

The Horry Herald.

"Be True to Your word and Your work and Your Country."

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A WONDERFUL COTTON PLANT.

A Spartanburg Farmer Raising Cotton Seed Without Lint.

News comes from Spartanburg of a new cotton plant, which, if it is as claimed, will make a wonderful revolution in the agricultural and cotton interests of the nation. T. Ferguson, an experienced cotton planter, claims to have a cotton plant which will produce nothing but cotton seed without the lint. His statement is briefly as follows:

He claims that there is a male cotton plant—the male being designated, he thinks, by the red calks. The seeds are vari-colored, the shades being generally blue, green and white, and of course cannot be distinctly specified. Given this fact, Ferguson commenced, some time ago, to pick out the male plants, and with the seed excised from them planted another patch separately. When the crop was ready for picking the male plants were again selected and the production of seeds planted separately again. This process of selecting the male plants was kept up until at last the lint refused to germinate, and nothing is left in the bolls save a large amount of seed. The seed contained in the bolls is more than equal to the weight of lint and seed found in the average sized boll of cotton. Ferguson claims that he can produce four hundred bushels of seed to the acre by this new discovery, where only thirty-five bushels are now gathered with the lint. He has been very careful in producing the result given above—to obliterate all vestige of lint from a boll of cotton—and has succeeded in a most remarkable manner. Other experienced planters have been shown Ferguson's new discovery and are much struck with it.

An expert who was shown the plant and bolls said the boll has the appearance, both on the exterior and the interior, of a regular boll of cotton after the lint has been picked out. The seed are a little larger than the common seed and are perfectly free from any semblance of lint. The bolls are filled with these seeds, which are as numerous as ochra seed in a pod of ochra. The revolution that will be effected by this new cotton plant, if it can be cultivated successfully, will be beyond calculation. If Ferguson's calculations are correct, the cotton oil business will be entirely revolutionized. The planters who now raise cotton are fortunate if they can make 200 pounds of lint cotton to the acre. Counting the value of cotton seed at \$50 an acre is considered a big return to planters in this State. Ferguson claims that his new cotton seed plant will yield at least \$900 an acre. This amount he says will be obtained from 400 bushels of cotton seed at twenty cents per bushel, that being the present price paid for the raw seed. The State agricultural bureau will investigate the matter.

What is Overloading a Horse, and How Proved?

The following taken from "Bishop on Statutory Crimes"—edition of 1873, Page 639—is believed to be sound law, the world over, on the above subject.

It was written by Mr. Angel, in reviewing a decision of a Massachusetts Court in 1868 that there was no cruelty because other horses of the same weight were able to draw the load in question. It was the first and last decision of the kind ever rendered in Massachusetts.

"Must an animal be worked until he breaks a blood vessel or drops dead, before the law takes cognizance? Is the horse to be strained, or worked to the extreme limit of his strength, before such straining or working becomes a cruelty (that is, before the act of his master becomes 'overloading')? Can an expert, or number of experts, say what is the limit of strength or endurance of any horse, simply by knowing his weight? It seems to me that these questions can be easily answered. Horses, like men, are of different ages, constitutions, temperaments, formation and degrees of strength. One horse, just like one man, may be twice as fast, twice as tough, twice as strong, as another of pre-

cisely the same weight; and inasmuch as horses, like men, are liable to a great variety of sicknesses, and suffer, just like men, from previous overworking and from heat, want of proper rest, food, water, shelter and care, it follows that the same horse, like the same man, may be able to perform without injury more labor in one day than another.

"Can a thousand experts prove that all men of a given weight or size are equally competent, on every day of the year, to perform a given labor? Can their testimony establish how much load a man of given weight should carry, and how far he should carry it on a given day, without regard to whether the man is old or young, sick or well, strong or weak, tough or tender, already tired or rested, full-fed or starved, or the day hot or cold? And does not precisely the same reason apply to the horse,—that what one horse can do one day has no force in showing what another ought to do on another day, unless you show the weather, age, strength, toughness and bodily condition of the two to be precisely similar? I say, then, that it is just impossible for any number of experts, knowing only the weight or size of a horse and nothing of his age, health, strength, toughness and bodily condition, to establish what is, or is not, overloading him, as it would be, knowing only the size or weight of a man and nothing of his age, health, strength, toughness or bodily condition, to establish what is or is not an overload for him.

"How, then, are we to determine when a horse is overloaded? Just exactly and precisely as we determine when a man is overloaded. First, we are to take his own evidence. If a man stops and says, 'I am overloaded, I am working too hard, I feel that the task put upon me is too heavy,' that is evidence. So when the horse, ordinarily kind and willing to pull, comes with a heavy load to a rise of land and, after one or two efforts, stops and says, as plainly as he can speak it, 'I am overloaded, I am working too hard, I feel that the task put upon me is too heavy,' that is evidence; and there is no court or jury, or man with the heart of a man, who will not recognize it as such. Besides, the signs of overwork are just as visible in the horse as the man. No magistrate or juror would have any difficulty in deciding in his own mind whether a case to which his attention might be attracted in our public streets was or was not a case of cruelty.

"Is not, then, the testimony of competent, intelligent and credible bystanders, who see how the horse looks and acts, and his bodily condition, health, and capability to perform the labor required, the best evidence that can possibly be obtained? Where can you get better? And when disinterested and intelligent witnesses, who are present and see and hear all that is said and done in a given case, voluntarily leave their ordinary avocations and come into court to testify that they are fully satisfied that the case is a clear case of cruelty, can such evidence be overbalanced by any number of experts who are not present, see nothing that occurs, know nothing of the age, health, strength, or bodily condition of the horse at the time, and who base their calculations simply upon the avoirdupois weight of the animal? It is perfectly evident, then, I say, that the highest and best evidence which any court or jury can ask or possibly obtain in a case of overloading, overworking, or overdriving, is the evidence of the horse himself, as interpreted by those present when the cruelty is inflicted.

"Cruelty begins very far short of taking the extreme strength of the animal. God has given to men and animals an excess of strength, to be husbanded carefully and used occasionally. But to task that strength to its full limit unnecessarily is against nature, breaks down the man or the animal before his or its time, and is a cruelty against which men, having speech and reason, may protect themselves, but against which animals, having neither speech nor reason, like men, must look to them for protection."—Dumb Animals.

Columbus discovered America and Edison invented the phonograph, but it remained for Dr. Bull to invent the remedy of the age. "The Cough Syrup," the kingly cure.

Why They Leave.

Home and Farm.

Why do our boys leave the farm? is a question that is often asked and variously answered. Without attempting to notice the many reasons that are assigned for the aversion and disaster which most country boys have for the farm, I would like to express the views of a young farmer, one who was born and raised on the farm, and who was often tempted to leave the farm for some other calling or profession. One of the first reasons for his aversion to the farm is the pessimistic view of farming that is usually held by his father and neighbors. Is it not a remarkable fact that while the physician, the lawyer, the merchant, the mechanic, etc., always choose their life work and prepare themselves for a special pursuit, that the vast majority of our farmers are not farmers by choice, but by accident or circumstances?

This one grand reason why our farmers fail. They are not farmers from choice, but by circumstance. Now, to be successful, we must honor our calling. Every farmer ought to be able to say that he had rather be a farmer than anything else. Fancy a physician a success who considers his profession dog's work; yet most of our farmers, be it the calling, grumble from one year's end to another, and then wonder why their boys leave the farm for the town or city.

Another reason why the farmer's son is prone to leave the farm is the tone of the school books, biographies, newspapers and magazines of the present day. In a word, they are educated to leave the farm. Take our school readers and there you will find sketches of merchants, lawyers, military men, artists and authors, but so far as I have seen, never a sketch of a farmer. Examine a catalogue of library books, and there you will find biographies with titles somewhat like this: "Log Cabin to the White House," "Country Boy and Merchant Prince," indeed, biographies of lawyers, merchants, bankers, machinists and inventors, etc.—anybody and everybody but an agriculturist.

The same is true of our magazines and newspapers. Even so-called agricultural journals are guilty of the same practice. Now why is it so? Are there no farmers worthy of imitation? Most assuredly they are. What would be more entertaining than a well written and truthful sketch of Daniel Dickenson, Farish Faman, Dr. M. W. Phillips, Capt. Peterkin, Jeff Weiborn, or "Steele's Bayou," and many others? Will not *Home and Farm* publish biographical sketches of some of our most progressive farmers and stockmen? Not only would it be a big hit, but it would do much to keep the boys on the farm.

Want of society is another reason why young people leave the farm. It would do much good if the farmers would pay more attention to social matters. A want of social intercourse on the part of farmers is habit and not necessity. There is no reason why the farmer should not enjoy social as much as the townsman. In fact I think (I do not know, for I never lived in town), that his social opportunities are better. It is true much of his time is spent in the field, but not more than the clerk or factory operative spends in the store or factory, and his vacation is certainly longer.

On the other hand the Alliance, the Grange and farmers' Club afford ample means for social and mental improvement. If there is not one of these organizations in your neighborhood start one immediately. The Farmers' Alliance is a very popular organization in the South; it takes members as young as the age of 10. Take your boys and girls into the Alliance, take them to farmers' institutes, agricultural meetings, etc. Get them interested, show them there is something about farming besides ploughing and hoeing. Give them a plot of ground to cultivate as their own, and let them have the proceeds. Encourage them to take and read agricultural journals. Teach them that farming is just as dignified and honorable as any other vocation. And, above everything else don't take your brightest boy and educate him to the last notch for some profession while his brother grows up in ignorance. This is a mistake that your fathers made. It used to be a

thought that any fool could be a successful farmer, but experience has proved it to be a mistake.

Fate of a Glass Eater.

Mackey Holmes, described by persons who have frequently seen him as a typical pure blooded American, was killed last Monday at Sweetwater, Washington County, says the *Vicksburg Commercial Herald*, in a brawl brought about, it is said, by the jealousy of a local merchant, whose persons were being attracted from his store by an exhibition of Holmes' peculiar accomplishments, which consisted solely in his ability to swallow with impunity or pleasure articles that would be dangerous or repulsive to an ordinary stomach. In the squabble Holmes received a fatal shot from some unknown person, and the steamer Sunbeam, on her down trip, brought his body to Mr. Henry L. Mayor's plantation, in Issaquena County, for interment, since his family resided there.

Holmes' appetite for tacks and other pointed hardware was remarkable; but if he doted upon anything it was soda water bottles, although he never turned away from glass articles, and had a well-developed taste for 40 rod whiskey. Upon occasions, and for a reasonable purse made up by a crowd, he repeatedly ate raw chickens, beginning on the unhappy fowls while they were still alive.

At one town in Delta (for he was in the habit of going from place to place exhibiting himself) he varied the monotony of his bill of fare by drinking two gallons of water as fast as it could be dipped out and handed to him. It must be told, however, he did this to win a bet of a pint of whiskey. In the same town, after eating a live chicken, he announced that on the following day his bill of fare would consist of a lame and especially mangy dog that was then a familiar object on the streets.

The gorge of the community rose at this and Holmes was ordered to leave the town at once. It does not appear that he had any aversion to ordinary food, but rather that he used the trifling articles already mentioned as other and ordinary men do peppers and fiery sauces, solely as condiments.

Recently a circus offered him \$50 per week to travel with it, but he indignantly rejected the offer when he learned that to earn the money he must subordinate his will and pleasure to that of the manager.

There is abundant evidence that he practiced no slight-of-hand tricks on his audiences, but actually crushed with his teeth and then swallowed glass and other hard substances. This man will be remembered by many in Vicksburg, as he was on exhibition at the old People's Theatre for some time.

Excitement in Wadesboro.

CHERAW, Nov. 8.—Our sister town of Wadesboro is all excitement on account of the sudden death of Joseph A. Morton, of that town, last Saturday. Last fall Bruner & Allen made an assignment one morning after \$7,000 had been stolen from their safe the night before. It was suspected at the time that there was something wrong, but nothing has been heard of the affair until lately.

About two weeks ago Morton, who was converted by Leith a few months ago, went before a magistrate and told the name of the person who had been hired to rob the safe of Bruner & Allen. Before Morton died he drank some ginger ale and whiskey which he got from a drug store in Wadesboro, and the theory is that it was poisoned. A post-mortem examination was made and the stomach was taken out and sent to the State chemist at Raleigh for analysis. Of course it is not definitely known as yet whether or not Morton was poisoned, and if so, were the perpetrators of the deed, but the community is greatly aroused and people have their strong suspicions. A few days will probably bring forth more developments. *News & Courier.*

My guiding star was, and will be, "Duty," and the pleasure and delight of the heart must wait, even for ever, if necessary, when duty calls.

Harrison's sore Place.

News and Courier.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.—Special: The Republicans are still busily engaged in the attempt to prove that the result of the recent elections should not be charged against the Harrison Administration. The reported indifference of the President regarding the result is not borne out by the experience of a Western Senator who made an untimely visit to the Executive Mansion last Thursday. The good-natured Senator can generally make things cheerful by his presence, no matter how much gloom is scattered about, but on this occasion it was different. Unsuspecting the state of mind of the President the Senator, after the usual courtesies, said: "Mr. President, I called upon you to-day to see if you would act favorably in Guenther's case and make him consul general at Havana." The Guenther referred to is the German-American Ex-Congressman from Wisconsin, who was mentioned last spring for recorder of deeds of the District. To this the President replied: "It does not seem to me that this is a good time to press Mr. Guenther's case after what the Germans have done in Ohio and Iowa."

This was the first intimation Senator Sawyer had that the President's usual complacency was disturbed. He appreciated the circumstances and undertook to smooth down matters for his friend Guenther. All that he said seemed to irritate the President, and the Senator began to get riled himself. Finally the President intimated that he preferred to talk the matter over at another time, and the manner in which he conveyed the suggestion indicated that he wouldn't care if the Senator never called up Guenther's case again. The Senator left the White House smoking hot, and he was hot clear through. While in this temper he related the episode to one or two friends, and in this manner the facts leaked out.

Encourage the Home Paper.

Mayor McDowell, before the chamber of commerce, at Charlotte, North Carolina, recently gave some sound sense regarding newspapers. Hear him: "Encourage your home papers and help build them up, for the culture, intelligence and public sentiment of a city are often gauged by the character of the paper it supports. Every place of importance must have the mighty aid of the press—a journal that will publish to the world its advantages, its life, its wares, its goods, its manufactures; and reflect like a mirror the daily acts, deeds, intentions and progress of its people. I make the statement that an able, dignified, conservative and progressive newspaper is of more real benefit toward advertising, stimulating and building a city than any other agency or enterprise that she can possess."

The Fight for Montana.

HELENA, MONT., November 7.—The Silver Bow mandamus case was finished to-day, Judge DeWolf denying the right of the minority of the board of canvassers to appeal from the order of the Court directing the canvassers to count the vote of Tunnel precinct.

The Court issued a mandatory order and Hall and Irvin counted the vote of the disputed precinct for McHatton, Democrat. This decision also covered the legislative contest, and by it the Democrats secure ten of the eleven members of the Silver Bow delegation.

The contest is now as to the certificates of members of the Legislature. After the State canvassers adjourned the secretary of State issued certificates of election to members of the Legislature, including six representatives of the Silver Bow delegation. The clerks of the different counties had already issued certificates, and the Democrats-elect refused the secretary's certificate.

A Wedding on the Train.

Mr. H. S. McCleskey, travelling passenger agent of the Georgia Pacific Railway arrived in the city yesterday evening with 150 colored emi-

grants bound for the Mississippi delta. They came from Fremont, Goldsboro and other points along the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad.

A pathetic as well as romantic incident occurred as the train was about to leave Goldsboro. An entire colored family had bought tickets and the train was about to leave, when a young colored man rushed up to say good-bye to his sweetheart who was in the party. The idea of parting was more than he could stand, so he decided to go too, but lo! he was told that persons without families could not go. With mingled despair and hope in his breast, he asked if he would be permitted to go if he and his sweetheart were to get married. Being answered in the affirmative, he hustled around, got a marriage license and the pair were united in the holy bonds while the train was flying at the rate of fifty miles an hour between Goldsboro and Mount Olive. *Wilmington Messenger.*

The Prayers Were Needed.

A clergyman in the Advance tells how a pastor got tired of continually praying with a man addicted to drink. So at last he went to the man, read some Bible denunciations of the drunkard, and got up to leave. "Aren't you going to pray with me?" asked the man, meekly. "No," replied the minister. "I don't think you need prayers. I have prayed with you again and again, and you get drunk just as much as ever." "Well," said the man, "if you won't pray for me I will pray myself." And he prayed. His prayer was: "O Lord, thou knowest that I am a poor, miserable sinner; thou knowest that I am a poor, miserable drunkard; O yes, Lord, thou knowest that I am a d-d fool." After such a confession I am sure that this good minister could not refuse his request.

The Hereditary Principle Illustrated.

The principle of heredity has received a most striking illustration in the case of the family and kinsmen of ex-President Theodore Dwight Woolsey, of Yale college. Dr. Woolsey was a descendant of James Pierrepont, the famous native of Roxbury, who having become dissatisfied with the liberal tendencies of Harvard college, induced Elihu Yale to found a more conservative school at New Haven. The present president of Yale, Timothy Dwight, is also a descendant of the same founder, and with the histories of the families of Dwight is interwoven that of the families of Edwards and Pierrepont, who have given many illustrious names to American history and letters. It is no mere coincidence that both Woolsey and Dwight, Nineteenth century presidents of Yale, should both have been great-great-grand-sons of the principal founder of the college; for the "high thinking and plain living of the early families who were closely associated with the institution, developing itself into a hereditary impetus or ability, was quite likely to supply the qualities needed in future presidents."—*New York Star.*

Mix it a Little.

One of the college boys writes in his college paper that he believes he cannot afford to read *Roe, Haggard*, etc., while Hawthorne and Eliot are unmastered. He adds that he cannot afford to read *Swinburne, Harte, Morris and Rosetti, Hugo and Sakespeare* are unmastered. He also proposes in philosophy to confine himself to Plato, Kant, Bacon and Spencer. Very well, young man, when you have mastered the last four let the public know. But don't become a specialist, and spend your life bumping your head against the knotty points of Kant, of the unknowables of Spencer. On the whole, you had as well start in easy, and take a sandwich of *Swinburne* and *Morris*, or even of *Bret Harte*. The really good point is not to spend time on *Roe, Haggard, Wallace* and *James*.

"Let observation with extended view, survey good things from China to Peru" and he will not find anything of such astonishing merit in killing all the pains that flesh is heir to, as he will know is in *Salvation Oil*, when he has given it a fair trial.

Couldn't Help It.

Gen. John G. Foster was a man of unquestioned bravery, but even he found it easier to preach than to practice, at least on one occasion. The incident is narrated by the author of "Bearing Arms."

At the siege of Washington, N. C., the enemy's missiles were as variable as imagination could conceive, from old scrap iron to the most finished projectiles of their English sympathizers.

It was laughable to see the cringing effects of the flying shots. Gen. Foster was standing near the fort, and noticed the guard duck for a passing shell.

"Don't duck, boys! don't duck!" he exclaimed.

A moment later a Whitworth came tumbling end over end with its peculiar howl, and down went Gen. Foster's own head.

"You can't help dodging those fellows, can you?" he was heard to say, and just then a negro near by fell flat on his face, exclaiming, "Good land, how dem rebs do frow dat iron!"—*Youth's Companion.*

Department of Agricultural Bots.

Columbia Register.

Commissioner Butler has received a letter from Francois Lapiro of Ottawa, Ill., stating that he will locate in South Carolina in a few weeks. He wishes to secure a farm and will move his family here in the spring. The Commissioner has received a communication from London announcing that a company has been established for the purpose of purchasing property in America for Europeans. It is proposed to concentrate information at the London office and a reliable map of this State and official information regarding it is requested. It is stated that there is a large amount of capital in Europe seeking investment in the United States. The information desired will be furnished.

Married in Cotton Bagging.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Nov. 12.—The largest crowd ever seen in Montgomery, even surpassing that at the time of ex-President Cleveland's visit here, gathered at the expository grounds this afternoon, the occasion being State Alliance day. Speeches were made by L. F. Livingston, president of the Georgia Alliance, S. M. Adams, president of the Alabama Alliance, and R. F. Cobb, State Commissioner of Agriculture of Alabama. At two o'clock a young man, A. V. Barnett, and Miss T. Hill were married. The ceremony was performed on the grand stand, where President Cleveland spoke two years ago, by Rev. S. M. Adams, president of the State Alliance. The bride's dress was of snow-white cotton bagging and was beautifully made up and fitted to perfection. The bride was given many handsome presents, amounting to over \$1,000 in value. The groom and the bride's father are staunch Alliance men. The bridal party were driven to the ground in a handsome carriage drawn by four white horses.

Murmuring.

No blessing comes to the murmuring, complaining, discontented heart. When once this evil of discontent has entered into the soul nothing is right. Even the "angels" food was not enough for the murmuring Israelites, and "the corn of heaven" could not satisfy those whose souls were filled with the discontent of earth. But when once the heart has found rest in God, and all its murmurings are hushed in sweet submission to his will, there is peace in believing, and joy in the Holy Ghost, and a haloed confidence in the kind providence of Him who hath done all things well. "Let your conduct be without covetousness, and be content with such things as ye have; for He has said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. So that we may hold say, This Lord is my helper, and will not fear what man can do unto me."

He Kept Stationary at Intervals.

Tourist (to keeper of general merchandise store, an old timer)—Howdy do, sah? Do you keep stationary heap?

"Wall, I generally keep stationary 'cept when I'm movin'."—*Harper's Bazaar.*