

Farm, Garden & Household

Not Exactly Fair.

A North Carolina Newspaper having suggested the name of Mr. Syd. Alexander, a prominent farmer of the State, for the second place on the gubernatorial ticket, the Raleigh Progressive Farmer replies by declaring that hereafter, the farmers do not intend to "submit to dictation."

If the Democratic party, or any portion of it, either in the enunciation of platform and principles or in the selection of candidates, has ever presumed to dictate to the farmers as a class, we have yet to hear of it. A very remarkable fact may be cited here—that of 325 members of the House of Representatives at Washington, only about 5 per cent. are agriculturists, while in every General Assembly which has convened in the State for a quarter of a century they have been woefully in the minority; but this proves nothing more than the existence of remarkable conservatism and wonderful modesty on the part of the farmers.

Let us in this county and in this State the tillers of the soil are the very life of the land; in morals, in intelligence, in obedience to the laws they admirably exemplify the best type of citizenship; theirs is really the preponderating influence, and it should be exerted to its full value not only in the council halls of the nation but in the administration of affairs near home. The fault lies with the farmers themselves; reserved in temperament, from the very nature of their mode of life; painfully sensitive from a consciousness of a lack of the "gift of gab"—they shrink from publicity, and remain in the background while shallower but more aggressive men push themselves to the front, and seize opportunities of which they too often make poor use.

Let the representative men of the plow and the furrow hereafter take the commanding position to which they are entitled; let them see that their interests have due weight in the primaries, in the county, district and State conventions; let them boldly "talk out in the meeting," for they are certainly characterized by good sense and brains if they are not gifted with a flippant flow of words—and, our word for it, there need in the future be no more of this senseless talk about dictation.—Fayetteville Journal.

Sweet Potatoes.

Now is the time to prepare for a big yield of this excellent crop. You don't want rich land, but you want it loose, well drained and generous. Break it deep now. Go into the woods and rake up woods mould, decayed vegetable matter, and when practicable put in a generous proportion of pine straw. Lay off your rows three feet six inches, with a turn plow, running two furrows on a way so as to clear the furrow broad and deep. Put in your ridings from the woods. If you have any leached or unbleached ashes about the premises, sprinkle them on the ridings in the furrow at the rate of 300 to 400 pounds per acre. Run one furrow with the turn plow and cover the manure. Let it lie until about a week before the slips are ready to transplant. Throw up the beds on this furrow smoothly and nicely. Put the slips 16 inches apart. Do not set them out when the ground is wet. We prefer dry weather for this work. Cultivate well, and you will gather a splendid crop of excellent potatoes.—Progressive Farmer.

A farmer laughed when his prudent wife advised him not to smoke on a hot day. He footed it home that night with his hair singed, most of his clothing a prey to the devouring element, and the iron work of his wagon in a sack, and then his wife laughed.

No Time to Read.

We dislike very much to hear a laboring man say he doesn't have time to read, because nine times out of ten he utters a falsehood when he says it, and nine out of the ten of the men who have no time to read spend their evenings loafing on the street or around the beer counter and billiard table. The cases are very rare, indeed, where a man doesn't have time to read one or even three or four weekly papers each week if he wants to. It is because he has not interest enough in his own welfare to read and post himself on the events that are transpiring for or against him. The class of men that claim they do not have time to read are the curse of the community in which they live. They have no minds of their own, and, being as ignorant as a Hottentot, they are used by the sharpers of their town and neighborhood to help them carry out schemes to thwart the will of the educated and respected citizens. The man who doesn't have time to read is usually a loafer. The successful business man has plenty of time to read and post himself on matters pertaining to his business, and that is one reason why he is successful. The educated laboring man finds plenty of time to read, and without neglecting his work either. He is the man whom you will find at home evenings with his family. The milkmaid in the corner grocery is never kept warm by him while he listens or tells smutty stories to an ignorant crowd of gaping loafers. He who cannot find time to read never finds time to be a man, but always is the tool of some man who does read. When we hear a great live man say he doesn't have time to read one paper a week we always pity his wife and children to think they have such an indolent, ignorant, do-little husband and father.—Labor Advocate.

Educated Farmers.

No man ought to know so well as the farmer that like produces like, and that a man will produce what he sows. Every seed will bring forth after its own kind. We do not gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles. If you sow wheat you will reap wheat, if you plant corn you gather corn. No man should know so well as the farmer that this law holds good in other things in life. A man's brain is a soil as capable of producing a harvest as the land of a farmer. A neglect to plant good seed will secure a corresponding harvest. Plant no seed, and the most noxious weeds will cover the ground. Plant tares and tares will be the harvest. Plant falsehood, and a luxuriant growth of falsehoods will be secured. If you want your boys to be men, in the largest sense, see to it that their minds are properly cultivated and the right kind of seed is planted. Give the boys the advantage of a good education.

An Experiment Farm for Every County.

Commissioner of Agriculture Robinson, with the aid of State Chemist Battle, is now at work on a plan for establishing in every county a model or experiment farm. This work is properly a sequel to the organization of farmers' institutes, in which the Commissioner did some extensive and valuable work last year. The purpose of these farmers is to show and exemplify the best method of work in every department of agriculture, and as far as practicable to provide for the examination and analysis of seeds, etc. It is proposed to have the best farming implements, suited to the locality in which each farm may be located, with all information as to how they may be procured, prices, etc., and other general information valuable to farmers. The full plans, etc., will be made known in the early future.—Raleigh Observer.

From Letters Written by Dr. J. E. Hilleman to a Friend in North Carolina.

Celaya, Mexico.—Left Lagos about two weeks ago for the city of Mexico, then I went from there to Toluca, then back from there to the city of Mexico, and from there to this place, Celaya, which is a city of about 35,000 population, and is about nine hours' run north of the city of Mexico, on the Mexican Central Railroad. I have been getting around considerably since I wrote to you last. I have done nothing but travel around and see the sights and country, but have come to this place to make some money by my profession. Cannot say what success I will have. This place is a very nice little city, but has more churches than anything else. The Roman Catholic church reigns supreme here all over the Republic.

Now for a description of the city of Mexico, and what I saw in my travels. The city of M. lies in the Mexico Valley, entirely surrounded by mountains, and without drainage. I saw the famous canal which the Spaniards dug trying to drain the valley, but did not dig it deep enough. It can and will be used for the same purpose in the future. And until that does take place, it will not be very desirable to live in the city, especially during the rainy season. When I was there some of the streets were entirely inundated from the effects of hard rain, and in the patio of the hotel the water was a foot deep several mornings. It is nothing uncommon to see them at work with a pump emptying the first floor rooms. Of course this is only during the rainy season, and is nice and pleasant at other times. Notwithstanding all this I think I would like to live in the city of M., for it is a pretty place. It is not as pretty as I expected to see it. There is a lake in the same valley, and the level of the water is ten feet higher than the streets of the city, and nothing to hold it but a large dam, which the papers say is in danger at present of giving away, caused by the many heavy rains that they have had lately. There is a gauge in the city that shows the height of the water all the time. The city has been inundated several times by that source, and I saw the mark on some of the business buildings to show how high the water was, and it was six or seven feet high. I don't mean that I saw the mark that the water left, but a mark that was made by the owners of the buildings. I stopped at the best hotel in the city, and the beds were iron frames with two heavy planks, and a thin, hard mattress, and a little slim, hard cotton pillow. That is what I call solid comfort. I saw the "Jockey Club," where the U.S. private envoy Sedgewick, who was sent down here last winter to investigate the Cutting affair, got drunk and disgraced himself. You will remember that Cutting was arrested in Paso del Norte, and jailed for some offence committed in the United States. I took a trip out to Chapultepec, or "The Hill of the Grasshopper," where the President lives. It is an elevation of stone, and gives a splendid view of the city. I saw volcano Popocatepetl from here. It is always covered with snow, and you will remember is 17,000 feet high. It is the highest mountain on the North American Continent, except Mt. St. Elias, in Alaska. I went all through the Capitol, except the President's private apartments. Went all through the military department, even to the kitchen, and tasted of their viands, etc. The President's apartments were furnished by a New York firm at an expense of \$165,000. There is a stairway leading from the garden to a cave in the foot of the hill. It is a subterranean passage. The park is beautiful, and has a beautiful and large spring in it called Motezuma's Bath—now pumped in an aqueduct of 300 arches and carried to the city.

They are tearing a long portion of this aqueduct down, that is in the streets of the city. There are several other aqueducts from large springs and that is the only source of water supply for the city—I mean drinking water. I saw the famous cypress trees in the park, which are covered with hanging moss and look beautiful. One tree is 170 feet high and 46 feet around the trunk. I went through the National Museum and saw many curiosities and relics, many big and little "gods." Saw the Ancient Aztec Calendar Stone, which is regarded the most valuable and curious relic in the Mexican Republic, and other articles too numerous to mention. The next thing is that great and renowned Cathedral. Went through it and admired its beauty and richness. It was commenced in 1573, and is on the site of the greatest Aztec Temple. It cost \$2,000,000, is 123 feet long, 200 feet wide, 175 feet high. The towers are over 200 feet high. The church contains five naves, six altars and fourteen chapels, and the metropolitan chapel El Sagrario. The high altar was formerly the richest in the world, had at one time a lamp worth \$75,000 and a statue of the Assumption that cost \$1,000,000, now missing. It was stolen in one of the revolutions of this country. I also saw Minería or the school of Mines. Saw many rich and valuable specimens. I was at a number of little places that do not amount to much. The Alameda is very nice, also Plaza de Armas in front of the cathedral. This latter place is headquarters for all street cars for various suburban towns and parts of the city. This is the place where the treaty between this country and the United States was made that closed the war of 46 and 48. Here also is the loliest shrine in all the Republic. The scene of the tradition of 1531 apparitions of the Virgin of Guadalupe to the Indian Juan Diego. Diego's tilma (apron), or what is now called "revoza," is to be seen there where she (the Virgin) caused her image to be miraculously engraved thereon. Tradition has it that the Virgin through Diego succeeded in getting the Priest to build a church to be dedicated to her. There is a railing in the church that weighs 26 tons, and of a metal composite which its weight in pure silver was refused for it. The palace is a very large building, has 600 feet front. It is the same as our Capitol at Washington, D. C. There is a plant to be seen there that has a well formed floral hand in the flower. The name of it is Szopalliqui-Hochitt.

I took a trip from the city of Mexico to Toluca, the capital of the State of Mexico. It is the neatest and prettiest city I have seen in the Republic. I saw some pretty girls there. I had the pleasure of calling at a house where one lives. She played the piano and of course I had to compliment her performance. She did play some nice pieces. The one dedicated to Tolmie I liked best. After she would finish a piece I would nod and timidly exclaim, "May bonito!" Then after the next I liked I would say, "May bonito tambien!" And you should have seen her mother smile. I have fun trying to converse with these natives.

The records of the Superior Court show that New Hanover courts is by no means famous for divorce cases—only twenty having been granted altogether in the last twenty years. Mr. S. Van Amringe, the clerk, spent two or three hours yesterday in "getting the facts" in this matter at the request of a gentleman from Washington, D. C., who is engaged in collecting statistics on this interesting subject.—Wilmington Star.

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