

THE FARMERS' UNION BUREAU.

Conducted by S. C. Farmers' Union.

Address all communications intended for this column to J. C. Strubling, Pendleton, S. C.

Who Done It?

Pick up spot cotton quotations and compare these with cotton futures for each month for the whole last crop and you will see how steady prices for real cotton have stood up to the farmers' prices regardless of prices for futures set by New York cotton exchange. Who done it if cotton farmers did not do it? Every organized farmer ought to feel good over this victory and step about high with his head up and a stiff straight back.

The man who runs a home spun guano factory on his own farm and has plenty home-grown food stuffs all around him is not losing much sleep about how over the evil doings of cotton exchanges and fertilizer trusts.

Walking over a field of oats on the first of April we noticed a streak of oats at intervals that was upon an average about twenty-two inches tall, while the oats on each side were about 14 inches tall. This difference was made by allowing the rows of hay to lay on the lands during two weeks' rain, which washed out much of the substance of the vines before the hay got dry enough to rake in cocks.

BUSINESS MEETING.

Go Over to Greenville on First of May And See How the Thing is Being Done.

The social feature of the Farmers' Union of course is broad and union like. Bring in all denominations of church and the old common sinner of no creed all together for good of all and useful to all that come together in union.

You all know that if you invest in a farm tool and lay the thing to one side that weeds will grow up all over it and your implement will soon rust and rot and your investment will be lost if don't put the tool into profitable use! So it is with farmers' organizations, you must come together, join in to do things for the good of all and keep at it.

"Meet me" at Greenville, where you will see and hear something in the way of protection to the interests of all members that will open both hearts and eyes for good to the farming fraternity and of special interest to Farmers Union men.

Whilst the invitation has been made in a way obligatory to all business agents, either local or county, yet a special invitation is extended to all lively Farmers' Union men to meet us in Greenville. You will be more than welcome to this meeting as we are expecting to meet quite a lot of warm members there that are doing something more than talking.

Blowing Down the Walls of Wall Street.

Way back yonder it is said that many of the good old time brethren assembled and surrounded the walls of Jericho, and at the sound of many bugle blasts the great and impregnable walls crumbled and fell to earth so that not one stone remained upon another and the righteous people went right in to the fortified city and slew their enemies.

Now this horn blowing period and days of the prophets and miracles have gone! We are up against a proposition where the fittest survive and each occupation must work out its own salvation. We must not depend upon this individual horn blowing at our local unions or political gatherings to break down the strong fortifications of our enemies.

In fact we don't have to go away from home and go to fighting down some other necessary occupation in order to make a success of our own farming business. All we have to do is simply to get together and attend to our own affairs in a co-operative way and the thing is done.

Farmers must stand together for their own interest and self protection. Others are doing this very thing all along down the line, but other occupations will never go out of their way to help the farmer unless they know by doing so that they will help themselves.

Go to Greenville on the first of May and you will there learn more about how to attend to your own business and starve out the cotton exchanges, grafters and all other enemies of cotton growers without a fight. All of these enemies of the farming interest are fed and kept and agoing by the farming interests, and all we have to do is to simply cut off their support by the farmers and all these strong high walls of protections that these devils are crouched behind will crumble to earth with their own rottenness without a bugle blast or the firing of a gun.

Little Thoughts on Big Themes.

Experience is the germ of power.

The problem of civilization is to eliminate the parasite.

It is qualities that make a man great, and not knowledge.

Calm, patient, persistent pressure wins. Violence is transient.

The man who consumes and wastes and does not produce is a burden like the grasshopper.

A workingman thrives best considering and working for the best interests of his employer.

Mother nature in giving out energy gives each man about an equal proportion—the difference is in the way you use it.

The alternating current gives power; only an obstructed current gives either heat or light; all things require differently.

The fact is that life lies in mutual service—any other course is merely existence. Those who do most for others enjoy most.

Mental work of a congenial kind is a great stimulus to bodily vigor—to think good thoughts, working them out like nuggets of gold, and then to coin them into words, is a splendid joy.—*Elbert Hubbard in May Lippincott's.*

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Final Discharge.

Notice is hereby given that on Monday, May 6, 1907, I will apply to P. M. Brockinton, Esq., Probate Judge of Williamsburg county, for a Final Discharge as Executor of the Estate of Mrs. L. N. Boyd, deceased.

I. N. BOYD, Executor.

Twenty-four patients in a ward of St. Rochus hospital, Budapest, declared they would take no food or medicine until a certain nurse was removed. After the strike had lasted nearly twenty-four hours the director yielded.

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A ROOM OF SOBS AND MOANS

Walls, They Say, Have Ears, but These Had Mournful Voices.

"Rooms retain the sighs and sobs of the people who have lived in them," said the woman. "That's the reason I like to live in a new flat that nobody has had time to be unhappy in. I was living in such a flat once when suddenly I took a notion that nothing would do me but a studio in Washington square. You know, there are some of the oldest sort of houses down there—houses that have been lived in and lived in, that people have laughed in sometimes, of course, but that are full of the echoes of sobs.

"You don't believe that, do you? Well, wait till I tell you. I found what I thought was the thing to suit me for life. I concluded to stay there forever. Never to move out of that studio in Washington square. You never saw a more beautiful view from the three windows overlooking the park. Delicate twigs, almost like shadows of twigs, blue skies, fleecy clouds and birds in the trees singing. Besides, there was an open grate for a fire. If I had nothing to eat I concluded that there should always be a fire in that grate.

"But I moved in on a rainy day. The rain lashed the window panes. Some twigs struck at them like knuckles. It was dusk when I got my things straightened about a little and sat down to rest by the open fire. The maid threw on an extra little log for luck and went out. Except for the flicker of the firelight the room was dark. The light from the fire accentuated the darkness. It left deep shadows in the corners.

"At first I thought the sobs and moans were the rain outside, but when the rain died down the sighs continued. Once the door that I had thought was firmly fastened blew wide open. I was rigid with fright before I got up sufficient courage to rise and lock it. All night long I seemed to hear sighs and whispers.

"I stayed there a month before I asked what the matter was. I became a nervous wreck. The moment dusk came I lighted every gas jet, every candle. I was afraid to go to bed. My bed seemed surrounded by invisible creatures, who sighed and sobbed. Finally I went to the owner.

"Who lived in these rooms before I did?" I asked him.

"A doctor," he answered. "He was also a surgeon. He lived here fifteen years."

"For fifteen years! Patients coming and going, telling their tales of woe, sobbing, moaning, sighing, grieving! No wonder the walls held the memories of their sufferings, had kept their sighs and their sobs! And where my bed stood had stood his operating table. No wonder that around it came those invisible creatures who had sobbed and suffered there!

"Move? I couldn't get a van quick enough. The following day found me a long way from that surgeon's studio in Washington square, with its moans and sighs."—*New York Press.*

Rather Trying.

It must be rather trying to be married to an emotional actress, to have her clutching you by the throat at 3 in the morning and shouting in a hoarse stage whisper: "Slave, didst lock the kitchen door? The key! Where is it? Quick—I'll strangle thee! Didst lay the milk picher on the outer battlements? Ah, me, my lord—I'm mad!"

"Yes," the poor fellow sighs as he extricates his main reservoir from her bony clutch, "mad as a March hare and more aggravating."—*London Express.*

Glove Money.

In the early days of English law it was a custom for the clients to send a pair of gloves to the counsel who undertook their causes and even to the judges who were to try them. These gloves were usually the cloak for a bribe, Mrs. Croaker, for example, presenting Sir Thomas More with a pair lined with £40, which he returned. A bribe given in such circumstances continued to be called "glove money" long after gloves had ceased to hold a place in the transactions.—*Glasgow Herald.*

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