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VOLUME IV.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1888.

NUMBER 17.

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method of...
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I have...
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Retrospect.
I see again the sudden flock
Of sunshine on her dusky hair,
The round young curves of throat and neck
The faded gown she used to wear.
I feel her timid hand grow cold
Within my own, and hear again
Her shy, sweet whisper as of old,
"No not good-bye, and widderschen!"
The gnarled, gray apple tree, astray
With little winds, let fall a rain
Of pinky blossoms all over her,
Home-stepping thro' the long green lanes,
The thrush pip noisily, and see!
She pauses with a wistful smile
To wave a last farewell to me
Still lingering by the trying stile,
Ah, sweetheart, that was years ago,
And Time soon taught us to be wise,
To laugh at Love's poor, painted show
And look at Life with clearer eyes,
I joined long since the cynic crowd,
You in a palace over seas,
A silken beauty, pale and proud,
Have no such memories as these.
And yet, somehow, I'd like to be
A fool again, and just live thro'
The days when you believed in me,
And I, poor lad, believed in you.

"HIGH JORDAN."
He was six feet two, and as clumsy
as he was tall. He would come into
lectures and lectures, take his seat
without a word or a sign of recognition
to any one, fall at work upon his notes
in perfect silence, and then shamble out
again. At first an amused smile went
around the class whenever he entered
the room, but the students soon got
used to his odd ways, and he came and
went without remark.
His name was Hiram Jordan. "High"
Jordan, big, good-natured Joe Stanley
called him one day, with a laugh, and
the nickname stuck like a burr, as nick-
names will.
No one seemed to know anything
about him. He was poor, that was evi-
dent enough, for his ill-fitting clothes
were of the cheapest material. He as-
sociated with none of the boys, and sel-
dom appeared on the campus.
There happened that year to be un-
usual interest in the class races. The
crows were very evenly matched, and it
was hard to say which of them stood
the better chance of winning.
"It's dollars and pennies which comes
in first," plainly said Joe Stanley,
captain of our crew. "If I only had a
good seven, I think I could make it,
but there doesn't seem to be a man in
the class fitted for the position," and,
try our best, we could find no better
man than Charley Harvey, who was a
good fellow, certainly, but not a "good
seven."
One afternoon, as the members of
this crew were lying around on the
boat, just before their usual daily pull,
High Jordan came up and asked for
Stanley. Joe was in the boat-house fix-
ing his stretcher, and Jordan was told
to walk in. The two men did not come
out for some time, and when they all
finally appear, every one was surprised
to hear Joe say:
"Boys, Jordan has rowed a good deal,
and wants to try 'seven,' and I am
going to give him a chance to pull there
today."
Poor Charley Harvey's face showed
his disappointment. He had been
working very hard to keep his place in
the boat, and now he was to be crowded
out, and of all men by "High" Jordan!
"Shan't I row today?" he asked, un-
able to conceal his chagrin.
"I don't see how we can work it,
Charley," answered Joe, kindly.
"Hadin't you just as lief rest today?"
Harvey watched the boat as she slid
off the flat. His eyes were on one man,
the new number seven. At the word,
the men leaned forward, their oars
struck the water simultaneously, and
the shell shot lightly ahead. The time
was perfect.
"It's all up with me!" murmured
Charley. "That's the man we have
been looking for," he turned and
went off to his room.
Every man in the boat sympathized
strongly with Charley Harvey. High
Jordan's popularity was not increased
by his sudden cutting out of the hard-
est worker and one of the most popular
men of the class, and no little grum-
bling was heard from the crew, though
they must have seen at once that Jordan
was the better man of the two.
"It's a beastly shame to put Charley
out, I know," said Joe Stanley, who
could not help noticing the prevalent
feeling. "I would like to see him in
the boat as well as any of you. You
know that, for there is no man in col-
lege I like better. I know Jordan is col-
legiate to our set, and is what you
call a mull, but he is a good fellow, for
all that, and the best oar in the boat,
and as captain of the crew, I am bound
to keep the best man."

The weeks slipped by, and confidence
in our crew steadily increased. The
race was now only three weeks off, and
the names of the crew were officially
announced in order that the men might
be initiated into the "H. K." the class
society.
This society, although one remained
an active member of it for only one
year, was the controlling fact in the
social life of the class. The first mem-
bers were elected by those who had
formed the society in the preceding

class, and the new members elected
others of their own class. But a
"crewman" was understood to be en-
titled to membership in the "H. K."
almost as a matter of right. To be
sure, it required only one blackball
to reject a candidate, but no one had ever
known a member of the crew to be
voted against.
Charley Harvey was president of the
society, and generally the most genial
and open-hearted man among us. But
late he had not seemed himself. On
the night of the election he was rather
pale, and as he took his seat I noticed
a peculiar expression in his eyes such
as I had never seen before.
After the usual preliminaries, the
balloting opened, the members of the
crew being proposed and elected in the
order of their positions in the boat.
When number seven was proposed Har-
vey's face became positively black, and
it flashed upon me what that peculiar
expression had meant.
He did not hesitate as the box was
passed to him, but cast his vote with a
cool and steady hand, though his count-
enance betrayed the agitation under
which he was laboring.
The secretary started upon opening
the ballot-box, and then leaned over to
Harvey and whispered in his ear. Har-
vey nodded gloomily, whereupon the
secretary arose and said in a voice full
of emotion, "I regret to say that Mr.
Jordan has not been elected."
A dead silence followed. Every man
in the room looked at the speaker in
utter amazement. Such a thing as the
rejection of a member of the crew, and
for no reason which any one would
dare to avow, was enough to create in-
tense excitement in that little company.
Number "eight" was proposed and
elected hurriedly, and the meeting ad-
journed in confusion. On my way to
my room I overtook Harvey, and step-
ping quickly up to him I slipped my arm
through his, hoping I might be able to
talk with him about the matter; but he
wrenched his arm from mine and turned
abruptly away without a word. Some-
body had just let him and although I
could not see very well in the darkness
I thought it was Joe Stanley.
The next day it was rumored that
Stanley had "cut Harvey dead" on the
campus. Jordan conducted himself, mean-
while, with great dignity, and com-
manded the respect of the entire
class, while Harvey kept studiously out
of sight.
It looked out, not long afterward, that
"High" Jordan was not only doing his
work in college, and trying for honor
and a scholarship, but at the same time
was teaching a night school in the town.
I don't know who it was discovered
this, but I remember very well that I
was with Harvey when we heard the
news. Poor fellow! It was impossible
not to pity him. Evidently he had
long since repented of his action, and
this piece of news was all that was
needed to make him utterly miserable.
He was absent from prayers next morn-
ing, and no one saw him all day.
But the next night a special meeting
of the "H. K." was called by order of
the president, and when the members
were assembled, Harvey arose and said,
briefly:
"I have called this meeting to repair
as far as possible a great wrong which
I was mean enough to do the best man
in our class. I desire to apologize to
the crew, to the society, and to Mr.
Jordan for the insult; and I beg leave
to propose Hiram Jordan for the
"H. K.""
That night I saw Joe Stanley and
Harvey walk homeward arm in arm, in
their old friendly way; and I learned
afterwards that they went straight to
"High" Jordan's room.
The day of the races came at last, and
every man in the college, adorned with
his class-colors, went down to the river
early to get a good position from which
to view the great contest.
It would be a close race—the closest
ever known in college; and though every
man in our class cherished a kind of
faith that our boat would win, yet no
one dared assert his opinion without an
"if" or an "unless."
The hour for the start was set at four
o'clock, and the crowd along the banks
waited patiently until the broad day sun
until the last minutes; but when a quar-
ter of an hour, and then half an hour
passed, and no boats appeared, the
crowd began to grow restless. Charley
Harvey in particular, was in a fever of
excitement.
"Why don't they start?" he repeated
a dozen times. "The time and body work
of our men are perfect, but the wind is
freshening and will tell against us more
than against any other boat for we have
the outside course. Why don't they
start?"
He was looking up the river through
a field-glass, watching the course and
complaining by turns. Suddenly I saw
his face light up. "They are off!" he
cried.
Far up the course we could see the
flash of the oar-blades in the bright sun-
light—that was all. Then four black
streaks, each with two glittering lines
of oar-blades, drew into sight. The
first excited murmur died away, and
the crowd was perfectly still. Soo-

lines broadened out into graceful
arcs, and the next instant we could
ferry thirty-two brawny backs rising
and falling with the regularity of clock-
work, as they urged the beautiful, taper-
ing shells like knife-blades through
the water.
We could hear the little coxswains
scouting the strokes and singing out
words of encouragement. The boats
would soon be up to and past us. On
they came, the first three all in a bunch,
with the other close behind. As they
shot by, my gaze was fixed upon
"High" Jordan. He was pulling with
the strength of a giant, the bunches of
muscle in his broad chest and powerful
arms swelling and contracting in time
with the long stroke of the oars, his
eyes flashing, his nostrils quivering, his
teeth clenched.
On they went, we running after them
like mad. Still no one of the boats
seemed to take a lead. The finish line
was almost reached when I heard our
coxswain's shrill voice:
"Now, boys, one more spurt!"
Then I saw "High" Jordan gather
himself together, and half rise in his
seat. At that moment our boat seemed
to shiver, and drop behind, but the
next instant, with one tremendous
sweep of Jordan's oar, it shot across the
finish, a winner by four feet.
When the yelling and excitement had
died away sufficiently for a single voice
to be heard, Charley Harvey proposed
nine cheers for "seven."
I have heard many a lusty cheer for
our dear old college, but never such a
one as then, when every man on the
river bank, no matter what his class,
lent his lungs to a long, rolling, "Rah,
rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah!" for
"High" Jordan.—[Youth's Com-
panion.]

Egyptian Irrigation.
The usual method of irrigation on the
banks of the Nile in Egypt is by means
of a system known as the "Sakiah."
This, says a correspondent of the De-
troit Free Press, is a series of buckets
affixed to an endless rope revolving over
a large wheel, worked by a cog, the
motive power being a go-around lever
propelled by an ox, cow, donkey or
camel, sometimes singly, at others
yoked together in the most comical
fashion. In the beds, or stretched to
the Sakiah, one finds himself amused
by seeing a large camel, seven or
eight feet high, hitched as one of a
pair with a mite of a little jockey
bigger than the hump on his back. An-
other method is the shaduf. This ap-
paratus, of which two or three are
grouped one above another, according
to the height of the bank, consists of
two upright posts with a crosspiece at
the top, on which a sort of lever of
beam works—a stem, the main trunk of
the palm tree, with the roots at one end,
serving as a weight. At the other end
is a bucket made of goatskin. A man
at this end draws it down to the water's
edge, fills it and allows the weighted
end to raise it. A man empties it into
a crude reservoir, simply a hole in the
ground, and number two or three, as
the case may be, in turn, by exactly the
same process, convey the water into a
canal, one of a system supplying the
neighboring plantation. The matter of
irrigating the land is the same whether
the sakiah or shaduf be employed as
the means of raising the water. We
next see women and girls drawing water
direct from the river into earthen jars,
which they carry away on their heads.
This is for domestic or family use only.
During the two or three months of the
inundation it is, of course, necessary to
resort to artificial means of procuring
water. These are only used when the
river is at a low stage.

Shoeing Horses.
The shoeing of horses, says the Farm,
Field and Stockman, is an old, prob-
ably, as the history of the general use of
this animal in war. At least some cov-
ering provided to save the hoofs in
journies over rocky and broken ground.
The Chinese have used temporary foot
coverings; so have other nations. In
fact the period when shoes were nailed
to the feet of horses is lost in the ob-
scenity of antiquity, but it is supposed
to have had its origin in the east.
The Romans in the palmy days of the
empire, or rather certain persons of
great wealth and high position, shoe
their favorite horses with gold. The
nailed shoe of metal came into England
with William the Conqueror, and it
came not only to stay, but to be gener-
ally adopted wherever civilization has
extended.
The shoeing of horses has not only
become general, but it has been abused.
That is, there has been too much con-
stant shoeing of farm horses winter and
summer. It has even resulted in mod-
ifying the foot of the horse, destroying
the extreme toughness of the shell of
the hoof, and rendering the hoof tender.
If the farm horse is shod only when
working on hard roads continuously,
the hoofs seldom wear too thin for the
ordinary work of the farm. When shod,
except for icy roads, the shoes are bet-
ter without calkins, and for pretty
much all work on the road, summer and
winter, too pieces, or rather what are
known as three-quarter pieces, are bet-
ter for the horse than full shoes.

FARM NO. 1.
Four hundred acres, two and one-half
miles from the beautiful town of Scot-
land Neck. About two hundred acres
in cultivation. One good Dwelling
House, one good Gin House, and other
out-houses. Good orchard and good
water. Location desirable.
PRICE \$4,500.

FARM NO. 2.
Two hundred and seventy-five acres,
two and one-half miles from Scot-
land Neck. One hundred and twenty-five
acres in cultivation. Good Dwelling
House and good water.
PRICE \$2,750.

FARM NO. 3.
Two hundred acres, two miles from
Scotland Neck. Eighty acres Fresh
Land. Good Dwelling, some out-houses
and orchard, and good water.
PRICE \$2,500.

ALSO,
Two Store-houses, and one Dwelling
House in the town of Scotland Neck.
The farms described above are all well
adapted to the production of corn, cot-
ton, wheat, oats, peanuts, field peas, po-
tatoes, and vegetables of all kinds.
Three good churches in the town of
Scotland Neck, Methodist, Baptist and
Episcopal, and a Primitive Baptist church
near the town, together with two of the
best and most flourishing academies—
male and female—in the state, make this
one of the most desirable sections in
North Carolina. The proposed estab-
lishment of an oil mill and a conning
factory will soon add much to the ad-
vantage of owning property in this com-
munity.
Any and all the property described
above may be bought for one-fourth cash,
with a much larger sum as desired on the re-
mainder.
—APPLY TO—

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Four hundred acres, two and one-half
miles from the beautiful town of Scot-
land Neck. About two hundred acres
in cultivation. One good Dwelling
House, one good Gin House, and other
out-houses. Good orchard and good
water. Location desirable.
PRICE \$4,500.

FARM NO. 2.
Two hundred and seventy-five acres,
two and one-half miles from Scot-
land Neck. One hundred and twenty-five
acres in cultivation. Good Dwelling
House and good water.
PRICE \$2,750.

FARM NO. 3.
Two hundred acres, two miles from
Scotland Neck. Eighty acres Fresh
Land. Good Dwelling, some out-houses
and orchard, and good water.
PRICE \$2,500.

ALSO,
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PRICE \$4,500.

FARM NO. 2.
Two hundred and seventy-five acres,
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House and good water.
PRICE \$2,750.

FARM NO. 3.
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have tried many remedies, but
without success. I was advised
to try your remedy, and I did so,
and in a few days I was cured.
I am now perfectly well, and
I can do my usual work, and
I feel that I owe you a great
debt of gratitude. I will be
glad to give my name to any
one who may be afflicted with
this disease.
Mrs. J. P. Pearson.

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Cure, Mrs. J. P. Pearson,
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I have been afflicted with
sore legs for many years, and
I have tried many remedies,
but without success. I was
advised to try your Sore Leg
Cure, and I did so, and in a
few days I was cured. I am
now perfectly well, and I
feel that I owe you a great
debt of gratitude. I will be
glad to give my name to any
one who may be afflicted with
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