

THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER

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Raleigh, N. C.

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"I am standing now just behind the curtain, and in full glow of the coming sunset. Behind me are the shadows on the track, before me lies the dark valley and the river. When I mingle with its dark waters I want to cast one lingering look upon a country whose government is of the people, for the people, and by the people." - L. L. Polk, July 16, 1890.

N. R. P. A.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"Dauntless" is no misnomer for that filibustering ship of which we hear so much.

"It is a cold day when I get left," remarked a block of ice as it was dumped in a wagon the other day.

Stir up your neighbors and hold some good Sub Alliance meetings right away and get ready for the county meetings.

A lady who has been married three times, and having had each of her three husbands cremated, evidently had husbands to burn.

The college graduate nearly always utters great words when he orates, because he uses the thoughts of great men "who have gone on before."

Dr. H. F. Freeman informs us that the time of the annual picnic at Rock Ridge Academy occurs Thursday, July 8th. Wilson County Alliance also meets the same day. Let all attend.

Johnny Wanamaker says the powder of patriotism is wet by the tears of the suffering unemployed. We don't doubt that. The powder of the silver ballot is not wet, however, and we expect two big explosions, one in 1898, and another in 1900.

Col. S. McD. Tate, ex State Treasurer, and well-known throughout North Carolina, died in Morganton, N. C., on the evening of June 25th. Col. Tate has been in failing health for sometime, but his sudden death was a great shock to his friends.

Your Uncle Chauncey M. Depew was doing a pretty safe business as a prophet when he predicted war between this country and England a few weeks ago, and, then, a little later, announced that there never will be another war between the two countries.

It is said that John D. Rockefeller intended to give Brown University a very large sum of money, and then refused to do so because it was alleged that the President, E. Benjamin Andrews, was a silverite. When our colleges get under the influence of money and monopoly, it will be sad time for America.

How patriotic some men would have been in their quest of the office of school committee had not the Attorney General decided that no compensation would accompany this dignified position. How ready to serve their country, and how much interested in the public schools! But now—er, well, there are other things which demand immediate attention.

The Charlotte Observer is a great comforter. For instance while we are perspiring and almost melting from heat, it comes to us with a great big hunk of comfort in the shape of an announcement that Christmas is not quite six months off. Of course, we were building a coal fire and wrapping in overcoats and blankets before you could say Jack Robinson. Whenever you are in trouble, you needn't get discouraged and go to Webster's dictionary to find comfort; just step around and see Colonel J. P.

COUNTY ALLIANCE MEETINGS.

If you have not already elected delegates from your Sub Alliance to the County Alliance meetings, please do so at once. These meetings will be important. Elect your very best men in the Sub. and let them in turn elect the very best man possible to go to the State Alliance meeting in August. The life of our organization depends upon these meetings. If no interest, or but little, is taken, the meetings will be practically failures, and you cannot expect the County, or State meetings to amount to much if the Subs. fall short. Officers are to be elected in each County Alliance. Elect not only capable men, but men who will take interest, who have the work at heart.

There will be much important business before the State Alliance. Of course there will be an election of officers, and the shoe factory question will demand no little attention. We trust that every county will send men to Hillsboro in August un instructed as to details, but let the delegates be men of sound judgment, who will go there with a determination to perfect plans to put the shoe machinery in full operation and keep it going. We believe that everything there is ready for the harvest, and, with good management, will be successful from now on. But the enterprise is bound to be a failure so long as the machinery stands idle, as it has done for sometime. Let it be operated.

COL. DR. KINGSBURY KICKS.

The venerable editor of the Wilmington Messenger, Col. Dr. Kingsbury, LL. D., etc., still loses his temper now and then. He is a kicker from away back in the olden times. He is a kicker with variations, and writes the name "Populist" or "Radical" in blood drawn from his own veins whenever he constructs an editorial of a political nature. When he sits down to write, his desk is littered with vinegar cruets, bottles of quinine and fresh beef galls, and he chews wormwood instead of tobacco. Long pent-up hatred drips from his pencil point and turns the paper green with jealousy a thousand times stronger than the same article ever becomes in the breast of the dark-eyed Spanish or Italian lover. He is living in the musty past and knows not that the nineteenth century is nearing the end. Clinging, as he does to the moth-eaten and obsolete aristocracy, he still longs for power for revenge upon real or imaginary enemies "Looter," "traitor," "vagrabond," "incompetent," "savages" and "nincompoops" are his favorite terms when designating his opponents, no matter who they be. Verily the Col. Dr. will not be saved by the ordinary process, but will be preserved in the double distilled extracts of all bitter things.

But the doctor has some virtues. He never parades his war record before a gasping public, and his little editorial bon mots about Ayer's pills give great relief to a long suffering public.

The manufacturers of the ordinances of the corporation of the town of Lenoir must have forgotten that they were ever boys. The use of bean shooters, the popping of fire-crackers, playing ball or marbles on the square or sidewalks, are all expressly forbidden. We expect if Lenoir "kids" could vote, these iniquitous laws would find them selves where Moses was when the light went out.

ENGLAND OBJECTS.

In the House of Commons, Thursday, Ernest Williams formally called the attention of the British government to the fact that a small body of Americans have deposed Queen Liliuokalani, and have assumed sovereignty over the Hawaiian Islands, and now, to save themselves, are asking the United States to annex those Islands. Mr. Williams wants to know whether or not the British government is willing to give up these Islands, as an important coaling station, without entering a protest.

We can't answer Mr. Williams, but it is safe to assume that England don't care much about the leprosy-ridden islands, and will not raise a row unless Wall Street and Mr. Rothschild think it good policy to raise a little jingoism just to keep the public attention drawn from their schemes for a little while longer.

COL. CALDWELL TO THE RESCUE

Hon. J. P. Caldwell, who writes soul-stirring editorials for the Charlotte Observer, has joined the great army of kickers. If we could, but get him and Dr. Kingsbury to join teams, there wouldn't be anything left in North Carolina in 10 minutes. Col. Caldwell rises to protest against "frothing at the mouth about 16 to 1," and attacking no one else "besides Cleveland and Carliele." He calls upon his Democratic friends to turn from this. Now of course this would not suit the Rev. Dr. T. B. K., consequently we're afraid to hitch them together for fear they would

swallow each other, and the world, while looking on, would never know whether Caldwell swallowed Kingsbury, or Kingsbury swallowed Caldwell.

Col. Caldwell stands on Pisgah's top and views the promised land. He doesn't seem to be satisfied with Hon. Josephus Daniels' methods of saving the State, and wants to enter into that bloody arena himself. We welcome Bro. Caldwell into the field, and hope he will prove a worthy successor of the distinguished editor of the News and Observer.

"LET US HAVE PEACE."

Never before has been a time when it was so very important that all true silver men should be united. This is no time for wranglings and divisions. Solidly, harmoniously have we marched until now, with victory in sight, we divide, quarrel and wrangle. What does the political onlooker think of that? What will the future historian say of it? You may guess for yourself. We have seen enough of the effects of division in other parties and sects to steer clear of it ourselves. With peace and harmony, we might win in 1900 and the long-looked-for twentieth century would open in brightness and glory, with still brighter prospects for the future. With division and strife, one would be silly to hope for any such thing. Cease wrangling and fighting each other and put a little hot shot into the camp of the already demoralized enemy. "In union, there is strength." That is obvious. We shall not cite any historical instances to prove it. You can recall them yourself. But finally in the words of Grant, "Let us have peace."

It is amazing to see how many near relatives a rich man who dies intestate have. For instance, there's Barney Barnato. Lots of people who were not related to him in the remotest degree when he was poor have suddenly discovered that they are entitled to a large share of his property. If "old Nick" should die intestate and leave a large fortune, we guess there would be quite a number of people to claim kin with the deceased gent.

CHARLIE ROSS.

Perhaps all THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER readers may not recall the history of the search for Charlie Ross. As the death of his father, C. K. Ross, has aroused new interest in this famous mystery, we will give a brief sketch of the event.

On July 1st, 1874, Charlie Ross, then four years old, while playing in front of his father's home, in Germantown, near Philadelphia, was taken into a buggy by two men under pretense of taking him for a ride, and carried beyond the reach of parents, as well as detectives.

The father immediately offered a reward of \$500 for his return, but this only elicited an anonymous communication in which it was stated that he could not be returned for less than \$10,000. The distracted father promptly replied by a "personal" in The Philadelphia Leader that he was ready to negotiate to the extent of his ability.

Ross' description of the kidnapers was very definite and many false arrests were made all over the country. As an additional incentive the city authorities of Philadelphia offered a reward of \$20,000 for such information as would lead to the recovery of the boy and the arrest and conviction of his abductors.

This was the means of gaining the services of Allan Pinkerton and his men, in addition to those of the regular detectives of the country. On the 28th of September, 1874, Pinkerton announced that the case had got the better of him, and that he was willing to relinquish the reward of \$20,000.

Mr. Ross' health, mental and physical, began to decline. Two notorious river thieves, whom some believed to be the guilty parties, were killed Oct. 14th, 1874, while attempting burglary.

"Mr. Ross issued a circular, in which he expressed the belief that the two dead burglars were the abductors of his son, and offered a reward of \$5,000 for the return of the child and no questions asked. This was on December 23, 1874. To this day no word has ever been received of the missing boy."

It is one of those strange deeds that time has enveloped in a veil of mystery which only eternity can solve.

In commercial slang, we "don't take any stock" in the praise of the diamond jubilee now being celebrated in London. In our humble opinion, very few persons who have read a truthful account of the horrors of the Indian famine will do so. Just think of the thousands of the "Queen's subjects" who are suffering and perishing from want of food. Look on that picture and then on this. In London, we see thousands of dollars expended for mere pomp and display to celebrate the sixtieth year of the reign of the Queen—"the empress of India" where thousands of men, as good as the lords and princes are suffering and dying.

NORTH CAROLINA FIRST TO ADOPT THE REFERENDUM.

North Carolina was the first State to try the Referendum, as she has been in so many things, and, as usual, without receiving due credit. We do not refer to the summing of new constitutions to the people for approval, as has become customary, nor to submitting local questions to popular vote as the change of county-seats, or the dividing line of a county (as lately between Alamance and Chatham), nor the issue of county or town bonds as required by the constitution.

But we claim that the first instance of a legislature submitting, not a constitutional amendment, but a simple act of the legislature to approval at the ballot box was Chap. 319, Acts of N. C. in 1881, prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquor in this State. The people at the ballot box refused to confirm the act of the legislature.

This is, we can safely claim the first instance in the United States of the principle of the Referendum, applied to an act of the legislature intended not for local purposes, but covering the whole State.

North Carolina was the first to adopt the Referendum to this broad extent and till now no one seems to have claimed for her the credit of being the first in this great movement.

In fact, we have had editors who have effected not to understand, or who are opposed to, this great reformatory movement, which is intended to be a curb upon legislatures that do not regard the public will.

Speaker Reed keeps up the farce of calling himself to order and adjourning every day about noon. Why don't he do like the other members of Congress—go off and have some fun.

THE TRAGEDY AT LEXINGTON.

A terrible murder occurred at Lexington June 23d. Mrs. A. A. Springs, a most estimable lady, and wife of the proprietor of the March House, was shot and almost instantly killed by an unknown white man. Mrs. Springs never spoke after the shooting. Mr. Springs was awakened by the shot, and speedily summoned medical assistance, but all to no avail. In about 20 minutes Mrs. Springs died and the murderer escaped.

All Lexington was aroused and had the fiend been caught he would have been shown little mercy. Blood hounds were sent for. Two men and four of these dogs arrived Thursday morning but the trail was lost near Midway, about half the distance from Lexington to Winston. The party then returned to Lexington.

The murder occurred at about 3:30 a. m. Mrs. Springs was awakened by the sound of a man in the house, and upon screaming was shot through the brain. Telegrams have been sent all over the State, but as little description of the murderer can be given, it is feared he will not be captured. "A white man of medium size," is the vague description given by Mr. Springs. A dim light was burning in the room at the time of the murder. The motive of the man is unknown.

Dun and Bradstreet can't agree. Dun declares prosperity is just ready to pounce upon us without a moment's warning. Of course that was shocking. Bradstreet, however, carefully adjusted his glasses, took a good look into the misty future and declared the animal was not in sight. The people have not seen prosperity in so many years that they could hardly recognize the creature if they should meet her. Dun, however, scratching his head, and trying to remember just how this "vanished bird of beautiful plumage" looked, takes note of everything in view. Every time he sees a striped tom cat or a bow-legged fice straggling along the streets of New York, he writes with glowing face and exulting spirit that "prosperity is just ahead." "Such fools these mortals be!"

A WONDERFUL ERA.

This is an age of wonders. The horseless carriage has arrived. Nikola Tesla says he is going to telegraph through the earth without wires—Judge Simonton has, (we believe) passed a whole day without granting an injunction. Prosperity, "that bird of beautiful plumage" will wing her way to this country and lay her golden egg in a few days, whereupon the cuckoos will promptly remove it to their nest. An Indiana man, who has been resurrected tells how it feels to be dead. North Carolina, never left behind in any race,—of course comes to the front. Hon. Josephus Daniels who in 1892 used to sing: "Oh what a glorious time down here When Grover Cleveland takes his chair"—has turned from that wicked way. Then too a negro in Shelby broke the lemonade record by drinking 20 glasses of lemon peel and water without leaving the tub a few days since. We also learn from an exchange

that a deaf and dumb man picked a hub and spoke some time in the past. There's one thing we desire to know, however—just one more wonder and the catalogue will be complete. This great wonder which is to eclipse all of Edison's achievements, is to be an explanation by some leading goldbug of the exact method of making money plentiful by discontinuing the coinage of it.

The tariff still occupies the attention of Congress and a few of the people. The Congressmen worry about it, draw their salaries and the people foot the bills. We take very little interest in the tariff discussions, for it seems that the laboring man is always "left in the soup" anyhow. Cleveland free trade and McKinley protection, both leave soft places for the trust, and it would take a pretty strong light to show much difference to the laboring man. So much are they alike that we join the Irish magistrate in not wishing to hear "both sides of the case" argued as it "has a tendency to confuse the court." We get them mixed and can't tell "which from t'her."

THE TIME FOR ACTION HAS COME

Correspondence of the Progressive Farmer.

Many wise and otherwise suggestions, are being made by brethren in their communications to THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER these days. Some suggest and even insist upon taking the last cent of the Business Agency Fund to run the Shoe Factory. Those who suggest this would not do so doubtless if they were correctly informed. Some urge that the Subs instruct all the delegates all the way up to the State Alliance to take the fund and start the Factory. They evidently do not know that out of \$30,000 of that fund which the Trustee reported in hand at the last State meeting, there is less than \$10,000 in hand now. I judge from what has been published in THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER there are many things to consider; all sides of this question should be looked into carefully, and without fear or favor. Sentiment will never succeed in business. Business, strict business principles must be applied. Men of sound common sense business ideas from the Sub. to the County, and from the County to State Alliances, should be sent; with instructions to take time to investigate and find out all the causes of the standing idle of our machinery, and to see to it that the necessary step or steps be taken at once to put the machinery in motion. The Alliance cause is too sacred, and our needs now are too urgent to be sympathetically sliding along. Business, strict business principles must be adopted and worked. If it takes a complete re-organization to bring us to that, let it come.

J. W. DENMARK.

A YOUNG GIANT.

The rapid spread of populism is unprecedented in the history of the United States, not excepting the phenomenal growth of the republican party. Twenty years ago there was not a populist in the nation. Even ten years ago there was scarcely a ripple on the political waters to give a premonition of its coming. It is now estimated that there are 3,000,000 populist voters in the United States. To these should be added at least two million women who cannot vote and one million young men who will be voters in 1900. These voters and workers have been produced by study, mainly within the last six years, and they can no more be turned from the advocacy of their principles than the mathematician can from faith in the truths of the multiplication table, says the Southern Mercury. The strength and permanency of the people's party depends entirely upon the economic intelligence of its members. Populism is a child of necessity, born of the exigencies of the times. Up to date the Democratic and Republican parties have been its chief recruiting agents. Their tyrannical legislation has driven millions into the Populist party and the ranks of its recruits continue to increase with rapidity. Once a populist, always a populist, is the rule, the only exception being in the case of traitors who enter it in search of a place at the official pie counter. After each election these traitors fall by the wayside; but the true Populist continues to fight those opposing his way, with a determination born of intelligent patriotism, that no mistofune can abate or swerve from the path of duty, and for every traitor that develops, the party receives ten who not only enlist for the war, but understand precisely what the fight is about.

There is a striking similarity between the McKinley badges now worn by the "prosperityites" and the Cleveland emblems worn one year ago. The only apparent difference is that the former are larger, the texture a little thinner, and it takes a longer coat tail to hide them.

CREAM OF THE PRESS.

Hard Hits, Bold Sayings and Patriotic Paragraphs From Reform Papers, American Nonconformist: McKinley and his partners are the ossified fossil remnants of a once grand political party, but they have outlived their usefulness.

If the people will figure a little they will wake up to the fact that they are paying the same official fees they did when the farmers' cotton sold for 25 cents per pound.—Southern Mercury. An exchange remarks that Russell Sage's nephew has "gone to heaven." He doubtless wanted to avoid the chances of ever having trouble with his uncle again.—Cedar, (Ga.) Courier.

Claus Spreckles declares his character has been injured to the extent of \$1,000,000, and is suing the San Francisco Examiner for that amount. The Examiner must have swiped all the good name Claus had in stock.—Cedartown (Ga) Courier.

An exchange says the hard times have forced a new style among editors, and many of them now wear a belt instead of suspenders. When they get word from home that there is nothing for dinner they simply tighten the belt another notch and feel too full for utterance.—People's Voice.

Bear in mind the first \$50,000,000 of paper money issued by the government during the rebellion were a full legal tender for all debts and never have since that date depreciated in value one fraction of a cent below gold, yet the Democratic platform demands coin redemption for paper money issued by the government. What is the demand made for if not in the interest of the money mongers?—Tulare (Cal) Citizen.

Whatever may be said of the People's party, there is no room to doubt that the principles of Populism are rapidly spreading. Rare indeed, is the newspaper, no matter of what political faith, which does not contain utterances indorsing some of the most radical principles to be found in Populism. The masses are becoming enlightened upon these principles and society is becoming permeated with the doctrine of Populism. It seems to be in the air.—Tulare (Cal) Citizen.

As showing the power of patronage and the degrading influence of the spoils system, a member of the New York World's editorial staff publishes the following letter as genuine:

WASHINGTON, May 6, 1897. To the Attorney General: DEAR SIR—This will introduce A. T. Wimberly, whom I have recommended for the Collectorship of the Port of New Orleans, and whom I consult concerning the patronage of Louisiana. I desire you to know him. (Signed) Yours truly, M. A. HANNA.—Topeka Advocate.

The Register is of the opinion that "farmer who graduates from the ranks through the legal process of foreclosure may not be the Moses to lead the farmers out of the wilderness." Possibly; but will the Register give us its opinion as to whether a "business" man who fails for the small sum of \$118,000 and is only saved from graduating through the legal process of insolvency by a syndicate of millionaires paying his debts and making him President, is the Moses to lead the debt ridden masses out of the wilderness? Come now "tote fair" and no dodging the question.—Tulare Valley Citizen.

HOW IS THIS?

Perhaps some of our subscribers think THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER is a free show. It isn't. The price is very low for a paper of its size and character, but it is not free. Every subscriber is expected to pay his dollar a year like a man. We know that money is scarce, hard to get; but we also know that if each subscriber will work as hard, turn as many rough corners as we turn, in our efforts to keep the paper going, there will be some way found to pay subscriptions. Friends, we want to hear from you, every one of you. Send us your fifty-cent dollars.

Shipping strawberries is becoming one of the most profitable industries among farmers of Eastern North Carolina, and here is a little item from the Rural World which we commend to the careful consideration of all readers: "From the bottom of our heart we wish the family without strawberries. To be compelled to live year after year without enjoying one of the most delicious fruits God in His goodness has given us is cruel. To be deprived of it when it is so healthful, so delicious, so desirable every way, and when it can be raised so cheaply and so abundantly, is a shame. Plant them, plant them, everybody! Let every family rejoice in a patch of strawberries. Let them go to the loaded vines and pluck the aromatic scarlet beauties and eat their fill. Let strawberry shortcakes and strawberries and cream supply the table. Strawberries for every body in our prayer."