

Greensboro Patriot

Established 1825.

GREENSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1889.

JOHN B. HUNSEY, Editor and Proprietor.
TERMS \$1.50 Per Year, in Advance.

STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.

GOVERNOR JAMES M. FOWLER.
J. M. FOWLER, Chairman.
J. Williams, Master of the State Agricultural University.
W. H. Williams, State Agricultural Experiment Station.
L. G. Smith, 24th Congressional Dist.
L. G. Smith, 25th Congressional Dist.
S. M. Garrison, 26th Congressional Dist.
E. A. McArthur, 27th Congressional Dist.
L. E. Lusk, 28th Congressional Dist.
D. S. Hudson, 29th Congressional Dist.
W. H. Williams, 30th Congressional Dist.
W. H. Williams, 31st Congressional Dist.
W. H. Williams, 32nd Congressional Dist.
W. H. Williams, 33rd Congressional Dist.
W. H. Williams, 34th Congressional Dist.
W. H. Williams, 35th Congressional Dist.
W. H. Williams, 36th Congressional Dist.
W. H. Williams, 37th Congressional Dist.
W. H. Williams, 38th Congressional Dist.
W. H. Williams, 39th Congressional Dist.
W. H. Williams, 40th Congressional Dist.

FARMERS' DEPARTMENT.

Never let stale eggs for nest
The orange crop of California
When cleaning out poultry
The success of the season's
Monticelli claims to be the
The duck is coming to the
Farmers who must have hired
A successful dairyman for

Prof. Galloway of the Agricultural Department, Washington, presented a paper on this topic. He said: "For over a quarter of a century grapesvines in this country have suffered from parasitic fungi. Two of these have taken such prominence that they are now regarded everywhere with which we have to contend—downy mildew and black rot. These diseases prevail more or less seriously all east of the Rocky Mountains, and despite the fact that for many years they have annually destroyed from one-half to three-quarters of the crop, no organized effort has been made to combat them until within three years."

What an Old Farmer Says.

This is the advice of an old man who tilled the soil for forty years: I am an old man upwards of three score years, during two score of which I have been a tiller of the soil. I cannot say that I am now, but I have been rich and have had given my children a good education, and when I am called away will leave enough to keep the wolf from the door. My experience taught me that:

By the Way.

—Talk better roads. Work for them.
—It's not what a man knows but what he uses, that moulds and moves things.
—All the circumstances being equal, early sown oats are always the best oats. There will be more bushels per acre, and more pound per bushel.
—Don't stand in the March winds, and if your feet get wet in the March slush, dry them and get on dry footwear as speedily as possible. Pneumonia has snared us for all who are careless of March weather.
—Did you think of moving this spring? Reconsider. Be sure you are right. Stability, persistence and decisiveness underlie success. How can you be stable and persistent when you are lightedly moved? How can you act decisively before you have considered so fully that you are convinced beyond a doubt?
—Especially do not move before you have money to get land. In a new country the gain comes often from the appreciation of the land than from its products. Ready money is the more easily made in the older States.

Transplanting a Large Tree.

A tree with a trunk from six to eight inches in diameter can be easily transplanted and this is the way to do it. Spade a trench around the tree two to two and a half feet away, cutting the roots off all the way down, fasten a chain near the top of the tree and hitch a pair of horses to the chain and pull the tree over on its side. Run the chain around the ball of earth fastening the end to a projecting root, the other end to the swingle tree, then the team will roll the ball out of the hole. Place the harrow sled along side, fasten the chain again to the boughs of the tree and have the team haul the tree upright, with the ball upon the sled, ready to be drawn to the place designed for. A hole can be dug slightly larger than the ball, the tree is pulled over on its side and rolled into place. By using mellow earth and plenty of water to make mud the tree can be replanted so that it will hardly fail to grow. The head of the tree must be severed, taking off fully three-fourths of it; this can be done while it is in a horizontal position, before placing upon the sled.

Encouraging Outlook for the Farmer.

There is an every hand through out the entire country, a wide spread indication of the most active and intelligent cultivation on the part of our farmer friend for the ensuing year. If seasons prove favorable we venture a prediction that next fall will witness the finest crops that this nation has ever known. The lands are better plowed, better ditched and better manured, with corn, post, cotton seed, and in many places broadcast with marl, than has been the case, older heads of grain, since the war. It is exceedingly gratifying to the Argus, the outlook of our farmer friend from personal observation, and we feel the pleasing force of its truth.

Planting Potatoes.

Now is the time to plant Irish potatoes. It is always best to plant in the ground after it has been well prepared. Run your rows at least two and a half feet apart and plough twice in the same furrow. Plant your potatoes and then fill the furrows with stable manure, or a handful of guano from the henery in each hill. This latter very poor manure can have it will.

Progress in the South.

Black Represented Nearly \$200,000,000 Greater Than Last Year.
The Baltimore Manufacturers' Record published its quarterly report of the South's industrial progress last week. A comparison of new enterprises organized or projected during the last three months, as compared with the corresponding time in 1888, makes the following showing:

ENTERPRISES.	1880.	1888.
Iron furnaces.....	19	3
Steel mills.....	11	30
Iron implements factories, 4	4	35
Four mills.....	39	35
Cotton mills.....	33	32
Textile factories.....	22	16
Wool works.....	6	11
Water works.....	25	26
Electric light companies.....	14	42
Printing and quarrying enter., 141	139	258
Wood-work factories.....	325	298
Foundries.....	31	17
Sawing factories.....	40	103
Brick works.....	52	38
Distilleries.....	12	2
Cotton compresses.....	5	7
Cotton seed oil mills.....	16	6
Discoloured enterprises not including above.....	354	277
Total.....	1,259	1,975

Cabbage in Half an Hour.

For the benefit of the mothers who may think either I or the cooking school have gone astray on the matter of cooking cabbage, I want to emphasize here the advantage of the new way over the old. I was as sceptical over the notion of cabbage being properly cooked in half an hour, as any one of you can be, but my first experiment corrected me, and all who tasted this maligned vegetable scribed after the new method declared themselves surprised. Have plenty of salted, boiling water, in which a teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved, plunge the cabbage in, top downward, leave it uncovered and let it boil until tender, that will be as given in the time table, from twenty minutes to half an hour. Take it out into a colander, drain well, put into a hot dish, put in bits of butter, some salt and pepper, and serve at once. It will be as delicate as cauliflower; the color will be retained and there will not be an unpleasant odor over the house, such as is always associated with boiling cabbage. Try it once, and then see if the School Kitchen Learning has not gotten several steps in advance of your old, traditional methods.

Don't Spread Out.

It does not pay to borrow money in order to purchase rural land. It is an old truth "an acre of land has no limit to its productive capacity." The true farmer prefers a small farm well tilled. The manure that is spread on two acres will give better results if applied to one acre, while the cost of tilling one acre, while the farmer can afford to buy more land until he has brought up to already in his possession to the highest degree of fertility.

Work in the Orchard.

Manure applied now will increase the size, if it does not the quantity, of fruit this year. It is a good season for setting grafts and for cutting out dead limbs. While not the best season for cutting out superfluous branches, small ones may be taken out now, and it will not do much more harm to take out large ones than will do by remaining. It is better, however, to trim rather than to cut at this season.

How Cheatham Beat Simmons.

The election of Cheatham (colored) over Mr. F. M. Simmons to Congress from Eastern North Carolina, was brought about in a very funny manner, and was practically settled in half an hour. Opposite Newberne is the town called James City. It is settled entirely by the blacks, and Mr. Simmons knew that he had to get this entire vote to be re-elected. His friend went over and called a public meeting and stated what Simmons had done for the district and the colored people, and as he really had proved himself a benefactor the colored people were ready to go for him to a man. The talk was all for Simmons, and Cheatham was repudiated and insulted. No one thought he had a ghost of a show, but he was biding his time. The night before election Cheatham himself appeared at a called meeting in James City. The crowd opposed his speaking, and one of the leaders inquired:

"Didn't Mars Simmons git dat 'propritation for de new pos offis'?"
"Yes, he did."
"Didn't he git dat 'propritation for a stone road to de soldiers cemetery?"
"Yes, he did."
"Didn't he git dat 'propritation to build a new revenue-cutter for dis yer district?"
"Yes, he did."
"Well, then, what you talkin' 'bout? What's de matter of Mars Simmons?"
"Dat's 'st de trouble, gem'len," replied Cheatham as he got his opening. "Mars Simmons got too much influence. He goes down dar to Washington and says 'Missur Cleveland, I want dat new pos offis down to Newberne.' An' Missur Cleveland he say: 'All right, Missur Simmons, take all de money you want.' An' Mars Simmons goes back dar purty soon an' says: 'Missur Cleveland, I want stone road down dar in Newberne.' An' Missur Cleveland he say: 'All right, Missur Simmons, I give you \$20,000 to make stone road.' An' Mars Simmons goes back in two weeks an' says: 'Missur Cleveland I want revenue cutter down dar in Newberne.' An' Missur Cleveland he say: 'All right, Missur Simmons, I send you one.' Now, gem'len, when Mars Simmons goes down to Washington dis winter an' says: 'Missur Cleveland, I want you to take all dem niggers in James City an' put 'em back into slavery agin,' what Missur Cleveland gwine ter reply? He likes Mars Simmons ter say: 'Missur Simmons, I gwine ter influence ober him.' So he gwine ter say: 'All right, Missur Simmons, I'll do it wid de gwine ter say, an' whar will you niggers be in one week arter dat?'
The alarm spread like wildfire, and the more it was talked the more it was believed, and the next day every single negro vote in the town went for Cheatham and elected him.

A Judge's Decision.

One of the keenest things ever said on the bench is attributed to Judge Walton, of Georgia: While holding a term of the Supreme Court at Augusta he sentenced a man to seven years in prison for a grave crime. The prisoner's counsel asked for a mitigation of the sentence on the ground that the prisoner's health was very poor. "Your honor," said he, "I am satisfied that my client cannot live out half that term, and I beg of you to change the sentence."
"Well, under those circumstances," said the Judge, "I will make it for life, instead of seven years." The prisoner chose to abide by the original sentence, which the Judge permitted him to elect.

Equal to the Occasion.

An Irishman, who was a dealer in a small way, and kept a little donkey and a cart, came, on one occasion, to a bridge where toll was levied, but, to his disappointment, found that he had not money enough to pay. A thought struck him. He unharnessed the donkey and put it into the cart. Then getting in between the shafts himself, he pulled the cart, with the donkey standing on it, to the bridge. The toll collector, "Hey, man," cried the latter, "what's your toll?" Said the Irishman, "Just as the droiver!"

A New Craze.

A flaming blood red circular is being scattered among the negroes here and in the eastern part of the State, headed "Ho for California!" A man who states that he has been from this State to California, where he says that he has already planted the "Colony of Independent Farmers and Mechanics" from this State, advertises for thousands of hands to go to the cities of California, where he says they are in demand and can make fabulous wages. He addresses himself to "the colored people of eastern North Carolina who desire to emigrate." He says he has been in San Francisco, San Jose, Redding, Anderson, Los Angeles and other points in California, and asserts that 25,000 men and women are wanted and can get employment. He says they can get twice as much for their labor there as they can here and says that the reason for the demand is that the Chinese are being run out of the country by the Californians and laborers are needed to take their places. He says servants are in demand at prices as follows: Male cooks \$75 per month, female house servants \$25, hotel waiters \$75, farm hands \$25 per month, wood choppers \$2 per cord, carpenters \$5 per day, brickmasons \$4.50.

Old Henry's Friend.

A Washington special says: Old Henry, who had been janitor of the Department of Justice through five Administrations, was asked one day after Mr. Miller had been sworn in if he had spoken to the new Attorney-General about keeping him in his place. He replied:

"No; if the Attorney-General will let me alone I will let him alone. I have got along that way through a good many of them, and I hope to get through this one."
However, on Thursday an incident occurred that pleased Henry for all of his confidence. The little twelve-year-old son of ex-Attorney-General Garland appeared at the Department and asked Henry to show him into the Attorney-General's room.

Sherman Repents.

The most bitter and uncompromising soldier of the North, Gen. Sherman, says the country ought to put the Confederate soldiers on the same footing as the Union veterans and proposes to open the Federal Soldiers' Home to needy Confederate soldiers. Could there be a more stinging rebuke to the partisan sectional spirit of the Republican party? Gen. Sherman was the Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army. He was the general of the army that overran the South, and was charged with wantonly burning Columbia. Now if this man comes forward to assist the cause for peace and union, in Heaven's name where are the partisan demagogues in the North who war to inflame the passions of war by uncovering the coal of fire that are under the ashes.

REPLY OF LADY BYRON TO LORD BYRON'S "FARE THEE WELL."

Yes, farewell farewell forever.
Thou thyself hast fixed our doom:
Budd' hope's sweetest blossoms wither.
Never more for me to bloom.
Unforgiving thou hast called me
Didst thou ever say forgive?
For the wretch whose woes exalted thee,
Thou didst seem alone to live.
Short the span which time hath given
To complete thy love's decree,
By unhallo'd passions driven,
Soon thy heart was taught to stray.
Lived for me that feeling tender,
Which so well thy yore can show,
From my arms why didst thou wander,
My endearments, why forgo?
Wrapt in dreams of joy abiding,
On thy breast my head had lain,
In thy love and truth confiding,
Bless I cannot know again.
When thy heart by me "adorned over,"
First display the guilty stain,
Would these eyes had closed forever,
"Se'er to weep thy crimes again."
But by heaven's recording spirit,
May that wish forgotten be,
Life, though now a load, I'd bear it,
For the love I've borne to thee.
In whose lovely features I'm
All my weakness here enfold,
While the struggling tears permit me,
All her father's I can trust.
His, whose image never leaves me,
Whose remembrance yet I prize,
Why this bitter feeling gives me,
Still to live where I despise.
With regret and sorrow rather,
When one child's first recent flow,
I shall teach her to say "Father,"
But his girl she ne'er shall know.
While to-morrow and to-morrow,
Wake me to a sorrowful bed,
In another's arms be hold,
Will't thou loze? No tear will shed?
For the world's applause I sought not,
When I rose myself from the dust,
Of its praise or blame I thought not,
What's its praise or blame to me?
He in whom my soul delighted,
From his arms my nurse drove,
With contempt my truth repudiated,
And preferred a wanton's love.
Thou art proud, but mark me, Byron,
Wretched tho' thy crimes have made me,
Lost to love, but hard as iron,
When despite on me is thrown,
But, farewell! I'll not uphold thee,
Never, never wish thee ill,
Wretched tho' thy crimes have made me,
It thou wert but a happy still.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

The women in England exceeded the men by 3,000,000.
—In Michigan last year \$5 worth of dogs killed \$10,000 worth of sheep.
—Since 1872 the net loss in the postal telegraph system in England has been over \$16,500,000.
—As "Pa." is sometimes used for Pennsylvania, the family likeness will be made complete by the use of "Ma." for Montana.
—Do you want to sell your farm? This is the way: Grow rye and sell the grain and straw, keep but little stock and market the hay.
—An English physician claims that the sting of bees will cure rheumatism. So will a dose of "Rough on Rats" or a few minutes passed under water.
—At what age were you married? She asked, inquisitively. But the other lady was equal to the emergency, and quietly responded, "At the parsonage."
—In Cochinchina parties desiring divorce break a pair of chop sticks in the presence of witnesses. In this country they break a broomstick in the absence of witnesses.
—"One of you boys has been stealing raisins again. I have found the seeds on the floor; which one of you was it?" Tommy—"It wasn't me. I swallowed the seeds in mine."
—"Don't you know, Emily, that it is not proper for you to turn around and look after a gentleman?" "But, mamma, I was only looking to see if he was looking to see if I was looking."
—Before you set out to congratulate a young father always make sure that it isn't twins. There are some griefs in this world too deep and sacred to be rudely intruded upon by the careless world.
—Old Abraham's wisest remark: "Ef-de descendants ob de rooster what crowed at Peter was to make a noise every time a lie is told, dar would be such a noise in de world dat yer couldn't hear de hens cackle."
—Certain good women of Washington meets every day to pray that none but virtuous and reverent men may be appointed to office. They are handicapped by the fact that there are 100,000 offices to be filled.
—Kansas citizens are petitioning their Legislature to pass a law authorizing the lynching of horse-thieves. In view of the fact that they do it any way nearly every time they catch one it seems hardly necessary to lumber up the law-books with a statute of permission.