THE MANNING TIMES.

Manning, S. C.

S. A. NETTLES, Editor.

WEDNESDAY, October 23, 1889.

Prize Acre Corn in Oconee.

Having gathered our prize acre of corn, we beg leave to present our experiment, the cause of success and failure, comments and deductions, for the readers of the *Courier*, in behalf of all concerned in the farmers' movement of progressive tillage, etc. We have gathered and measured carefully one hundred and five bushels and twenty-three pounds, struck measure. Though the acre has been estimated from forty bushels to over two hundred by different parties, and though we have fallen far short of our own expectation, it is quite refreshing to realize the fact that we have more good merchantable corn from one acre than we made on our whole farm in either of the two last years, having been submerged by the floods of 1887 and 1888. The cultivation was almost faultless. The want of a machine to drop the corn and a good hand to lay off the rows was the only irregular procedure that observation could detect. While we did not make two hundred bushels on an approximate, we will make the following statements, viz: Having manured very highly, (10,000 pounds of compost of cotton seed and stable manure and land plaster, and 3,000 pounds of guano,) the land having been deeply plowed, the spring cold and dry, the crop did not start off well until the last of May. The ground was thoroughly wet. Two heavy rains from this time until the last of June, impeded its growth. At this particular juncture, when "shooting," silking, and tasseling, the weather was dry until the 24th of July. During this time we experimented a little with spraying, and on Tuesday, 22d July, we turned on a branch, but on Thursday (two days later) the rain came, and our irrigation amounted to nothing, but an injury, as the land where the stream ran was made too wet, causing the corn to fall down. This is the objection to irrigation by turning on a running stream. The ground gets too wet before it will get over the entire land. Spraying is more like natural rain and far preferable, as the operation can better be controlled. During this drought, ten miles below in Anderson county, the farmers were having too much rain and partial showers were frequent, which, together with a press of other work, deterred us from resorting to irrigation, thinking every day it would rain. But if I had commenced irrigation in the outset of the drought, and kept it up, I believe firing could have been prevented. One other cause of failure was taking in a poor sand bank for the purpose of testing the power of highly manuring such land, as compared with rich land, and because it was not exposed to overflow. On this sand we got a good stalk, but no corn, very little at least. Two or three severe winds prostrated and split up the blades, preventing filling. We think the wind destroyed twenty-five bushels, taking in the sandbank twenty-five, and the drought twenty-five or fifty, would have given a yield of two hundred bushels or its approximate. As it is we would have made more if there had been less corn on the land, and, perhaps, we would have made a better yield had our rows been five feet instead of two and one-half, and thicker in the drill, and had given the corn more sun light. Corn planted on the new moon grows taller, giving more foliage and less grain. Hence our high corn, some ears being nearly ten feet from the ground. It is not a popular idea to give the moon such an influence, but neap tides are formed by the moon being in conjunction with the sun. So we have faith enough in the moon to insist on planting corn on the moon. This would have increased our yield.—*Keowee Courier.*

Brought Him in Debt.

The following queer story of a transaction between a farmer and butcher in one of the counties bordering on San Francisco bay, is told by the Butchers' and Live Stock Gazette: Mr. Jones sold a bullock to Mr. Lazarus for $16 to be taken and paid for when fat. When Mr. Lazarus came for the animal Jones said he would like to have a forequarter for his own use. Mr. Lazarus willingly accepted the order, and after the bullock was slaughtered delivered the meat. A few days later Jones went to town called on Lazarus, and as a preliminary to a settlement, asked for his bill. "Dot's all right, Mr. Jones; I haf the bill already made out. Here you are." Mr. Jones read:

Mr. Jones, Dr., to Jacob Lazarus—

To one quarter beef, 185 lbs. at 10c.	$18.50
By credit, one bullock	16.00
Balance due	$2.50

"Good heavens, Lazarus, you get three quarters of beef, the hide, tallow and offal and bring me in debt $2.50. How's that, old man?"

"Ah, Mr. Jones, that beef vas sheap at 10 cents a pound."

"But, Lazarus, you only gave me $16 for the whole bullock."

"Ah, but Jones, dot's pizness, pizness, do you see?"

"Well, Lazarus, next time I have a fat bullock, I'll kill it myself, use one quarter and throw away the rest, and then I will save $2.50. You see?"

"Ah! ah! but dot's not pizness; farmers should not be butchers—dot's bad."

HE SHOWED HIS GOOD SENSE.

Our traveling men as a rule are men of lively disposition. They make a good impression on the public by their engaging manners, but when the true gentleman with kind and sympathetic impulses and that feeling of tenderness, known only to men of the highest order is to be shown, the "drummer" is not behind his fellows. Capt. C. F. Hoke, one of the most widely known traveling men in the South writes: "I got from you a bottle of Dr. Westmoreland's Calisaya Tonic for my little daughter, who had been prostrated with fever and was very weak and had no appetite. She had not used more than half the bottle before she had an excellent appetite and regained her strength with astonishing rapidity. I believe it to be an excellent tonic." This great tonic is sold by Dr. L. W. Nettles, Foreston, S. C.; J. G. Dinkins & Co., Manning, S. C.

BILL ARP'S TALK.

He Want Industrial Schools for Girls.

Oh, I am so glad—I'm so glad, that is what my folks said when I told them the industrial school bill for girls had passed. I expect a thousand women said the same thing. Poor things. That is about all they can do when any great moral measure is triumphant. They can just be glad, that's all. They cannot take any part in the great reforms. Can't even cast a vote in a prohibition election. Thirteen hundred negroes can go to the polls in our town and vote for saloons, and all that the mothers and wives and sisters can do is to weep and plead and listen to the beatings of their hearts that are throbbing with hope and fear. If I was a law maker I would vote for a bill that would let them vote on that question if no other—yes, vote—vote at a separate place for women only. In fact, they ought to have two votes, for they have a double interest at stake, one vote for themselves and one for their little children. In all moral questions that affect the home, the fireside, the wife or the mother should have at least an equal voice. She is the queen of the home and ought to be. If she is not then it is not a home but is simply a house, and sometimes a prison. It is the place where she stays and bears the children and nurses them, and where she loses her beauty and grows old and dies. She lives mainly for those children, and when temptation and vice rob her of them she is robbed indeed. With some it is a helpless, pitiful grief; with others it is a lioness robbed of her whelps. I knew an aged mother in my own town whose sons and grandsons were enticed away, and in her desperation she seized the sword cane of her dead husband and went to the barroom of the town and walked behind the counter and broke up every glass and bottle and mirror and when the owner tried to stop her she drew the dirk from the cane and ran him from the house and then completed her work. The love for her offspring armed her with a wild frenzy, and this is the same feeling that every mother has though they do not show it that way. Oh, the good mothers of this land, what a blessed world we would have if they could have their way about these things. But the christian world is making progress in the right direction. The time was when a married woman could own nothing, not even her watch or her clothing. Everything was her lord's. But now she can have her own property without a trustee, and can make her will. But this is not enough. They should have a voice and a vote in the protection of their children.

Now, here are hundreds, yes thousands, of our girls who want to earn their own living and the door is shut. For a century the poor women could do nothing but sew. It has been less than half a century since Thomas Hood wrote:

Oh, men with sisters dear,
Oh, men with mothers and wives,
It is not linen you're wearing out—
But human creatures' lives.

But now our girls are waking up to the consciousness of their fitness for other things, and all they ask is a trial and a chance. I am more concerned for my girls than for my boys. So is every father, and I have a suspicion that those who voted against the bill were not fathers, or, if fathers they have no girls who are likely to become dependent on their own labor for a support. I know of some women and some girls who are doing men's work and are doing it well and are getting about half pay for it—just because they are females. Is there no remedy for this? What our girls want is a wider field—more occupations—more independence. When a girl goes to an industrial school she means business—and the State's money is not wasted. When a boy goes to college he does not always mean business. Most generally he means to have a good time and he has it. Of course there are exceptions, but that is the rule. Money spent on our girls in training them to practical pursuits is well spent. It has proved so in Mississippi. It will be no experiment and Georgia can, with safety, follow the lead of a State that has always honored women with a peculiar chivalry. Georgia is three times as rich as Mississippi, and certainly ought to spend as much for our girls. If the women could vote our legislature would not dare to hesitate.

I wonder what is the matter with our people, anyhow. Not long ago the good ladies of Fredericksburg asked us for a little money with which to fix up the graves of the Georgians, and only thirty-four have responded—only thirty-four, and twenty of them are non-residents. Just think of it—only fourteen Georgians have shown enough regard for our dead to give one dollar to put a head board to a grave.

What shall I say to those ladies who for twenty-five years have cared for those graves? Oh, shame for Georgia! Here I have a letter from them thanking me for what I wrote and telling how many Virginia papers have copied it and how the ladies are getting up a concert in Fredericksburg to raise some money and how the recent floods washed away their bridges and ruined their crops and destroyed their water works, and made them feel so poor that it is hard to get money for these graves.

But I have not given up, and I expect to keep pegging away on this line until the money comes, if it takes all winter. My wife, Mrs. Arp, says she believes the good people would have sent the money long ago, but they thought the legislature would send it, as the appeal was made to them. But the legislature is absorbed in such great living issues, they seem to have forgotten the dead. Maybe they will think of these graves after while. One old soldier, who is 78 years of age, sent me five dollars and wrote that when he read the appeal he didn't have a cent, and so he hurried up a bale of cotton and took it to Columbus and sold it on purpose to pay his part of that debt. A friend near Macon did likewise, and so I have received fifty-three dollars in all. Friends, please send me a dollar or two to send to those ladies. Twelve Confederate veterans from Ocala, Florida, sent twelve dollars. A gentleman sends a dollar all the way from Massachusetts, and another came from New York city. You needn't wait on the legislature. Just send it along. A New York man wants to know if it will be safe to remit to "Bill Arp," or has he got another name; says he saw in a paper that Bill Arp's son had stolen a horse and escaped from the sheriff, and that this has made him dubious about the family, and he wants to know about it. My boys are worried about that. Every now and then some devilish fellow asks them which one of the boys stole that horse, and that is what I get for stealing a name. The chickens will come home to roost. My friend, that horse thief is no kin to me, and I'm sorry he is kin to anybody. But if you will send the money to the undersigned the ladies of Fredericksburg will get it. There will be a big circus here next Monday, and I wish the soldier's graves had all the money that will be laughed away that day. But the folks must laugh, I reckon—and the children do enjoy a circus so much and there has not been one here in three years. So I reckon we must let them go and see the animals. My first great grief was because my good father wouldn't let me go to the circus. He said it was wrong. The tent was near to our house and there was a great rock not far away and my good mother let me get upon it where I could see a little bit between the upper and lower curtains and I was happy. The other boys were all inside and I couldn't understand exactly why it was right for them and wrong for me. My father saw me on the rock and relented. He would not take me in but let me go in with my uncle and my happiness was complete. And so I voted to give holiday to all the pupils of our public schools and so did a majority of our board, and there are two or three hundred happy children in Cartersville. I don't believe it is a sin to go one time in three years, but if it is I am sure there is no malice in it. Evil be to him who evil thinks. I shall not go myself nor do I think that preachers ought to go, for there is a fitness in things, and there is a time for everything, and my circus time is out. I would like to study natural history awhile and see the animals, and Mrs. Arp has intimated that she wants to see them and would like the pleasure of my company and so—well, I don't know yet what will happen. I heard a dignified Judge say that he never knew whether he would go or not until the music began.

BILL ARP.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. G. Dinkins & Co.

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Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade at Dinkins & Co.'s Drug Store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. Kings New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size $1. Every bottle warranted.

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Physicians recommend it.
All dealers keep it. $1.00 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

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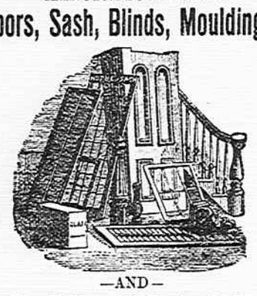

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J. RYTTENBERG & SONS,

SUMTER, S. C.

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for every day and dress wear. We propose to sell the goods at extremely low figures, and when you come to Sumter don't fail to come and see us.

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Thankful for past patronage, I remain very truly yours.

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ATLANTIC COAST LINE.
Northeastern Railroad.
September 8th, 1889.

GOING SOUTH.				GOING NORTH.	
A M	A M			A M	P M
*1 35	* 9 30	Lv	Florence	Ar *4 20	*7 55
2 29	10 55	Lv	Kingstree	Lv 3 17	6 46
2 50	11 20	Lv	Lanes	Lv 3 00	6 28
5 00	1 30	Ar	Charl'ton	Lv 1 30	4 30
A M	P M			A M	P M

central Railroad of S. C.
Dated February 11, 1889.

SOUTH BOUND.	Passenger	Freight
Lv Columbia	*5 20 P M	‡7 40 A M
Lv Sumter	6 35 P M	9 25 A M
Lv Harvins	6 55 P M	10 30 A M
Lv Manning	7 04 P M	11 20 A M
Lv Foreston	7 19 P M	12 15 P M
Ar Lanes	7 42 P M	1 05 P M
Ar Charleston	9 30 P M	‡5 00 P M
NORTH BOUND.	**Passenger**	**Freight**
Lv Charleston	*7 30 A M	
Lv Lanes	9 15 A M	2 40 P M
Lv Foreston	9 39 A M	3 25 P M
Lv Manning	9 56 A M	4 10 P M
Lv Harvins	10 06 A M	4 30 P M
Ar Sumter	10 30 A M	6 30 P M
Ar Columbia	11 55 A M	‡9 00 P M

‡Passengers trains that connect with freight.

Wilmington Columbia & Augusta Railroad.
September 8th, 1889.

GOING WEST				GOING EAST	
P M	P M			A M	P M
*6 25	*10 10	Lv	Wilmgtn	Ar *8 35	*11 50
9 56	*12 40	Lv	Marion	Lv 5 20	* 8 55
10 40	* 1 20	Ar	Florence	Lv 4 35	* 8 15
3 20	† 9 20	Lv	Florence	Ar 1 15	† 7 50
4 40	†10 28	Ar	Sumter	Lv 11 58	† 6 37
4 40	*10 33	Lv	Sumter	Ar 11 58	* 6 32
6 15	*11 55	Ar	Colum	Lv 10 35	* 5 20
A M	A M			P M	P M

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.

Train on Florence R R leaves Pee Dee daily except Sunday 4 40 P M, arrive Rowland 7 00 P M. Returning leave Rowland 6 30 A M, arrive Pee Dee 8 50 A M.

Train on Manchester & Augusta R R leaves Sumter daily except Sunday 10 50 A M, arrive Richardson 12 01 P M. Returning leave Richardson 12 15 P M, arrive Sumter 1 30 P. M.

J. R. KENLY, Asst. Gen'l Mang'r
J. F. DRIVER, Gen'l Sup't.
T. M. EMERSON, Gen'l Passenger Agent.