

The Golden Era.

THURSDAY, October 30, 1884.

LINCOLN COUNTY DIRECTORY.

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Probate Clerk—S. R. Corbett.
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PRECINCT NO. 1—BIBBUDFORD.
Justice of the Peace—Joe M. de Aranza.

A Touch of Nature.

Bill Arp in the Atlanta Constitution touches with true poetic inspiration a sentiment that will find an echo in the heart of every one who has passed the meridian of life.
Our little chaps are gathering and the red ears and the yellow ones and the speckled ones look mighty nice all mixed together and the children will have a good time these long winter nights that are coming. They are talking about walnuts and scaly barks and chestnuts and black haws and many pops and possums. These little things make up a bright picture in the life of a child, and they treasure sweet memories that do us good in our old age. I don't care much for such things now, but I do care to see the children happy just as I used to be happy in the long-long ago. I can't climb a tree and shake down the nuts; I can't pull up by a muscadine vine hand over hand; I can't run a pony race to the mill as I used to, but I can still meander around with children and grand-children, and make a cornstalk fiddle and a gourd banjo, and a sassafras bow. If our children would always be children I would willingly be old, just to follow them around, but one by one they grow up and leave us, and soon—very soon—Mrs. Arp and I will be sitting together and sing, "John Anderson, My Joe."

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine

For November will prove of equal interest to the young and the old, the reader for an amusement only, and the thinker—in fact, to all classes; for in it may be found something to interest all. The opening is a careful study, by the Rev. Geo. T. Rider, of the University system of education as illustrated in the English Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. An article on "Hymns and Hymn Tunes," by D. E. Hervey, is both historical and critical. Dr. Talmage has a trenchant expose of the imposture of spiritualism, and in The Home Pulpit he preaches on the Christmized Vote. The Carter Family, Joseph Barnby, and John Francis Barnett, are treated in the Sacred Musicians series. A charming Southern story, entitled "Sophy," is contributed by Miss Adelaide C. Waldron; and there is a notable article, "Troubadours and Trouverses," with a portrait of Frederic Mistral. The Rev. Geo. W. Nichols contributes a twelfth letter to the collection Basket, this time treating of the remarkable changes in New York since his boyhood. The number is profusely and handsomely illustrated as usual. Price 25 cents a number, \$2.50 a year. Mrs. Frank Leslie, Publisher, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

Ballou's Monthly Magazine for November contains the eleventh part of that popular nautical yarn, "On Land and Sea; or, California in the Years 1843, '44 and '45," by Wm. H. Thomas, Author of "Life in East Indies," "The Belle of Australia," and other successful books of adventure, and which are called the best of their kind ever written. The November number gives an account of a royal battle between a shark and a grisly bear, in the waters of the bay of San Pedro, and the death of both monsters from rifle bullets, the master of the Admittance taking a prominent part in the combat, relieving an adobe house and its inmates from a state of siege, as they feared to come out on account of the bear. The fight in the water is quite interesting, as well as the scene at Monterey, where an exhibition is given of legerdemain, and a fiery serpent is let loose that surprises every one and delights only the boys. It is a lively chapter, and should be read by every one. Ballou's is full of good things: tales, poetry and engravings, and is not filed up with continued stories, only one being admitted. Only \$1.50 per year, or 15 cents single copies. Thomas & Talbot, 23 Hawley St., Boston, Mass.

Condition of the Grain Crops.

October returns of the corn crop average a higher condition than in the past five years, but not so high as in any of the remarkable corn years from '75 to '79 inclusive. The general average of any series of the past ten years, and indicates about twenty-six bushels per acre on a breadth approximating to 70,000,000 acres in the region between the Mississippi and the Rocky mountain slopes. It again presents the highest figures which in every state rises

a little above the normal standard of full condition. No state west of the Mississippi returns the condition as high as 100. The lowest figures are, West Virginia, 73, Ohio, 74; Louisiana, 74; Texas, 80; South Carolina, 83; reduction caused by drouth. There is complaint of drouth in the Ohio Valley and in the Atlantic and Gulf states, but not sufficiently severe to reduce seriously the yields. The wheat crops will exceed that of last year by about 100,000,000 bushels. The yield per acre will average 13 1/2 bushels. The quality of the present wheat crop is generally very good, especially in the eastern and middle states. On the western slope of the Alleghenies, in Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota some depreciation in quality is noted. Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and Kansas average for the entire breadth is 96; indications of the yield of rye are about 12 bushels per acre, of superior quality. The yield of oats is a little above the average, yielding about 22 bushels per acre, and making the crop approximating to 500,000,000 bushels of good quality. The barley crop makes a yield of nearly 23 bushels per acre and the product exceeds 50,000,000 bushels of average quality. The condition of the potato crop is represented by 88.5 and points lower than in October last year, two points lower than in '79 and in '82 and the same as in '80.

The Finest Church in America.

A Minneapolis artist who has been doing Alaska during his Summer vacation says that all the members of his party—and there were 75 of them—agreed that the Greek Church at Sitka is the finest church in America. It is built on the plan of a Greek cross, and the interior is a mass of gold and silver, of the magnificence of which the writer says he can give no idea. The walls are hung with portraits of royalty and the priesthood sent by a Russian Princess who took this temple under her patronage. Who would have thought of going to Alaska for an architectural masterpiece?

DON'T KNOW HIM.

Evidence of a Purchaser's Insanity Made Certain.

A rather sly-looking man who had evidently not been in Texas very long, climbed out of a wagon, and entered an Austin book store, in the windows of which were pictures of Blaine, Logan, Cleveland and Hendricks. "I would like to purchase a picture of St. John." "Which?" asked the clerk, who was a little hard of hearing. "St. John." "Who did you say sent John?" "Picture of St. John." "I don't think we have any picture of St. John Newfoundland." "I don't think the town of St. John, I mean St. John." "We don't keep any rain's pictures here but there is a Catholic book store down—"

The stranger became a trifle impatient. He said in an irritated manner. "I want a picture of St. John, who is a candidate for President." "For President of what? A base ball club?" "No, sir; for President of the United States, of course." "There are no United States, of course. There are the United States of America, but as St. John must have died 1,500 years ago, I don't think he would so forget himself as to run for President at this late day. The truth is my friend, you are one of those religious cranks and you are drunk besides. I want you to quit talking that way in my store when there are ladies in it. You can't browbeat and insult me," and before the admires of St. John knew it, he was out in the street. The clerk wiped the perspiration from his brow and resumed his position behind the counter, remarking: "I wonder if some other darned fool living out on Onion creek won't come in before night and want a photograph of Judas Iscariot, or Moses burning in the bush, or some of those other Old Testament duffers?—Texas Siftings."

Taking a Girl Home in Georgia.

A few nights ago a young man of this City was at church across the creek, and was introduced to a young lady. After services he asked permission to see her home, to which she gave a sly consent. Taking the big road he walked by her side talking nonsense some two or three hours and began to tire. He then asked, "How much farther do you live?" "Oh, we've got about half way." Two or three times he had to sit down and rest, and at last he got her home. When he got back to his roosting place it was 4:30 o'clock the next morning.—American Record.

Mary Hensperson, a girl of seventeen, employed by the United States Cartridge Company, lately died at Lowell, Mass., by getting a small bullet accidentally lodged in her ear.

A Steady Young Man. "Jane, I hear your beau is a little wild; not very steady, they say." "Oh, yes, he is; he is one of the most steady young men I ever saw." "Steady?" Oh, no, he can't be. I've heard he was anything but steady." "Well, he is just steady. He has always come to the house every evening since we were first engaged, drunk or sober."

The Rivals.

"Conductor," said a Chicago man on board an Illinois Central train in a loud tone of voice, "are you sure we haven't passed St. Louis?" "Yes we are twenty miles this side yet." "This train stops there, doesn't it?" "Yes." "Well, don't fail to let me know when we get there." Then he settled himself back in his seat, and smiled when a St. Louis citizen bent across the aisle and asked him if any new buildings had been put up in Chicago since the fire.—[New York Sun.]

An Austin negro, familiarly known as "Rabbit Hash," has returned to Austin after an absence of several years. "Where have you been all this time?" asked Uncle Mose. "Where's I been? I've been in Mezzico." "How did you like it dar?" "De country an mighty fine, but de Mezzicans an de stupidest folks I has struck yet." "So dea an not so peart as de cullid folks?" "Lawd no. I libbed right among 'em foah yeas, and when I leff 'em dey didn't understand me a bit more den when I fust kom dar. Dey am de slowest folks ter larn I has struck yet."—[Siftings.]

"My darling, you have never kissed me yet," he said. "Haven't I?" she answered, with a gurgling laugh. "Never," he repeated; "and I wish you would now. Will you?" She did. "Ah," he sighed, "how sweet it is to feel the pressure of your warm lips on my cheek."

"Do you know why my lips are so warm?" she asked. "Because—because," he stammered. "Because," she broke in, "no ice cream has passed them for ever so long." He took the hint.—Somerville Journal.

New Orleans Times-Democrat: Small talking parrots are the favorite pet birds of young ladies this season, and the dealers are teaching them to say, "Kiss me, darling!" in a commercial way, which insures a rapid sale for them. A dealer made a mistake the other day and trotted out an old green parrot that was small and meek looking, but—oh my! When a young lady and her beau called, the bird was solicited to "say something sweet to the pretty lady," she rolled one eye knowingly and croaked out; "I ain't as d-d green as I look."

The International Surveying party has located the boundary between Mexico and the United States, 600 yards north of the old line. This throws a considerable portion of Nogales, Ariz., on Mexican soil. The Mexican law prohibits foreigners holding real estate within 20 leagues of the boundary. The Americans declare their determination to hold on to their property by force of arms if necessary. Trouble is expected.

Six salvationists of New York were lately picked up by the police and put in a wagon to be carried off to the station on charge of disturbing the peace. They loaded up peacefully, and as soon as the driver cracked his whip they sang a sextet, "Roll Roll, Chariot Roll."

The Astors paid \$425,000 of taxes last week. Whenever a New York paper has a communication signed, "Taxpayer," one of the Astors is suspected.

Dr. Mary Walker's offer to kiss the man who will vote for Belva Lockwood is supposed to be a temptation prepared for Gen. Sherman.

Governor Sheldon has not yet issued his proclamation raising the quarantine.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE OF FORFEITURE. Lincoln Co., N. N. Sept. 16, 1884. To C. A. Roeder: You are hereby notified that we have extended \$100 in labor and improvements upon the Diamond Crown, land, situated in Normal Mining District, Lincoln County, N. M., as will appear by certificate filed and recorded May 10th, 1884, in the office of the Recorder of said county, in order to hold said premises under the provisions of section 2324 revised statutes of the United States being the required amount to hold the same for the year ending Dec. 31st, 1883. And if within ninety (90) days after the publication of this notice you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of such expenditure as a co-owner, your interest in said claim will become the property of the subscribers under said section 2324. W. M. WATNEY, J. C. HITCHCOCK, Co-Owners.

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