be bygones. I hope you and Lily will be my true children again from this time. All that my house and purse can offer is wolcome to you as my guests." He seated himself and resumed his

meditations. Charles had the good sense to see that it was useless to storm, so he accepted the situation quietly. From this time all was harmony. Poor little Lily bloomed out again into her former brightness, for the demon of avarice which had held her husband's good qualities in abeyance was crushed by her father's timely interference.

After a time a baby boy was added to the household. The sturdy little rogue was named for his grandfather, and great into his ardent admirer, and love became the ruling spirit within their household.

THE WAY TO MAKE WHISKY. Differences Between the Real Stuff and

the Mixture that Kills at Long Range. A correspondent wishes to know the process of making whisky. The grain, corn, or rye, for instance, is ground be tween a pair of ordinary millstones The meal thus obtained is mixed in an iron tub with barley malt in the proportion of 4 bushels of meal to 2 of malt, and 75 gallons of water at a temperature of 150 degrees Fahrenheit. After washing, as it is called, for an hour and a half 50 gallous more of water are added. at a temperature of 190 degrees. Two hours later, the mixture having settled. two-thirds of the liquor, which is known the tub at a temperature of 190 degrees. In an hour and a half this is drawn off and 80 gallons of boiling water are poured in. In twenty minutes all the beer in the tub is drawn off, and as the last lot is very weak it may either be boiled down to the strength of the beer obtained before, or it must be used with a fresh lot of meal instead of water. The beer from the shallow vats is cooled down to a temperature of 70 degrees. and then one gallon of vesst is added

When the mixture has fermented it is

steam by running it into coolers, which in former days were long coils of copper pipe running through tanks of cold water, from which arose the name of the worm of the still. The condensed steam is simply raw whisky. It possesses the most disagreeable taste, and will kill at forty rods range, but it is nevertheless diluted and sold in the

The acrid taste of raw whisky is due to the presence of certain greasy products of distillation and light alcohols mixed. which are known by the name of fusil oil. These products boil at 173 degrees, while the amylic alcohol, or the real stuff, requires a temperature of 270 decrees. By redistillation the fusil oil is separated. It may also be eliminated by running the raw whisky through granulated charcoal that has been previously heated. Whisky is therefore simply alcohol of a peculiar flavor due to the substances from which it was should be more careful. You will not derived; and diluted, when honestly made, with about twenty-five per cent of water and some of the products of distillation other than the pure amylic

alcohol. - N. Y. Sun. Suing a Labor Union.

Henry E. Glover has commenced a suit in the Common Pleas Court of Toledo, Ohio, against the Bricklavers Union, No. 3, of Toledo, and the suit is brought to recover \$5,000 damages by reason of the plaintiff's being deprived of working at his trade on account of nim being a non-union man. After the recital of a somewhat lengthy preliminary, the petition sets forth that in April, 1881, the plaintiff was employed at work upon a building being erected and was peacefully engaged in the prose cution of his work, when one Francis McCabe, a member of Toledo Union, No. 3, who was engaged at work upon the same building, ordered him to quit work, and through fear of suffering personal violence at the hands of the union men, he was obliged so to do. There after he was unable to procure employment at his trade in Toledo, and was obliged to leave the city and seek employment elsewhere, only to meet with the same fate. After a time he returned to Toledo, and on December 2, 1884 while at work on a building, he was ordered from the work by John Gorman, Jr., and, through fear of personal violence and injury, he was forced to give up his job, much to his damage, and for these various grievances he asks damages in the sum of \$5,000. This is the first action of the kind ever brought ir Lucas county, and its result will be watched with interest by trade unionis -Toledo Blade,

ON THE TEXAS PLAINS,-Those who tend the great cattle herds on the Texas plains seldom have anything else than salt meat to eat. They cannot afford to kill a beef just to get a sirldin, and in that climate the balance of the animal will not keep long. It is now proposed to stock with German carp the trenches which they dig to catch rain water for themselves and their herds, and thus they may have fresh fish as food while living on the great interior plains.

GEN. HARNEY AND HEIRS.

SKETCH OF THE FAMILY-WHY THE CHILDREN ARE DISSATISFIED.

His Children Bring Suit Against him on Account of his Recent Marriage.

A suit has been brought in St. Louis

by the children on Gen. William S Harney against the General and his wife, the late Mrs. St. Cyr, asking that a receiver be appointed for the property of the family. While it has caused a great deal of gossip, it is no great surprise. In the suit John M. Harney, the Vicomte De Thury and his wife, born Annie B. Harney: the Comte De None and his wife, born Eliza Harney, join in asking that a receiver be appointed to take charge of the property mortgaged by the Harney family to the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company to secure a loan of \$380,000. It was agreed when the mortgage was made that the property pledged should be placed in the hands of an agent, who would apply its revenue to the interest and to a sinking fund on the principal of the debt. About one-half of the money was paid to the children and onehalf to Gen. Harney.

Since his marriage, it is alleged, he has withdrawn this property from the igents' hands and diverted the income to other purposes, throwing the burden of the nortgage upon the children. There is new dree on this mortgaged roperty \$340,000, with interest amounting to \$5.151.90, and taxes amounting to \$18,000. The Connecticut Mutual has threatened to foreclose the mortgage, and a receiver is prayed for.

The making of the Connecticut Mutual a party to the suit simply means hat that corporation holds the deed of rust on the property. The proceeding is entirely a family quarrel, with about \$1,200,000 worth of property involved and an annual income of \$100,000. The bringing of this suit throws into

court a portion of the vast Mullanphy estate, Old John Mullauphy came to the village of St. Louis in 1804, bringing with him his wife, whom he had married in Baltimore, and some \$30,000 in hard cash which he had accumulated. He at once began business as a money and 50 gallons of water are poured into | very short time he had loans placed on some of the very best property in St. Louis. When he came to make his will in 1830 he was, with one exception, the richest man in St. Louis. His estate was worth about \$2,000,000, a great estate in those days. His will divided his property into four parts. One-quarter went to Jane Chambers and her issue: one-quarter to Bryan Mullanphy, the excentric philanthropist who afterward founded the Mullanphy emigrant funds; and one-eighth each to Catherine Graham, Ann Biddle, Mary Mullanphy, and Eliza Mullanphy, his daughters.

> Harney, of the United States Army, in St. Louis on October 1, 1833. Her property has increased so that it is now worth over \$1,200,000. It is altogether landed property.

> The old General is now 84 years old. He was a gallant and popular member of the society of old St. Louis fifty years ago, and carried off one of the richest matrimonial prizes which the old town offered. His life since has been one of elegant ease, diversified by enough warfare to make the change pleasant. He was one of the most noted Indian fighters in the army, and his services on the frontier and in the Mexican war are part of the history of the republic. He has been an old man for some time past, and his constant attendant has been Mrs. Lizzie St. Cyr, a lady whose former husband was one of the most widely known men in St. Louis county. The two were married very unexpectedly at the cathedral on Nov. 12, after filing a marriage settlement, in which the General conveyed to Mrs. St. Cyr one-half of his own property, worth about \$100,-000, and one-half of the income from the property in which be held a life estate, an arrangement which would give Mrs. Harney about \$50,000 a year dur-

ing the life of the General.

The Financial Outlook. The Commercial Bulletin estimates that during the month of January upward of \$60,000,000 will be paid out by the government and by corporations as interest on debt and bonds and dividends on stock. This sum will seek reinvestment, and it must be admitted that wall street prices, when compared with former years, offer tempting "bargains," In truth, however, much of what is there on sale is so tainted as to warn off would-be investors. This is not always necessary that the crops large sum will probably go to swell the be enclosed, but a short wing fence already large amount of idle capital which is awaiting opportunities for profit. The banks are holding nearly \$125,-000,000 in cash, as against \$87,000,000 a year ago, and their reserve above the legal requirement, which was then about \$7,000,000, is now nearly six times as great-\$41,000,000. This speaks, eloquently of idle funds,-New York

In the Bad Lands.

The Pioche (Nev.) Record tells this incident of life among the cowboys:-Old Ed. Lamb, who was lynched the other day, may have gently pressed his heated brand against stock that belonged to persons other than himself. then again he might not have done so; he might have stolen stock, then again he might have done nothing of the kind, An old stockman informed us that there are men out in that country who could steal two head of stock to the old man's one, and that Lamb was robbed of double the amount of stock he had ever stolen There is considerable truth in the very common saying that "a man in this country has to be a thiel to be a successPROFIT IN POULTRY.

No Occasion for "Fussy Details;" Oul:

BY O. S. BLISS.

Poultry-keeping is at this time the most promising branch of general farming. The demand for poultry and poultry products for home consumption far ontruns the national supply. The importations, especially of eggs, are in the aggregate very large and steadily increasing. This ought not to be so. There is no good reason why our own people should not profitably produce all these articles that the country can consume. With the single exception of Canada, none of the countries from which our imports are drawn have so cheap food or such ample facilities for the profitable production of eggs as this, while they labor under the disadvantage of being a long distance from our markets, with expensive transportstion, and certain depreciation in value if not in quality. But they make it pay or they would not continue, and constantly expand, the business. The feed on which many of the imported eggs are made is shipped across the ocean, paying two or three profits before it reaches the consumer, and the eggs after paying two or three more profits Dodge, in Norristown Herald. are sold in our markets at a price less A WATERY COMPLIMENT than our own products, equivalent to still another profit. But still the coms plaint comes up from all over the country that farmers cannot afford to keep poultry and raise eggs! It is a question of grave importance to the farmers of the ful cold." country, to consumers generally, indeed "Cold ! why, the room was warm."

to the nation, whether this is really so. Casting about for some sufficient reason for the prevailing condition of the poultry and egg industry of the country we find, first of all, a widely prevailing sentiment that the "hen business," as it is generally called, is beneath the dignity of men. The few city and suburban fanciers and specialists are generally looked upon as cranks who have intruded upon the domain of the grannys, and an attentive reading of the voluminous poultry literature of the time only tends to confirm the impression in many cases. It is not greatly to e wondered at that reading farmers ing upon it. All these details may be well enough for the fancier and suburban who has an established demand at his own price for anything he can produce: but for the farmer whose products must go upon the general market through the regular channels of trade, they are a de. lusion and snare, and certain to run him in debt if he attempts their practice.

But there is a middle course, as far re moved from the fussy detail of the theorists as from the much berated system

under certain restraints which in their

unnatural condition in life become nec-

essary to their well being. They need

about as much protection from the

weather as other animals, certainly not

any more; but like other animals they

need that it be adapted to their natures.

When kept in close apartments, though

only for the night, the same principles

of ventilation should be applied as in

the case of other animals. And so on

down through the whole category of

special requirements which go to make

up the most claborate system of poultry

appliances. A little exercise of ingenui-

ty tempered with a dash of common

sense will enable any farmer to fit up on

the sunny side of the barn, or, better

vet, in it, suitable accommodations for

flock of thirty or forty hens at a merely

When the flock is fairly domiciled and

provided with suitable runways it is no

more work to take care of them, and

costs no more to provide for them, than

for a single cow. The physiology of the

organs of digestion in fowls shows that

they are designed by nature for contin-

nous feeders. They have but one meal

time in the day and that lasts from early

dawn to set of sun, and they should

have the freest possible range and be

provided with food adapted to their use,

They should never eat enough at one

object to letting fowls run at large at

all, because, as they claim, they injure

some crop, or get into the garden, or do

some other mischief. All this is easily

and cheaply obviated by the use of a

few lengths of a cheap movable fence

that can be taken up and set down again

at the rate of a length each minute. It

often answers every purpose. Fowls

will not travel far when there is food and

water in the house, and they very rarely

go around a ten-rod wing. No man can

appreciate the advantages of having a

few lengths of such fence till he has ex-

perienced them. But the subject of

ponltry farming is too broad for one

communication, and must stand over for

HIS MALADY ACCOUNTED FOR.

Plumber's Wife (sitting by his bed

clad in an embossed velvet gown and

with \$125,000 worth of jewels scintillat-

ing on her ears and fingers)-"Is he

comfortably off of all my patients."

"That's only scrivener's palsy."

so prostrated my dear Algernon?"

out rest," smiled the doctor, "He

me he has been steadily at wo-

night, for four months po-

his annual bills,"-P

"He has been writing too much with-

dangerously ill, doctor?"

hand shake so?"

ime to fill the craw. But many farmers

pominal expense.

"Do you think I'm going to waste the street the fowls I make for the m server and roost to the trees, about pasu for it?"-Texas Siftings may pursue with both credit and profit. HOW THE DIFFICULTY WAS EVALED. Fowls have the instinct of self-perserva-Mrs. Minks-"No. I won't invite that tion as fully developed as any other animal, and we have but to furnish them agly old thing." the means of reasonably indulging it,

will see when the circumstances are

and you must have proof that you did your part toward sending it. Of course t might-mind, I say might-mis-

address the invitation at once." "Yes: but then what?" "I'll give it to my husband to mail,

Two German citize

peace. When the why the men had iustice said : "I sees dat ver tw riners. Now, I'll fine in' an' \$20 fur s'lectin'

States fur ver battle groun'. try, gen'lemen, has to perteck itsell

"Dat ain't my fault, gen'lemen o' de furrin stamp. Yer ken jes' go inter my new groun' an' work it out. See dat da do it, Mr. Constable." - Arkansaw Traveller.

waiter to bring me the mrangs, you "Oh, Tommy! That's not the way to

A UNANIMOUS OPINION.

served, sarcastically. "Of course I have. Mrs. Brown told

Count Tolstoi governs th

Doctor-"No, indeed. He is the most "But what makes his right arm and at home. A corn "he is daily in "Palsy !" she exclaimed, with a clasp letters fof her jeweled hands: "what could have

FOUND IN THE COLUMNS OF THE PRESS THROUGHOUT THE LAND.

A FEW HUMOROUS HITS

-A Grinding Monopoly-Not on the Fire Soil-Dave was Elected, Etc., Etc.

THE GROCER'S WOOLNG. "My dear Miss Sally Ratus," sighed the grocer on his knee. "I canned-cornsaive no butter bride than you would beef for me." "You are a silly man," replied the maid, "as one mace see"-"If vermicilli man," he cried. "I mustard-mire thee. - For, miss, the love you're kindling-wood soon make me smart, oil-though it's cinnamon to beanno good-oh! do nutmeg me go," Then with a coffee rose sand said, "before rice-starch you might give me this soap"-she sugar head and, blushing, dimmed the light. "Will ! Lime afraid of kerosene, of caress seen," said she who candies-cover what thyme mean is smart tea-nough for me." "The raisin sardine deed to guess," said he. but I will try-you fear to have my sweet caress-seen by out oider's eve." "Y r're right; you'll mak some honey comb, sud I'll lard-mit I'm carriet you candle light me with a home-now squeeze meal like you ought."-H. C.

Fair Tragedienne-"And so you liked my performance ?"

Gallant Admirer-"Oh, it was the very seme of tragic art! But I am almost sorry I went; I caught such a fear-

"Indeed! What could have caused "The tears." She gave him a free ticket for the

"Yes: but the floor was so damp."

A DITANTOM MEAT. Poor Tutor-"Know you what I do when I hunger have? Then draw I at home on my slate with chalk a white sausage. When I right severe hunger have, draw I two. Then drink I once from my mug of beer, eat a piece of bread and rub from the sausage on the slate a piece away. Then drink I again, eat again a piece of bread and rub aga should be disgusted with the fussy de- from the slate a piece of sausage away tails which they are told are necessary to _till the last morsel away is. So picture success in the business, and decline enter- I myself in I have the sausage really aten. Behold you, it is all only imagnation in the world."

> little experience at the business, as he clipped various small pieces from the features of the first customer, who, how-

HE ENEW THE VALUE OF TIME.

Sam Tubs recently opened a barber

shop in Dallas. He evidently had very

ever, paid him the usual quarter. "I want another quarter," said Sam.

stuck-up Mrs. De Rich to my party, the Mrs. Winks-"But according to the rules of etiquette you must. Mere personal dislike will not excuse you, as voit

"Dear me! Is there no way out of "None. The invitation must be sent,

"Oh I how shall I ever be able to thank you for the suggestion? I will

and next spring I'll find it in his overcoat and explain it to her."-Phila.

Decome taken before a

gin de 'fringements o' de furrin ele "We no dot much money got," said one of the prisoners.

"Oh, yes, capital supper! But I wasn't very hungry, so I just told the

pronounce M-e-r-i-n-g-u-e-s !" "No: but it is the way to get 'em I"-

"You have a fine disposition," she ob-

me to-day that she wished her hu! only had my disposition." "I wish to heaven he had.".

Russian capital, and it is saft time he moves out of his he pense attending his walk-the that is to say, of extra spies, co etc. - amounts to no less the Nor can he be much r