

It is pretty hot around these parts, but we are rising to make it hotter. The furnace work has begun. We are going to cook iron and then make it into stoves to cook bread and meat and make it into steel rails for our railroads to haul something to cook. It takes a power of hot work to keep these poor carcasses of ours in good condition. I would have been a rich man but for this everlasting cooking business that never stops nor tires. But we are all built that way, and so the business goes on.

The furnace had opened yesterday, and Dr. Pratt and Mr. Martin are busy looking over the ground and directing the surveying and leveling and platting and locating. Very soon the grading will begin, and there will be plenty of work for the toilers. The white man will plan and the negro will execute. He will shovel and dig and lift and drive the steel and mine the ore and lay bare his brawny arms and sweat and toil, and crack his jokes and sing his song and eat his humble fare and enjoy his rest and never complain.

It is most astonishing how much life and vigor these manufacturing industries instill into a community. Even the prospect of them is awakening and stimulating and everybody moves around with a livelier step and a brighter countenance. "Major," said an old lady friend to me, "do you think the boom has come sure enough?"

"Oh yes," said I, "there is a right smart boom down town." "And can I get any more for my property?" "Oh yes," said I, "good property like yours is in demand, do you want to sell?"

"Bless your soul, no I don't want to sell. I expect to live and the right here, but I just wanted to feel like my property was worth more than it was."

"Oh yes," said I, "the tax assessors will convince you of that, I expect they will nearly double your taxes for the next year." So there is no pleasure without its pain.

The real estate men are circulating pretty lively now trying to get options. That is a new word to children, but I had to explain and tell them that if I was willing to sell my home for five thousand dollars, I would say to one of the real estate agents: "If you sell my place within ten days you may have all you get over five thousand dollars." So then he would have an option for ten days. These real estate men are all so anxious to get hold of property to sell for other people that they pay something for these options. One asked Mr. White what he would take for his lot and workshop, and he said he would take eight hundred dollars. "What will you take for your option?" said the agent. "Twenty-five dollars," said Mr. White. "For how long?" said the agent. "Until sun down," said Mr. White as he hammered away on a bureau.

Our people would give long options now for property is rising pretty fast. It is now up to just about its prime cost. Two years ago a storehouse that cost two thousand dollars to build, could have been bought for fifteen hundred with the lot thrown in. That same storehouse and lot will bring twenty-five hundred now. But property can't be boomed beyond its fair value in Cartersville. There is too much of it. There is not a town in Georgia that has such beautiful suburbs for improvement. Situated on a high plateau with gentle rolling surface and good drainage and beautiful views of the surrounding mountains and fast flowing streams on every side, she offers inviting homes and good business prospects to those who are seeking homes, no matter whether they come from the North or from the South. The Pratt Henderson company that have just located their steel works and manganese works here are delighted with their selection. Mr. Martin said to me yesterday: "You have the loveliest and most attractive country I have ever seen." That company made a thorough inspection of all inviting localities around us, from Sheffield to Birmingham and chose Cartersville, and will invest \$150,000 here at once. Within three months farming lands adjacent to the town have risen from \$40 to \$100 an acre, as was proven by a guardian's sale at public outcry last Tuesday. There will be a demand for the products of these lands, and the last crop of cotton is now upon them that will ever be seen.

These mechanics and laborers will want something to eat.

There will be more consumers than producers. Mr. Camp, who farms near Rome, planted ten acres in sweet potatoes last year and netted eight hundred dollars profit. What encouragement is there to a hen to lay eggs at ten cents a dozen? Cobb says she is too much ashamed to cackle, and just drops it and goes along. Now we expect to see before long a hundred teams hauling iron ore and manganese to our furnaces, and hundreds more digging and mining and working in the furnaces, and they and their families will be hungry three times a day, and want watermelons or peaches or apples between meals. The stove factory is to follow the furnace, and we are going to make horse shoes, and nails, and axes, and stone hammers, and most anything else that can be made out of iron.

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"Fun! Can't you see it? Just look how that thing [pointing to a watering cart] leaks; why the blamed old fool won't have a drop left when he gets home."

--New Haven News.

Through the efforts of Congressman Sammons a daily mail has been established from Kingston to Hookerton via Glenfield. We are unable to learn when the route commences.

There will be more consumers than producers. Mr. Camp, who farms near Rome, planted ten acres in sweet potatoes last year and netted eight hundred dollars profit. What encouragement is there to a hen to lay eggs at ten cents a dozen? Cobb says she is too much ashamed to cackle, and just drops it and goes along. Now we expect to see before long a hundred teams hauling iron ore and manganese to our furnaces, and hundreds more digging and mining and working in the furnaces, and they and their families will be hungry three times a day, and want watermelons or peaches or apples between meals. The stove factory is to follow the furnace, and we are going to make horse shoes, and nails, and axes, and stone hammers, and most anything else that can be made out of iron.

Even Howell says the finest turnout he saw at Long Branch last summer was carrying a man he supposed was Vanderbilt, or Astor, or an English lord or a French count, and so he got out of the way quick and took of his hat as the fellow passed, and then he found out he was a Connecticut chap, who had made a fortune making hairpins. I believe I will make some hairpins or fish hooks or carpet tacks or buckles or buttons or something. I think that I could keep busy making such goods for my own family. Good gracious! If I was a merchant what a splendid trade I would have from one family.

We have contracted for waterworks and gas works, and the next thing will be an ice factory and a street railroad, and a railroad to Gainesville with a branch going up to Coosawatee. One industry calls for another and all of them will help the farmers. They need help. It looks like everything gets help but farming. I see that those everlasting rascals up North have formed a bawling trust to put up the price three cents a pound, and that will take a million and a half more out of the pockets of the South. Most every business has a trust, a pool, a combination to speculate upon the people, but the farmers can't get trusted at all, unless they mortgage their crops and pay about fifty per cent for advances. The merchant advances forwards but the poor farmer advances backwards. A merchant told me that he had to charge big interest on account of the risk he took in selling the crops of drought and storms and late frosts and boll-worms--the risk of dead horses, and stolen mules, and the farmer dying, and his widow gubbing up the crop, and lawyers fees, and doctors bills for the last sickness, and a money panic, and a war in Europe--"That will do," said I, "I see it all now. I didn't know it was so risky. I don't think you charge enough. You ought to do like Dr. Wilson did when he cured a nigger of the smallpox. He just took the whole nigger for pay."

Our people are watching the Farmers' Alliance with a good deal of interest. Can they do anything, and will they do it? Many efforts have been made heretofore to unite the farmers for their mutual benefit and have failed, and now we have anxious doubts about the alliance. But maybe they have a better plan. Experience is a good schoolteacher. If they were mean enough to form a cotton trust for two years and hold all they made, what a howl there would be! It would not be so mean either, for they make the cotton, and if it costs eight cents a pound to make it they ought