SENATOR EDMUND'S THREAT.

The Day Has Passed When Such Utterances Carry Terror With Them.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat quotes ex-Senator George F. Edmunds of Vermont as saying:

"If they dare to forget the free coinage of silver I propose to hoard gold in view of the derangement of the currency that may arise from the action of the present congress. If this thing must come that we are to legislate money for those who wish to get a cheap dollar, then we who have loaned money will look out for ourselves. Capitalists have invariably found a way to protect their interests, and the loss has fallen on the men of small means. It is impossible to provide by law against the advantages the rich can take of the poor, in a case of that kind. The capitalists can withdraw their funds from the channels of business when financial complication is threatened, and thus escape the danger."

The time was when Mr. Edmund's vicious threat might have carried terror with it.

The story is told that a certain village of Switzerland the inhabitants for generations were made to believe that it was necessary to keep a live bear chained in the public park—even though its presence terrorized the people, especially the children! If it so happened that the bear died the inhabitants at once procured another, through fear of direful things that might happen if they had no chained bear in the park.

But it so happened that on one occasion bruin died and no new bear was found to take its place. Lo! and behold, nothing appalling happened! Things went along as usual. From that time henceforth they dispensed with the bear—and no doubt cursed the memory of those who taught their ancestors the bug-bear lie.

Our antiquated fossil from the Green Mountain state, who has grown rich and sleek while sucking sustenance from Uncle Sam's official hog trough during the last thirty years, says the Chicago Sentinel, is trying to make the people of the United States believe that it is still necessary to keep a golden calf (instead of a bear) chained in the front yard. He predicts direful things should the calf die or get away. No knowing what might happen!

As we said, the time was when the threatening utterances of so distinguished and influential an individual as the ex-senator believes himself to be, would have carried terror with them. But, thank the bright stars, that day has passed.

Let Senator Edmunds hoard his gold, and with it the satisfaction that most of it has been obtained from the government crib. And let him recall, if he can (for no one else can) what great or good thing he ever did for his country to entitle him to any special consideration.

Let him also bear in mind this fact: The American people are "keeping tab" on its public servants. They will in due time mete out to each his due meed of praise, and his just deserts of condemnation. And let the ex-senator from Vermont beware lest his own name be written on the black list of the people's memory book.

Yes, it is true, with rare exceptions, that "capitalists have invariably found a way to protect their interests." Robert Kidd, for instance, buried his in the deep waters of the Hudson river near its entrance to the Highlands. It would not be a bad place for Mr. Edmunds and his co-goldbugs to "hoard" their wealth. It might be as difficult for "poor folks" to find it as it has been for adventurers to find Kidd's buried treasures of gold.

"It is impossible" says this Green Mountain patriot (shades of Ethan Allen, forgive us for using the expression, even sarcastically!) "to provide by law against the advantage the rich can take of the poor, in a case of that kind!"

Let us add—yes, when men like golden-calf Edmunds hold the Shylock forts of the United States senate!

In conclusion, let us say this: Too many old Greenbackers have been educating the people during the last fifteen years. They have said: Kill the bear, unloose the golden calf. No need of either bear or calf in Uncle Sam's front yard.

Let the "capitalists withdraw their funds." Let them "hoard it." This is exactly what they did during the terrible ordeal of our civil war. The golden calf was hurriedly taken out of the front yard, hustled "across the border" into Canada and Europe and kept there until the "trouble was over." The "bear" didn't count during the war.

Let the "financial complication" come. Let the "capitalists" precipitate the panic lock up their money and begin the process of squeezing the debtor class.

With a People's party president in the White house and a working majority in congress inside of ten days' time greenbacks enough can be issued to take the place of all the gold which capitalists may have withdrawn from circulation and all will be well.

Hon. Mr. Edmunds, you will find that your trick has a hole in it, and that for once your pet "capitalists" have found their match!

And, furthermore, let us bid you beware lest the People's party retaliate by demonetizing gold.

Georgia.

The cause of right, justice, and the common people seldom ever had a harder struggle for supremacy than is now being waged in the state of Georgia. Every daily paper in the state has raised the black flag. Every office seeker from an aspirant for governor to constable is bowing down to the Democratic bosses. Every hireling of plutocracy is in line. These are arrayed on one side and the great common people on the other. The fight is on and will be fought to the finish. The People's party is being rapidly organized in every county and district. The Democratic bosses are panic stricken at the sight of the sturdy yeomanry of the state, who in the past have been the strong right arm of the Democratic party, leaving it and going in batallions to the People's party. Nine-tenths of the Alliance men are with us. The state officers, with the exception of Brother A. W. Ivey, the state secretary, are against us.

L. F. Livingston and the state executive committee had a meeting in the city of Atlanta on the night of the 15th and sent forth an order to all the Alliances of the state which had passed resolutions endorsing the St. Louis conference, demanding that they rescind said resolutions or their charters would be revoked.

Talk about Czarism, talk about anarchy, talk about bossism, but if this is not the strongest decoction of all the infernal isms that was ever attempted to be perpetrated upon an honest people, then I am no judge. It is a premeditated and willful scheme hatched in the brain of Livingston and sent forth by his executive committee to destroy, our order in Georgia. But will it succeed? Never! Not while true Georgians, who are as true Alliance men as ever lived, have one spark of their manhood or one drop of their life blood left warm in their veins. Brethren of Georgia, do you love your dear wives clad in faded calico dresses, do you love the dear little ones at your knees who are growing up in ignorance and poverty, do you love Georgia, do you love the Alliance, do you love fair play, justice and right? If you do and I know you do, then if you have one spark of manhood left in you, you will rise as one man and stamp this vile conspiracy from the face of the earth and generations yet unborn will call you blessed. Brethren, the enemy is desperate. Be firm and stand by your convictions. Georgia is for the People's party.—National Watchman.

Men Are Needed.

The demand of the people who create the wealth, to own what their handwork and energy has produced, is as righteous and just as an edict from Jehovah. But "the gods help those who help themselves." Lethargy in your own cause and too confiding trust in politicians has caused what loss has been sustained. Buckle on your armour, prepare for the conflict and abate no effort nor spare any labor until your rights are restored to you. But you must do it. Not by croaking and bemoaning, but by standing upright as a man and fighting straight from the shoulder undaunted and irrepressible, with no such word as fail in your lexicon. Men are needed. Brave men, capable men and nervelul men, who will push the fight and never surrender.

Is it not a little unreasonable to expect a farmer, whose home is under mortgage, whose efforts for the past twenty years show increase without a change of systems, he is bound to go to the wall eventually, and certainly if he should die, and the complications of the management of the estate of a decedant should result, that his children would have to become tenants, that this man should desire and vote for the continuance of these systems? Would it not be fair to give him credit for some intelligence, for some love of his dear ones, for some hope and aspiration for better results from his labor, and that he will have the manhood to act in consonance with such a purpose? In short is it not better to deal with him justly, address him kindly and labor some for the promotion of his welfare? Does not the party owe him something for his fealty and his devotion? Ought it not do something in his interest and for his relief? Do syndicates, combines and trusts possess such an overshadowing influence, that this farmer should be placed at their mercy and kept under their control, in recognition of their demands and at the same time, ask him to ratify and endorse it? The politicians certainly regard him as very stupid and his manhood at a heavy discount to suppose that he can be so used. Every obligation of right and every demand of justice demand that the party he has served so long and so faithfully should accede to his demands and comply with his requests, and give him that aid and assistance so essential to his welfare and the promotion of his interests. He is in the desperation of despair and must get relief. There must be some redemption for him from the grasping and consuming avarice that is devouring him, driving him to serfdom, and b[illegible] to penury and want. He is not dealing with sentimentality, nor a theory. It is a condition. The grinding force of it has driven him to despair and desperation.—Alliance Herald.

"Niggers" Black and White.

We find the following clipping from one of our exchanges, the name of which was misladd

Fifty years ago, while the writer was still living in his native Tennessee, the colored man Sam, on being introduced to the man Jim, asked: "Bradder Jim, how many slaves yo ole massa own?"

The answer was: "My ole Massa own 23 niggers sah. How many yo ole massa own, Sam?"

In a spirit of great triumph Sam replied: "My ole massa own fo slaves, sah, he de richest man in all these parts, sah!"

A citizen of Detroit, Mich., crossed over into Canada and was boasting of the great wealth of the United States. The Canadian to whom he was talking, after eyeing his seedy and tattered person, replied: "I shouldn't take you to be very prosperous."

"Oh no," came the response. "I'm as poor as a church mouse, but go over with me and I will show you Jay Gould, Vanderbilt, Carnegie and many other millionaires. We, the laborers, glory in our rich men."—Chicago Sentinel.

Are We Better Off?

I have listened to many ingenious persons who say we are better off now than ever we were before. I do not know how well off we were before, but I know positively that many very deserving persons of my acquaintance have great difficulty in living under these improved circumstances; also that my desk is full of begging letters eloquently written either by distressed or dishonest people, and that we can not be called as a nation well off while so many of us are living either in honest or in villainous beggary. For my own part, I will put up with this state of things passively not an hour longer. I am not an unselfish person, not an evangelical one; I have no particular pleasure in doing good, neither do I dislike doing it, so much as to expect to be rewarded for it in another world. But I simply cannot paint nor read, nor look at minerals, nor do anything else I like, and the very light of the morning sky has become hateful to me, because of the misery I know of, and see signs of where I know it not, which no imagination can interpret too bitterly.

THE PITY OF IT.

Ah, the memory of that delicious evening, how it all comes up before me now. How many changes a few short hours can work in one's life, for it seemed to me as if I must have loved Jack Merriam all my life.

"Don't let us go back to the ballroom," he pleaded, as we stood in the moonlight in the hallway; "it is so lovely here, and then I may not have a chance of seeing you again. I leave to-morrow for the other side."

"Shall you be long away?" I asked with a fainting heart.

"About three years," he said, "I have accepted a professorship abroad. I am glad, Miss Thorne, that I have had the opportunity of meeting you to tell you how much I have admired you, even when I did not know you. Now I know what I have lost."

Was he trifling with me, or in earnest? I felt all my self-possession leave me. I rose to my feet. "Are you ill, Cecil? Look at me. Hear me." His dark, handsome face was close to mine. I felt myself wavering—then I grew firm again. If he was trifling with me I would teach him a lesson.

"Mr. Merriam," I said, coldly, "what right have you to talk to me like this, after a few hours acquaintance?"

Then I looked at him stealthily to note the effect of my words that came so hard from my lips. Was it fancy, or did his eyes glitter with a strange emotion and passionate longing? Ah! the secret of that heart I was not to learn for many years to come, for on the morrow I was called away to the deathbed of my aunt.

Four years passed away, and I was no longer Cecil Thorne. When Herbert Ellis offered me his hand and fortune, I only hesitated long enough to convince myself that life with him would be preferable to one of toil and labor by myself. He gave me everything that wealth could buy, and I gave him—simply myself.

Only one letter came from Mr. Merriam after my marriage. He congratulated me in cold and polite terms, expressing a hope that I would be happy. That was all. From that day I resolved to think no more of him, and to devote myself to my husband as never before.

Had I misjudged him and thought him cold, when it was only his regard for me that kept him from showing his affection? I had often noticed his sad, abstracted manner when I came upon him suddenly, and how difficult it was for him to regain his usual placid, disinterested one.

The doctor ordered me abroad for the winter, and Herbert decided to spend it in Italy. We had been in Florence about six weeks, when he came upon me one morning, feeling depressed and utterly lonely.

"I saw a friend of yours to-day, Cecil," he said. "Do you remember Jack Merriam?"

Did I remember him? The room whirled round before me, and it was with difficulty I answered him.

"I remember him perfectly, Herbert. Is he the same?

"A good-looking chap still, though he says he is ill. Will be in Florence a few days longer. You had better have a dinner and ask him. He seems the fashion."

"But will he come, if so ill?" I asked.

"You can let him decide that for himself, my dear," answered my husband, as he left the room.

"John Merriam accepts, with pleasure," etc.; so read his note, in the same handsome hand he had written years before.

I was very particular as to my gown for that evening. For the first time since my marriage I was pleased with myself, and think the yellow crepe never appeared to better advantage.

"Yes, Cecil, you are charming, my dear," said Herbert, when the all-important day arrived; "your own is very chic, but your jewels? Where are they? Most of the guests only come to see them."

"I hate my jewels," I answered, suddenly angry; "I don't wear them to-night!" And I turned away to look over some late magazines.

Mr. Merriam was at last announced, and with my heart my own no longer, I turned and looked into the face that was all the world to me.

"Mrs. Ellis," he murmured, as his fingers closed over mine, for that one brief moment, "this is the greatest pleasure of my life to see you again."

For an instant he looked into my eyes and seemed to read all that was written there.

"You are the same nightingale as ever," after I had sung him a selection or two later. "Am I? It seems as though I had had everything to change me." I answered listlessly.

"Why that sad little voice, Miss Cecil—a thousand pardons—Mrs. Ellis." For I was conscious of reddening, and a strange tightening of the throat.

"Of course you are much more beautiful, but still the same. Have you been happy since I last saw you? But I need hardly ask, you have everything to make you happy," and his eye glanced around the luxuriously furnished room.

"All but the chief thing," I returned, bitterly, "and that is the love of a single being," as I answered his questioning gaze.

"Surely your husband loves you; he worships you."

I did not answer this time, but played softly on the keys.

"And you love him?" He bent a little closer, as though not to lose a word.

"No. My love was dead when I married Herbert Ellis."

"You mean that you have loved before, and he—is he alive?" he asked in a low, constrained voice.

For a moment a wild desire seized me to tell him all my life—my thoughts and my passionate love for him. It was a fierce struggle, but a short one, and I felt I would not stoop so low before the man I honored.

"No. He is dead!" I answered mechanically, and I was glad of the dim light, which hid my face.

"You don't mean that!" he exclaimed suddenly. "You know he is alive and near you."

"Cecil, my dear, your guests are going," said my husband's voice, at the door, and I rose and followed, letting Jack come as he would. I wished, then, I might never see him again, and I despised myself for my weakness, and him for being the cause of it.

Again I saw him, and it was for the last time in life. I was sitting in my library when he came in. I was firm that morning and quite calm. I had conquered myself the week before, and my better part had gained the ascendancy. I realized I could trust myself, and need no longer fear.

Jack never looked handsomer in his life than that morning, but there was a new look I had not seen before.

"Jack, are you ill?" I asked suddenly, after we had talked some time. He had grown strangely pale, and his features looked pinched, as though with pain.

"Yes; I am ill, and the doctor gives me little encouragement. I may go off at any time. I longed to see you once again, and you don't mind very much, do you?" His eyes grew very soft and pleading as he looked at me. "Don't you feel bad for me, Cecil?" he continued, as some unbidden tears came into my eyes; "I should die perfectly content, knowing you were near me, if not with me. Do you know, little one," and he laid his hand on my trembling one, "that your letter was my death-blow. I had every intention of returning to you when I heard of your aunt's death, and that you were dependent. I loved you always. I have prayed to live so to see you again, but it's too hard a battle to fight. Don't cry, darling, but you do care for me a little? Your husband will forgive you this time. I am sure. He cares for you so much, that in time you will learn to give him some of the love I know you are capable of. He is a brave man, and a noble one. Will you try?"

"I will try to love him, for your sake," I answered solemnly.

"Cecil," he said, suddenly, bending toward me, "for old time's sake, kiss me once—just once—that I may die with something to take with me."

There was one last look and word, and I leaned forward and kissed him tenderly. Ah! I do not regret it, and never shall. He was my one and only love, and although years have come and gone since then, I still remember him with the same thought running through my mind—"The pity of it."

Why Hesitate?

A fighting policy has been determined upon as against the Alliance in the South, more active and vigorous than ever before. A Washington correspondent of the political press thus refers to that policy:

"The Southern men are all greatly troubled by the third party movement, and they are coming to appreciate now that a mistake was made in not meeting the issues squarely when the movement first started, instead of temporizing and trying to conciliate the Alliance leaders. A good many of them have come to the conclusion that while the mistake made then can not be corrected, better results will follow their making the fight now, and making it earnestly, than can be obtained by further temporizing." * * *

"There appears to be nothing left but to make the fight, and it is generally agreed that the only way to win is to fight boldly at every point."

So you "hay seeds" down South must now know that in accordance with the proposition of Congressman Williams of Massachusetts, a choice has been made between alliance with New England Democracy and Southern Farmers' Alliance, and that the former has been chosen.

What are you going to do about it? Are you going to submit? Are you going to cringe under the crack of a party whip? Having stated your grievances and made your demands, and having them spurned and yourselves kicked from the foot of the golden throne, are you going to play the part of a slave and go back to labor for your plutocratic masters? I do not believe it, because any backward step at this time would not only show that the farmers and laborers have no true conceptions of the awful issues involved, but it would also demonstrate that their hearts were too craven to deserve liberty and freedom.

It is a propitious time for the "People's party" to show its strength. In all probability there will be four, if not five, presidential tickets in the field, unless gold proves able to barga[illegible] the present conflicting elements.

Since it is so evident that the Democrats and Republicans of the East have joined their forces to defeat all financial legislation in the interest of the people, why should the South and West hesitate any longer? The fight has to be made. The promises and pledges of politicians are worth nothing. Democracy has become a hollow sham. Republicanism has become the arch enemy of "the plain people." The two fighting each other over a few millions of tariff tax, while the people are being robbed of billions by a false financial system. Down with the flags of the robbers! Up with the banners of the people and gird on your armor for the fight.—National Economist.

Deceives No More.

Attacks made upon business enterprises friendly to the Alliance, conducted in its interest and dependent upon it for support, by papers that are well supplied with advertising from opposition concerns, show plainly the motive for the attack, but when the dealers organize a fight on any concern that is known to be friendly to the cause of the consumer, and is making effective efforts to bring the manufacturer and consumer together, it shows that the dealers as useless middlemen are being supplanted by the direct trade so established to the advantage of both manufacturer and consumer, when, however, these dealers seek to fool the people into rejecting the advantages they could secure under the new system, by filling the columns of every plutocratic paper in the land with falsehood, misrepresentation and calumny about such enterprises and all those connected with them, they go so far that they expose their selfish motive and will deceive no one. In business matters people should look out for their own interests, and buy where they can get the best bargain. The moral taught in the fable of the sheep and wolves is good. The wolves told the sheep that they were very silly and foolish to keep too big lazy dogs to guard them, that the dogs would rob them and eat up their lambs, and would not let them go to the sweetest pasture. The silly sheep dispensed with the dogs and the wolves led them to a lonely valley and devoured the whole flock at their leisure. Moral, you had better heed your friends than your enemies.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO THE FARMER.

How to Deal With the Troublesome Potato Rot—Corn Does Not Make Bone—A Short Farm Catechism—Oyster Shells—Colt's Feet.

How to Deal With the Troublesome Potato Rot.

Potato rot is one of the most difficult disorders with which farmers have to deal. No way of absolutely preventing its ravages has yet been discovered. Do what he will, the potato grower must expect some loss, especially in seasons favorable to the development of the disease. Nevertheless, there are some things which may be done to mitigate the severity of the attack.

For one thing, good cultivation will be found of great value as a preventive measure. Frequent stirring of the soil and keeping the weeds down will enable the young plants to make a vigorous growth and thus be better prepared to resist the attack of the disease. The same law governs in plant as in animal life. A man with a torpid liver is less able to cope with the assault of fever than one in perfect health, so if the potato plant is enfeebled by the growth of robber weeds and stifled by encrustation of the surface soil it is in ill-condition to meet so formidable an enemy as the rot. Yet even the thriftiest growth will not serve as an absolute preventive. It is, however, of great importance to secure such a growth as a means of lessening the danger.

When the disease does appear the grower should be prepared for an active campaign. He must begin to spray the vines at once with the so-called Bordeaux mixture, and the work must be thoroughly done and repeated as often as necessary up to about the middle of July.

The usual prescription for making the Bordeaux mixture is as follows: Dissolve six pounds of sulphate of copper, blue vitriol, in sixteen gallons of water. Slake four pounds of fresh lime in six gallons of water, and when the lime is cold pour it into the copper solution and stir the mixture thoroughly. If there are bugs on the vines, the addition of Paris green or London purple will serve to dispose of them at the same time.

Care should be taken in spraying to reach the under as well as the upper sides of the vines and leaves. The date of the first application cannot, of course, be definitely indicated. The appearance of the rot will depend entirely on the thrift of the plants and the character of the weather. It should be watched for carefully, and on the first indication of its presence the preventive work should begin. From that time on the vines will probably need to be sprayed at intervals of about ten days, until the tubers are so large that it is no longer safe to apply the poison.

It may be that there would be no danger of the absorption of any of it by the potatoes, but as they are intended for human food it is just as well to avoid all risk in the matter.

If a heavy rain should occur shortly after an application of the mixture, it should be reapplied immediately, as a large part of it will be washed off, and it is important to keep the mixture actively at work so long as it is needed.

By these means it is reasonably certain that even in bad years a fair crop of potatoes may be secured.

A Short Farm Catechism.

1. What should be the chief aim of agricultural effort?

To obtain the largest possible crop from a given area in the least deterioration of the fertility of the soil.

2. How may this be accomplished?

By cultivating no more land than can be well fertilized and thoroughly cared for.

3. What is the chief mistake of American farmers as a class?

Attempting to crop larger areas than can properly be manured.

4. What advantage is there in restricting the area planted?

1. There is a saving of labor. 2. there is improvement in the quality of the crop in consequence of more thorough cultivation. 3. The land is left in better condition after the crop is removed. 4. By these means there is a considerable gain in the farmer's profits.

5. What is the great lack in American farm methods?

The failure to keep clear and exact accounts.

6. What sort of accounts should be kept?

They should be as simple as possible, so as not to require the services of an expert bookkeeper, yet sufficiently detailed to show, when balanced, the gain or loss on each crop raised or animal kept.

7. What crops should a farmer raise?

Those which he finds, by careful experiment, to be best fitted to his soil and locality.

8. Should farming be general or specialized?

For some farmers and some localities general farming is more advisable; but specialized farming is, as a rule, more profitable when conducted by an expert.

9. What then should the farmers' aim be?

To become thoroughly familiar with some particular branch of agricultural industry, so that he may produce the best in that line, and thus command a sure market for his product.

"Should the farmer ignore "book learning" in carrying on his farm?

By no means. No man can learn by personal experience all that is desirable to know of farm methods, and books by competent authors—of which there are many—supply the knowledge he needs to keep him abreast of the progress of agricultural science and practice.

11. How may farmer's sons be induced to remain on the farm?

1. By treating them as sons, not slaves. 2. By taking them as early as possible into partnership, and thus awakening the sense of ownership and responsibility. 3. By affording them every possible facility to become intelligent, thorough-going, scientific agriculturalists. 4. By making the farm home attractive.

12. What are the prime duties of the American farmer as a citizen?

To be a God-fearing Christian man, to sustain American industries and [illegible] the use of some sharper grit with it may be of adantage.

"Long or sharp splinters of glass or dry bone should be avoided. The size of particles of grit had, for hens, better be larger than that of a kernel of wheat and should be smaller than that of a kernel of corn. An unlimited supply of pounded glass has been attended with no bad result when the food and other grit available to the fowls contained an abundance of lime, but when the food was deficient in lime and no other grit was attainable, hens ate an injuriously large amount of glass."

Billy Florence's Advice.

William J. Florence, the celebrated actor, once gave some advice to a friend in these words: "My Dear —: One gallon of whisky costs about $3, and contains sixty-five 15-cent drinks. Now, if you must drink, buy a gallon and make your wife the bar-keeper. When you are dry, give her 15 cents for a drink, and when the whisky is gone she will have, after paying for it, $6.75 left, and every gallon thereafter will yield the same profit. This money she should put away, so that when you become an inebriate, unable to support yourself and shunned by every respectable man, your wife may have money enough to keep you until your time comes to fill a drunkard's grave."

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