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GOLD LEAF

Look at the Date on Your Address.
THE PUBLISHERS REQUEST THE TIME TO WHICH YOU HAVE PAID UP, IF IN ARREARS, YOU ARE RESPECTFULLY, BUT URGENTLY, REQUESTED TO PAY UP AT ONCE.

THAD R. MANNING, Publisher. "CAROLINA, CAROLINA, HEAVEN'S BLESSINGS ATTEND HER." HENDERSON, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1894. VOL. XIII. NO. 5. SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 Cash.

SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR

The Old Friend
And the best friend, that never fails you, is Simmons' Liver Regulator, (the Red Z)—that's what you fear at the mention of this excellent Liver medicine, and people should not be persuaded that anything else will do.

E. W. HARRIS,
Real Estate and Collecting Agent,
HENDERSON, N. C.

Hog and Chicken Cholera.

I HAVE A POSITIVE, sure, tried, proved and guaranteed cure for Hog and Chicken Cholera, which has about the test of six years in thousands of cases without a single failure. My father (the originator) is and has been a successful farmer, one of the leading farmers and hog raisers in this country, and has lost many hogs and chickens with cholera, but has never lost a single one since the discovery of this remedy. The dollar will buy enough of the ingredients to cure from 40 to 75 head of hogs. I will send this recipe and a family right for only 25 cents (the price is one dollar), which is nothing, compared with its real value. Send at once and you will receive it. Order within 30 days and I will send you a valuable book that should be in the hands of every body, especially farmers. Reference to the book will be made. Rev. J. J. White, pastor Baptist church, of which I am a member, or any business house in my town. Agents wanted. Address: MRS. RACHEL V. THOMAS, nov21: COWARTS, Ala.

Patronize Home Enterprises!

Crow & Marston's Carriage & Wagon Works
HENDERSON, N. C.

As anywhere, no matter whether you want a vehicle made out of, or want repairing done, we are prepared to accommodate you on short notice and in the most workmanlike and satisfactory manner. Having thoroughly fitted out our shops with all necessary tools and equipment, and employing only the best workmen, we are better prepared than ever to supply Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, and other vehicles at lowest prices. We make a specialty of manufacturing the celebrated

Alliance Wagon,
one of the best wagons sold. It cannot be excelled. We are prepared to do all kinds of work with neatness and dispatch, and make a specialty of carriage painting.

REPAIRING AND HORSESHOEING,
Thankful for past patronage, we hope by good work and strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.

W. W. PARKER, DRUGGIST
HENDERSON, N. C.

Hair, Tooth and Perfumery Soaps
Nail Brushes, Cigars, &c.

A full and complete line of DRUGS AND DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

Prescription Work a Specialty.

Parker's Heating Salve for Old Sores and Piles.

TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES, PIPES AND SMOKERS' GOODS, HEADLINE

COUGHNE
Cures Coughs, Bronchitis, &c.
HENDERSON, N. C.

BILL ARP ON DEBT.

THESE TIMES DEMAND STRICT ECONOMY.

We must put the brakes on extravagance, says the Georgia Philosopher. A Timely and Characteristic Talk—Sympathy for the Family Physician and the Poorly Paid Preacher.

There is some good in every misfortune, and I know that the panic has had some good results. It has put the brakes on the train of extravagance. The way to get out of debt is to buy nothing that you are not obliged to have, and we are doing it at my house—not willingly at all, but when the merchants sell for cash only and we haven't got the cash that stops the train—even rich folks have had to slow up for town lots and bonds and stocks are not cash. Merchants are not selling as many luxuries as they did a year ago. A jeweler told me he was not selling one-third as much. It is curious how a man will unconsciously graduate his debts. If he can't pay Servant's hire ranks pretty high, and all has a little money and wants to do right, he will pay his grocery merchant in preference to the dry goods merchant. Food is more important than clothing. You can patch up last year's garments, but victuals must come fresh every day. Food and fire come first and have the first lien on a slim purse. And the gas bill and water bill has to be paid by town folks of these comforts will be cut off. They belong to corporations and corporations have no souls. Servants' hire ranks pretty high, especially the cook and wash woman. They are always paid. A man is ashamed for his cook to think he is based upon the idea that he is a gentleman and doesn't belong to the "poor white trash," as the negroes call them. But after these come the dry goods men and they get a slice now and then and take a note for the balance. Lately they have got to drawing on you and they write you a love letter asking you to protect the draft. Or they send you a statement about twice a month and say "Please remit." That is all right and it is business, but if a man hasn't got the money he can't protect the draft, nor remit either. The draft wasn't in any particular danger now, and as the protection was for revenue only goes back dishonored. I paid a little bill the other day to an old friend and the New York Tribune is the craze of the hour. Everybody wants to make more than he can earn by the sweat of his brow. He must double his money in a night and quadruple it the next day. It is altogether an artificial excitement. Contentment is not sought nowadays. All that men want is excitement.

But last of all comes the preacher and the doctor. I am sorry for them. The lawyer can take care of himself, but the doctor seems like one of the family and he will wait and wait and wait and wait again before any serious attention is paid to him. The family thinks too much of him to treat him like he was a creditor and he thinks too much of them to importune. It is such an affectionate, confidential relation that it must not be disturbed by a little matter of money, and so in the meantime the poor family doctor is in danger of perishing to death. I paid the other day a little bill of \$11 that was two years old and his surprise and gratitude were distressing. But the preacher is the most helpless of all creditors. He can't make out any bills or send any duns. He has to deal too with a corporation, and church corporations are pretty much like all others. No one individual acknowledges the debt. If he acknowledges his part he is doing pretty well. The officers meet once a year and fix the salary and another set of officers call around once a month and ask for the money, but they do not get more than half of it. The good humble preacher goes to the treasurer occasionally and then asks if there is any money on hand for him. He gets about half his dues and thanks the Lord in his heart and invokes a blessing upon his people. I wonder if there is a town church in all the land that keeps right square up with the preacher. One time I was present with the officers when the preacher ventured to tell them that he was very much embarrassed, that he owed money and couldn't pay it. The church had promised him \$500, and was behind \$200, and the year only half gone. One of the officers suggested that he call the attention of the congregation to it next Sunday. No, he said, he hated to do that for the truth was \$100 of the \$200 was due by the officers then present. Well, that was a sociologist. Next year it was proposed to raise his salary to \$1,000, but he objected, saying that he couldn't afford to lose any more than he was losing.

But I forgot to mention taxes—taxes that are as inexorable and unfeeling as death. Nothing is certain in this world but death and taxes. I remember when the rate of taxation on land was only 10 cents on a hundred dollars, but now it is 100 cents. They seem to get higher as the years roll on. I don't know where the blame is. Maybe it can't be helped for there is the lunatic asylum that costs near \$200,000 a year and there are other charities and expenses we don't have in the days of "Auld Lang Syne." Then there are these everlasting courts that never end and their cost is immense and im-

mense every year. * * * It looks like we will need a tariff for revenue and protection, too, before we get through. BILL ARP.

THE MAN WHO ALWAYS SMILES.

There are those who govern nations, who can lead their fellow men, who gain a vast abundance by the toil of hands or men. Who can paint a sunset glowing, who can show to worlds the right. Who can lend the stars of noontide to the darkening hours of night.

They're the ones that get the notice, and the praising goes their way. For they're standing out from others in the open light of day. But some men who never governed, never painted, never wrote, who never preached a sermon, do our happiness promote.

It's the man who's always cheerful, with a ready smile and jest. Whose presence e'en is living, with its contagious zest. The man whose friends are countless, whose no one e'er reviles. Original pack of sprightliness, the man who always smiles.

His house may not a mansion be, his place inside the line. Where common people stand and note their richer neighbors shine. But yet his life's a grander one, though lacking much of style. His life is the price of hope, the man who always smiles.

Though he never limned a landscape he's an artist in his way. He's a picture fair of joyousness in a frame that's always gay. His life's a useful sermon, and his preaching all the while. And he's better than governors, the man who always smiles.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

INTELLIGENT OBSERVATIONS ALONG THIS LINE.

"Thrift Produces Capital and Capital is the Conserved Result of Labor—It Involves Self-denial of Present Enjoyment, and Invests the Capital It Has Saved, &c."

[Raleigh News-Observer-Chronicle.] In presenting these articles, I desire to say, that I fully appreciate the difficulties of the situation and the substantial progress that has been made, and that is yet being made in all parts of the South. Samuel Smiles, of England has well said, "Thrift produces Capital, and Capital is the conserved result of labor; it involves self-denial of present enjoyment, and it invests the capital it has saved; but the majority spend all that they earn; such people are constantly poor, and on the verge of destitution. It is the same with Nations." Relief can only come through the intelligent efforts of our own people, and we should be able to solve the problem. The more prosperous we make our country, the easier it will be to induce immigration.

While sitting in the gallery of the United States Senate Chamber lately I heard a citizen of Pennsylvania say to a Southern man, "If you want more money why don't you work for it, as we do in the North? When we want anything we work for it instead of complaining and wishing for it." He might have added, "While you are spending your money for Northern food and clothing, and parading your poverty, caused by lack of management we are getting rich by doing the work that should be done at the South."

Many years ago when Central Europe relied upon the Southern portion, as the South now relies upon the Northern States for manufactured articles, a merchant of Venice said to a German customer: "We buy your hides, and pay for them with the horns and tails." It provoked the German, but it aided in making Germany one of the foremost manufacturing countries in the world.

Suppose a Pennsylvania man were to say (as he can say): "We buy fifty thousand tons of pig iron from Alabama, employ our laborers to work into cotton ties and with the ties we pay for the pig iron, and get thirty thousand bales of cotton for our labor and profit on the transaction; we then spin and weave the cotton, and employ our women and children to make it into clothes for the Southern market. Or if a New York man were to say: 'We weave nearly all the bagging for the cotton crop giving employment to our laborers.' Or if a citizen of Maine or Ohio were to say: 'We get every bale of cotton that is made in one of the richest counties of Eastern North Carolina and pay for it with hay, which we produce for about one-third of what it costs that county to raise the cotton.' Or were Armour, of Chicago, to say: 'I have sold the South many million dollars worth of meat, and while doing so, have become a millionaire.' Or if a Boston man were to say: 'Our State buys your hides and makes them into shoes, with which we pay for the hides and for enough cotton to keep our mills busy, giving employment to our operatives in making dress goods for the South.'"

Under such circumstances, is there any wonder that we want more currency, and that we feel the need of money that will stay at home? We can only reply, come South, young man, establish your factory. We will furnish all the operatives that you need, at about one half the wages you are now paying. We have abundant water power, cheap fuel, raw materials of every kind at less price than you pay for them; or, if you desire farm land, we can furnish land from which two profitable crops are taken every year. One in June, and a hay crop in October. We can also show you one of the finest countries for stock and poultry, with good markets, and transportation for all the corn, wheat, oats, pork, beef, mules, horses and poultry that you can produce.

The question will be asked, "Why don't your own people use these advantages?" Many do, and they are making money, but the majority of our farmers do not yet realize that cotton is no longer king, and they cannot be induced to produce the necessities of life, in addition to the crop of cotton. This fact compels the merchants and banks to employ a large part of their means, in order to supply Western bread, meat and mules to the cotton farmer, (secured by mortgages on the growing crop) leaving no money available for manufacturing enterprises of any kind. If the farmers will become self-sustaining, the South will soon have money enough for all purposes. Better times are in store for this favored land, if the unwise and unnecessary outflow of capital can be stopped. NELLA.

We are with the people against Cleveland monopoly rule, and while we shall stand by Democracy we are opposed to ring political rule, such as is now in vogue.—Oxford Public Ledger.

The Atlanta Constitution states a fact when it says that "whenever the banks and speculators of the East begin to feel the effects of a money squeeze they besiege the treasury, imploping the Government to redeem its bonds and thus relieve the strain of a lack of currency."

Colored people in this State die 50 per cent. faster than the whites in proportion to population. This statement is based on a summary of mortality reports from 24 towns.

All who are troubled with constipation find a safe, sure and speedy relief in Ayer's Pills. Unlike most other cathartics these pills strengthen the stomach, liver and bowels and restore the organs to normal and regular action.

SOME POLITICAL POINTS.

There is no "Walking" Ahead of Them, but No "Walk-Over."

The Raleigh correspondent of the Charlotte Observer has been interviewing a leading Democrat on the political outlook in this State. The aforementioned I. D. is credited with having foreshadowed the situation in this wise after taking a look through the horoscope as adjusted to his range of vision: I expect a coalition to that degree, (of Republicans and Populists on the Legislative ticket, where it will be to their interest to unite in order to defeat the Democratic and perhaps first may also be one on the congressional ticket, but only in doubtful districts. Perhaps even in some districts which are doubtful there may be no coalition. I do not expect any fusion on the general ticket; that is the ticket for Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, for complete and harmonious fusion between the two elements of the opposition to the Democratic party. I think the fusion, being of this incomplete kind, will suffer the fate of all imperfect fusion movements, that is, defeat, for it never succeeds unless complete, but on the contrary the strongest feeling in favor of giving him another opportunity to go before the people. I think Woodard will be re-nominated from the second district. The fourth district will have the nomination in the third district, but will have opposition. His course in Congress this session has strengthened him. Dunn in the fourth district will have the nomination if he decides to be a candidate for the nomination. The ninth district will be close but I believe the Democrats will win. There is not so much trouble in the ninth as in the other doubtful districts. Ransom will have very pronounced opposition for the Senate. He knows the fight is already 'on.' Of course the Populists want their man to go in for United States Senator, but they will not touch the man in Marion Ruler, their chairman. He is really the leader of their whole movement in this State. He is a bright fellow, and his course is that of cunning and will not endure.

Let the Trust Pay the Taxes. [Richmond Tobaccoist.] Says a big Richmond bright buyer and others let the American Tobacco Company pay the government taxes. The trust don't object to, but strenuously opposes the trade and plunger, but kicks and asks assistance of their rank when it comes to their turn to be wised by the tail. Let them help the government, as they should, if fit for anything but plunder of others, etc.

Says Ho's an Office Broker. Capt. W. P. Oldham, whose correspondence with Senator Ransom regarding the Wilmington postoffice has been published recently, publishes a letter in the Goldsboro Caucasian, Populist organ, in which he attacks Senator Ransom in savage terms, characterizing him as nothing more nor less than a political office broker in Washington. Capt. Oldham was an applicant for the position of postmaster, and is a prominent citizen of Wilmington. He says it was not the alleged "bribe" that Ransom took, but the fact that Ransom was not big enough, intimating that if the Senator had favored his appointment any way nothing would ever have been heard of this matter that has been made so prominent by the publication of all the correspondence and statements bearing upon it.

McClure's Magazine for January. McClure's Magazine for January is an attractive illustration in reading matter, and what first strikes one in glancing through it is the notable wealth of portraits. One of Parkman, the cartoonist, serves as frontispiece, and the "Human Documents" department (which, by the way, abates none of its interest in novelty) are those of Parkman, the novelist, and a series of the eminent French physician and scientist, Charcot. The portrait of the late Professor Tyndall, Professor Huxley, the Duke of Argyll, Samuel Smiles, and Professor Max Muller, are also included. The series of the reader's attention is (y' Warman's vivid description of the ride he took on the engines of the "Exposition Flyer" from New York to Chicago. For twenty hours, and through nearly a thousand miles, without sleep or rest, Mr. Warman, himself an old engineer, kept his place in the "cub," and took note of all that was done in "keeping them going" at a speed attained by no other train in the world. Scarcely less thrilling than the account of this unparalleled journey, though, are some of the promises of progress recorded in a series of productions contributed by Professor Huxley, Max Muller, Professor B. J. Houston, Archbishop Ireland, and other Americans and Europeans of special authority in religion, science, and literature.

The Richmond Times is within the strict bounds of truth when it avers "what every man of common sense knows to be a fact, that there is no sort of difference in principle between the Wilson bill and the McKinley bill."—Wilmington Messenger.

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be persuaded to take any other. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla which possesses peculiar curative powers.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache, &c.

The Oxford Public Ledger has just discovered that Democrats who are seeking office unless they have surplus bootie to ante up, are in thick mud under the present so-called Democratic administration.

INTENSIVE FARMING

GOV. TILLMAN WRITES ON THE SUBJECT.

Some Good Reading for Our Farmer Friends—Energy, Judgment, Economy and the Possession of Executive Ability Necessary to Success on the Farm No Less Than in the Counting Room or Business Office.

[Southern Cultivator] Intensive, as applied to farming means concentration—confining the efforts to small areas, highly fertilized and thoroughly prepared and cultivated. The few really intensive farmers in the South have generally been professional men, lawyers and doctors and merchants who have made some money in other ways, and not being dependent on the land for a living, "farm for pleasure," as the phrase goes, and being enthused with the novelty of their new occupation, set out to show the benighted old stagers how the thing should be done. Every large village has one or more of these intensive farmers, and our cities are dotted around with them. Their owners are very enthusiastic. They subscribe for the agricultural papers and join the agricultural society, if there be one, and seem to enjoy "farming" hugely.

But the farmer who has been bred to the business and knows nothing else, whose sole capital is in the land he tills and the stock and implements thereon, and who is dependent upon his farming for a support for himself and family, rarely pursues the intensive system. Habit and a stolid conservatism, characteristic of country people the world over keep him in the old ruts, and he is afraid to venture, or can't see his way clear.

But while the really intensive farmer is seldom met with among us, farmers who make a success of the business, as far as making money is concerned and are doing well, are to be found in almost every neighborhood in the South, and the main difference between the successful farmer, as I have observed it, is not so much one of methods as of management.

Energy, judgment, economy and the possession of executive ability render one successful, while the lack of any one of these qualities makes the other a failure. They both farm alike in every essential particular; use the same implements, etc., but while one grows in wealth, the other barely holds his own or slowly gravitates down hill.

In farming, then, as in every other business, "There is more in the man than there is in the land." "The man from Jones" never uttered a greater truth. Brains and energy are absolutely necessary "elements of intensive farming," and the man who doesn't possess both had better let the intensive system severely alone.

Renouncing, then, that I am not an intensive farmer myself and know only one of that class, who I am glad to say is very successful and makes it pay (this gentleman is a farmer bred and born, and has never done anything else.) I will, with your permission, briefly discuss some of the principles of good farming, as I have come to understand it. I have been an "extensive" farmer. I feel that intensive would better describe it. I hope I have learned enough by bitter experience to become, in time, a good farmer, and may, in the future, grow to be an "intensive" farmer. The change from one system to the other cannot be a sudden one, unless in exceptional cases, and, having ceased to go by the old landmarks, the farmer will feel very much at a loss sometimes, and sorely in need of a pilot. I feel that I hardly know the alphabet of this new system, and only hope I may be able to direct the attention of the young men who compose the present generation, in the right direction. I am satisfied of one thing. We must not only practice what we teach, but will have to prove by successful demonstration that the new way is better. Fine argument and plausible theories will only fail on empty ears.

In what then does good farming consist? In making money by the culture of the soil? Nine out of ten will say yes. I say emphatically, No! I know men whose energy, thrift and good business qualities bring money out of land, whom I regard, nevertheless, the poorest kind of farmers. No matter how much money a man makes out of the land, if it grows poorer day by day he is not worthy the name of farmer. All over the South men are doing this every day. As fast as they wear out one piece of land they move on to another to repeat the operation. This is the kind of farming which has ruined for us so much of the best land in the world, and the great pity is that while a few of these butchers of land grow rich in time, the vast majority of those who farm on that system are making little or nothing about a support. It is the same old system pursued by the old slaveholders, intensified ten fold by the renting of land on the one hand to ignorant negroes, and on the other by using commercial manures on land devoid of vegetable matter. How much longer can we stand it?

The object of all good farming should be, while making a reasonable surplus on the value of our farms and earning fair wages for one's own service, to improve the land poor, or keep it rich, if already so. Enlight-

ened self-interest requires this of us,

but if that is not motive strong enough, the duty we owe posterity, for whom we hold these lands in trust demands it at our hands. In the best portions of the older Cotton States the former owners have left us very little of the cream. Shall we continue in the same course and leave our successors nothing but the buttermilk to churn? It is in vain that we spend millions of dollars every year for guanos, even if they were always worth what they cost when we will persist in plowing the land to death. There are some general principles governing the cultivation of land everywhere, and no farmer can ignore them without his land suffering in consequence. The most important of these, without which any improvement of the farm as a whole is an impossibility, are guano a delusion and a snare, is a systematic and judicious rotation of crops. This is one of the "elements of both intensive and good farming," in their very nature, I may say, for without rotation, cultivated land loses its humus, and every sensible man knows or ought to know that humus to land is like blood to animals, the source of life and heat.

Alcohol is a most powerful and effective stimulant. It has often saved life by bracing a patient till nature could assist herself. But the physician who would recommend alcohol as a diet upon which to support life, would justly be considered as being crazy. Is the use of commercial fertilizers on land constantly under the plow, and therefore scant of vegetable matter, any more sensible than endeavoring to support life with alcohol? I do regard phosphate of lime, potash and ammonia, the three substances for which the South has paid so much money, as more stimulants. I know they are essential elements of plant growth, and pay handsomely when there is vegetable matter present. But I assert that fully one-half the money spent for them by Southern cotton planters has been thrown away, by reason of their application to land lacking in humus.

But I can not dwell longer on this point. I will only emphasize what I have said about rotation by repeating: Without rotation, with the crops we grow in this country, vegetable matter becomes scant, and on hilly lands the rains carry off more fertility than the crop. The candle burns at both ends, and barrenness soon results. Without humus, guano only stimulates, and with it nourishment is obtained and success rewards the farmer's labors. If I could I would burn the word into the brain of every farmer, young and old, in the South, and print it in colossal letters of light upon the sky to remind them that "by this sign only can they conquer."

As I am generalizing, I can not enter into details regarding what rotation I think best; but almost any rotation which may be adopted will cause more corn and small grain to be grown. These matters lead to stock raising, and stock raising is a sadly neglected "element of good farming," among us. The pitiful spectacle of almost an entire people, numbering millions, who a very brief while ago tried to set up for themselves as an independent nation, now voluntarily dependent upon other sections for their bread and meat almost entirely, while they blindly pursue the *ignis fatuus* cotton, and continue to pursue it in spite of everything, has served to cast a well deserved reflection upon our good sense, which we should no longer invite. It is easily demonstrated both on paper and on the farm that we can raise our meat and bread cheaper than we can buy it. Our young farmers should never rest content until they have driven Western meat and corn from our markets. The South will never, perhaps, export these things, but she should not buy them.

But grant that stock raising, as a rule, can not be made profitable, except to the extent of supplying home demand. Shall we ever build up our impoverished lands again by the use of commercial manures alone? Level lands, not subject to washing away, may, perhaps, be thus improved, but on hilly lands I do not believe it possible. The old English maxim holds good, at least with them—"He who farms without manure will leave his land and children poor." By "manure," they did not mean "fertilizers," but the droppings of cattle, horses and sheep; and freeing the land from the plow while growing grass and grain to feed these animals, has more to do with the improvement of the farm than the manure. More pasturage and less tillage is the great need of our hilly lands.

Having touched upon the necessity of rotation of crops, stock raising and manure, constituting the elements of good farming, I shall only mention the remaining factor necessary to the fullest success, and that is thorough tillage. Jethro Till, more than a century ago, promulgated the doctrine that "tillage is manure." I can not go so far, but know that without thorough preparation and culture, manure is of little service. They are twin handmaids of enlightened agriculture and go hand in hand—giants together; pigmies apart.

One word for the especial benefit of our young farmers who have not married, and I will close. They have a noble start towards making successful, enlightened farmers, but they are making one grand mistake which they should hasten to correct. There is no woman in the house on their farms to gladden and cheer and assist, or as Wordsworth says,

To aid, to comfort and command. I do not know whether the fair ladies who read the *Cultivator* will consider it a compliment to be termed one of the "elements of good farming," but I must assert the assertion that they are and a most important one at that. From the farm without a woman at the head of the household affairs, I say, Good Lord, deliver us! And I know every man who is not like a hedgehog, rolled up the wrong way, will join me in saying that while success without them is possible, it is very doubtful. Farmers, of all men, worth having, the beauty and truth of these lines: Without our hopes, without our fears, Without the house which plighted love endears; Without the smiles from partial beauty won, Oh! what were men? A world without a sun.

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In farming, then, as in every other business, "There is more in the man than there is in the land." "The man from Jones" never uttered a greater truth. Brains and energy are absolutely necessary "elements of intensive farming," and the man who doesn't possess both had better let the intensive system severely alone.

Renouncing, then, that I am not an intensive farmer myself and know only one of that class, who I am glad to say is very successful and makes it pay (this gentleman is a farmer bred and born, and has never done anything else.) I will, with your permission, briefly discuss some of the principles of good farming, as I have come to understand it. I have been an "extensive" farmer. I feel that intensive would better describe it. I hope I have learned enough by bitter experience to become, in time, a good farmer, and may, in the future, grow to be an "intensive" farmer. The change from one system to the other cannot be a sudden one, unless in exceptional cases, and, having ceased to go by the old landmarks, the farmer will feel very much at a loss sometimes, and sorely in need of a pilot. I feel that I hardly know the alphabet of this new system, and only hope I may be able to direct the attention of the young men who compose the present generation, in the right direction. I am satisfied of one thing. We must not only practice what we teach, but will have to prove by successful demonstration that the new way is better. Fine argument and plausible theories will only fail on empty ears.

In what then does good farming consist? In making money by the culture of the soil? Nine out of ten will say yes. I say emphatically, No! I know men whose energy, thrift and good business qualities bring money out of land, whom I regard, nevertheless, the poorest kind of farmers. No matter how much money a man makes out of the land, if it grows poorer day by day he is not worthy the name of farmer. All over the South men are doing this every day. As fast as they wear out one piece of land they move on to another to repeat the operation. This is the kind of farming which has ruined for us so much of the best land in the world, and the great pity is that while a few of these butchers of land grow rich in time, the vast majority of those who farm on that system are making little or nothing about a support. It is the same old system pursued by the old slaveholders, intensified ten fold by the renting of land on the one hand to ignorant negroes, and on the other by using commercial manures on land devoid of vegetable matter. How much longer can we stand it?

The object of all good farming should be, while making a reasonable surplus on the value of our farms and earning fair wages for one's own service, to improve the land poor, or keep it rich, if already so. Enlight-

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