

THE DARLINGTON HERALD.

"IF FOR THE LIBERTY OF THE WORLD WE CAN DO ANYTHING."

VOL. II.

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Why The Farmers are Poor

The people of the State, including the farmers, are not prosperous. To keep within the scope and purpose of this article I speak more specifically and say the farmers of this State are not prosperous. Why?

The answer is, because they have not enough money. That is vague, but true. "Money answereth all things."

Why is there not money enough? The United States Treasury says there is more in circulation per capita now than ever before in the history of the Government—\$23 45. Others say there is only \$5. I do not know how much there is and have to take somebody's word for it. And as I know nothing, and have heard nothing against the honesty and truthfulness of the Treasurer, I am compelled to believe his statement. I say this without impugning the credibility of those who say otherwise, because the Treasurer must know, while they may be mistaken.

No matter what the circulation per capita may be the country over, the circulation in this section of the country is very limited. It is from this section that comes the most urgent demand for more money—not from the Northern or Eastern States; they seem to realize no great scarcity.

Why is money scarce in this section of the country? Here are some reasons:

1. The annual pensions to Federal survivors of the late war amount to \$130,000,000. All this, practically speaking, goes into Northern States, while every Southern State has to pay its proportion. The average of each State is nearly three millions. South Carolina pays at least two millions more than she gets back.

2. Then comes the import tariff, of which \$230,000,000 a year goes to the Government, and about \$90,000,000 to protected industries, and of which South Carolina pays its share, estimated at eight millions, and gets back only a small portion, the greater portion going to manufacturing States in the North. South Carolina pays out for tariff duties seven millions more than she gets back. This is a moderate and safe estimate. The usual estimate is from eight to ten millions; but I prefer to put the figures too low rather than risk putting them too high.

3. Again, our railroads are all owned by Northern capitalists. Whatever the roads earn over actual running expenses goes North to pay the interest on their bonds. The gross earnings of the railroads in South Carolina for the month of July last was \$370,000. July is one of the poorest months. But suppose that to be the average for the year, there would be gross annual earnings of \$6,840,000. Sixty per cent of this amount goes to running expenses and remains in South Carolina; the other forty per cent or two and three-quarter millions goes North to pay interest on the bonds.

The first item is a burden imposed upon us as the conquered section by the National Government. It is the penalty of defeat, and we will have to endure it with whatever patience and fortitude we have. It cannot be avoided.

The second item is a burden consequent upon our being an agricultural people. There is good ground for hope of relief from much of that burden by reform of the tariff, which is the heaviest burden of all. This reform can only come through the triumph of the National Democratic party, for that is the only party in the country pledged to that reform and working for its accomplishment, and if the party remains united this hope will soon be realized.

Our railroads after the war were worn out and run down and we did not have money enough to reorganize them; hence they fell into the hands of Northern capitalists, and those since built have been built by Northern capital—many of them with our aid, that aid consisting in gifts of county and township bonds, the interest on which, as well as the net earnings of the roads, going to the Northern bond-holders. I see no hope of relief from this railroad burden. All we can expect is that these giant monopolies shall not oppress us by exorbitant charges for freight or travel, and that is provided against in our National and State railroad commissions.

These are fearful drains upon our resources and take immense sums of money out of circulation in this section of the country. But they are

not all. We send somewhere about two millions every year into Tennessee and Kentucky and other States for mules. Newberry County alone—one of the smallest counties in the State—sends about \$50,000; the State about \$1,500,000.

5. Immense quantities of corn are shipped to South Carolina from the Northwest. I can only approximate the amount. One merchant at Newberry has received and sold since the first of January seventeen (17) carloads—8,500 bushels. Not less than 30,000 bushels are sold annually in Newberry, and about 10,000 at other points in the country, at an average price of about 90 cents, making \$86,000 for corn. That would make the amount for the State, at a moderate calculation, \$1,250,000.

6. Our Western meat costs more than our Western corn. Large numbers of live hogs are sold and shipped into the State and sold and butchered here, but I take no account of these and speak of the bacon only. One merchant here—the same I have already mentioned—sells 350,000 pounds of bacon annually. He thinks he sells about one-fourth of what is sold in this county. This total then would be 1,400,000 pounds, which at 71 cents would be \$990,000. On the same basis of calculation there would be about \$3,000,000 sent out of the State for bacon.

To recapitulate:

Sent out of the State for pensions	\$ 2,000,000
Sent out of the State for tariff	7,000,000
Sent out of the State for railroad bonds	3,750,000
Sent out of the State for mules	1,500,000
Sent out of the State for corn	1,250,000
Sent out of the State for bacon	3,000,000
Total	\$17,500,000

Nearly all our flour, hay and agricultural implements come from other States.

And what do we produce that we can sell and get money to pay for all these things? Cotton—nothing but cotton. Seven hundred thousand bales at \$40 per bale, brings in only \$28,000,000, which is nearly all taken out again for purposes mentioned, and for other purposes too numerous to mention, leaving very little to pay debts or to lay up "for a rainy day." No wonder we are poor.—W. H. Wallace, editor Newberry Observer, in News and Courier.

When people who read a paper would like to have it come to their hands without any typographical or editorial errors. This is quite possible when all the following conditions come together.

When the contributor has written correctly.

When he has written the correct thing distinctly.

When the compositor has only the correct letters in the different cases.

When he does not take letters from a wrong case.

When he sets them correctly.

When the "reader" corrects every error.

When the compositor corrects the "rough proof" properly.

When the "reader" reads the corrected proof attentively.

When the compositor corrects the second proof properly.

When the revised proof is carefully "read."

When the "reader" has sufficient time to do this.

And when a dozen other circumstances work together for good.—Exchange.

People who have never attended the big mid-winter fur auction in London, can have no idea of its magnitude. Buyers from all parts of the world—America, China, Australia, Russia, everywhere,—come there to bid for furs, and stay there until they have secured their stock in trade. The winter just passed has been one of the coldest on the Continent of Europe for fifty years, and furs of all sorts have consequently been higher in price than for many a season. In the last sale, 900 silver fox skins were sold; 2,700 cross fox, and 56,000 from the common red fox.

"Turn that wrapping paper the other side out," said a lady to the clerk in a dry good store. "I don't want to be a walking advertisement for your establishment." The clerk was astonished and looked at her inquiringly for an explanation. Then she added: "I read the newspapers and as all intelligent people do think they are the proper place in which to advertise your business, instead of making your customers carry your sign around with each purchase."

STAYING THE HAND OF DEATH.

There is Said to be a Certain and Rapid Means of Resuscitation.

Colonel Henry Elsdale, of the Royal engineers, claims to have discovered a certain and rapid means of resuscitating persons from the effects of suffocation. A sapper among the men under his command at Chatham was one day found enveloped in the folds of a half-empty war balloon. The coal gas with which it had been inflated had suffocated him, and to all appearances he was a dead man. But efforts were made to restore him, though the pulseless heart and cadaverous face of the man gave no encouragement to persevere. In a moment of something like inspiration it occurred to Colonel Elsdale to send for some tubes of compressed oxygen, which had been prepared for the oxyhydrogen light.

This pure oxygen, at a very high pressure, was hurriedly conveyed into the mouth of the prostrate sapper by means of inserting the nozzle of the valve between his teeth, and the supply was "gently turned on" to the smallest extent. The effect was absolutely instantaneous. In an instant he opened his eyes and seized the nozzle between his teeth. In short, the sapper was not only thoroughly revived within a few minutes, but in half an hour walked away, quite well, to the barracks, and refused to go to the military hospital, as was suggested by his commanding officer.

Of course the objection will be raised that everybody has not tubes of pure oxygen at high pressure in readiness to apply to such cases. Happily oxygen in quantities as large as those administered is not needed, and it can be stored "in small, strong bottles made of the finest steel, with a valve giving an absolute hermetic seal."

These vessels may be as small as a soda water bottle, and may be made part of the medical stock of every doctor. Oxygen at any degree of compression required can, in fact, now be obtained, and the whole apparatus for restoring vitality can be packed in a small box quite portable.

What possibilities may not such a discovery as that to which we have drawn attention involve! It is equally available, we are assured, for those persons who have been asphyxiated by choke damp in coal mines, or by ordinary coal gas. People apparently drowned, and those insensible from long exposure in the rigging of a ship, might also be saved from an untimely end by what Colonel Elsdale calls "a dose of oxygen."

It would probably be invaluable, too, in cases of suffocation from the fumes of charcoal, or in cases where chloroform had operated injuriously on a weak heart. Such a discovery should at once occupy the attention of the Royal College of Physicians, with a view of ascertaining whether Colonel Elsdale has overrated the beneficial effects to be anticipated from the administration of pure oxygen.—London Chronicle.

A new pianoforte keyboard having six rows of keys has recently been exhibited in Manchester, England. An octave is formed by six keys in two contiguous rows. All the keys are on the same level, and each note is separated from the next by an interval of two semitones.

How is this? In an interview at Orangeburg last Friday relative to the alleged cotton-pickers' strike, President J. W. Stokes is reported to have said, if half the cotton crop were lost on account of the strike the other half would bring as much money to the farmers as the whole crop would bring if there should be no such strike and the cost of picking the part lost would be a gain to the producer. We suppose the idea of President Stokes is that if the supply of cotton were reduced to one half, the price for the staple would advance; but we assume not on account of demand, for his paper, the Cotton Plant, holds that supply and demand have but little to do with fixing the price of cotton. If President Stokes contends for the correctness of his position that supply and demand are not the all-important factor in adjusting prices, will he explain how it could be that if one half the cotton crop were destroyed, the other half would bring as much money to the farmer as the whole crop?—Rock Hill Herald.

The Darlington Home Guard.

The military comedy, The Home Guard, produced by the Darlington Theatrical Company at the Academy of Music on last Thursday night was as fine an Amateur performance as a Sumner audience has never witnessed. The Academy was filled with the most intelligent people of this city, and they showed their appreciation of the play by frequent applause. The entire self possession which each one displayed, the ease with which they adopted themselves to the parts portrayed and the grace and naturalness of gesture and movement evidenced careful preparation and natural histrionic ability.

We would not attempt to criticise individual excellences, or defects in acting but cannot forbear to express the general appreciation produced by the acting of Misses Emma Williamson as Mrs. Lawton, Caisie Spaul, as Nellie Lawton—she was undoubtedly the bright particular star of the performance—and Carrie Melver, as Mable Rutledge. Mr. R. E. James as Cato was an artistic study in charcoal, who lived up the evening with flashes of wit attributed to, but usually so rare in the real brother in black. Mr. F. O. Spain, as Chester Lawton, the hero, looked, as well as acted, the gallant soldier boy to perfection. W. J. Garner, as Gordon Reid, T. H. Spain, as Hiram Jinks, and J. L. Michie, as Hosea Jinks, post master and punster, were all admirable.

One of the features of the evening, which was not a part of the announced program, but which was enjoyed by many more than anything else was the song by Miss Bessie Williamson, who has a voice of great purity and sweetness.

We can assure the Darlington Guards and their fair and talented co-adjutors a hearty welcome from a Sumner audience when next they grace the stage of our Academy of Music.—Sumter Watchman and Southern.

Something New in the Way of Cotton Seed.

The Spartanburg correspondent of the Greenville News says, in a letter written a few days ago, that the lintless cotton seed plant whose discovery was announced in the News and Courier last year and was much derided at that time, "has come to stay."

Mr. H. T. Ferguson exhibited a stalk of the plant in Spartanburg on Friday, which contained three hundred bolls, each boll filled with large plump seed. He has taken much pains to get the variety perfect, and announces that he "will seed enough this year to plant the entire State." The estimated yield is four hundred bushels to the acre. The product is easily harvested, but the boll must be gathered as they begin to crack, else the seed will fall to the ground. The yield of oil, it is further reported, is about one-third more than that of ordinary cotton seed.

If all these statements are literally true, it is seen that South Carolina has developed another new and important agricultural industry, and will soon be able to supply the world with a practically unlimited quantity of vegetable oil, stock food and fertilizers. It would be a remarkable result truly, if the cotton seed crop should largely supplant the cotton crop, but it may come to that in the end. These are record breaking times and the cotton plant is as full of surprises as a monkey.

A hundred years ago there was some doubt about whether cotton could be grown in this country. This year there is considerable doubt whether we can stop its growing. Twenty years ago the seed were regarded as a nuisance. Now they are probably worth more than the corn crop, hay crop, wheat crop, hog crop, all combined. Ten years from now the lint may be a nuisance, and indeed it is next thing to that now.—Charleston News and Courier.

Three Chinamen were baptized and admitted into the communion of the Church of England by Bishop Sillitoe at Vancouver last week. They received the names of James, Henry and Samuel, respectively.

An exchange tells how a girl's taste differs according to her age. At sixteen she wants a dude with tooth-pick shoes and a microscopic mustache; at twenty a chief justice with piles of tin; at twenty-five she will be satisfied with a member of Congress; at thirty, a doctor or a preacher will do; at thirty-five, anything from an editor.

WHANGDOODLE BAXTER

Delivers a Lecture on Flattery.

Berlubb'd Bredderen and Sistiern:—De subjec' ob dis hear ebening's discourse, an flattery, or what an commonly call'd taffy. De female sex an perfectly liable ter dis dread disease. In de langwidge ob de inspired palmist. Ev for you not inspire a woman wid love for you jess fill her above de brim wid love for herself, and all what runs over will be yours.

In de words ob de poick: De way ter please a woman. And nebb'er ter offend her. Is ter call a slim one stout.

And a stout one berry slender. Et she happens ter be short. You must tell her she is tall. And if she is rather lengthy. Say she is not tall at all.

Howsamember, de men folks does not always object ter large doses ob taffy. Hain't yer seed a man soppin' around higher den a blind hoss? How proud he is! Ef he had wings he would fly! He had had a notice in sum paper. The editor has said that he is a typical American and should be in Congress. That man may have said he didn't care what the papers said about him, but he would ride nine miles ter git a copy ob de paper what call'd him a typical American.

I has always notice'd dat de man who writes de list ob a President ob de United States an sure ter get some fat office. If yer wants ter hab a soft snap write de biography ob de coming man.

It an surprisin' low early in life some folks takes to usin' taffy. De follerin' story an taken from life ob de spot:

"Grandma," said a small child, "how old is you?"

"About 65."

"You will die soon, won't you, grandma?"

"Yes, I spects to," said de ole woman.

"And when I die, grandma, can I be buried side of you?"

"Yes, my little dear," said de ole woman, as her heart warmed to the dear little boy, whom she folded closer in her arms.

"Grandma," softly whispered the little boy, "gimmie ten cents."

"Dat's de way it is all fru life. When you hear a man say right loud: 'I fully agrees wid de President,'"

"I fully agree wid de President,"

"I fully agree wid de President,"

"I fully agree wid de President,"

"I fully agree wid de President,"

"I fully agree wid de President,"

"I fully agree wid de President,"

"I fully agree wid de President,"

"I fully agree wid de President,"

"I fully agree wid de President,"

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"I fully agree wid de President,"

"I fully agree wid de President,"

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"I fully agree wid de President,"

"I fully agree wid de President,"

"I fully agree wid de President,"

Speak English.

Jacob Grimm, the fine old German philologist, is one of the most learned linguists alive. He has studied carefully the tongues of civilized peoples, and after mature thought, German though he is, writes this: "The English speech may with full right be called a world language." If a German can say this, then those citizens of America who are trying by all means fair or foul to make other tongues than English the prevailing language of their respective communities may well pause—think what they are endeavoring to do. They are going against nature and common sense.

When Shakespeare lived and sang 300 years ago, on the whole globe there were less than a million more English speaking people than now inhabit London alone. There were between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000. So recently as a century ago, even after this republic was founded, there were only 15,000,000 English speaking persons on the globe. At the same date 30,000,000 spoke French and 40,000,000 German. Now we find that when the French and German tongues are spoken by a reasonably increased number of individuals in the world today, in Australia, the British Isles and in America 115,000,000 claim English as their mother tongue. This is 40 per cent of the inhabitants of the civilized world.

It is not commendation of that clever old saying of a wit that he would speak Spanish to his God, French to a woman, German to a horse, but English to a man? Unmistakably this splendid tongue is the language of manifest destiny, the speech of the future. Proof of this is not needed, but if it were it would be found in the fact that the English race is spreading itself over the globe far more rapidly than any other nationality. It is probably the language of the coming race.

English speaking nations are the freest, strongest and most prosperous on the globe to-day. The greatest light in literature this earth has produced was Shakespeare, who wrote in English. Therefore let us maintain this noble tongue of a raising race in its choicest purity. We may learn other languages as an accomplishment if we will, but never to the detriment of our national tongue. Let us speak and write the best English we know, in the most musical voices we can cultivate.—Times and Democrat.

What we need now is about one month of sunshine, and we hope we will get it.

A good advertisement in a newspaper pays no fares on railroads, costs nothing for hotel bills, gives away no boxes of cigars to customers, or merino dresses to customers' wives, drinks no whiskey under the head of traveling expenses, but goes at once and all the time about its business free of expenses.

Ruralist came into Tallahassee, Fla. and finding a new stand, ordered a lot of papers, which he took from the clerk with profuse thanks. He was astonished though, when the clerk asked payment, as he never heard of charging for newspapers before! He had been reading his neighbors' papers for nothing, and never knew that they cost money.

Oh, lovely, gentle, unobtrusive mule, Thou standest idly against the azure sky And sweetly, sadly singest like a bird man. Who taught thee thus to warble In the noontide heat and wrestle with Thy deep, corroding grief and joyless woe? Who taught thy simple heart Its pentup, wildly warbling woe? Of wanton woe to carol forth upon the silent air? —Bill Nye.

A new safety-match has been patented in England by a Belgian, who places on different parts of the same match two compositions, which in ordinary safety-matches are generally placed respectively on the box and on the end of the match. In obtaining a light, the match is broken across the middle and the ends rubbed together.

If it is to America we owe the invention of the type-writers which we now possess in such perfection, we should not forget that the idea of that invention was born in France. Before 1833, Xavier Progin, of Marseilles, took out a patent for a machine of that kind, which, judging only from the sketch, was very satisfactory.—Review Scientific.

PROPELLING WOMEN.

Pretty Girls Permit an Ugly Habit.

The "Girl of '91" has one bad habit which she should at once correct—i. e., the habit of permitting her escort to seize her arm instead of playing the part of the well bred gentleman and gallantly offering her the courtesy, if not the support, of his own arm. It is one of the commonest experiences to see men propelling women along the sidewalk by the elbow. Now this is indisputable evidence of lack of breeding on the man's part and lamentable lack of self-assertion on the woman's part. No right spirited girl will permit such cheap familiarity.—Press and Banner.

Some people think that the farmers grumble too much. We are not of that class. If our paper was selling at less than 1 cent we would print it, we would grumble too.

One of the latest developments of Western civilization is a club of young women in Moberly, Mo., who have organized a 10 cent bank, into which they put a dime every time they are kissed. The dime very appropriately being contributed by the "kisser."—Press & Banner.

Does our contemporary propose to introduce the custom in his section of the State?

The credit of having manufactured the largest gun in existence is claimed by the Krupp Company. The gun, which is the property of the Russian Government, is made of cast steel, weighs 235 tons, and has a calibre of 13 1/2 inches and a barrel 40 feet in length. It fires two shots per minute, and each charge costs \$300.

Curiosities of Coal.

Does any one expect a practical chemist ever stop to think of all the substances which we get from coal and the almost inconceivable variety of their uses? Everybody is familiar with those of them that are in daily use, such as gas, illuminating oils, coke, and paraffin, but of the greater part few persons know even the names, science advances so rapidly and its nomenclature is so extensive and obtruse. Though coal has been known for some hundreds of years, the discovery of its numberless products is confined to the present century. Illuminating gas was not known a hundred years ago, and it is scarcely more than fifty since some one discovered that stone coal was inflammable. Nearly all the other products derived from soft coal have been discovered and applied in the interests of science or fraud within the last twenty-five years. The first thought in regard to coal is that "it is made to give heat or warmth; the next, that one of its principal uses is to illuminate. But there are obtained from it the means of producing more than for hundred colors, or shades of colors, among the chief of which are saffron, violet, blue, and indigo. There are also obtained a great variety of perfumes—cinnamon, bitter almonds, queen of the meadows, clove, winter-green, anise, camphor thymol (a new French odor), vaniline, and heliotropine. Some of these are used for flavoring. Among the explosive agents, whose discovery has been caused by the war spirit of the last few years in Europe, are two, called dinotrobenzene, or bellite, and picrates. To medicine coal has given hypnosol, salicylic acid, naphthal, phenol, and antipyrine. Benzine and naphthaline are powerful insecticides. There have been found in it ammoniacal salts, useful as fertilizers, tannin, saccharine (a substitute for sugar), the flavor of currants, raspberry, and pepper, pyrogallic acid, and hydroquinone, used in photography, and various substances, familiar or unfamiliar, such as tar, rosin, asphaltum, lubricating oils, varnish, and the bitter taste of beer. By means of some of these we can have wine, without juice or the grape, beer without malt, preserves without either fruit or sugar, perfume without flowers, and coloring matters without the vegetable or animal substances from which they have been hitherto chiefly derived. What is to be the end of all this? Are our coal beds not only to illuminate, but to feed and quench the thirst of posterity? We know that they are the luxuriant vegetation of primal epochs stored and compressed in a way that has made them highly convenient for transport and daily use for many centuries.—Hearth and Hall.

CHOICE SELECTION

Don't Flirt.

Do you want to act like a flirt? Do you care to lose the modest charm of manner which is woman's best heritage and man's most frequently found attribute? Do you play at love. Do you want your future life embittered by memories which will stab you when your heart is beating with happiness? Do you cheat some one into giving true regard for falsehood. If you would womanly, my woman reader, or manly, unknown questioner, give you esteem to all who desert it, or friendship to those who are your true friends, and your heart warm with love to one man or one woman and let it be unassailed by the flirtations which many count "in triumph" on the fingers of both their hands. Selected.

Treacherous Truths.

Whenever the devil wants to perform a piece of extraordinary mischief he puts on his Sunday clothes, and assumes a very solemn look.

No man ever performed an outrageously wrong deed in his life without first persuading himself that he had a good motive for doing it.

Strip the devil of his fine robes and he would not be so dangerous. If the devil had to do all the work with his own naked hands, without only help from God's children, he would have to give up the business of evil.

Every wrong against the rights of man ever committed has tried to hide itself from the light of righteous judgment by crawling under the mantle of religion.

"Nobody reads the Bible any closer than the devil does, and nobody goes to church more regularly than he. He never stays away on account of rough roads or bad weather.

crowd the devil into a corner whenever you will and he will quote Scripture to make his position respectable.

No matter what the devil wants to do, from polygamy to selling whiskey, he will try to make you believe that the Bible gives him authority to do it.—Bain's Horn.

Waiting for Something.

"Waiting for something to turn up" is a moral weakness with some people who lack the energy and the nerve to make a start in life or to take hold of any piece of work that requires present action to move forward or accomplish. Depend upon it, fame or fortune cannot be reached in this way. Things in this world do not "turn up" unless somebody turns them up. That is to say, in other words, "the mountain will not come to you," but if you reach it you must go to it yourself. The chance calculation involved in the first specification carries with it a very uncertain and involved conclusion, which, ten chances to one, will never materialize. For inertia means nothing. It will not move matter or embody spirit. Waiting for "something to turn up" means just this and nothing more. It is an ignis fatuus which has no solid foundation. At best it leads only to dreamland, and is just about as intelligible and consistent.

So, you may wait, and wait, and wait, and that will be all you will get for it. In the meantime, valuable time is lost and your ruin is in sight. Against this there is a more consistent outline and a far better promise of realization and success. If you expect any valuable acquisition, or what might be called a "streak of fortune," you must work for it. You must earn your spurs and buckle them on to your own heels. Then move on and win success in securing the object for which you aim.—Selected.

One of the duties a man owes to himself is to live so that he can respect himself. If there were no little sins there would never be any big ones. The big snakes have all been little ones sometime or other.

A man may go to heaven without health, without riches, without honors, without learning, without friends; but he can never get there without Christ.

There are a number of otherwise good people in this country who seem to have forgotten that neither gold, silver nor greenbacks are current in the world to which they are going.