

THE COTTON FALLACY.

Old Blunder That Farmers Should Avoid This Year.

The following New Year's address has just been issued by the commissioner of agriculture of the State of Georgia:

ATLANTA, Jan. 1, 1899. The beginning of the new year is upon us and 1898, with all its hopes and disappointments, is a thing of the past.

What, then, do we find to be the condition of the average Georgia farmer at this time? After working for months to make and gather a large cotton crop, has he any money left from its sale?

Has the average Georgia farmer a supply of corn, oats, hay and fodder, with which to feed his stock of every kind until he can make another crop?

Shall we continue to grow and sell cotton below the cost of production (to the great delight of the balance of mankind, who care nothing for our sufferings), until total ruin overtakes us, or shall we make a united and determined effort to raise our own supplies in abundance, and thus make our cotton crop an absolute surplus?

If Georgia made no cotton this year, the loss would doubtless be made up by the yearly increased acreage of rich cotton lands brought into cultivation west of the Missouri river.

For 33 years we have relied on cotton alone with which to purchase everything else. During that time we have made not less than 20,000,000 of bales, worth at a moderate estimate, fully \$800,000,000.

I am more than willing to help on this good cause by every means in my power, and the greatest reward that the conduct of this department could offer me would be the satisfaction of feeling that I had aided, even though in a very small degree, in restoring to the suffering farmers of Georgia, that plenty and prosperity which they once enjoyed.

— One day when a celebrated barrister was on his way to Westminster Hall with his large bag full of briefs, he was impudently accosted by a boy, who asked if he was a dealer in old clothes.

— During the year ending September, 1898, 1,258 criminals were sentenced in Iowa.

we have no other money crop on which we can with absolute certainty depend; but I urge upon and plead with each and every farmer in the State to plant no seed cotton until he has planted such an acreage of each and every other crop that will grow on his land, that let the season be dry or wet, he will be assured of abundant and varied provision crops.

A good beginning has been made in the right direction in the sowing of the largest wheat crop probably in the late history of the State. A fair crop of fall oats has also been planted, but the acreage should be doubled or trebled without delay.

Buy as little guano as possible, but use all the home-made fertilizers that you can get together between this and planting time.

Stop buying hoehandles, axes, hoes and other things that you can and should make at home on rainy days.

Never go to town with an empty wagon, but always carry something to sell if only a load of wood.

Buy nothing on credit if you can possibly avoid it. Better suffer some privations than go in debt.

If we would be independent and prosperous, we must farm on the lines suggested. No other roads will lead us out of the woods in which we are now almost hopelessly lost—but if we will follow the course I have endeavored to blaze out, we will in a short time be a happy, prosperous and contented people.

In the laudable effort to become self-sustaining, all must lend a hand. The merchants and the landlords can greatly aid in the good work by not insisting that their customers and tenants shall plant a large cotton crop in order to get supplies.

Two hearts can make a love affair, but it takes three, at least, to make a home, and one of them must be that of a baby. The young married couples that start out in life with the idea that children are nuisances, and that they do not want and will not have them, are the kind that you read about every day in the newspaper—in the divorce column.

Charleston's Exterior.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Jan. 1.—The going down of the sun to night is not a sunset of clouds and pink, with feathery masses; it is an empty picture, without form, a spooning of smoky light over half the sky and the water beneath.

The city begins at the harbor wall a white shell path, a small kind of park with live oaks upon it, the asphalted fashionable drive, the columned fronts of the houses. This is the order. Then dwellings and more dwellings, with high walls and gardens, numberless negroes, a few white people, very many single mules handling two-wheeled cotton drays, and, if you walk about two miles up town, an abrupt ending of these things in a faded, smoking plain.

You see an old, ragged and weather-worn city, with it the sun, the wind, and the wetness, apparently, have always had their way; you remember that many cyclones have harassed it; tidal waves swept its level streets and flooded its gardens; that once, not long ago, the earth of its foundation trembled.

The real life here lies somewhere in a past time, that is the obvious impression; the city, being built for a purpose, once has served it, but still stands: superseded elsewhere, its original shell remains whole despite the efforts of new men, as if it had been handed down in trust.

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the aid of rain, are all the more melancholy. Of this one, three-fourths of the shutters of heavy board are closed, the outbuildings closed, the garden or range a row of magnolias stands at the front, their clusters of polished leaf reflecting light and, in the wind, beating a tattoo as if heavy rain were falling.

Down at either end of the cross streets you will come upon salt marshes; the way a cluster of negro cabins, damped with dirty whitewash. The smell of salt water ooze meets you. Then the way straggles off blindly into a place of walk-like holes and ditches, and of rank grass; a low, dull line that is the river limits this cloudy plain; and the white sky, against which the shape of a vessel with bare masts seems vaguely placed, backs the picture.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

Rapid Dreaming.

How long does it take you to dream? Did you ever find out—or try? Mohammed, it is related, once fell asleep on a camel's back. Before falling off into dreamland he said he saw a palm tree—the only one in sight—about six camel's lengths away.

Someone told the above story the other night, after the talk had chanced on psychology, mesmerism, thought-transference—the occult in general. And then one young fellow of 25 or thereabouts told his tale.

"I had a dream the other night that since I had it has kept me awake thinking. It was a mixture of the Faust idea and of my one master passion—money getting. But the fact that it was over so quickly is the part that has puzzled me most.

"I had gone through a pretty hard day, and before dressing to go out that evening I thought I'd lie on the couch for a minute—lie full length on my back and get a good rest that way. As I lay there I noted that the clock on the mantel was just striking seven.

"I fell asleep and dreamed that the devil had come to me and said I could have all the money I wanted if I would be content to die on my 30th birthday. He told me to think the matter over and he sat down in my Morris chair, and picked up a magazine, read it for a long time. In about an hour's time I told him that I would accept. He rose, put a packet of money on the mantel and told me that as often as I desired money I had but to look on the mantel and the amount would be there. And then he opened the door and went out.

"I was thoroughly cognizant of the fact that I was only 25 years old, and had five years yet to live—yet in that dream I lived myself—but lived sumptuously—took care of relatives and friends—traveled all over the world. I even fell in love, but did not ask the girl to be my wife, because I had always in mind the fact that I was to die as soon as I was 30 years old.

"Year after year passed and I saw no more of my friend, the devil. As often as I wanted money I found it, and I took it with no misgivings as to my ultimate future, inasmuch as I knew that the life I was leading was above reproach.

"Thirty days before my thirtieth birthday I went to my lawyer and saw that my will was in perfect technical shape. And then I concerned myself no more in respect to my death than I would to the purchasing of a new collar.

"On the night before my thirtieth birthday I gave a stag affair to about 20 men. I was as gay as any man there, and the quip and jest and story had gone around. Then my nearest intimate got up and proposed 'my health. It was drunk, and I was called upon for a speech. I rose, glass in hand. Just as I got to my feet the clock in the hall chimed out midnight.—I was thirty years old. I tried to raise my glass on high, but it fell with a crash to the table. The lights danced in front of me, the men's faces faded away, a big black pall came down and blotted everything and I felt myself falling, falling, falling—and then I awoke with a start.

"I looked up at the clock on the mantel, it marked five minutes after 7—I had been asleep five minutes and had lived five years."

How to Prevent Pneumonia. You are perhaps aware that pneumonia always results from a cold or an attack of la grippe. During the epidemic of la grippe a few years ago when so many cases resulted in pneumonia, it was observed that the attack was never followed by that disease when Chamberlain's Cough Remedy was used. It counteracts any tendency of a cold or la grippe to result in that dangerous disease. It is the best remedy in the world for bad colds and la grippe. Every bottle warranted. For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

Plenty of Blockading.

From the fact that there has been fewer cases than usual being the commissioners for moonshining during the past several months the impression prevails that illicit distilling owing to the active efforts of the State and Federal officers, is on the wane.

"Why, no; on the contrary it is rampant. We don't even interest the moonshiners. The State and Federal officers don't phase the business; don't take the bark off it; don't take the edge off it. Of course we do all we can to keep it down; I'm in the mountains nearly every day that I am not engaged in a court and steadily bring in the cases. Nevertheless we hardly bother those fellows. There is a great demand for liquor, which the dispensary can't meet, and for various reasons. For one reason, the sentiment of the people is not behind the dispensary business and the illicit sales are winked at and even encouraged. The State distilleries are afraid of the State board in selling to tigers and distilleries outside of the State are afraid of their stuff being seized if they ship to tigers. Consequently the moonshiners have a monopoly for the tiger trade.

"As to the number of cases, that is hardly an indication. Recent rulings of the court have made it extremely difficult to bring a case. Before a warrant is issued now a probable case under affidavit has to be made out. You've got to show who your witnesses are and prove by their affidavits what they will swear to, which gives the friends of the defense opportunity to direct the evidence at the final trial. The detection of fraud on the part of officers led to restrictions. Up in North Carolina the moonshiners used to work this trick: Finding that a case was going to be brought against him the moonshiner would go to the officer and acknowledge that there was a clear case against him, and give the names of some of his relatives as witnesses, saying they knew enough to convict him and would ask that the other witnesses be dismissed as their being summoned was unnecessary. The officer, having made his fee by bringing the case, would comply and when the case came up for trial these relations would know practically nothing and the moonshiner would get off.

There has been a great amount of fraud in bringing cases and in forging claims lately both in the States around here and bordering on the upper Mississippi and the department has been compelled to adopt a lot of red tape not used heretofore. This is a hardship to many good and faithful men in the service by causing delay in recognition of claims and extra work in making out reports, but probably it cuts off a deal of rascality. For instance, in my report now I have to put down the exact time I leave to make a raid, how long I am out, exactly what I did. In short I have to be painfully accurate and exact in everything."—Greenville News.

What Denomination.

Jay Cooke, in 1846, told the writer the following: "One day when I was putting government bonds upon the market, I was greatly annoyed by the clerks telling me that there was an old man in the office who would do no business with them and must see me. To get rid of him I went out. He said: 'Mr. Cooke, I have three thousand dollars in gold in this bag. I can't do anything with it in the town where I live; they are circulating grocers' checks and everything else for money, and I am frightened because I think I will be cheated if I dispose of it. Will you tell me on your word of honor if these bonds are sound and right?' 'I replied: 'If they are not right, nothing is right. I am putting all I have in the world in them.' 'After further conversation the man concluded to take them. 'What denomination will you have them in?' I asked. 'This was too much for the man. He had never heard that word used in connection with business. He scratched his head, and said: 'You may give me five hundred in Old School Presbyterian, to please the old woman; but I will take the left of it in Baptist.'"

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Something Choice to Eat. IS what every person wants and I can supply them. I make it a point to keep pure, fresh Goods, and can please the most fastidious in both quality and price.

O. D. ANDERSON & BRO. Strictly in it at Lowest Possible Prices. Two Cars Texas Red Rust Proof Oats. And all the country raised Oats you want. These have go, no matter what Cotton sells at.

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They have the Largest Stock. Best Quality, and Certainly the Lowest Prices! OTHERS try to get there, but they miss it every time. New, beautiful and select Stock of Furniture, &c., arriving every day, and at PRICES NEVER HEARD OF BEFORE.



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