

The Progressive Farmer.

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RALEIGH, N. C., MAY 19, 1887.

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ENDORSED BY THE CONVENTION.

The following resolution was passed by the Farmers' Mass Convention in Raleigh, January 26th, 1887:

Resolved, That THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER, published by L. L. Polk, Winston, N. C., be declared the Official Organ of the North Carolina Farmers' Association, and that its Editor, L. L. Polk, be admitted to the privileges of the floor as an honorary member of this Convention.

We ask every Grange and Farmers' Club in the State to send us at once, the number of members in the organization, together with the name and post-office address of each officer.

PLEASE NOTICE.

In writing to this office to change the address of a paper, our subscribers will do us a favor by stating the office at which the paper is received, as well as the one to which it is desired to be sent. Failure to do this puts us to a great deal of trouble and the necessity of going through a long list of names, involving not only much work, but much loss of time, when time is valuable.

SUBSCRIBERS, READ THIS.

Is there a Cross Mark on the margin of your paper? We adopt this as the simplest and easiest method of informing our patrons that their terms of subscription have expired, and that the paper will be stopped if we do not hear from you. We know "times are hard" on everybody, and especially is this true of newspapers, and particularly agricultural papers. But we must help each other as best we can. If, therefore, you are not prepared to renew for the whole year, renew for a part of the time, and this will enable you to have time to make us up a club, for which you will get the paper one year free of charge. So if you see the Cross Mark, let us hear from you.

REMOVE THE STUMPS.

It is a remarkable thing that so many farmers will permit stumps, stumps by the dozen, stumps by the hundred, to remain in their fields, when every stump is not only an unsightly but a costly encumbrance. In travelling on the railroad a few days ago, but a few miles from Raleigh, in a beautiful range of country, just undulating enough for good drainage, we saw a field containing a hundred acres or more, with stumps so numerous and close together that plowing a straight furrow would be an utter impossibility. How long these stumps have stood there we do not know, but, judging from their decayed appearance, probably many years. How much they have cost the owner of that field in the loss of time in plowing his land and in the cultivation of his crops, in the wear and tear of stock, harness and farm implements he will never know, because he has probably never given the subject a moment's thought. But it has cost him money all the same, much money every year, and will cost him much every year they stand there. They not only cost him money thus directly but indirectly they cost him much more, in preventing thorough culture, in taking up much valuable land which be profitably utilized, and by preventing the ready use of improved machinery for plowing, cultivating and for harvesting the ripened crops.

We live in a rapid age, an age not only of quick thought but of quick

execution. Inventive genius has given us machinery which has multiplied productive power so that one man now is the equivalent of scores of men a decade or two ago. And inventive genius has not been idle on the farm. It has given us machines to do about everything that is to be done upon the farm from turning the soil to threshing the grain. It has given us the sulky plow upon which the farmer sits and rides at his ease while he plows his land, instead of trudging along wearily between the handles of the plow. It has given us the sulky cultivator constructed upon the same principle upon which the driver rides. It has given us the mower upon which the farmer sits while his waving fields of grass fall before the swiftly moving scythe, and the self-binder which cuts and binds the ripened grain and lays it aside ready for the stacker. With all of these the work of many hands is speedily and effectually done by a few. It is thus that marvelous products of the grain-growing west have become a possibility; machinery takes the place of men, and the acreage and product are multiplied. With a couple of teams, equipped with this machinery the western farmer will cultivate a hundred acres or more in wheat, oats, corn, grass, potatoes, &c., keep a considerable number of cattle, and hogs, and have reasonable time for rest and recreation too. But he couldn't do it if he had to contend with an army of resisting stumps. These make the effective use of machinery an impossibility and effectually block the path of progress.

If the removal of them was a laborious or costly undertaking that might be a reason why they are permitted to remain. But it is not. They may be easily removed with explosive agencies, burned out with oil, dug out or pulled out with machinery devised for that purpose, and sold at a price that any ordinary farmer, with stumpy fields can afford to pay, and which could be purchased at an insignificant sum to each if several farmers having such fields were to club together and buy one in common; or a man of mechanical turn of mind could easily contrive an apparatus which with the use of a couple of oxen or horse or mules would answer the purpose very well. The time and the money spent in eradicating these costly nuisances will be both well invested and even work done upon the farm for the time taken and money spent will pay the farmer better.

ONLY AN AGENT.

A correspondent of one of the Northern papers, writing from Reidsville, describing the distress that prevails in some portions of that county, says that a waggish farmer told the story of the cause in his own quaint but forcible way. He had just disposed of a load of tobacco for thirty dollars when a friend met him and said:

"Hello Tom! what did you get for your tobacco?"

"Thirty dollars for the load. But that's all right. I'm only agent anyway."

"An agent! Why, I thought you owned a plantation."

"Oh, they do say so; but the fact is, I'm only an agent, Bill. Now look here. See them mules? They came from Tennessee; the harness on 'em was made in Hagerstown, Md.; this wagon came from Kentucky; this barrel of flour from Richmond; this ship-stuff from West Virginia; this bacon from Chicago. My hat came from New York and my clothes from Philadelphia, and I'll be eternally smashed if I've got on anything, inside or outside of me, that was raised in North Carolina!"

Only an agent. Not many words, but what a volume of meaning. Unfortunately for North Carolina, and not only North Carolina but nearly, if not all of these Southern States,

there is not only one such agent but there are thousands upon thousands of them. But few of them, however, have discovered as he did the fact that they are "only agents," or have his candor to acknowledge it.

How few of these agents live, live in the true sense of the word, (not merely subsist) as men, especially farmers, should live. How few of them have the ordinary comforts of life much less the luxuries. They struggle on, toil on from early dawn till late at eve, wearing themselves out, growing prematurely old, or dropping into premature graves, broken down in body and in spirit in pursuit of that exacting, tyrannical miscalled "money crop." There are thousands upon thousands of graves in North Carolina, the graves of farmers, where this epitaph might be appropriately inscribed.

"Run to death by tobacco" or cotton. Suicides, who killed themselves without suspecting that they were doing it.

We have seen plantations containing hundreds of acres of good land, whose owners seemed to live and live only to raise cotton or tobacco. They bought their stock, the feed for the stock, they bought their meat, their bread and sometimes even the vegetables they ate. Grass was an unknown quantity on these farms, cows as scarce as white elephants, milk a novelty and butter if found, probably imported from some Northern oleomargarine factory. Fresh meat of any kind seldom broke the tri-daily monotony of fried bacon, and western bacon at that. Grass, cows, milk, butter, home-raised bread and meat were in the estimation of these infatuated followers of the one crop delusion small matters with which they could not afford to waste the precious time which that one crop relentlessly demanded and submissively got. No man who would do himself, his wife and children justice would or should victimize himself and them thus. He should not enslave himself nor them, in the vain effort to grow rich in an impossible way. Even if he could it would be better to earn fewer dollars and to have some of the comforts of life if he did not aspire to the luxuries, to cheer his daily toil.

WAKE COUNTY CATTLE SHOW.

The display of blooded cattle made by the Wake County Cattle Club on the 12th inst. was superb, and was in every way worthy the efforts of the public-spirited gentlemen who compose the club. The display was an honor to Wake county.

We regret that we have not the space to notice individually the splendid animals on exhibition, and mention each by name. Jerseys, Holsteins, Guernseys and Short Horns, with the Jerseys largely predominating, made up the collection. Several single herds, were well worth spending a day to see.

Mr. W. G. Upchurch had on exhibition eleven cows and one bull; Mrs. Wm. Grimes, fifteen Jerseys; Capt. B. P. Williamson, seven Jerseys; Dr. Wm. Hawkins, four Holsteins and one Jersey; Maj. R. S. Tucker, seven Jerseys; Mr. C. M. Hawkins, two Jerseys; Dr. R. H. Lewis, four Guernseys, one Jersey; T. H. Murray, five Holsteins, one Jersey; N. W. West, one Jersey cow with twin calves; Maj. J. W. Crenshaw, five Jerseys; Capt. A. B. Andrews two Jerseys; D. S. Hudgings, one Holstein, two Jerseys; Dr. J. McKee, five Jerseys; C. H. Belvin, two Jerseys; R. B. Rainey, two Holsteins, one Jersey; Capt. J. B. Burwell, two short horns and three Guernseys and quite a number of others of excellence and merit.

Eleven hundred dollars would buy a snug little farm in many counties, but Mr. W. G. Upchurch refused that sum for Rosa Stella, an imported Jersey four years old, and which gives 50.1-2 pounds of rich milk per day.

Everybody said "cheap enough," when Mr. Everett, of Laurinburg, bid off her bull calf, 10 months old, at seventy-five dollars. Sales were made to buyers from Winston, Laurinburg, Henderson and other points. Mr. J. C. Buxton, one of the most enterprising men of the State, and a lover and judge of fine stock, was delighted with the general display, but when he reached the herd of Capt. B. P. Williamson, he acted as though he had found what he wanted, for there were hardly a dozen words exchanged before he had paid \$150 for a Jersey heifer 13 months old, that might well have been mistaken for a doe at a short distance. Numbers of the Jerseys and Holsteins were pointed out to us with milk records ranging from 20 to 26 1-2 quarts per day. Maj. Tucker's imported cattle attracted much attention—so of the splendid Holsteins of Dr. Hawkins and T. H. Murray. The Guernseys of Dr. R. H. Lewis, that, could they talk, could learn us more than we have ever read of ensilage, showed high living, and were elegant animals. "Let me show you a present," said our old friend Maj. Crenshaw, as he led us to the stall of King of Carolina. This bull was presented to the Major by W. P. Hazard, of Westchester, Pa., one of the finest cattle breeders of this country. The Major is proud of him and ought to be.

Since attending this exhibition and watching the interest manifested by our people, we are thoroughly satisfied that there are dozens of counties in our State which would be immensely benefited by a similar enterprise, and we hope that our enterprising cattle breeders in all parts of the State will take the matter in hand, and that in a short time we may see dozens of county cattle shows in our State.

CLEAN SEED.

It is a matter of greater importance than most farmers think, to have pure clean seed. It is important in all crops, but especially so in wheat. In our travels we see in our wheat fields a quantity of rye. This should not be pulled up or clipped off. We saw one field where cockle was so abundant that we could easily see the blooms from the car as we rode along on the rail. Now is the time to destroy it, as it can be easily seen by the brilliant bloom. It is a work that can be effectually done by children and women, if the men are too busy with their other farm work to give it attention. No good farmer will harvest a crop of cockle with his wheat and thus ruin the market value of his flour, when it can be so easily avoided. And in this connection we want to say to those of our farmer friends who desire to have clean seed, that we know of no better investment he can make than to buy the Tate Victor Separator, the best and cheapest grain separator and cleaner we have ever seen. We hear much complaint of wild carrot and what is popularly known as sheep sorrel, infesting our clover fields. These noxious and worthless plants were brought to our State, doubtless, with seed brought from the North, and our farmers should make arrangements now, while the crop is growing, to get their clover seed from our best and most reliable clover raisers at home. We are gratified to know that the demand for native clover seed is increasing each year, and we hope to see an increased effort on the part of our people to meet this demand.

WHY THEY DID IT.

On the morning of the 8th inst. the body of a negro, Ben Hart, who on the 26th of April last, near Tarboro, Edgecombe county, assaulted a little girl, and was arrested and confined for safe keeping in the jail at Wilmington, was found hanging near the scene of his crime. A party of lynchers secured a train, quietly went to

the place in the night, took him out, brought him back, and did the work, leaving the following card attached to his body:

"We hang this man, not in passion, but calmly and deliberately, with a due sense of the responsibility we assume. We take executive power in this case and hang this man in accordance with the unwritten law of the land, because the law provides no penalty adequate to the crime. And, be it understood, we who have done this act will repeat it under similar circumstances.

PEOPLE'S COMMITTEE.

THE SLUMBERING RESOURCES OF THE SOUTH.

There are various sources of immense wealth in the South which, within the past few years, have been made known, and they are being constantly brought to light. The following shows one, of which the farmers of the South did not dream twenty years ago. The New York Sun says:

"Twenty years ago cotton seed was burned or destroyed on Southern farms. Then it began to be used as a fertilizer or stock food. Last year \$5,000,000 worth of crude oil was taken out of 500,000 tons of seed without injuring its value for other purposes, which oil was refined up to a value of perhaps \$20,000,000.

This enormous industry, which as yet treats but 500,000 tons out of 3,000,000 tons of the full crop of cotton seed, has lately attracted the attention of Northern capitalists, it is said, especially the Standard Oil Company, and a remarkable company has been formed. Last season produced acid seed, very unfavorable for oil purposes. The mills, which had been making immense profits, lost money. Several of them applied to New York for money. Others were offered for sale. The American Cotton Oil Trust was organized. A score of mills were pooled, and agents of the company went to buying up until out of the 150 oil mills in the country the company owns about 126. These mills represent a cash value of \$3,000,000. The stock of the company is \$33,000,000. It is listed in the New York Stock Exchange, and is now selling at about 60, so that the \$3,000,000 worth of mill property now has a selling value of \$27,000,000."

THE AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL COLLEGE.

The Fayetteville Observer presents some excellent views on industrial training and our Industrial College. It says:

"It will cost no little money to equip the college with all the appliances necessary for experiments. It should be put upon a permanent and satisfactory basis. Don't do things by halves, and thus bring censure and disrepute upon the institution. The need has long been felt for a more thorough education in mechanic arts, and our advantages have been exceedingly limited. Northern men are far ahead of us in invention and other matters because they have had the opportunity to develop their natural gifts, which are not by any means superior to ours. We have had no machine shops in which to educate our boys, and the want has long been felt. Now, if this institution is furnished, not only with books, but with apparatus, both theoretical and practical information may be acquired. Heretofore nearly all of our educated men have chosen professions, and our farming interests have not advanced in a ratio proportionate to the intelligence of the age.

It has been the opinion that almost any man could farm, but it is one of the fallacies of the times. We all see each other's faults and can give advice, but the remedy for most of the faults will be found in thorough agricultural training. Here the farmer's boy can learn to do all sorts of work—blacksmithing, repairing and building machinery, carpentering, etc. He will also be able to test the soil, to find its needs and what is necessary for the plants he grows—in fact, receive a thorough training that will revolutionize in a measure the present system, for his mental faculties will be developed in the right direction. The importance of such a school for the training of our young men is not to be disputed."

The cotton crop in sight is 6,196,199 bales.