

**IN THE FIRELIGHT.**

The fire upon the hearth is low,  
And there is stillness everywhere;  
Like troubled spirits here and there  
The firelight shadows fluttering go,  
And as the shadows round me creep,  
A childish treble breaks the gloom,  
And softly from a further room  
Comes: "Now I lay me down to sleep."  
And, somehow, with that little prayer  
And that sweet treble in my ears,  
My thought goes back to distant years  
And lingers with the dear ones there;  
And as I hear the child's amen,  
My mother's faith comes back to me;  
Crouched at her side I seem to be,  
And mother holds my hands again.  
Oh, for an hour in that dear place—  
Oh, for the peace of that dear time,  
Oh, for the childish trust sublime,  
Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face!  
Yet, as the shadows round me creep,  
I do not seem to be alone—  
Sweet magic of that treble tone  
And "Now I lay me down to sleep!"  
—Eugene Field.

**Flashes of Fun.**

—Because the baby is a little yeller is no sign he is a Chinaman.  
—As was predicted, the winter has been very open and lots of cold weather got in.  
"Whenever my wife scolds me," said a hen-pecked toper, "I go right straight and liquor."  
—The bangs having gone out of style among young ladies the rolling pin and washboard begin to look more hopeful.  
—An awfully homely man at a sociable where kissing games are played looks as lonesome as a straw hat in a snow storm.  
—Certainly there is such a thing as the poetry of motion. That is the reason the kangaroo is popularly regarded as a spring poem.  
—What would a woman do without hair pins?" asks a writer. Woman would do all right, but what would the poor little hair pin do?  
At the fireside:  
Wife—You have been very entertaining this evening.  
Husband—Ah yes! I forgot for the time being that I was married.  
Aged Belle—I want to go to the masquerade party in some light and fashionable costume.  
Practical Brother—Put a quill pen behind you ear and go as the old gray goose.  
—Judge (to small witness)—Little boy, do you know the nature of an oath?  
Small witness—No sir.  
Judge—Do you know what you to tell?  
Small witness—Oh, yes, sir. That old baldheaded lawyer told me what to say.  
—George, who is your family physician?" "Dr. Smoothman."  
"What, that numbskull? How does it happen you employ him?" "Oh, it's some of my wife's doings. She went to see him about a cold in her head, and he recommended that she wear another style of bonnet. Since that she won't have any other doctor."  
—How much out of the way was the little child who defined slander as "when nobody did nothing, and somebody went and told on't"—or that other toddler who said "chaos was a pile of nothing and nowhere to put it."  
—A little boy in one of the German schools, while engaged in defining words, made a mistake that was not a mistake. He said: "A demagogue is a vessel that holds beer, wine, gin, whiskey, or any other kind of intoxicating liquor."  
"Yes," said Alderman Masterson, "President Cleveland treated me with distinguished consideration when I called at the White House." "Indeed; how so?" "Why, he told Dan Lamont not to set the dog on me."  
—A lady of charitable disposition asked a tramp if she could not assist him by mending his clothes. "Yes, madam," he said, "I have a button, and if you will sew a shirt on it I will be greatly obliged."  
—Some one says that the Mormons are cowards, and wouldn't fight. All the same, they are the only people in this country who have the Spartan courage to marry a dozen of wives in a three years' inning.

**GOT THE JOB.**

The other morning a boy about fourteen years of age knocked at the door of a house on Brush street, and asked the woman if she didn't want the snow cleaned off the walk: "How much?" she cautiously inquired.  
"Thirty cents."  
"I won't pay it. If you want to do the work for ten cents you can go ahead."  
He leaned on the handle of his snow shovel and looked thoughtful, and she finally queried:  
"Well, what do you say?"  
"It's just as that woman around the corner told me," he replied. "I shoveled off her snow and she gave me fifty cents. I told her I was coming to you, and she said—"  
"I don't know her. What business is it to her."  
"Yes, but—"  
"What did she say?"  
"She said I'd get left. She said that any woman who wore a plush sacque and passed it off for a three-hundred dollar sealskin would be mean enough to go out at nights and shovel her own snow."  
"Boy!" whispered the woman as she turned white clear around her neck. I want you to clean off the snow. When you are through I'll give you a silver dollar, and I want you to go around and tell that woman that any one who buys and wears dollar store jewelry and fourteen-shilling shoes hasn't got sense enough to fall off a bob-tailed car!"  
—Detroit Free Press.

**ENDED THE EXAMINATION.**

Sim McSnifter was being tried in San Antonio for trying to bribe a colored witness, Sam Johnsing, to testify falsely.  
"You say this defendant offered you a bribe of \$50 to testify in his behalf?" said Lawyer Gouge to Sam Johnsing.  
"Yes, sah."  
"Now repeat precisely what he said, using his own words."  
"He said he would give \$50 if I—"  
"He can't have used those words. He didn't speak as a third person."  
"No, sah; he tuck good keer dat dar was no third pusson present. Dar was only us two. De fendant am too smart ter hab anybody listenin' when he am talking about his own raskality."  
"I know that well enough; but he spoke to you in the first person, didn't he?"  
"I was de fust pusson myself."  
"You don't understand me. When he was talking to you did he use the words, 'I will pay you \$50?'"  
"No, boss; he didn't say nuffin' about you payin' me \$50. Yore name wasn't mentioned, cept dat he told me dat ef I got inter a scrape dat you was de best lawyer in San Antonio to fool de judge and jury."  
"You can step down."—Siftings.

**TURNIPS AHEAD.**

The Committee on Agriculture, to whom had been submitted the inquiry, "What article of food will sustain life the longest?" reported that the matter had been thoroughly investigated, and that the conclusion had been reached that nothing could beat turnips. They were palatable to extreme youth and old age. A careful post mortem showed that they contained sugar, water, starch, lemonade, taffy, possum, rost duck, and cod-liver oil. Eaten raw, they supplied a long-felt want, cooked in water they hushed the cries of children and stopped the jaws of old women. They need no oysters or cranberry sauce to flavor 'em to a certain pitch, and the saving in pepper alone will almost support a family through a hard winter. It had been satisfactorily shown that the turnip had more staying powers than goose meat, more poetry than soup bones, and more domestic happiness than a leg of mutton. The report was accepted and adopted, and Bro. Gardner paid the committee a high compliment on its thorough research.  
On motion of Whalebone Hooker, the Secretary was instructed to forward a copy of the report to the Commissioner of Agriculture.—Detroit Free Press.

The rearing and feeding of live stock is the salvation of impoverished farms.—Southern Cul. and Dixie Farmer.

**CULTIVATING PEANUTS.**

If any of our readers desire to indulge in growing their own peanuts, they can do so by giving to any dry soil a thorough pulverization and fertilization with decomposed stable manure. Let the surface be even, and plant about the time of planting beans, getting fresh and unbaked nuts, which should be removed from the shell. Plant in hills from two-and-one-half to three feet apart, two kernels in each hill, so as to insure at least one plant to every hill. The surplus can be transplanted. When they come up keep clean by hoeing. This is as fully necessary as with other crops. When they begin to run and blossom the vines should be covered with earth, blossoms and all, to a depth of about an inch, leaving the ends of the vines just out of the ground. With good cultivation the vines will grow rapidly, and the earthing operation continued. They will continue to grow until frost comes, and then, as soon as the leaves are touched, they should be lifted from the ground, leaving the nuts clinging to the vines, in which condition they must be thoroughly dried, seeing to it that they do not mould or are destroyed by rats or mice. With good culture and luck a quart may be gathered from a single plant; so if the farmers' boys wish to grow their own, either for use or a few hills as a curiosity, there is no great difficulty attending the operation.

**ARE YOU THERE, MORIARITY?**

The winds were whispering low, and the sentinel stars had set their watches, if they had any set, up in the skies, as Mrs. Tomly leaned from her chamber window, and asked, in a low, trembling voice:  
"Is that you, Henry?"  
Now it is a peculiarity of Mr. Tomly that when under the influence he has great difficulty in finding his home. He has been once arrested as a burglar, and several times kicked out, so when he heard the female voice say, "Is that you, Henry?" he said:  
"Fore I ansher that question I'd like ter know if that's you, Sarah," holding on to the front gate and leering up at Sarah's chamber window.  
"Why certainly, Henry, it is me."  
"Is this the corner of Austin avenue and B street?"  
"Why of course it is, Henry."  
"Then," said Henry, indignantly, as he swayed around against the fence, "of course it's me. What yer ask fool questions for? Don't you know your own husband?"

—It is estimated that 51,000 workers are on strikes in various parts of the country.

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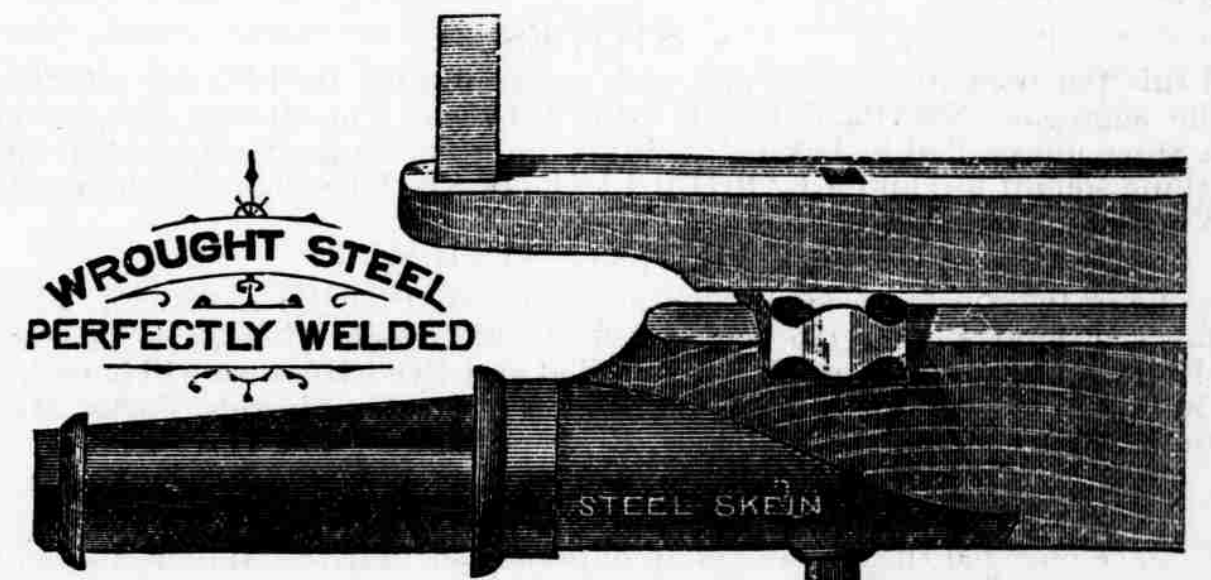


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