

AMERICAN FARMERS.

WHAT THEY CONTRIBUTE TO THE WEALTH OF THE COUNTRY.

On the Farmers depend the Happiness and Prosperity of the Country.

Very few people appreciate the importance of American farming interest. We hear the everlasting hum of our manufacturers night and day, and every orator who talks about the splendor of this country refers in the most glowing language to our workshops and mills and looms and forges and trip hammers. But the farmer is seldom heard of. He sits quietly in the background by the side of his plough and threshing machine, as though he were of little account.

We can easily recognize his value to the nation, however, by a few figures which may startle our readers unless they have already looked into the subject with some care. Of our entire exports eighty-four per cent. comes from the ground and from mines, forests and fisheries, while only sixteen per cent. is the product of machinery. The cotton of the South and the grain of the West hold a dual control over our national prosperity. The one keeps the spindles of England busy, and the other feeds the world. Europe has therefore almost as much interest in the products of American soil as we have ourselves. A loss of these two crops for a single season would create a panic throughout the civilized globe.

There are in America over four million farms, large and small. They cover nearly three hundred million acres of improved land, and their total value is something like two thousand million dollars. These figures are not, of course, comprehensive. They simply convey the idea of vastness of area and equal vastness of importance. The estimated value of the yearly product of these farms is between two and three thousand million dollars.

What America takes out of the ground, therefore, has much to do with the prosperity and happiness of the nation. What helps the farmer helps us all, and what hurts him hurts us all. His well tilled acres are the heart of the Republic, and each pulse drives the products of the country into every market on the planet.

Congress has been asked to establish an experimental farm in every State and Territory at a cost of fifteen thousand dollars each. It will encourage the tillers of the soil and show them the results of methods which they cannot afford to test for themselves. It will be money well spent. By all means take good care of the farmers.—New York Herald.

CRIME.

Crime stalks over the country like a pestilence. The very flood gates of perdition seem to have been lifted, and the roar of its maddened and furious waters can be heard rushing along, bearing away reputations, bearing away character, bearing away honor, bearing away life—yes, bearing away in its downward and destructive sweep all that makes life dear and precious.

Every paper teems with the sickening details of horrid and revolting crime. Murder has grown so familiar that people do not tremble with horror and wild dismay when they hear that a fellow-being has been shot down like a worthless cur and ushered, without a moment's warning, into the Presence Chamber of the great I Am.

Honesty—that rare virtue which made man the noblest work of God—is urged to take a back seat, at the suggestion of many, while trickery, shrewdness, cunning and fraud, are cordially invited to take its vacated office in the high and holy and God-like sanctuary of right dealing among each other.

Woman's virtue—the richest and dearest and most precious gem that ever sparkled in the God-wrought coronal of her worth and excellence—is treated by many as lightly as the glittering iceicles which Winter's freezing fingers hang upon the surprised brow of glorious mornings, and which sparkle for a moment with a lustre as rich as the trembling brilliances of immortal fires, then fall and break and die away forever. Every breeze is burdened with the wail of the wronged, the outraged, the ruined and the lost.

Have we over-colored the picture? Is the background too dark and sombre? Is it? Just take up the papers and read them through, and you will see that never, since the first born of mortal race became a fratricide under the seraph-guarded walls of Paradise, has the sickening and disgusting earth belied such a carnival of wickedness, such a wild storm of shame and dishonor. From Maine to Mexico, bidows of Pandemonium's lava lake dash their spray against the mountain ranges of sin, and all feel their baneful and life destroying influences.

Crimes for which our fathers had no names, for they were rare and scarcely known, now flaunt themselves in print, and society, "now choked with customs of foul deeds," read them over and over without a shock, yea, without a tremor. Murders, which would have startled Europe, are treated as merest trifles, and in many cases no effort whatever is made to arrest the guilty party, whose hands have been reddened by the life blood of his victim.

A halt must be made, a stop put to the reckless march of crime. Those entrusted with the administration of justice should give "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and a life for a life." They should remember Babylon and Nineveh. Once proud and rich and powerful, but now their glory has departed, their fine palaces are now the habitations of the bats and the moles, and the gaunt wolf howls where once their holiest altars stood.

We must enforce the law, punish all offenders, be they high or low, rich or poor, or we will have to read the continuation of our history in the mournful story of other nations, saturated with crime, and whose terrible enemies brought down upon them the fearful indignation of a long-remembered, long-suffering, but infinitely just and powerful God, who cannot and who will not look upon crime with the least degree of leniency, or with the faintest shadow of allowance.—Wilson Mirror.

COLLEGE BOYS AT WORK.

LET THE EDUCATED BOYS BE MADE TO FEEL THAT WORK IS HONORABLE.

Some years ago a young man graduated from the Georgia State University, and returned home to Columbus. His father was a large contractor and prominent citizen, and one day we saw the son hard at work laying brick with all the skill of an experienced mason. In reply to our expression of surprise, the father, Judge Coleman said: "My son did not go to college to forget how to work, or to become ashamed of his father's calling. He comes back better fitted by education for earning his own living and he proposes to do it, believing a mechanic is quite as honorable as a lawyer or doctor, if he is their equal morally and intellectually."

We had always held to that view, and contended that while Elihu Burett was no better blacksmith, and Hugh Miller no better stone cutter, because of classical education, they elevated their callings and dignified their manhood by their high moral and intellectual culture. Our boys make a great mistake, when they think a college education elevates them above the ordinary pursuits of life, and consequently they must go into one of the professions. A few days ago we saw a handsome, bright, energetic young fellow, Harry Snook, hard at work with hammer and screw-driver, boxing furniture at his father's extensive shipping warehouse on Walton street. And yet he has only recently graduated from the State University with credit to himself and honor to his class. Instead of taking to law, medicine or other overcrowded profession to continue an expense to his father for years, probably he wisely resolved to at once assume the burden of an active, laborious life. So he is today earning a handsome salary (one half of which he gives monthly to a devoted mother for investment), and training himself for a thorough and successful business man. Would that thousands of college boys instead of dozens—would follow the example of young Coleman and Snook, and learn by experience that labor is honorable.—Southern Obituary.

Call for a New North.

While we are listening to so much rant and cant about the New South,

by all means let us have a New North. What this country really needs is a New North—a North that will have less of Puritan bigotry, intolerance, arrogance and less of the Puritan disposition to depreciate others and to boast of its own virtues. If the people of the North could be convinced that they are really no better than some other people who God has made, and that they have some very serious imperfections of their own that need mending; if they could be persuaded to stop monkeying with the mole in their other's eye and give some little attention to the beam that is in their own, we should come to a better understanding and have a better feeling all around.—Nashville American.

CLEVELAND OR DEMOCRACY.

(Brick Pomeroy's Democrat.)

The fiddling of Nero, who probably thought himself a musician while Rome was burning, was creditable to the intelligence of the monarch of all he surveyed. So, too, has been the indifference of President Cleveland to the party he was so full of promises to before his election.

The plowholder may run himself deeper and deeper into the furrow of debt as he tries to cultivate his way out from under a mortgage, but the President cares not for the plowholder so much as for the naked, interest-drawing bondholder. The laboring man may work in sickness and health in the heaven-inspired effort to properly care for and educate his loved ones, but the President of the United States has no admiration except for mugwump-baying sycophants and usurers. Debt, struggle, taxation, strike, poverty, general discomfort and all the ailments to confusion and anarchy may impregnate the air and debauch the minds of struggling for a home and its comforts; but so long as their food is not his food, their drink not his drink, or their sufferings his sufferings, the President has no thought for them or the Democratic party, whose duty is, and whose mission should be, to undo the wrongs of Republicans and re-organization to its limits within the Constitution.

Were Grover Cleveland to rearrange the alphabet he would head the row with the letter I, and the largest possible I at that. Treason to the party that elected him and to the Jeffersonian Democratic principles of that party is less marked in Cleveland's administration than in his indifference to the multitude of life-long, better Democrats than himself, who, for love of country and of party, as a means to accomplish, labored so hard to place so unworthy a Democrat in power as director of political ceremonies and dispenser of political power and patronage.

The principles of Democracy can only be kept to the fore by a Democratic party.

Those who are not for Democratic party are against it. Democratic success can only be achieved by harmony among those who are advanced exponents of Democratic principles, and thus the active earnest, kindly co-operation of all who believe that laws are made by the people and for the people. This great principle President Cleveland loses sight of. His idea is a political despotism with Grover Cleveland as the central figure—a combination of lawless sycophants who, for office, will favor any and all kinds of class legislation.

Such has been his determination to lay all to himself; to defy Democratic sentiment; to cater to class legislation, to advance monopolies; to continue the brutal robbery of taxpayers for the benefit of usurers and speculators, that under his administration, the Democrats who stood by him have been beaten by the people to an extent never before witnessed under any former administration.

The majority of the voters of the United States are not in favor of the policies of the President; of his determined opposition to silver as money; of his hostility to greenback legal tenders; of his desire to hoard coin for usurers at the expense of the present and future of honest taxpayers.

If Cleveland's policy is continued for one year longer, a general bankruptcy will be inevitable. If the Democratic party sustains him, it will never again be victorious in this country, at least under its present name and present leaders. The peo-

ple are in favor of a Progressive Democracy that seeks to lead men from, rather than into, the poorhouse. They favor a Democracy that cares for the poor as much as for the rich.

Grover Cleveland has been tried and found wanting. Now comes the Democratic party as dictated to by him, to its trial. If the blind lead the blind, Blaine will be the next President. If the Democratic party is to be other than Democratic party, and generous in its sympathies with the wealth producers, it might as well be buried in 1888 as to live to fool its followers and insult its supporters. This State's Democracy, therefore it will not cast its vote for Cleveland in 1888.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PARTY.

The Courier-Journal could not desire or expect a fuller confirmation and complete vindication of the general line of policy which it urged upon its party associates, and particularly upon the Administration, than that furnished by the various interviews with Democratic Senators and Representatives newly arrived at Washington and, presumably, fresh from the people, which have appeared in these columns since the assembling of Congress. All of them do justice to the President's integrity of purpose, and all dissent from his conclusions touching silver and the civil service. There is a singular concurrence of opinion in these regards; and yet, on the other hand, the cordial reception given to the tariff passage of the message, and a fair argument in favor of a just revision and reform of customs-house taxation made by the Secretary of the Treasury, show how easily I would be for the President to unite and lead his party if he were so minded.

To do this, however, he must abandon the theory that one man, though ever so self-confident, can successfully stand out against many millions or lead them where they are resolutely determined not to go. He must also dismiss the notion that the politicians are merely a mob of interested and more or less disappointed spoilsmen, having no reflection or popular quality. * *

Let it be understood plainly, to begin and to end with, that the party is not displeased with Mr. Cleveland's faithful execution of the requirements of the Civil Service law. That it is not a perfect law, and that it may not have had the best handling, he himself admits. That it was tentative and experimental in its conception and execution all men who take an interest in public affairs very well remember. That its terms, no matter how fairly applied, worked an injustice and hardship to Democrats, the Administration should not have forgotten. But there it is on the statute books, and the President was sworn to execute it. He might and the party thought he should, have contented himself with this, leaving the experiment to work out its own destiny for good or ill as the case might be. It was his failure to confine himself to a duty which began with an enforced invidious distinction against Democrats, and his voluntary enlargement of its scope and plan into a partial defeat of the change of parties which the people fancied they were voting when they elected him, which have moved the undisguised opposition and distrust of so many who are entitled to consideration.

As to silver there is less of feeling because Congress has settled the policy of the Government in this regard for the present, and has no purpose to recede from it, and the President is as powerless to help himself as, with respect to the offices within bestowal, the politician is powerless to help those lives.—Louisville Courier-Journal Dem.

What Ailed Him.

"Oh dear, doctor!" cried out Mr. Panginpaunch. "I can't stand these pains. Every now and then I get a sort of a cucumber yank that makes me feel as if my semi-colon was doing duty as gordion knot. Is there no help for me?"

"I can tell better when I have learned the cause of your trouble. Have you been over indulgent at the commutation. You should remember table, Mr. Panginpaunch?"

"That's all, eh? Oh, then you're merely suffering from an attack of hog cholera."—Yonker's Gazette.

INTENSIVE FARMING.

The system of intensive farming followed by Dixon and Furman, in Georgia, is revolutionizing to some extent farming in that State. The farmers of that State had been in the habit of buying large quantities of commercial fertilizers, buying on credit as some of them, doubtless, still do, but Furman and Dixon, by their example and success, taught better, and the consequence is that a very small quantity of commercial fertilizers is now used in comparison with what was used formerly. Furman adopted a formula of his own, adapted to the requirements of the soil and crops he cultivated, and pursued what he called the intensive system of cultivation. He studied the character of the soil, its adaptability or lack of adaptability for certain crops, and acted accordingly. By analyses carefully made he learned the constituent elements of the soil, and the constituent elements of the crops he wished to plant. If the soil was deficient in any of the plant elements he fed the soil to remedy that deficiency, and thus he raised crops that at staggered heights. Lands that were considered worthless for agricultural purposes he brought up to an astonishing state of fertility, and improved them year after year. His method was to reduce the acreage and increase the product, making one acre yield as much as two, three, or four acres under the old methods, and he pursued this system unwaveringly up to the time of his death, a couple of years ago. He gave his formula, however, to his brother farmers, and those of them who have followed his example have profited by it. They cultivate fewer acres with better results, labor less, make more money, and do not harass themselves by going into debt as they did formerly. They buy only the necessary chemicals to compost with, at a small figure, run, so to speak, their own fertilizer establishments, and are in this respect independent, while the lands they cultivate are constantly improved, and grow better every year. They farm with system, with intelligence, and the result is less idleness to them, more money in their pockets, more contentment and happiness on the farm. What reform in old methods has done for the farmers of Georgia, it will do for the farmers of North Carolina, who must abandon the excessive use of commercial fertilizers, the indiscriminate use of them, and depend more upon their own brains and home-made fertilizers. This is the true policy and the only one that will succeed.—Progressive Farmer.

"I HAVEN'T THE TIME."

"I haven't the time to read, I have to work to live." Let us see. How many days did the year 1886 do you go to town when you had no particular business there? How many "sales" have you attended? How many days have you spent hunting and fishing? How many days or hours have you neglected your business, to talk with some man who had something particular to do? How many days have you peeped at political gossamer? What are you doing these long winter evenings? Where are you and where are you doing while it is raining, or while the ground is covered with snow? Are you sure you haven't time to read?

A man said when we asked him to join a farmers' club: "I have no time to attend the meetings." And yet we have known that man to stop his plough, when his crop was needing work badly, and go fifteen miles to a political meeting, and keep his poor horse hitched out in the scorching sunshine the whole day, without water or food. It would seem that such a man could or should find time to attend a meeting of a club, at least once a month.—Progressive Farmer.

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