

BILL ARP

Has Something to Say About the Two Hundred New Doctors Who are Turned Loose on the Country.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

Over 200 new doctors turned loose upon the country—200 from Atlanta alone and a big lot from Augusta besides. I went down on Monday to see our boy graduate. His mother went, too, for she believes he is a natural born doctor and can cure anybody of anything whether he has got it or not.

He then presented the doctors with their sheepskins and called each one by his Latin name, and some of them were so peculiar and unique they brought down the house, for John was Johannes, and William was Guilelmus, and Ralph Radulphus.

It reminded me of a lawsuit in a justice's court that happened a long time ago when Mark Blanford who recently resigned from the bench of the Supreme court, was a devilish young lawyer. A doctor sued a man for his medical bill of \$15, and the man employed Mark to fight the case, for he said the doctor was no account and had discharged him.

The doctor swore to his account and Mark called for his license or his diploma, and made the point that no doctor had the right to practice without one, and he read the law to the squire. And so the old squire told the doctor he would have to show his sheepskin. He said he had one at home and asked for leave to go after it. It was six miles to town and he rode in a hurry, and returned in a sweat of perspiration.

With an air of triumph he landed it over to Mark, and said: "Now what have you got to say?" Mark unrolled it and saw it was Latin. The doctor's name was John Williamson Head, but the Latin made it Johannes Guilelmus, filius, Caput. That was enough for Mark. He made the point that it was not a diploma, but was an old land grant that was issued in old colony times to a man by the name of Caput. He said he had read about the Caputs, and one of his ancestors, whose name was John Sebastian Caput, discovered America, and this land grant was a bounty from the king of Spain.

The doctor raved furiously, but Mark stuck to it that there was no mention in the document of John William Head—that it was issued to one Johannes Guilelmus, filius, Caput—a very different person, and then he asked the doctor to please read the title to the court. Of course the doctor couldn't do it, and he lost his case. The old squire said he didn't know whether it was a land grant or a diploma or a patent for some machine, and if the doctor couldn't read it he wasn't fit to use it. And so I think those eighty-six doctors had better get Colonel Hammond to translate their diplomas, and then learn the English by heart.

Professor Lane gave the large audience a rare treat—a combination of wit and wisdom, that only Charley Lane can make up. He rested his manuscript on an hour-glass about four feet high, and all his serious, scholarly thoughts were there, but ever and anon he stepped to the front and illustrated his wisdom with humorous anecdotes that kept his hearers' eyes open, and their mouths, too. He was hard down upon patent medicines, and told how Jacob Straus got up a nostrum and hired a fellow to certify: "This is to certify that I lost one of my eyes and two of my legs in the late war, and after using six bottles of Jacob Straus's medicine my blind eye came again, and so did my legs." Opeheimer had a drug store, too, and a patent medicine, and when he saw the certificate that Straus had gotten up, he hired a fellow to certify some, too. "I certify that I was unfortunately born without a liver or lights, and suffered untold miseries until I took four bottles of Opeheimer's medicine, and now I have as good a liver as anybody and electric lights."

Professor Lane advised the doctors to use common sense in their practice, and said it was not called common sense because it was common, but because it was commonly needed. Then we had a beautiful valedictory by Dr. Pank, and the presentation of medals by Rev. Dr. Anderson, and last of all the boys called Dr. Johnston, and then the benediction closed the entertaining exercises. I was rumi-

THE MYSTERIES OF THE ALLIANCE

MADE PUBLIC.

Full Text of the Initiation Ceremonies at the Introduction of Gen. Gordon into the Order.

The Athens, Ga., Banner is responsible for the following exposition of the valuable secrets connected with the Alliance. In an interview with a prominent Allianceman in that county, he admitted to the Banner the correctness of the report, except that the full number of board members not used on the distinguished candidate for Alliance honors.

Gen. Gordon is now a full fledged Allianceman, and will hereafter be made to toe the mark, and address Livingston, Macune, and Harry Brown as "brother." The initiation of this distinguished gentleman went through without a jostle, and was witnessed by a large and enthusiastic audience of Alliancemen.

At the risk of being shot for exposing the secrets of our order, I will give the Banner a full report of the impressive ceremony that snatched General Gordon from the clutches of the politicians and made him a humble disciple of the plow.

The candidate was escorted into the ante room of the Alliancemen by a body guard of farmers. He manifested some nervousness when his conductors demanded that he partially disrobe and submit to the ordeal of being carried off with a corn cob and rubbed down with a bundle of fodder; the reason for this phantasm agricultural bath being that it was necessary to cleanse his person from the contaminating effects of too close a contact with Atlanta politicians, Jeffersonian Democrats, Independents and other unclean elements, and that he might enter the realms of agricultural bliss. He was then arrayed in a pair of copperas pants, upheld by one suspender, and a hickory shirt, wool hat, and brogan shoes. The Alliance (his guide explained) was no respecter of persons, and every member must be on an equal footing.

Three raps were given on the lodge room door, and a sepulchral voice from within demanded: "Who comes there?" "A poor penitent who is groveling in darkness, and asks that the light of the Alliance be turned upon him," was the reply.

"Is the candidate a tiller of the soil?" was the next query from within. "He says he has always been the best friend the farmers of Georgia ever had," was the evasive response. "See if there are any corns in his hands or cockle-burs in his hair?" was the command.

"The secker of light says he is only a farmer by proxy, and the corns are in the hands of the men who work his land," was the response. "Does the candidate ask admittance into our order of his own volition, and is he prepared to pass through the ordeal of initiation?"

"He does and he is," was the reply from without. "Let the candidate then remain in darkness until his eyes are prepared to receive the great light that the Alliance will turn upon him and he can be admitted into our sacred precincts," was the next order.

The eyes of the applicant for Alliance knowledge were bandaged with a second-hand guano sack, the door of the lodge room thrown open, and Georgia's ex-Governor and United States Senator, for the first time in his life, found himself in the inner sanctuary of the farmers' lair. He was marched three times around the room, while the members welcomed him with:

"While the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may return." With a "gee" and "haw" the candidate was escorted to the Grand Tycoon, who used as a chair of state the small end of a bale of cotton. "Our would-be-brother, your humiliating entry into this room teaches you a useful lesson. A few minutes ago you came to us reeking with the odor of the politician, and arrayed in the paraphernalia of your fine apparel, which means that you must also leave behind you in your future communitations with farmers your worldly dignity, or the Alliance will strip you of your honors, as easily as it did of your tailor-made garments. All men (except the nigger) are free and equal.

"The odious bandage that obscured your vision is a necessary attachment to the farm; and while it teaches an Allianceman that he must not expect his pathway through life to be sprinkled with attar of roses, will be a special reminder to you of the offensive manner that you spoke of our leaders and friends during your recent campaign. The conductor will now convey the candidate to the High and Mighty Hister for further instruction, while the brethren will please sing: 'On Jordan's stormy banks I stand.' The H. and M. Hister was squinting between the handles of a plow stock. Without further ado the candidate had an iron hook fastened in the seat of his pants, to which a rope was attached and thrown over a beam above. With a steady pull by two sinewy Alliancemen the distinguished gentleman was soon dangling in the air, with hands and feet vainly clutching at the floor.

"Now hold the candidate in that position, where he can better appreciate the beautiful lessons inculcated by the Alliance," remarked the G. and M. H. "It is needless for the partially initiated brother to longer clutch at the floor. He has already had some experience at resigning, and the wisest thing he can do is to put into practice that virtue and be resigned to the position we have placed him in, and not postpone this matter until he gets to Washington again. "That hook," the High Hister explained, "illustrates the firm hold the Farmers' Alliance has on mankind. Your struggles in the air shows the folly of a candidate trying to reach for office through politicians. The candidate can now be released and carried before the Supreme Spunker for further enlightenment; and while he is making the circuit of the room the brothers will sing, 'On Greenland's icy mountains,' as I notice that the candi-

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date is beginning to shiver in the cold air of the room.

The Supreme Spunker sat upon a bale of hay. He ordered the bandage removed from the candidate's eyes, remarking that he had perhaps progressed far enough to stand the light of the Alliance; and, besides, he was to go through another ordeal that required all of a man's faculties to endure.

The secker after light was then led up to a barrel, and in a twinkling stretched over it. "Bring forth the sub-treasury plank," commanded the Supreme Spunker, "and convince the new brother that it is not a rotten one, but made of good, sound timber. Let the High Executioner do his duty like a good and true Allianceman, while we will all sing, 'Once I was blind, but now I can see.'"

Forty times that plank rose in the air and came down with a mighty thump, before the writhing victim was released and carried before the Supreme Spunker again, to have the lesson he had just received explained. "You have passed through one of the most beautiful and edifying chapters in the Alliance mode of initiation. You have publicly asserted that we have only one plank in our platform and that a rotten one. I feel assured that you are now prepared to correct this statement, and assert that our sub-treasury plank is one of the soundest you ever felt. We have several other planks, as we can prove to your satisfaction if so desired. Oh! you say you are satisfied! Well, be careful in the future how you speak slurringly of something you know nothing about. Now carry the candidate, Brother conductor, for other useful lessons, and while he is on the move let the members sing: 'This is the way I long have sought.'"

The Great Drener had on the table before him three black feathers and a goblet half filled with what appeared to be old Bourbon. "After his long fatiguing pilgrimage our brother is doubtless in need of rest and refreshments. Place a chair that he may be seated."

This was done, but by some slight-of-hand the candidate made a miss, and landed upon the floor. "My unfortunate brother, you have now learned the uncertainty of political campaigns. Just as a man thinks he has found a nice, comfortable seat, the Alliance slips it from beneath him, and painful indeed is his disappointment. I spoke just now of refreshments, and had prepared a nice mess of corn for you; but I now discover in your recent speech you made before the Alliance convention, that you have already eaten all the sub-treasury crow except a few tail feathers. But here is a glass of Jeffersonian Democracy, according to the Epistle of Romans, that you were so partial to a short time since. This is the last of the cask and please swallow the same. Well if you hesitate, I have to order the grand executioner to show you another one of the planks in our platform. Ah, you find that the liquid is encased in glass so that it will not wet your parched lips. That, my brother, is Jeffersonian Democracy. It is very nice to look upon, but like Dead Sea fruit, is tasteless. This shows you that to depend on other classes than the Alliance and the organized Democracy for office and honor is to partake of a phantom lunch.

This, my newly-made brother, ends the first degree in the Farmers' Alliance. I trust the great beautiful truths you have seen illustrated today will make a lasting impression on your mind. The brethren will now join hands and while they march around the new member sing: 'Once I was lost, but now I am found.'"

Thus ended one of the most entertaining ceremonies ever performed in our State. It is to be regretted that every Allianceman in Georgia could not have witnessed the snatching of this distinguished brand from the fire built around it by the politicians.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing is your general ailment. Try RICHMOND'S HORN LUBRICATOR. It will cure you, and give a good appetite. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

Smoking in Heaven. One of the elders of the second Baptist church up on Third street, is strongly opposed to the use of tobacco, and never fails to see any of the church members that he finds indulging in what he considers a sinful habit. Meeting an aged brother the other day, with a very strong smelling, old clay pipe in his mouth, he accosted him:

"Bradder Thomas, does you believe dat nothin' unclean kin enter de kingdom?" "I does, brudder." "Den you can neber enter, for your bref smells worsen nor a slaughter house." "Dat may be, brudder, but when I goes to hebbin I speects to leave my bref behind me." And the aged man passed on, peacefully smoking, while the elder gazed after him in a dazed way that was painful to see.—Washington Post.

\$20 per Bushel for Cotton Seed. I am now offering 100 bushels of a new variety of improved Peterkin Seed for sale at \$20 per bushel, or \$5 per cask. It is a limited cluster, very prolific, fruits from the ground to the top, and matures every boll, seed without dropping weight. Like other varieties, not liable to fall out like other clusters; makes about the same turn-out of lint as the well known Peterkin, (from 38 to 40 per cent.) I have never offered it for sale before, and have only 100 bushels for sale. Order right away if you want them. I am still offering my well known variety at \$1.50 per bushel, price reduced on large orders. Cash must accompany orders and freight prepaid, as railroad will not accept cotton seed without paying freight. The price on improved seed will not be reduced by taking over a peck, but will be in the orders if ordered in large lots. The farmer who buys a peck of the improved seed, will consider himself fortunate next fall. I have never seen anything to equal it. JAS. A. PETERKIN. Fort Motte, S. C., Jan. 22, 1891.

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