

A HOPFUL VIEW OF COTTON.

How Money Can be Made at Even 94 Cents a Pound, by Raising Your Own Grain and Provisions. The last number of the Financial Chronicle, under date of March 17, contains the following interesting article on the "Cost of Cotton Production."

"Facts bearing upon the industrial condition of the South have an increased interest, since it has become apparent that our Government is to leave the cotton States, for the future, free to regulate their own affairs. This, for obvious reasons, was necessarily a condition precedent to any general prosperity in that section. Until, in fact, this freedom everywhere exists, and is used and not abused, a large party in the North will believe the South only desires that it may ill-treat its labor and revolutionize governments, and live in anarchy."

At the present moment, also, every condition in the South appears to be favorable for its growth and development. In an article on cotton manufactures (Chronicle, February 24), we stated facts which showed the important position that section holds on that question. But our object at this time was to speak especially of the planting interest which has grown into a new life of late years. The wasteful system of the past, had become almost proverbial. With cotton at 30 cents a pound, the general response was, there was no money in it; and, when it had fallen to 20 cents, the absolute bankruptcy of the whole planting interest was, of course, the expected result. And to many these descending prices have proved very disastrous. In fact, it is through these disasters and the enforced economy since 1875 that a better basis has been reached. With the exception of a class of farmers, which have settled in the northern portion of the South Atlantic States, very few planters have made money until within the last two years. But the turning point has really come, and the result of the last cotton crop is less debt than ever before. In fact, the year has proved that cotton can be raised profitably in the Southern States at present prices.

In proof of this last statement, one illustration is as good as a thousand. A friend who has a plantation in south-western Georgia gives us the result of his year's work. He does not live on or near his plantation, but runs it with an overseer; of course a very expensive and prodigal way. What New England farm would pay expenses were the owner to live in Boston and let his labor work it? Our Georgia friend says that the total cotton crop he raised the past season was 163 bales, weighing when sold 82,175 pounds. He sold early in the season, and therefore did not get by 14c per lb what he could have realized later. But after paying all the expenses of sale, commissions, etc., the net proceeds of his crop were \$7,828.50, or about 9 1/2c per pound. The total cash expenses for the year, of every kind and description, including taxes, five hundred dollars for overseer's wages, labor, &c., amounted to \$5,113. To this should be added ten per cent on \$2,000, the value of the mules employed on the plantation—as experience shows that per centage about covers the wear—making the total cost of the crop \$5,313. This divided by pounds sold gives 6.60c as the actual cost of the cotton per pound, leaving the net profit 2.90c per pound, or a total profit of \$2,515.50. Had the crop been sold later, the profit would have been about \$1,000 more.

THE FENCE LAW.

Our farmers are still agitating the fence law, or more properly the "stock law," by which the stock is to be fenced instead of the crops. The matter is discussed at Grange meetings, and there is a general disposition to make one more effort to secure this law for Anderson County. Many of the farmers who had been waiting for the passage of such a law, evidently allowed their fencing to become dilapidated in the last few years, and recently have been obliged to undergo great expense to repair fences, in order to make a crop this year. They have had an opportunity of judging as to the cost of fencing, and are doubtless more than ever convinced that it is an exorbitant tax upon their resources. Others who were opposed to the application of such a law to Anderson County have become convinced that the best interests of the farmers generally demand that such a great outlay for fencing every year ought to be stopped, and that it is far cheaper and more satisfactory to fence the stock. We have no doubt that a majority almost equal to Hampton's majority last fall could be secured for a "stock law" in this County. Our attention has been directed to this subject at the present time by the perusal of a letter from Mecklenburg County, N. C., where a stock law has been in operation for several years. Mr. Robert Stevenson wrote a letter some time ago to Rev. J. C. Chalmers, who is well known to many of our citizens, asking for information in regard to the practical effect of the law in North Carolina, and the following answer was received by him. It will be remembered that the law originally applied to one township, and it will be seen that its practical benefits are to be extended to the entire county:

CHARLOTTE, N. C., March 5th, 1877. Dear Sir: Mr. Chalmers having been away from home for a few days, and being considerably worried, requested me to reply to your letter, which was received last Saturday. I will preface my reply by stating that the benefits accruing from the "stock law" are so many and so great that it is very hard to state all. 1. From the scarcity of rail timber, Mr. C. thinks that it has added at least one hundred per cent. to the former value of our lands. 2. That the farms can be cultivated with fewer hands, and thus at a less cost, for during the winter months, instead of fencing as formerly, we can be preparing our land for planting. 3. That vegetation, which was before kept eaten down by cattle running at large, is now permitted to decompose on the land, thus enriching it every year. 4. That the expense per capita to keep up the neighborhood, district or county fences, is not near so great as to keep up plantation fences, and the laws being stringent we are not bothered as before with mischievous stock. 5. That farmers generally reduce the number of their stock, and hence have a better quality. Of course, we have to provide food for them, but being confined in pastures they run less, and takes less to feed them, so we consider the expense no greater. We are never bothered hunting strayed cattle or hogs, which you know is very common under the old system. The above are only a few of the benefits arising from the system, but we think enough to convince any unprejudiced mind that it is by far preferable to the old plan. Had we ten acres of forest land to one in cultivation, we would be unwilling to return to the old system. In fact, I don't think there is one who has tried the new, would be willing under any circumstances to return to the old plan. The system is rapidly extending, and recently, by an act of our Legislature, the whole of our county (Mecklenburg) is allowed the benefit of the law. Yours truly, L. M. McALISTER.

P. S.—I forgot to state a very important item, namely, that we can cultivate any rich piece of land too small or inconvenient to fence, and you can about make your bread on the fence rows.—Anderson Intelligence.

LEMON PUDDING.—One pint of fine bread crumbs, one quart of sweet milk, one cup of sugar, yolks of two eggs, grated rind of one lemon; beat the yolks well; add the other ingredients, with a little salt, pour into a well-buttered pudding dish and bake until done. When the pudding is cold beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth; add one teaspoon of pulverized sugar and the juice of one lemon; spread this on the pudding; put it in the oven until it is a delicate brown. To be eaten with cream.

POTATO PUDDING.—Beat well together fourteen ounces of washed potatoes (free from lumps), four ounces of butter, four of sugar, five eggs, the grated rind of a small lemon, a pinch of salt; add a small teaspoon of sweet milk; pour the mixture into a well-buttered pudding dish; pour a little clarified butter on the top, and then sift plenty of white sugar over it. Bake in a moderate oven three-quarters of an hour.

TO MAKE A COW GIVE MILK.—A writer who says that his cow gives all the milk that is wanted in a family of eight persons, and from which was made 200 pounds of butter in the year; gives the following as the treatment. He says: If you desire to get a large yield of rich milk, give your cow, three times a day, water slightly warm, slightly salted, in which bran has been stirred, at the rate of one quart to two gallons of water. You will find, if you have not found this by easy practice, that your cow will gain twenty-five per cent, immediately under the effect of it! She will become so attached to the diet as to refuse to drink clear water unless very thirsty, but this mess she will eat almost any time, and ask for more. The amount of this is an ordinary water pail full each time, morning, noon and night. Your animal will then do her best at discounting the lacteal. Four hundred pounds of butter is often obtained from good stock; and instances are mentioned where the yield was even at a higher figure.—Exchange.

WHY NOT GROW MORE BARLEY?—The successful growth of barley is only possible with good farming, just as large crops of roots need the best culture. To admit that one cannot grow barley is admitting himself a poor farmer. Our poor farming is the reason why 7,000,000 bushels of barley are imported into the United States every year, a crop subject to much risk in marketing, but there is no better grain for horses; when ground it is excellent food for cows, producing a rich flow of milk; it is probably the best food for poultry, and when barley meal is mixed with boiled potatoes and fed to pigs, it makes the very best flavored pork and that, too, more rapidly than any other food we have used. With all these advantages why not grow more barley?

MIRACULOUS RAILWAY ESCAPE.

ON TRAIN NOW PASSENGER RAILROAD, March 9.—Some of your readers have not forgotten what fearful weather we had last night. The elements were verily at war. Dark and angry clouds shut out all light from the firmament above, rendering the night dark in the extreme. The wind was blowing a perfect gale, and the rain was pouring in torrents. Amid such a scene, and with such surroundings as these, the train bound to Charleston moved out from Florence, something over an hour behind the regular schedule time. As she rushed rapidly forward through the blackness of the night, occasionally a sensation of dread or horror would come over your correspondent, and many of the terrible railroad disasters of the past would come vividly before his mind. There seemed also to be a feeling of unrest or uneasiness, pervading the train. Several expressed the opinion that in such terms as to whether or not we would be permitted to make a safe trip down to the "City by the Sea." These gloomy forebodings of ours were not without foundation in reality. We were running between Leno's and Salters at about a place called "Dixie," when an accident occurred. The train was moving at the rate of twenty or twenty-five miles an hour, so said the engineer. Suddenly and alarmingly there was a violent shock and a tremendous crash, and then for two or three minutes a succession of jolts and jars which came near dashing the passengers from their seats. There was a little or no consternation among those on board, but the writer must admit that his feelings were any other than pleasant, for either from imagination or from fear, the coach seemed to be gradually sinking, and he did not know what moment would find the entire train a complete wreck down among the timbers of some fallen tree. It was not long, however, before the train was motionless, and then there was a general rush to ascertain the cause of our coming so suddenly to a halt. The voice of the polite and courteous conductor, Capt. Cain, was heard shouting out among the disturbed elements, inquiring if any one suffered injury. He seemed to be like any good conductor ought to be, under such circumstances, extremely solicitous concerning those under his charge. From the engineer, Mr. Wm. Jackson, the writer obtained the following points in connection with the cause and event of the disaster: He was running, as stated above, at the rate of twenty or twenty-five miles an hour. The fireman was throwing wood into the furnace, and light therefrom prevented him (the engineer) from seeing distinctly any object ahead. He saw an object, however, and took it to be a white horse on the track. Did not worry himself much, thinking that he could easily knock him off. Great was his surprise and dismay, however, when the engine ran into a pine tree, which had fallen directly across the track. So great was the momentum of the train that the body of the tree, being about ten inches in diameter, was cut off and the huge fragment was carried forward by the engine; not very far, however, before she leaped wildly over it, tearing away her trucks and burying herself in the embankment. The engine was completely demolished. The express and baggage car followed closely on behind. The car rushed upon the log, and the result was the trucks were torn loose and it was thrown upon its side on the opposite bank from the engine. The express agent was lying upon a table, and was thrown on the floor, sustaining no other injury but a simple scratch on his face. The other cars did not leave the track, and it is thought that the prompt use of the air brakes prevented them from becoming a complete wreck. When we consider the extent of the disaster and the imminent peril in which all were placed, it is really miraculous that no one was hurt. The engineer escaped as by the breadth of a hair. He did not leave his box, but when the engine stopped, stepped out from the very jaws of death. The fireman and wood-passer were thrown off, but were not injured. As we left, Capt. Corrie, with a large number of hands was clearing the track. Trains will probably pass through this afternoon.—JUVENIS, in News and Courier.

A DUEL ON HORSEBACK.—New Orleans, March 9.—In Catahoula Parish, on Saturday, two lives were sacrificed for a faithless woman. John Henry, colored, loved the wife of Lew Butcher, also colored, and in order to get the husband out of the way invited him out to hunt. When in the woods, Henry aged behind, and when the opportunity presented itself, lodged a load of buck-shot in Butcher's back. Butcher, although mortally hurt, turned in his saddle to see whether he had been shot through accident or design, when noticing Henry, scarcely a yard distant, trying to reach his musket, which, after the shooting, he had laid across his saddle, the truth burst upon him, and he knew that his only chance for life lay in killing Henry. Leveling his musket, Butcher fired just as Henry turned to flee, and sent a load of buck-shot through his back, causing death almost instantaneously. Butcher hastened home, which he reached in time to tell his story and die.

CALLING TO CHURCH.—It appears by the following extract from the records of Springfield, Massachusetts, January 8, 1646, that the method of calling people to church adopted by the ancient settlers of that town, was as follows: "It is agreed by the plantation with John Matthews to beat the drum for the meetings for a year's space, at 10 of the clock, on the lecture days, and at 9 o'clock on the Lord's days, and he is to beat it from Moxon's to R. Stebbing's house, and ye meetings to begin an hour after, for which his payns, he is to have 4d in wampum of every family in the town, or a peck of Indian corn, if they have no wampum."

WASHING-TON, D. C.

Washington, D. C., March 9.—The nomination of Fred Douglass as United States marshal of the District of Columbia, says: "The nomination is not a popular one with any class. The colored people do not approve of it, for they say that while Douglass assumes to be a representative of their race he is 'too high-toned,' and prefers associating with white people, whom he can do it, to those of his own color. The citizens generally of the District do not approve of it, as they say that so important an office should not be given to him. The lawyers are very much disgusted over it, and one of the District judges said that Douglass was entirely unfit for such a position; that it required very fine business capacities, in which he was entirely deficient, as shown by his miserable management of the affairs of the Freedman's Bank. It is stated very positively that although President Hayes expressed his purpose to do something very handsome for Mr. Douglass, he never would have nominated him as marshal, if that officer was expected to act as master of ceremonies at the White House, as was always the case until the latter part of Gen. Grant's administration. When the name of Mr. Douglass was first suggested for the marshalship it was thought that one of his duties would be to attend at the Presidential levees and receptions, and introduce the guests.—A confidential friend of President Hayes remarked: 'Do you think the President will have a nigger to introduce people to his wife?' Afterwards it was found that this was not necessarily a part of the official duties of the marshal, as it was mentioned that for several years Gen. Babcock and others of the immediate household of the President has acted as grand high chamberlain. It was therefore understood that Mr. Douglass is to have no connection with the White House. Two senators requested President Hayes to withdraw the nomination, which he declined to do unless at the motion of Douglass himself. Bruce, the colored senator from Mississippi, who resides with Douglass, urges him to stick. The marshalship is said to be worth about \$10,000."

A BRIGHT SUNDAY SCHOOL PUPIL.—The superintendent of a Sunday school, having organized a splendid treat for his pupils, thought it time to connect some lesson with their evident appreciation of the fruit. "Have you enjoyed these strawberries, to-day?" he asked. "Yes, sir; yes, sir," came from all sides. "Well, children, if you had seen these berries growing in my garden, and had slipped in through the gate without my leave, and picked them, would they have tasted as good as now?"

"Why not?" asked the gratified master, anticipating the virtuous answer obviously suggested. "Because," said one of the little flock, "then we shouldn't have had the sugar and cream with 'em."

A commercial exchange says: "Hogs are dull." We never thought hogs were very sharp. When one breaks into a cabbage patch you may chase it fourteen hundred times around the lot, and it will try to crawl through every three inch crack in the fence without once seeing the hole it made to get in.

A mother admonishing her son, a lad about seven years of age, told him he should never put off till to-morrow anything that he could do to-day. The little urchin replied, "Then, mother, let's eat the remainder of the plum-pudding to-night!"

A little darkey slipped off of a steep roof and exclaimed, "Good Lord, ketch me! ketch me, good Lord!" Just as his breeches caught on a nail and held him, and he cried out, "Nebber mind, good Lord; a nail done catch me."

Mrs. Boss who is lecturing in Boston just now, tells the girls that marriage is the business of their lives. According to that view of the case there are now over 30,000 Massachusetts maids who are out of employment.

The inventor of the "self buttoning glove" is missing. It is thought he has been assassinated by enraged young men.

What a gain it would be in these hard times if a mirror could be invented which would make an old bonnet look like a new one.

Rice, McLure & Co. ANNOUNCE that they have received a full line of FALL AND WINTER GOODS, to which they respectfully call the attention of purchasers. These goods have been carefully selected, purchased at low prices, and are offered on the most reasonable terms. The attention of the Ladies is especially directed to the DRESS GOODS, SHAWLS, CLOAKS, TRIMMINGS, MILLINERY GOODS, SILK NECK TIES, RUFFLINGS, HOSIERY, GLOVES AND FANCY ARTICLES, Displayed by RICE, McLURE & CO. Oct. 15 41

New Stock of Prints at FOSTER & WILKINS. Jan. 7 1

Improve Your Stock. The fine, thorough-bred Horse, ENOREE, is one of the handsomest animals in the State, and his colts are sought after by all good judges of horse flesh. His services can be had at \$25 for the season. Those wishing to raise really fine stock should breed from him.

LAUGHTER.

LAUGHTER.—Laughter very often shows the brighter side of a man. It brings out his happier nature, and shows of what sort of stuff he is made. Somehow we fell as if we never thoroughly knew a man until we hear him laugh. We do not feel "at home" with him till then. We do not mean a mere sigger, but a good hearty round laugh. The solemn, sober visage, like a Sunday-dress, tells nothing of the real man. He may be very foolish, or very profound, very cross or very jolly. Let us hear him laugh, and we can decipher him at once, and tell how his heart beats.

An Illinois minister announced on his Sunday night bulletin. "The funeral of Judas Iscariot." To which an obliging fellow added: "Friends of the deceased are cordially invited."