

THE NEW FARMER: WINONA, MISS.

The Good the Alliance has Done.

Many members and ex-members have asked the question, "What good has the Alliance done?" and no doubt hundreds would say that it has done no good. Such would be the answer of only the unthinking. In speaking of the Alliance I do not mean specifically the organization known by that name, but include all organizations among farmers in which the members ally themselves together for the purpose of mutual instruction, mutual financial benefit, or for social purposes.

Though we have been benefitted wonderfully, our benefits have been more of knowledge than practice. We have learned where the shoe pinches, and how it pinches, but we have not taken the shoe off, and we can not hope to take it off unless we make a united and concerted effort. There is much yet unlearned of the causes, and we need the brain of every laborer to help find them. Then we will need the help of every man whose head wears Adam's mark to help us to have this law, a law of liberty, truly. There is but little real antagonism of interest between the learned professions, the mercantile world, and the farmers and laborers. In this land of ours a law that will oppress me to-day, in the changes of life may oppress you to-morrow. The merchant may be a prosperous man to-day and a tramp to-morrow. His family may roll in wealth to-day and his sons be farm laborers next week. While laws that are just to all may not be much assistance in creating millionaires in a decade, they may help keep millionaires' sons and daughters from being oppressed unjustly when the tide of fortune turns. There are men foolish enough to want an equal distribution of the wealth of this country, but you will not find many of them foremost in the ranks of any farmers' organization. What we want distributed equally to all men, "regardless of race, color, or previous condition of servitude," is the opportunity for the pursuit of happiness. Some men, who do not look below the surface, will say, "Why, you have that now; you can be a millionaire now if you have the money," or "you can be a banker now if you have the spindulix; the chance is open to you." Yes, this is true, the chance is open to me. I could enjoy all the privileges of either class if I have the cash, and there is no law prohibiting me from trying; but it is the privileges of the classes I am objecting to, and not the classes themselves. It is the privileges of the ins that makes it so easy for them to stay in and so hard for the outs to get in. If the classes had less privileges and the individuals more it would be better for the country, and it can be brought about only by the united effort of the unprivileged classes. So long as they remain divided in sentiment and undisciplined in purpose, so long the workingmen will be the outs and the privileged classes the ins. Organization has taught us the weak places in human nature. It is generally believed in my section that the average composition of the genus homo is one part man and three parts dog. This is why there are so many falling away from the organization, for it is generally known that dogs are not gregarious, and that when many of them are confined together there is generally a considerable amount of snarling, if not some fighting. This of course, accounts for so many who say the Alliance has done them no good; these are no doubt the ones who got bitten and failed to get a bone.

Taking a surface view of the Alliance, many who have not studied it might conclude that it was going into a decline; but I can assure its

friends that they need not be looking for cards to its funeral. "It sleepeth" only, and will awaken like Sampson and turn upon its enemies. The seeds that have been falling for the last five years have fallen on some fertile soil and are taking deep root, and they will develop into plants of liberty that will so occupy the ground as to overshadow and choke out the noxious weeds of ignorance, lethargy, selfishness, and humble submission. There are true patriots alive to-day on American soil who are as true friends of true liberty as ever were Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, or Ben Franklin, and their teachings are going out over the land and arousing the manhood that remains in the posterity of the fathers of this free land. The Alliance has brought careless and uneducated men together under the same roof with men who have studied the history of dead nations and can read the handwriting on the wall, and these have assimilated, and now through a labor press, established and maintained by them together, are sending out into the world facts and theories that will yet bring gladness to the toiler and hope to the heart of the father of poor children.

The Alliance has done what the sword, the press, and the pulpit have failed to do, and if it had died without accomplishing more, it might have claimed a monument with this inscription "I am mightier than all," for after twenty-four years of political reconstruction, forty years of philanthropy, and a hundred years of preaching, it was left to the Alliance to blot out the Mason and Dixon line—that imaginary line on which the bloody shirt was hung every four years—and to unite the working, mortgage-hunted farmer of the Northwest with the half Ku-Klux and half desperado cotton-planter of the South. The horns of the Ku-Klux were knocked off the cotton-planter, and the shirt that has been waved so faithfully has been torn up with Mason and Dixon's line and cast into the Mississippi, and by this time no doubt are in the maw of some cat-fish, or making a nest for some mud-turtle of a politician who will have to crawl into his shell when he sees the result of the next election.

One of the last, if not greatest, goods that I shall name to-night that the Alliance has done is, it has inspired the masses with renewed hope, and if our members would each become a missionary, we could soon rally a stronger array than ever, for we have more to rally with and more yet to hear from.—J. A. Tetts, in National Economist.

WHAT SYMPATHY IS.

The Grandest Emotion and Yet the One Least Understood.

Sympathy is one of the divine gifts to the human soul; one of the gifts that grows richer by the dispensing. Perhaps of all the emotions that move the soul, sympathy is the one least understood. We seem to think, many of us, that sympathy is a matter of tears and sighs, of frantic hand-clasps and superlative expression. We term the woman who is moved to tears by a tale of woe, by the history of an incident beyond the reach of remedy, a woman of sympathy. This condition is a state of nervous disease that should be treated by a physician who administers medicine with a knowledge of psychology. Sympathy is not a water-cure. It is a strong, active, forceful element in soul power. It is not confined to shadows; it works beneficently in the sunlight. It meets the face reflecting a great inward joy, and gives to it added brightness because of a soul set aflame by the light of another. It stretches out a guiding hand to a soul groping in a thousand perplex-

ities, trying to find its way, to get its bearings, in the maze that involves it. It helps the sorrowing, not by adding tears, but by finding new interests. Is there a condition in life where this divine gift cannot work miracles? How often its magic reveals to those who have before been strangers the inner light that is the ego, the world will never know. We gladly give ourselves to the people in tatters, and spend hours of thought in devising bathing facilities for the great unwashed, while we do not think to extend the hand of fellowship to the woman whose surroundings denote possessions of material things. As though the soul were clothed and fed with velvets, and fruits served out of season! The pity of it! What is fellowship with our kind? It is seeing beneath the surface, it is finding the ego behind the mask which the world calls a face. We know we live two lives—one the world sees, and the other a life revealed only to love, which is the essence of sympathy; and to those who see behind the mask we give the right of sympathy, the right to laugh with us, the right to weep with us, the right to point to us a pathway where we see no outlook. Sympathy is not one-sided—an emotion that moves but one. It is thought only until moved to action. The giver grows richer who gives in love, and the gift is not alms. Alms are the coins of duty, sympathy is the coin of love. It circulates in all classes; it does not shut out the possessors of wealth, for it sees, it feels, that there are "things" that cannot be deposited in safe deposit vaults. Every friend who finds us, every friend we find, makes this world a new heaven. Is not this wealth, this joy, worth striving after? For does not a friend's sympathy make our weakness strength? Does not sympathy double our joys, and send a gleam from Heaven into our deepest sorrow? That which we receive is ours to give. Life grows deeper, fuller, not as we shut the world out, but as we open our hearts to receive the best in it, give the best in ourselves.—Christian Union.

How to Keep Young Men on the Farm.

We hear very much of the best ways and means to keep the young men on the farms. In order to do this many things are needed. We mention, first in order and importance, to cause them to respect the calling of their fathers, by understanding that it is not a mere handicraft, but that among intellectual pursuits it is the most intellectual; among sciences it is the chief science; among learned professions it is the most learned of all; and, finally, that among occupations of men none is more ancient, or illustrious, or honorable. In the second place, in order to keep young men on the farm it is necessary that the Government shall lift from the patient shoulders of agriculture some of the grossly unequal burdens it has imposed upon them wrongfully and in defiance of the fundamental principles of its own organic law. Perhaps we should better say it is necessary that agriculture shall claim proper recognition at the hands of all other classes. It must both assert and defend and do what is necessary to maintain and establish its right in these premises. It must have its full representation among the representatives of the people, and it must exercise that influence which of a right ought to belong to it; not merely in the selection of candidates for office, but in the intelligent discussion and right decision of all great public questions. When these things are done, as they should be done, agriculture will afford a safe and easier living than any other pursuit or profession, in which case the young men who adopt it will love it and take pride in it, and no earthly force can divorce them from it. Lastly the farm must be made a home. Modern conveniences and labor-saving or labor-lightening machines and devices must be brought into use. The home must be adorned in simple, good taste, and the landscape beautified. All things about and around the farm and home must conspire to suggest the beautiful, the good, and the true.—National Economist.

How the Typewriter Was Invented.

In connection with a friend, Samuel W. Soule, a printer and inventor, C. L. Sholes was engaged in Milwaukee during the winter of 1866 and 1867 in developing a machine for printing the numbers of pages on the leaves of blank books, after the books were bound, and for printing the serial numbers on bank notes. Carlos Glidden, a friend of Sholes with an inventive fancy, took great interest in the paging machine and asked why a similar contrivance could not be made that would write letters and words instead of figures and numbers. The three men worked together upon this idea, but Sholes evolved the main part of the machine. He suggested pivoted types set in a circle. The principal contribution of Mr. Glidden was his suggestion that such a machine ought to be made. In September, 1867, a machine was finished and letters written with it. The invention was far from being a perfect writing machine, but one of the letters, sent to James Dinsmore, of Meadville, Pa., so interested him that he offered to pay all the expenses up to date for a one-fourth interest. His offer was accepted. Soule and Glidden subsequently dropped out, leaving Sholes and Dinsmore sole proprietors.—Kansas City Star.

Authors Prefer a Pen to a Pencil.

I find our poets, as a rule, strangely enough, use the pen almost without an exception. Mr. Lowell, Dr. Holmes and Mr. Whittier never think of the pencil as an instrument of composition. Mr. Aldrich, also, uses the pen, as does Margaret Deland and likewise Edmund Clarence Stedman. The poet Stoddard will vary between the pen and the pencil, as the mood may seize him. Robert Louis Stevenson, on the other hand, prefers a pencil, although he has written the complete manuscript of a novel with a pen. Mrs. Burnett also uses the pen, although during her recent illness she used a pencil almost exclusively. George William Curtis is loyal to the pencil in his rough drafts. Mr. Howells thinks he writes easier with the pen. What little manual literary work is done by Frank Stockton he does by the pen. Edgar Fawcett uses the pencil almost exclusively, as also does Anna Katherine Green, who writes best with a pad on her knee, and rarely uses a desk or table.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Ribbons Instead of Sleeve Links.

Appropos of the things men wear, you must drop your sleeve links and substitute for them a very narrow ribbon, which is tied in a stiff little bow through the two button holes. This is the dernier cri in Paris, and no end of surmises come up as to how the fashion arose. Most fashions have their birth from accidents, and it is fair to conclude that Alphonse, in a spirit of gallantry, gave his sleeve links to Therese, Elise or Marie, and that she, returning the compliment, drew the pretty little ribbon from her lingerie and fastened together, in a feminine fashion, the cuffs that were linkless.—Philadelphia Times.

The Value of Kangaroo Skins.

Up to 1869 kangaroos were killed and eaten in Australia, and their hides were cut into shoestrings. But an Englishman named Brown in that year discovered the remarkable character of the leather and brought several thousand skins to this country. He tried to sell the hides to tanners, but they were shy of the novelty, and he had to sell them at a sacrifice to a bookbinder. The bookbinder made triangular corner pieces in ledgers and commercial books out of the skins, and so ascertained the good quality of the leather. It was in this way that the large leather factories were first attracted to kangaroo hide.—Nature.

The Sound of Light.

One of the most wonderful discoveries in science that have been made is the fact that a beam of light produces sound. A beam of sunlight is thrown through a lens on a glass vessel that contains lampblack, colored silk or worsted, or other substances. A disk having slits or openings cut in it is made to revolve swiftly in this beam of light, so as to cut it up, thus making alternate flashes of light and shadow. On putting the ear to the glass vessel, strange sounds are heard so long as the flashing beam is falling on the vessel.—American Art Journal.

Giles—How did you manage to get your poem accepted by the new editor?
Tubbs—Told him the old editor had declined it.—Epoch.

The Model Wife.

A model wife is the woman in whom the heart of her husband doth safely trust. She is the woman who looks after his household, and makes hospitality a delight to him, and not a burden. Who has learned that a soft answer will turn away wrath. Who keeps her sweetest smiles and most loving words for her husband. Who is his confidant in sorrow or in joy, and who does not feel the necessity of explaining her private affairs to the neighborhood. Who respects the rights of hus-

band and children, and in return has due regard paid to her.

Who knows that the strongest argument is her womanliness, and so she cultivates it.

Who is sympathetic in joy, or in grief, and who finds work for her hands to do.

Who makes friends and keeps them.

Who is not made bitter by trouble, but who strengthens and sweetens under it.

Who tries to conceal the faults of her husband, rather than blazon them forth to an uninterested public.

The woman whose life-book has love written on every page.

Who makes a home for a man—a home in a house and in a heart. A home that he is sure of, a home that is full of love presided over by one whose price is far above rubies.

She is a model wife.—Ladies' Home Journal.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

HOW THE TRAINS PASS WINONA

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD	
NORTH	
No 2—St Louis Express	9:27 p m
No 4—Chicago and N O Express	3:34 a m
No 8—Local Accommodation	12:39 p m
SOUTH	
No 1—St Louis Express	12:39 p m
No 3—N O and Chicago Express	10:17 p m
No 7—Local Accommodation	11:58 a m
All trains run daily, except No's 7 and 8, which do not run on Sunday.	
J W COLEMAN, A G P A, P A DULIN, Agent, New Orleans, La. Winona Miss	

GEORGIA PACIFIC RAILROAD

WEST	
No 52—Fast Mail, passes	4:46 p m
No 40—Greenville Ac'm'n leaves	6:10 a m
EAST	
No 53—Fast Mail passes	10:43 a m
No 41—Greenville Ac'm'n arrives	7:35 p m
For tickets and information apply to F B CLEMENTS, Agent, Winona, Miss.	

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