

The Farmers' Leader.

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THE FARMER'S LEADER is owned by a company composed of nearly 50 of the most progressive farmers of southeastern South Dakota. It is a fearless advocate of the rights of the farmer, mechanic, day laborer and artisan and as such it will use its best influence toward the upbuilding of the Farmers' Alliance, the Knights of Labor and kindred organizations, and, incidentally, toward the support of the principles of the independent party.

The paper is conducted under the direction of a board of directors composed of the following named gentlemen: A. J. Wimple, Jere Gleason, E. W. Owens, John Isackson, Henry Bradshaw, Ole Byre, Nels Larson, Ole Holtenstad, A. T. Sundvold.

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BEAUMONT'S SPEECH.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—The subject of my address this afternoon shall be the "Declaration of Principles of the Knights of Labor." Every party of men or women who ever started to promote and bring forth a reform always put forth a declaration of principles. The first anti-slavery convention that was ever held in this country, put forth their declaration of principles. Long before the breaking out of the revolution the fathers of this republic put forth their Bill of Rights, which was their declaration of principles. And in discussing the platform of principles of this organization upon this occasion, I shall do so in a commonplace way, so that every man, woman or child within the hearing of my voice will be able to comprehend every word I say. I shall discuss these principles plank by plank, first reading a plank, explaining why we put it in the platform, the causes which led to it and what we expect to accomplish by having the same enacted into the law of the land.

The first plank of the platform reads as follows:

"To make industrial and moral worth, not wealth, the true standard of industrial and national greatness."

We mean by this declaration that every man or woman should be judged in the community in which they reside by their moral character and standing in society, and not by the fullness of their purse or the size of their bank account. We believe that the people have run mad in their race for greed and gain, and by so doing they have their sensibilities of right or wrong distorted, and rendered the Sermon on the Mount where we are commanded to love our neighbor as ourself a delusion and a snare in this age of ours.

The second plank reads as follows:

"To secure to the wage workers the full enjoyment of the wealth they create, sufficient leisure in which to develop their intellectual, moral and social faculties: all the benefits, recreations and pleasures of association; in a word, to enable them to share the gains and honors of an advanced civilization."

We believe that a condition exists that enables one man in early life to start out with a rowboat, and from that to a sailboat, and from that to a steamship, and from that to a railroad management, dies, leaving to his oldest son a fortune of One Hundred Million Dollars; while a locomotive engineer works for the same man during the same thirty years with hand on the throttle valve guiding the iron horse through space at the rate of thirty miles an hour with its precious load of freight, for \$1,000 a year, and dies in comparative poverty—we believe a system that makes it possible for that difference to exist between the two men is not only unfair, unjust, and not right, but it ought not to be tolerated in any civilized community in this the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

The following is the third section:

"The establishment of bureaus of labor statistics, that we may arrive at a correct knowledge of the educational, moral and financial condition of the laboring classes."

In the early days of the labor agitation in this country, the speakers used to make certain statements in regard to the condition of the working masses. They would at once be asked, "Where did you get your information?" The reply would inevitably be "Out of the newspapers." You must get something better to furnish data from than newspapers, or else your cause must fail. Newspapers are unreliable. We then commenced the agitation for the establishment of a bureau

of labor statistics, believing that it was the duty of the state to gather this information. In 1868 the labor reform party of the state of Massachusetts succeeded in getting several members into the upper and lower houses of the legislature of that state, thereby holding the balance of power between the two great political parties. They at once served notice upon the party leaders that no legislation of a partisan character could pass either body until something was done for the people. And through their first efforts they succeeded in obtaining a law creating the first bureau of labor statistics in the United States. This law gave the chief of this bureau the power to go into a workshop or factory and ascertain how many men, women and children were at work in the mills of the state; how many hours they worked; how much they received for their services; what were their physical, educational and moral condition. And from the information received through this source the agitation for ten hours was brought to the front, resulting in the enactment of the ten-hour law; and what- ever statistics I may use in the course of my remarks to-day will be from works of that character, including the census of the United States.

Section 4 is as follows:

"The land, including all the natural sources of wealth, is the heritage of all the people, and should not be subject to speculative traffic. Occupancy and use should be the only title to the possession of land. The taxes upon land should be levied upon its full face value for use, exclusive of improvements, and should be sufficient to take for the community all unearned increment."

Now, my friends, the land question is one of the most vital importance. It is one that will tax the ablest intellects of the nation during the next quarter of a century to solve. Not such intellect as your average politician has, for he has only intellect enough to get you into a tariff snarl, and lacks enough to get you out of it. Let us consider this land question for a few moments. Suppose I were to go into one of your business places and ask the proprietor, or one of your workmen, what your opinion was on the land question. What do you suppose I would receive as a reply? Why, nine out of ten of you would make me the reply that it was no use for us in this country worry our heads about the land question, for Uncle Sam has millions of acres without any fence around it. It is because that opinion prevails that I desire to discuss this question at some length, this afternoon.

The chairman of the committee on public lands of the forty-eighth Congress reported to that body that there were held in this country by foreigners, corporations and titled nobility of the Old World, 20,000,000 acres of public domain. Now, fellow-citizens, 20,000,000 acres is a large amount of land. You could take the great State of Indiana, which both of our great political parties bought off in the last presidential campaign,—and drop it into 20,000,000 acres, and then have enough left to bury a state larger than Rhode Island. And it is held by foreigners. The National Legislative Committee of the Knights of Labor, when it first went to Washington, obtained a transcript from the general land office, which gave them the information that there were held, by corporations chartered under our laws, over 100,000,000 acres of our public domain. Not only held by them, but the land commissioner says unjustly held by them. Now that is a question worth of our consideration to-day. We need not ask ourselves what our politics are to consider this question.

First, How did these men get hold of all these lands, and by what means do they retain possession of the same, without any title? This is a trick worth knowing, and if we can find it out we can get rich, because there are lots of men getting rich, today holding lands without titles. My friends, 100,000,000 acres is no small amount of land. Let me tell you what you could do with that: You could take all the New England States—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island; all of the middle states—New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and Delaware, and throw in the great state of Ohio, and you would not have one hundred million acres of land.

Now, my friends, how do you suppose these corporations got hold of all this land? If you will bear with me for a short period of time, I will give you a history of a small portion of the land legislation of our country during the past twenty-five years: In the closing year of the war, in 1864 and 1865, Georgia Francis Train, one of the brainiest men in America, conceived the idea of building a railroad from Omaha, Nebraska to San Francisco, California. He associated with himself a small number of men. They did not have a great amount of money; not any more than I have got, and that is not a great deal. But they were possessed of what I am not possessed of—that was cheek, and they had an abundance of it. They had cheek enough to ask congress to give them a charter to build that road, and congress said, "aye, we will do it." But when they had obtained the charter they did not build the road. What do you suppose they did then? Why, they fell back on their cheek and come knocking to the doors of congress again. Congress said, what do you want now? Why, said they, we want you to give us land grant twenty miles in with on each side of the

road, making a strip forty miles in width, through every acre of government land that we have run our survey through, and congress said, "aye, we will do it," and gave them 42,000,000 acres of the public domain that they were selling to American soldiers and citizens at \$1.25 per acre, making upwards of \$52,000,000 of wealth at one act of legislation. [Continued next week.]

A UNIVERSAL PANACEA.

A French Savant Proposes to Cure All Ills by Using the Mirror.

A French contemporary, according to the London Globe gives an account of a cure for all sorts and conditions of ailments, of which the cure, (not the ailments) M. le Docteur Luys, member of the academy of medicine, is the inventor. The patient, epileptic, paralytic, nervous, or what not, is introduced to a mirror which is suddenly set going so rapidly as to seem to the astonished sufferer to be a single point of intense light. The rays, converging horizontally upon the victim's eye, land him in a state of unconsciousness, in some cases so quickly that he seems to have been struck by lightning, and from this stage he comes to himself—sured. It seems also that the treatment may be employed as an anesthetic, in case of operations; and, in short, there appears to be no limit to the extent of the last new magical miracle.

Into the details of the process we have not entered very carefully, seeing that it seems connected in some way with the mysteries of hypnotism. Possibly, however, there may be a profounder interest in the matter than has been revealed even to M. Luys. There has always been something magical about mirrors, ever since their first invention—it is supposed by Eve; and the wizards of the middle ages, though vastly inferior fellows to their nineteenth century successors, turned out articles in the magic mirror line of unquestionable quality. Still, accepting the cases of cure claimed by Dr. Luys, and without discounting them on the score of their being more or less connected with what professional individuals call "the nerves," one is tempted to think that a good deal may be done by astonishing one's patient with less scientific apparatus than a rotating mirror.

Suppose, for example, a physician were to suddenly direct, not a pencil of concentrated rays, but his own fist into his patient's eye. Would not the patient consider that further visits to his physician were no longer needed? And might not the typical paralytic be endowed with sufficient strength to return the treatment? If this seems an unfair way of dealing with a serious subject one can very fairly reply that the world has had enough of medical magic which has been from time immemorial a symptom of periods of medical uncertainty.

A POLISHED BUTLER.

The Intellectual Genius from Abroad Who Looks After Chauncey Depew.

Chauncey M. Depew has in his employ a butler who is a very superior person, says the New York Press. He is of Swedish birth and ancestry, a college graduate, and he speaks several languages. Coming to this country to conquer fortune, he found it difficult to obtain employment for which his breeding, his education, and his inclinations fitted him. A position in an office which he was offered proved, from its indoor confinement, injurious to his never overstrong constitution, and he finally became attached to Mr. Depew's office at the Grand Central depot. Shortly after his installation there Mr. Depew had one of the few but serious illnesses which have befallen him in his busy life.

The young Swede, coming frequently to his residence on business errands, finally became a stationary fixture there and his entire and untiring devotion to Mr. Depew during his illness won the gratitude and admiration of the great man's family. On his recovery Mr. Depew, like the fairy god-mothers in the story books, asked the Swede to choose what he would and it should be given to him. And he begged to be allowed to remain as butler. After the amazement caused by his request had subsided it was granted, and for many years he has been not only a trusted but an esteemed servitor in the house of Depew.

Every few years, when he has accumulated a considerable sum from his wages, he is bitten that bait many a mightier man has found fatal. He starts a newspaper and keeps it going until his savings are exhausted. Then he returns to his allegiance to the butler's pantry. He is phenomenally punctilious about his duties, and his discharge of them is marked by the courtesy and respect to others best shown in those who have much self-respect. The god of his idolatry is Chauncey M. Depew, though he is closely pressed for this distinction by that little edition of himself, Chauncey M. Depew, Jr., aged 10 years.

He Saw Millions in It.

A weak, sickly-looking individual with a shawl and a pair of gaiters, entered a railroad restaurant and said to the waiter:

"Waiter, bring me a sirloin steak, and omelet and some baked potatoes."

"Yes, sir, that—"

"And some baked ham, and—a small mutton chop, waiter."

"Yes, sir, that—"

"A couple of bottles of beer and a half a dozen English muffins."

The waiter put down his tray with a knowing smile. Glancing over the counter to see if the proprietor was looking, he leaned over and whispered:

"Say, mister, you don't want a mazzard, do you?"

TYING THE KNOT.

A Literal Mode of Performing the Marriage Ceremony Among Buddhists.

A missionary describes a marriage ceremony which he witnessed in the palace of the Governor of Cambodia, as follows: "I was ushered, amid a tremendous din of gongs, into a large room beyond the reception hall, where were seated the Governor and about one hundred noblemen and invited guests. The bridegroom, a young man about 20 years of age, elegantly attired in silk garments was also there. By the time we foreigners were seated a procession—headed by the bride, supported on either side by demure-looking matrons, composed principally of aged or married women, all elegantly attired—entered and slowly marched toward the Governor.

"The bride was not particularly interesting as regard personal charms. She was young, however, and dressed richly and in good taste! Besides her silk dress she wore a gold embroidered scarf upon her shoulders; also gold rings upon her fingers, bracelets upon her wrists and armlets above the elbows. The bride took up her position near the bridegroom, both sitting upon the floor but not looking toward each other; in fact, throughout the entire ceremony they both were perfectly impassive and nonchalant.

"The marriage ceremony proper now began. A number of wax candles were brought in a salver and then lighted by one of the nobles. The silver waiter was then passed around before the company eight times, each one in turn saluting the couple and wishing them good fortune by waving or blowing the smoke toward them, thus expressing something like the old English custom of throwing the slipper after the newly wedded couple, the band of string instruments playing the meanwhile. Two large velvet cushions had been previously placed before the bride and bridegroom, and upon them a large sword. The leader of the theatricals now came forward and went through, for a few moments, a most fantastically sword exercise.

"Dishes had been placed before the couple upon the floor, with covers upon them. Nothing, however, was eaten. Next the hands of the expectant couple were bound together, and to each other, with silken threads by the women attendants, probably some near relative. Thus were they truly joined in Buddhist wedlock. And this completed the simple, yet effective ceremony.

MARRIAGE IN HIGH SOCIETY.

It Is Too Much Like Traffic, Thinks a London Paper.

Can anything, asks the writer of Truth's society letter, be more heinous one, revolting, when critically scrutinized, than our present methods of marrying and giving in marriage?

Up to the age of 17, or thereabouts, we carefully educate our daughters to the observance of excessive and exaggerated modesty and purity, and then, presto! instantly half unclothing them, night after night we exhibit their suggestively displayed and decorated charms to the excitable gaze of possible purchasers.

Call it "going into society," if you will—still, practically, this is what it comes to. In youth we impress upon our maidens the beauty of disinterested love, we feed them on fairy tales and polished poetry, and then, launching them into the world of fact, suddenly reversing all former precepts, we calculate upon their the absolute necessity of marrying for money.

Their education is artificial and based on the unconscious desire of floating a spurious article on the matrimonial market. In the seductive atmosphere of music, perfume and luxury, the eligible man, dazzled and inebriated by the illusive surroundings, is entrapped by the combined blandishments of the selling parent and the child on sale.

Can this possibly be a proper method of contracting the most serious compact of human life—a compact which, if it is in the least likely to prove even tolerable, should be founded on well-ascertained mutual esteem and mutual interest?

With us, in the majority of cases, the man purchases a toy sold to the highest bidder, in the dearest market under conditions skillfully contrived to delude and obscure his maturer judgment. Can it for a moment be contended that this is either judicious or justifiable?

Nothing Saved.

A little boy was walking with his father one day. As they trudged along the father saw an old horseshoe lying in the road, and bade the boy pick it up and take it along.

The lad looked at the shoe carelessly and replied that it was not worth carrying, whereupon the father said nothing more, but quietly picked it up himself. He pretty soon sold the old iron for a penny at a roadside smithy, and invested the coin in cherries.

The day was hot, and presently the man noticed that his son was beginning to cast longing eyes upon the box of cherries, but did not offer any to his son. He made pretense of eating them and dropped one to the ground as if by accident.

The boy picked it up quickly and ate it with relish.

A little further on another dropped, and this too the lad lost no time in securing. So, one by one, all the cherries were dropped and picked up.

"Well," remarked the father, when the last one had been eaten, "did not pay to pick up that horse shoe perhaps; but if you had stopped once for that you wouldn't have needed to bend twenty times for the cherries."

The moral of this story is an old one, but more generally known than headed: "Lazy folks take the sweet pains."

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and

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Wish to announce that we have our Mr. Scott, who has been engaged in the business for upwards of 30 years and with the ready cash, right in the market all the time, on the alert for and picking up bargains in goods, almost daily at 40 and 50 cents on the dollar of their real value, enables us to say to you we can help you save from 25 to 50 cents on nearly every dollars worth of goods you buy at our store. It will afford us great pleasure to convince you of this fact, if you will give us a trial.

Yours Yery Truly,

Scott, Stover & Co.