THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER: MARCH 29, 1892

| Poetry. |  |
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HE OLD NORTH STA

Oit nom mat lopely,ypot tolow



| Fremer |
| :---: |

##  <br>  <br> di, tre the nixhtingele titts his shorus gny <br>  

## 

Her foret ar teoning with all kinday of wood

## tor cenerisearegrat dest borders. surround.

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| Mita |  |
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"Nothing," replied Marie breath
lessly, "only I have such a good plan
and if you will help me, I am sure we and if you will help me, $I$ am sure we
will drive the sheriff yet. I I want you and Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Butler and
Mrs. Libby to help, and we will save
Mr. Liby from jail." Mariv now proceded to unfold her
plan, which seemed to interest hee
neighbor almost as much as herself. Together they visited the next neigh bor, who, in turn, prom ised to lot tit
other two women know the secret.
" Now", said Marie at parting. "don"

 course Mr. Libby can't pay his debts
after being ill all winter, and now just
at as he is getting better and planting is
coming on, he must go to jail Ishould
like to know how Pegky and the chll. like to know how Peggy and the chil
dren are to get anything to eat while
he is he is gone! If I were a man, he
shouldn't go. But there! Men Molks
haven't half the spunk as women |" "I am sure, Marie," returned gentle
Mrs. Noble, looking mildy into he pretty neighbor's flushell face. "W
are all sorry for
him but our husband have as much as they can do to pa
their own debts,",
"Oh, we can , any of us afford
pay the money," replied Marie. Bu
Sherift Watson is such an old cowar Sheriff Watson, is such an old cow
that he might be frightened away
it 'It won't do to go against the law,
said Mrs. Noble shaking her head
solemnly solemnly.
athe
The
 You'd see a man roasted alive rathe
than oppose the law, but the Frenct
people are different Td her know, MacDonald was a lively
Marie May hearted woman, impatient
wronk and eager to help wall wh
wrong wrong and eager to help all who
need her symathy. Her ancestors
were Freech, and from them she had were French, and from them she had
inherited her great vivacity and quick
temper. Her uusband was a scoth man, and though he consiilered hi
wife the "mantrest and most lovabl
woman in all New England, he some times wished show was not so impulsive
On her per cautious ways and guarded speech
real trial somitetime, but love an re
pect taught ench to overlook the other faults.
Just
againstSolomon Libby's crevidors. Mr
Libby had been ill all winter, and hav
ing al large family to support, had go
ing a large famiily to support, had got
int debt to a grocer in the neighbor-
ing town The country was new wand
monew was scarce, so when Mr. Litby
was notifod that if the debt was not waid he must go to jail, there was no
pae to help him, much as his neighbors As Marie cased smeaking. Mrs
Noble aroes, and taking the tea she
had leaving her neigg
black eyed baby.
Marie placed her wheel uniera apread.
iag maple near the house, and, putting The waby on the grass near her, wen
on with herspinning.
The house was built of logs and stood on a slopiog bank, at the foot of which
a little brook fretted and gurgled a
tite the pebbles that sought to stop its way
Above her rose a forest of grand old pines towering straight up into the
buue key, while their tops swayed in
in the light breeze, making mournfu music and wafting sweet incense all
around. The soft sunlight came through the shade and laid along the ground
little patches of that indecsribe colo
lithe that no artist can copy, the color
sunbeam on a bed of pine needles. Marie's white forehead wasp puckered
into two thoughtful wrinkles, and he usual merry song was tusticd. Pres
entily the baby began to cry, and sh
et her eyes suddenly brightened, and sh clapped her hands and burst into such in sympathy. shawl oper her upead and trand ron a own the
wood road leading to Mre. Noble's wit her baby in her arms. Her light feet
pre ssed the vivid moss as she hurried
on, and her dress bent clumps of grace on, and her dress bent clumps of grace
ful ferns growing by the roadide al
all full of sweet wax like blossoms just
ready to fall from among the shining leaves that sheitered them. A cat-bir
called out in mocking tones as she
passed, and a a tiny kquirrel crossed her path. She soon reached her neighbork
house, and ran in fushed and panting.
Mrs. Noble came forward in alarm Mrs. Noble came forward in alarm
"What has happened?" she asked
caressingly.

> THE HERO OF HIGH BRIDGE

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { BY ForResr crisser. } \\
& \text { "How came that man here", } \\
& \text { "cCan't tell you; and what's }
\end{aligned}
$$

## either can the superintendent nor any

of one of the extreme southwestern
ines, as we shook hands with the
keeper of the High Bridge, and swung

## special car

## All anybody knows about him," continued the roadmaster, "is, that just as the company had about given

just as the company had about given
up getting a good, responsible man to
who had been mysteriously shot, this
man walked into the superintendent's

| busy with her houshold heard a sharp, imperious door, and on answering th encountered Watson, the sh |
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| Iate |
| was |
| and |}

##  saw the superintendent so taken back in my life. He just looked at the fel- low in

 low in blank astonishment for a minute,and then blurted out: 'Why man alive!
you don't want that job; High Bridge
of
is the the lonesomest place on God's

|  | out <br> of t <br> of <br> the <br> that |
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| that |  | out any tangible clue, and only enough

of that which was intangible to form
the bai



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Hamlet, Fridy,
Elerbee Springs, Saturday

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