

POETRY.

LOCALS.

From a Country-Town Paper.

Watermelons are quite abundant now, and watermelons also appear; but springing, or else there'll be a row inside to put you out of gear.

Warmer Diggs in town with produce to sell—
Ten cents for butter, five for eggs,
Eight for chickens, all in trade; is
getting well."

He said, "to keep me on my legs."

His daughter, Sal, he said was down
with mumps,
And like his son, was up with colic.
His plow horse, Duke, was bad off
with the thumps,
And he felt like getting on a frolic.

His dimmy Flop is on a visit to
Her old schoolmate, Miss Flouney
Pip
And Miss Jinks has gone to visit Miss
Pie,
We wish them both a pleasant trip

Gusby Closh, we hear, is laid up
with
A sty that bungs up her left eye;
Pills says, though dangerous, she'll
live,
Miss Gusby has our sympathy.

Our champion dude, Claude Trim, is
very sick,
And all will miss him on the street,
We trust he'll soon be out and looking
sick
As ever, with his health complete.

Phosphate Swill, the sassiest man about,
Has not yet got in his toes;
We hope it will the devil in him rout,
And take the red from off his nose.

Miss Patience Saltback, we are glad to
hear,
Will change her maiden name quite
soon;
The lucky man is Hangfire Kuldrear,
We wish them the sweetest honey-
moon.

Our ancient friend, Sage Oldboy, called
by to say
He had a young girl's fancy won,
And though old and shrunk, he'd have
a wedding day.
As he believes in 16 to 1.

A sad occurrence ends our news this
week,
Miss Circus rides a timid wheel
And ran away, in a frightened freak,
And tore her bloomers and skinned
her heel.

U. B. GWYNN.

HOUSEHOLD.

FRUIT TAPIOCA.

Stew any kind of fruit till it is a
little marmalade, flavoring it with a
little lemon juice and grated rind;
then cooked place it in a deep dish
and pour over it some tapioca boiled
in milk till smooth, creamy and just fit
to eat; then place the dish in the oven
and bake for half an hour. Serve hot
or cold, with clotted or whipped cream,
or the whites of one or two eggs
whisked into a stiff froth with powder
sugar and a flavoring of vanilla.

TOMATOES CANNED WHOLE

To insure the best results tomatoes
must be canned during August. Wash,
peel and cut them into pieces. Cook
in a porcelain kettle for thirty min-
utes. Put them boiling hot into the
cans and fasten at once. To can them
select small smooth and solid to-
matoes. Pack them, without peeling,
into wide mouthed jars, fill with cold
water, and add a teaspoonful of
salt to each jar. Cook in a wash
boiler, arranged as directed for Lima
beans, only thirty minutes. Be sure
the cans are filled to overflowing be-
fore fastening the lids.

BLACKBERRY CORDIAL.

Put the blackberries in either a pre-
paring kettle or a stone jar, set it in
the wash boiler, and let them simmer
in their own juice until very soft;
strain through a towel wet with boil-
ing water. Measure the juice. To each
quart of juice allow two table-
spoonsful of ground cloves, two of
sage, two of allspice and four of ground
cinnamon. Boil the juice, and after
you have removed the scum put in the
spices and stir well. When cold add a
cup of whiskey to each quart of syrup.
Bottle immediately and cork tight. If
you use brandy, take a half pint to
every quart of syrup.

APPLE PIE.

Take six to nine Greenings, accord-
ing to size. Wash them well before
using. Pare, quarter and core them;
cut each quarter into lengthwise slices
about one fourth of an inch thick and
put them in an earthen dish until the
sauce is prepared. When the under
sauce is ready, place the slices carefully
around the edge of the bottom, and
then cover the bottom with one layer
of slices placed closely together. Be
careful not to puncture the crust with
the corners of the slices. Over this
layer of slices put a cupful of granu-
lated sugar, then lay the remainder of
the slices over the sugar. Sprinkle
two dishes of salt over the apples,
and then grate over them about one
teaspoon of the yellow rind of a lemon
and your pie is ready for the upper
crust.

FATAL TO REPUBLICS.

A wise Frenchman once said: "Mon-
archies are destroyed by poverty, and
republics by wealth."

SAL AND JACK.

BY 'WILL RETLAW.'

CHAPTER I.

"GOOD BYE SWEETHEART"

"Farewell! 'tis a bitter, bitter word,
And it falls like the pall of night
On the heart as light as the gladness of bird,
And calm as the lake no wind has stirred,
And warm as the sun's soft light.

The heart may mean when its loved ones fade
Like the dying light of day,
But we lay them down in the grassy glade,
And roses bloom in the cypress shade,
And the shadows lit away!

But the deepest woe that earth can tell
Is when two tender hearts
That have loved so long, and have loved so well
That one pulse no rose if the other fell,
Each to his grief departs!

Departs alone with a wailing cry
But a dying heart can tell;
Oh! 'tis sad to see our loved ones die,
But 'tis sad for with averted eyes,
To hear the word 'Farewell!'

"AND this is the end!" Sallie Ma-
son uttered the words slowly,
as if they hurt her.

She leaned against the old gate,
her hands tightly clasped, a look
on her face that almost frightened her
companion. "This is the end of all
my dreams—such foolish dreams—the
end of my faith in you. Oh, Jack, I
cannot believe it! Is all my love, all
my devotion nothing, that you can
throw me aside for the first strange
face you see? Tell me it is not true."

The man gazed past her, not daring
to look in the pale face turned so pit-
eously toward him, as if awaiting a de-
cision of life or death. After a silence
that to her seemed unendurable he
said:

"Don't take it so hard, Sal. I am
sorry, but we must part. You will
find some one who is far more worthy
of you than I. Forgive me, and let
us part as friends."

He spoke hesitatingly, still avoiding
her accusing eyes. As she did not
speak, he added in a complaining way:

"After all, it is not wholly my fault;
had you married years ago, as desired,
this trouble would have been averted;
but despite my entreaties you chose to
devote yourself to your father!"

"Stop, Jack! do not reproach me
for doing my duty," Sallie broke in,
her tone and manner entirely changed.
"When mother died I was obliged to
take her place in a measure. If by so
doing I have lost your love, I am con-
tent to live without it. Good by!
May you be as happy as you deserve!"

She walked swiftly away, her head
proudly erect. Jack looked after her
until she was lost to view, then, with a
frown, turned to leave the spot.

"I wonder if every fellow feels as
mean as I do when he flings off the old
love for the new?" he thought. Poor
Sal! She's a noble girl, and deserves a
better husband than I. Wonder if she
will think so by and by?"

A pang shot through him at the
thought. Now that all was over, he
felt an odd sort of regret at the turn
affairs had taken. Sal could not have
loved him very deeply, else she would
not have surrendered him so quietly.
He had a longing that he could not ac-
count for to go back, clasp that little
figure in his arms and tell her it was
a jest, a dream, anything save the
truth. But it was too late now, and
he was free; why should he feel so dis-
satisfied and gloomy?

Was he not at liberty to offer himself
to the girl whose blue eyes and be-
witching manners had tempted him
from his allegiance to his little, black-
eyed Sal? And at thoughts of fair
Helen, his face lighted up again, and
he rejoiced in his freedom.

Sal walked on as one in sleep, scarcely
conscious of where her feet led her,
till at last she reached her own room.
She seated herself by the window and
looked towards the spot where she had
said good by to her happiness. The
apple trees were weighted down with
the pink-white blossoms that would
soon turn to golden fruit; the trees cast
weird shadows in the moonlight, and
from their depths a bird called tenderly,
questioningly, to its mate; the al-
most overpowering fragrance of lilac
was wafted to her, turning her
faint and sick; for had not Jack
brought her a bunch of those flowers
every evening from the yard in front
of the cottage they had called "ours"?
She had seemed benumbed, but the
lilacs and their memories opened the
floodgates of tears. Through the long
weary hours she kept watch with her
dead love, and then buried it "for-
ever," she said.

CHAPTER II.

"'T WAS EVER THUS."

"Sal," said Farmer Mason, entering
the room where his daughter was busi-
ly engaged in domestic duties, "do you
know that Jack Pretty has gone North
—started this afternoon?"

All the color left the girl's face.
"No," she faltered; "is it not rather
a sudden thing?"

"Well, you ought to know best about
that, seems to me, seein' he's been
dangling round you for the past four
or five years. And now they say he's
offered himself to that city gal up at
Squire Johnson's and she refused him,
and he has cleared out. How came
you to bungle your affairs in this way?

You ought to have married him long
ago, when he first built that cottage—
that's what you ought to have done.
I couldn't have spared you very well,
but I'd never have stood in the way of
your happiness."

Sal did not answer; she could not.
All her sacrifices—all her love—had
ended in this—desertion on one side,
reproaches on the other. She held up
a trembling hand to stay further words,
and then left the room, to bear her
grief alone.

After that day it became an under-
stood thing that Jack Pretty's name
was not to be mentioned in the Mason
household. Sal lived her life in sweet
patience—her father's assistant, her
brother's counsellor and friend. As the
days went on she changed somewhat,
her girlishness giving place to a noble
womanhood; but her face was still
young, notwithstanding its look of suf-
fering.

She never married, for her heart was
true to the old love. But one by one
her brothers left the farm and found
homes of their own, until she and
her father were left alone.

One night, possessed by a spirit of
restlessness, she walked down to the
gate where she parted for the last time
from Jack. Why did he seem so near
her? Why did she feel a new sensa-
tion of pity for him? Busy with sad
memories, she had not listened to the
conversation of a neighbor who was
sitting on the porch retelling the latest
gossip to her father; but all at once
she caught her breath as she heard the
words—

"They say Jack Pretty, who has been
so long away, has come back. He got
hurt in a railroad accident recently,
and can't get well, they say. After all
his wanderings, he comes back as poor
as a church mouse. It comes hard on
Miss Pretty, poor old soul, to have to
nurse him along, when she is down
most of the time with rheumatiz' her-
self."

Jean heard no more. Jack was at
home—not the strong, manly Jack who
left her a year or more ago, but a poor,
maimed, dying man.

"Jack has come back! Jack has
come back!" she kept saying over and
over again. Her whole being seemed
transformed, and, not stopping to don
her wraps, she started down the lane
towards the cottage of Mrs. Pretty's.

They needed her there, this poor
widow and her unfortunate son, and
she whose first thought had ever been
the duty she owed to others would not
evade it now. What mattered the
wrong she endured in the past? All
was forgotten, save that a suffering fel-
low creature needed her service.

In a few minutes she had reached
the house. She opened the door and
entered the kitchen, where Mrs. Pretty
bent wearily over a hot fire.

"I have come to help you to take
care of Jack," she said.

The sad mother understood, and
without a word led her to the room
where Jack lay tossing in delirium.

"Sal! Sal!" he called, "will you
not forgive me? It was all a mistake—I
knew not what I did! Come back, Sal!
Oh, Sal! Sal!"

The two women looked into each
other's eyes.

"He has been like this ever since he
came home," the elder said.

Then Sal flew to the bedside and
flung her arms about the sick man.

"I am here, Jack," she whispered.

His ravings ceased at once; the light
of reason returned to his eyes. He
lifted a feeble hand and caressingly
stroked her cheek.

"Sal!" he cried in glad tones, then
added, "Kiss me, dear." And she
kissed him while the tears fell on the
poor scared face, which was as dear to
her now as ever.

There was no question of forgiveness—
no reference to that night which
must ever remain in their memory, no
doubt, of the love that should at last
be satisfied. He had sinned and she
had forgiven him—that was all.

The great happiness that came to
Jack was his potent medicine, bring-
ing back health and strength, and aided
by the loving care of Sal he became al-
most his old self.

CHAPTER III.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL"

Down by the gate once more Sal
stood, and Jack was by her side. The
wind sifted the apple blossoms over
them like a benediction, and the lilacs
filled the air with fragrance. They had
been silent, both thinking of that other
night so long ago; then Sal reached up
her hand till it stole around Jack's
neck, and looking into his eyes—eyes
that now returned the love they saw in
hers—said wistfully:

"You never really meant it, did you,
Jack?"

He made no reply but drawing her
closer to him, held her, his wife, as if
he never more would let her go from
the shelter of his arms.

Was she foolish? Well, perhaps.
Who shall judge? There is no reason
in a woman's love; she follows her
heart, and well it is for man that she

does so. Foolish, perhaps, but happy.
Jack did not deserve her, but the least
deserving are the most blest as a rule.
For so runs the world.

DON'T USE BIG WORDS.

In promulgating your esoteric cogita-
tions, and in articulating your superfi-
cial sentimentalities, amicable, philo-
sophical or psychological observations, be
ware of plautidinous ponderosity. Let
your conversational communications
possess a clarified conciseness, a com-
pacted comprehensibility, a coales-
cent consistency, and a concatenating
agency. Eschew all conglomerations
of flatulent garrulity, j-juned bobble-
ment, and asinine affectations. Let
your extemporaneous delectating and
unpremeditated expatiations have in-
telligibility and veracious vivacity
without rhodomontade or thraasonical
bombast. Sedulously avoid all poly-
syllabic profundity, pompous prolixity,
psittacous vacuity, ventriloquial ver-
bosity, and grandiloquent vapidity.
Shun double ententes, purient jocosity,
and pestiferous profanity, obscu-
rant and apparent. In other words
talk plainly, briefly, naturally sensi-
bly, purely and truthfully. Keep
from slang; don't put on airs; say what
you mean; mean what you say, and
don't use big words.—Ex.

WHAT CURED HIM.

The Texan's Last Lyching And Its
Consequences.

"No," said the Texan, "I hain't had
a hand in a hangin' for a long time, an'
of the Lord forgives me for what I
have had to do with them I won't do it
again."

"You must be contemplating a re-
moval to the off to intellectuality of
Boeton," remarked a Star reporter.

"No; you see it was this a way,"
said the Texan, seriously: "Long
about five years ago, and it was hot-
ter'n Phil Sheridan in Texas that year,
me and four or five of the boys come
across a peaked lookin' feller one day
with a hoss that we knowed didn't be-
long to him. We ast him where he got
it. He said he was a stranger and had
nothin' but a wagon about seven mile
back and off the road, and a sick little
gal in it likely to die, and he was out
sein' if he couldn't find a doctor or a
woman or somebody to do somethin',
for the little gal was all he had on
earth, and he couldn't stand to have
her die like that. He told us he had
picked up the hoss we found him ridin'
because he was not able to walk fast
enough."

"Well, we had heard that kind of a
story many a time, and the first one
that had been spread out before us
saved the man's life, and lost us a hoss
and a subscription for the sufferers
that we took up, and we had been
learned a lesson. So when this chap
gave us a racket like that we give him
seven minutes for prayer and swung
him up."

About a month after that me and
one of the boys happened to be ridin'
along the road where that feller told
us about his little gal, and we seen
something that I reckon I won't forgit
if I live ter be a thousand years old.
There was only a ramshackle old
wagon with a skeleton of a horse in the
shafts, and layin' on some old rags in
the wagon was the little bones of a
child, all picked clean and white by
the buzzards, just like the hoss was.

"I kinder choked up when I seen
that, and my pardner done the same,
and while I was standin' there thinkin'
he reached down under the side of the
wagon bed and picked up a slip of pa-
per pinned to the wood. It was wrote
on with a lead pencil, and was mighty
year faded out, but what was left was
this"—taking from his pocket very
carefully a silver box, from which he
took a small and crumpled sheet of
paper bearing upon the line, in a child's
hand:

"Dere pa i cant wate no longer for
you to cum Because I—"

"That was all ther was to it, he
concluded; 'and then me and my pard-
ner looked at each other and never
said a word. There was a big funeral
for the little gal, and her pa and the
pore old hoss that died in the harness,
but it'll take a good deal more'n any
funeral to set me straight with myself
and put my feelin' like they was be-
fore I found them bones and this little
scrap of writin'."—Washington Star.

HONEST BUT SHREWD YANKEE

How He Saves Money Breeding Poultry
On The Mexican Border.

There is a funny case of interna-
tional honesty down in Arizona, just
on the line between the territory and
Mexico. A Yankee farmer lives there,
one Amasa Barrow by name, and it is
his business to raise chickens. Chicken
feed is cheap in Mexico and chickens
bring fine prices in Arizona, but to
raise fowls in Mexico and bring them
across the boundary or to buy the feed
and bring it across would involve the

THE NEW STYLES IN
FURNITURE

Are fast running into
MAHOGANY,
CURLY BIRCH AND
BIRD'S EYE MAPLE.

We are showing rare bargains. We sell Oak also. Can show
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Write for our Bargain Sheet of FANCY ROCKERS.

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The Very Best Makes. We guarantee the lowest prices. Easy terms. We
guarantee absolute satisfaction. Write
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E. M. ANDREWS,
Largest Dealer in Furniture, Carpets, Pianos and Organs in the State.
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

payment of a considerable duty, which
would eat the profits up.

Amasa is honest, but he is also full
of ingenuity, and after deep cogitation
he built a long, slim hen coop, one half
of it in Arizona and the other in Mexico.
On the line there is a gate. Over the
line there are barns containing feed.
At feeding time the gate is opened and
the chicken fancier shoos his flock into
Mexico, where they eat their meal.
Then he shoos them back to the pro-
tection of the American flag, where
they digest this American grain, lay
their eggs and carry on their family
affairs. Mr. Barrow saves about 50
per cent. on grain and makes that
much on his chickens, and if there is
any smuggling done it is done by the
innocent and irresponsible biddies.—
Washington Times.

A COOL SCOT.

The Youth's Companion says: Mr.
McGregor, a Scot who resides in San
Francisco, is said by an exchange to be
one of the most argumentative of men,
and one of the calmest. Early one
morning, as he was returning home, he
was addressed by a man who empha-
sized his words with a pistol:

"Throw up your hands!"

"Why?" asked Mr. McGregor, calmly.

"Throw them up!"

"But what for?"

"Put up your hands!" insisted the
footpad, shaking his pistol. "Will
you do what I tell you?"

"That depends," said Mr. McGregor.

"If ye can show me any reason why I
should put up ma hands, I'll no say
but what I will; but yer mere requisit
wad be no justification for me to do so
absurd a thing. Noo, why should you,
a complete stranger, ask me at this or-
o' the mornin' on a public street to pit
up ma hand's?"

"If you don't quit gassin' and obey
orders, I'll blow the top of your head
off!" cried the robber.

"What? Faith, man, you must be
oot o' yer head. Come, noo, poor
buddy," said McGregor, soothingly,
coolly catching the pistol and wresting
it with a quick twist out of the man's
hand. "Come, noo, an' I'll show ye
where they'll take care o' ye. Hech!
Dinna ye try to fecht, or ecod, I'll
shoot ye! By the way, ye might as
well put up yer ain hands, an' just
walk ahead o' me. That's it. Trudge
awa', noo."

And so Mr. McGregor marched his
man to the city prison and handed
him over to Captain Douglass.

"It wudna be a bad idea to put him
in a strait jacket," he said serenely to
the officer. "There's little doot but the
buddy's daft."

And he resumed his homeward walk.

AT OUR BOARDING HOUSE.

"Here is a new conundrum," said
the cheerful boarder; "I made it my-
self. What is the difference between
me and a Koonlike miser? Can you
guess, Mrs. Hasleigh?"

"No, I never liked conundrums,"
snapped the landlady.

"All give it up?"

There was no response.

"Because," said the cheerful boarder,
"one stakes the claim and the other
claims the steak!"

And he helped himself to the last bit
of sirloin on the platter.

A little boy, hearing someone remark
that nothing was quicker than thought
said:

"I know something that is quicker
than thought."

"What is it, Johnny?" asked his pa.

"Whistling," said Johnny. "When
I was in school yesterday I whistled
before I thought, and got licked for it,
too."

ALLEGED FUN.

A Connecticut contemporary given
to the study of entomology has dis-
covered that a new insect is now in the
air that stings people on the tongue
when it flaps the opportunity, and so
produces a slow disease for which no
remedy has yet been found. This is a
hint to keep our mouths shut.

A Methodist itinerant preacher once
breakfasted at a place where they
served johnny-cakes. Observing a
feather protruding from his cake, he
remarked:

"Sister, your johnny-cake seems to
be feathering out."

"Yes," responded the lady, unabash-
ed, "I told John no longer ago than
yesterday that he must either get a
cover for the meal barrel or move the
hen roost."—American Stock Keeper.

Grocer—"Didn't that lady ask for
fresh laid eggs?" Clerk—"Sae did, sir."

Grocer—"And you said we hadn't
any?" Clerk—"I did, sir." Grocer—
"Didn't you see me lay those eggs my-
self right down there not ten minutes
ago, you mendacious scoundrel! You
are discharged, and see that you don't
refer to me for a character, either."—
Judge.

The man (at a restaurant)—"What
sort of a chicken do you call this,
waiter?" The waiter—"That, sir, I be-
lieve, is a Plymouth Rock." The man—
"Ah! I'm glad it has some historic in-
terest; I thought it was just an ordi-
nary cobble stone."—Pick Me Up.

There are 250,000 words in the Eng-
lish language, and most of them were
used on Sunday by a woman who dis-
covered, after coming out of church,
that her new hat was adorned with a
tag on which was written, "Reduced to
\$1.65"

It costs a great deal of money to run
a paper like The Progressive Farmer.
If you owe anything, send the money
to-day. Don't wait until to-morrow.

BALLES

are subject to
peculiar ills. The
right remedy for
babies' ills—especially
worms and stomach
disorders—is
Frey's Vermifuge
—has cured children for 50 years. Send
for ills, book about the ills and the
remedy. One bottle mailed for 25 cents.
E. & S. FREY, Baltimore, Md.

MIRACLES

Belong to an older age than ours. But we
still have things that remind us of the
misty past.

Under date of March 19, 1897, Mr. H. S.
Lipecomb, of Paeolet, S.C., writes: "Please
find check for 3 doz."

RHEUMACIDE

It is working miracles in this country.
Mr. Lipecomb is but one of many who
suffered with rheumatism. He was cured,
and being a merchant, has been seen sell-
ing and recommending

RHEUMACIDE

to all his friends ever since.
It is purely vegetable, a magnificent
blood purifier.
Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1.00 per
bottle.

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