THE WORK OF COTTON.

CREDIT IS DUE TO THE SOUTH FOR HELPING HERSELF.

Cotton Crop Increased When Matters Between Master and Slave Adjusted Themselves—Southern Men and Women.

New York Times.

New Orleans, La., December 2.—For the first year after the war but few Southern cotton planters tried to make a crop on their own plantations. They could rent their places from $3500 for the smaller to $12,000 to $15,000 a year for the great plantations, like Cabinteel, (belonging to the Marshalls of Natchez), in the parish of Tensas, Louisiana, with 2000 acres of cleared land, or Wynn Forrest in the parish of Carroll, with nearly as much open land that had made, in 1861-2, 2000 bales of cotton and 40,000 barrels of corn (they measure corn by the barrel, instead of bushel, as in the far South).

Philanthropists from Boston came down to Mississippi and Louisiana to teach the docile negro—and, incidentally, to make a little money at the same time. [illegible] set the negro's mind against the Northern white man. The black did not understand him. The old-time planters rented their places and then waited. They knew just what was coming as well as they know it now. The negroes did not work. The men who came here to teach the Southern white man how to raise cotton lost terribly.

After standing so long unworked, the rich lands of the Mississippi and its tributaries had grown up to weeds and brush. When cleared away, the first year thereafter there came an immense crop of [illegible] worth of what is known in the South as the cotton worm. The old planters foresaw it, and it happened as they said. The loss was $20,000,000. The second year was not much better. By this time the Northern man who worked the great plantations got away. The places they had leased were well stocked and provisioned. Most of the old planters had saved their rent money. They then took hold. The Freedman's Bureau did not [illegible]. The negro and his old master understood one another. That year the crop was nearly 4,000,000 bales, worth $125 per bale. This poured into the cotton-growing States the enormous sum of $500,000,000. Think of this in a country that not four years back was being wasted by a terrible war.

The next year it was the same way. Matters between the late master and his slaves adjusted themselves, and the result has been that the cotton crop alone in the South has increased from 4,500,000 bales in 1860-'61—the largest crop and the last ever grown by slave labor—to 6,700,000 and even 7,000,000 bales, worth, even including the seed, from $65 to $70 per bale. Is it any wonder that the South is steadily growing richer? Mississippi last year made 950,000 bales of cotton, which was $45,000,000 as new capital taken from the soil to be put into something. Texas last year made 1,340,000 bales of cotton. Here was $95,000,000 to be put into something. They keep the money at home. This is the money that is opening the mines of Alabama, of Georgia and Tennessee. The town of Birmingham, Ala., was surveyed, platted and started on its prosperous career by an old Mississippi planter named J. R. Powell. He owned two great cotton plantations on the Yazoo river, in Washington county, Mississippi, one called "Pluck," the other "Daybreak." Years before the war he went over the site of the present town of Birmingham, Ala. He was a man of scholarly tastes and education. He saw the most wonderful combination of nature. Here were iron ore, coal and limestone, all right together. Every one knows that you can not smelt iron ore without coal, or purify it without limestone, which in England has to be brought hundreds of miles, and, lo! here they were, side by side, and the purest water with them. For about $1000 Mr. Powell bought what is now the center of Birmingham, Ala. His property covers perhaps 500 acres. This was less than twenty-five years ago.

Anniston, Ala., another marvel, was nearly all owned by John Annis, a native of Florence, in that State. Decatur, and all the other places that are growing so wonderfully, have been developed by Southern money, drawn out of the earth by that most marvelous of magicians, King Cotton. But not only has the Southern white man developed his own section, from Chattanooga to Richmond, [illegible] westward, but many of them are in the [illegible] North, where their pronounced individuality has made them a widely-recognized power. Among those [illegible] prominently connected with it in Wall street are Victor Newcomb of Kentucky, the Garretts of Baltimore, Addison Cammack, James R. Keene, the Inmans of Tennessee, James Swan of Georgia, the New York cotton king, General T. M. Logan of South Carolina, president of the Richmond and Danville road; Logan Murray and a great many others.

Not only has the Southerner shown himself a competer with his Northern brethren in the financial line, but he has won for himself an honored name in the professions. Among the list of Gotham's celebrated physicians are Dr. John Metcalfe, who is a Kentuckian; Dr. T. Gaillard Thomas, Dr. Wiley, Dr. Arnold, Dr. [illegible] and Dr. H. Marion Sims, South Carolinians. Dr. Polk is from Tennessee, Dr. Montrose Pallen from St. Louis, Dr. [illegible], Dr. J. Wyeth and Dr. Bozeman respectively from Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi. Dr. Benjamin Simmons, noted for his skill in medicine and surgery for years known in New York as the American Sir Astley Cooper, was a South Carolinian.

At the bar the South is represented in New York by Roger A. Pryor and John Wise, old Henry A. Wise's most brilliant son, of Virginia; John R. Fellows of Arkansas, John C. Calhoun of South Carolina, Burton N. Harrison of Virginia, and H. H. Dawson of Kentucky and, [illegible] called before another and higher bar, Judge A. J. Requier of South Carolina and Algernon S. Sullivan of Virginia, were once conspicuous among the legal lights of the metropolis. To a Southern gentleman living in Columbus, Ga., Dr. Morton, Professor Morse was indebted for the conception of the electric telegraph, the suggestion having been given him while riding in a stage coach during an electric thunder storm, the Georgian remarking, as huge trees were blasted by the roadside, that he saw no reason why this powerful agent could not be utilized for the benefit of mankind. Morse seized the idea and nourished it until it brought forth fruit, for which the whole civilized world now owes a debt of gratitude.

It is also one of the National traditions that a South Carolinian had a finger in the architectural pie of the Bunker Hill monument. It is a singular and noteworthy fact that this same little State of South Carolina has furnished to its country's history as many intellectual lights as any State in the Union the declaration of independence alone showing as many signers from that State as from the great State of New York and others of equal ratio.

Among the wealthy New Yorkers who have married Southern women may be mentioned Jacob John Astor, who married Miss Gibbes of South Carolina about thirty years ago. Miss Carrie Astor, who married Orme Wilson of Georgia, whose father, R. T. Wilson, went to New York since the war without a dollar and is now worth $10,000,000; Commodore Vanderbilt, whose wife was Miss Crawford of Mobile, Ala., and William K. Vanderbilt, who married a Miss Smith, of that city and State. Mrs. Cornelius Garrison claims St. Louis as her home. Mrs. Van Auken is a Kentuckian. Mr. Octavius W. White of South Carolina married Miss Chanler, a granddaughter of Jacob Astor; Miss Wilson of Tennessee is now Mrs. Ogden Goelet; Andrew Carnegie found his wife in Washington; John Stevens and Henry [illegible] married Virginia women; Bentley [illegible] of South Carolina, the very rich [illegible] of New York; the late President Arthur's wife was Miss Herndon of Virginia; Miss Potter married Clarence [illegible] of Virginia; Mr. Roosevelt married Miss Bulloch of Savannah. In many of the trades and mercantile pursuits the Southern man finds himself not far behind his energetic Northern brother. Many who came North directly after the war with no other capital than willing hands and wits sharpened by necessity, find themselves today possessed of a competency, the result of energy well applied.

The division of abandoned lands and property in the United States treasury of Washington is in itself one great romance. Its history is fuller of the marvelous than anything ever written. There is $15,000,000 in its charge belonging to people in the South alone. During and at the close of the war there was valuable property of all sorts which fell into the hands of army officers, and was turned into the United States treasury. Over $12,000,000 of the money changed to that bureau is the proceeds of cotton taken for the war from plantations all over the South and sold. The money it brought was turned in, as has been told. The amount became so great that Mr. Chase, then secretary, created a division that should have special charge of all this sort of thing. There is one instance in which $175,000 worth of cotton was taken from a far South estate, when cotton was worth about $500 a bale, and sent to New York, where it was sold. The persons to whom it belonged were not rebels, but loyalists. They have not an idea where their cotton went to. Their names were on the bales, and it would not be difficult for them to make a case if they knew what to do. But it has been nearly twenty-nine years since the money was deposited. Whether any of them are living or not it is impossible now to say. It is hardly probable that they will ever get what is really theirs. All the testimony relating to the case is in the possession of the government. The agent who took the cotton and the one who sold it are both dead, and the owners would not be able to make their case without some proof, which they haven't got.

There are some instances similar to this. In 1863 the treasury received $108,000 from a government agent for cotton taken from a foreigner, supposed to have been a blockade runner, in one of the seaport towns of the South. Secretary Chase, when he heard the circumstances of the case, said: "This money is to be held in trust by the government, and some day we shall be obliged to account for it, for the United States really has no right to keep it." But no demand was ever made on the treasury for it. It is doubtful if the owner ever knew just where it went. When the Union army under General Sherman occupied the South Atlantic seaboard towns the Confederates used to destroy all the cotton, if possible, before they surrendered, and millions of dollars worth was burned in order to keep it from falling into Union hands. The owners did not know what was burned and what was saved. The books that were captured showed that John Jones, for instance, who was a merchant, had so many hundred bales, marked in such a way. The bales not burned could be easily identified by the marks on them. In many instances all the books containing the owners' names were forwarded to the treasury department, with other papers relating to the capture. Where they are, but few know, but they are somewhere in the treasury vaults.

Not knowing when the claimants might make a demand on the treasury for the proceeds of their cotton, the money was never used, but remains untouched in a fund by itself. But it has been so long ago, and the testimony necessary to make a case that would be valid, being, in many instances, unattainable by the owners, it is not probable that any great portion of this enormous amount of money will ever leave the treasury.

The Tariff Bill.

The Outlook.

1. It is certain that the immediate effect of such a bill will be to disturb some established industries. The mere fact that it is under consideration will do so. Business men have a remarkable power of adjusting their business to the conditions of trade, whatever they be; but any change in condition requires a new adjustment. A change in tariff means a change in prices, and a change in prices means a change in wages and in profits. It is impossible that this bill, or any bill materially modifying the tariff, can become a law without modifying the profits of some manufacturers and the wages of some workingmen. The passage of this bill will be the cause of some reductions in wages, and the occasion of other reductions. The fair-minded student will ask himself, not whether some present industries will be made less profitable and some will be even closed altogether—for that is certain to be the case—but whether there are advantages that compensate the loss. In other words, he can not strike a balance without looking at both the debtor and the creditor side of the account. And partisanship must not prevent him from recognizing that there is a debtor side to the account—that is, that there will be a loss.

2. Only an expert can form a competent judgment as to the percentages on special articles. Detailed discussions as to schedules are of very little value to the average reader. We counsel him not to get entangled and perplexed in such discussions. But he may form a just judgment on one or two fundamental principles, such as whether the bill is sectional—that is, whether it gives advantages to one section over another; or whether it is a class bill—that is, whether it gives advantages to one class over another.

3. But the real and fundamental question goes deeper than this. That question is, in brief, what is the function of taxation? and, behind and below that, what is the function of government? Protection claims that it is a legitimate function of taxation to promote industries; and insists that taxation can be so framed that a tax levied to aid one industry may be made really to aid all industries. Revenue reformers claim that the only function of taxation is to raise a revenue for the necessities of government economically administered; that it is to be so levied as to inflict the least possible pecuniary injury on the industries of the community; but that one industry can not be promoted by special legislation without an injury to other industries; and that no method of tariff is practicable and just except one based on a few broad principles, such as light tariff or none at all on raw materials and on food products, higher taxes on luxuries than on necessaries, and taxes assessed according to the value of articles.

Apparently the Wilson bill is a sincere and intelligent effort to frame a bill in accordance with these principles, and as the democratic party is committed to these principles, and the present house was elected upon a platform professing them, it is clearly the duty of the present house to pass such a bill. Amendments may be made to correct errors in detail, but amendments which violate or compromise these essential principles ought not to be allowed in order to placate local interests. The country will then have before it the two schemes of tariff—the protective and the revenue only—in concrete forms, in the McKinley bill and the Wilson bill and in the congressional elections of 1894 an opportunity will be afforded the people definitely deciding between the two. That finally and definitely decided, industry can adjust itself to the decision. But it can not adjust itself to indecision, nor to a mongrel tariff that is neither for protection nor for revenue.

A Feminine Speculation.

Washington Capital.

Two Washington young women who are studying law were reading a reference work on American politics. They came to the statement that "the congress under the federation had authority to coin money, but was not empowered to purchase bullion." The author of the book laid great stress on this, as if it were a dire fault. "Why, that wasn't very bad, was it?" the young woman with blue eyes said. "Or, was it, maybe, that they fed the soldiers on the soup-principally?"

Houston's Enterprise.

Madisonville Messenger.

Houston people are agitating the question of establishing a race course and fair grounds in that city, for the purpose of giving an "annual fair and exhibition of live stock, similar to the Dallas fair." Houston is a city of importance, and we believe the enterprise would awaken a spirit of prosperity among the Middle and South Texas people, and we hope to see the idea carried out, because we feel sure of its success if Houston takes the matter in hand.

A Big Mistake Somewhere.

Galveston Tribune.

The Methodist church has dropped Sam Jones, but the conference which let him out passed resolutions expressing faith in his religious integrity. His religion was all right; it was his style that hurt.

The Post is Always Happy.

Corpus Christi Sun.

The business men of Houston are liberal advertisers, and as a consequence The Post is happy.

Suppose you should start out to find a country enjoying absolute "free trade," where would you find it?

ARCADIA IN TEXAS.

ANOTHER CHAPTER ON THE GARDEN SPOT OF TEXAS.

Visit to Montgomery County Revives Reminiscences of the Early Days. Some of the Articles Manufactured and Raised There.

"Reclines upon these living flowers, here is wine
Alive with sparkles. Never, I aver,
Since Ariadne was a vintager,
So cool a purple: Taste these juicy pears,
Sent me by sad Vertumnus, when his fears
Were high about Pomona: Here is cream
Deepening to richness from a snowy gleam,
Sweeter than that Nurse Amalthea skimm'd
For the boy Jupiter: and here undimm'd
By any touch, a bunch of blooming plums,
Ready to melt between an infant's gums."

Although the language was not in the exact poetic words here set forth, yet the welcome was as hearty and the display of fruit and wine and milk and butter was the equal of the description, and this welcome was tendered our last visit to Montgomery county by Captain Clepper (God bless his memory) and a few other citizens of that most beautiful section of South Texas.

A great many reminiscences of the good old times float across my mental vision at the mention of the name. Here it was, in the center of a tract of country as rich as any on earth, that P. J. Willis and brother first cast anchor. Here they gathered in the shekels that enabled them to launch their bark on the commercial sea of Galveston. Here resided old Dr. Stewart, who, with his old tin fog horn in his hand, was always abroad thirsting for knowledge. He was nearly as deaf as a stone, yet his insatiable thirst for news caused him to use an ear trumpet, into which you could talk as you talk into a telephone today. That's why I called it a fog horn. In those days in old Montgomery they had beef and pone, which, if you did not like, you could let it alone and turn to head cheese and sausage and stewed backbone, and they raised turkeys and chickens, to roost in the trees, which, under all circumstances, is the best and healthiest way to raise them in this arcadia, and they are going on in the same old-fashioned way to this day.

At Medlay they used to raise scuppernong grapes and bunches of Concords of fabulous weight, and make wine of the most delicate angelica. In old Montgomery they make just as much corn and cotton and sweet potatoes to the acre as they make on any land under the sun, and they have been making syrup from the cane for lo! these many years, and they still ask the stranger guest will he take long sweetening or short. They are very religiously inclined in old Montgomery. I went to an entertainment there once, and I think they mistook me for my brother, Arthur, the preacher. They asked me to say grace, or a blessing. The table was groaning under the weight of the many turkeys and suckling pigs, hams of venison stuffed with sausage, and hams of bacon stuffed with celery greens and such, and waffles and strawberry short cake, and the center cakes rose up, pyramid on pyramid, like miniature towers of Babel. The magnitude of the repast and the situation overpowered me, and while they reverently puckered their mouths and dropped their eyelids, I just mustered courage to comply by saying "Lord, bless us all, and make us able to clear the table," and I can conscientiously say the crisp air of the country had sharpened all our appetites, and the deed was accomplished.

They hunt deer and bear in old Montgomery, with packs of hounds, in romantic fashion. For further information on this interesting subject, the honorable judge of the district court, Judge Hightower, will, I am sure, take pleasure in answering any inquiries. He is a famous huntsman himself, and the model of a perfect gentleman, "Sans peur et sans reproche." A beau chevalier judge. Or letters may be addressed to the proprietor of the Hunters' Retreat, Montgomery county, Texas. Hunting with packs of hounds such noble game beats pig-sticking in Westphalia or India. The county also abounds with wild turkey and quail, woodcock and snipe, and the streams and lakes, which are many, abound with fish. During the war they raised barley and peanuts in old Montgomery and washed and ground them and made coffee out of them. When the Montgomery county soldiers returned from their furloughs they came back laden with barley and peanuts and taught the manufacture of Confederate coffee in camp. They make hats and bonnets out of dishrag gourds in old Montgomery, and fans out of turkey tails and palmetto. They make fly dusters out of peacock tail feathers, and before long they will be raising ostriches for their feathers and feeding them on alfalfa and such.

One of the beauties about old Montgomery county is its contiguity to Houston; it is only about fifty miles off by average, and a great many farmers bring their products to Houston by their own wagons, and dispose of the same and return laden with the miscellaneous wants of their community. If the county of Harris will make good roads up to old Montgomery county, we will fill it up with farmers and fruiterers and fine stock ranches, including ostriches, and the entire list of the world of poultry, turkeys, geese, ducks, chickens, guineas, peafowls and squabs.

During the war they had tanneries in old Montgomery and turned out good leather, for they have the finest tannin in the world in the wild myrtle and sumach (pronounced shoemake) and other vegetable tannin, and they grew "the weed," and made cigars and tobacco in good fashion. In fact, the soil, a black sandy loam, and the geographical location of old Montgomery county, on the thirtieth meridian, make it eminently adapted to the growth, maturity and perfect curing of tobacco, as a special feature. The country is elevated 150 feet from the sea level, is nicely rolling, with successions of open champaign or prairie, and dense woods. For the full development of parks and pastures and woodland retreats, for improved varieties of stock, it is simply incomparable.

The sandy land around Willis is admirable for peanuts as a special feature. In addition, Irish potatoes and sugar beets produce fine crops in such lands.

Today I wish to call the attention of the people of Montgomery county and all South Texas similarly situated to the practical introduction of another new crop to the sandy loam prairies.

HOPS.

The introduction of two mammoth breweries at the city of Houston is a direct result of absolutely pure artesian water at a minimum cost; when we add to this cheap brick, cheap lumber, cheap fuel and cheap transportation, in any and every direction of distribution, it is only reasonable to assume that these breweries will double their capacity every few years, or that even many additional breweries will be built, and as the population of South Texas is increasing wonderfully, the inference is that malt and hops will continue to be used more largely in the future than in the past. Hops require an equable sunny climate and a well drained, open country, with a soil having lime in its composition; just such soil as will grow potatoes and peanuts, corn and tobacco, to perfection. Hops grow wild in Texas, and for that matter, tobacco grows wild also. It is therefore quite useless to further question the adaptability of either crop to successful cultivation. The fact of the matter is, you can grow anything in old Montgomery county worth growing. But referring more particularly to hops, the plant has a perennial root and a twining stem, which dies down to the ground every year, but remains alive below the surface, whence it springs up with renewed vigor yearly. The leaves are very shapely, being three to five lobed, and the flowers are very numerous, the staminate or male flowers being usually produced on different plants from the pistillate or female ones, though sometimes the pistillate plants produce a few staminate flowers.

The bitter aromatic taste of hops is well known, and like other vegetable bitters they have a tonic effect upon the system and are used in medicine.

Besides being a tonic, hops have also a sedative action, and they are frequently prescribed by physicians in derangement of the digestive organs and nervous excitability. Pillows of hops are sometimes very effective in overcoming wakefulness. As I have said before the great commercial use of hops is as an addition to malt in the manufacture of beer, ale, porter, etc.

The best time to plant a hop yard is in the spring. During the winter months the ground should be plowed and harrowed and cross-plowed and cross-harrowed and made as fine and mellow as possible; then stake it off in eight-feet squares, that is, rows eight feet apart both ways. There should be one male hill to every eight hills each way, that is, one in sixty-four. These male hills should be marked by a stake at planting, as later the stakes on which the male vines are to run should be arranged to run up three to six feet higher in the air, so that they can distribute their pollen to the female vines around. The vines are multiplied by offsets of the roots, which are sold at hop yards by the bushel, two or three bushels being sufficient to set an acre. These offsets should be planted just below the surface at the point of intersection between the rows, putting half a dozen sets in a hill. The after cultivation is simple enough. If good sets are used and they are planted early they will make a crop the first year. All the male vines should have a twelve-feet stake and the female vines an eight-feet stake, of which eighteen inches should go in the ground and the balance stand up perfectly upright and the tops should be united with wire each way, giving six feet clear, under which one may walk to gather the hops at maturity. In a prairie region the best and cheapest stakes would be inch and a quarter square sticks, sawed at the saw mill, eight feet long, and left rough. The portion near and in the ground should be coated with coal tar, and for that matter the entire stake. The best way to cultivate the hops would be to plant a crop of Irish potatoes in the middles, or a crop of cabbage or tobacco, or any other crop that is worked with a pony plow or hand plow and hoe.

In this beautiful sunny clime the hops will cure themselves on the vines in the same manner that tobacco will cure on the stalk.

After we get the industry well started we will further discuss the propriety of kiln drying or other manipulation that may be necessary for the perfection of the crop.

The main thing is to grow it, and that is as easy and simple as growing any crop I know of. It will cost probably, all told, about $50 an acre for stakes, gas tar, wire, vines, etc., and then thorough cultivation with the plow and cultivator. In order to increase the income from the poles and wire the spaces between the poles may be set with grape vines, as the hops make only on top of the arbor, the grape vines may be trained in horizontal arm fashion to the sides of the stakes. When we hear of the setting and cultivation of the plants we will write more on the subject of picking, drying, pressing and marketing the crop.

Old Montgomery county is a very conservative district as yet, and offers a grand opening to a few live real estate agents.

She grows principally corn, cotton, oats, sweet potatoes, sugar cane and sorghum, and feeds hogs, turkeys and other poultry, but in addition she grows a sprinkling of tobacco, rice, peanuts, buckwheat for her bees, alfalfa, Irish potatoes, cabbage, onions, crab grass, barley, cow peas and small vegetables. All she wants is the assurance of a market and she will grow them all in greater abundance.

The market is now here and her destiny is therefore to fill up with people, for farmers, stock raisers, gardeners and fruiterers will surely leave the cold and arid regions of the Northwest to come into a land of perennial summer blended with just enough of cold weather to kill off flies and musquitoes, a land of perfect health combined with rural beauty and unsurpassed.

FRUITS.

The fruits of old Montgomery county have a higher flavor in my estimation than those of the lower coast country, but this may be merely a matter of taste. They have plums ripening with cherry time, Willard and Yosebe; then Botan and Ogon, and then the Wild Goose, Abundance, Satsuma and Kelsey and other varieties. They have peaches of every variety and of quality unsurpassed anywhere. They are also growing Bartlett and Seckel pears, as well as Flemish Beauty and Duchess, Le Conte and Keiffer, and, as I have previously stated, as a grape region they will make a famous record.

In conclusion, what I have said about old Montgomery county applies with equal force to all the farming region of the Arcadian belt. You may take the advantage of excursion rates to Houston, as your base of operations, and from thence you may go and be suited with lands at any moderate price you feel it prudent to pay. As a guide, although I do not state it as a positive fact, I yet believe you can obtain all the land you want at from $2.50 to $7.50 an acre; but I state as a fact that every acre you are able to subdue and put into thorough cultivation will return the first season the total cost of the land and your living to boot. The cheaper the land the more labor required to ditch and prepare.

The advantages you acquire when you move down into old Montgomery county are in simple language these, namely:

A salubrious climate, abundance of rainfall, making the pursuit of agriculture absolutely certain, and in addition keeping the supply of ground water, well water, cistern water, and artesian water always in abundance; a good market for all the products of the farm, including live stock and poultry, the finest drained (speaking generally) undulating country, and a very fertile black sandy soil, a good law-abiding and moral community, and cheap lumber, cheap fuel, cheap brick and stone.

If there is any crop of the temperate region worth growing that can not be successfully grown in old Montgomery county I have yet to learn of it.

Think of it, all ye who live in the cold and arid regions, for—

"The autumn is old, the sere leaves are flying,
He hath gathered up gold, and now he is dying.
Old age, begin sighing
The year's in the wane, there's nothing adorning;
The night has no eve, and the day has no morning—
Cold winter gives warning."
A. Whitaker.

A Grievance Committee.

It happens that a correspondent whom I have already quoted in these columns sends me this week another contribution on the grievance committee question. Let me give it in his own words:

I was in a general manager's office the other day when on the approach of a grievance committee, who were announced by the private secretary, I, at the request of the general manager stepped into the next room, with only a screen between me and the committee and I could not well help hearing what was said. The conversation ran this way:

General Manager—"Please be seated. What can I do for you?"

Committee—"We represent the engineers of division No. 20 of the A. F. A. R. R."

General Manager—"Please explain the nature of your grievance."

Committee—"X. Y. Z., who has been running on this line for ten years, was transferred from No. 1 fast express train to the list of extra men by the order of the master mechanic, which is not according to our schedule, and against our rights in reference to priority of employment."

General Manager—"Are you gentlemen financially interested in this corporation, either as bond or stockholders?"

Committee—"We are not."

General Manager—"Where do your rights exist, when you have no money invested? You get paid for your services."

Committee—"But we have rights, morally speaking."

General Manager—"Explain."

Committee—"This man has been employed for many years, been a faithful and economical engineer, and we think that this company is letting him out too easily because he is a member of our organization and belongs to a grievance committee."

General Manager—"But the removal was ordered by my request."

Committee—"Will you kindly explain why you requested this change?"

General Manager—"With pleasure" (touching an electric button). A young employe appeared, who received orders to bring volume No. 102, and referring to page No. 5 the general manager read, "X. Y. Z. account for expenses in running engine No. 99" for five years, which showed 30 per cent or more than "John Ashland expenses on engine No. 100" for the same period in the same service and John "has not been half as long in our service" said the general manager, "as the gentleman you are representing. In these hard times we must retain the men that are the most economical, and allow the extravagant men to seek employment with a wealthier corporation."

Committee—"But don't you give the oldest employes the preference?"

General Manager—"Yes—everything being equal."

Committee—"Is this your final answer?"

General Manager—"Yes—in the future we will retain our best men, allowing our careless employes to take a new start, just as any other business firm conducts their affairs. We run this railroad for profit only, and we must take care of our [illegible] employes, and let others take care of themselves."

The committee then retired.

FOSTER'S FORECASTS.

THE GREAT WEATHER PROPHET'S PREDICTIONS.

A Storm About Christmas Which Will Be Favorable to Earthquake Shocks. A Severe Winter Storm Coming. The Planet Jupiter.

St. Joseph, Mo., December 16.—(Copyrighted, 1893, by W. T. Foster.)—My last bulletin gave forecasts of the storm wave to cross the continent from December 15 to 19, and the next will reach the Pacific coast about the 20th, cross the western mountains by close of 21st, the great central valleys from 22d to 24th and the Eastern States about the 25th.

The disturbing influences at date of this storm wave will be favorable to earthquakes in earthquake countries. About December 22 the earth will receive a large amount of electrical force and this may result in severe earthquakes or the force may pass to the earth through the high barometers, in which case we will have a severe cold wave.

This overcharge of electricity will pass from the earth again about the 29th and January 5 and we will experience severe storms about these dates.

The last storm wave of December will reach the Pacific coast about the 26th, cross the western mountains by close of the 27th, the great central valleys from 28th to 30th and the Eastern States about the 31st. This will be a very severe winter storm in the Mississippi valley about the 29th.

Warm waves will cross the western mountains about 20th and 26th, the great central valleys about 22d and 28th and the Eastern States about 24th and 30th.

Cool waves will cross the western mountains about 23d and 29th, the great central valleys about 25th and 31st and the Eastern States about 27th and January 2.

THE PLANET JUPITER.

In our solar system Jupiter is next in importance to the sun, and among the causes of weather changes is third, the moon being second.

When at perihelion—in the same direction from the sun that the earth is about October 3—it is about 21,000,000 miles nearer the sun than when in the opposite part of its orbit.

For the above reason when Jupiter is near perihelion its influence on the earth is largely increased and to that fact is due many of our serious drouths from July to December.

The sun and planets are unquestionably great natural magnets, electrified bodies, and their changing distances from each other certainly keep up a constant changing in their electrical conditions. Volatile matter—water, etc.—readily evaporates when the amount of electricity is increased and readily condenses and precipitates when electricity is withdrawn and as Jupiter comes 21,000,000 miles nearer to the sun and earth in a little less than six years and recedes the same distance from the earth and sun during the same length of time next following, it is a powerful factor in bringing excessive rains and excessive drouths.

I invite a study of Jupiter, not so much because of its astronomical interest as because of its great influence upon the weather of our earth; from it we can learn much about the nature of our own atmosphere and climatic changes. The average distance of Jupiter from the sun is about 481,000,000 miles, or about three times the distance of the earth from the sun. It makes a revolution around the sun in 11.86 years and the earth passes between it and the sun every 399 days.

Jupiter's diameter is about eleven times, its surface about 125 times and its volume 1300 times that of the earth. Its weight, or what its weight would be at the surface of our earth, is reckoned at 318 times that of the earth.

The great distance of Jupiter from the earth largely decreases its influence, its pull, as astronomers call it, on the earth, and I only mention this here in order to caution readers against the idea that the planets affect our weather through their attraction of gravitation, or their pull on our atmosphere. It is the magnetic or electric stream lines that go out from all these bodies and therefore distance, or such distances as we have in the solar system, have but little effect as compared with gravitational distances. I will discuss the nature of planetary influences upon our weather further on.

The astronomers all try to prove that Jupiter is a boiling, red-hot body. Nonsense. They see unaccountable activity in the clouds of that planet—nothing of the planet can be seen but its clouds—and they conclude that as sufficient heat can not reach the planet from the sun to cause such activity, therefore the heat must come from within the planet. If they would explain how heat could reach the earth from the sun when all space between the two is 10,000 times colder than ice, common mortals might think of accepting their theories about Jupiter.

C. H. Swan of Potwin, Kan., who has kept a weather record for fifty-six years, claims that we will have a warm, open winter with only a few days cold at a time, and that next summer will bring destructive hot winds and serious drouth.

The uninformed often imagine that storms come from the east, northeast and southeast, because with the rain or snow the wind comes from those points; but storms in these latitudes always move from west to east across the continent and to claim otherwise is likened to believing that the sun revolves around the earth daily.

It must be remembered that there are two great classes of clays. One is a mineral called kaolinite in its original and pure state, as it probably fell on the earth from the nebulous matter that surrounded our moon when it was a comet. The agricultural clay that plays important parts in the production of crops is of decayed mineral clays that are probably immensely older than those out of which wares are manufactured. Arid climates have much of this agricultural clay, and the soil is remarkably loose and light, and with abundant water crops will grow almost without cultivation.

Foster's Local Forecast.

The storm waves will reach this meridian and the other changes noted will occur at and within 100 miles of Houston, within twenty-four hours before or after sunset of the dates given below:

December 17—Storm wave on this meridian.
December 18—Wind changing.
December 19—Cooler and clearing.
December 20—Fair and cool.
December 21—Moderating.
December 22—Warmer.
December 23—Storm wave on this meridian.

They Found Seats.

Two young women boarded the Sixth avenue "L" train at Twenty-third street. Every seat was taken, and every man in the car was reading an evening paper.

"It's a perfect shame to be compelled to stand up," spoke up the blonde.

The train stopped with a jerk, and one of the women trod on the foot of a man nearest her. He said something under his breath, and drew his feet in. The car started, and she stepped on his foot again. He looked up angrily. At the next station the performance was repeated.

"Madame, you may take my seat."

She smiled graciously; but before seating herself she bent toward the man who occupied the next seat.

"Won't you kindly allow my friend to sit next to me?"

He looked up confused for a moment. Then accepting the situation with apparent good grace, replied:—

"Yes; certainly."

When both were seated one said to the other:—

"It takes nerve, but we unprotected women need it in this century."

He Should Be Sent.

Truth.

He—What is the difference between the admission to a dime museum and the admission to Sing Sing?

She—Don't know. What?

He—One is 10 cents and the other is sentence. See?

Between Hard Lines.

New York Recorder.

Between the prophet and the professor the country is having a pretty hard time.

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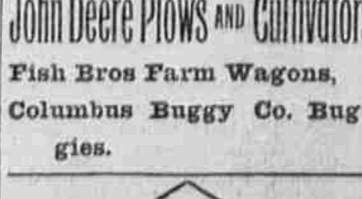

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