

THE NEW ERA
—IN THE—
Piedmont Region,
—AS IT—
circulates in Every County of
that Section.

NEW ERA.

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THE NEW ERA,
—THE—
LEADING NEWSPAPER
—IN—
Piedmont Carolina.

VOL. 3. SHELBY, N. C., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1887. NO. 33.

BUSINESS CARDS.

McBRAYER & RYBURN,
Attorneys at Law,
SHELBY, N. C.
Prompt attention to all business
transacted in the
Office in Commercial hotel.

H. GABANISS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
And United States Commissioner,
SHELBY, N. C.

PRACTICES in the courts of Cleve-
land and Rutherford counties.
Office on West Warren street. 28-1f.

B. Frank Wood,
Attorney at Law.
SHELBY, N. C.

**COMMISSIONER of Deeds for South
Carolina.**

DR. VICTOR McBRAYER
SHELBY, N. C.
OFFERS his professional services to
the people of Shelby and surrounding
country. Office in old Postoffice Build-
ing. 14-1f.

T. B. JUSTICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND REAL ESTATE AGENT,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

**SPECIAL attention given to collections
of all kinds, and to the sale of real
estate and resting of Real Estate, and
the investigation of and preparation of Titles,
Mortgages, &c.
Office at court house, in County Treas-
urer's office. 14-1f.**

New Tin Shop.
H. Esbridge's old stand, Shelby, N. C.
I solicit the patronage of those needing tin
ware, Tin Roofing and Gutting, Val-
ley Tin, Sheet Iron, Copper, &c. Satis-
faction guaranteed in every respect.
J. H. HIGHTOWER.

T. W. EBELTOFT,
—DEALER IN—
BOOKS, STATIONERY, ARTISTS'
Materials, etc. We receive and
sell all the NEW ERA and
other leading publications. If you need
anything in his line, call on him at the
Post Office Building, Shelby, N. C. 9b.

WATT ELLIOTT,
Fashionable Barber and Hair-Dresser,
SHELBY, N. C.
HAVING secured an expert assistant
I am prepared to do all tonsorial work
in the most stylish manner. He has moved into his
new shop south of the court house, which
is suitably furnished. 1-1f.

Graton Guthrie,
(Young America)
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

—DEALER IN—
FRUITS, CONFECTIONERIES, CIG-
ars, Tobacco, Mustard, etc. I sell
only the freshest and best goods.
My store is hardware store and the Guthrie
House. 10-1f.

HOTELS.

Commercial Hotel,
SHELBY, N. C.,
W. CLARKE, Proprietor.
THE best furnished and best kept Hotel
in the Western part of the State. Per-
sonal attention guaranteed. Public pat-
ronage solicited.
At the beginning of the year the Com-
mercial Hotel was completely re-fur-
nished and refitted with the new
management the house has been re-fitted
and furnished anew. No effort will be
made to maintain its well-deserved popu-
larity. Rooms newly carpeted and new
furniture. Best servant attendance.
Table first-class. 10-1f.

THE AIR LINE HOTEL,
Black's, S. C.,
ONE of the Neatest, Cleanest and
Best kept hotels in the State.
Careful attention at all times.
Mrs. M. E. BLANTON,
Proprietress.

MERCHANT'S HOTEL,
BLACK, S. C.
THIS House is conveniently situated on
Main Street, to the Depots and busi-
ness part of town and has been newly fur-
nished with spring beds and mattresses.
Table furnished with the best market
articles. Polite servants who give every
attention to guests. "Porter criers" all
"bells" sample room at the house. First-
class Livery Stables attached.
J. W. THOMSON,
Proprietor.

Forest City Hotel,
FOREST CITY, N. C.
N. HIGGERSSTAFF, PROPRIETOR.
HOUSE and furniture new. Every
thing in first-class style. Rates low.

GUTHRIE HOUSE,
Rutherfordton, N. C.
THE undersigned has taken charge of
the above named house and will en-
deavor to keep his tables supplied with
the best market articles, and will spare no
pains in making his guests comfortable.
Rates reasonable.
W. S. GUTHRIE,
Proprietor.

INEXPRESSION.

To dream; to feel a tugging at the heart;
Dim visions of a face that come and go;
A memory floating from the long ago,
A longing like the thrill when lovers part,
A thought half-grasped; a sense of beauty
near;
A fleeting glimpse: a joy a moment
given—
Too vague for words save in the tongue
of heaven,
Whose only earthly language is a tear.

To strive for utterance, yet all in vain,
As oft, when waking from a blissful
dream,
We try to recollect its joys again,
To have it vanish in a misty gleam:
In earthy dress the glory fades away,
We heard the song, and only echoes stay.
—F. L. Pattee.

Diamond Jack's Ward.

A quiet wedding took place in Den-
ver recently which caused a ripple
among the old miners of '79, who re-
membered the sweet bride as a tiny
girl who came to the camp when the
gold craze was at its height. She was
married to a wealthy mine owner, and
is now whirling across the continent to
take a steamer for Europe. Her hus-
band looks with pride upon his girl-
wife, who is not yet 18 years of age,
and still calls her his "little gal."

But to go back to the days of '79,
and tell the story as it was told by a
rough old miner, who held up a glass
of sparkling champagne in honor of
the bride at a little supper after the
wedding:

"We were pretty crazy in them days,
I tell yer, but we knowed a straight
article when we onet put our eyes on't,
all the way down from a pan o' dirt to
a lump o' color. There was no foolin'
us when we didn't want to be fooled.
Lots of wimmin came to camp and tuck
dust on't the boys, but they wasn't
the kind that washed our shirts. One
mornin', 'n it was a drizzlin' cold day,
the stage stopped down the road and a
woman 'n little gal got off. She didn't
hev no luggage, and we boys that was
loadin' round th' door of 'Jim's
Ranch', saw that she pulled her shawl
round her tight to make her caliker
dress look a leetle warmer. They come
straight to the saloon, and their
little gal hung onto her mother's hand
right and looked at us with big blue
eyes that had been eryin' lately, 'cause
yer ead see their leetle-ears. Her hair
was all curls 'round her head, and
made us think of babies that was warm
and snug back in the States, those of
us that heid any. Well, the woman came
up to us and said she wanted ter get a
place ter stay, and if we thought she
could do-yashin' of the shirts for the
gentlemen that were miners enough ter
be comfortable."

"I looked at Bill Lane and he looked
at me, fer we didn't know what ter
tell her, when up stepped Diamond
Jack and says:

"Go over ter her hotel and tell 'em
I sent yer, and I'll come over at sup-
per time and talk ter yer."

"And he handed her the card that
answered fer him through the camp—
the jack o' diamonds."

"She looked at her card and said
"Thank you, sir, in a voice that made
Bill and me wish we hed done some-
thin' fer her too, and then went 'cross
the street leadin' the little one with
her."

"Diamond Jack was a miner that us
boys in the camp all looked up to. He
never drank hard, yet was always
around takin' a little suttin' when a
woman was goin'. He hed got a tough
reputation of bein' a bad man to deal
with, but how he came to it was never
understood, 'cause he wasn't a quarrel-
some cuss, even when he dropped his
pile at the 'back. He was a dead shot,
and that dose was probably th' rea-
son he was called bad."

"The next mornin', after supper, as they
miners drifted across th' saloon, we
noticed Jack wasn't there. He was
sittin' in the rude, half-furnished par-
lor of her hotel with th' little gal on
his knee and encouragin' the woman
the best he knowed how. By and by
he come over the way, and we all stop-
ped talkin' when he came in and wait-
ed fer him ter say what he wanted ter.
He came in to the middle of the room
and stopped."

"Boys," he said, in a low tone,
'we're all big, stout men, with plenty
o' dust, and th' little woman and gal
over there ain't got a cent. Not 'nuff
clothes to keep 'em warm, even. An'
what's worse, she's been drove away
from home by her husband, and come
over here. Ye needn't mind her story
—it's bad 'nuff agin' her man. She
wants to get washin', and we need it
bad. And we'll pay her some fer it,
and make believe she earns it all her-
self. I'm goin' ter fix up her shanty
over the first big wash and she ken
hev that fer me. Now, what's ther rest
o' ye willin' ter give?"

"He said it in a slow, measured way
and then gave us plenty of time ter
think about it. Finally, Bill Lane
pulled off his hat and looked down
sheepishly at her floor, and quicker 'n
lightnin' every hat was off, but Bill,
he'd the first show and ther gold and
silver dinked inter his hat as it went
round, and several bits o' paper with

rough scrawls on 'em went in and was
worth mor'n all the rest. Diamond
Jack set th' hat down on th' bar, and
we all had a drink that he paid fer.
Then he counted th' stuff and took it
over th' hotel.

"Two days afterward th' woman and
little gal were comfortably fixed in
Diamond Jack's shanty by th' big
wash."

"We didn't see nothin' of the gal fer
a few days, and then she come round
and asked fer ther gentlemen's shirts.
We gave them to her, and a couple o'
days afterward she brought them home
clean and with all the buttons sewed
on. After that she came regularly
each week, and we all 'gan to watch
fer her like a piece o' gold that was
shinin' on her curls all th' time. She
didn't look white and pinched, like
when she first came, but was bright
and rosy and always laughed when we
gave her ther money fer th' washin',
and said 'Thank you, sir,' in such a
pretty way that we all loved her."

"Th' winter was gettin' 'long to-
wards spring, and one week she didn't
come fer th' shirts as usual. We mis-
sided her, and asked Diamond Jack what
was th' matter. He hed ben used to
goin' down ter th' shanty quite often
at first ter see th' mother, but now he
only went when she sent ter him. He
said he would go down and see, but he
didn't come back that night, although
several of the boys hung around th'
ranch waitin' fer him till late."

"Th' next forenoon he came into th'
saloon and called fer a glass of whis-
ky. He looked haggard and pale, and
his eyes were bright and feverish. We
asked about the little gal."

"'Tain't her, boys, 'tain't her! She's
all right, but it's th' mother! He stop-
ped 'n his face kind o' twit-
ered. 'She's dead and lays down there
in ther shanty cold and white. The lit-
tle one ain't got any one in th' world
to look after her but me, and, he ad-
ded, after a pause, 'th' shall hev her.
Boys, I told yer when they first came
that ye needn't mind the story agin
her husband, that it was bad enough.
Well, I'll tell it now. This woman was
a rich man's only child, and this
cuss made love ter her and married
agin her father's consent. He din-
nered her, and then her husband
abused her because she didn't hev any
money. She lived with him till last
fall and he kicked her out of the house
and took another woman to live with
her. She came here, and yer know th' rest."

"Then he stopped again and went
on: 'No, yer don't know the rest, and
I might as well tell it as any one. Last
night when I was down there the doc-
tor told me she was dyin'. She wanted
to see me, and I went in and sat by
the bed. She gave me a letter ter
read, which was from a lawyer in Eng-
land, and it said her father had died and
she would inherit his money. He said
his wishes he hed out her off without
a cent, but it was all ter go to the wee
baby gal he hed seen in her arms the
year after she was married. Then it
said that her father forgave her and
sent her his dyin' blessing. The woman
was dyin' herself, yet she smiled
when I read that part."

"Jack's voice dropped lower and he
spoke slow—

"'And I promised her th' I would
look after her little gal as I would if
she were my own, and I kissed ther
dyin' woman when I promised. It's
th' first time my lips hev touched a
woman since I kissed my own dead mother.
And if I don't keep my word and take
ther best o' care o' ther little one, may
I never see either one in the next
world!"

"Jack's head sank down on his arms,
and he cried like a kid. There were
tears in other eyes and sorrow settled
over the boys. They had all had moth-
ers. During the recital of the story
Jack's face and manner betrayed to
the boys that it was more than friend-
ly interest that had taken him to the
outage and of the hopeless love he had
had borne for the dead woman. And
in each heart there was a responsive
sympathy to his grief."

"After an effort he raised his head
and spoke again.

"The doctor unrolled a little white
bag, and showed me the tiny
baby that was born last night, but th'
little feller was dead. There was an
ugly black mark on his temple that
showed where that brute husband
struck ner. The baby's dead, and the
mother's sleepin' too. And if the father
ever comes ter claim th' little gal she
led he will be a dead man, so help me
God!" Jack's hand was held aloft,
and the flash from his eyes showed he
meant business, and would do just
what he said."

"One by one the miners passed out
until th' saloon was empty, and Jack
returned to th' shanty."

"The next day but one was the fun-
eral. Diamond Jack held the hand
of the little gal and led her to the cof-
fin, to take a last look at the face of
her dead mother."

"When the first shovel o' dirt fell
on the coffin Jack's face got as white
as the snow that yet lingered on the
ground. The miners fled slowly out
of the little graveyard, and left the
lone woman asleep at last where life's
sorrows would weary her no more."

"A few weeks later a stranger
lounched into the saloon and inquired

for a woman and little gal, his wife
and daughter, he said. Diamond Jack
sprang to his feet and walked quickly
up to him.

"If you wish to see her, come with
me," he said, abruptly, leading ther
way and walking to ther door. "I can
tell yer all yer wantin' know."

"Several of the boys started ter fol-
low, but with a wave of the hand,
Jack motioned them ter remain. To-
ward dusk he walked out to the yard
where the dead woman was buried,
and found the stranger lyin' across
the low mound, with a bullet in his
heart."

"Diamond Jack carried an ugly
wound in his shoulder and walked into
the room quietly. We didn't ask
questions fer we could guess at all of
it."

"He came up to the table and told
the story. 'I gave him a fair show
and let him do the countin'. Yer
know the rest. He isn't fit to lie on
her grave, but there was where he was
standin'. He came to take the gal
away from the mother, because he
hed heard about her gettin' the money.
But he didn't get her. Now, I will
send the little gal to school away
somewhere and won't be afraid of him
turnin' up and stealin' her. I promis-
ed I'd take care o' her, and I have."

"In a month she was gone. We all
missed her bright face and golden
curls, but Jack felt it more than any-
body. He worked harder every day,
and a year afterward struck the big
mine up there and quit. He put it in
operation and left the camp the
wealthiest man in the state at that
time."

"We saw him many times after-
ward, but never asked him any ques-
tions regarding the gal. It was a
week ago we got the wedding invita-
tions."

"Well, Jack is keepin' his promise
to take care of the baby gal, and
there's no better man ever washed
dirt that could do it."

The old miner who told the story
sat down, and a dead silence reigned
over the table. Then the glasses
clinked merrily and the guests depart-
ed.—*Fred Archer, in New York Star.*

**How the Man that Wrote "Dixie" Con-
victed a Prisoner.**

Dan Emmett, the man who wrote
"Dixie," is still living in Chicago. He
is, as people who keep posted on
theatrical matters, may remember, one
of the founders of minstrelsy in this
country. He is an accomplished fid-
dler and a natural musician. He is
also a good citizen, which means, of
course, that he favors law and order.
Once, when Luther Ladu Mills was a
prosecutor, he found Dan Emmett be-
fore him as a possible juror. "I didn't
know at the time," said Mr. Mills.
"that he was a negro minstrel, but
that he liked his face and the shape of
his head. After asking him a few
questions, I was satisfied with him,
and the defense making no objection,
he was accepted. The jury was out
several hours, and finally returned a
verdict of guilty. Some time after I
made an inquiry as to the cause of the
delay, and was astonished to learn that
Dan was the cause. He was about the
only one of the jury who voted 'guilty'
on the first ballot. The others, or
nearly all, were against him, but they
were won over by Dan Emmett's logic.
The next time I saw Dan I compli-
mented him on his staying qualities,
and remarked incidentally that I had
heard that he was a great fiddler. His
reply was: 'Come down to the
house and I'll fiddle for you.'

RYE—Useful for Winter Grazing.

This is a grain which is not generally
esteemed in this country. It is used
to a small extent for bread in the
northern states, but is scarcely
ever fed to stock. Its principal use is
for distillation, but even this is grow-
ing less, not probably through the in-
fluence of the Prohibitionists, but be-
cause there are other substances from
which the "O, be joyful" may be made
cheaper to the manufacturer, if not more
wholesome to the consumer.

The average annual value of its pro-
duction for the past five years amounts
to about \$16,000,000, whilst oats and
wheat, respectively, stand in round
numbers at \$177,000,000 and \$400,000,
000. There is one virtue in it, how-
ever, which should place it in high esti-
mation by the farmers of Virginia and
all other southern states. This is for
winter and spring pasturage for sheep
and all young stock, and also old stock,
if in sufficient quantity. It furnishes
good and nutritious grazing, and in
this respect cannot be too highly com-
mended. It will grow well on poorer
land than any other grain, and every
farmer should have his ryefield for
pasturage, as nothing else will supply
the same amount of green food from
December to April. When we say
poorer land we do not mean to be un-
derstood that it will afford good graz-
ing when sown on a barren surface,
but on land which will produce three
or four barrels of corn to the acre it
will do very well; and on such land,
if the farmer can afford it, 200 pounds of
superphosphate of lime and two
bushels of plaster harrowed in with
the seed at the time of sowing will add
much to its growth and capacity to
sustain heavier grazing. To ensure
strength of roots and a good spread
over the land it should be sown in
September and left until December be-
fore any cattle are turned on it. Rye
does best on a light and dry soil, which
will be improved by the droppings and
tramping of the cattle, and this will be
more visible if a small quantity of fer-
tilizer is used.

In using rye for the purpose indi-
cated there is one precaution to be
observed. It should not be allowed to
mature its seed to get mixed with
wheat. The shattered grains of rye
will cause it to re-appear from year to
year, and if wheat is sown on the same
field a mixing will take place to the
damage of the sample of wheat when
put on the market. To prevent this,
we would advise that all stock be
taken off the field by the first of April
and the crop suffered to mature until
it gets in bloom, and then mow and
cure it for hay.

A War Curiosity.

Mr. Alfred Sheild is in his pos-
session a genuine curiosity. It is a
pair of minie balls which had evidently
struck each other in mid-air and had
flattened themselves out against each
other in the impact. The peculiar
characteristics of these balls are very
marked, one being readily recognized as
of Confederate, and the other as
Yankee make.

This relic of the war was picked up
at Cold Harbor. In all likelihood the
two balls came from the guns of op-
posing sharpshooters, who had taken
each at each other and fired simul-
taneously, causing the missiles from
their respective guns to meet in transit
and while each was on its fatal mission.
If this theory is correct, the collision of
these two balls, in all likelihood, saved
the lives of two men. At any rate the
relic is remarkable and interesting.—
Richmond Whig.

**GREENSBORO NOW ENJOYS THE ELECTRIC
LIGHT.**

The Commercial National Bank of
Charlotte, is now the only United
States Depository in North Carolina.
There were formerly two, the Com-
mercial National, of Charlotte, and
the National Bank, of Raleigh, but
the latter has ceased to be a depository,
leaving the Charlotte bank to enjoy
the distinction set forth above.

Mr. Thos. Hembly, one of the oldest
and most highly esteemed citizens of
Yancey township, died at the residence
of his son-in-law, Mr. Cicero Wilson,
on Monday night, after a lingering ill-
ness. Mr. Hembly was the father of
W. S. Hembly, proprietor of the Char-
lotte Chronicle. He leaves many rela-
tives and a large circle of friends to
mourn his loss.—*Monroe Enquirer and
Express.*

Arrangements are being made for
the attendance of the Governor at the
centennial celebration of the adoption
of the constitution of the United
States, which will be held in Philadel-
phia September 15th, 16th and 17th.
The details have not been arranged,
though several members of the Gov-
ernor's staff and the Fayetteville Light
Infantry, numbering fifty strong, will
accompany him.

The Janus Daniels Camp of Confed-
erate Veterans was formed at Little-
field, August 20, representatives of five
states being present. The following
officers were elected: Commander,
John P. Leach, 53rd North Carolina;
Lieutenant Commander, Jas. H.
Hosper, 18th Mississippi Cavalry; Pay-
master, Col. W. A. Johnston, 14th
North Carolina; Quartermaster, Jerry
V. Newsom; 24th North Carolina; Or-
derly Sergeant, John S. Williams, 14th
North Carolina; Surgeon, Willis Al-
ston, M. D.; Capeshart's Cavalry. All
well on the same ground.—*Carolina
Spartan.*

DAN EMMETT IN A STAGE.

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at Cold Harbor. In all likelihood the
two balls came from the guns of op-
posing sharpshooters, who had taken
each at each other and fired simul-
taneously, causing the missiles from
their respective guns to meet in transit
and while each was on its fatal mission.
If this theory is correct, the collision of
these two balls, in all likelihood, saved
the lives of two men. At any rate the
relic is remarkable and interesting.—
Richmond Whig.

**GREENSBORO NOW ENJOYS THE ELECTRIC
LIGHT.**

The Commercial National Bank of
Charlotte, is now the only United
States Depository in North Carolina.
There were formerly two, the Com-
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the National Bank, of Raleigh, but
the latter has ceased to be a depository,
leaving the Charlotte bank to enjoy
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Mr. Thos. Hembly, one of the oldest
and most highly esteemed citizens of
Yancey township, died at the residence
of his son-in-law, Mr. Cicero Wilson,
on Monday night, after a lingering ill-
ness. Mr. Hembly was the father of
W. S. Hembly, proprietor of the Char-
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tives and a large circle of friends to
mourn his loss.—*Monroe Enquirer and
Express.*

Arrangements are being made for
the attendance of the Governor at the
centennial celebration of the adoption
of the constitution of the United
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phia September 15th, 16th and 17th.
The details have not been arranged,
though several members of the Gov-
ernor's staff and the Fayetteville Light
Infantry, numbering fifty strong, will
accompany him.

The Janus Daniels Camp of Confed-
erate Veterans was formed at Little-
field, August 20, representatives of five
states being present. The following
officers were elected: Commander,
John P. Leach, 53rd North Carolina;
Lieutenant Commander, Jas. H.
Hosper, 18th Mississippi Cavalry; Pay-
master, Col. W. A. Johnston, 14th
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V. Newsom; 24th North Carolina; Or-
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LAST WEEK IN THE STATE.

Happenings Social, Political, Finan-
cial and Otherwise.

Macon county is shipping cattle and
sheep to Richmond.

A handsome and well equipped hotel
is being built at Hamlet.

The High Point Rifles have notified
the Governor that they will disband.

Mr. A. D. Jones, chief marshal of
the State Fair, will have one hundred
assistant marshals, all mounted.

The increased business between Wil-
mington and New York necessitates
the Clyde Line placing another steam-
er on the route.

The Reidsville Light Infantry will
be five years old in October. The time
of the members who enlisted at its or-
ganization will expire then.

The corner stone of the new Reform-
ed church at Hickory will be laid to-
day at 10 o'clock. The sermon on the
occasion will be preached by Rev. G.
W. Welker, D. D.

The Supreme court department of
the new Supreme Court and Library
building is nearly completed and pre-
sents the handsomest interior of any
public building in the state.

Salisbury has on its hands a novel
lock suit. A man stumped his foot on
a rock that projected two and a quar-
ter inches from the ground and fell
and broke one of his legs. He has
sued the town for damages.

Mr. J. Benton Burns, proprietor of
the Burns Hotel, in Wadesboro, died
suddenly at his home in that place
last Tuesday at 12:30 o'clock, with a
stroke of apoplexy. He was one of the
ablest and best known citizens of the
town.

Between 150 and 160 students are at
the University, and many more are
expected. The old students are slow
coming in, as they do not have to be
classified. Stauley county carries the
banner in the hands of a freshman
weighing 218 pounds.

The Robesonian reports that Col. Row-
land has now so far recovered as to be
able to visit his office daily. He hopes
by next week to be able to visit and
spend a few days on the sea shore. He
has had a very serious time, but is
now beyond the contingency of a re-
lapse.

Last Wednesday night at half past
nine o'clock, at the Institution for the
Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, Mr.
Jonas Costner, one of the teachers in
the institution, and Miss Carrie Wil-
son, the lady officer in charge of the
same, were united in marriage by Rev.
W. C. Norman.

Among the important enterprises on
foot, a new railroad is now in active
contemplation to leave the Cripple Creek
Carroll county, Va., by way of Hill-
ville, to Mt. Airy, N. C., and there
connect with a branch road of the C.
& Y. V. Railroad.

The Governor has appointed as dele-
gates to represent the state at the
National Prison Congress which meets
at Toronto, Ont., on September 10th,
the following: J. H. Mills, Thomas-
ville; Rev. Thos. Dixon, Jr., Capt. E.
R. Stamps, Col. W. J. Hicks, Raleigh;
Col. W. F. Beasley, Dr. B. F. Dixon,
Oxford.

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RYE—Useful for Winter Grazing.

This is a grain which is not generally
esteemed in this country. It is used
to a small extent for bread in the
northern states, but is scarcely
ever fed to stock. Its principal use is
for distillation, but even this is grow-
ing less, not probably through the in-
fluence of the Prohibitionists, but be-
cause there are other substances from
which the "O, be joyful" may be made
cheaper to the manufacturer, if not more
wholesome to the consumer.

The average annual value of its pro-
duction for the past five years amounts
to about \$16,000,000, whilst oats and
wheat, respectively, stand in round
numbers at \$177,000,000 and \$400,000,
000. There is one virtue in it, how-
ever, which should place it in high esti-
mation by the farmers of Virginia and
all other southern states. This is for
winter and spring pasturage for sheep
and all young stock, and also old stock,
if in sufficient quantity. It furnishes
good and nutritious grazing, and in
this respect cannot be too highly com-
mended. It will grow well on poorer
land than any other grain, and every
farmer should have his ryefield for
pasturage, as nothing else will supply
the same amount of green food from
December to April. When we say
poorer land we do not mean to be un-
derstood that it will afford good graz-
ing when sown on a barren surface,
but on land which will produce three
or four barrels of corn to the acre it
will do very well; and on such land,
if the farmer can