## COTTON PLANTING.

### CHEAP MONEY THE GREATEST NEED OF OUR FARMERS.

**Ready Capital Must be Engaged in the Business to Reach Success—The Lien System and Expensive Loans Won't Answer—Views of a Planter.**

The following article on the subject of cotton planting, from the pen of a Wateree planter, appeared in the Columbia Register:

"What man is there, if you ask for bread will give you a stone; if you ask for a fish, give you a serpent?"

When the early Virginia colonists applied to the authorities at home for some consideration in the matter of churches and schools, suggesting the benefit it would be to their souls, the reply of the profane regency that governed the Virginia planters was: "Damn your souls, plant tobacco." Change tobacco for cotton and you have much the same reply practically given to the poor devil who is trying to make an honest living by cultivating the kindly soil of South Carolina. "Make cotton" is the reply to every application for advances that are necessary to carry on this business, as things now stand, by those who control the money of the country. No cotton, no advances, diversified agriculture, grow grasses, raise stock, wheat, barley, oats and rye. You improvident, thriftless devil, call yourself a farmer, and plant cotton to buy everything else? True, and pity 'tis, true; and why is this thus? Simply because this power that rules the country absolutely finds its interest in having cotton planted to the exclusion, practically, of everything else; and under the pressure of that law the farmer has his financial life worked out of him as completely as ever the Spaniard did the best blood of Aztec and Inca in the mines of Mexico and Peru.

The emancipation of the Southern negro left nothing in the hands of the planter but his lands, with little or no market value, at least not enough to make it a legitimate basis of mercantile credit. The national banks refused to lend money on the security of real estate, their charters forbidding. The banks found it better for their interest to get as far from the planters as possible, and interposed the commission merchant between them, who acted as brokers for the bank, while making their own money out of it. The bank gives accommodation to the city merchant, the merchant to such firms in the country towns and cross-roads as suit their purposes, and at last the farmer (be he of many plows to the nigger with his ox) takes it as he can get it, with the condition precedent of "so much cotton." The cotton comes, but under this system the planter is always left. He drags a lengthening chain. When he started after the war, we assume, he had something left. How many of that class have anything now? If he has, how long will he keep it? It is but a question of time and short time. Who or what is to blame for this? No individual certainly. He who prospers, while the planter at the other end of the line goes to the wall, does it in fair and open market, taking advantage of the soundings made to his hands—for "the stars in their courses fight against Sisera"—his (the capitalists) holds the cards that wins, and controls the situation, as the Jews did Europe in the Middle Ages, by having all the money and all the credit.

The man who gets money at six or eight per cent. and lends it at fifteen or twenty or twenty-five (getting it often, in the first instance, upon the collateral pledge of real estate of the man he lends it to) must go up as other goes down. So, then, as far as we can see, this discrimination in the price of money to the planter is the handicap that weighs him down. He makes his staple pretty much to the exclusion of everything else, with money, that costs him anything from 12 to 25 per cent. one way or another, whilst the man who buys it, carries on business with money that costs in New York or Liverpool 5 and 6 per cent. less. Those who handle cotton make money out of it. Go into the streets of any of the country towns in the cotton region in December, and every store is full, and doing a roaring business on and out of cotton, while every pound of it cost the man who made it more than it sold for. It costs $6.00 to pick a bale of 500 pounds. This alone pours into the country cotton marts a very large amount of hard cash in the space of two and a half months. Add to this the seed cotton traffic, and you have something that accounts for the "milk in the cocoanut." So much more can be made by those who have money, by lending it in advances to the man who makes the cotton, than by planting, that even planters themselves, who may have it, let it go that way. The tendency seems to be the absorption of all the large estates in the country, by the wealthy city capitalists. This is as natural as inevitable, and [illegible] the sooner this is done the better [illegible] concerned. They know how it is themselves. They have the means of overcoming the difficulties of the situation, and may succeed. We wish them well. It is no fault of theirs that the old system of the South should pass away, and the old estates of the country be carried on by an "absentee system" like a sugar estate in British Guiana, or a tea farm on the slopes of the Himalayas. Free labor requires a large amount of floating capital to move and control it. It was properly said, in old times, that the planter had no business with banks, his labor being a part of his vested capital, making their necessary support as well. In all other business, where a number of hands are employed, a floating capital is required while those using the capital realize on it at short periods, and are able to repay it with advantage to the lender and borrower. Not so with the planter, for the reasons given. And we know what we say when we affirm that no more prosperous man lived anywhere than the planters upon our rivers and highlands before the war. There was no commercial sense about this business. Often the successful merchant, who had got rich upon the chances of trade, identified himself with the great planting interest, and was done with speculation. It was so in cotton, rice and sugar. There was a stability about the business, from this cause, that resembled the English landed interest; but now planting is essentially a commercial speculation. The cash for hands, month by month, successful or not, must be paid in full, with no crop, and nothing to pay with, there being no reserved capital. This brings things to a halt at once. One who cannot control capital on a legitimate basis had as well undertake to work a mine, or run a factory or a line of ocean steamers on a twelve months' credit, as to plant successfully. A merchant with little or no capital, but a good business reputation, can get goods on such time as enables him to carry on business with sales to meet his credits. He is part of a system of credits, and does a legitimate business with it. There is no legitimate system of credit in planting. The length of time before he can realize and the uncertainty attending all its operations and results, put the planter out of the pale of commercial credit, which means getting money upon the same terms as other men doing business with him. Unless he does that, the rest goes for nothing. Farmers may meet and resolve, and all the rest—may go to the Legislature, and, if you choose, "make Rome howl;" but unless that difficulty is removed they are out of the ring. "Paul may plant, and Apollus may water," but there is no increase at 2 per cent. a month.

The tariff and State taxation have in a sense nothing to do with this desperate condition of things. As our old friend Don Quixotte used to say to his trusty squire: "These are but tarts and cheesecakes, friend Sancho, to that grim giant over yonder;" and our giant is no windmill either.

Dear priced money would even now come too late to the most who have been planting cotton since the war. Like the succor sent to the famishing Irish in 1848, many were too far gone, though still alive and conscious, to be helped by it; and the most terrible duty imposed upon the commissioners who distributed the provisions, was to pass by those whose features indicated so hopeless a condition that it did not warrant giving them, though craving for it, that relief which would save others not so far gone.

So, again, we say the thing has gone on long enough, and gone so far that, really, the best for the country at large would be for the capitalists who overshadow the land with this, in the aggregate, enormous debt to pass some sort of an "Irish encumbered estate bill, realize, take possession of all estates," so perpetually burdened, and put them fairly afloat with the means they and no one else have, and so take a burden from the shoulders of that unfortunate class of men who undertake to plant cotton on liens—and then what is going to happen will happen, and what that is would not, we will confess, be difficult to say. Cotton will be made, no fear. The middle and upper country of South Carolina is as good a region to make it in as any in the cotton belt, take it all round. The labor is now well in hand and only requires the knowledge of the freedman's ways and requirements, with the money to meet them, and experience has taught this to the men who have been dealing with them of late years to do good work. This middle and upper country of South Carolina has the climate, soil and wealth, lying under the shelter of the Blue Ridge on the North and West, with the warm current of the Gulf Stream bathing its Eastern shore, it is a veritable garden for those who are able to avail themselves of its advantages, but not upon the system now pursued. That is doomed, and no hand can save it. The sooner it goes the better. Clear the wreck and let the strongest hold the ground. Out of "chaos" comes "cosmos." Bad as the best may be, nothing is worse than holding on. The dry rot permeates the whole system, and can have but one ending. The Dutch, when they had the monopoly of the East India trade, burned the surplusage of their spices to keep the market at a paying standard. Let those who are able to plant cotton legitimately do so. Let them take example from the Dutch (a wise people,) reduce the cotton crop and handle more money from the small crop than the large one, to say nothing of incidental benefits coming from cultivating provisions. Make half a crop of cotton one year, and it will give a healthy tone to the market for an indefinite period.

WATEREE.

Camden, S. C.

### A Pathetic Incident at Sea.

The brief story of the relief of the British ship Baron Blantyre by the steamship Baltimore condenses enough of incident to furnish Clark Russell or some other skillful writer of sea stories the basis for a thrilling narrative. What could be more harrowing than for starving men to see, as the crew of the Blantyre did, their signal of distress unheeded by a passing vessel except so far as to drop provisions overboard, which the famishing men were too weak and feeble to secure, being compelled to see them floating away on the waves beyond all hope of reach? In the height of their distress the Baltimore hove in sight on her way from Liverpool to this city, and humanely responding with all possible speed to the appeal for assistance, sent over the waves of an angry sea a boat to their succor. But for the timely arrival of the steamship the crew of the Blantyre would probably have perished. Their condition being aggravated by the knowledge that they had provisions on board which they were unable to eat because, being salted, they would only have increased the torment of their thirst. The plight from which they were so fortunately rescued just in time exceeds in refinement of torture the most ingenious conception of the novelist, and the simple story of their rescue is full of pathos.—Baltimore Sun.

### Some Signs that Spring is Near.

The brand new toboggan is now utilized as a newspaper rack in the library.

The roller skate is tossed into the corner of the back shed.

The amateur base ball player tries to hire out as a professional.

The bonnet business is getting ready to boom.

The caoutchouc gum shoe has a bad rent in the heel.

The landlord spends fifty cents in whitewashing and raises the rent two dollars a month.

None laugh better and oftener than women with fine teeth.

## A BLUE RIDGE ROMANCE.

**The First Husband Waives His Claim, But a Revengeful Neighbor Invokes the Law.**

In all the South there is no more romantic region than that beyond the Blue Ridge mountains, in North Carolina, where the wolf and the Indian yet play their part, as in the days of early settlement. In Jackson county a vast tract of land is owned by the Cherokees, the "eastern band" of this once powerful tribe having there their chief estate.

Seated by a cozy fire the other night, in a committee room in the capitol, Senator Elias related a curious story.

He said that in 1862 a stalwart mountaineer named Hamrick, who up to that time had managed to avoid the war and its attendant features of volunteering or being conscripted, brought a buxom wife with him from Swain county into Jackson county, and made his home in this quiet and lovely cove in the Indian reservation.

Months passed. The pair were devoted. The young wife experienced all the delights of a thoroughly primitive existence. But this was not to last. There was a regiment of Cherokees in the service of the State, under the command of old Colonel Thomas. One day an officer of this regiment returned and found Hamrick in the cove. The latter was conscripted and hurried to the front. His wife next heard from him in Northern Virginia. Letters were infrequent, messages seldom came.

In 1864 the wife—to whom a pair of twins, a boy and a girl, had been born—learned that her husband had disappeared; that after his name on the roll of his company was only that dreadful entry, "missing."

In 1865 the war ended, and with its close came to her the news that her husband had deserted—gone over to the enemy. Year after year passed. The wife kept the vigil of love and wearily waited for the missing husband, who never came.

There were wooers enough, and "the widow," as she was called in the neighborhood talk, had what were there considered good offers. One patient lover named Bowers, thrice rejected, persevered, and in 1876 won the prize of his devotion. He brought his effects to his wife's home in the cove.

Ten years more passed and 1886 came. Not one word of the long lost first husband had been heard since the returning soldiers brought news in 1865 of Hamrick's desertion. True as the wife's devotion was to her second husband, she had yet a warm spot in her simple heart for the first, and in her rude, uncultured way she even wove a half romance out of the great and apparently unending mystery of his absence.

One bright day last summer a stranger came to Bowers's home in the cove. The place was in most respects like it was in 1863, for changes in the mountain wilds are made slowly. Bowers was not at home. The wife was now a buxom woman of forty years, far tidier in appearance and with much more natural grace and sprightliness of manner than the average woman in that section. The stranger asked who lived there. He was told "the Bowers family." In a hospitable manner he was asked in the house, where presently came to their mother two children, one of six, and the other of nine years.

At dinner time the family received two more additions—a young man and young woman, about twenty-three years of age, exceedingly alike in face and manner. The stranger asked, "Who are these?" "They are Hamricks's," was the reply of the good wife; "my children by my first husband." People in the mountains in many cases loved to talk—in fact, are not infrequently garrulous—and in half an hour the wife had told the story of her first marriage and the deep mystery which had ended it. The stranger listened attentively, and just as the story was concluded Bowers came in.

A neighbor came in, and soon learned the story, too. The wife bustled about, of course, excited, but not in tears. Hamrick and Bowers talked together.

The neighbors, after the manner of neighbors all the world over, told the news to people within reach, and next day these came to hear and see. A few, very few, had a remembrance of Hamrick; not vivid, but faint, for he had lived in that section but a little while, of course.

Presently some loquacious neighbor said to Bowers: "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"About what?" was the reply.

"Why, about that man Hamrick. He's your wife's husband."

This put a new face on the matter. Bowers had not thought of it in that way, neither had the wife. She broke into tears.

There were a dozen people in the house. All were listening and looking with rude curiosity.

The house seemed cramped. Bowers said: "Let's go outdoors." All went.

No sooner had they arrived in the yard than the wife went to Bowers and threw her arms about him.

At this whatever manliness there was in Hamrick came to the surface and asserted itself. He said: "I'll tell you what I'll do, people; I don't want to make no disturbance and I'll go right back where I came from."

That was all he said. The crowd half spoke, half nodded assent to the proposition and plan in one. Right there, under the trees, the matter was fixed as if in court before a jury. Hamrick said he was satisfied, and declared that this time he would go "for good." He told the people, his wife, his children, all goodbye. Only the wife cried, not through any sentimentality about the situation, but out of pure emotion and a desire to do her duty in her own simple way.

There was, nevertheless, in the situation, as in the subject, everything that the most ardent novelist could desire, and yet to those people all was a fact, a hard fact, without possibly the barest suggestion of sentiment.

The neighbors did not spread the news very much outside their own circle and the affair was a mere matter of neighborhood talk. No one thought that the law would ever step in. But step in it did, in a way just as romantic, though just as real, as everything else.

A neighbor of Bowers had what in that country is known as "a falling out" with him about a cider press. Out of these trivial affairs grow quarrels, harsh words, nay, blood-lettidg and even homicides, not infrequently.

This time Bowers's new-made enemy was of another stamp of man. He knew of the Hamrick matter, but a few months ago settled. So last October he went to the county seat and there gave to the solicitor or a grand juryman the information that Bowers was violating the statute by unlawfully living with a woman, and that the woman had also violated the law in committing bigamy.

Now here was a situation. Bowers and his wife was arrested, and Senator Elias, a lawyer of repute in all that region, was sought to defend them. The husband, who had given bond for his appearance at court, rode many miles after "Lawyer Elias" and told him the whole story.

The lawyer, a man of culture, was astonished at the story thus unrolled before his eyes. Court met and the lawyer used all his eloquence and persuasiveness. He told the whole story—of the deserted wife, the long vigil of love, the giving up of the first husband for dead, the remarriage, the return of the long lost husband, the verbal agreement that he should return to the far northwest and all remain as it was.

The narrative had its effect upon the rudest mind; but the law had technically, unknowingly been violated; it must be technically enforced. So there was a technical verdict of guilty, with a recommendation to the mercy of the court if the parties lived separate and apart.

This was Lawyer Elias's chance, his opportunity; he seized it. He told Bowers that he and his wife had best go out of that neighborhood, and that they might live together; that the verdict was only technical, and the judgment a mere form, and that in the future the law would not again disturb them.

They acted on the suggestion, removed to Macon county, and now live there at peace with all the world. Only a few weeks ago the son was married, and in the spring the girl will become a bride.

So Senator Elias told the story, a true story in all particulars, which has in it all the elements of the fanciful and the unreal, and is yet just as true as the fact, known of all men, that the great peaks of the Blue Ridge raise themselves skyward in Western North Carolina.

### The Southern Women in the Lead.

It is really a matter of indifference whether or not a society leader is indigenous to the soil, or whether she is imported from some foreign clime, but usually there are certain peculiarities of either complexion, dress or manners that prevent a stranger from mingling in New York society for any length of time without betraying her foreign extraction. New York society, that is the ultra-fashionable, may be very exclusive, but it is, nevertheless, composed of heterogeneous parts. In addition to the foreigners who are admitted into its charmed circle, each section of this country contributes its quota of members, and the distinctive characteristics of each one are as noticeable to a close observer as the foreign and conceited ways of the British nobility, or the mincing daintiness of the over-foppish Frenchman. We have Westerners and Southerners who are easily distinguished from the genuine Gothamites, although they have been so closely connected with New York society in its doings for years past they are generally recognized throughout the country as genuine New Yorkers.

The Southern women are counted among the most beautiful and cultivated, and their soft voices and gentle manners have won for them much praise, especially this winter, during which they have been prominently to the front as entertainers. Everyone who meets Mrs. Algernon S. Sullivan is charmed with her grace of manner and beauty, although few know that she is Southerner. Mrs. Brookhoist Cutting is one of the most popular of matrons, and is a Virginian by birth and rearing. Mrs. Burton Harrison, as is well known comes from the same State. She was a Miss Cary, and is connected with the Fairfaxes and Randolphs. She represents the literary women of the South. Mrs. Edward Lees Coffey, whose pretty daughter Lucy is just now a very prominent figure in society—as the author of a play—also hails from the Old Dominion, and Mrs. Willard Ward, of Madison occasionally gives such delightful receptions, is the daughter of the late Judge Erskine, of Alabama. At her house the representatives of Southern families are usually met. Miss Bisland, a friend of Miss Ward, dates back her family traditions to the last Spanish Governor of Louisiana.—New York Letter.

### Jones, of Florida.

The Florida car turned the conversation of the home bound Congressmen to Jones, of Florida—Jones inamoratus—who kept his word and did not come back to Washington to serve out his Congressional term. "Poor Jones," said Call, his former colleague, the other day, "he will not come back; his political race is run." And hardly had the little marble hammer fallen in the Senate when the Governor of Florida appointed his successor. The new Senator may be a very able man, but he will not at first attract the attention which Mr. Jones did in the early days of his Senatorial career. An Irish ship carpenter, working at the bench by the side of slaves, he gained an education by the light of pine knots at night, and rose to eminence; was elected to the United States Senate, where he was, in fact, one of the ablest of constitutional debaters. Suddenly, without notice to those the nearest him, the light of his public life seems to have gone out. For months Senators have received from Detroit newspapers with incoherent sentences written upon the margin—the purport of which has been that Jones has believed himself to be the victim of a conspiracy. These newspapers, with other circumstances, have caused many Senators to believe that, like Dean Swift, Jones is "dying-atop."—Correspondence Boston Journal.

POLITICAL POWER in State governments is very evenly divided in the United States. Of the thirty-eight Legislatures, nineteen are reported Democratic and the same number Republican. There are twenty-two Democratic Governors and sixteen Republican Governors.

A faults statement—An indictment.

## CLEVELAND'S POLICY.

### POLITICAL FORCES ABOUT TO BE REORGANIZED BY HIM.

**The Talk of Radical Leaders—The Tenure of Office Act and How it Bothers Them.**

(Letter to the Philadelphia Times.)

WASHINGTON, March 19.—There is now no doubt that a quiet movement is about to be inaugurated looking to a thorough organization of the political forces, on the basis of the President's policy of progressive administration and reform. The fact as to whether he desires a renomination or not is secondary to the placing of the Democratic party, as he interprets its duty, on a higher plane and by that means to draw additional strength of influence and numbers from the discordant elements among the Republicans. Sufficient is now known of the state of sentiment in the Republican party to make it clear that the renomination of Mr. Blaine will arouse greater disaffection than manifested itself in the campaign of 1884.

There is no doubt of the apprehension which exists among the Republican leaders on the loss of ground in many localities which have hitherto been counted as certain. A prominent New Hampshire politician and former Republican Governor said to-day that a change of fifty votes in the last election would have made the Legislature Democratic, and would have sent a Democrat to the United States Senate by the Legislature this summer. This would have reversed the strength of parties by giving the Democrats thirty-eight, instead of thirty-seven, with Riddleberger doubtful. The friends of Postmaster General Vilas are talking Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa as doubtful Republican States, and this feeling is said to be spreading. There is no doubt whatever that the conservative policy of the President has given such a hold upon the better sentiment of the country that he is not only stronger than his party, but is the only man in the party who can command the outside support which will be necessary to continue the present control of the executive power.

The repeal of the tenure of office act is another important point gained. It evidently so regarded in administration circles. Previously it was impossible for the President to make removals. He could only suspend, which inferentially was for cause, which gave the Republican Senate a sort of caveat upon removals to a certain degree. The President can now remove for the sake of removal without assigning even the fiction of offensive partisanship for his act. This has taken away an obstruction to the appointing power of the President contrived originally to curb the personal partisan acts of Johnson. The President has now a clear field and proposes to use it in building up a following which will not only represent his construction and fulfillment of the Democratic platform of 1884, but will be a guarantee of equal fidelity to the will of the people in the performance of the pledges of the reforms which may be made the issues of the platform of 1888.

What most perplexes the average Republican politician is the inside reason for the repeal of the tenure of office act by Republican votes in the Senate at a time when a Democratic administration is in control of the patronage. The Republican Senators themselves are divided in their opinions. Some claim that it was done in order to prevent it from coming back to plague them in the event of a Republican administration and a Democratic Senate two years hence. It was a notification to the party workers in the campaign of next year that with success will come the partisan rewards of the loot of office. The Republican leaders claim that the administration, having the offices filled with their own friends, the best they can do is to hold out the expectation of a new deal in event of success without regard to civil service fancies. Another version is that it is part of a scheme for certain manipulations by the irreconcilable Republicans in the event of the nomination of Blaine, and that certain prominent Republicans in the Senate were parties to the scheme when the repeal was proposed. The friendly relations between the President and many Republicans is not without some ulterior motive, if the occasion should come for its application.

Secretary Manning, in a recent conversation, did not hesitate to say that he was agreeably surprised to see the policy of the President from a purely political standpoint bearing such excellent fruit. He said that all great reforms produce more or less friction, but the disappointment of a few persons after the offices would not stand against the durable benefits of a permnently established ascendency of the Democratic party, not of 1860, but of 1888. He regarded the period from the campaign in support of President Cleveland to the campaign of next year as a political revolution the same as the term of James Buchanan, when the great sectional issue of slavery and freedom was fought over. The war was an unfortunate incident of the struggle, although it might be regarded as a sort of heroic treatment of the disease, which, in the restoration of the functions of government over the whole country, left the government stronger and the people better satisfied with each other.

Both parties appreciate the importance of the time between now and the assembling of Congress. At a conference among the friends of Mr. Blaine in this city a few days ago the hint was dropped by one who had heard from him within a short time that he would accept the advice of his friends and go to Europe in May. One of his near friends propounded the idea that the success of his literary efforts had created a strong feeling that he possessed a genius for literature which he never knew he possessed, and he was not so sure but that literature instead of politics was his proper field. The gentlemen present looked aghast at this idea, in doubt as to whether the parties were in jest or in earnest.

The trip of Senator Sherman through the South as a preliminary move to stimulate his friends, increasing in numbers and influence, will doubtless make headway for him in advance of the selection of men for delegates to the National Convention. There will be a bitter struggle, however, in Virginia. Mahone will lead the Sherman forces and Riddleberger will oppose, the upshot of which will doubtless make rough sledding for the Republicans.

### Temperance in the Schools.

The temperance education law of Vermont, enacted in 1882, with no specific provisions and no penalty, has proved weak and too indefinite to secure the designed object. The W. C. T. U. of that State voted to petition the Legislature of 1886 for a more stringent statute on this subject, and engaged Mrs. M. H. Hunt to take charge of the campaign. The new bill was modeled after the national law, but was amended in the Senate with an enabling clause. In spite of the lobby combinations against it, this bill was skillfully carried through both houses with a handsome majority.

At thirty minutes past five o'clock Tuesday evening the Governor returned the bill to the Senate with a veto message based on the Senate amendment, which he declared "unconstitutional." The Legislature was to adjourn at 8 o'clock the next morning, but was to have a night session. The irrepressible vitality back of this movement evidently knows no defeat. Another bill leaving out the unconstitutional clause was framed and presented to the Senate at 11 o'clock that evening, and under a "suspension of rules" it passed both houses and was signed by the Governor before three o'clock the next morning. The enemies of the bill went home after the veto was read, thinking it was killed, but Mrs. Hunt and Mrs. Perkins, President of Vt. W. C. T. U., stayed through the night session; rallied the friends in both houses to a new support of the reconstructed measure, and the sun rose on a complete victory for the temperance education of all the children in the public schools of the Green Mountain State. The new bill, now the law of Vermont, is as specific as the one vetoed, with a strong penalty for non-enforcement. Mrs. Hunt gives great credit to Mrs. Perkins for hearty co-operation in Montpelier and to the W. C. T. U. ladies who rolled up 12,000 petitions so signally crowned with victory.—Norfolk County Gazette.

A Vermont paper says, "The gratitude of the State for this valuable legislation is due chiefly to Mrs. Hunt. Discouragement with her called forth new plans. Seeming defeat recalled other like scenes that ended in victory. Her experience furnished a precedent or warning in every emergency. Tireless in activity, unshaken in faith, and invincible in courage, she conquered defeat at every stage."

The following is a copy of this new law:

AN ACT to provide for the Study of Scientific Temperance in the Public Schools of the State of Vermont.

It is hereby enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Vermont:

SECTION 1. In addition to the branches in which instruction is now required by law to be given in the public schools, instruction shall also be given as to the nature of alcoholic drinks and narcotics and special instruction as to their effects upon the human system in connection with the several divisions of the subject of Physiology and Hygiene. And such subjects shall be taught as thoroughly as arithmetic and geography are taught in said schools. Such instruction shall be given orally to pupils who are not able to read and shall be given by the use of text-books in the case of pupils who are able to read. And such instruction shall be given as aforesaid to all pupils in all public schools in the State.

SEC. 2. The text books used for the instruction required to be given by the preceding section shall give at least one-fourth of their space to the consideration of the nature and effects of alcoholic drinks and narcotics; and the books used in the highest grade of graded schools shall contain at least twenty pages of matter relating to this subject. Text books on Physiology in use in the schools at the time this act takes effect, which are not in accordance with the requirements of this section, shall be changed for books satisfying the requirements of this section, except when previous contracts as to such text books are now in force.

SEC. 3. Each teacher of a public school in this State shall, before lodging the school register with the district clerk as provided by section 620 of the Revised Laws, certify therein whether instruction has been given (in the school or grade presided over by such teacher) as required by this Act; and no public money shall be paid over to the treasurer of a union or other district unless the register of such district contains the certificate of the teacher that instruction has been given as required by this Act.

SEC. 4. All Acts or parts of Acts heretofore enacted referring to the study of Physiology and Hygiene, which shall give special prominence to the effects of stimulants and narcotics upon the human system, or to the selection of text books to be used in the pursuance of that study are hereby repealed, except those relating to the examination of teachers in this branch.

SEC. 5. This Act shall take effect from its passage, but shall not apply to the division of the public school moneys made in 1887.

LEVI K. FULLER,
President of the Senate.
JOSIAH GROUT,
Speaker House of Representatives.
APPROVED: November 24th, 1886.
EBENEZER J. ORMSBEE, Governor.

### The Great Drill.

The National drill which is to take place at Washington May 25 to 30, promises to be a grand success. The secretary of the drill committee says the total number of organizations corresponding at this time with regard to entry and transportation is two hundred and twenty-six. These are divided among thirty-six different States. They comprise one brigade, nine regiments, sixteen battalions and one hundred and forty-five companies of infantry; one battalion, fifteen light batteries and five machine-gun platoons in artillery; six cavalry companies, seven of zouaves, thirteen corps school cadets, five regimental bands and three drum corps. An important occasion will be Governors' Day, when the chief magistrates of the different States represented will review the troops. Favorable replies to the invitations have been received from the Governors of Minnesota, Georgia, Ohio, Delaware, Maryland, Louisiana, New Jersey, Iowa, South Carolina, North Carolina and Mississippi.