

Agriculture.

Hints on Cotton Culture.

The cotton planter will soon begin his preparations for the crop of 1879, and, in the face of low prices, short crops, unreliable labor, and numberless other petty annoyances, he will plant the regulation number of acres, hoping that some lucky turn of fortune's wheel will crown his labors with success.

Orators at agricultural fairs, and writers for agricultural journals would make us believe that cotton planting must be abandoned; that the markets of the world are overstocked, and will be, for years to come, and finally, they assure us with eloquently rounded periods, that we, poor devils, cannot grow the staple cheap enough; that the semi-civilized habitant of India and Egypt will hereafter hold the winning card in the great game of cheap cotton production. All of this, we respectfully submit is both true and false.

The South can and will produce the great bulk of cotton to be consumed by the teeming millions of the world for all ages to come. No where else can so fine a staple be produced, and in no other country are all the requisites of the soil, climate and transportation so happily combined as here. We can produce enormous crops, if we will; we can produce them cheaper than any other country, if we so determine. There is no danger of glutting the market with an article at a low figure, and this easiness of production is now the great problem to be solved.

Certainly it will not pay to grow cotton as the only crop. It is suicide to do so, and the same may be said of nearly every product of the soil. A diversity of crops renders the farm prosperous; the reverse produces disaster. Shall we not then consider, as an initial point well taken, that cotton must be planted as a diversifier and not as a sole crop? Let the farmer provide for his corn, hay, oats and other grains at home. Let his bacon be procured from his own yards, his beef and mutton from his own pastures. Let his garden be ample in area and prolific by liberal manuring, and perfect culture. If these measures are adopted and judiciously carried out, the future of the farmer is divested of some of its present discouragements.

Now it has been too much the practice to plant a given number of acres, regardless of means to fertilize properly, of labor to cultivate thoroughly, and of extra help to pick the crop in season when made. These errors should be avoided. Cotton land should be made rich. It will pay to make it so, not perhaps by the purchase of expensive fertilizers, of doubtful value, but by the liberal application of manures made by home labor, at leisure hours, and from materials which cost nothing but the time required to get them together as a compost. You have nothing of the kind? Then, my dear sir, you will not make your pile this year be assured. Begin right now to prepare food for future crops and do not be penurious about the time so expended or the amount so collected.

Far too little attention is given to the cultivation of the cotton crop. Considering its importance, this slack culture is a matter of astonishment to every thinking farmer. Old habits and old customs seem to have such a firm hold that any departure from the long traveled path is next to impossible. The necessity for more thorough culture will doubtless stimulate our more progressive farmers to inaugurate radical changes.

A bull tongue, scouter, nigger and a male, turned into a cotton field to work as their inclinations dictate, is not the kind of cultivation the crop deserves. It will amply repay generous, intelligent and continued attention.

Scarcely any attention is paid by the great mass of our farmers, to the seed they plant. They seem to think that if it germinates—if a good stand is obtained, that is all that can be desired in this direction. A greater mistake never was made. The difference in quality of seed is as much as a bale per acre, or a liberal profit. Everybody who reads, knows how every kind of grain, roots, etc. have been improved during the last ten years and cotton has received no similar share of attention. We can on our table before us, three varieties of samples, in the production of which, the originator has spent many weeks of valuable time, and he richly deserves to be ranked as a benefactor of the South for his efforts and success in the improvement of our staple product. We have submitted these samples to several of our most expert classifiers and they are unanimous in declaring that they are exceptionally fine and worthy of attention. There are many varieties of improved seed, some one of which should be planted by every farmer who really desires to increase production and lessen cost.

When the cotton crop is fairly made and the picking—the harvest—begins, what a world of waste there is, even on our best regulated plantations. Nor is this waste the only misfortune. Irresponsible and shiftless hands pick a great deal of trash which must be separated from the staple, and becoming more and more mixed at every handling. A care less worker lessens the value of the lint he picks in a day, more than his services are worth in a month. Everybody knows that a good, clean, bright bale of cotton is worth more than a stained, trashy one from the same field.

We do not propose that we can exhaust this subject in the restricted space allowed a newspaper article. We can only hint at reforms. Every thinking farmer can manage the details to suit his own particular case. Everybody will agree that something must be done, or cotton culture will have to be abandoned. There are as many opinions as to what should be done as there are persons engaged in cotton production. We respectfully submit that any and all attempts to force the world to produce the staple at our expense, will result in a disastrous failure. We also submit that, as it is in our power to lessen the cost of production and increase the amount pro-

duced, at the same time, our future operations, in this direction, need be no uncertain character.—Our Home Journal.

The Field Pea.

In another place will be found the result of an experiment with the black field pea, and columns of testimony of the same sort could be given, did we not know that farmers generally are aware of the high value and utility of this legume, either as a provender for stock or as an improver of the soil. The trouble is, farmers will not diversify their crops enough—they won't have but one egg-basket, and every ovum they get they put into that. Now, the field pea, or cow peas as some call it, has been grown in these parts to some extent time out of mind, and farmers know their value, but somehow they always manage to get in so much wheat, cotton, tobacco, &c., that they don't have time to look after small things, and hence the pea is neglected. This is a serious mistake. There is no crop that will succeed with so little cultivation and care, and on such thin land; and when we count the many uses to which it can be put on the farm, together with the fact that it (the pea) always commands ready sale in the market at a fair price, it will be seen that it fairly challenges a place among the staple productions of our section. It certainly should receive more attention from farmers than it appears to be doing at the present time. We name some of its advantages:

It will thrive on any kind of soil with less cultivation than any other crop, oats not excepted. By sowing early and late, two crops can be made on the same land on some farms. The entire plant (stem, leaves, pod, and seed,) makes excellent feed for cattle and sheep; the plant without the seed is good for horses and mules; and the peas are first-rate for hogs, turkeys, and poultry generally, and also good and accepted food for man. The entire plant is good to feed something, and the amount that an acre yields makes it a very profitable crop. Again, the crop may be sown broadcast, or cultivated as corn, or grown between the corn without any cultivation except that given to the corn. From two to four tons of a good crop can be grown to the acre when sown broadcast, and the method of curing it is quite simple.

But it is as a cheap and rapid improver of worn soils that it is most useful perhaps. A single crop of it, turned under in the green state, followed by marl or lime in the fall will render almost any field profitably productive the next season, and fit to grow anything you may desire to raise. Considering the heavy expense and labor of making and having compost on farm manures, it is really surprising that farmers do not make a much larger use of it as a fertilizer than they do. We know of no method by which a farm may be made fairly productive at so little cost in money, time, or labor as by utilizing the field pea for manure. At a time when the means of the farmer for purchasing the commercial fertilizers are so limited, it would be fruitful to his advantage, we think, to grow the crop somewhat largely the present year. Whether you grow it as an improver of land, a provender for stock, or for the market it will pay you almost as well as anything else.—Rural Messenger.

POTATO GROWING.

We desire particularly to impress potato raisers with the importance of mellow soil, abundant fertilizers and a good cultivation for this crop. They luxuriate in a virgin soil just redeemed from the forest and abounding in light mold. A friend in a neighboring mountain town, who has a large forest farm, as he clears up his woodland puts in potatoes as the first crop, and the more mellow crops of the best quality. Few, however, are situated as he is, and the next best thing is to make the potato land as much like virgin soil as possible. This can be done by the liberal application of muck or leaf-mold, with a liberal sprinkling of wood ashes. Neither is barn-yard manure such a damage to potatoes as during the prevalence of the rot was apprehended, and perhaps justly at that time. Of late years we have drawn a potato from the long traveled path, and a rotten potato is now a curiosity.

The potato is emphatically a potash plant, as is plainly indicated by its ash, which contains, on the average, 50 per cent potash. Wood ashes are therefore, a specific in their cultivation. regard should always be had to the character of the soil. A No. 1 article must not be sown on a soil that is not good for a fertilizer for this crop is the following: 30 pounds wood ashes, 30 pounds air-slacked lime, 20 pounds fine salt, 15 pounds bone dust, 15 pounds plaster; the whole to be thoroughly pulverized and mixed. An ounce of this compound in each hill of potatoes will tell a good story at harvest time.—Ez.

A REMARKABLE MAN.—At a temperance meeting recently held in Alabama, Colonel Lemmon, of the army, of the 22d year, a soldier in the armies of Napoleon Bonaparte, addressed the meeting. He arose before the audience, tall, erect, and vigorous, with the glow of health in his face, and said: "You see before you a man seventy years old. I have fought two hundred battles, have fourteen wounds on my body, have lived thirty days on horseback, with the bark of trees for my bread, snow and ice for my drink, the canopy of heaven for my covering, without stockings or shoes on my feet, and with only a few rags for my clothing. In the desert of Egypt I have marched for days with a burning sun upon my naked head, feet blistered in the scorching sand, with my eyes, nostrils, and mouth filled with dust, and thirst tormenting that I tore open the veins of my arms and sucked my own blood! Do you ask how could I survive all these horrors? I answer that, next to the kind Providence of God, I owe my preservation, my health and vigor to this fact, that I never drank a drop of spirituous liquor in my life."

For the Southern Home. Some Queries About Our Road System.

That our roads are, and for a long time have been in a bad condition, all admit, and many lament. Why does this continue to be so? Is our system, if a system it may be called, the best which could be adopted? Is it just and equal? For the defense of the country, our military system requires, if needed, the service of every able bodied man, from 18 to 45 years of age. For making a way for traveling, and for the transportation of produce from farms and factories, our road system requires the same man, but holds him in service five years longer. But, mark the difference between the two systems! "Who goeth to warfare at his own charges?" The property of the country to be defended, has to feed and clothe and arm and pay the soldiers, and, when necessary, to doctor and nurse, and bury them. But, according to the other system, every able-bodied man goes a road-working at his own charges—must find his own implements and rations, and take his own supplies to market, and be interested in having good roads. But that every man is not alike interested, may be made very evident by illustrations: One man has land and plows and mules and feed, and he hires ten hands. If he farms reasonably well, one-third of the produce will pay his hands liberally. Now for what does he and they need good roads? Is it not that they need good roads to get their produce to market, and haul their surplus produce to the city, and haul back supplies to market, and haul their produce? Then is it not obvious that he has twice the interest in having a good road that all his ten hands together have? or twenty times the interest that any one of them has? Yet he may be over age, or technically, not an able-bodied man, and therefore do no work at all.

Another man has a store, distant from Charlotte three days' drive. There is very little money around—he does a barter business. Every week his wagon makes a trip to the city with produce, and hauls back a little stock of such goods as are in demand. At the end of the year the little business nets up a clear gain of \$300. He paid the driver \$10 per month, out of which he saves \$50. The driver, being an able-bodied man, must work on some road. But his employer, having a bull in his leg, or a crooked, rheumatic arm, neither of which in the least disables him for his business, works no road at all, though his wagon passed over a long one, one hundred times in the year.

It may be said that ours is the system of our forefathers, and that it worked pretty well. But, look here is it the system of our fathers? A B owned 100 acres which he and his children worked, and he worked on the road. His neighbor, C D, owned 500 acres which he worked with ten male slaves and some women and children. He and his ten male servants all performed road duty. If he did have ten or twelve times the produce to haul over the road, he contributed labor in about the same ratio. The working was distributed to the produce which demanded the road for more equitably than now. Capital and labor had the same owner. But now they are divorced, yet the forms of law impose the road duty on the labor and let the capital go free. Are the people ready for a change? To abolish the existing laws and to impose on both capital and labor an equitable road tax? The commissioners should have power to prescribe how the roads should be worked, to divide the roads into sections; to let them out to the lowest bidder, who would be required to give bond and security that he would, for a given time, put and keep his section in the condition prescribed. It would be convenient for many farmers to take contracts; and under them many laborers could work out their road tax. When the ground would be too wet to plow, the contracting farmers could put bums, or the laborers could work on their plows and not do far more work than the same labor on the hard roads in August, the usual time of working. Let the people think and talk about it. Huntersville, N. C. A. R.

Table Etiquette.

Bread should be broken, not cut; but if you don't like bread "cut," break it. In breaking, do not use a curb bit. Do not fill your mouth too full; rather allow some to get into your mouth. Split a biscuit with your fingers, instead of opening it with your knife like an oyster. If the biscuit be hard, a beetle and wedge are admissible in the best society. Do not pick your teeth at the table. Pick them at the dentist's, if he has a good assortment to pick from. Salt should never be put on the tablecloth, but on the side of your plate. If, however, you want to pickle the tablecloth in brine, you must put salt on it, of course. A barrel of salt table cloth would come in play, should your pork give out during the winter. Do not rotate your knife and fork. The knife and spoon will be found more useful. Eat your soup from the side of your spoon, either inside or outside. Do not take game in your fingers. This, however, does not apply to a table of cards. Do not rest your arms on the tablecloth. Stack your arms in a corner of the room before beginning dinner. When asked what part of the fowl you prefer, answer promptly. If you want the whole of it, don't hesitate to say so. Do not drink with the spoon in your cup, put it in your pocket. Forgetting it, you will be so much ahead. It is bad taste for the host and hostess to finish eating before their guests. It is better to move their chairs so as to finish behind them. Never leave the table until you are through, without sufficient excuse. The sudden entrance of a policeman with a warrant for your arrest is generally considered sufficient excuse in polite circles. Pay no attention to accidents or blunders on the part of servants. If Bridget

blows herself up while encouraging the fire with kerosene, keep right on eating just as if you had never (kero) seen it. Never help yourself to articles of food with your knife or fork. Use a harpoon or a lasso.

When you have finished your meal, lay your knife and fork and your plate side by side, with the handles towards the right, a little space by your seat, bearing northward, when the wind is off the side board quarter.—Cincinnati Saturday Night.

Bill Arp and his Children.

Atlanta Constitution. Evergreen was mad and mire, and slush. When it froze, it's thawing or melting. Bill Arp and dogs track and all over the house. We can't keep our minds on the matter, but the boys have got trapped in the swamp, and are obliged to go to them every fifteen minutes, and if they catch a bird, it's as big a thing as catching an elephant. They built a brick furnace in the back yard, and have been cooking on it for two days, bakin' hockcakes and frying eggs, and boiling coffee, and their afflicted mother has mightily near surrendered; for she can't keep a skillet, nor a spoon, nor a knife nor a plate in the kitchen, and so she tried to kick the furnace over, and now she goes about limpin with a sore toe. Some of the older ones have found a chalk quarry in a ditch, and have taken a notion to draw and sculpture, and made pictures of dogs and chickens and snakes all around the house on the outside; and while the good mother was a cooking, the two younger ones chattered over dice, and played as they could. The mangle piece and jama and doors and pedsteads and sewing machine and window glass, were all ring streaked and striped, and as I couldn't do justice to the subject myself, I waited for reinforcements. When the material ancestor appeared, I was peepin through a crack in the door. She passed upon the threshold like an actor playing a high tragedy in a theatre. "Merciful fathers!" Then a long and solemn pause. "Was there ever such a set upon the face of the earth? What shall I do? Aint it enough to run anybody distracted? Here I've worked and worked to make this house look decent, and now look at it! I've a good mind to ring your little necks for you! Did ever a mother have such a time as I have. Can't leave one minute, but what they are in to some mischief, and it's been the same thing over and over with all of em the last 23 years. I'd rather been an old maid a thousand times over. I wish there wasn't a child in the world—yes I do!" Looks at em mournfully for a moment. "Come here, Jesse, you little pale faced dandies!" Mamma ain't mad with you; no you're just the sweetest thing in the world; and poor little Carl's broken finger, it makes my heart ache, every time I look at it. He did have the best old leg that he had before that boy mashed it all to pieces with his maul; and there's that great scar on his head where the brick fell on him; and another over the eye where he fell on the hatchet. I wonder if I ever will raise you poor little things; you look like little orphans; take your cousin and mark some more if you want to. When I came in, she was helping em make a bot tail dog on the top door. "I've found your old tom cat," said she, "and he had him fastened up in that old keg that's got a bee's nest in it." Why, Carl, what upon earth did you put the cat in there for?" "Why mamma he is a setting, and I wanted him to lay some little kittens. Mo and Jessie wants some little kittens."

Horses and Mules Wanted.

WE wish to buy several Horses and Mules for farm use. Also, one good Saddle and Harness animal, and a good one horse wagon. In Charlotte 22d inst. (February) for that purpose. THOS. W. LONG, Davidson College. R. BARRINGER, Charlotte.

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AND all of Buist's Celebrated and reliable Garden Seeds, at lowest market rates. Call at Dr. T. C. SMITH'S Drug Store. feb72w

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S. S. PEGRAM has withdrawn from the S. firm of PEGRAM & CO. All persons who owe the late firm, prior to February 1st, 1879, must call and settle with Pegram & Co. We will continue the Boot and Shoe business at the same stand as before, First National Bank building, Charlotte, N. C. feb7

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THE pure bred Berkshire Sow, Clara, two years old, a good breeder, and in farrow to the imported Berkshire Boar Velociped II. This is a rare opportunity for any farmer wishing to stock up in this popular breed of swine. B B CALDWELL, Charlotte. feb4 2w

Farmers of Mecklenburg.

I AM now selling the ETIWAAN ACID, at cost for cash. Also, a large stock of GROCERIES, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, at bottom prices. feb4 1m R M WHITE.

Facts and Fun.

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall. Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made and did not put a soul into. A man was taken up lately for robbing his fellow lodger. He said he commenced by cheating the printer, and after that everything rascally came easy to him.

During the examination of a witness as to the locality of the stairs in a house,

the counsel asked him: "Which way did the stairs run?" The witness, a noted wag, replied that: "One way they run up stairs, the other way they run down stairs." The learned counsel winked his eyes, and then took a look at the ceiling.

"Twenty years ago," said a colored philosopher,

"biggers was wuf a thousand dollars apiece. Now dey would be dear at two dollars a dozen. It's 'stonishin' how de race am ruinin' down." A man can fasten skates on his sister in much less than half the time he can fix a pair on some other fellow's sister. Why is this? Figure it out and send us the answer on ice.—Brunswick News. That's easy enough, it's because he would let his sister slide before the other girl.—Tulare (Cal) Times.

A middle-aged old woman was sneering at a young mother's awkwardness

with her infant, and said: "I declare a woman ought never to have a baby unless she knows how to hold it!" "Nor a tongue either," quietly responded the young mother.

The father of a St. Louis bride presented

his son-in-law with 80,000 head of cattle: "Papa, dear," exclaimed his daughter when she heard of it, "that was so kind in you; Charley's awfully fond of ox-tail soup." When a Chicago baby gets the croup, and is held up to the telephone in the wall that the doctor, a mile or two across the city, can listen to its breathing through his telephone and ask what its pulse is, and hear its shrill cough from minute to minute, and prescribe for it finally, without ever budging out of his slippers at home, the Paradise of doctors will seem to be reached.

At a wedding party at a restaurant,

a maladroit waiter contrives to upset a tureen full of rich soup on the satin dress of a lady guest, who takes on terribly and threatens hysterics. "Do not worry, madams," says the waiter kindly, "there's lots more soup in the kitchen."

A gentleman who is no longer young

and who never was handsome, says to a child in the presence of its parents: "Well, my child, what do you think of me, eh?" The little one makes no reply, and the gentleman continues: "Well, so you won't tell me what you think of me. Why won't you?" "Cause I don't want to get licked."

Actual occurrence in a Chicago street

car: Stylish lady holding a lap dog is about ready to leave the car. Dog manifests impatience. Lady says, in her sweetest tones: "Wait, darling, till mamma puts on her gloves."—Milwaukee Sun.

Miss Helene is just six years old.

Her uncle brought her some New Year's presents. "Embrace me, at least," he said. "The child kissed him and then said: "Gracious, how I spoil you!"—Paris paper.

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