

Agricultural Society.

The County Agricultural Society held its fourth quarterly meeting in Sheridan's School room on last Saturday, the 27th instant with Dr. W. F. Barton in the chair and Mr. Kirk Robinson as secretary. After the usual preliminary business, a committee of three consisting of Messrs. J. J. Salley, W. A. Mackay and ——— was appointed to draw up resolutions commemorating the death of Mr. J. J. Salley, Sr.

The Treasurer's report was approved by the committee appointed to examine his book.

The matter of arrears being brought up by the President, Capt. N. N. Hayden moved that the Secretary be instructed to notify each delinquent by postal card that if his dues were not paid up his name would be dropped from the roll. After considerable discussion by Messrs. W. T. Muller, J. L. Moorer, Hadley and W. A. Mackay the resolutions were adopted. Mr. Mackay then moved that each delinquent be allowed until the next meeting to pay up, which was adopted. Notice had been given at a previous meeting that the society would determine whether a new place of meeting was desirable. On motion it was determined that the society continue to meet at the same place. The President announced that the proper time to elect new officers had arrived and desired to know how the society should proceed. Mr. E. J. Felder moved that the same officers be elected except the Executive Committee.

Dr. W. F. Barton, the President, in a very earnest address to the members said that he had served the society in his present position for eleven years; that he had now nearly reached the age allotted to the life of man, three score years and ten; that he had lost much of the vim of his riper years and did not now possess the qualifications necessary to conduct the society to the advancement and prosperity its aims deserved; and that he asked to be relieved and be allowed to retire with only the cares of his personal matters and family on his mind.

Messrs. J. L. Moorer and W. W. Culler spoke in most commendatory terms of the past services of the President and moved that he be retained notwithstanding his age and loss of vim. Dr. Barton reluctantly consented to serve the Society again. The motion was unanimously adopted. The following officers were elected to serve during the next year: President, Dr. W. F. Barton; First Vice President, Capt. J. L. Moorer; Second Vice President, Dr. J. C. Holman; Third Vice President, Mr. J. J. Salley; Executive Committee, Messrs. James Stokes, Robert W. Mackay, E. N. Chisolm, J. L. Salley and J. S. Rowe. Mr. Hadley's resignation as a member of the Society, having been received, was accepted by a vote of the Society and his name enrolled as an honorary member. Mr. Hadley expressed his thanks to the members for the honor conferred and said he only returned to England because he could not get reliable labor with which to operate his farm.

The President stated that the time had come for the members to know what manures they intended to use on the next crop, experiments had been made by several gentlemen and he would be glad to hear from any member who could give light on the subject. He entered upon the cultivation of his present farm some twelve years ago when it was capable of producing only 200 lbs of cotton per acre. He had, after a system of careful experiments, adopted a method of cultivation and ascertained the manure, he thought best adapted to both corn and cotton; while cotton sold at 20 cents per pound his expenses per acre ranged from 11 to 12 dollars but now it cost him not more than \$4.50 per acre for manures while his crop averaged 62 bales to 67 acres of land, at a cost of \$1,200 for the entire crop. This success was reached

without jumping from pillar to post but by sticking to one method of cultivation and to one manure after it had been discovered. For years he has been using the following manure with entire satisfaction: On one acre of cotton, 100 pounds of acid phosphate, 100 pounds of Flour of Bone and 12 bushels of cotton seed on litter from the woods; for corn, 100 pounds of Acid Phosphate and 15 bushels of cotton seed. Farmers have been wasting Ammonia as his experiments prove. Twelve or fifteen bushels of cotton seed will do more good than twenty or twenty-five.

At this point of the proceedings Mr. A. M. Salley introduced the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That Mr. Hadley, coming here as a stranger, has won the esteem of his neighbors and of the community in which he lives; and that, as a Society, we regret to lose one of our best members and the county a good citizen by his leaving.

Hon. S. Dibble said that the Commissioner of Agriculture was of the opinion that the persistent use of acid phosphates would ruin the land. Dr. Barton's experience disproves this, as his cotton was well fruited—only two feet high and loaded with fruit.

Mr. J. J. Salley read the report of the committee on the death of Mr. D. W. Snell and Mr. Dibble moved its adoption by a standing vote, which was done.

A member asked Dr. Barton's experience as to the distance in planting cotton. Dr. B. said if land is strong let the rows be four feet apart, and the hills one foot on the bed. Tight lands should be prepared by deep ploughing, and sandy lands by shallow ploughing. If a farmer cannot control his labor he had better quit. He had thus far been able to manage his. If lands are rented to negroes, labor cannot be secure because the negroes will gather their own crops first. Unless some other system be adopted, we must rent all our lands and become landlords or we must employ the labor ourselves.

Mr. James Stokes entertained similar views and said the farmer should control the entire time of his laborer from January to January—rainy days and all. He hired a man and his family and controlled them all. If a negro can't stay with him all the year he can't stay at all. Unless this is done farming cannot be profitable. Any other plan will create dissatisfaction among neighbors, because hands will go off and work for others who promise to pay them a higher price.

Capt. F. M. Wannamaker, who had been one of the originators of the society, being present was called on by several members. He said the Society had treated him rather badly because it made him pay for his dinner before he got it. He, however, had been absorbed in politics and had forgotten his agricultural knowledge. He thought the selfishness of man was the foundation of all their troubles. True citizenship should make a man consider his own interest and that of his neighbor alike. Capt. Wannamaker thought a hasty speech on the subject of labor would be unjust to himself, to the society and to the subject. It was the most important subject with which the farmer had to deal and on a future occasion he would be pleased to address the society on the subject.

Mr. W. W. Culler moved that Capt. Wannamaker be invited to address the Society at its next meeting on the subject of labor. Unanimously adopted.

Mr. Muller moved that Capt. Wannamaker be elected an honorary member of the Society. Adopted.

Mr. Muller objected to the names of men being retained on the roll who had run on the Radical ticket. The President called Mr. Muller to order, stating that politics were excluded from the Society.

Mr. W. A. Mackay and Capt. N. N. Hayden moved that the name of

Mr. W. A. Hoffman be dropped from the roll. This motion was adopted by a two-thirds vote, and Mr. Hoffman's name was dropped from the roll.

Mr. Muller requested the President to inform the members that the Charleston Fair would be opened on the sixth of December.

Mr. Kirk Robinson proposed the name of Mr. D. N. Carson for membership. Adopted.

There being no further business the Society adjourned to the dinner room where an abundance of the best Orangeburg could afford was found awaiting the members. After a free discussion of this part of the subject President Barton brought out three gallons of the product of the vineyard and in full bumpers offered the thanks of the Society to Hon. S. Dibble and Capt. F. M. Wannamaker for the noble, unselfish and patriotic services rendered the county during the last campaign, whereby the county was delivered completely from Radical misrule. Both gentlemen responded in handsome style and then began the flow of spirits and the ring of mirth.

Curious Election Bets.

A loser in a Memphis bet is to stand on his head five minutes, in a public square, with a Garfield banner suspended from his feet.

In Oswego, N. Y., a groceryman bet his store against a neighboring meat market that Hancock would be elected. On Wednesday morning he turned over his store like a man, but the butcher declined to accept it.

A combination bet was made by ten Democrats and ten Republicans in Houston, Texas. The losers were to harness themselves to a stage coach and draw the winners through the principal street. In both parties were some of the foremost men of the city.

Geo. P. Knowls, of Racine, Wis., won from Edwin Childs, of Dakota, one section of good farm land, 640 acres. The bet was \$3,000 against a certain described section that New York State would give Garfield from one to five thousand Republican majority.

In Ogdensburg, N. Y., Wm. Alger bet his mustache against A. A. Babcock's whiskers that Garfield would not be elected. On Wednesday he had his mustache cut off and sent to Mr. Babcock.

A wheelbarrow bet in Baltimore afforded more amusement to the spectators than had been expected. The loser was annoyed, while wheeling the winner over the stipulated route, by the taunts of the latter, and followed up the payment of the wager by whipping him soundly.

John S. Miller and Henry Klien-dients, of Rochester, N. Y., bet on the election the loser to walk a block at noon, attired in his wife's night dress. Miller lost, and at noon on Wednesday appeared and walked in Mrs. Miller's night gown, followed by a crowd of men and boys.

A Harrisburg man was caught by the tricky offer of a wager that one city in the United of over a hundred thousand inhabitants would not give 500 votes for Hancock. The stake was a supper for the Ward Campaign Club of the winner. The city named was Washington, where there is no voting for President at all. The victim said nothing, except to name the time and place for the supper. On that occasion the viands looked all right, and were just such as the winner of the bet called for, but they were found to be seasoned with snuff and all other unpalatable substances.

The Philadelphia Times, in speaking of Grant, says: Less than one year ago he was the most honored private citizen of the world; to day he is the distrusted leader of a defeated faction that represents the lowest standard of political integrity, and the lesson impressively taught in the refusal of the people to respond to an appeal for an annuity to the ex-President.

Shameless Shams.

Thirty years ago the sharp pen of Charles Dickens pricked the bubble of American titles and made our militia "Generals," corner-grocery "Judges" and town council "Honorable" as ridiculous as our spittoons and our dollar-aristocracy. But before the title nuisance could be quite laughed out of existence, the war transformed all our people into soldiers. We know from the official records that a million of high privates enlisted on both sides during the war; but the slaughter was terrible, and not a single private soldier escaped alive. All the survivors are officers, an although, perhaps, few of them could show their commissions, they take every possible opportunity of airing the r rank.

In aristocratic counties the titles are hereditary; but in this country are infectious. Abroad the son of a lord because his lordship when his father dies; but in this free republic one title generates another as fast as flies in the sun. When the head of a family becomes a Judge or a General all the boys are dubbed Colonels or Majors or Commodores, so as to keep up with the old gentleman, whose brothers and brothers-in-law straightway confer upon themselves titles of honor or distinction in order that the original Judge or General may not eclipse them by the brilliancy of his prefix. Thus it happens that this democratic republic is now inhabited almost exclusively by men of title. "Generals," "Colonels" and "Majors" are as plentiful as cranberries, and everybody out of jail—and a majority inside—is considered an "Hon."

The proposition that only those who have earned their titles should bear them is self-evident; but while we may discover real soldiers contented to be plain "Mr." now that they are mustered out of service, we see thousands of men, who are citizens in war and soldiers in peace, strutting about with military handles to their names. These soda water "Colonels," all fizz and cork manage our theatres, direct our operas and run our circuses. England sends us a militia "Colonel" to give us Italian operas, and we reciprocate with an American "Colonel" of negro minstrels. Military officers are the landlords of our hotels; a "Major" mixes our drinks behind the bar and a "squire" attends to the boot blacking department. All the editors who are not "Colonels" are "Hons." To some Americans you may be bold enough to deny a preliminary title, but to address anybody a letter without the affix of "Esq." would, regarded as a personal insult—the smaller the social position of the person addressed the greater the insult of course. Thus titles which, honestly won and honestly worn, would do equal honor to those who bear and those who respect them, are cheapened by bogus imitations and become ludicrous instead of distinguished. As regular officers are most anxious to get out of uniform and into multi as soon as they are off duty, so those who have a right to titles are beginning to discard them, while the bogus bearers flourish more and more obtusely, like the raw militia captain on his first training day.

We observe, also, an organized system of self-promotion among these sham aristocrats. One personage, whose card bore the proud but modest title of Major five years ago, has just returned from Europe a full Colonel, although he has never seen service since Bull Run. With steady devotion to duty and a new card stamp, this type of his class will become a General by the time the next Newport season opens. There are no "Corporals," and outside of the police no "Sergeants" among our civilian military heroes, all the non-commissioned officers having shared the sad fate of the privates during the war; and, although we can count our "Generals," "Colonels" and "Majors" by the hundred, we do not remember a

single "Lieutenant" among our acquaintance, outside of the regular army and navy. Why do these minor titles remain unattached? "We cannot all be tailors," the English nobleman remarked to Mr. Poole, who complained of "the mixed company," and Americans ought to have sense enough to know that we cannot all be superior officers. The visit of General Grant to New York affords each reader a capital occasion to reflect upon this bogus title nuisance, and to resolve that, henceforward, in his own case and among his acquaintances, he will steadfastly discourage it. It is unrepugnant, un-American and unmanly; it renders us absurd at home and a laughing-stock abroad; it encourages petty vanity and snobbish affectation, and it should be as severely punished by society, if not by law as any other form of obtaining undeserved credit under false pretenses.—*Spirit of the Times.*

Weak Woman's Weapon.

Here is an illustration of what can be done by a defenceless, weak and unprotected woman when left alone to deal with the tyranny of heartless man. It was in Booth's Theatre one Saturday afternoon. A woman entered with seven companions and took possession of eight orchestra chairs. Presently eight other claimants of the same seats came along. There was a comparison of tickets, and it was found that the party in possession held tickets for the matinee of the preceding Wednesday. Explanation followed by expostulation, and this in turn by denunciation. All in vain. The manager was sent for. "Madam," said he, "you must relinquish these seats. Your tickets are valueless." "That is no fault of mine. I paid for them and mean to keep them." "Madam, I insist." The enemy said nothing, but sat still. The manager argued, appealed, implored, offered other seats, offered a box, offered a stage box, offered compromise on any terms, while the rightful owners of the seats looked and thought unspeakable things. Said the garrison: "Tell you what I'll do; give me two season tickets for Bernhardt in a good part of the house, and I will surrender." The manager gasped, uttered a blessing beneath his breath, bowed and declined to continue the conversation. Then he retired in exceedingly bad order. He did not get the seats, but did issue another set of free admission tickets to pacify the original proprietors.

Funny.

Petty, of the *Carolina Spartan*, can't wait till Christmas to let off squibs. Hear him: "The Executive Committee of the State Press Association failed to have a quorum at their meeting in Columbia. Messrs. Crews, of the *Herald*, and Todd, of the *Journal*, were appointed a committee to work up transportation for the next annual meeting at Beaufort, and to provide for a trip to Florida. That would be, funny trip. We would like to see Holmes, of the *People*, attacking a sour orange tree, and Greneker letting a pet alligator round with a twine string, and Colonel Pope, of the *Register*, covering up the old peninsula with tabular statements, and the *News and Courier* floundering about in some of those bottomless lakes hunting up that new party founded on the old one. Oh, it will be a jolly time. We can hardly wait for the fun to begin."

A valuable heifer, the property of a North Carolina farmer, recently broke her leg, which had to be amputated. It has since been fitted with a wooden leg, which seems to do about as well as the lost one. The *Arlington Advance* thinks this proves the folly of ordering the destruction of valuable animals that meet with such accidents.

People do not like to acknowledge that they are poor except to book agents.

Misplaced Confidence.

Mr. Ragdag found himself seated in a theatre next old Deacon Pan and that's why a terrible row resulted not long ago. Young Heels is a great man to bet and is also a stranger to the Deacon. During an entre act, Ragdag met Heels and said to him: "Heels, don't you want to make \$5?" Heels replied that nothing would afford him greater pleasure. "Well," said Ragdag, "I've got a seat next to a man who has got a wooden leg. On the other side of me sits the greatest man to bet in the country. You take this brad-awl and go and take my seat and offer to bet the man on your left that the man on your left is so absorbed in the play that you can stick this brad-awl way into his leg and he won't notice it. The man will take your bet. Watch your chance and when the man on your right isn't looking, job the awl into his leg. As it is a wooden leg, he won't notice it and you're the money in." Heels accepted the proposition, took the brad-awl and went to the seat. He proposed the bet to the man on the left and he eagerly accepted it. Heels was shaking with laughter to think how surprised the fellow would be to see him stick that awl into the other man's leg and see that the other man did not notice it. It seemed awfully funny. He watched his chance. The Deacon was leaning forward to see if one of the ballet girls was going to kick the chandelier down when Heels let drive. The awl must have gone two inches into the Deacon's leg. It wasn't a wooden leg, either, and the way the old man jumped was ahead of anything he expected of the performer. The yell he gave was distinctly heard out in the street and drew the notice of the audience. "You murderous villain!" he roared, "what did you do that for?" "I—I—thought it was wooden," replied the horrified Heels. "Thought it was wooden? Thought he'd be hanged!" cried the Deacon, as he pounded Heels over the head with a cane. A policeman came in and arrested Heels and took him to the station, where later he was called upon by the man who wanted \$5 in payment of the bet. The Deacon was conveyed home and Ragdag went to his room where he rolled for two hours on the floor in an agony of mirth. Heels says Ragdag won't laugh so much when he gets at him.

A Surprising Revolution.

In the Summer of 1868, Governor Joseph E. Brown was a candidate before the Georgia Legislature for U. S. Senator and after a prolonged and bitter contest was defeated, the Democrats and Conservatives opposing him. The result was received with cheers, and at night many stores and residences were illuminated in honor of the occasion. Impromptu meetings were held, and eloquent speakers harangued the crowds. Twelve years have elapsed, and the lucky ex-Governor, then baffled, defeated, and disappointed, is again a candidate before a Democratic Legislature for a high position and is chosen over a gallant soldier, a brilliant orator, lawyer and statesman. Such are the surprising revolutions and vacillating changes in public sentiment.

Notwithstanding the famous Garfield-Morey letter, the Chinese on the Pacific coast seem at last to appreciate the fact that they must "go," as upwards of 800 of the Celestials took their departure for the Flowery Kingdom Thursday. It is evident that they don't believe that the letter is authentic.

Wm. F. Martin, a handsome scamp was in jail at Lebanon, Mo., awaiting the result of an appeal to the Supreme Court from a conviction for murder. The seventeen-year-old niece of the jailer obtained the keys and released Martin and went off with him, the two taking \$75, a fine Spencer rifle and other articles that came handy.

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