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THE BAGGING TRUST.

THE FARMERS IN THE HANDS OF THE EXTORTIONER.

The head devil of the bagging trust, one Benjamin Gratz, of St. Louis, was in New Orleans the other day, and coolly told a reporter of the States that the syndicate controlled all the bagging produced in the country, and proposed to raise the price one-fourth of a cent per yard a week until the price got to fifteen cents.

This scoundrel smilingly remarked that his gang owned about 120,000 bales of ties, which cost it ninety cents a bundle, and which it would cheerfully sell to the planters at \$1 50 a bundle. Nothing can exceed the moral depravity of a set of mercantile pirates who would so unmercifully rob what is just now a defenceless class.

And that the planters are without remedy this season is perfectly clear. There is only one class of merchantable bale of cotton known to the trade. When a Liverpool man telegraphs to New York or Columbus for so many bales of cotton both parties know just exactly what he wants—bales of cotton with so much bagging and so many ties put together according to the recognized fashion.

The least variation therefrom not only reduces the price, but may run the bale entirely out of the market. So slight a departure from the usual habit, as putting a little bagging at either end of the bale, has made a great deal of trouble, and should warn planters against using osnaburg, or pine boards, or any other covering not recognized by the trade.

The proposition to store cotton in gin houses and tell merchants to come and get it is totally untenable. The bargain was altogether different. The farmer was to sell his cotton and settle with his merchant or factor. The bagging trust was certainly not the fault of either of the latter two, and they should not be made to suffer for it.

Any departure by the farmers from their usual custom will result in a loss of money and credit to them, and will militate against the interests of the whole community.

The only way to do so is for them to grin and bear it this year, and at once, with the help of all of us who heartily sympathize with them, begin to take such steps as will prevent a repetition of the outrage next year.—*Columbus Enquirer.*

FIVE HUNDRED BALES ON TWO HUNDRED ACRES.

Col. Tom Williams, of near Wetumpka, Ala., has two hundred acres in cotton, from which he hopes to gather five hundred bales of cotton and those who have seen his crop say he will do it. Col. Williams uses convict labor, and this year was disappointed in obtaining his usual number of hands. He had prepared to plant five hundred acres and bought fertilizers for the same, when he found, to his dismay, that the labor he wanted could not be obtained. He then planted two hundred acres and put the whole amount of fertilizers for the five hundred acres on it, making the cost of fertilizers \$38 per acre.

He also has one hundred acres of corn from which he hopes to gather 5,000 bushels, making an average yield of fifty bushels per acre.

A gentleman who has just returned from Wetumpka is responsible for the above.—*Columbus Enquirer-Sun.*

Near Cobbtown, a day or two ago, Boss Collins knocked J. M. Truitt on the head with a fence rail and killed him. George M. Kemp, who was the nearest eye-witness to the homicide, says that Collins ran from Truitt, who chased him about seventy-five yards, when Collins picked up a fence rail, and to prevent Truitt from stabbing him with his knife, which he had in his hand, struck the death blow.

A STRANGE STORY.

A curious incident is related by the New York Observer of the Rev. Gilbert Taylor, of Tennessee. Mr. Taylor was a Methodist minister—a near relative of President Taylor and a man of property. A young man was condemned to be hung for murder in his town, but Mr. Taylor was not satisfied that he was guilty, and one night, passing the jail where the condemned man was confined, he had a conversation with him, and becoming satisfied of his innocence he aided him to break out, and he disappeared from the community and efforts to recapture were fruitless.

Some years thereafter Mr. Taylor was traveling on horseback in a wild part of Arkansas, and being benighted stopped at a cabin and asked to be allowed to remain all night. Only a woman appeared to be in the house and she stoutly refused permission. No other residence being near, Mr. Taylor insisted on staying, and finally stated that he was a Methodist minister and that he was Gilbert Taylor, of Tennessee. The woman at once asked him in and called to her son, who was hiding in the loft of the cabin, to come down—that the stranger was Gilbert Taylor, his rescuer. The meeting was a cordial one, and Mr. Taylor had the pleasure of informing the young man that he could return home, that another person, on his death-bed, had confessed that he alone was guilty of the murder. There was joy in that humble cabin that night.

DO FIGURES LIE!

From Spencer's Paper.

Do figures lie? Let us see. Two women had thirty chickens each, which they took to market. They agreed to divide equally the proceeds of their sale.

One sold her chickens two for \$1, getting for her thirty chickens \$15.

The other sold hers three for \$1, getting for her chickens \$10.

This made \$25 realized on the sixty chickens.

The merchant called to divide the money said:

You sold your thirty chickens two for \$1, and you sold your thirty chickens three for \$1. That makes sixty chickens at the rate of five for \$2. Well, five into sixty goes twelve times—twice twelve are twenty-four. That makes \$24 your chickens brought.

But, as shown above, the women actually had \$25 in their pockets. And yet the merchant's figures were right.

Do figures lie?

DON'T BORE THE EDITOR.

When you enter the Editor's office state your business at once. An editor is always busy and can't afford to sit and talk to you about the weather, the crops, the news, and the health of the county, while waiting for you to "bring up" what you want to say—there is no need of "bringing it up"—just sing it out as soon as you enter the door. Get through with all you have to say and let the Editor go on with his work. If he knows you have finished your business, he can find an abundance of papers for you to read. If he has time to waste he will manage to let you know it. But don't wear out your welcome, even if he appears to be at leisure. Above all, tell your business at once.—*Gastonia Gazette.*

A young cashier of a Paris bank had been for some time the lover of the wife of his most intimate friend, a woman of remarkable beauty, and finally induced her to elope with him. In the morning he took \$70,000 from the bank, left the building at luncheon hour, and driving to his friend's house found the couple just ending their meal. While chatting with the husband he managed to let the wife know that a cab was waiting around the corner to take them to the railroad station. Ten minutes later they were off, and the husband and the banker did not learn the facts until the couple were well toward England.

STATE NEWS.

Culled and Condensed from our Exchanges.

A. I. Branham, superintendent of the public schools at Brunswick, was married to Miss Bessie W. Jordan, of Thomasville, at Fincastle, Va., a day or two ago.

ONE firm in Hawkinsville subscribes and pays for twenty-three papers, among them the three leading dailies of Georgia, for which they have been paying \$10 each per annum.

Georgia will elect State officers and Legislature and vote upon a proposed constitutional amendment to increase the number of Supreme court judges from three to five on Wednesday, October 3. Congressmen will be elected Tuesday, Nov. 6.

"Those who smile at yellow fever should experience the sensation of having the disease once," said Rev. J. O. Branch, D. D., at Americus Thursday. "I have had the fever twice—once at Tampa and once at Key West. If 10,000 crosscut saws were run across the backbone, the pain could be no worse.

The course of true love's not running smooth happened to a young man of Athens who went to Madison county Tuesday to get married. He went to Gann, Murry & Co's. livery stable and hired a magnificent landau with four white steeds attached. The whip cracked and away they went over into Madison county. On arriving at the home of the young lady, it was found that she was attending church several miles away and had no intention whatever of getting married.

A gentleman of Athens recites an instance of wonderful memory. While he was at college years ago he had heard a professor state that he could read an article in a paper and then repeat it verbatim. The narrator was anxious to test him, and one day walking up, said: "If you have no objection, I should like to have you read this piece on know nothingism and repeat it to me." The professor took the paper, read the article of a column and a half in a few moments, and then repeated it without an error.

As James Campbell, a most worthy negro of Morgan county, was working in the fields near the home of Reuben Rogers, he heard the well-known "song" of the dreadful rattlesnake. He advanced upon the monster with stick in hand, and struck him a blow, and, as he thought, killed it. Thinking the reptile was dead, the negro advanced closer to him, when the snake struck him a blow upon the hand, burying his fangs in his flesh. The negro gave up the fight and ran to the home of Reuben Rogers and told him what had happened. Having no whisky Mr. Rogers ran about three-quarters of a mile to his nearest neighbor's to procure some. When he returned with the liquor the negro was speechless. He suffered most intense agony, and Thursday morning he died.

Rich Mason dangerously stabbed a man named Hamby at Hangingdog, in Cherokee county, N. C., last Friday, the result of an old feud. They met at the voting precinct where the election was being held on the railroad question and after a few hot words had been exchanged Hamby drew a pistol and shot Mason over the left eye, the ball glancing upward which probably saved Mason's life. Mason then went at Hamby with an open knife and stabbed him thirteen times, the most dangerous wound inflicted being under the left nipple. Hamby is not expected to live. Mason is the man who killed Sut Miller at Ducktown and is regarded as a peaceable but very dangerous man when once aroused.—*Blue Ridge Post.*

AN INVENTIVE GENIUS.

The James Maloy, of Marietta, owns the majority of the stock in the famous marble works near that place and his inventive genius has made the products of his quarries famous all over the country.

Speaking of inventions, he had the model of one of his recent ones with him yesterday. It is a double-ended, wheelbarrow, and by simply building them with a wheel in the center instead of on the end, he claims that he can trot around with a thousand pound load as easily as with one hundred pounds in the old-fashioned build.

Then he has a patent polisher which has reduced the labor of polishing marble to one-twentieth its former cost and enables him to turn out the finest class of work and compete with any marble works, north or south. A patent of Mr. Maloy's makes it possible to turn out a polish marble wash bowl, that formerly required a day's work by hand, as fast as one could be manufactured from wood.

But Mr. Maloy says that all of his inventions, and he has twenty-five or more already patented and in successful operation, will be eclipsed by his coming sensation in the mechanical world. It will revolutionize all known methods of transportation, and he says that when it is perfected he will be able to take a train of fifteen coaches from Atlanta to Washington at a high rate of speed, and the cost will not exceed \$5.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

PARTY AND POLITICIANS.

Party discipline is the criterion of party triumph. Individual opinions, as a necessary consequence, must yield to the supremacy of party dictation, or disorganization and disintegration would inevitably follow. It cannot be expected upon any rational basis that the policy of a party shall be subordinated to individual preferences, and the politician who sets himself up as greater than his party, will sooner or later reap the fruits of his folly, and some bright sunny morning wake up with his eyes wide open to a realization of his mistake. It is quite right and rational that the dog should wag the tail, but the tail that aspires to wag the dog is, to say the least of it, a presumptuous and unmeasurable tail. Sometimes, no doubt, party measures are impolitic and unjust; at other times may only appear so from the standpoint from which they are viewed, but, in any event, he is the wisest politician who clings, in good faith, to the organized body of his party, even if it be the "tail end," until force of circumstances impels him toward the head of the column. If he will not move with the procession, the procession will move along without him, and leave him, perhaps, so far in the rear that it may take him a long time to catch up. "Discretion is the better part of valor."—*Atlanta Commonwealth.*

Dr. Downes, of Lakeport, Cal., had a pet deer, to which he was very much attached. Last fall it ran away to the mountains, and that was the last he saw of it until the spring, when one day it appeared in the door way, and, walking straight to the doctor, laid its head on his arm, and seemed greatly pleased, as was the doctor. It hung around him in rather an unusual way, and finally disappeared. The next day it came again, and acted as though it wanted the doctor to follow it, and he did so. The deer led him some distance from the house directly to a little fawn which lay hidden in the bushes. The doctor took the little thing in his arms and carried it home, the mother following and showing unmistakably that that was just what she wanted.

Bibles! Bibles! Bibles!

The Marietta Bible Society sells Bibles and Testaments at New York cost Call at the store of Sessions, Hamby & Co, and see how cheap these Bibles are

WE MUST HAVE IT.

MARIETTA AS A WINTER RESORT.

Another First Class Hotel Needed Here.

A gentleman said to us the other day: "Marietta will not be able to accommodate the crowd from the North and Northwest that will come here to spend the winter. You want another fine, large hotel nicely situated and it will advertise your place and do more to build it up than anything else." We fully agreed with him on this point.

The rapid accumulation of wealth in the United States and the great increase in population opens to the South an opportunity the importance of which few begin to comprehend, says the Manufacturer's Record. This opportunity is to make the South such a winter resort that where thousands of wealthy people now spend their winters in that section, there will be tens of thousands. The severity of Northern and Western winters is so keenly felt that the tendency to go South upon the first approach of cold weather is increasing every year; but there has been a serious lack of proper hotel accommodations in Southern towns and cities, with a few rare exceptions. This must be remedied. Hotels built in a good manner, well furnished and heated, with a table supplied with the best that can be had, ought to be found in all parts of the South, and then there would be a rush of Northern visitors sufficient to fill them all. We do not believe that there is a first-class hotel adapted in every respect for tourists, in the entire South which is not doing a much better business than its builders expected, however much their cranking neighbor predicted a failure. When Mr. Frank Cox announced his intention of erecting that magnificent Battery Park Hotel at Asheville, its failure as a money-making scheme was freely predicted. It had only been open a few months when it became necessary to double the size, and still there is scarcely a room to accommodate the crowd who in winter and summer seek admission there. It has advertised Asheville all over America, and has added to the wealth of that city many times what it cost. The building of the great Ponce de Leon at St. Augustine was looked upon as the folly of a man so rich that he knew not what to do with his money; and yet not only has that hotel made St. Augustine famous all over the world as the Mecca of all tourists to the South and the most widely advertised resort in America, but even the first season's business, contrary to the owner's expectation, yielded, it is said, a large profit. And so it has been all over the South. Wherever there was a good hotel adapted to Northern visitors, well managed and well advertised, the results have more than surpassed the expectations. If there be any apparent exception, there must be some good reason. The hotel may be well built, it may be splendidly furnished, it may be spotlessly clean, its location may be all that could be desired, and yet it may not draw many tourists. Why? An investigation would probably show some serious drawback. It may not be properly heated for cold weather, the table may be poor, cheap oleomargarine may be substituted for butter, or there may be something of this kind to counterbalance all the good points. People who have sufficient wealth to spend their winters away from home will only go to places where they can secure the same advantages that are furnished by the best Northern hotels; and the Southern hotel, however pretentious, which lacks in any essential point, will fail to secure the desired guests.

We need but look at Asheville, Aiken, Thomasville, St. Augustine and many other places to see the effect of fine hotels. These towns have literally been built up through the influence of their hotels. Of the thousands of visitors yearly attracted to them in quest of health or pleasure, many have remained and made their permanent homes there. And what these towns have done hundreds of other places, equally as well situated as regards climate, healthfulness and scenery, can do if they will but follow their example.

KENNESAW.

Mr. Wallace Rhodes and wife and Miss Emma Blodgett, of Atlanta, are visiting the family of Judge G. T. Carrie.

Mr. C. C. Gatlin and wife, are visiting relatives here.

Mr. H. Roberts, of Waco, Texas, is visiting relatives near this place.

Miss Addie Brimer, of Elberton, and Miss Annie Bennett, of Atlanta, are visiting Mrs. G. C. Roberts.

Mr. and Mrs. Tal. Grogan, of Paulding county, visited Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Carrie last week.

Mr. A. T. Haley smiles over a girl.

Messrs. Hardage & Co. are making preparations to unload seed cotton from the wagons at their gin by steam power.

Mr. J. F. Veal brought in the first bale of cotton last Friday, Aug. 31st. C. N. Price and Geo. W. Green did some lively bidding for it, but it was finally sold to Mr. Price, at 11c all cash. This makes the third year Mr. Veal has brought in the first bale of new cotton. He made 19 bales last year on a two horse farm and says he thinks he will make more than that this year, and about 300 bushels of corn. JOSHUA.

COBB COUNTY S. S. ASSOCIATION.

Profoundly impressed are we of, the great need of united action on the part of the Sunday School workers of Cobb county in encouraging the study of the Bible and in seeking out and supplying the needs of those that are without the Bible, the Cobb County Sunday School Association thought wise to call on the District Superintendent and Superintendent of schools to unite their efforts together and ascertain as near as possible how many children there are in their district between the age of 6 and 18 that have not got a Bible of their own and if there is any family without a Bible and also to take up collection in the different schools and congregations in the districts and send the same, together with a report of the number of Bibles needed, to the Secretary of the County Association which amount will be for the purchase of Bibles to be distributed according to the needs of each district.

We hope you will look to this and be able to report at the next quarterly meeting in October, day and place to be stated hereafter. Also that the District Superintendents are requested to correspond with the President at least once a month stating the condition of the Sunday School cause in their district, and if assistance can be of any benefit in advancing the cause, he is to go or send some one there. Several gentlemen have kindly agreed to go at any time. We hope to hear favorable reports and every one will feel personally interested in this noble cause, the cause of our blessed Redeemer, and act at once. To this end let each one of us feel that we are personally responsible for the manner in which we discharge our duties. May our influence ever be on the side of right, and may God speed the day when every child in Cobb county that is old enough to read, is the owner of a Bible and able to read it. Direct all communications to Marietta. Let Superintendents see that their schools are fully represented at next quarterly meeting. G. W. PHARR, Pres. Cobb C. S. S. A.

POWDER SPRINGS.

Cotton opening and farmers are gathering the fleecy staple.

Mr. J. P. Lindley is rebuilding his gin house that was blown down by the storm last March. He and W. J. Manning, of Marietta, have formed a copartnership and preparing to run two gins in the same house. Mr. Matt Buzzgett is putting up a gin on the other side of town near the Primitive Baptist church. There are likely to be more gins than cotton.

Miss Mollie Baber, of Marietta, after a two weeks visit here among her many friends, left last Monday afternoon to visit relatives in Atlanta.

Miss Mary Lou McColla, a pretty brown eyed young lady, of Kirkwood, is visiting relatives here.

Miss Bessie Anderson left last week to visit friends at Pinson's Station.

Miss Cleo Cochrane, one of Atlanta's most beautiful young ladies, visited her sister, Mrs. Sims, last Sunday.

Misses Lulu and Annie Scott, two very pretty young ladies, of Conyers, spent last week with relatives here.

Mrs. Simonton, of Conyers, after a few days visit to her uncle, J. C. Butler, returned home last Thursday.

Protracted services have been going on at the Baptist church for the past two weeks, conducted by the pastor, Eld. A. J. Morgan. He was assisted by Eld. A. B. Vaughn, of Canton, who did some powerful and effective preaching. Eleven accessions. One by letter, two restored, eight by experience. The services will probably continue all the week, as quite an interest is being manifested.

Last Friday, while working the road Mr. Drew Pritchett was seriously hurt by Andrew Turner, a large, burly negro who had gotten into a difficulty with another negro on the road and created quite a disturbance. Mr. Pritchett, in attempting to restore order was attacked by Turner who struck him with a shovel cutting his right arm near the elbow to the bone. The wound is likely to cause his arm to be stiff. Turner was arrested, but a compromise was effected by giving him ten days to leave the State. QUANTUM SUPPLICIT.