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THE COMMONWEALTH.

THE LAND WE LOVE. Terms: \$2 00 per year in Advance. VOL. I. SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1882. NO. 6.

A LOVE THAT IS STRONGER.

BY JULIA G. GILBERT.

They say that a lover is tender. And faithful and loving and kind. That a husband is always complaining.

HOW HE LOST HIS LOVE.

BY CARL RAYMOND.

"Bill, I say," observed one trapper to another, as the two sat smoking their pipes before their camp-fire.

A TRAPPER'S STORY.

"Bill, I say," observed one trapper to another, as the two sat smoking their pipes before their camp-fire.

like a couple of deer. I had my pistols and Bowie in my belt, and felt proud, and Phoebe was in high spirits, too.

"Better hold on and make a night out, Bill!" says some of the boys. "I must get home," says Phoebe.

"We hadn't gone more'n three miles, when it began to snow, fine and dry, with the wind driving it powerful.

"Dear me," she says, faint like; "I believe I'm almost asleep."

"Just as I'd said this, I heard some cussed wolves begin to howl—first here, then there, then yonder—

"Yes, I will, William," she says, so I could scarcely hear her; "purty soon I will, William—but I'm so sleepy now—I jest wants one little nap."

"I shook her again like fury, calling her all sorts of hard names, jest to rouse her by making her mad."

"Then I knowed, of I didn't start a fire right quick, she'd die for sartain; and stripping off my big bar-skin coat, I wrapped it round her,

and laid her down in a drift for the warmest place, and went to work with my knife to cut sticks and twigs for kindlings.

"I never knowed how many wolves that war round us that night; but it peared to me as ef they'd bin let loose from all creation; and sich snapping and snarling, and growling and barking, and yelping, and fighting, as they done right close about me—with a hundred balls of fire moving up and down and hither and yon, and now and then some shadowy figur bounding for'ard, as ef to grab me, and whisking past so close that I sometimes felt his breath—all this war enough to drive 'most any man crazy, ef thar'd even bin no poor sweet gal a freezing to death at his feet to make his feelings awful beyond what words could tell.

"I knowed they war covards as wouldn't dar to attack me when I's facing 'em, but then I couldn't face 'em all at once; though I kept turning round and round to keep 'em off my back—for I knowed thar hunger would make 'em risk that much of it once they got a good chance."

"Wall, they kept me so busy that I couldn't git no chance to do nothing for Phoebe, who didn't peared to mind 'em at all, all but laid thar in the snow as ef she war dead, which I's afraid she war, though I kept praying powerful that the Lord He'd somehow preserve her through."

"All thar night long I stood over that poor gal, and kept the cussed wolves off of her; and at daylight they all sneaked away, one arter t'other, till only me and her was left. Then, as I looked down on to her, as she laid thar so still, I war afraid to Iarn the truth; and when I did bend down to her and shook her, I shook myself as ef I had a agur-it."

"But what did I find Jim? Oh, my God! what did I find? Accorse, Jim! a colt, icy corpse! Poor Phoebe Lukens war froze to death!"

"I don't hardly know what I done arter that, Jim," concluded the narrator, sobbing like a child; "but I found my way out of that swamp somehow, and got people to go for her. But I didn't tend the funeral, Jim, for war sick abed with a brain fever. And as soon as I got well, I put off for the wilderness, to spend the rest of my wretched life away from women-kind."

"Thar, Jim, you've got the awful story, and you knows now why I keeps away from them as makes me think too much about poor dear Phoebe Lukens, who's dead and gone, and has took my heart into t'other world with her. Thar's not none living like her, Jim, and so I keeps away from them as makes me think of her, for I can't never love ag'in."

bit of the blood just before her arrest. In a little book entitled 'What I know about the Goodrich Tragedy,' which she wrote before her talk with me, she denied the murder. She would not tell me where she went to live after the murder, but she said: 'If you find my room you will find there in my trunk Goodrich's watch and pistol and a package of earth.'

"What did you have the earth for?" I asked. "Oh," she said, "I loved the very ground that he walked on, and so I dug up some of it to keep."

"We found her home, which was in a room in High street, by sending to every house in Brooklyn and asking if any young woman belonging to the house or having a room there had been missing for two days, for then we had had her for that length of time, and it was not publicly known that we had arrested her."

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A corn broom is best, since it takes out the dirt and does not hurt the horse. There are over sixty corn-canning establishments in the state of Maine, and the number of cars of corn annually put up is nearly 12,000,000.

In the year 1819 wheat sold for 25 cents per bushel, while woolen blankets were worth from \$10 to \$25 per pair. Now wheat is worth \$1.50 and blankets from \$3 to \$10.

The raspberry is a native of mountain or cool northern climate. Hot, dry soil is its abomination, and it is always on the alert to "run out" in these situations.

Dr. Ellis of Russell county, Kan., a large wheat-grower, understands the value of sheep upon land so thoroughly that he advertises he will pay 10 cents per head for sheep to pasture upon his fields.

It is easy to give advice to thoroughly call the flocks and herds; to castrate every inferior male, and as nearly as practicable convert all females not up to a satisfactory standard into beef, mutton or pork.

The animals turned off for meat will, ordinarily, give a fair profit. There is no absolute loss, only a reduction of profit as compared with what would have been realized had they been good individuals kept for breeding purposes.

Farmers so habitually follow in the time-worned ruts of their fathers that they do not take kindly to innovation of any sort. Seeding grass with root crops, however new to our old-fashioned, roundabout practice, is nevertheless a good plan.

York county, Pennsylvania, reports a colt that kills and eats chickens, pigeons and ducks. Twelve tons of beets to the acre is a frequent European average, from which is extracted 1.5 tons sugar.

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