

Poetry.

[Writ ten for THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER] "THE OLD NORTH STATE."

In our fair land of this far West, shines one bright State the home of the blest. Where the birds fit by and sweetly sing. Where we live in with her pleasure sing.

HOW THEY DROVE THE SHERIFF "It is a wicked shame!" said little Mrs. MacDonald, turning her flax-wheel with a fierce energy. "Of course Mr. Libby can't pay his debts after being ill all winter, and now just as he is getting better and planting is coming on, he must go to jail. I should like to know how Peggy and the children are to get anything to eat while he is gone! If I were a man, he shouldn't go. But there! Men-folks haven't half the spunk as women!"

busy with her household duties, she heard a sharp, imperious rap at her door, and on answering the summons encountered Watson, the sheriff. Mr. Watson was a round, short, red-faced man with sandy whiskers and green eyes and a low, wheezy voice. He was exceedingly unpopular on account of his insolence and cowardice. It was a mystery how he ever got the office of sheriff. Just now he was mounted on a tall, lank white horse, and was so inflated with the sense of his own importance that he seemed ready to burst. Marie said to her husband afterwards that he looked for all the world like a great, yellow pumpkin.

in the office at the time; and I never saw the superintendent so taken back in my life. He just looked at the fellow in blank astonishment for a minute, and then blurted out: 'Why man alive! you don't want that job; High Bridge is the loneliest place on God's earth.' 'All the better,' said the fellow, in a cold-blooded way. 'Very well, then, the place is yours,' said the superintendent, and that's the beginning and end of all this company knows about Argus Steele.

for the position as keeper of High Bridge I did nothing but search for some knowledge of my child, but with out any tangible clue, and only enough of that which was intangible to form the basis for a hope or an impression that she was living. Under that impression I have not only scoured Italy but every country in which I had hopes of finding a clue. Much of my search pilgrimage has been made on the wheel which some of you have noticed in the 'look-out' at the bridge. On the day which I applied for the position as keeper, the last of my fortune had been spent and I had only a few books and my wheel. I could part with neither of these. My resources were exhausted and must be replenished. More than this I was led to seek this position from the very fact that it was solitary and isolated. The impression was so strong upon me that, as I had exhausted several years and thousands of dollars in search of my child among the people, without results, there might be a paradoxical providence in pursuing an opposite course of retirement, seclusion and rest from pursuit.

APPOINTMENTS. Dr. N. M. Culbreth, Lecturer for the Sixth Congressional District, will address the members and friends of the Alliance at the following times and places: BRUNSWICK COUNTY. New Britain, Friday, April 1. Mt. Pisgah, Saturday, " 2. Bethel, Monday, " 4. Town Creek, Tuesday, " 5.

The Progressive Farmer from April 1st to Nov. 15th for Fifty Cents. Make up your clubs.

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