

THE WATCHMAN AND SOUTHRON.

The Watchman and Southron.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 2, '91.

Profit in Onions.

A reporter of the New York Tribune recently talked with Mr. G. S. Palmer, chief reporter of onions, on the importance of the onion crop, which may be made a profitable one in any part of the country, but especially in the South, where it can be grown for the early market, which pays the highest prices. The Tribune, which is a protection organ, in presenting Mr. Palmer's views, tries to convey the impression that onion culture is profitable in this country now because of the tariff of 40 cents a bushel imposed by the McKinley tariff, when the fact is that there hasn't been a year in twenty-five years when onion culture wasn't profitable, if understood and managed, and there never was a year when the demand was supplied by American farms.

The virtues of the onion as an article of food, its sanitary and flavor-imparting properties were tested in the Federal army during the war, and since then the consumption of onions has immensely increased, making it necessary to import about a half million bushels a year to meet the demand, and yet there is not half as many of them raised or eaten as there should be.

The 40 cent tariff does not help the onion grower of this country one cent's worth. The home raised onion always found a ready sale at good prices regardless of the tariff upon imported onions and notwithstanding the tariff the importations go on as usual because they are not enough raised at home to supply the market. The only effect of the tariff is to make the people who buy pay that much more for them.

With the tariff of the American grower can more than compete with growers in foreign countries, because he has the advantage of being nearer the markets, and of having quicker transportation and cheaper freights, in addition to which he gets a better price for his onions. Mr. Palmer thinks the demand presents sufficient inducements to the Southern planter to make the onion a specialty, and one of the leading features of the truck farm, especially in the Southern, whose only competitors are the Bermudas and Spain. He calls attention to the fact that as a Southern crop it is not immediately perishable, and therefore need not be hastily disposed of, and can be shipped long distances without injury, if properly cured and packed. They are now as staple a product as potatoes, wheat or corn, are demanded by all classes, and there is a steady demand for them by the general trade from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

We quote his conclusion because it may be of interest to those engaged in the culture of the onion or who may contemplate engaging in it:

"But the one important feature is their condition, and it is imperative that they be well cured and in dry condition, so that immature stock can be transported and disposed of profitably. The following are the correct figures (which were obtained from the Customs Department) of the foreign imports, in bushels, from the localities named: England, 63,255; Italy, 1,350; Turkey, Europe, 21; France, 14,250; Portugal, 100; Cuba, 42,464; Spain, 1,132; Turkey, Asia, 3,930; Br. W. Indies, 24,512; Philippines Is., 146; Turkey, Africa, 31,785, aggregating a grand total of 409,597 bushels, on which was paid duty into the United States Treasury \$163,537.80. These heavy importations found ready sale at very favorable prices, our Northern old crop being short."

The first arrivals during January were the Bermuda old crop, which sold from \$2 to \$2 50 per bushel. Next followed the new crop from Cuba during February, and sold at \$2 50 to \$2 75 per bushel. Domestic onions at the same time were selling \$3 50 to \$4 50 per bushel. They followed during February and March shipments from Bermuda, France, also from Spain. Former prices were firmly sustained until the height of Bermuda shipments during the latter part of May, when the market declined, and the latest price quoted was \$1 25 per crate. The market again reacted, and the Virginia, which is the last Southern crop, sold during June at \$3 to \$4 per barrel, and the last shipment, at the middle of July, sold at \$5 to \$5 50 per barrel." The shipments from Africa did not begin to arrive until April, and it was not until May and June that shipments were received from Spain, Asia, Turkey, Philippines Islands and Portugal."

There is another thing of importance in that as in all vegetable or fruit growing, and that is the best kind should be raised, and hence the best seed selected. Mr. Palmer gives the prices which they usually command, but at over half the lowest quotations, with the large quantity that can be raised makes onions well adapted to their growth, with proper culture, they ought to yield a very liberal return.

It is said the Chinese have by cultivation secured an odorless onion. We don't think any of them have been imported into this country but the best varieties have been imported for seed, so there would be no trouble in securing desirable seed. As one of the branches of the industry of the farm the onion compares itself as well worth trying; but we don't mean by that borrowing money and planting three or four hundred acres first pop, as the Georgia men did in watermelons this year and last, but one or two or three acres as an experiment until you see how they pan out and you get the hang of the market.

—Wilmington Star.

A well known medical authority is strong an advocate of change that he says: Change your climate if you can. If you cannot do that, change your room. If not your room, then rearrange your furniture. If possible, every family should go away once a year for a month's stay under different surroundings. If this be not possible, changes of a week at a time will probably save you a doctor's bill if you have become "run down" in health. Make as many expeditions as you can during the summer; go once a week, if possible, and you will find them more efficacious to build up the strength than any tonic that can be ministered. If possible, get different food for the family at such times that they are daily accustomed to, even if it is not as delicate. A change of food will often stimulate a tired appetite. When children or grown people begin to lose appetite and are listless, better than a spring tonic for the blood a visit at a distance where there is a complete change of scene and food.

THE WHITE, WHITE ROSE.

O Georgia girl, with the storm black eye, Don't you mind long ago when the troops had come? Down the quaint old road of Maryland. The sorry little lad in Stonewall's band? 'Twas a beautiful eve of a blue June day, In his tattered cap and jacket of gray; You smiled, but you pressed the sun brown hair. Of the weary little lad in Stonewall's band. O Georgia girl with the hanging hair: Don't you mind the rose from the border land? That you gave to the lad in Stonewall's band? 'Twas a white rose, white as rose could be, And you stood 'neath the leaves of a maple tree all crowned. 'Twas a beautiful thing, And the lad on the chestnut horse was king. O Georgia girl, with the tripping feet, Don't you mind that house on the green big street? And the ball that night, and the banner-decked horse? For a bold old rebel was Dr. McGill! On the water, and the seat on the winding star. And the storm-black eyes, and the red-gold hair. And smile, ah! smile, like the noontime sun, O Georgia girl, was all well?

O Georgia girl, with a voice forever free! To sing, to dance, to play, to sing, to play, And the song of the banjo, and the shell and shell of Gettysburg. But the golden hair, And the eyes and the smile with the rose went there.

O Georgia girl, as a long time ago: Still the sea comes, and the roses blow. There's the white, white rose and the rose. That's that grand.

But the sea comes from the borderland. A long time ago. All are the same. And the brook that was swept in tears, Shattered the spear, and crumbled with rust. Tired are the feet with the battle dust.

But the white, white rose still smells sweet for the south wind, and the Georgia girl.

—William F. Carter in Century.

THE JONAH.

"Overboard with him! Away with the Jonah and let him swim ashore for his life!"

Words like these broke from many of the foremast hands, mostly Portuguese and Spaniards, aboard the ship Canton one moonlight night while she lay balanced on a small reef girt island in the Pacific ocean.

The person who had been unfortunate enough to awaken Jack's superstitions noticed that he was a "Jonah"—one who would bring bad luck to the vessel—was a tall, long haired New Zealander with big brass rings in his ears, with black eyes as round as a cat's, and a broad, square face, the latter grotesquely covered with tattoo marks, which certainly gave a sort of weird, fiendish aspect to his visage.

He had been picked up, weeks before, from a canoe which had evidently been blown out to sea, and which, containing man and harpoon, showed that the occupant had been hunting for whales or creatures of that kind. Not a word of English could he speak, and it was his strange way of talking to himself and gesturing with other peculiarities, which had impressed his shipmates with the foolish belief already mentioned.

Now, as they rushed toward him to carry out their design of throwing him overboard, the ship's captain, George Wilkins, a fine young fellow of twenty-five, whose right leg had recently been injured by his falling from the rigging, came limping forward and sharply ordered them back.

"He is a Jonah, captain," cried one.

"Nonsense! Don't mention him again. It will be nothing if you do, as it's against my orders."

"But, sir, begin your parlor, he'll bring bad luck to us," said an old sailor. "As spokesman for the rest, I ask you to put him ashore."

"I cannot think of it. As you all know, he has so far proved himself a good sailor. You will leave him alone in future."

So saying the captain walked aft, to find his wife, Mary, a handsome young woman of twenty, just come upon deck.

"What was the master, George?" she inquired.

He told her, when she said:

"Of course I don't believe in that absurd notion about a Jonah, but I must own that Warlock, as you call your New Zealand savage there, is a strange, fierce-looking fellow, and frightened me every time I look at him."

"He is not handsome, I'll own, but he is as strong as a horse and a good seaman."

"Yes, but are you not afraid that he may do mischief some time—may take a notion to kill us all in the cabin, set the ship on fire, or—"

The captain interrupted her with a laugh.

"It is his dark skin and tattoo marks that frighten you. You look only at the outside. I look deeper, and can tell you that this Warlock has a good heart."

But Mary shook her head, saying she could not feel easy until the native was out of the ship, and she then tried to induce her husband to send him ashore.

The captain shook his head.

"I cannot consent to that," he said.

"We are short of hands and Warlock is a good man."

Next morning Mary, who had come on deck with her husband, again broached the subject of the night before. She tried to coax the captain to send Warlock ashore, but in vain.

"Well, one thing is certain," she said. "I will not take him with me in the dingy, as you proposed, when I go to the reef to look for coral."

"Whom, then, will you take?"

"The little cabin boy."

"Better take Warlock."

But Mary shuddered, saying she would rather not go at all than have that ferocious native in the boat with her.

The visit to the reef, which was about a mile distant, had been proposed by Mrs. Wilkins on the day before, and thinking that she would enjoy the trip, the captain offered no objection to her taking the cabin boy with her. True, he was not very strong, nor was he skillful with an oar, but the calm, clear weather would apparently hold for many hours longer, so that there seemed to be no danger, even if the boat was poorly handled.

As the young skipper had some work in store for his men on this day, he could not afford to send any of them with his wife except Warlock, who, not understanding English, could be better spared than one of his shipmates.

Still adhering to her resolution not to take him, Mary finally set out with the cabin boy in the dingy, which had been lowered for her, and ere long she reached the reef.

Through his glass, the captain had now seen and watched his wife, as the boy with his hatchet knocked off pieces of coral for her, when, all at once, without the slightest warning, a mist, which had been gathering round the hills of the island, had been blown about the reef, now hiding Mary and Tom from the watcher's gaze, as the ship bore along before the blast, with the men all taking in sail.

Like all squalls of the kind, this one was of brief duration, and ten minutes after it burst upon the vessel it had died away, leaving a light breeze, by which the ship, close hauled, was headed up toward the reef. The captain anxiously watched for his wife, but seeing no sign of her he turned pale.

"Ay," remarked the old sailor who

had acted as spokesman to the skipper the night before. "The bad luck has commenced. This comes of our having a Jonah aboard!"

He looked as he spoke at Warlock, whose keen, glittering eyes were turned toward the reef.

"You're right, Ben," answered the sailor whom the old fellow addressed. "You can make sure that the captain will never see his wife or the boy again, both as I take it, having been drowned in the squall!"

All hands were now looking off toward the reef. The captain's heart sank.

"It cannot be that she is lost!" he cried to his mate.

The latter took a long squint through the glass.

"Sir John Suckling.

"Debt and Love.

One small request I make of him who rules the powers above.

That I were truly out of debt as I am out of love.

Then for to sing, to dance and play I should be.

I should not care one kiss nor e'er a knave

a shilling.

"Moon" and "River."

Can you send an ale to June

Or lines to any river

To the moon and the moon."

And see the moonbeams quiver,

I've heard such songs to many a tune,

But never yet—no never—

Have I escaped that rhyme to "June."

Or missed that rhyme to "River."

Time.

To the reef, which he had been standing, and with three bounds

reached the quarter-deck. He uttered a shrill cry, gesticulating with his arms, and pointed off the weather bow, from which a strip of mist had just cleared.

Looking that way, the captain saw a spectacle which made his heart bound as if it would break through his ribs.

Clinging to the dingy, which was turned bottom up, was his wife, while about fifty fathoms behind her, on the reef, and pointing at something between it and the imperiled lady, stood Tom, the cabin boy. That something—what was it? One quick look through the glass revealed it to the captain, who quickly recognized the long, black fin cleaving the water like a knife, in the direction of the struggling woman.

"A shark!" he cried. "A shark! Down with the quarter-boats!"

The boat was soon lowered, and in spite of his lame leg, he managed to scramble into the light vessel after his men.

"I'm afraid," he said, "that the shark will bring me to the bottom."

The breeze now had died away, and under the vigorous strokes of the oarsmen the boat fairly seemed to fly.

The captain, while urging his crew, turned his gaze alternately upon his wife and the shark. Mrs. Wilkins, still clinging to the keel of the overturned dingy, was much exhausted, and soon let go her hold. She did not see the monster behind her cleaving the water with its ugly fin so rapidly that it would evidently reach her before the approaching boat. In a faint voice she called to her husband to make haste, an appeal which went to the very hearts of the men and put vigor in their arms.

"We will be too late!" groaned the captain. "Pull, boys, pull!"

Never before had oarsmen so exerted themselves; but the boat was still fully fifteen yards from the poor woman, when the shark, now near enough to her to prepare for seizing its victim, was seen to make the terrible rotary movement for diving, in order to snap at her submerged limbs.

Then Warlock sprang to his feet. With quick eye measuring the distance between him and the shark, he raised his left hand, while his right trials his denuded coat on the "fluke" of a tent after him, asserting his diagnosis of the apparently peaceful proclivities of his fellows, and shouting the valiant challenge: "Past tin o'clock, and not a shark yet. Will any gentleman oblige me by threading on the tail of me coat?"

As he was soon lowered, and in spite of his lame leg, he managed to thread the shark's tail, and the shark, with a fierce cry, leaped into the air, and dashed into the water, with the iron protruding from its form and the life tide still flowing from it, the creature endeavored to dive to seize the coveted human prey.

The water bubbled and foamed as the shark, impaled by its wound and by the iron, strove to reach its intended victim;

and the captain's heart almost stood still with the dread that the effort would be successful.

Then the shark turned over.

Leaping nearly its full length from the surface, the monster fell crashing back, staining the water with its blood, and then, with the almost supernatural vitality and perseverance of its species, with the iron protruding from its form and the life tide still flowing from it, the creature endeavored to dive to seize the coveted human prey.

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