

On Halloween.

Do you remember a year ago, In the embers burning red and low, We tried our fortunes on this eve? Did you the augury believe— How, before the year had fully fled, I was to be engaged to wed?

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

How to Make the Farm Pay.

Greensboro, N. C. Oct. 25, '88. The question is asked "How can I make the farm pay?" The answer to the question is, "By honest dealing with the land." By expecting no more than that which is just in a given contract. Let a man make his contract for a given amount of produce. A sensible farmer has some idea as to the natural capacity of any given plot of ground, and has no right to expect unreasonably large yields. The first thing is to remove from the lands all hindrances, such as waste water standing on the land. Proper drainage is a necessity, on hills or valleys.

Then rocks, logs, brush, and indeed everything that will obstruct or hinder the growth of plants; let there be no missing hills—a full stand and not crowded, for every plant has a right to a place for full development.

Then comes preparation of soil. The under surface wants deep preparation. There is no land but what is made better by depth of culture. The deeper the better, but not turned; work into the ground all the air you can get in by depth of culture. Know ye that every inch of land is well tilled. Then comes land food, and when you begin to feed do not feed sparingly or with stint.

Be sure to make correct calculations. Do not begin to feed a large animal with a small spoon; feed in proportion to the animal to be made fat. Let all food for man, beast or land have a wide range of variety. The land cannot give that which it does not possess. The earth is honest. It will not swindle or be swindled. Honest dealing here. Most farmers have plenty of food making substance waiting, and this is left for man to gather up. All farmers should have one or more wheel-barrows, and they should be used daily in making heaps of some rotting substance. Loam from fence hedges, ditches, creek and branch muck composted with cow lot, stable and hog pens, all waste from kitchens, yards, hen houses, meat house, suds from weekly wash-tubs should be brought together by dump-barts, wagons or wheel-barrows. Put less land in cultivation and make larger crops. Grow all the clover and grasses you can feed. Feed all cows that can be kept in good condition for beef at any time you may want to use them. Be sure to avoid living in a Northern man's pocket—crib, meat-house or plant food—mortgages. That which is well done always pays the cheerful farmer.—R. R. Moore, in Progressive Era.

Making And Packing Butter.

Good cows, well fed, kindly treated and sheltered from inclement weather. Milk strained at once into tin vessels not over 8 1/2 inches in diameter, in water as deep as the milk—the water to be kept cold as 50 degrees. The cream to be churned in a revolving churn, without inside fixtures, to granules about the size of small shot. The buttermilk drawn off into a clean vessel and if any butter escapes, skim it off and return to the churn. Now rinse with good clear water (say at 49 degrees) two or three times; salt added makes it a little more searching. The butter is now moist with water and in fine granules, and the salt can be put in.

A few half revolutions of the churn with the cover off will show the even distribution of salt through the butter. If the salt is good there is no real danger of getting in too much, provided you do not put in more than will dissolve in five minutes; then put on the cover and revolve the churn, banging the butter into a mass. Now your butter is the right consistency for packing and should be at once packed solidly in a tub, with a common butter ladle. A temper, like a potato masher, is good for solid packing.

I lay great emphasis on solid packing, which if done well, removes all unnecessary moisture.—F. C. Curtis in prairie Farmer.

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

About The Churches.

The Reformed Presbyterians have been in a controversy for some time on the question of ordaining deaconesses. The question recently came before the Synod, and it decided by a vote of 93 to 24 that the ordination of a woman as deacon is in harmony with the New Testament and the constitution of the apostolic Church.—St. Louis Presbyterian.

Not only has Mr. Spurgeon withdrawn from the London Baptist Association, but his church has taken the same step. Mr. Spurgeon says: "The pastor and the Church of the Tabernacle are now free from all hampering connections with unions and associations, but by no means without communion of the warmest kind with the Lord's faithful people."—Central Methodist.

There are some who imagine that the leading branches of Methodism in England and the United States are gradually coming nearer to the Anglican and the Protestant Episcopal Churches, and that there is hope of the ultimate union of these Churches. This prophecy is born of the desire for its fulfillment. The Methodists of the world were never more distinctively Methodists than they are now, and never had less disposition to allow themselves to be absorbed by any other Church.—Western Christian Advocate.

We want to wipe out the saloon as soon as possible. In order to do that we want a temperance platform broad enough for all its antagonists. It is not necessary to cross off the Catholic societies, or the sober Germans, any more than it is the cranks who kick the Bible out of their way. Each can bring his plank to that end of the hall and lay it upon the trestles, alongside the others. If some want to put their boards a step or two higher than others, there is no objection to that. It would make a good appearance, and some might learn a song of Jeggas as they ascended to higher ground. But for a beginning, in whatever way the saloon is closed, we rejoice and will rejoice.—N. W. Presbyterian.

The revival that was kept up at Fifth Street Methodist Church for a fortnight or more, is closed. Pastor Tuttle received 31 members, and 14 children on trial. He wishes to train them before receiving them into full connection. There were between 45 and 50 professions. Rev. Mr. Oliver left yesterday for his home in South Carolina. Mr. Tuttle's four years' work has been very memorable.—Wilmington Star.

The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Cologne openly and decidedly interferes in the German elections. He orders the clergy to take an active part in the contests. The Bishops of Munster and the Bishop of Treves have issued pastorals of similar import. Here is a foreshadowing of how things will be in this country if we do not start in time to counteract it.—N. C. Presbyterian.

Do you suffer with catarrh? You can be cured if you take Hood's Sassa-parilla, the great blood purifier. Sold by all druggists.

Fifty years ago seven shoe-makers in a shop in the city of Hamburg said, "By the grace of God we will help to send the gospel to our destitute fellowmen." In twenty-five years they had established fifty self-supporting churches, had gathered out 10,000 converts, had distributed 400,000 Bibles and 8,600,000 tracts, and carried the gospel to 50,000,000 of the race.

MISCELLANEOUS.

VIRGINIA DARE.

The Romantic Story of the First American Girl Baby.

Roanoke Island was in sight as justice had been done to the baked shad and other delicacies, and the captain was reminded that he still had to tell the story of Virginia Dare, says a letter to the New York Times.

"That's where the first white child was born in America," said Captain Southgate, pointing to the crescent-shaped, low lying island the Manteo was approaching.

"What was her name, captain?" inquired the curious passengers.

"Virginia Dare," was the captain's reply. There were loud calls for the story, and as there was time, the captain spun it. Regarding the exact date of Virginia Dare's birth the captain admitted that he was in doubt, but it happened so long ago that it was a matter of minor importance. She was born on Roanoke Island, and she grew into a very lovely and blooming maiden. White men and red men from far and near heard of the beauty of Virginia Dare and came to lay themselves and their possessions at her feet. To all of them she turned a deaf ear. Suddenly she disappeared. Search was made all over Roanoke Island and the adjoining mainland, but to no purpose; not a trace of Virginia Dare could be discovered. There were many deer on Roanoke Island, and hunters noticed about the time Virginia Dare disappeared that one of the largest herds was always led by a beautiful snow-white doe. Many attempts were made to shoot this white doe, but with so little success that its wonderful sagacity and fleetness of foot were soon heralded for miles around. Noted hunters visited the island for the sole purpose of killing the white doe, but went away disappointed.

One day an old Indian wandered into the white man's settlement. He had lived all his life on the island and knew every foot of it. Had he ever seen the snow-white doe? A single grunt denoted that he had. Under the influence of frequent and heavy potations the ancient red man became in his silent way loquacious. The white doe could only be killed by a most skillful shot with a silver bullet. This information was dispatched to Jamestown and the most noted hunter in Virginia came to Roanoke Island in response. A grand hunting party was formed. The grand hunter loaded his smooth bore with a silver bullet and took his station at a point which the herd of deer would pass in its flight from the rest of the party. In good time the hunter heard the flying deer approaching. He got ready, and when the white doe shot past him a hundred yards in advance of the herd he fired. The white doe simply increased her pace, and when the rest of the hunting party reached the spot where the great hunter stood, he was compelled to acknowledge his failure. He returned to his home but promised to return and try again. He was as good as his word. Again he loaded his gun with a silver bullet and took his station, while the other hunters scattered to discover and drive the game in the right direction. For a second time the great hunter took careful aim as the white doe appeared, leading the herd. As the sound of the shot

rang through the woods the white doe took a tremendous bound and then pillowed its head on the moss-covered roots of a giant pine. The silver bullet had struck it in the heart. The great hunter waited for his companions. He was possessed of a strange foreboding. In a body the hunting party approached the spot where the owner of the silver bullet had seen the white doe fall. In its place they found the body of Virginia Dare.—Burlington, (Wis.) Republican.

A Very Contented Man.

A physician while strolling through the woods near Jacksonville, Fla., heard a peculiar noise, and looking about him, discovered an old negro sitting on a log, humming a tune. The physician approached the negro and said:

"You seem to be happy, old man."

"Wull, sah, I ain't got nuthin' ter 'plain erbout."

"Do you know that yellow fever is raging all around you?"

"Ought ter know it, sah, when I dun buried my wife yistiddy."

"Then how can you sit around here and sing?"

"Dis yere is God's worl', ain't it?"

"I suppose so."

"An' I b'longs ter God, doan I?"

"Yes."

"Well, ef de Lawd put it in my heart ter sing, I doan' see why I oughter to keep my mouf shet."

"Are you not afraid of taking the fever?"

"Whut's de use'n bein' efereed? Ef de Lawd wants me ter take it, I will, an' if he doan' I ain't, dat's all; an' sides dat, I ain't gwine ter take it no quicker ef I sings. I 'low you mer go rou'n' dat town, now, an' you'll fin' mos' o' de folks whut's got the feber didn't er tall."

"I don't see," said the amused physician, "how you can feel disposed to sing when your wife was buried only yesterday."

"No, sah, case you didn't know dat lady like I did."

"Didn't you get along well together?"

"Didn't git erlong ez well togedder ez we did erpart, sah."

"What was the trouble?"

"Oh, well, sah, I is er Baptis an' she wuz one o' deze yere blin' Meferdis. She b'leved dat flingin' er little dab o' woter on er man would do de wuck fer him, when all sensible pussions oughter know dat ef he wanter be saved he must be souzed in de bayo head an' years. I tell yer dat w'en dis yere plan er salvation comes up man better not dodge de pint. Ef John de Baptis he got out in de riber down at de ferry an' souzed folks under de water, w'y I doan' see w'y folks wanster take de chances by bein' sprinkled."

"Old man, don't you want a job of work?"

"No, sah, I kain' say dat I does."

"Isn't your name Reuben White?"

"Dat's my nomination, sah."

"Didn't I see you some time ago, going around asking for work?"

"You mou't; yes sah."

"Why did you want work then?"

"Had ter wuck den ter get suthin' ter eat."

"Don't you have to eat now?"

"Yes, but I doan' wuck fur it. Look here, you reckon I se gwine ter wuck w'en de folks all ober de country is sendin' hams an' flour an' all sorts er 'visions down yere? Is er cat gwine ter war herself out scratchin' 'roun' arter mice w'en dar's er big piece er meat lynin' side'er? Look yere, man, what sorter flosifer is you, nohow!"—Arkansaw Traveler.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chillsblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box, by Royster.

BLOOD AND BRAIN.

Pure blood is what oils the machinery of life, keeps every movement of the body, removes stiffness at the joints, drives out pain from the nerves, stimulates the brain, protects the liver and kidneys, from irritation, enables physical exertion without fatigue, prolongs life, and makes men and women perfect in health and feature. Good blood and good brain are inseparable. Aim to keep the blood pure by using the only true blood remedy, B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm).

Miss S. Tomlinson, Atlanta, Ga., says: "For many years I have been afflicted with rheumatism combined with severe kidney troubles, indigestion and nervous prostration. Several physicians were employed and numerous patent medicines resorted to without benefit. At last I began the use of B. B. B., and its effect was like magic. Rheumatic pains ceased, my kidneys were relieved, and my constitution improved at once."

Z. T. Hallerton, Macon, Ga., writes: "Three years ago I contracted a blood poison. I applied to a physician at once, and his treatment came near killing me. I employed an old physician and then went to Kentucky. I then went to Hot Springs and remained two months, but nothing seemed to cure me permanently, although temporary relief was given me. I returned home a ruined man physically, with but little prospect of ever getting well. I was persuaded to try B. B. B., and to my utter astonishment it quickly healed every ulcer."

Hot Springs. W. C. McCaughey, Webb City, Ark., writes: "I owe the comfort of my life to a use of B. B. B. I was troubled with blood poison for five or six years, and found no relief equal to that given by this valuable remedy."

Bad Blood. Mrs. Emma Griffin, Unitia, Tenn., writes: "The doctors said my boy twelve years old had scrofula. His knees were drawn up and joints were stiff, and for three years he had been unable to walk. One bottle of B. B. B. has done him so much good he can now walk, and his pain has ceased. His action on my boy has been pronounced most wonderful." (3)

Scrofula. To wash lamp chimneys so that they will not crack, place the chimneys in cold water, and then gradually heat until the boiling point is reached, then allow them to cool slowly. By repeating this operation several times the glass will become thoroughly annealed, and no fear of cracking need be had.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years, ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says. TOLEDO, O., Jan. 10, 1887. Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen:—I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience, have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions.

Yours Truly, L. L. GORSUCH, M. D., Office, 215 Summit St.

We will give \$100 for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

"Tom" Reed, of Maine, has already been slated by his friends for Speaker of the next House of Representatives. "Joe" Cannon, of Illinois, is also mentioned.

A Sound Legal Opinion. E. Brainbridge Munday Esq., County Atty., Clay Co., Tex., says: "Have used Electric Bitters with most happy results. My brother also was very low with Malaria Fever and jaundice, but was cured by timely use of this medicine. Am satisfied Electric Bitters saved his life."

Mr. D. I. Wilcoxson, of Horse Cave, Ky., adds a like testimony, saying: he positively believes he would have died, had it not been for Electric Bitters. This great remedy will ward off, as well as cure all Malaria Diseases, and for all Kidney Liver and Stomach Disorders stands unequalled. Price 50c and \$1. at Royster's Drug Store.

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