

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

laudius F. Wilson, Editor.

"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTHS."

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BILL ARP'S LETTER

HOW TOM BAKER WAS CONVERTED.

HE BECAME A PREACHER—BROUGHT MANY SOULS TO CHRIST—HIS STYLE OF SINGING.

Uncle Tom Barker was much of a man. He had been wild and reckless, and feared not God nor regarded man, but one day at a camp meeting, while Bishop Gaston was shaking up the sinners and scorching them over the infernal pit, Tom got alarmed, and before the meeting was over he professed religion and became a zealous, outspoken convert, and declared his intention of going forth into the world and preaching the gospel. He was terribly in earnest, for he said he had lost lots of time and must make it up. Tom was a rough talker, but he was a good one, and knew right smart of scripture, and a good many of the old fashioned hymns by heart. The conference thought he was a pretty good fellow to send out into the border country among the settlers, and so Tom straddled his old flea-bitten gray, and in due time was circuit-riding in north Mississippi. In course of time Tom acquired notoriety, and from his muscular eloquence, they called him old "Sledge Hammer," and after a while, old "Sledge," for short. Away down in one corner of his territory there was a black smith shop and a wagon shop and a whisky shop and a post-office at Bill Jones' crossing; and Bill kept 'em all, and was known far and wide as "Devil Bill Jones," so as to distinguish him from "Squire Bill, the magistrate. Devil Bill had sworn that no preacher should ever touch his horn or sing a hymn in the settlement, and if any of the cussed hypocrites ever dared to stop at the crossroads, he'd make him dance a hornpipe and sing a hymn and whip him besides. And Bill Jones meant just what he said, for his trade at the anvil had made him a strong man, and everybody knew that he had much brute courage. And so Uncle Tom was advised to take roundance and never tackle the cross roads. He accepted this for a time, and left the people to the bad influence of Devil Bill; but it seemed to him he was not doing the Lord's will, and whenever he thought of the women and children living in darkness and infidelity, he would groan in spirit and exclaim "What a pity! what a pity!" One night he prayed over it with great earnestness, and vowed to do the Lord's will if the Lord would give him light, and it seemed to him as he rose from his knees that there was no longer any doubt—he must go. Uncle Tom never dallied about anything when his mind was made up. He went right at it like killing snakes; and so next morning as a nabor passed on his way to Bill Jones' shop, Uncle Tom said: "My friend will you please carry a message to Bill Jones for me? Do you tell him that if the Lord is willin', I will be at the crossroads to preach next Saturday at 11 o'clock, and I am shore the Lord is willin'. Tell him to please norate it in the settlement about and about, an ax the women and children to come. Tell Bill Jones I will stay at his house, God willin', and I am shore he is willin', and I'll preach Sunday, too, if things get along harmonious."

When Bill Jones got the message he was amazed, astonished and his indignation knew no bounds. He raved and cussed at the 'onsult' as he called it—the consulting message of old Sledge—and he swore that he would hunt him up, and whip him for he knew that he would not dare to come to the cross roads. But the nabors whispered it around that old Sledge would come for he was never known to make an appointment and break it and there was an old horse-thief who used to run with Murrell's gang, who said he used to know Tom Barker when he was a sinner and had seen him fight, and he was much of a man. So it spread like wild fire that "Old Sledge" was coming, and Devil Bill was gwine to whip him and make him dance and sing a hymn, and treat to a gallon of peach brandy besides. Devil Bill had his enemies of course, for he was a hard man, and one way or another had gobbled up all of the surplus of the neighborhood and had given nothing in exchange, but whiskey, and these enemies had long hoped for somebody to come and turn him down. They, too, circulated the astounding news, and without committing themselves

to either party, said that hell would break loose on Saturday at the crossing, and that old Sledge or the devil would have to go under. On Friday the settlers began to drop into the crossing under pretense of business, but really to get the bottom facts of the rumors that were afloat. Devil Bill knew full well what they came for, and he talked and cursed more furiously than usual, and swore that any body who would come expecting to see old Sledge tomorrow was an infernal fool, for he wasn't a comin'. He laid bare his strong arms and shook his long hair, and said he wished the lying, deceiving hypocrite would come, for it had been high on to fourteen years since he had made a preacher dance. Saturday morning by nine o'clock the settlers began to gather. They came on foot and on horse back and in carts, men women and children, and before 11 o'clock there were more people at the crossing than had ever been there before. Bill Jones was mad at their credulity, but he had an eye to business, and kept behind his counter and sold more whisky in an hour than he had sold in a month. As the appointed hour drew near the settlers began to look down the narrow straight road that old Sledge would come, if he came at all, and every man whose head came in sight just over the distant hill was closely scrutinized. More than once they said: "Yonder he comes—that's him, shore. But no, it wasn't him. Some half a dozen had old ball's eye silver watches and they compared time, and just at five minutes to ten o'clock the old horse thief exclaimed: "I see Tom Barker a risin' of the hill. I haint seed him for eleven years, but gentlemen, that are him, or I am a liar."

And it was him. As he got nearer and nearer, a voice seemed to be coming with him, and some said, he is er talkin' ter himself, another said, I will be durned if he aint a prayin, but very soon it was decided that he was "singin of a hymn." Bill Jones was soon advised of all this and coming up to the front says, boys, darned if he aint er singin fore I axed him, but I'll make him change his tune till he is tired. I will pay him for his consulting message. I am not a gwine ter kill, boys. I will leave life in his old rotten carcass, but that's all. Et any un you want to hear old Sledge preach you will have to go ten miles from these roads to do it.

Slowly and solemnly the preacher came. As he drew near he narrowed down his tune and looked kindly upon the crowd. He was a massive man in frame, and had a heavy suit of dark brown hair, but his face was clean shaven and showed a nose and lips and chin of firmness and of great determination. Look at him, boys, and mind your eye said the horse-thief.

"Where will I find my friend, Bill Jones?" All around my pointed him to the man. Riding up close he said: "My friend and brother, the good Lord has sent me to you, and I ask your hospitality for myself and my beast," and he slowly dismounted and faced his foes as though expecting a kind reply. The crisis had come and Bill Jones met it. You infernal old hypocrite, you cussed old shaved faced scoundrel, did you know that I had sworn an oath that I would make you sing and dance, and whip you besides if you ever dared to pizen these cross roads with your shoes tracks? Now sing—u you, sing, and dance as you sing, and he emphasized his command with a ringing slap with his own hand upon the parson's face. Old Sledge recoiled with pain and surprise. Recovering in a moment, he said, well, brother Jones, I did not expect so warm a welcome, but if this be your cross-roads manners I suppose I must sing, and as Devil Bill gave him another blow on his other jaw he began with:

"My Soul be on thy guard."

And with his long arm Devil Bill and swiftly gave Sledge an open hander that nearly knocked him off his feet, whilst the parson continued to sing in a splendid tenor voice.

Never was a man more aroused to frenzy than was Bill Jones. With his powerful arm he made at Old Sledge as if to annihilate him with one blow, and many horrid oaths but the parson fended off the stroke as easily as a practiced boxer, and with his left hand dealt Bill a settler on his peepers as he continued to sing:

"Oh, watch and fight and pray, The battle never give'er."

But Jones was plucky to desperation, and the settlers were watching with bated breath. The crisis was at hand, and he squared himself and his clenched fists flew thick and fast upon the parson's frame, and for awhile disturbed his equilibrium and his song. But he rallied quickly and began the offensive, and he sang:

"Ne'er think the victory won, Nor lay this banner down—"

He backed his adversary squarely to the wall of his shop and seized him by the throat, and mauled him as he sang:

"Fight on, my soul, till death—"

Well, the long and the short of it was that Old Sledge whipped him; humbled him to the ground and then helped to restore him, and begged a thousand pardons. When Devil Bill had retired to his house and was being cared for by his wife Old Sledge mounted a box in front of the grocery and preached righteousness and temperance, and judgment to come to that people.

He closed his solemn discourse with a brief history of his own sinful life before his conversion and his humble work for the Lord ever since, and he besought his hearers to stop and think. Stop poor sinner, stop and think, he cried in alarming tones.

There were a few men and many women in that crowd whose eyes, long unused to the melting mood, dropped tears of repentance at the preacher's kind and tender exhortation. Bill Jones' wife, poor woman, had crept humbly into the outskirts of the crowd, for she had long treasured the memories of her childhood when she, too, had gone with her good mother to hear preaching. In secret she had pined and lamented her husband's hatred for religion and for preachers. After she had washed the blood from his swollen face and dressed his wounds she asked him if she might go down and hear the preacher. For a minute he was silent and seemed to be dumb with amazement. He had never been whipped before and had suddenly lost confidence in himself and his infidelity. Go along, Sally, he answered, if he can talk like he can can fight and sing, maybe the good Lord did send him. It is all curious to me, he groaned in anguish. His animosity seemed to have changed into an anxious wondering curiosity and after Sally had gone, he left his bed and drew near to the window where he could hear something for himself.

Old Sledge made earnest, soul reaching prayers, and his pleading with the Lord for Jones' salvation and that his wife and children reached the window where Bill was sitting, and he heard it. His wife returned in tears and took a seat beside him, and sobbed her heart's distress, but said nothing. Bill bore it for a while in thoughtful silence, and then putting his bristled and trembling hand in hers, said: Sally, if the Lord sent Old Sledge here, and made he did, I reckon you had better look after his horse. And sure enough Old Sledge stayed there that night and held family prayers and the next day he preached from the piazza to a great multitude, and sang his favorite hymn:

"Am I a soldier of the cross?"

And when he got to the third verse his untuned, but musical voice seemed to be lifted a little higher as he sang:

"Sure I must, fight if would reign, Increase my courage Lord."

Devil Bill was converted and became a changed man. He joined the church, and closed his grocery and bar and helped to build a meeting house, and it was always said and believed that Old Sledge mauled the grace into his unbelieving soul and that it never would have taken any other way.

Try it. It will cure you. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. All dealers keep it. Price 25 cents.

Dr. Sparrow, of Beaufort county has invented a glass bottle case.

For sore throat in every form Hood's Sarsaparilla is a radical, reliable remedy. It has an unequalled record of cures.

HOW TO DO IT.

EXPERIENCE OF A GUILFORD COUNTY FARMER IN GROWING TOBACCO.

DIRECTIONS FROM THE PLANT BED TO THE CURING BARN.

Just how to grow and properly manage tobacco from the time of seed sowing till the crop is ready for the market is a subject of very great importance to the planters of this Piedmont section.

It will be impossible for me to give the readers of the Journal, in this short article, a full description of the subject. It requires good judgment, proper care and close attention with a sufficient amount of work to make the growing and cultivation of tobacco a success to the planters and also a success to the manufacturers and dealers. While I claim to be a planter and have had some success in the cultivation of tobacco, I do not claim to be (according to my own estimation) a farmer. There is a wide difference between a farmer and a planter. All farmers are planters, but all planters are not farmers. I regard farming a very nice and pleasant occupation, if properly managed, and one that requires more forethought and deeper research than many of the learned professions. The farmer gets one hundred cents on the dollar in payment for the time he spends in right thinking before he attempts to do any farm work. Brains and muscle should work together. He should consider the soil, the different kinds of seasons, strive to avoid the routes of failure, "make every edge out," "make hay while the sun shines," and yet for all that not be a "skin flint."

As early as possible in the month of January, when the ground is dry I select a dark soil in the woods, facing the South, East or West, as a proper place for burning the seed bed. I burn wood on this bed until the ground is dry and dusty. I then dig twice over, leaving most of the ashes on top of the ground; then pulverize the bed thoroughly by raking, then after smoothing over the bed I sow on every one hundred square yards one heaping tablespoonful of good seed and one-fourth of a bushel of fertilizer, then put on a light coating of hog's hair or wheat straw. This will prevent the ground from "freezing and spewing up." Then pack the ground by trampling or running roller over the same. Small poles are then laid across the bed three feet apart. Then place on these poles the canvass made for the purpose, which may be drawn tightly and pinned at the edges of the bed to the ground with wooden pegs or sharp sticks. The covering should not be over three inches above the ground. Continue to burn and sow as above described till a sufficient quantity of seeds are sown to plant the crop.

KIND OF SOIL TO SELECT.

The kind of land to select on which to plant the crop, should depend entirely on the demands of the market. When good, waxy and mahogany wrappers and fillers are mostly in demand and sought after by the buyers I would advise the planting of red or dark. If there be a greater demand for rich yellow wrappers, cutters and fillers, I would advise the planting of grey soil, which has a red subsoil. If bright yellow cutters and smokers are sought after, plant gray sandy land, with yellow subsoil, and you will be sure to "hit the market." If cigar tobacco should be wanted, save all the leaves of succors that come after the crop is gathered in, and you will have an excellent cigar wrapper and filler, which will make a first-class smoke if cured off the stalk.

PREPARING THE LAND.

I have for the past few years planted mostly old and poor land. Soon after spring begins I usually with one horse turning plows, throw my tobacco land in beds 3 1/2 feet apart, which is undisturbed till near planting time. I then with a large shovel plow run deep furrows between those beds in which I drill four wagon loads of stable manure and four hundred pounds of fertilizer to the acre. I list on the manure and fertilizer with a turning plow, I then strike or cut off the large list and "pat" hills three feet apart. The top of the hills so made are some 3 inches below the common level, so

NEWS OF A WEEK.

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE WORLD AROUND US.

A CONDENSED REPORT OF THE NEWS FROM OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Mr. Ackman, of New York has started a poultry farm in New Berne.

A Weldon hen has taken to the woods and lays an egg daily up a tree, says the News.

Bingham School will be moved to Asheville, the city giving \$30,000 and several acres of land.

Congressman McClammy is being pushed for the clerkship of the next National House of Representatives.

The Teachers' Institute of Halifax county will commence on March 6th, conducted by Prof. E. A. Alderman.

W. S. Moore, Esq., of Greensboro, shipped within the last few days fifteen thousand and five hundred rabbit skins.

When a man dies in the Society Islands they paint his body; but in this country his character is the thing that is frescoed.

Ghosts are disturbing the citizens of Garysburg. One man has purchased a double barrel shotgun and now bids them defiance.

A three dollar and a half mule kicked a two hundred dollar horse to death in Weldon last week. The horse belonged to Dr. I. E. Green.

An electric lamp on the Isle of Wight can be seen 45 miles, and a paper can be read by its reflection 14 miles. It gives 6,000,000 candle power.

A Cabarrus county white oak three feet in diameter and fifty feet to the first limb, yielded 5,927 slab boards and over ten wagon loads of wood.

There is an engineer on the North Carolina Railroad who is 60 years old and owns property worth \$100,000 who runs an engine regularly through pure love of the work.

The barn, stables, ten barrels of corn and two mules were burned on Dr. J. F. Baker's Bell Place, six miles from town last morning at about 5 o'clock.—Tarboro Southern.

The Sanford Express says that the gas caught fire in the Egypt coal mine last Thursday morning. Mr. Jos. Mills and a colored man were very badly burnt about the head and face.

The Argus reports great excitement in Goldsboro on Wednesday over the appearance on the streets of a rabid dog. A number of dogs were bitten and several people had narrow escapes.

The Kingston Free Press says that S. W. Dawson shot a negro who was trying to shoot him. The shooting was caused by a dispute over the divisor of a crop.

Charley Alford, a young mulatto boy, who has been in the employ of Mr. Wm. M. Saunders for some time, was placed in jail Wednesday night, charged with stealing a watch.—Smithfield Herald.

Mr. Robt. W. Pridgen, for some time a resident of Selma, committed suicide last Friday by taking laudanum. He was about 55 years old and report says drank considerably.—Smithfield Herald.

An Indian woman, who is said to be over 114 years of age, appeared before the county commissioners and asked to be sent to the county home for protection during the balance of her days.—Concord Standard.

The last murdered woman found in London is the ninth victim attributed to "Jack the Ripper" since the spring of 1888. In addition to these were three other women murdered, and the perpetrators have all escaped.

The new reading clerk of the Colorado State Senate is Miss Anna W. Kelly, a young and very pretty woman. She reads rapidly, clearly and with correctness of accent and pronunciation. She is the first woman to hold such a position.

A daughter of Mr. J. A. Rayle, of this vicinity, who is visiting in Guilford, writes to her father that on the 13th day of January she found two ripe June apples on a tree on her grandfather's place in the county mentioned.—Statesville Landmark.

Mr. Thresh, recently sold his farm in Cherokee county, which four years ago he bought for \$4,000, for \$52,000. He was yesterday offered \$38,000 for the Lowndes farm, an advance of \$6,000 over what it cost him, but he refused the offer.—Asheville Citizen.

John Hessian escaped from the penitentiary at Baton Rouge, La., during December, returned voluntarily last week to the institution. He learned of the grave illness of his mother, and determined to go to her. He nursed faithfully at his mother's bedside until her convalescence, and kissing her good by, went back to serve out his term. Several policemen knew of Hessian's whereabouts when he was out, but they were aware of his mission, and as one of them said, "didn't have the heart to give him away."

THE SUN SAYS DURHAM HAS A genuine blood and flesh glass dancer, who dances with his bare feet on a box full of broken glass. The name of the dancing man is John Strayhorn, a colored man about 25 years of age. The curious part of his dancing is that his feet are not even scratched by the sharp pieces of broken glass.

John Carlisle, a well known farmer of this county, is charged with committing an outrageous assault upon the person of his step-daughter, Lizzie Keeter, Tuesday of last week. He was promptly arrested and taken before Justice M. H. Clark. The justice gave him a hearing, and then committed him to jail without bail.—Weldon News.

There was a sight to make the eyes of gold miners glitter at the Central Hotel last night. It was a \$3,000 gold brick just from the Brewer mine. People lifted it about and un-d and a-b, and took on over it at a great rate before it was finally locked up in the Central's safe for the night. It went to the assay office this morning.—Charlotte News 7th.

Miss Ella Ewing, of La Grange, Mo., is 18 years old and 8 feet 2 inches tall, weighing 260 pounds. It is ten feet from the tip of one finger to that of the other hand. I used four balls of yarn in every one of her stockings, said her mother. It takes thirty-two yards of ordinary cloth to make a dress for her, and the cloak we had made for her cost \$104, and it's very plain cloth at that, said her father.

We are not entirely free from all evils of the present, if our weather prophet is to be believed. His name is W. T. Foster, and his home is in St. Joseph, Mo. He predicts great blizzards, cyclones and tornadoes with a genial cheerfulness that takes the edge off. He says that from May 1, 1891, until May 1, 1892, the year will be one of general destruction throughout the United States. The period of great disturbances will begin during the early part of May, while Mars will be passing its equinoctial, Mercury passing the sun's equator. But while these storms will be severe they will not compare with those that will occur later in the year and during the early part of '92.

The most heroic story of self-sacrifice and brotherly love we have ever read comes from Chicago. John Dickerson, a Knight Templar, had a cancer on his thigh. It was removed by a surgical operation. The incision was so large and deep, nature was unequal to the task of restoring the skin. The physicians decided to graft skin on the wound, 144 square inches were necessary. The Commandery of which he was a member, offered to give that amount, and a small strip was removed from nearly one hundred of them and planted on Dickerson's hip and thigh. The operation will be a success and Dickerson's life is saved. Can the annals of fiction equal this?

Bythan Sanders, a respectable Johnston county negro, of Clayton township, made forty bales of cotton last year, says the Smithfield Herald. His son was enticed away to Mississippi about a year ago, by "Peg Leg" Williams. He got tired and wanted to come home. His father sent him the money, but he had to steal away in order to get back. His treatment was disastrous. It was as healthy and many negroes died. They gave him and his wife 8 lbs. of meat and a half bushel meal per week as rations and when they gave syrup only 7 lbs of meat. They charged him 7 cents a pound for flour and would not let them have more than 5 pounds at a time.

The Methodists of the world have once in every ten years what is called an Ecumenical Conference composed of representative Methodist divines and laymen from all over the world. It met ten years ago, in 1881, in London and made a profound impression upon the religious world. It meets again next October in Washington City. It will be composed of 500 delegates representing the various bodies of Methodism in the world over. 300 of these delegates will be from the United States and 200 from foreign lands. The College of Bishops of the Southern and Northern Methodist churches were requested by their respective General Conferences to appoint the delegates from their respective branches of the church to this Ecumenical Conference. The Bishops of the Southern Methodist church met in Nashville, Tenn., on the 13th inst. and appointed the delegates to represent the M. E. Church South in this great body of Methodists. From the North Carolina Conference, the Bishop appointed Rev. Frank L. Reid, D. D. editor of the Raleigh Christian Advocate, and Hon. Thos. J. Jarvis, Ex-Governor of North Carolina. From the Western North Carolina Conference, Rev. L. W. Crawford, Professor of Biblical Literature in Trinity College, and Gen. R. B. Vance, ex-member of Congress from the ninth District. These are excellent appointments and well Carolina Methodists will be North Carolina Methodists in this great gathering of Methodists from all parts of the world.—State Chronicle.

So extraordinary successful has been the work of Old Saul's Ophthalmic Cure, that dealers can sell no other. Price only 25 cents.

CLEVELAND MUST GO.

Senator Pugh, of Alabama—The appearance of Mr. Cleveland's letter in connection with the meeting of the "gold bugs" is a direct attempt to influence pending legislation, against free coinage and against the will of the people. Free coinage will be the paramount issue in 1892, as it is now, and my people will not vote for any man whose attitude on this question is hostile to theirs. When they are confronted with the question whether they shall throw Mr. Cleveland overboard or free silver, Mr. Cleveland will have to go. If he will not get the vote of a single Southern State in the next Democratic convention.

VANCE CALLS IT DEFIANT.

Senator Vance, of North Carolina—Mr. Cleveland's position on the silver question is not a common difference, but a defiance of his party. His whole attitude on this subject is one of defiance—almost an insult to the Democratic party. It is now a question whether the Democratic party will sacrifice its principles or give up Mr. Cleveland. Under the circumstances I prefer my party to Mr. Cleveland.

FREE SILVER AND STATES RIGHTS.

Representative Bland, of Missouri—Cleveland was quiet during the fight on the force bill, when we were struggling to preserve the rights of the whole people and prevent a revolution, but when the money bags of Wall streets are hastened he rushes to their aid. It is ridiculous to regard any man as a candidate for the Presidency on the Democratic ticket who is not for free silver.

NOT A "PRACTICAL STATESMAN."

Senator Barbour, of Virginia—I have never regarded Mr. Cleveland as a practical statesman, and his views on the silver question further confirm my original opinion. He must have observed that a large majority of the people have declared in favor of free coinage and as his views are in the opposite direction, he can hardly expect the Democratic party to pandering to his theories.

KILLED HIS CHANCES.

Senator Morgan, of Alabama—I deeply regret that Mr. Cleveland cannot be the nominee of the Democratic party. His attitude on the subject of free coinage, which is the issue of the next Presidential campaign has killed whatever chances he may have had for nomination.

WEST AND SOUTH ONE WAY.

Among Democrats in the House various opinions of the Cleveland letter are entertained. The South and Western men as a rule declare Cleveland disqualified for the Presidential nomination, while the Eastern men take an opposite view of the situation.

GOING WEST FOR A MAN.

Ex-President Grover Cleveland has declared against the free coinage of silver. If, as has been supposed, he has aspirations for another term in the White House, he may dismiss them at once. The farmers of this country will never vote to elect a man to the Presidency of the United States who is in favor of measuring the value of the country's money by the amount of gold which can be gotten into circulation in these States. Mr. Cleveland disappear from the problem of the Presidency in the year 1892. We say this, because we are sorry to see the State of New York, with its hordes of corrupt Democrats, dominating the national elections. New York is the great money centre of the country—the heart of the trusts and combinations of the country—and a President from that State stands too near that centre to be capable of entering heartily into a public administration for the good of the entire people. Unless we are much mistaken, the Farmers' Alliance will have something to say in naming the next President of the United States; and it is certain that this great organization will not name an anti-silver-man. We bid Grover Cleveland a good day, with the best wishes for his future happiness.—Progressive Farmer.

Dark rings around the eyes indicate the existence of worms. Hasten to use Shriners' Indian Vermifuge to expel these miserable pests. It is a safe and reliable agent. Always use it according to the directions, and it will do its work well.

EVERY PLANTER MUST JUDGE for himself as to how high or low the tobacco should be topped. Plants should be topped somewhat according to their growth. By topping at 8 or 10 leaves you get fine, silky and thin wrappers, cutters and smokers. So the planter must be governed according to demands and prices, as before stated in the selection of soil.

METHODS OF CURING.

For the last three years I have used with success the patent wire sticks introduced by Captain W. H. Snow, of High Point, N. C., and fully described in former issues of the Journal. I am fully persuaded that this method should be adopted by all planters of tobacco, as time, labor, fuel and storage room are saved by the use of it, with many other advantages. I have been told by large dealers in fine leaf that they preferred buying tobacco cured on the stalk, assigning as a reason that the tobacco cured off the stalk is generally light, without any body and hard to get in handling order.

I agree with them that if the tobacco is poorly worked; made without a proper amount of fertilizing, that the tobacco will be light and chaffy. So it would be if cured on the stalk or by any other process. The secret is this, brother farmers, we top too high, do not fertilize enough, plant too thick, plow too thick, do not work before it matures. The process of curing has nothing to do with changing the tobacco when it leaves the field a good waxy tobacco to a light, chaffy plant when cured. Do you believe it? What say you all?—M. J. McMichael in Winston-Tobacco Journal.

A Fateful Letter That Takes Him Out of the Race.

NEW YORK, Feb. 12.—Between 600 and 700 people attended a mass meeting at the Cooper Union tonight to oppose a silver bill. In response to the Reform Club, Chas. S. Fairchild, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, nominated E. Ellery Anderson, president of the Reform Club, for chairman of the meeting, and he was elected by acclamation.

Mention of Grover Cleveland's name was the signal of a prolonged burst of applause, and when the Secretary had finished reading his letter the applause was deafening. The ex-president wrote as follows: "816, MADISON AVENUE, Feb. 10, 1891.—E. Ellery Anderson, My Dear Sir: I have this afternoon received your note inviting me to attend tomorrow evening a meeting called for the purpose of voicing the opposition of the business men of our city to the free coinage of silver in the United States. I shall not be able to attend and address the meeting as you request; but I am glad that the business interests of New York are at last to be heard on the subject.

It surely cannot be necessary for me to make formal expression of my agreement with those who believe that the greatest perils would be initiated by the adoption of the scheme embraced in the measure now pending in congress for an unlimited coinage of silver at our mints. If we have developed an unexpected capacity of assimilation of a largely increased volume of currency, and even if we have demonstrated the usefulness of such an increase, these conditions fall short of insuring us against disaster in the present situation we enter upon the dangerous and reckless experiment of free, unlimited and independent silver coinage.

Years very truly,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

The above letter has caused wholesale comment and condemnation. Republicans praise Cleveland's respectability for having the

PLANTING AND CULTIVATING.

The proper time for setting out the plants is from the 5th of May to the 10th of June. As soon as the young roots of the plants take a new start to grow, which they will in 8 or 10 days, the harrows and hoes should start in stirring the ground and as soon as the plants get larger and stronger, larger plows may be used. Just after the land has been packed by rain when dry enough the plowing should be done and hoeing at leisure. Plowing and hoeing should be repeated every 10 or 15 days till the tobacco is large enough to top.

TOPPING.

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I agree with them that if the tobacco is poorly worked; made without a proper amount of fertilizing, that the tobacco will be light and chaffy. So it would be if cured on the stalk or by any other process. The secret is this, brother farmers, we top too high, do not fertilize enough, plant too thick, plow too thick, do not work before it matures. The process of curing has nothing to do with changing the tobacco when it leaves the field a good waxy tobacco to a light, chaffy plant when cured. Do you believe it? What say you all?—M. J. McMichael in Winston-Tobacco Journal.

A Fateful Letter That Takes Him Out of the Race.

NEW YORK, Feb. 12.—Between 600 and 700 people attended a mass meeting at the Cooper Union tonight to oppose a silver bill. In response to the Reform Club, Chas. S. Fairchild, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, nominated E. Ellery Anderson, president of the Reform Club, for chairman of the meeting, and he was elected by acclamation.

Mention of Grover Cleveland's name was the signal of a prolonged burst of applause, and when the Secretary had finished reading his letter the applause was deafening. The ex-president wrote as follows: "816, MADISON AVENUE, Feb. 10, 1891.—E. Ellery Anderson, My Dear Sir: I have this afternoon received your note inviting me to attend tomorrow evening a meeting called for the purpose of voicing the opposition of the business men of our city to the free coinage of silver in the United States. I shall not be able to attend and address the meeting as you request; but I am glad that the business interests of New York are at last to be heard on the subject.

It surely cannot be necessary for me to make formal expression of my agreement with those who believe that the greatest perils would be initiated by the adoption of the scheme embraced in the measure now pending in congress for an unlimited coinage of silver at our mints. If we have developed an unexpected capacity of assimilation of a largely increased volume of currency, and even if we have demonstrated the usefulness of such an increase, these conditions fall short of insuring us against disaster in the present situation we enter upon the dangerous and reckless experiment of free, unlimited and independent silver coinage.

Years very truly,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

The above letter has caused wholesale comment and condemnation. Republicans praise Cleveland's respectability for having the

Dark rings around the eyes indicate the existence of worms. Hasten to use Shriners' Indian Vermifuge to expel these miserable pests. It is a safe and reliable agent. Always use it according to the directions, and it will do its work well.

EVERY PLANTER MUST JUDGE for himself as to how high or low the tobacco should be topped. Plants should be topped somewhat according to their growth. By topping at 8 or 10 leaves you get fine, silky and thin wrappers, cutters and smokers. So the planter must be governed according to demands and prices, as before stated in the selection of soil.

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