DROVES AT THE WELL

The Lord is a Shepherd, the Good People His Sheep.

HE WILL NOT FORSAKE YOU.

Talmage's Sermon to the Herders, Stockraisers, Farmers and Others.

God Himself Thinks It Worthy of Immortal Record that He Owns the "Cattle on a Thousand Hills"—A Large Audience.

THE DROVES AT THE WELL.

Special to the Gazette.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Sept. 6.—Dr. Talmage preached here to-day to the immense multitude who have come to attend the New York and Pennsylvania exposition, which is being held here September 1 to September 8. It is a combined exposition of cattle, sheep, horses and valuable stock of all kinds from the two states. The sermon was preached on the fair grounds to a great audience of farmers, horsemen, drovers and stockraisers from near and far as well as citizens from the adjacent cities. Secretary Stanley of the Young Men's Christian association of Elmira presided. Dr. Talmage's text was Genesis, viii: "And they said, we cannot, until all the flocks be gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

There are some reasons why it is appropriate that I should accept the invitation to preach at this great inter-state fair, and to these throngs of countrymen and citizens, horsemen just come from their fine chargers, the king of beasts (for I take the crown from the lion and put it on the brow of the horse, which is in every way nobler) and speak to these shepherds just come from their flocks. The Lord himself is in one place called a shepherd and in another place is called a lamb, and all the good are sheep, and preach to you cattlemen come up from the herds, your occupation honored by the fact that God himself thinks it worthy of immortal record that he owns "the cattle on a thousand hills." It is appropriate that I come because I was a farmer's boy, and never saw a city until I was nearly grown, and having been born in the country I never got over it, and would not dwell in cities a day if my work was not appointed there. My love to you now, and when I get through I will give you my hand, for though I have this summer shaken hands with perhaps 40,000 people in twenty-one states of the Union, all the way through to Colorado and North and South, I will not conclude my summer vacation until I have shaken hands with you. You old farmer out there! How you make me think of my father! You elderly woman out there with cap and spectacles! How you make think of my mother! And now while the air of these fair grounds is filled with the

BLEATING OF SHEEP,

and the neighing of horses, and the lowing of cattle, I cannot find a more appropriate text than the one I read. It is a scene in Mesopotamia, beautifully pastoral. A well of water of great value in that region. The fields around about it white with three flocks of sheep lying down waiting for the watering. I hear their bleating coming in the bright air, and the laughter of young men and maidens louhging in rustic repartee. I look off, and I see other flocks of sheep coming. Meanwhile, Jacob, a stranger, on the interesting errand of looking for a wife, comes to the well. A beautiful shepherdess comes to the same well. I see her approaching, followed by her father's flock of sheep. It was a memorable meeting. Jacob married that shepherdess. The Bible account of it is: "Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice and wept." It has always been a mystery to me what he made to cry about! But before that happened, Jacob accosts the shepherds and asks them why they postpone the slaking of the thirst of these sheep, and why they did not immediately proceed to water them. The shepherds reply to the effect: "We are all good neighbors, and as a matter of courtesy we wait until all the sheep of the neighborhood come up. Besides that, this stone on the well's mouth is somewhat heavy, and several of us take hold of it and push it aside, and then the buckets and the troughs are filled, and the sheep are satisfied. We cannot, until all the flocks be gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

Oh, this is a thirsty world! Hot for the head, and blistering for the feet, and parching for the tongue. The world's great want is a cool, refreshing, satisfying draught. We wander around and find the cistern empty. Long and tedious drouth has dried up

THE WORLD'S FOUNTAINS,

but nearly nineteen centuries ago a shepherd with crook in the shape of a cross, pointed out to the bleeding, explored the desert pilgrims of this world and one day came across a well a thousand feet deep, sparkling and bright, and opalescent, and looked to the north, and the south, and the east and the west, and cried out with a mighty strong and musical that rang through the ages: "Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!"

Now a great flock of sheep to-day gather around his gospel well. There are a great many thirsty souls. I wonder why the masses of all nations do not rather—why so many stay thirsty; and while I am wondering about it, my text breaks forth in the exclamation, saying: "We cannot until all the flocks be gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

If a herd of swine come to a well they angrily jostle each other for the precedence; if a drove of cattle come to a well, they hook each other back from the water, but when the flock of sheep come, though 100 of them shall be disappointed, they only express it by sad bleating, they come together peacefully. We want a great multitude to come around the gospel well. I know there are those who do not like a crowd—they think a crowd is vulgar. If they are oppressed for room in church it makes them positively impatient and belligerent. Not so did those oriental shepherds. They waited until all the flocks were gathered, and the more flocks that came, the better they liked it. And so we ought to be anxious that all the people should come. Go out into the highways and the hedges and compel them to come in. Go to the rich and tell them they are indigent without the gospel of Jesus. Go to the poor and tell them the affluence there is in Christ. Go to the blind and tell them of the touch that gives.

ETERNAL ILLUMINATION.

Go to the lame and tell them of the joy that will make the lame man leap like a hart. Gather all the sheep off of all the mountains. None so torn of the dogs, none so sick, none so worried, none so dying as to be omitted. When the fall elections come the whole land is scoured for voters, and if a man is too weak or sick to walk to the polls, a carriage is sent for him; but when the question is whether Christ or the devil shall rule this world, how few there are to come out, and seek the sick, and the lost, and the suffering, and the bereft, and the lame, and induce their suffrages for the Lord Jesus. Why not gather a great flock? All America in a flock; all the world in a flock. This well of the gospel is deep enough to put out the burning thirst of the 1,400,000,000 of the race. Do not let the church by a spirit of exclusiveness keep the world out. Let down all the bars, swing open all the gates, scatter all the invitations: "Whosoever will, let him come." Come, white and black. Come, red men of the forest. Come, Laplander, out of the snow. Come, Patagonian, out of the heat. Come in furs. Come panting under palm leaves. Come one. Come all. Come now. As at this well of Mesopotamia, Jacob and Rachel were betrothed, so now, at this well of salvation, Christ our Shepherd will meet you coming up with your long flocks of cares and anxieties, and he will stretch out his hand in pledge of affection, while all heaven will cry out: "Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him."

You notice that this well of Mesopotamia had a stone on it, which must be removed before the sheep could be watered; and I find on the well of salvation to-day

IMPEDIMENTS AND OBSTACLES,

which must be removed in order that you may obtain the refreshment and life of this gospel. In your case the impediment is pride of heart. You cannot bear to come to so democratic a fountain; you do not want to come with so many others. It is to you like when you are dry, coming to a town pump, as compared to sitting in a parlor sipping out of a chased chalice which has just been lifted from a silver salver. Not so many publicans and sinners. You want to get to heaven, but it must be in a special car, with your feet on a Turkish ottoman and a band of music on board the train. You do not want to be in company with rustic Jacob and Rachel, and to be drinking out of the fountain where 10,000 sheep have been drinking before you. You will have to remove the obstacle of pride, or never find your way to the well. You will have to come as we came, willing to take the water of eternal life in any way, and at any hand, and in any kind of pitcher, crying out: "Oh, Lord Jesus, I am dying of thirst. Give me the water of eternal life, whether in trough or goblet; give me the water of life; I care not in what it comes to me." Away with all your hindrances of pride from the well's mouth.

Here is another man who is kept back from the water of life by the stone of an obdurate heart, which lies over the mouth of the well. You have no more feeling upon this subject than if God had yet to do you the first kindness, or you had to do God the first wrong. Seated on his lap all these years, his everlasting arms sheltering you, where is your gratitude? Where is your morning and evening prayer? Where are your consecrated lives? I say to you, as Daniel said to Belshazzar: "The God in whose hand thy breath is, and all thy way, thou hast not glorified." If you treated anybody as badly as you have treated God, you would have made five hundred apologies—yea, your whole life would have been an apology. Three times a day you have been seated at God's table. Spring, summer, autumn and winter, he has appropriately apparelled you. Your health from him, your companion from him, your children from him, your home from him. All the

BRIGHT SURROUNDINGS

of your life from him. O man, what dost thou with that hard heart? Canst thou not feel one throb of gratitude toward the God who made you, and the Christ who came to redeem you, and the Holy Ghost who has all these years been importuning you? If you could sit down five minutes under the tree of a Saviour's martyrdom, and feel his warm life trickling on your forehead and cheek and hands, methinks you would get some appreciation of what you owe to a crucified Jesus.

Heart of stone, relent, relent,
Touched by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body, mangled, rent,
Covered with a gore of blood.
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Crucified the eternal Son.

Jacob with a good deal of tug and push took the stone from the well's mouth, so that the flocks might be watered. And I would that to-day my word, blessed of God, might remove the impurances to your getting up to the gospel well. Yea, I take it for granted that the work is done, and now like oriental shepherds, I proceed to water the sheep.

Come, all ye thirsty! You have an undefined longing in your soul. You tried money-making; that did not satisfy you. You tried office under government; that did not satisfy you. You tried pictures and sculptures, but works of art did not satisfy you. You are as much discontented with this life as the celebrated French author who felt that he could not any longer endure the misfortunes of the world, and who said: "At 4 o'clock this afternoon I shall put an end to my own existence. Meanwhile, I must toil on up to that time for the sustenance of my family." And he wrote on his book until the clock struck 4, when he folded up his manuscript and by his own hand concluded his earthly life. There are men here who are perfectly discontented. Unhappy in the past, unhappy today, to be unhappy forever, unless you come to this gospel well. This satisfies the soul with a high, deep, all-absorbing and eternal satisfaction. It comes and it offers the most unfortunate man so much of this world as is best for him, and throws all heaven into the bargain.

THE WEALTH OF CRESUS

and of all the Rothschilds is only a poor miserable shilling compared with the eternal fortunes that Christ offers you today. In the far East there was a king who used once a year to get on a scales while on the other side the scales were placed gold and silver and gems; indeed, enough were placed there to balance the king, then at the close of the weighing all those treasures were thrown among the populace. But Christ to-day steps on one side the scales and on the other side are all the treasures of the universe, and he says: "All are yours—all height, all depth, all length, all breadth, all eternity, all are yours." We don't appreciate the promises of the gospel. When an aged clergyman was dying—a man very eminent in the church—a young theological student stood by his side, and the aged man looked up and said to him: "Can't you give me some comfort in my dying hour?" "No," said the young man, "I can't talk to you on this subject; you know all about it, and have known it so long." "Well," said the dying man, "just recite to me some promises." The young man thought a moment and he came to this promise: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," and the old man clapped his hands, and in his dying moment said: "That's just the promise I've been waiting for, the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Oh, the warmth, the grandeur, the magnificence of the promises!

Come, also, to this gospel well, all ye troubled. I do not suppose you have escaped. Compare your view of this life at fifteen years of age with what your view of it is at forty, or sixty, or seventy. What a great contrast of opinion. Were you right then, or are you right now? Two cups placed in your hands, one a sweet cup and the other a sour cup. A cup of joy and a cup of grief. Which has been the nearest to being full, and out of which have you the more frequently partaken? What a different place the cemetery is from what it used to be. Once it was to you a grand city improvement, and you went out on the

PLEASURE EXCURSION,

and you ran laughingly up the mound, and you criticised in a light way the epitaph. But since the day when you heard the bell toll at the gate as you went in with the procession, it is a sad place, and there is a flood of rushing memories that suffuse the eye and over-master the heart. Oh, you have had trouble, trouble, trouble. God only knows how much you have had. It is a wonder you have been able to live through it. It is a wonder your nervous system has not been shattered, and your brain has not reeled. Trouble, trouble. If I could gather all the griefs, of all sorts, from this great audience, and could put them in one scroll, neither man nor angel could endure the recitation. Well, what do you want? Would you like to have your property back again? "No," you say, as a Christian man: "I was becoming arrogant, and I think that is why the Lord took it away. I don't want to have my property back." Well, would you have your departed friends back again? "No," you say: "I couldn't take the responsibility of bringing them from a tearless realm to a realm of tears. I couldn't do it." Well, then, what do you want? A thousand voices in the audience cry out: "Comfort, give us comfort." For that reason I have rolled away the stone from the well's mouth. Come, all ye wounded of the flock, pursued of the wolves, come to the fountain where the Lord's sick and bereft ones have come.

"Ah, says some one, "you are not old enough to understand my sorrows. You have not been in the world as long as I have, and you can't talk to me about my misfortunes in the time of old age." Well, I have been a great deal among old people, and I know how they feel about their failing health, and about their departed friends, and about the loneliness that sometimes strikes through their soul. After two persons have lived together for forty or fifty years, and one of them is taken away, what desolation! I shall not forget the cry of the late Rev. Dr. De Witt of New York, when he stood by the open grave of his beloved wife, and, after the

OBSEQUIES HAD ENDED,

he looked down into the open place and said: "Farewell, my honored, faithful, and beloved wife. The bond that bound us is severed. Thou art in glory, and I am here on earth. We shall meet again. Farewell! Farewell!" To lean on a prop for fifty years, and then have it break under you! There were only two years' difference between the deaths of my father and mother. After my mother's decease, my father used to go around as though looking for something; and he would often get up from one room, without any seeming reason, and go to another room; and then he would take his cane and start out and some one would say: "Father, where are you going?" and he would answer: "I don't know exactly where I am going." Always looking for something. Though he was a tender-hearted man, I never saw him cry but once, and that was at the burial of my mother. After sixty years' living together, it was hard to part. And there are aged people to-day who are feeling just such a pang as that. I want tell them there is perfect enchantment in the promises of this gospel; and I come to them and I offer them my arm, or I take their arm, and I bring them to this gospel well. Sit down, father, or mother, sit down. See if there is anything at the well for you. Come, David, the psalmist, have you anything encouraging to offer them? "Yes," says the psalmist; "they shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing, to show that the Lord is upright; he is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in me." Come, Isaiah, have you anything to say out of your prophecies for these aged people? "Yes," says Isaiah; "Down to old age I am with thee, and to hoary hairs will I carry thee." Well, if the Lord is going to carry you, you ought not to worry much about your failing eyesight and failing limbs. You get a little worried for fear sometime you will come to want, do you? Your children and grandchildren sometimes speak a little sharp at you because of your ailments. The Lord will not speak sharp. Do you think you will come to want? Who do you think the Lord is? Are his granaries empty? Will he feed the raven and the rabbit, and the lion in the desert, and forget you? Why, naturalists tell us that the porpoise will not forsake its wounded and sick mate. And do you suppose

THE LORD OF HEAVEN AND EARTH

has not as much sympathy as the fish of the sea? But you say: "I am so near worn out, and I am of no use to God any more." I think the Lord knows whether you are of any more use or not; if you were of no more use he would have taken you before this. Do you think God has forgotten you because he has taken care of you seventy or eighty years? He thinks more of you to-day than he ever did, because you think more of him. May the God of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and Paul the aged be your God for ever!

But I gather all the promises to-day in a group, and I ask the shepherds to drive their flocks of lambs and sheep up to the sparkling supply. "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth." "Though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion." "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I am determized to-day that no one shall go away uncomforted. Yonder is a timid and shrinking soul who seems to hide away from the consolations I am uttering, as a child with a sore hand hides away from the physician lest he touch the wound too roughly, and the mother has to go and compel the little patient to come out and see the physician. So I come to your timid and shrinking soul to-day, and compel you to come out in the presence of the Divine Physician. He will not hurt you. He has been healing wounds for many years, and he will give you gentle and omnipotent medicament. But people, when they have trouble, go anywhere rather than to God. De Quincy took opium to get rid of his troubles. Charles Lamb took to punch. Theodore Hook took to something stronger. Edwin Forrest took to theatrical dissipation. And men have run all around the earth, hoping in the quick transit to get away from their misfortunes. It has been a dead failure. There is only one well that can slake the thirst of an afflicted spirit, and that is the deep and inexhaustible well of the gospel.

But some one says, in the audience: "Notwithstanding all you have said this morning, I find no alleviation for my troubles." Well, I am not through yet. I have left the most potent consideration for the last. I am going to soothe you with

THE THOUGHT OF HEAVEN.

However talkative we may be, there will come a time when the stoutest and most emphatic interrogation will evoke from us no answer. As soon as we have closed our lips for the final silence, no power on earth can break that taciturnity. But where, O Christian, will be your spirit? In a scene of infinite gladness: The spring-morning of heaven waving its blossoms in the bright air. Victors from battle showing their scars. The rain of earthly sorrow struck through with the rainbow of eternal joy. In one group God and angels and the redeemed—Paul and Silas, Latimer and Ridley, Isaiah and Jeremiah, Payson and John Milton, Gabriel and Michael the archangel. Long line of choristers, reaching across the hills. Seas of joy dancing to the white beach. Conquerors marching from gate to gate. You among them.

Oh, what a great flock of sheep God will gather around the celestial well. No stone on the well's mouth, while the shepherd waters the sheep. There Jacob will recognize Rachel the shepherdess. And standing on one side of the well of eternal rapture, your children, and standing on the other side of the well of eternal rapture your Christian ancestry, you will be bounded on all sides by a joy so keen and grand that no other world has ever been permitted to experience it. Out of that one deep well of heaven, the shepherd will dip reunion for the bereaved, wealth for the poor, health for the sick, rest for the weary. And then all the flock of the Lord's sheep will lie down in the green pastures, and world without end we will praise the Lord that on this first autumnal Sabbath of 1891 we were permitted to study among the bleating flocks and lowing herds of this fair ground the story of Jacob and Rachel, the shepherdess at the well in Mesopotamia. Oh, plunge your buckets into this great gospel well and let them come up dripping with that water of which if a man drink he never again shall thirst.

NATURE'S TREASURY.

The Cement Stone of Graham Grows Richer at Every Blast of the Dynamite.

Graham Leader.

The silver mine is a success. It is a tangible certainty of the present and not a dream of the future. Owing to the hardness of the rock the work in the Norris shaft progresses but slowly, and yet every blast of dynamite exposes richer ores to view and gives a greater zest to the laborers who are going down into the bowels of earth to investigate and unfold her treasures.

The securing of a good supply of water, the original object of the work, has been lost sight of, and now it is for metal that the workmen drill and blast away in the adamantine formation that contains the precious deposits.

There is a grand rush for specimens of the ore, and knots of men can be seen at any time on the streets with glasses and even with the naked eye admiring the latest specimens taken up after the last explosion of dynamite.

The excitement runs pretty high over the discovery. Those who were skeptical at first are now beginning to become satisfied that untold wealth is to be found in this stratum of rock, and we hear the prediction on every side that the opening of these mines will soon make Graham the Leadville of the Southwest. Some of the best and latest specimens of the ore have been sent to the assayer and the people are anxiously awaiting the result of his test.

The workmen in Col. Graham's shaft are going down rapidly and expect to soon reach the stratum in which the precious metal appears. The colonel will make every effort that money and energy can command to thoroughly investigate the vein, and if it proves to be worth mining it will not be long before our town will move out in the way Leadville did when the great mines were opened there. Some of the specimens taken from the Norris shaft are beautiful to behold, the metal being plainly visible to the naked eye.

Our local mineralogists are highly elated over the prospect and predict a brilliant future for our city. Several gentlemen are talking of sinking prospect shafts at an early day to see how far the ore extends.

FEVER HEAT.

The excitement reached fever heat on Monday, when Mr. John Taylor appeared on the streets with a specimen of gold ore which rivals anything ever discovered, even in the gold fields of California. He stated to the Leader editor that he found it on Salt creek, not far from town, and that there is an unlimited supply of it there. He had gone out prospecting with an old axe, and finding this ore in an immense quantity, he broke off a piece for a specimen. The specimen is as rich with gold as any we have ever seen. Parties who have examined specimens from New Mexico and California agree in the assertion that this is richer than anything they have seen from these gold fields. It is simply beautiful to behold. The precious metal is plainly visible to the naked eye, and is scattered through the whole stone. One man said he believed there was $10 worth in this one piece. Mr. Taylor will not divulge the exact whereabouts of the discovery yet, but says it is near Graham, on Salt creek. Prospecting will now become the order of the day for Graham people. Specimens of the Taylor ore will be forwarded immediately to the assayer to be tested.

COTTON PICKERS.

Interview With Col. R. M. Humphrey at the Head of the

COTTON PICKERS' LEAGUE.

The Organization Exists Throughout all the Southern States.

Memberships Rolling in at the Rate of 50,000 a Day, and now Numbers Fully Eight Hundred Thousand—Its Growth in Texas.

Cotton Pickers' League.

Special to the Gazette.

HOUSTON, TEX., Sept. 6.—This being the headquarters of the colored Farmers' Alliance by reason of the residence of Col. R. M. Humphrey, its president, who is a white man and a preacher, he was sought out today for the purpose of ascertaining the magnitude of the movement among the colored people to organize for higher wages for cotton picking. Mr. Humphries, who has just returned from a trip through the cotton-producing states, told your reporter that the dispatch published to-day was correct, so far as it went, but it did not state that the organization exists among the cotton pickers in all the Southern states. He declared that it now has a membership of 800,000, and within a week it will be

1,200,000 STRONG.

The names are rolling in at the rate of 40,000 and 50,000 a day. That such a movement, which is called the cotton-pickers league, could have been kept quiet, not to say secret, so long is the wonder of the land and will create a profound surprise throughout the South.

"When was the movement undertaken?" was asked by the reporter.

"The first information that I had of it was about July 1. The matter did not interest me, and I thought it was well known. They placed me at the head of the organization, and I have done the best I could to farther its interests."

"What is the league's membership?"

"There were over seven hundred thousand names enrolled Saturday night, but I suppose by this time there are fully eight hundred thousand. It is growing very rapidly, especially in Texas. The league is strongest in Mississippi, where the matter has been talked of more than here."

"Are only colored cotton pickers permitted to join?"

"There are a great many whites as well as blacks in it, but the reports which are sent to me do not say which of the members are white or colored, and

I CANNOT TELL

the relative strength of either race. I received a report from Mississippi yesterday with a list of 25,000 names, but I could not tell whether any of the members are white or not. There is nothing in the league to prohibit any one who is a cotton picker from being a member."

"Have you issued a secret circular to the league, speaking of the Galveston dispatch?"

"I have never issued a secret circular in my life, and never will. I abhor anything of that kind, and there is nothing in the objects or aims of the league to warrant such action. I was in Galveston Saturday, and while in my room at a hotel I was called upon by a Mr. Zimmerman, who

ASKED ME MANY QUESTIONS,

I answered him as best I could, and suppose it was he whom the press agent in that city interviewed. There is no secret about the league, and I wish THE GAZETTE would say so."

"What are the demands of the cotton pickers?"

"We demand $1 a hundred and board."

"When will you make your demands known?"

"On the 12th of this month."

"How will it be done?"

"Every member of the league will quit work on that date and remain out of the fields until their demands are granted by the planters."

Mr. Humphreys produced a copy of the National Alliance published in Houston, of which he is the editor. It is the organ of the colored Farmers' Alliance and the Cotton Pickers' league. In the edition Saturday appears the following proclamation, which no doubt is the secret circular spoken of in the dispatch from Galveston:

THE PROCLAMATION.

OFFICE OF THE COLORED FARMERS' NATIONAL ALLIANCE AND CO-OPERATIVE UNION. HOUSTON, TEX., Sept. 6, 1891.

To the Members of the Colored Farmers' Alliance and the Cotton Pickers' League, Greeting:

Whereas, the planters and speculators are firm in their demand that you pick at starvation wages, as offered by them, and leave your families to suffer the fearful consequences, thus placing to your account the present low prices of their cotton; and

Whereas, above 600,000 pickers have already bound themselves together in a sacred covenant to pick no cotton for anyone except their own before about November 1 at less than $1 per 100 pounds with board; and

Whereas your success depends upon your united action, now therefore, I, R. M. Humphrey, by virtue of authority in me vested, do issue this, my solemn proclamation, and fixing the

TWELFTH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1891,

it being Saturday, as the day upon which all our people shall cease from, absolutely stop, picking cotton except their own, and shall pick no more until about November 1, unless their just demand for wages shall be sooner acceded to by the planters and others interested. For the furtherance of these objects, and that the greatest good may result to each one, let all leagues and unions:

1. Unite more closely and stand firmly together.

2. Use all peaceable and lawful means to secure the sympathy and hearty co-operation of all pickers in every section.

3. If any are so mean as to continue to pick and thereby defraud their brethren and injure their race, mark such and have no communication with them.

4. Avoid all gatherings in public places and all insolent displays; show yourselves to be men who seek peace and desire justice.

Further steps will be taken about October 20, unless recognition of your just demands shall have removed the necessity thereof before that date. Very fraternally,

[Signed.] R. M. HUMPHREY,
General Superintendent Colored Farmers' Alliance and Cotton Pickers' League.

INTERVIEW RESUMED.

The interview was resumed as soon as your reporter had finished reading the proclamation, and continued for fully an hour. Mr. Humphrey was asked if he believed there would be anything like a general suspension of work on the 12th.

"It is a difficult matter to foreshadow the result," was the reply; "but I think the proclamation will be well observed. I believe there will be such a united effort that not enough pickers will be left in the field to gather the crop unless our demands are granted. I expect to have 1,200,000 names enrolled by the time this proclamation goes into effect. It will operate in all the cotton producing states."

"What was the cause of this organization?"

"It is simply to offset the efforts of the cotton planters and farmers to reduce the price of picking. The farmers and planters

ARE ENGAGED TOGETHER

and have declared that they will not pay over 40 cents per 100 for picking. All planters and farmers are not in the movement to reduce the price, but an organization of this kind exists in some parts of the country. They offer 40 cents per 100, and the pickers must board themselves. We demand

ONE DOLLAR PER ONE HUNDRED

and board. I wish right here to make a statement in justice of our league and its aims. It is this: I deny that there is a man who can pick 100 pounds of cotton for thirty consecutive days. I have farmed for forty years, and know something of cotton picking. I have never found a man able to do it. Now, agreeing that 100 pounds a day is the average of all cotton pickers, we find that 3000 pounds at 40 cents a hundred is $12. That is $12 a month, working

SUNDAYS AND ALL,

and out of this the picker must board himself. I have been through the best portion of the cotton country and believe there will not be more than 6,500,000 bales this season. That is a high point, and it will be found so, I think. There are 2,500,000 people to pick this cotton; of this number 1,000,000 are white men and others, such as Indians, who pick, and 1,500,000 are blacks. The white people pick an average of ten weeks each, the Indians average six weeks and the negroes thirteen weeks.

BY FIGURING A LITTLE

you will ascertain how much a picker will average a day. It will not exceed seventy-five pounds. What then may we expect of a free people who are compelled to work for less than 40 cents a day? This is the cause of the wonderful growth of the cotton pickers' league."

Mr. Humphrey is something of a philosopher and humanitarian, and drew a vivid picture of the results of such starvation wages. He admitted that the people he was dealing with are of

AN IGNORANT CLASS,

and easily won over to opposition. "I realize," he said," that many of the members of the league will be induced to continue work and their leaders bought off, but there will not be enough of them left to gather the crop. I believe that we shall win, and that before November the cotton pickers throughout the South will be getting $1 a hundred and their board."

RELIEF FOR FARMERS.

THEY HAVE PLACED BURDENS UPON THEMSELVES.

Too Much Cotton and Not Enough Bacon and Lard Has Been One Grievous Mistake of the Farmers.

WRENS, GA., Aug. 24, 1891.

To the Gazette.

Nobody doubts, nobody denies that the farmers need relief, immediate and permanent relief. Burdened with debts, with mortgages and liens on the land, stock and growing crops, while cotton is actually selling below cost, it should not excite surprise that they so eagerly discuss the merits of every scheme of relief that is presented.

The sub-treasury plan has been discussed from every possible standpoint. The stay law even has been seriously considered by some, and it is not putting the matter in too strong a light to say that necessity, if nothing else, will compel us to make a change.

I have no substitute for the sub-treasury, but I know that I have something better than the plan which too many of our farmers are now pursuing, to-wit: buying corn at $1 to $1.25 and meat at 10c to 12c on time and expecting to pay the debt with 6c to 8c cotton.

In common with all true Democrats I sincerely believe that the legislation of the Republican party has been unequal, oppressive and burdensome to the great agricultural masses and interests of the country, and I trust that the present agitation and discussion of the various measures of reform and relief may result in the abolition of all unjust and vicious laws.

Yet it is true also that we, as farmers, have placed burdens grievous to be borne upon our own shoulders, and we need relief from these while we are striving to throw off the other, and unless we change the present system of making cotton to buy food for ourselves and stock, the wisest measures of relief will not save us from our own ruin.

Cheap money has been strongly advocated by some and strongly opposed by others, but I know that cheap lard and bacon will be indorsed by all. I have demonstrated on my farm that abundance of meat and lard can be raised almost free of cost by planting the Spanish chufa. On the 17th day of last September I turned eighty head of hogs on chufas grown in the middles of my corn rows with no extra work. The corn was fully as good as if peas had been planted in the middles. From the 17th of September to the 15th of March I kept from eighty to 120 hogs, including pigs, on chufas and fed in this time less than thirty bushels of corn to them. I killed fifty very fine hogs.

I believe so firmly that the chufa is an essential to successful farming that I have now growing on my farm eighty acres of them. I have never known them to fail of making a full crop. Planted alone in rows four feet apart and dropped two feet apart in the drill and manured lightly they will produce on light, fine land from twenty-five to seventy-five bushels per acre. About one peck of seed will plant an acre. They do well planted in the middles of corn rows without extra work. When planted alone one, or at most two, light plowings and one hoeing will suffice. They keep well through the fall and winter in the ground. They have no equal as a food for fowls. Hens continue laying through the winter if allowed access to them. When hogs are fattened exclusively on chufas the lard is not quite so firm in warm weather, but for home use this is no objection. A finishing off on corn for a few days will remedy this.

While we continue to knock at the doors of our state and national legislatures for all necessary reforms and better laws, let us plant less cotton, introduce chufas and other cheap food-producing crops on every Southern farm, and in less than three years we will be the most independent and the happiest people in the world.

J. N. OLIPHANT.

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READ THE TESTIMONIALS

BEST COOK BOOK OUT.
DEXTER, TEX., Feb. 20, 1891.
Fort Worth Gazette:
Your premium cook book received. We are well pleased with it. All the recipes tried have given perfect satisfaction. I regard it as the best cook book on the market, as we have five different cook books, and I can cheerfully say that your book is the best and cheapest one of them. Yours with respect. O. P. ELLIOTT.

THE BEST SHE HAS SEEN.
HURST, TEX., Feb. 17, 1891.
The Democrat Publishing Company:
SIRS—I think the cook book worth three times the cost and the best that I have seen. Would not part with it for twice the price.
MRS. F. R. HILL.

ENTIRELY SATISFACTORY.
SIPE SPRINGS, TEX.
DEAR SIR—The book is entirely satisfactory, and everyone who sees it admires it. I think it is worth twice the money I gave for it. Many thanks to you for the book, as well as for your worthy paper. C. H. TURNER.

WORTH MORE THAN IS ASKED.
LANHAM, HAMILTON COUNTY, TEX., Feb. 16, 1891.
Fort Worth Gazette, Fort Worth, Tex.:
The cook book is more than you claim for it, and worth much more than the price paid for, without counting a year's reading of the best Democratic paper in the state. I don't see how you can sell such a valuable book for so little money. I would not be without THE GAZETTE one year for twice what the book and paper cost. Pleased beyond expectation.
G. W. BELMAN.

COULD NOT DO WITHOUT IT.
CUBA P. O., TEX., Feb. 15, 1891.
Fort Worth Gazette, Fort Worth, Tex.:
DEAR SIRS—Your cook book came safe to hand several days ago, and am well pleased with it, as it is a great help to any person keeping house. We could not well afford to do without it now. Yours as ever.
W. K. BOATWRIGHT.

FOR RICH AND POOR.
SMITHFIELD, TEX., Feb. 20, 1891.
Editor Gazette.
We have two or three cook books, but not being a stockholder in any national bank, nor interested in the Louisiana state lottery, I have not been able, financially, to utilize them to any great extent. But I find in the Household, or GAZETTE cook book, scores of recipes well adapted to the household of limited means, plenty of cheap, simple and healthful recipes, while, if one wishes to indulge in something more expensive and stylish, there are plenty rich and delicious enough to give a tobacco spin the dyspepsia. My wife is well pleased with it, not only for the cooking recipes, but for many good things in the other departments. If you will renew your request in about two years, I will tell you better what I think of it, for it will take fully that long to test the hundreds of recipes contained in the very valuable book.
W. B. NICHOLS.

ALL LADIES SHOULD HAVE IT.
ROUND TIMBERS, Feb. 22, 1891.
The Democrat Publishing Co.:
SIRS—I have received your valuable cook book, and I think it is a book all ladies should have that have cooking to do. Those that do not could learn how, and I think the price is very low. My wife is very much pleased with ours, and would not take twice the price of her's. I am yours respectfully. T. K. HARBY.

HIS WIFE WELL PLEASED.
HELTON, TEX., Feb. 26, 1891.
Publishing Company:
GENTS—The cook book came through in due time; have had high living at office. Book cannot be excelled in the money invested. My wife is well pleased. Yours with respect.
A. WELLER.

WORTH THREE TIMES ITS COST.
LADONIA, FANNIN CO., TEX., Nov. 15, 1890.
Fort Worth Gazette, Fort Worth, Tex.:
DEAR SIR—The cook book is worth three times the cost. I would advise all young married couples to buy it and the encyclopaedia.
W. P. FERY.

MUCH PLEASED.
ACTON, TEX., Feb. 15, 1891.
Editor Gazette:
DEAR SIR—I received the household cook book as a premium to THE GAZETTE. My wife is well pleased with it. Much success to THE GAZETTE in her undertaking. Very respectfully, C. G. GARDNER.

HIGHLY PLEASED.
VALLEY MILLS, TEX., Feb. 16, 1891.
Democrat Publishing Co., Fort Worth, Tex.:
The household cook book, sent my father as a premium with the Weekly GAZETTE, was received in good order. I have tried it and am highly pleased. Think it or the paper either worth the money paid for both. Respectfully,
JUNO SCRUTCHFIELD.

AGREEABLY SURPRISED.
To the Gazette.
Must say that I was agreeably surprised when I received your cook book. It is much better than expected. Besides so many excellent recipes for cooking I find other valuable information as well. Best wishes to THE GAZETTE. THOS. J. CHAPMAN.

GETS THE PAPER FREE.
LAWNDALE, TEX., Feb. 12, 1891.
To the Editor of the Gazette.
We are in receipt of your Household cook book sent as a premium with the Weekly GAZETTE at the low price of $1.50. We are well pleased with the book. My wife is never at a loss to cook a meal when the book is in the kitchen. The book is worth the money, so we get THE GAZETTE free. Hoping the paper much success, I remain, yours as ever.
V. W. COWART.

WORTH MORE THAN IT COST.
BRAZOS, PALO PINTO CO., Feb. 13, 1891.
To the Gazette.
DEAR SIR—I have examined your Household cook book and will say I am pleased beyond expectations; would not be without it for ten times the cost. Success to the GAZETTE.
MISS. S. C. DABNEY.

MANY VALUABLE RECIPES.
ARLINGTON, TEX., Feb. 10, 1891.
Fort Worth Gazette.
The cook book I received as a premium for one year's subscription to THE GAZETTE I consider worth fully the amount of the cost of the paper and book, $1.50. Outside of instructions for cooking there are many valuable recipes. I found one recipe I paid $1 for. Success to THE GAZETTE. An old subscriber.
M. J. BRINSON.

WORTH DOUBLE THE PRICE.
GORDON, PALO PINTO COUNTY, TEX., Feb. 11, 1891.
DEAR SIR—When I received your cook book I was surprised to think how you could bring out such a valuable book for 50 cents. It is worth $1 with so many valuable cooking recipes, and medical recipes, and canning recipes, and many other valuable recipes. This book ought to be in every home. I wish every housewife had this book in her house. It is valuable to any one, and I would not be without it for $1.
J. B. GUESS.

BEST FOR THE PRICE.
PANHANDLE OF TEXAS,
LAKEVIEW, HALL COUNTY, TEX., Feb. 18, 1891.
I have received the Household Cook Book and have used the same, and will say it is the best book for the price ever offered. I recommend it to every family wishing a good book. Wishing you success, with the main yours truly. W. Z. HOBBS.

WELL PLEASED WITH IT.
QUITMAN, TEX., Feb. 16, 1891.
DEAR SIR—My wife is well pleased with the cook book so far as she has tried it, and she would not be without it for twice the price if she could not get another. Yours truly. H. B. GRAY.

BETTER THAN RECOMMENDED.
WESTON, TEX., Feb. 12, 1891.
Mr. Editor.
DEAR SIR—The cook book given as a premium with THE GAZETTE is far superior to what I expected. It is more than it claims to be—not only a cook book, but full of recipes for diseases which children are subject to. I believe it would cost at least $1.50, at a bookstore. B. F. DOUGLAS.

JUST THE