The Manning Times.

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THE SINS OF THE SENATE.

An Explanation of the Course of That Body on the "Agricultural Bills."

Senator L. W. Youmans, of Barnwell, has written a letter to the News and Courier, defending the action of the State Senate on different matters considered at the recent session. After reviewing the articles of the several critics who have published their views in the newspapers, Senator Youmans says:

In a resume of this chapter of fault finding we note three specific complaints against the Senate: The emasculation of the bill providing for experimental stations; the rejection of the resolution providing for a traveling committee to investigate the modus operandi of agricultural colleges in other States; the postponement of the bill to reorganize the department of agriculture. First, the bill to provide for experimental stations was maimed in the House and its original design frustrated by an amendment providing for two stations instead of one, as at first intended. The intention of the framer of this bill was to have it follow in its passage the bill to reorganize the department of agriculture, and that the $10,000 appropriated be expended under the auspices of a new board of agriculture upon one station, with the view of making it a basis for the ultimate establishment of an agricultural and mechanical college. The bill to reorganize the department of agriculture having been postponed by the Senate, and the amendment to this bill having been adopted by the House contrary to the expectation of its author, thus shorn of that symmetry of its surroundings, crudely amended in the hurry of of legislation, was sent to the Senate, incongruous in shape and incorrect even in its phraseology. All the Senate proposed to do except to strike out the provisions for the traveling committee, which, I will state en passant, was an amendment proposed by a Charleston lawyer, and not contemplated in the original bill, and which amendment on the part of the Senate was afterwards accepted by the House, was to make the bill conform to its altered surroundings—the attempts to effect which I think were afterwards improved upon by a committee of conference with the approval of the Senate.

Second. Also the rejection by the Senate of Representative Brawley's resolution providing for a traveling committee to investigate the practical operations of agricultural colleges in other States, the Senate had already passed a bill the provisions of which instructed the board of agriculture to take into careful consideration the plans, specifications, cost, &c., of the erection of an agricultural college, and did not see the propriety of passing this resolution, appointing, in addition to what it had already done, a committee to further investigate, without any limit as to what this investigation was to cost. Indeed, so far as the provisions of this resolution were concerned, the committee thus appointed could have travelled the whole year until the next session and have expended many thousands of dollars.

Third. Of the three complaints, the dissatisfaction of Captain Tillman and his allies has been manifested most plainly, perhaps, towards the postponement by the Senate of the bill to reorganize the department of agriculture, the passage of which, says Dr. Tindal, would make the "Farmers' movement" one of the departments of the State Government.

Shortly after the introduction of this bill into the House, and some time before it reached its second reading, as a planter and chairman of the Senate committee on agriculture I approached Dr. Tindal, the author of the bill, to ascertain what was sought to be accomplished by it. When informed that the object was to increase the board of agriculture and to popularize it by bringing it closer to the people, I proposed, if he would modify the bill so as to increase the board by the election at the then present session of the Legislature of an additional member from each of the five unrepresented Congressional districts and the election of five more at the next session, when the terms of the present board would expire, and we could act without any disrespect to the present board, I would unite with him to secure the passage of the bill; but I positively declined, after what I considered reckless and fallacious charges of extravagance and incompetency repeatedly preferred against the present board and commissioner of agriculture, to support any measure looking to their curt and unceremonious dismissal from office. I further proposed to Dr. Tindal, if it was the real interest of the farmers he was seeking, to introduce a joint resolution instructing the State treasurer to refund to the department of agriculture all moneys arising from the license tax, which had been expended for general State purposes, to be applied by the board of agriculture for the benefit of the farmers, upon experimental stations. I soon became aware, however, that instead of the advancement of the real interest of the farmers through the regular channels of legislation, the first and immediate object sought to be accomplished by the prime factors of this agitation was, as Dr. Tindal has since so lucidly stated in his interview with a reporter of the News and Courier, published on the 24th ult., to place the board of agriculture at the head of the "Farmers' movement," as it is called, to act in the capacity of a bureau for the organization of the farmers, upon a plan so thorough and complete as to commence, like the organization of the Democracy, with clubs. Imagine such an organization perfected. The department of agriculture converted into a bureau of organization with its headquarters at Columbia, maintained and supported by taxes levied by the General Assembly, flanked and supported by county organizations kept intact, as Captain Tillman proposes, by a small bonus from the county treasury, and based in turn upon the organization of the farmers into clubs. "The entire fabric permeated," with the teachings of Captain Tillman, to the effect that the present Government is not only extravagant, imbecile and incompetent, clouding its shortcomings in the dye of the cuttle-fish, but callous and indifferent to the interest and welfare of the farmers. Then, not in vain, might these self-sacrificing apostles who disclaim any desire for office, and profess to eschew politics, propose to spread their nets and enter the "political mill pond, and enter it deep at that." What powerful ally of Mr. Tillman, who has been coquetting in a jack-in-the-box-way with this "political debutante," might not be elected to the United States Senate? We do not wish to be considered at all pointed, as assurances have been gratuitously given from certain quarters that there is "no combine." We know Mr. Tillman would not have an office because there is not "much love of self in him," and he has already "told the de'il to get behind him." Nor would Dr. Tindal have an office, because he says he "does not" mean to improve the political condition of the farmers. So when the oligarchy is defeated, the ring broken up and the Government purged of its present incompetent, imbecile and extravagant officials and cleansed of their cuttle-fish dye, the offices will have to be filled by the dupes who have been recruited by assurances of "getting in on the home stretch." The disciples of this latter school extol the advantages of organization, apparently regardless of the fact that there are now in existence two organizations of the agricultural interests of the State, the Agricultural and Mechanical Association and the Grange. When the organization of the latter was in process its merits were similarly magnified, but the echo has nearly died away, and the lesson has been taught that the material prosperity of the farmer depends far more upon individual enterprise, energy and thrift than upon organization.

We are told that the object is to get us out of old ruts. The trouble is we are already out of the old ruts and into the new ones of indolence, credit and extravagance. We should be relegated to the old ruts where all classes relied on their own exertions and did not expect the Legislature to provide for them—when men were industrious and frugal, and paid their way as they went—when we had no homestead laws to debauch the financial integrity of our people, and no lien laws to beguile them into extravagance, thriftlessness and dependence. The fact is, the Government, so far from being mindful of the public weal, in transcending its proper sphere to assist our people, has, by a process of wet-nursing, undermined their self-reliance and dwarfed their spirit of manhood and independence. Taught to rely upon homestead exemptions and lien laws, many of them in their enervated condition now turn their eyes to Captain Tillman presumably with the expectation of quails and manna. Well may he remark that he feels deeply the heavy responsibilities resting upon him, as a great many have vague and unreasonable ideas of something wonderful or great being accomplished by his convention. Under his leadership they have been taught to regard the maladministration of government as the cause of their woes, and either through the medium of experimental stations, a change of boards of an agricultural college, or a reorganization of the Government, or in some other mysterious way, they are to be given permanent relief and great future benefits, while Mr. Tillman and his crew are preparing for a refreshing bath in the pleasant waters of the political mill-pond.

To me it appears but little less than criminal to dissatisfy and enervate our people by this continual gabble about their poverty and the hopelessness of their condition. Instead of fostering a spirit of independence by exhorting them to rely on their own exertions, to teach them to attribute the unsatisfactory results of indolence, extravagance and a lack of thrift to the disregard and imbecility of the Government. There never has been in this country but one method of solving the problem how one was to get his pork and beans, and that is to work for them. The Legislature does not feed merchants, lawyers or doctors, and neither by experimental stations, reorganizations of boards, nor agricultural colleges will it any more feed the farmers than Capt. Tillman and his crew can lift themselves over the fence by their boot-straps.

In conclusion, I think I voice the sentiment of the intelligent and respectable farmers of the State when I say I have no sympathy with Mr. Tillman in the conduct of his movement, nor do his resolutions, promulgated and adopted by the April Convention, reflect my views, and his reckless and disrespectful charges against the State Government seem more like the ravings of a fanatic than the utterances of a man equipped to lead any class of our citizens. On behalf of the farmers of the State I feel warranted in saying that though we may be "fast sink-ink to the level of serfs, hewers of wood and drawers of water," we are not yet prepared to claim brotherhood with the laboring classes of the North. Taking no stock in the war of the masses upon the classes, we cannot be rallied by the traducers of our past Democratic administrations and the disciples of "Henry George" to contend against the ablest and purest of our public servants and our own Government.

Railroad Earnings.

THE NEW YORK FINANCIAL CHRONICLE says that the January earnings of nearly every Southern railroad are greater than their losses, and that, in fact, the Southern and Southwestern roads, taken as a whole, record the best results. The Chronicle gives a comparative statement showing the January earnings of ten leading Southern and Southwestern companies for six years. In January, 1882, the earnings of the Richmond and Danville road were $280,628; in 1883, $259,797; in 1884, $266,889; in 1885, $325,659; in 1886, $278,572; in 1887, $354,860. Only two of the ten roads represented in the comparative statement fail to show for 1887 larger returns than for any of the years given, while the aggregate earnings of the ten roads for 1887 are over $1,000,000 greater than in 1886.

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why, I cannot tell."

It has often been wondered at, the bad color this oft-quoted doctor was in. 'Twas probably because he, being one of the old school doctors, made up pills as large as pellets, which nothing but an ostrich could pill without nausea. Hence the dislike. Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are sugar-coated and no larger than birdshot, and are quick to do their work. For all derangements of the liver, bowels and stomach they are specific.

Why are babies like new flannel? Because they shrink from washing.

LAUGHING AT LOCKSMITHS.

An Elopement From a Ladies' Seminary That Heals a Family Feud.

(From the Louisville Post.)

A quiet little wedding in Jeffersonville last night brought to an end a romantic little love story and a family feud of several years' standing. Ten years ago John S. Bullit, of Cleveland, Ohio, removed to a point near New Market, Kentucky, and settled with his family on a farm. Shortly after his arrival there he got into a dispute with Hunter Wells, a neighbor, over a small piece of ground between their farms. This resulted in a long law suit, and was finally settled in Bullit's favor. The men were not reconciled, however, and became bitter enemies. For years the members of the two families spoke harshly of one another, and no opportunity was passed to do an injury to the other family.

Mr. Bullit at the time of his removal to Kentucky had a daughter Celia, aged seven years. As time passed she grew into a lovely young girl, and was sent to the convent of the Notre Dame, near Cincinnati, to receive her education.

Returning home last Christmas for the holidays more lovely and perfect in feature and form than ever, she met Albert Wells, the son of Hunter Wells, a young merchant of St. Louis, who was also at home on a holiday visit. The two first met at a dance at a farmer's house near Calvary Station, but found it both convenient and pleasant to meet often after this. They loved one another and when they parted after the holidays it was with the agreement to correspond. Six or eight letters were written, but while Wells received those from Miss Bullit, the Sister Superior at the convent discreetly kept those directed to her lovely charge. Finall becoming desperate, Wells made the journey to Cincinnati and visited the convent in company with Mr. W. Hunt, of that place, under the guise of Celia Bullit's brother. While the young couple could not act as freely as their hearts dictated, owing to the presence of a teacher of the school, they succeeded in making an appointment at Hunt's Hotel, which was afterwards kept. Here they agreed to marry, and as she would not consent to be married other than in the presence of a relative, they came to this city and telegraphed George Bullit, a brother, to meet them here. He did so, and finally the old family enmity was talked down and the three went to Jeffersonville, where Esquire Kelgwin married them. They returned and are stopping at the Arlington Hotel, where Mr. Hunter Wells and Mr. John Bullit are expected this afternoon, they having telegraphed their satisfaction at the marriage and the hope that never again would ill feelings prevail between the two families.

General Lee's Address.

General Stephen D. Lee, the popular and successful President of the Mississippi Agricultural College, is no mere figure head, but a live and progressive agricultural educator, one who loses no opportunity to promote the best interests of the farmers of the South. Recently, in addressing the Mississippi State Grange, he said:

"I esteem myself complimented, in being invited annually to appear before the State Grange and address it. This seems appropriate, as the order has been, and is still, the largest organization of farmers in Mississippi—it is also the largest national organization of farmers in the United States. The order in Mississippi, too, did more to have the A. and M. College established, than any other influence. As early as 1875, and yearly, afterwards, they memorialized the Legislature, and by resolution, insisted on the passage of a law organizing the College as a separate and distinct institution from the University at Oxford, so that the spirit of the Federal law would be obtained.

"Now, my friends, are you ready to be benefitted by the experience of others? Are you ready to put more value on your lands? Are you ready to take care of your capital in business, which is the fertilty of your soil? Is there need of agricultural education? Your soil was once fertile. You have carelessly and by pursuing a wrong system impoverished it. You have worn it out, and now ready to deliver it to your children poorer than you got it from your fathers. This is not right. Your children should receive their heritage unimpaired, from you. You must be educated in the new way of preserving the fertility of your soil. If it is too late for you, your children must be educated in the new methods. If they do not restore fertility to these lands, others can and will. The question is, will you prepare them, by education, to do this? It is a plain proposition. If they do not or cannot, they will lose those lands. They will pass into the hands of strangers.

"The facilities in Mississippi are at hand to restore these lands. They are all favorable. We have plenty of good land yet left on nearly every plantation. The plan is to stop cultivating poor land. It will break all who attempt it. One-fourth or one-third of our land is still good. Cultivate only good land; manure it, work it better, follow intensive farming on our good lands. Do away with one-half or two-thirds of our labor. Utilize the poor lands as grazing lands. Nature will cover them at once with grass. It costs nothing for grass to grow. It costs nothing for stock to eat grass. Stock-raising is the only practicable way of using these lands, getting a profit out of them and allowing them at some time to recuperate, and have their fertility restored. It will break anybody who attempts to cultivate them. The fertility that has been lost must be restored before it will pay to crop them again."

The Cost of Ignorance.

Absence of knowledge of the fact that physical and mental weakness, indigestion, impure blood, and sick headache can be averted by Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic, costs millions of money annually for uncertain and unreliable decoctions.

The grand jury of Rowan county has returned true bills against Henry Logan, Morgan McClury and Lon Hagbern, charging them with the crime of confederating and banding themselves together for the purpose of killing Judge A. E. Cole, Col. Z. T. Young and his son Allie W. Young, now County Attorney of Rowan. The scheme to murder these men was detected just in time to save their lives.

TAKING STOCK.

Helen Campbell on the Importance of Accurate Accounts.

(From the Philadelphia Times.)

It is a phrase familiar enough to the business man and understood in a degree by the feminine element in the community who realize one phase at least of its meaning and are aware that bargains may be regarded as its synonym. It is a season when every remnant and tag has its place in the general account and is forced to do such duty as may be in swelling the year's returns.

The housekeeper, who also has her experiences with tags and remnants, will by no means admit that the same process has any application to her system. On the contrary, in spite of cooking schools and an always increasing flood of cookery books, journals and magazines, she clings to the early convictions that "stock" is one of the popular delusions which must be renounced if common sense is to govern life, and that soup founded upon stock is an extravagance to be frowned down and generally discountenanced.

"Take stock!" said a young housekeeper the other day, in my hearing. "Talk stock! Why don't they say take a roc's egg or take a quart of nightingales' tongues? One is as easy as the other. Where am I to get stock, I should like to know, when there are only two of us and we only want a little meat once a day? And if I make soup that is good for anything it takes just as much meat as half a dozen people. Stock is a snare and a delusion, and nobody but a millionaire can afford such extravagance."

Now as remarks of this order are constantly heard, in spite of the long continued demonstration of the fact, in books and out, that stock is the only solution of the "left over" question so far as bones and bits of very tough meat are concerned, it seems well to state again that while clear soups demand much meat, very good ones can be made with very little, and quite as savory ones with none at all. These last may bide their time, deserving really some space by themselves, the present article giving simply the possibilities, even where very little meat is used.

The young housekeeper just mentioned had thrown into the bucket of remnants, almost as she spoke, the skinny end of a porter-house steak, and the bones of a chicken stewed the previous day, the remaining meat on which had been utilized in salad. Rescue was not practicable, else demonstration would have been made then and there that a quart of very good stock had come to an untimely end at her hands. Given an earthen or granite saucepan closely covered, a steady heat and slow boiling, barely more than a simmer, and those rejected possibilities, put in three pints of cold water with a teaspoonful of salt, would have yielded up every atom of flavor and strength. The result, strained and set away to cool, would have given a small cake of fat, every particle rising to the surface and leaving a quart of clear broth below, ready to take on any name desired. This alone would hardly be savory or very nourishing, but adding rice, tomato, a little onion, and so on, the combination indefinitely varied, a tureen of satisfactory and well flavored soup would have been the outcome.

One of the most savory and delicious simple soups I ever ate had as small a beginning, and I give its full history as an illustration of what the careful housekeeper, who puts away all remnants daintily, can easily secure. The soup was known as the "save-all" soup, and it began with a quart of stock whose origin was in just materials as those rejected by the less experienced housekeeper. From the refrigerator appeared the vegetable plate on which I saw a large spoonful of mashed potato, a little stewed turnip and a remnant of squash. There was also a saucer of tomato and half a baked apple, with a slice of cold toast.

"Not the apple!" I said as one thing followed another into the saucepan; "you can't mean to put in that apple?"

"One of the most perfect curries I ever ate owed part of its perfection to two tart apples minced fine," my friend said calmly. "Wait and you will see. Now the thing wants character. We will mince a small onion and fry it brown in some of the fat we took from the stock, and here are three green stalks from yesterday's celery."

I was quite silent, for this was long before personal experience had taught me what might be. The onion was fried a bright brown, a saltspoonful of curry powder was added and the "mess," as it seemed, simmered slowly for an hour. There was deepest distrust in my mind as it came at last to table and I gazed at the plateful before me.

"It is a series of incompatibilities," I said, with an inward groan, "but the laws of society prevent my throwing it out of the window. Here goes then."

"It is delicious!" I added aloud, one moment later, and it was.

Since then the friendly "Save all" has done duty at least once a week. Try it, faithless housekeeper, but remember daintiest care is essential with all remnants, which must never be kept too long, and that only such care renders such methods possible.

Remarkable Corn.

Among the especially interesting and substantially valuable exhibits in the line of farm products at the late Texas State Fair, was a half bushel of corn developed and raised by Mr. Jeff Welborn, of Welborn Bros., New Boston, Bowie county, Texas. The cob is 2½ inches in diameter, its length ten inches. There were forty rows of grains on the ear (and what is most remarkable) the grain is seven-eighths of an inch long. This corn shells one quart to the cob. The Welborn Bros. gathered this (very dry) year eight hundred bushels from ten acres, an average of eighty bushels to the acre, and this with only eight furrows to the row. This corn, which he has named "Jeff Welborn's Conscience," he states matures two weeks earlier than the common white corn; it is also extra firm, but not flinty. Messrs. Welborn's corn attracted universal attention, and so numerous were the applicants for a few grains that the exhibitor was forced to withdraw it from exhibit. It was awarded both first and second premiums, the first being a splendid wagon (offered by the Keating Machine and Implement Company), the second, twenty dollars worth of nursery stock.—Farm and Ranch.

MYSTERIOUS MOUNTAINEERS.

An Interesting Theory as to the Origin of the Moonshiners.

(Y. E. Allison, in Southern Bivouac for February.)

Rude in speech, figure and habit; barely lettered, though rarely entirely unlettered; cunning, bold, determined and reckless of life, he is apart from the men of any of the people who dwell on the plains on either side of his mountain range, and has a code of manners, customs and morals that is unknown to the outer world. The origin of the mountaineers that inhabit the ranges from Virginia to Arkansas is a subject that might tempt the curiosity of a serious historian. The vestiges of the early population, and of some of the singular episodic inroads that accompanied the steady flow of English colonization, are still plainly perceptible. From the semi-ducal plantations of the King's favorites in Virginia and the Carolinas many of those unfortunate or criminal wretches who were transported from the mother country to be penal slaves in the fields of heartless, and mostly absentee, masters, escaped into the refuge of the mountains, and, animated by a despairing hope of freedom, sought the most inaccessible hiding places. To the escaped convict, trembling under the remembrance of a master's lash, and willing to dare any native danger to escape the slavery he had fled, the approach of another refugee was as full of terror as of comfort. The runaway felon could trust nobody; or, perhaps, he had a brand upon his forehead to hide from curious eyes, and wherever he made his home it was kept remote from neighborship and made as uninviting as possible to adventurous or suspicious eyes. There is little doubt that among the first settlers of the mountains were these British convicts sold into slavery to the American plantations, and condemned to a life of laborious servitude, which they only escaped by such hardships as could tempt no free man. The free pioneer and the woodsman pushed on across the mountains or through the passes and cleared for himself an empire and garden in fertile Kentucky and Middle Tennessee, or sought the softer air and cotton lands of the Southern States. The escaped convict was afraid to venture in either direction, lest he should rush into the hands of a former master or overseer, who would identify and re-enslave him. So, with that last instinct for personal freedom that has always possessed the Caucasian race in every land, he clung to the mountains of his refuge, secure in his solitude and getting his peace in the impregnability of his retreat. It was perhaps an inherited instinct, therefore, that made the mountaineers hate negro slavery as bitterly as the most determined Abolitionists of the North, and which led them by force of fate to join the Union armies when the civil war came on. The mountain regions not only furnished the Northern armies thousands of soldiers, but also maintained warm sympathy for the cause in the rear and front of the Union lines, and it is not singular, perhaps, that they have continued in sympathy with the Republican party as instinctively as the emancipated negro.

The Direct Tax Bill.

The Senate has passed, and the House has referred to a committee, a bill with regard to the direct tax levied during the war.

On the 5th of August, 1861, as a war measure, a tax of $20,000,000 was levied on all the States, North and South alike. It was proposed that if any State should pay its share, 15 per cent. discount would be allowed. Several of them took advantage of the provision. As the law stands, whenever any money is due to a State which has not paid this tax, it is placed to the credit of the State. The First Comptroller is bound to do this, but the law has given rise to controversies. To prevent this, the bill is before Congress.

The following statement of the direct tax accounts is official, but only relates to Virginia, North Carolina and West Virginia, and the sum totals: The amount imposed on Virginia was $829,021.02, of which $515,569.72 was collected, leaving a balance due of $213,501.30. By an Act passed February 25, 1867, the Secretary of the Treasury was authorized to transfer $208,479.65 of the amount originally imposed on Virginia to West Virginia, on which there has been collected $181,306.93. Upon North Carolina the assessment was $576,198.67, of which $386,194.45 was collected, leaving a balance due of $190,000.22. The aggregate of the report to all the States is over $14,000,000.

The States that have paid and are credited with 15 per cent. discount are paid just what they paid in taxes. The States that are still due the government are released from payment.

Cockroaches.

"I beg to forward you an easy, clean and certain method of eradicating those loathsome insects from dwelling houses. A few years ago my house was infested with cockroaches, or 'clocks,' as they are called here, and I was recommended to try cucumber peeling as a remedy. I accordingly immediately before bedtime, strewed the floor of those parts of the house most infested with the vermin with the green peel, cut not very thin from the cucumber, and sat up half an hour later than usual to watch the effect.

"Before the expiration of that time the floor where the peel lay was completely covered with cockroaches, so much so that the vegetable could not be seen, so voraciously were they engaged in sucking the poisonous moisture from it. I adopted the same plan the following night, but my visitors were not near so numerous—I should think not more than a fourth of the previous night.

"On the third night I did not discover one; but, anxious to ascertain whether the house was quite clear of them, I examined the peel after I had laid it down about half an hour, and perceived that it was covered with myriads of minute cockroaches about the size of a flea. I therefore allowed the peel to remain until morning, and from that moment I have not seen a cockroach in the house. It is a very old building, and I can assure you that the above remedy only requires to be persevered in three or four nights to completely eradicate the pest. Of course, it should be fresh cucumber peel every night."

A COTTON CHOPPER.

The Wonderful Agricultural Invention of a Camden Mechanic.

(Correspondence of the News and Courier.)

CAMDEN, February 16.—Mr. J. B. Ammons has made a cotton chopper, which promises to be a success, and now, with the "Ammons's Chopper" and Mason's picker and gin, the farmers can expect to make more out of their cotton crop. Mr. Ammons, a wheelwright and carpenter by trade, was raised in Marion, but for the last two years has lived in Camden. He has been studying up his machine for eleven years, and three years ago made a model, which he has worked successfully in the field every season since. He reached what he thought perfection last winter. His machine is built very much like a sulky plough, with adjustable hoes that will leave any stand of cotton that may be desired, and with one man and horse can chop from twenty-five to thirty acres a day. There is a little scoop plough attached in such a way as to act as a guide to the horse always on the next row, the horse being made to walk in this shallow furrow going across the cotton beds. In trying the chopper the usual way is to leave one and two stalks of cotton to the hill. The only objection that has been raised is that it leaves a tuft of grass around the cotton, and this objection has been done away with by what Mr. Ammons calls two dirters, which piles the dirt against the cotton behind the chopping hoes, and thus also keeps the wind from damaging the stand.

Mr. Ammons has sold several county rights and over two hundred and fifty machines at $30 each, all in three months. The machine has been thoroughly tested in Richland, Kershaw, Chesterfield, Marlboro and Marion counties, and it received the first diploma at the last State Fair. The machine weighs about 150 pounds, and tracks with standard wagon track. A patent was applied for on November 30, 1886, serial number 216,735. A few machines are being made, but no attempt will be made to fill the demand for them until in time for the season of 1888. By that time the plans for manufacture on a large scale will be completed and a large number of machines made. Flattering offers have been received for buying the right for the States of Louisiana and Texas.

PRISON WORK.

(Correspondence of the N. C. Presbyterian.)

It has been said that every true mother sees her own boy in the face of every other boy, that the mother-heart yearns for the welfare of all. From this principle it is easy to comprehend why this State organization feels an interest in all the boys of the State, and desires that that they arrive at a true and noble manhood. Dear sister, did your mother-heart ever take in the thought that the majority of prisoners are under twenty-two years of age, that one-third are under sixteen, mere boys who need a mother's tender care? Possibly the mother is only one in a name, or she may sleep under the clods of the valley. Boys, mere children, not more than eight years of age, have been sentenced to the penitentiary in our own State this year. What a future is before such. Shut in with older criminals, instead of being improved by the punishment they are turned out months afterwards trained criminals who delight in vicious habits, again and again to go behind prison bars until finally some dreadful deed demands the life to pay the penalty.

It makes one's heart bleed to think of the children who are trained as criminals by long waiting in jail with older experts who are anxious for a pupil to whom to impart their vile abundance. Some steps ought to be taken to remedy this preparation of criminal lives. The State has a right to protect itself. It would be economy to fill these idle moments in jail with labor. Nothing so tortures a child as to have nothing to do. Hard labor is far more desirable. And children in penitentiaries should not miss all the years for mental discipline.

They have been idle, profligate, but now in the hands of the State they should be turned out improved. It is not our duty as an assembly of Christian women to present to the Legislature the propriety of making provisions for a State Reform School under the care of a Christian superintendent and matron, and godly teachers, where those convicted of crime under seventeen years of age, shall be placed to be reformed, educated and established in the right way! It should be a manual-labor school, located upon a farm with such appliances as are necessary to teach trades. Vagrancy itself should be a sufficient offence to send a boy to this home. We need more of the Jewish idea of industry forming a part of the basis of morality in training children, which is expressed in their proverb, "He that teacheth not his boy a trade does the same as if he taught him to steal." Often these young criminals are the children of drankards who have inherited evil tendencies. Often the crime is the direct result of drink itself.

A few years of this reformatory life, while the character is being formed, will turn out to the State many a steady, educated citizen, who, if his boyhood had been spent in a State penitentiary, would have been, by repeated offence, a far greater expense to the country, beside the sorrow he may have caused.

This plan of treating criminal boys is both politic and human, not to say Christian. Many a boy just as guilty, and more so, than those in the penitentiary, continues at home and becomes so improved and established by the home influences as to become a popular and useful man. Home, one of three brightest stars in every boy's inner sky, is the great moral factor in determining his after life. We agree that the home influence cannot with economy to the State be dispensed with, even for criminal children, and that it should be supplied in the Reform Home.

MARY C. WOODY.

Ladies who would hate it if accused of pilfering do not hesitate to rob their neighbors of cooks and nurses. Ladies who would be mortally offended if charged with meanness or envy, covet the good servants that their friends enjoy, and adopt no end of sneaky and mean ways to secure them for themselves. Everything is fair in love and war and in housekeeping is the motto of many a dame who passes for a model in deportment and the best of wives and mothers.—*Jewish Messenger.*

FITZ LEE'S LITTLE JOKE.

How He Captured a Yankee Officer's Valise.

(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

In 1861 Fitzhugh Lee, now Governor of Virginia, was commanding the Confederate outpost in Fairfax county as Colonel of cavalry. Colonel Tannant, who was an intimate friend and classmate of Lee's at West Point, was in command of the Union cavalry outpost near Alexandria. One day Tannant received orders to advance and feel the Confederate position in front. A battalion of men, made up from the departments and the city of Washington, called the President's Body Guard, was assigned him to make the advance. He said to a friend before leaving:

"I want soldiers with me on this expedition. I know Fitz Lee, I have slept with him, and whenever we come together somebody will have to do some good fighting or fast running. I know Fitz will fight. If I had soldiers and not these dress-parade fellows, I would be delighted to give my friend a brush, just to let him see how nicely we can whip him back into the Union."

In the meantime his wife had packed his valise with clean linen and a bottle of old Hennessey brandy. When everything was ready Colonel Tannant took up the line of march along the Fairfax and Alexandria turnpike, in the direction of Fairfax Court House. After the command had advanced a few miles and come to a halt to rest, the Colonel addressed his men in the following words:

"Attention! battalion: I am now speaking to you as soldiers who have enlisted to defend your country, and as fellow citizens. I want every man to do his duty in the time of battle as a soldier should. If there are any of you who are not willing to do this, step three paces to the front."

Not a man moved. They stood like a wall of granite. This gave the Colonel much encouragement.

"Now, my soldiers," said he, "with this determination on your part, we will continue our advance and drive the enemy back, or capture the entire force."

Within a few miles of the court-house they encountered the Confederate pickets, and succeeded in driving them back. This gave the command new courage. On they pushed. But, alas! Soon Turner Ashby, with his Black Horse Cavalry, came charging on their flank, while Fitz Lee pressed them in front. The engagement began to get interesting, when suddenly Pelham's Horse Artillery unlimbered on the left flank, and began to pour a galling fire into Tannant's ranks. He rode to the front, leading the charge against Fitz Lee on the other side. The men seeing the situation became demoralized and retreated in confusion, falling back to Alexandria. The Union forces lost a few killed and some prisoners. Colonel Tannant's headquarters ambulance was captured, with his rations and baggage.

A few days after the fight a dilapidated team drove up to his headquarters with the letters "C. S. A." branded on the skeleton mules, and in dim white letters on the side of the topless ambulance also appeared "C. S. A.," and the drivers, instead of wearing the blue had on a suit of gray. The driver entered Colonel Tannant's tent with a military salute, bearing in his hand the Colonel's valise.

"Where did you come from?" demanded the Colonel.

"I came from Colonel Fitz Lee's headquarters," was the reply. "He swapped teams and clothes with me and told me I could come back and bring your valise, and here it is, Colonel."

"All right, my man," said the Colonel. "Go to your quarters and change your uniform, and report for duty."

Colonel Tannant took the valise over to his wife's room and opened it. The contents of the valise were a note which ran in the following words:

"Outpost Confederate Army, Virginia.
—My Dear Tant: I have opened your valise, appropriated your biled shirts for a change, and also your bottle of old Hennessey for a bad cold. I traded ambulances and teams also. When you come out again bring more commissary and quartermaster stores. FITZ."

Colonel Tannant kept the note until the close of the war, telling no one about it but his faithful and loving wife.

Tannant has been living in Tennessee since the war. Recently he and Lee met and a bottle of old Hennessey was discussed.

Japan Clover Culture.

I would like to know something about the clover which is springing up along the road sides and old fields here "Lispedeza Streata," or "Japan clover," as it occurs to me that it deserves some consideration and attention. A large per cent. of our lands by constant cultivation in cotton and corn, have grown so thin and poor that the crop raised on them is no longer profitable. Fencing too much run down, and requires too much machinery and tools for wheat, so about the only thing left, is to try and stop the gullies and washes, make pastures, and about the only thing I see flourishing is this "Japan clover." I have seen no land yet too poor, too dry or too wet for it to grow on. Cattle are very fond of it, and get quite fat from feeding on it. It is reported that this clover seeds on top; if that be the case, I am not surprised it weeds out everything, for an investigation shows me that it has seed on the root, forming about one-half inch below the surface of the ground. Therefore, when the dry weather kills the stalk, one dozen new sprouts put up after the first rain. I wish, however, to know something more of its history, and when and how to sow, and hence this communication. J. R. G.

Huntsville, Alabama.

Chapter of Accidents.

While Alex. Love—son of Mr. R. A. Love—and a young Mr. Gibson were out hunting yesterday, Alex's gun was accidentally discharged, pouring the entire load of shot into the back part of Mr. Gibson's head, causing a very serious wound.

Jesse Clifton, son of Rev. J. A. Clifton, of Spartanburg, during a stay of a few hours here yesterday, fell from a pole on which he was practicing gymnastics and had his arm dislocated at the elbow.

Yesterday, a small colored boy on Mr. I. McD. Hood's place fell across a stick of wood which a larger boy was chopping, and had one of his hands cut off.—*Chester Reporter.*