

DR. C. O. WEBB,
DENTIST,
Next Door to John Murchison & Son
East Side Public Square.
CROCKETT, TEXAS.
RICE MAXEY,
Attorney-at-Law,
(Now Located at Sherman, Texas.)
will attend the terms of the District Court of
Houston county, and will be pleased to give
his personal attention to all cases
entrusted to his care.

The Crockett Weekly Courier.

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S. C. ARLEDGE,
Leading House in Crockett for all
Lines of Groceries, Fancy and Staple
Keep constantly on hand a large supply of
Salt, Hardware, Etc.
My goods are always fresh and of
THE VERY BEST QUALITY

CHURCH DIRECTORY.
Methodist.—J. T. Dawson, Pastor. Ser-
mons the 2d, 3d and 4th Sundays in each
month, morning and evening. Sunday
school every Sunday. Prayer meeting
every Tuesday night. First Sunday at
Lovelady.
Baptist.—W. M. Gaddy, Pastor.
Services the 1st, 2d and 3d Sundays in
each month, morning and evening. Sun-
day school every Sunday. Prayer meet-
ing every Wednesday night. Fourth
Sunday at Lovelady.
Presbyterian.—F. J. Eddy, Pastor.
services every Sunday morning. Sun-
day school every Sunday. Prayer meet-
ing every Thursday night. Lovelady
Third Sunday night in each month.

COURT DIRECTORY.
DISTRICT.
District Judge, Hon. F. A. Williams.
District Attorney, Hon. W. S. Gil-
christ. Clerk, Hon. F. A. Chapman.
COUNTY.
County Judge, Hon. W. A. Davis.
County Attorney, Hon. J. I. Moore.
County Clerk, A. J. C. Dunham. Sher-
iff, F. H. Bayne. Tax Assessor, M. P. Ke-
ker. Tax Assessor, Charles Stokes.
Tax Collector, Charles Long. Surveyor,
Enoch B. Dixon.

COURT CALENDAR.
DISTRICT.
Court convenes the first Monday after
the 4th Monday in February, and first
Monday after fourth Monday in Septem-
ber.
COUNTY.
Court convenes the first Monday in
February, May, August and November.
COMMISSIONERS.
Court in session the second Mondays of
February, May, August and Novem-
ber.
JUSTICES.
Precinct No. 1, Crockett, last Monday
in each month. W. D. Pritchard, J. P.
Precinct No. 2, Augusta, 3d Saturday
in each month. John Kennedy, J. P.
Precinct No. 3, Coltharp, 4th Saturday
in each month. J. W. Gilbert, J. P.
Precinct No. 4, Lovelady, 4th Thurs-
day in each month. R. R. Morgan, J. P.
Precinct No. 5, Grapeland, 2d Satur-
day in each month. John A. Davis, J. P.
Precinct No. 6, Port or prings, 1st
Saturday in each month. J. S. Hogue, J. P.
Precinct No. 7, Weches, 4th Saturday
in each month. W. L. Vaucht, J. P.

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Sandlin, Vice President, Lovelady.
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Brent, Treasurer, Tadmor; W. L. Dri-
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A. Lec. Crockett; J. R. Ritchie, Chap.
Crockett; W. T. High, D. K. Creek;
G. W. Furlow, A. D. K. Creek; K. D.
Thompson, Sg't. at A. Antioch.
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as.

GRANGE DIRECTORY.
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Pine Grove.—W. B. Barton, master; D. E. F. Shell,
secretary; R. B. Shell, Lect. meets 1st and 3rd Wednes-
day in December, March, June and September.
SUB-ORDINATE GRANGES.
Newell's Prairie, No. 48—E. H. Callaway,
master; J. E. Lundy, Sec'y. Meets second and
fourth Sunday.
Lovelady, No. 78—J. R. Harrison, Master;
W. H. Harrison, Sec'y. Meets first and third
Sunday.
Harmony, No. 70—J. F. Henderson, Master;
Miss Belle Strazelle, Sec'y. Meets second and
fourth Sunday.
Beulah, No. 188—S. H. Platt, Master; J. B.
Stanton, Sec'y.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER
of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both my-
self and wife owe our lives to Shi-
loh's Consumption Cure."—For
sale at J. G. Haring.

A FORTUNE
Inherited by few, is pure blood, free
from hereditary taint. Catarrh, con-
sumption, rheumatism, Scrofula,
and many other maladies born in
the blood, can be effectually eradicated
only by the use of powerful
alteratives. The standard specific
for this purpose—the one best
known and approved—is Ayer's
Sarsaparilla, the compound, con-
centrated extract of Honduras sar-
saparilla, and other powerful altera-
tives.
"I consider that I have ben

SAVED
several hundred dollars expense, by using
Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and would strongly
urge all who are troubled with lameness or
rheumatic pains to give it a trial. I am sure
it will do them permanent good, as it has
done me."—Mrs. Joseph Wood, West Platts-
burgh, N. Y.
Dr. J. W. Shields, of Smithville, Tenn.,
says: "I regard Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the
best blood medicine on earth, and know of
many wonderful cures effected by its use."
"For many years I was laid up with Scrofula,
no treatment being of any benefit. At
length I was recommended to give Ayer's
Sarsaparilla a trial. I did so, and

By Taking
about a dozen bottles, was restored to per-
fect health—weighing 220 pounds—and am
now a believer in the merits of Ayer's Sar-
saparilla.—James Petty, Mine Boss, Breck-
enridge Coal Co. (Limited), Victoria, Ky.
"My niece, Sarah A. Loece, was for years
afflicted with scrofulous humor in the blood.
About 18 months ago she began to use
Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and after taking three
bottles was completely cured."—E. Caffan,
P. M., Loece, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1, six bottles, \$5.
Cures others, will cure you

FORTUNES IN PRECIOUS STONES.
Women of America Own Jewels
Worth \$900,000,000.
It is doubtful if the women of
any two nations on the face of the
earth own as many jewels as do the
women of the United States. A large
dealer in diamonds in Maiden lane
assures me that the precious stones
worn this day by our women, not to
count of stones, pierres d'im-
itation, Rhinestones, so called, etc.,
are not worth less than \$900,000,000,
or more authorities on Chestnut
street regard this an overesti-
mate.

Comparatively a few women own
a large number of the stone repre-
senting this \$900,000,000. Let me
take a few of them at random. The
jewels, most of which are dia-
monds, owned by the Astor women,
would far exceed \$3,000,000, and
the late Mrs. Jacob Astor wore on
all public occasions, and many pri-
vate ones, a tiara which, as has
been well said, few crowned heads
of Europe or Indian princes could
boast. These stones so flashed
when the wearer moved that it
seemed as if her head were encir-
cled in flame. Mrs. William Wal-
don Astor has a sapphire of diamonds
in three grand rows, each row a
fortune in itself, and she also pos-
sesses the world renowned necklace
of six strings with the gold of the set-
ting hid, only the glittering stones
being visible. She is constantly
weeding out small and imperfectly
cut stones from the galaxy and ad-
ding larger ones of perfect work-
manship.

Perhaps \$3,000,000 would not
represent the value of the Van-
derbilt jewels. Mrs. Wm. R. Van-
derbilt has a superb diamond cres-
cent two inches in diameter, a
pearl necklace owned by the Em-
press Eugenie and valued at \$190,
000, this rope of gems being about
forty inches long. She wears this
by rolling it round and round her
neck and then letting it fall in rolls
toward the waist. Mrs. Frederick
W. Vanderbilt has one of the most
valuable diamond necklaces in the
world. Among other costly gems
owned by this family and worn in
brooches, necklaces, hair pins,
bracelets and rings are rubies, sap-
phires, emeralds, topazes, garnets,
etc.

The beautiful Mrs. Hicks-Lord
owns no less than \$550,000 worth
of precious stones, and the flame of
her gorgeous necklace, worth not
less than \$250,000, all perfectly cut
and flawless diamonds, is known in
every European court. Nor is she
sparing in her display of this re-
gular cirelet. Moreover, she owns 4
other necklaces and the most val-
uable pair of solitaire earrings in
the United States.

SHILOHS COUGH and Con-
sumption Cure is sold by us on a
guarantee. It cures consumption
For sale by J. G. Haring.

GIFTED TOM MARSHALL.
JUDGE NOAH'S RECOLLECTION
OF THE NOTED ORATOR.
His Quarrel With Henry Clay—He
Bitterly Regretted It in Later
Years. A Man of Profound,
Not Superficial, Culture—
Some New Stories
About Him.

"The writer of the article on Tom
Marshall does him injustice," said
Judge Noah at the club the other
night, as he thumped the May-
number of Belford's. "In the ear-
ly spring of 1864, during the war,
I continued the Judge, 'I was on du-
ty at Nashville. One day I found
Tom Marshall on the streets in a
state of advanced inebriety. I had
previously had some slight ac-
quaintance with him, and took him
to my quarters and cared for him.
I got him straightened up and gave
him some necessary articles of ap-
parel. He remained as my guest
for some time. Contrary to the
general idea, I discovered him to
be a man of profound, not superfi-
cial, culture."
"He was thoroughly posted on
the history of our country in every
particular. He knew English his-
tory by the card, and could name
the English Kings from the Hep-
tarchy down without a skip or break.
He had studied deeply the history
of Russia and the other countries
of Northern Europe, as well as of
France and Spain, while the intri-
cate and involved history of Italy
during the Middle Ages was sur-
prisingly familiar to him. The
history of Greece and Rome during
the classic ages he had at his ton-
gue's end. I am myself a pretty
fair classical scholar, but I found
that I wasn't a marker to him. I
believe his knowledge was
wide and accurate."

"As to his long and bitter quar-
rel with Henry Clay, he expressed
to me many times his deep and
acute regret for having entered up-
on and maintained it. It was not
to me alone that he revealed this
feeling, but to all with whom I
heard him converse. I haven't the
slightest doubt of his sincerity in
this matter."

"As a conversationalist he was
superb when the humor was on
him. Words of wit and wisdom
which poured from his language was
chaste and beautiful beyond com-
parison. One defect only he had,
and that was his extreme arrogance.
I remember an instance. He was
telling of an obscure point in the
history of Naples under the Span-
ish rule of Don Pedro. It so hap-
pened that I had just been reading
a book—one of Bohn's classic libra-
ry—called 'The Carracas of Mad-
dalon,' which I had picked up,
and which treated of this very sub-
ject, as well as concerning the 'prag-
matic sanction' and Don John of
Austria. I at once aired my newly
acquired knowledge. He became
furious in an instant, and excitedly
said:

"What right have you, sir, to
know something I know?"
"I replied: 'Mr. Marshall, the
same source of information from
which you gained your knowledge
are open to all.'"
"You have no right, sir, to know
something I know," was his arro-
gant reply, and then he grew sulky
and would not continue the con-
versation."

"When Forefathers' Day rolled
around, the officers of New England
birth stationed at Nashville got up
a banquet to celebrate the day as
loyal New Englanders are accus-
tomed to do. I was a guest.
When Vermont was toasted, there
being no son of the Green Moun-
tains present, I was called upon to
respond. This I did as best I
could. I began by saying that I
was not a Vermont, and I had never
been in Vermont, and I supposed
that was the reason I was called
upon."

"I then proceeded to tell about
the quarrel over the question of
boundary which was pending be-
tween Vermont and New York
when the Revolution began and
how it was laid aside when Ethan
Allen went off to capture Ticonde-
roga. Then I told about General
Stark at Bennington and his famous
declaration that they must conquer
that day or Molly Stark would be
a widow. In fact, I was getting
along famously in the Green Moun-
tain State's history, when the door

was thrown open and in came Tom
Marshall roaring drunk. He
shouted out:
"You're celebrating Forefathers'
Day, are you? You infernal idiots!
You're a fine lot of fellows to be
celebrating that day, aren't you?
You know nothing of the history of
your country. What did your in-
fernal Yankee forefathers do?
What did they do to Roger Will-
iams? They drove him from
Massachusetts in the dead of win-
ter to find refuge among savage In-
dians. What did they do with the
Quakers and the Baptists? They
hung 'em, and whipped 'em, and
crowed their ears and banished
'em. How about the Connecticut
Blue Law? Eh, you infernal
Yankees? and so on. At the first
outbreak I sank back in my seat,
and that speech of mine about Ver-
mont was never finished. As
quickly as possible we got a Cor-
poral's guard and had the impetu-
ous orator—hailed to the guard
house, from whence he was shortly
afterwards released."

"One day I asked Mr. Marshall
how he would like to deliver a lec-
ture. He said first rate; that a lit-
tle money would come in handy.
So, through the Provost Marshal's
assistance, I procured a theatre, the
condition being that Marshall was
to go there sober. When the night
came the theatre was crowded. Mr.
Marshall appeared in good trim.
His subject was 'Charlemagne
and His Times.'"
"For about ten minutes he stuck
to his text. Then, happening to
mention the name of Napoleon
Bonaparte, he devoted upward of
an hour to brilliant and eloquent
discourse on the mighty Corsican.
The identity of Charlemagne had
been overlooked by that of Bon-
aparte. Well, that lecture, prob-
ably the last the eloquent Ken-
tuckian ever delivered, netted him
upwards of \$400. After receiving
the money he left for his home in
Kentucky, where he soon after
died."

"The chief point I wanted to em-
phasize was that Tom Marshall ex-
pressed the deepest and most acute
regret for having quarrelled with
Henry Clay. It may be that a
some indefinable way he felt the in-
fluence of the shadow of death
which was then impending over
him. But that he was honest and
sincere in his expressions I firmly
and thoroughly believe."

"Mr. Marshall," continued Judge
Noah, "had a habit of walking up
and down the room as he talked.
The physical exercise seemed in
some way to counteract the nervous
excitement under which he labored.
He told me scores of anecdotes of
himself and other public men of
his day and time. Among them
was one concerning the advice
rendered him by Henry Clay when he
(Marshall) came here to Congress
in 1841. The two met in the ro-
tunda. Mr. Clay was at that time
in the Senate. After chatting a
moment on indifferent subjects, Mr.
Marshall's senior, laid his hand on
the other's shoulder and said, in
his most impressive manner:

"Mr. Marshall, you are a bril-
liant man and have a distinguished
career before you if you will take
an old man's advice and give up
your drinking habits."
"This advice, given by a much
older man and one who was the
leader in their own State and in the
Union of the party to which they
belonged, was kindly intended; but
it aroused all the arrogance in Mar-
shall's intolerant nature. Instead
of receiving it kindly, as it was in-
tended, he replied:

"Mr. Clay, you are a very able
and brilliant man. You may yet
become President if you will only
take the advice of a much younger
man and abandon your amours
and quit your habits of gambling."
"After delivering himself of this
bit of fatuous repartee, Marshall
stalked out of the Capitol to the
nearest bar-room, where he pro-
ceeded to load up. Clay looked at
him as he walked away, his anger
at the younger man's insolence
struggling with amusement at his
audacity. This was the beginning
of the coolness between the two,
which speedily ripened into open
hostility, for, though Marshall sub-
sequently became ashamed at the
manner in which he had received
Clay's well-meant advice, he never

apologized.
Mr. Marshall often spoke of his
celebrated kinsman, Chief Justice
John Marshall. He claimed that
that the Chief Justice, though an
able man, was very much overrat-
ed. He insisted that there were
other Justices on the supreme bench
who were his superior as lawyer
and Judge.
"He did not count Judge Story
as one of these, however, holding
that he was too much given to
creating law in his decisions, and
legislating in his law works rather
than confining himself simply to
construction of the law. He seem-
ed to resent the fame his celebrated
kinsman had won. This, I think,
grew out of his arrogance, which
made him feel that he should be
the most famous of the name of
Marshall."
"Among the most distinguished
families of Kentucky is the Breck-
inridge," continued Judge Noah.
"One of Mr. Marshall's anecdotes
related to two of the most eminent
members of that family, the Rev.
Robert J. Breckinridge, the celebra-
ted Presbyterian divine, controve-
rsialist and teacher, and the Hon.
John C. Breckinridge, lawyer,
statesman and Vice-President. They
were uncle and nephew. Tom
Marshall was a cousin-german to
the Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge."
"One day John C. Breckinridge,
then Vice-President, remarked to
his uncle, the Rev. Robert J. Breck-
inridge:

"Uncle Bob, you've done more
for your country and received less
reward than any man I know of."
"John," retorted the Rev. Robert
J., "you have done less for your
country and been rewarded more
highly than any man know of."
"When Mr. Marshall recalled
the fact that he was the son of the
Hon. M. M. Noah, once Surveyor
of the Port of New York, and of the
firm of Noah & Webb, editors and
publishers of the New York Courier
and Enquirer, he told me of his
duel with General Webb, growing
out of strictures passed upon Mar-
shall's course in Congress in one of
Webb's editorials."
"I went to the field determined
to kill Webb," said Mr. Marshall,
and as I was a good pistol shot I
had no doubt of my ability to do
so. When we took our places I
attention was attracted by the pe-
culiar and awkward figure Webb
cut. He was knock-kneed, and his
form protruded posteriorly in
such a way that his whole body
looked something like a double tri-
angle. The consequence was that
I was distracted and I failed to shoot
at a vital spot, but though I didn't
kill Webb, I lamed him for life. I
wanted another shot, and proposed
we should both at down and fire,
but Webb's seconds to accept it.
But Mr. Marshall jocularly added,
besides being winged in an igno-
ble spot, he had to spend two weeks
in jail, and only escaped the peni-
tentiary through the pardon of
Governor Seward."

"With all his weaknesses and
faults, Tom Marshall was a man of
rare genius, and, although erratic
to the extreme, his accomplish-
ments were simply marvellous in
the range of learning. As an orator,
his like has never yet been pro-
duced. I conceived a profound
respect for the old man, broken
and dissipated though he was, and
I have never yet lost it. Certain-
ly that article," again thumping
the offending magazine, "will not
cause me to abandon my admira-
tion for the gifted but unfortunate
Tom Marshall."
Edward Wright Brady.
—Washington Post.

LONG STAPLE COTTON.
THE EXPERIMENT STATION
GROWS SEA ISLAND ON UP-
LAND STALKS.
A Great Triumph in Agriculture.
Doubtless the Length of the Staple
and Makes It Silky as Sea
Island.
GRIFFIN, Ga., October 30.—
Since the battle of Waterloo
science, by improving the quality
of the sugar beet, has trans-
ferred the bulk of that great in-
dustry from the tropics to the
northern temperate zone. It would
not be surprising if scientific agri-
culture at the Georgia experi-
ment station should, by growing
sea island cotton on an upland
stalk, add 50 per cent to the value
of the cotton crop, and make this
great resource of the cotton states
worth eventually a hundred and
fifty millions more.

To accomplish this result, as
Colonel Redding well says, a man
could afford to devote his life to
experiments with the cotton
plant.
The results already achieved are
well worth striving for. In two
years, by hybridizing sea island
cotton with hardy upland varie-
ties, a plant has been produced
which has the heavy fruitage of
the upland with a fibre almost
equal to that of the sea island.
The length of the staple has been
increased from seven-eighths of an
inch to an inch and a half, and
the fibre is as soft and has the
same silken lustre as that of the
sea island.

The seed started last year from
a few plants hybridized by Mr.
Gustave Speth, the horticulturist
of the station. This year the seed
is increased and will be enough to
plant a whole acre next spring.
Then the crucial test will come,
and it the hybrid retains its pre-
sent qualities the variety must
inevitably come rapidly into gen-
eral use. Colonel Redding thinks
such a fibre would be worth 12 to
14 cents per pound as against 8 or
9 for ordinary upland cotton.

"According to my observation,"
said he, "where we have crossed
the sea island cotton on the up-
land varieties, the effect has been
to produce a staple longer than
upland. The results seem to be
good all around, so far as we have
gone."
"The sea island evinces what is
termed 'prepotency' in animal
breeding. It impresses itself
wherever it is crossed. It seems
to have a stronger individuality
than upland varieties, just as a
thoroughbred stallion would im-
press his blood when crossed upon
common stock. That is one of
the characteristics of thorough
blood—potency."

"According to our observations
the hybrid of a sea island will
never fail to be more like the sea
island than the other. It has the
peculiarities in the shape of the
leaf, in the height of the stalk, and
in the color of the bark. I regret
very much that Mr. Speth, our
horticulturist, under whose per-
sonal supervision these experi-
ments were made, is too ill today
to leave his room. He gave a
good many hours a day to the
work, and watched the hybrids
with jealous care, and has volumi-
nous notes from which he could
give much interesting informa-
tion."

Colonel Redding has given a
fair trial to the lintless cotton and
is not much impressed with
its value.
"It may make more seed to the
acre," said he, "but I don't see
why it should. The lint of cotton
does not tax the soil; it comes
from the seed. The seed draws on
the soil and impoverishes it. If such
a thing were possible, I would
rather have a seedless cotton than
a lintless variety. I see nothing
in the growth of the plant to in-
dicate the enormous yield of seed
claimed for it. There is also a
practical difficulty in the gather-
ing of seed. The bolls pop open
one at a time and drop the seed on
the ground. To save them they
would have to be gathered every
day while the bolls were opening
or else the bolls would have to be
pulled off before maturing and
spread out until they opened.
That would not produce perfect

seed."
The station is also conducting
other important experiments
which have various bearings on
the cotton crop, and are designed
to discover the exact effect of dif-
ferent kinds of fertilizers, in dif-
ferent quantities; also to discover
the effect of different methods of
preparing land, different methods
of planting and different kinds of
culture.
"An acre of land is divided into
seventeen equal parts to test sev-
enten different varieties of cot-
ton. The preparations of the
land, the kind and quantity of
fertilizer, and the spacing and
culture of the plants are the same
with each variety. The result in
pounds of seed cotton per acre, as
calculated from certain portions
of the ground, was as follows up
to the 15th of October, when all
was not picked:

The Yield of Varieties.

Hawkins	724
Jones Improved	1,206
Cochran's	1,232
Smith's Standard	1,180
Simpson	1,064
Williamatic	1,050
Alvarado	1,053
Keith	1,135
Hannout	1,083
Peterkin	1,043
Trutt's	1,229
Tennessee Gold Dust	1,195
Peerless	1,061
King	1,196
Dickson	1,164
Texas Storm and Drought Proof	873
Average	1,028

There will be two hundred to
three hundred pounds more picked
yet per acre.
When I came to the station a
year ago last July, I found very
elaborate fertilizer tests in progress
and when the fall came the results
were published in the Constitution
in detail. This year the same ex-
periment, somewhat more elabo-
rate, is repeated for the purpose of
verification. Colonel Redding's
idea is that no one season will
settle a question of culture, vari-
ety or fertilization absolutely.
The spacing of cotton plants in
the row is a case in point. The
experiment in spacing gives plants
one, two, three and four feet apart
in rows four feet asunder. The
result Colonel Redding expresses
as follows:
"We find that at the outset, the
plants one foot apart equal or out-
strip in progress those two feet
apart. The thickly planted rows
mature faster, and in the begin-
ning of the picking season, cotton
comes from them more rapidly,
but later they fall off and have
nothing like the subsequent devel-
opment and yield of the stalks
two feet apart. The latter grow
larger, are better developed and
produce much heavier top crop."
"Does not that make the two-
foot spacing the best?"
"That depends on the season.
If the season is early and the crop
matures early, so that the top
crop, which comes last, is in no
danger of damage by frost, I would
say that the method which pro-
duces the heaviest top crop will
turn out the best and make the
largest yield. But if the season
should be late and the top crop of
the wide space cotton, should be
damaged, the close spacing, which
produced the heavy early crop,
would make the heaviest yield.
The season is a factor which can-
not be left out of the calculation."
Reverting to the fertilizer tests,
Mr. Kimbrough remarked as we
passed the plat where the experi-
ment had been made. "There is
one thing that comes out promi-
nently in that experiment. You
can't make a good cotton crop
without plenty of nitrogen.
Wherever plenty of it was put on
the cotton shows up well."
Upon this Colonel Redding
made the significant remark:
"It is demonstrated beyond ques-
tion that nitrogen is the most im-
portant element as plant food, and
by what seems a special bounty of
Providence, this nitrogen is the
one element which we can get in
the ground. To save them they
would have to be gathered every
day while the bolls were opening
or else the bolls would have to be
pulled off before maturing and
spread out until they opened.
That would not produce perfect

enough of the roots and vines to
retain in the soil a large part of
the nitrogen of the plant. You
may pull up a pea vine, knock
the dirt off the roots, dry it and
separate the roots from the vines;
then weigh the two parts separate-
ly, and you will find the roots
about as heavy as the vines.
Measured by their constituents,
the roots contain a very large pro-
portion of the nitrogen of the
whole plant. Thus, from a single
crop you have both forage and
fertilizer—and there is no better
hay than peavines, mixed with
crab grass, and no better fertiliz-
er than made for."

Colonel Redding for 3-1-5 cents.
Mr. Kimbrough, the agricul-
tural, gives the following items in
the cost of an acre of cotton:
Brekking the land..... \$.75
Bedding and planting..... .75
Two harrowings..... .20
Hoing twice..... 1.00
Plowing three times with Planet,
Jr..... .45
Picking..... 9.00
Total for labor..... \$12.15
Fertilizers—
315 pounds acid phosphate, \$ 2.00
78 pounds muriate potash, 1.50
180 pounds nitrate of soda, 2.60
Total fertilizers..... 6.20
\$18.35
Cost per pound to make, 8.20
cents.

This is an even acre, from which
1,419 pounds of seed cotton have
already been picked. There is on
the stalk, by estimate, 300 pounds
more, which will make the yield
1,719 pounds of seed cotton, or, by
the rule of one-third, it will make
573 pounds of lint. This makes
the cost of production 3-1-5 cents
a pound.
Mr. Kimbrough calls attention
to the fact that this is average
land. Had it been very poor and
the quantity of fertilizers used
been only one-half, the yield
would have been not exceeding
half and you would have had an
expense much larger in propor-
tion. "There are thousands of
acres cultivated that don't make
200 pounds of seed cotton," said
Colonel Redding. "What the
farmers want to do is to cultivate
only their best acres and turn the
other out or put in peas or pack-
age. They are raising cotton on
their poorest acres at a cost of 20
cents a pound. Even if they do
sell on the best acre, the lean
ones take it away. It would be a
great deal better for them not to
put cotton on poor land. The
business of the farmer is to raise
food, and when he does that he
makes money. Cotton planting
exclusively is a speculative busi-
ness. When food is raised at
home the railroad freight the
broker's commission and time
profits of 50 per cent are all saved
by the farmer."—W. G. Cooran,
—Atlanta Constitution.

The Railway Official.
The car rolled from side to side,
and sometimes it seemed as though
all the wheels on one side were off
the track at once. The conductor
staggered along, catching hold of
seats now and then to steady him-
self, and the pallid railway officials
stopped him.
"Conductor," he said, "this is an
awful rough stretch of road."
"No rougher than it has always
been," replied the conductor.
"There's something like forty
miles of it just the same right
ahead of us."
"But aren't you running fright-
fully fast?" asked the pallid mi-
nical, catching hold of the window-
sill to keep from being thrown in-
to the aisle.
"We're doing pretty well," re-
turned the conductor, as he grab-
bed hold of a seat to keep from
driving into the official's lap.
"We're making up time. The
stations are some distance apart
along here, and it gives us a chance
We're got to get on time."
"Get in where—heaven?" asked
the official, as he braced his knees
against the back of the seat ahead
of him and took an extra strong
hold on the window-sill. "You
signal the engineer to slow up."
"But, sir, this is the stretch
you've always ordered us to make
up time on, because there are so
few stations."
"I have?" said the railway official
interrogatively.
"Yes, sir. Whenever we're
late you wire us to make it up
right along here."
"I wire you?"
"Yes, sir."
"Well, that's when I'm sitting
in the armchair in my office. I
don't mind if you're two hours
late to-day."—Chicago Tribune.

