

SOME DARK TEACHINGS.

A PLANTATION NIGHT SCHOOL FOR NEGROES BEFORE THE WAR.

Some Entertaining Recollections of the Times Before the Civil War.

(From New York Commercial Advertiser.)

As is well known, it was held to be against good policy in the South, in the old days, that the slaves should be taught to read. To teach them was, in fact, prohibited by law in most of the States. It would be an error to suppose, however, that none of them were so taught. For the master of the plantation was, in many ways, an absolute monarch—every farm a sort of kingdom—and these potentates chose to judge for themselves how strict should be their obedience to general laws, how far they would allow themselves to be controlled by the Legislature in the internal economy of their little principalities.

Southern planters were in the habit of having such of their slaves taught to read as they chose—law or no law. I, myself, at the age of twelve, was principal of a school consisting of half a dozen of mine and others' slaves; and some account of my methods may interest the teachers, professors and other literati of our day.

The object of the school was the highest possible. Indeed, it was not a school, nor even a college; it was a theological seminary. All my pupils were preparing for the ministry.

To this day I remember with pride how thoroughly unsectarian was my instruction. I made no effort to bull those slaves into accepting my dogmas, as proof of which I offer the fact that whereas I was then, as now, a sturdy upholder of Episcopalianism, every one of my graduates turned Baptist.

I held my school in the kitchen after supper. My pupils sat in a row on a bench, one of their number holding aloft a spluttering torch of fat pine. I gave a strong if unsteady light; but was subject to this drawback: Being held near the head of whosoever happened to be reading, it is more than probable that by overheating one lobe of the brain the symmetrical development of that organ was marred.

That, however, did not much disturb us, seeing that neither they nor I were aware that we carried lobes of any kind concealed about our persons.

From time to time, too, as the torch was passed up and down the line, drops of burning tar fell upon the hands, arms and necks of my students, diverting their attention, nay, causing them at times to dance up and down the floor. Even so, a philosopher looking on might have dimly perceived how fairly good and ill are distributed, on the whole, in this best of all possible worlds, for the cook and her scullion, seeing these young theologians capering and sucking the pitch from their rugged fists, gave forth peal after peal of free and joyous laughter, so that things averaged up pretty well, after all.

This was not a free seminary—far from it. My patrons were drawn from among the most substantial citizens on the plantation. They were able to pay and I made them pay. No student of divinity could keep a seat on that bench without bringing me at the close of each month a dozen new laid eggs, worth, at that time, 12 cents; so that eight months' tuition cost exactly \$1. Preaching was not insisted on. Yet I cannot recall that on this account I was ever the loser by even an egg. As I raised the chickens, I was very glad, too, when hens were dilatory in their laying, to let an account run over and receive at the close of two months a young pullet.

My wages were sweet—laugh not ye school principals rolling in luxury! My discipline was that of those benighted days. The rod then prevailed throughout the length and breadth of the land, nor do I believe my class would have valued my instruction at an egg shell, even had I abolished it. But such a thought could not have occurred to a lad who had not thought it strange when his own teacher, having asked him if he was ready with his Virgil, and he replied, "not yet," had received three floggings. The first for not knowing the Virgil, the two following (with intervals of rest for the teacher) for not crying. So they stumbled along through their tasks, I kept up the circulation in their backs and shoulders. Neither they nor I would have heard without astonishment that there was any other way of stimulating diligence or quickening the brain. I suppose, however, that my thrashings could not have been very severe, for I remember that they were the occasion of great hilarity. This was especially the case when it came to the turn of Joe Nelson to recite. Joe was a famous stutler.

He was my youngest nephew, a broad shouldered carpenter 20 years of age. He was exceedingly contented and not a little vain—coquetted with his intellectual gifts and vain of his fascinations with the plantation damsels. These qualities, however, did not prevent him from being a thoroughly good fellow, and he and I were devoted friends as long as he lived. But my affection for him did not save his back from one single stroke of the peach tree shoot upon which I tightened my grasp as soon as he opened fire. My way was not to wait till the close of a session and then mete out the sum total of merited castigation. In my summary justice did not limp. At every trip there came a rap. Fumishment trod upon the heels of error.

What made it specially hard on poor Joe was that I could not see my way to allowing him to stammer through a reading lesson.

I thought it my duty to encourage him to discard this habit. I am afraid I erred, but I meant well; at any rate a livelier theological school never adorned the earth.

A number of my students became ministers in good standing. Some of their views on moral matters, it is true, were at variance with those commonly professed by us of the Caucasian race, but I trust this will not be laid at my door. For neither Xenophon nor Plato would ever allow the sins of Alcibiades to be traced to the teachings of Socrates.

Then, too, it must be remembered to my credit that they were ever found when their faces set as flint when there was question as to the fundamental tenets of the theology of their day. No one shall ever say that Gilbert ranked dancing other than as an unpardonable sin, or that Isaac ever held out hope of eternal wealth to the abandoned wretch who found comfort in whistling a jig or patting Juba, that rhythmic memory of Africa's sunny strand.

Poor Joe never entered the ministry. He built houses instead. My father set him free before the war. At the close of that struggle he was not long in feeling that his genius did not find sufficient scope in fitting joists and nailing on shingles. He became a candidate for the Legislature, but before he could know the joys of victory or the pangs of defeat he died. I had not seen him for years, but I feel that the world is not quite so bright for me as it would be were this old friend of my youth still among men. To the last, even after I was a man, he said that in his opinion he was my equal in natural capacity, and I am the last man in the world to dispute the proposition or to bear him a grudge for maintaining it. That he was not lacking in the instinct of historical criticism in the following story will show:

One day, years after he had been my pupil, as I sat reading in our library, Joe entered and asked me to lend him a book.

"What kind of a book do you want, Joe?"

"Well, M-m-m-marse Jack, I've been a thinkin' I should I-like to read a history book."

"All right!" and I began running my eyes along the shelves. Hume's, Macaulay's, Gibbon's, Rollin's, would they suit Joe? Just then my eyes fell upon Cruso's. I handed it to him with a steady hand and unblushing countenance. He took it with many thanks and departed. A month or so afterward he dropped in again.

"Marse J-J-Jack, ain't histories a kind of book what tells the truth?"

I could not help smiling at the simplicity of the question. I then explained to him, as best I could, that histories were often full of untruths touching things which had happened, while fiction was often equally full of truths as to events that had never occurred. Robinson Crusoe, I explained, was fiction, but a man so situated would have worn goat-skin trousers, talked to his parrot, or shot any cannibals that might have endeavored to roast and devour him. As I went on explaining a brighter and brighter light came into honest Joe's eyes, and at last he exclaimed: "Well, I kep' readin' and readin' and studyin' and studyin', and at last I began to sort o' mistrust that some o' them things warr't true."

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FARM TOPICS FOR THE MONTH.

Suggestions to Farmers who Wish to Make Farming Profitable.

A distinguished poet has made a certain young lady quite famous by having her on a particular occasion to sing: "If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear; For I'm to be Queen o' May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May."

There is not much poetry, and even less romance, about it; but all the same the farmer has to be called early and to stay late at his farm work for the next three months if he has any hope or expectation of succeeding at his calling. We know of no task-master more exacting and uncompromising than the average cotton and corn crop. Worked properly and the husbandman will reap his reward just as long as the rainbow hangs in the heaven or the promise of seed time and harvest remain; mismanaged and poorly executed work, and disappointment and failure are sure to follow. Early and properly executed work on the crop, to many people, seems, as far as all outward appearances go, as being quite simple and easy, and they put this down as one of things about farm life that they are very familiar with, and that they thoroughly understand.

When to strike, how to strike, and where to strike is the vici, vici, vici of the farmer, and in our judgment it is the keystone to success or of failure; it is the dividing line between the cloidopper and the intelligent farmer. You may well call this month the middle station in the year's work. The crops are all planted and cultivation is about to begin if the preparation and planting has been thoroughly done; then the most troublesome half of making a crop is over with. The army is in the field; the ammunition is all distributed; the guns are unlimbered, and if the General handles the troops advantageously victory is assured; if he does not, General Green will possess the land; he will come, he will see, and he will conquer.

Suppose you were to see a so-called planter giving one of his tenants a package of calomel, opium, quinine and a lancet—the four great agents in physic—telling him at the same time to go down and see what he could do for a sick neighbor; if the sick man died, would you say the medicine failed?

We see, year by year, owners of the soil giving men they call tenants land, mules, ploughs, guano, tools and seeds, and saying go down into my farm or plantation, and when I come again have my rent ready.

When you consider this matter in all seriousness and candor, are you surprised that the patient—the land—is killed, and this false tenantry system has ruined thousands and thousands of acres of Southern land?

A man who proposed to go to a distant State to oversee went to Mr. Dickson and asked for a receipt for farm. He replied: "It is hard to transfer knowledge, and much harder to transfer art and judgment; my plan is to follow the laws that govern the universe. Plants and animals, when assisted with art and judgment, never will fail. This is the science of agriculture. Study bad practice as well as good, and learn of the latter the errors, that you may avoid them. Read books until you become so perfect in theory and in the use of tools and manure that you will have confidence and the nerve to act and act at once—no loss time running about to your neighbors to see when to do a thing and how to do it. Do not allow frost or wet or dry weather to cause you to doubt or dally. Fortify yourself with books before you begin; such books as will teach you everything necessary to your success, and do not forget that you can learn something from almost every profession. Book farming means for the farmer just what book learning does for the lawyer, merchant or physician. You must read and study, not only agricultural books, but all books that will apply in any way to that profession. You need the knowledge of a general to enable you to discipline your laborers to come to time, to move all at once, to know when to charge and when to retreat. You need the knowledge of a banker, when your money is made to know how to invest it. You want the knowledge of a bookkeeper, that you may keep your accounts correctly. In this many farmers fail; they fool themselves, not knowing how to keep debtor and creditor accounts, get in debt and become bankrupt before they are aware of it. You must have some knowledge of mechanics and machinery in order to use them. If the farmer is ignorant, he should have even a sufficient knowledge of law to know how to keep out of the courts. You should have some knowledge of commerce and trade, for you have to buy and sell.

"How is all this to be acquired? By reading and hard study, and making an application of the knowledge acquired. Knowledge is power in agriculture as well as in other things. And how are you to get knowledge? Only by reading, study and application. With knowledge you can use the hand as well as the tongue more effectively.

"The three great essentials are: First, The theory (true plan) of farming. Second, The art of controlling labor and executing all work to the best advantage with least labor. Third, Last and best, success depends on a quick perception, wise judgment that seldom or never errs. How is this to be acquired, except by use of books in conjunction with practice?"

"In conclusion, to succeed you not only must be superior to your laborers, but you must be so far ahead of them that they shall know that your plans are wise, and that they will follow you in a charge, as good soldiers will the best of Generals. The laborer must have confidence in the man who directs. How are all these qualifications secured? Through books, hard study, observation and practice."

D. P. DUNCAN.

Vitality of Great Men

It is not always innate or born with them, but many instances are known where it has been acquired by the persistent and judicious use of Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic.

If a man, after exposure to the cold, be placed under a magnifying glass, the cold seems like a saw. Dipping it in hot water throws the little particles back into place, and makes the edge smooth.

SWORN TO LAY A GHOST.

THE LOVE LANE SPOOK AGAIN MAKES ITS APPEARANCE.

The Uncanny Habits of a Cemetery Who Once Made an Aged Darkey Fiddle for a Devil's Dance Comes Forth and Seares Folks.

(From the New York Star.)

Once again spooks have made their debut in Love Lane, and the superstitious citizens, particularly those of the Colorado maduro brand, who reside within the bulwicks of New Utrecht and West Flatbush, L. I., near the southwestern border of Greenwood Cemetery, and who are compelled to pass that marble city after dark, never consider themselves in full dress unless they have a pocketful of brick or wear carbines with flues like water mains.

If the neighboring darkeys are to be believed, the spook can only be seen at midnight. At a recent meeting of the New Utrecht Watermelon Coterie, Pantry and Vestry, held near Farmer Berry's chicken preserve, eight of the members testified that they had timed the spectre by their watches. One of the secretaries, who is assistant organist and plays the chimes in the local colored church, and whose world is fully as good as his bond, said that he was the only man in the club whose watch was fit for anything but a tobacco box, as it was the only one that contained any intestines, but that the others had the time of the appearance of the spook down fine. He was with the others when they saw the spirit, and they all got so frightened that the first man home that night, as the others forgot where they lived.

It is a difficult task to make the average colored citizen of the King's county towns believe that the present spook is not the same that is said to have appeared to the oldest of them in their younger days. Love Lane, which borders the Greenwood fence, has a legend to this effect: Long ago an aged darkey, who had been performing as an executive orchestra at a luskung bee in Gowanus, was returning home during the dismal hours of the morning. He had nearly reached the old toll gate, when Satan climbed over the fence or through it, and compelled the aged fiddler to play for him. The orchestra turned pale inch by inch, and his hair visibly unknickered, until his hat looked as if it were built on stilts, but still he was compelled to scrape away for dear life. When his Satanic majesty had his savage breast sufficiently soothed he wound up the minuet by dancing a breakdown, and, dashing his hoof against a near by bowlder, disappeared in a spiral cloud of sulphurous smoke.

The stone is there yet, and the footprint is still an awe-inspiring sight to the children and many of the older people of the towns. The weird and hair-raising stone is shunned after dark, and there are many who will tell you that his Majesty holds picnics there at about this season every year. He never appears in winter or summer, probably because of his aversion to extreme cold or diluted heat. It is a shuddery spot, to say the least.

Within the past few weeks the spook has reappeared on the scene of its old-time orgies, and has been seen by several citizens whose words can be relied upon, although they take no stock in the supernatural. A well known resident of the Eighth ward, whose place of business is near the Fifth avenue entrance to Greenwood, saw the vision one night last week. He was driving past the Fort Hamilton avenue entrance to the cemetery when the spectre showed up, causing his horse to shy. The spook appeared to come directly through the fence, in which there was no opening. It passed immediately in front of the horse, which suddenly stopped and refused to budge. The gentleman risked a shot at it. The discharge was greeted with a hollow, chuckling laugh, and the gentleman started his horse on a dead run toward home. He says that the figure or whatever it might have been had a dark cloak on and wore horns.

William Pyle, who was formerly a stockholder under the old fashioned track sheds in the gin and tansy days of the turf, but who is now a junk numismatist through the country towns, is emphatic in his assertion that he has seen the spook on several occasions. He remembers the old legend of Love Lane, and says he can bring scores of citizens who have since indulged in involuntary introductions to his bookshop. Numerous other residents of the neighborhood are willing to testify to a like encounter.

A resident of Windsor terrace in West Flatbush also saw the "thing," and says that it was garbed in black, wore horns and had hoofs. He says that he was returning home the other night and when near the "Devil's Stone" the vision appeared to rise up out of the ground immediately in front of him.

"I was almost scared to death," he said, "but plucking up courage I threw a stone at it. The stone went clear through it and I could see the hole it made."

This last assertion may be something of an exaggeration due to fright as the gentleman admits he was so scared that he lost his hat and was in such a hurry that he didn't stop to pick it up.

A South Brooklyn florist whose business interests in the cemetery will not permit of his name being used said: "There's something strange on the other end of the cemetery, but I can't explain it. I've seen it myself, and so have a number of my friends. I think possibly it is somebody who is endeavoring to play a prank on the weak-minded. A party of us are going to solve the matter some night this week, and we expect some fun. If it is a spirit it will stand no chance with us as we are used to spirits. Yes, I have heard of the Devil's Stone and the legion connected with it. Who hasn't? We always let the stone have the road all to itself after dark when I was a boy."

Lively times are ahead for the spook when the party, which will be composed of a number of Eighth ward politicians and business men, make the proposed raid some night this week.

Many of the dressy new hats and bonnets are trimmed entirely with ribbon.

HILL ARIE TALKS.

His Views on Slavery—Judge Hiram Warner.

(From the New York Tribune.)

A quaint and pleasant talker of the old school is Major Smith—"Bill Arp"—of Atlanta, Ga., who was here the other day to deliver a lecture. The Major was a slaveholder in his younger days, having received three families of negroes, some twelve persons in all, as the wedding portion of his wife. In talking about the slave question, he said: "This talk that the South lost \$100,000,000 by the emancipation proclamation is all nonsense. I am prepared to show that the South did not lose a dollar. In all my experience as a slave-owner, if I ever made a dollar by their labor I do not know it. We got their labor in exchange for their food and their clothing, the rearing of the young and caring for the old. We got their labor for the same price now without having the burden of responsibility for the young and the aged and the sick. We used to pay their doctors' bills; now they pay their own. The difference is already seen from the fact that many men are accumulating wealth through the employment of negroes who never got ahead a dollar in the slave days, although they were owners of many slaves."

In chatting about Northern men Major Smith remarked that many Northern men had gone into the South to make their homes there during the slavery period who attained distinction. Among others he cited Judge Hiram Warner, a native of Vermont, who occupied the highest judicial position in the State of Georgia on the bench of the Supreme Court for thirty-seven years. "It is a curious phase of human nature," said Major Smith, "that as old age comes creeping on the incidents and scenes of boyhood come impressively to the mind. It was so with Judge Warner. I remember talking with him in his old days, when he told me he was going to Vermont to see again the green hills and the wooded slopes and the front streams and the trees under which he had basked in his boyhood days. He became a part of the South, but he had not forgotten his old home in the North."

Chat With the Ladies.

Pompadour silks are recommended for dress frocks for young girls.

The safest colors for cheap portieres are olive-green and brick red.

Wide Directoire revers appear on many of the imported French frocks.

Apple green and chestnut bronze is a color combination favored in Paris.

Short backs and long front tabs are the distinguishing marks of new wraps.

Long flots of ribbon give decorative effect to black and colored lace over-dresses.

India silks and foulards will be the rivals of China silks and pongees this season.

We have taken note of some children's toilets which struck us as particularly tasteful.

Combination costumes are not so much worn as usual. Silk is made up by itself and woollens also.

Thin silks mixed with tulle and lisle for evening wear are very popular additions to a summer wardrobe.

The favorite color for graduation gowns are rose, blue, Nile green, and, of course, heliotrope.

Indoors little girls wear frocks in the shape of a pelisse, loose and straight in front, and completed at the back by a plait in the skirt let in between two seams. A silk cord or ribbon sash goes round the waist.

Fine woolen tissues are streaked with silk or a lighter shade, forming stripes or squares, and a small pattern of silk dots, clover leaves, or small flowers of silk, imitating embroidery relief, is scattered all over upon the dark ground.

Extremely pretty capotes for the spring are composed of birds' wings. Sometimes the wings are dyed of all colors; sometimes they are left of their own natural tint; they cover the capote almost entirely, with the exception of a small puffing of silk or crape at the back.

Some of the new wool novelties have woolen grounds in light or dark shades of pure colors, on which in high relief are lines of plush and frise flower designs in natural colors and realistic to a degree in treatment. These goods are high priced, and intended only for Paris of plain wool costumes.

While combinations of plain and fancy figured goods, often in strongly contrasted colors, remain extremely popular, many handsome dresses are made of the same color throughout, but of two fabrics, and for these refined toilets exquisitely fine cashmere and moire are especially favored.

In the new fancy woolen materials introduced for the spring and summer season we remark that small white patterns very frequently occur. In some fabrics irregular white stripes form a sort check pattern, in others large white dots are scattered over plain or striped colored grounds.

THE INTER-STATE COMMISSION.

An Important Letter Defining the Powers of the Commission as to Certain Cases.

The Inter-State Commission has made public an important letter addressed to the Minnesota & Northwestern Railroad Company, defining the powers of the commission as to certain cases and explaining why it is found impossible to accede at once to the urgent appeal of the road for relief from the long and short haul clause of the law.

The letter, written by Chairman Cooley, says it is generally accepted that the fourth section was designed to establish the general law that more must not be charged for a shorter than for a longer haul and to permit exceptions in special and peculiar cases only. Before the passage of the law railroads were the sole judges as to what circumstances or conditions justified such practice and the law evidently meant to take this discretionary power out of the hands of the railroads and was passed in the belief that incidental injuries resulting from its enforcement would be more than offset by advantages in the interest of the public good. The commission is as much bound by the law as are the carriers, and has power of discrimination only so far as it is its duty to do. The law contemplates that there may be some special cases in which general good requires suspension. But such cases are obviously exceptional ones. Special and peculiar circumstances and where only general causes operate the general law shall be left to its general course, however serious may be the consequence to particular roads. The law makes it clear that any suspension granted must be after an investigation, satisfying the commission of the peculiar and exceptional circumstances rendering it necessary. The jurisdiction of the commission was meant to be closely restricted and it can grant no suspension simply on the apprehension that enforcement would prove harmful or upon the unestablished assertion that it has done so. Congress must necessarily have realized that some disturbances and injury would be caused by the law and Congress alone can be looked to for the remedy or modifications. The claim that the commission has power to suspend the clause which were evil consequences are found gives the commission general dispensing power inconsistent with sound principles of government and of which Congress gave no hint. If the clause in its general operation proved generally and equally mischievous on all directions, the commission, instead of having greater power to suspend, would be deprived of power for the reason that there would be no exceptional cases for it to act upon and therefore none coming within its discretionary authority. But there are of course exceptional cases and it is made the duty of the commission to determine what these are. This must be done by the investigation upon which the commission has entered. Where an application for temporary suspension is based on such general principles that many others would have to follow, the commission has best reasons for declining to grant it. The letter is not designed to give any intimation as to the permanent course of the commission, as no policy has been determined upon. The commission declares its regret that any injury is inflicted by the law and promises to give such complaints proper consideration.

TIMOTHY AND CLOVER.

Questions About Them Answered by an Experienced Cultivator.

RIDGEVILLE, COLLETON CO., S. C., April 25, 1887.

Hon. A. P. BUTLER, Commissioner.

Will you kindly answer the following: 1st. Can timothy and red clover, such as is grown further North, be successfully grown here?

2d. Should they be planted in Fall or Spring?

3d. What manures would you recommend for them?

4th. Should they be grown together or separately to secure best results for hay?

If they can be grown, I wish to experiment fully, and if results are satisfactory, plant them extensively for hay.

I am not well enough acquainted with this section to know, but from what I can see, it appears that these grasses should be cultivated here, and thereby save the freights on hay from distant points.

If you will kindly give me all necessary information on the subject, you will greatly oblige, yours truly,

C. H. MOFFETT.

Questions like the above very frequently come up for decision. In localities where the timothy and red clover grow successfully, they are of such great value to the farming interests that only repeated failures can deter those who have known them elsewhere. Our country comprises a vast extent through various degrees of latitude and great diversity of soil and climate. It cannot be reasonably expected that throughout these varying conditions any particular agricultural product can be successfully cultivated. The grasses and clover (what are generally known as the agricultural grasses) cannot be profitably grown in the lower portions of our State. They have often been tried, and in garden spots and other favored localities may succeed tolerably well, but they can never be used for field culture or for large areas.

Nature is very beautiful, and leaves no region unprovided for and without its equivalents. Along the sandy belt of low country of this State, of Georgia and Florida, the grasses and clovers of more Northern latitudes cannot be successfully cultivated, but we have excellent substitutes in the cow pea and vetch for hay or for soiling, and the millets and sorghams for the same purpose or for the silo, Bermuda grass and fescue grass for permanent pasturage and for seed, both of which make the very best of hay.

There are some of our substitutes. Each and every region is blessed by a bountiful Providence, and it is the part of wisdom to make use of those products which are best adapted to each region rather than to struggle against unnatural conditions.

H. W. RAVENEL.

Young and middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility, premature old age, loss of memory and kindred symptoms should read 10 cents in stamps for large illustrated treatise suggesting sure means of cure. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

KELLY ON THE SOUTH.

HE RECORDS HIS OBSERVATIONS OF PROGRESS IN THIS SECTION.

The Pennsylvania Congressman Predicts a Great Future for Us—He Calls it a "New South."

Congressman Kelly, of Pennsylvania, who has just returned to Washington from an extended tour through some of the Southern States, began last March, in an interview with a Star reporter, records his observations of progress in that section of the country and predicts a great future for the New South. Mr. Kelly said: "In 1873, when I visited Florida, the people there seemed to be without hope or aspiration, but for the last six or seven years the State has taken a position in the first ranks of the New South. The people are energetic and confident of the future. From Keeseminie City and Rock Ledge, I visited farms on the lands reclaimed by the Drainage Company on native alluvial fields and after a careful inspection, I am prepared to say that Florida is destined to a higher rank among the agricultural States of the Union. The rich soil is being intelligently cultivated with great profit. When I left Florida it was for a season of rest at Anniston, Ala., one of the new cities which has grown up in the mineral regions. From Anniston I made excursions to other towns in Alabama and in Georgia. After a month's stay at Anniston, I turned my steps toward Tennessee, passed ten days most pleasantly at South Pittsburg, which as Anniston has just done, will soon surpass the country by establishing itself as an industrial centre of large proportions and great activity. Every where throughout the mineral regions of the South enterprise and prosperity are moving hand in hand, nor is this prosperity of the New South confined to its mineral regions, though the poverty and distress which characterized the poor people of the old South, still prevail to a considerable extent. In her cotton fields there is a large boom of enterprise and improvement which is rapidly curing that. Those which have caught the spirit of progress do not longer plow their fields with single mule plows. They have learned the value of deep plowing and of following the chill plow by a heavy subsoil plow. They continue to grow some cotton, but not open the surface of exhausted fields, and they diversify their crops. I am speaking now of the progressive agriculturists—the representatives of the New South. Instead of one crop of cotton they have fields of wheat, rye, clover and other crops. And to save their old time "guano" bills, as they call bills for manufactured fertilizers, they turn under grain crops and add that with manure from stock and well fed herds of cattle.