

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XXIII.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1897.

NO. 3.

## WARNING.

We wish to caution all users of Simmons Liver Regulator on a subject of the deepest interest and importance to their health—perhaps their lives. The sole proprietors and makers of Simmons Liver Regulator learn that customers are often deceived by buying and taking some medicine of a similar appearance or taste, believing it to be Simmons Liver Regulator. We warn you that unless the word Regulator is on the package or bottle, that it is not Simmons Liver Regulator. No one else makes, or ever has made, Simmons Liver Regulator, or anything called Simmons Liver Regulator, but J. H. Zeilin & Co., and no medicine made by anyone else is the same. We alone can put it up, and we cannot be responsible, if other medicines represented as the same do not help you as you are led to expect they will. Bear this fact well in mind, if you have been in the habit of using a medicine which you supposed to be Simmons Liver Regulator, because the name was somewhat like it, and the package did not have the word Regulator on it, you have been imposed upon and have not been taking Simmons Liver Regulator at all. The Regulator has been favorably known for many years, and all who use it know how necessary it is for Fever and Ague, Biliousness, Constipation, Headache, Dyspepsia, and all disorders arising from a Diseased Liver.

We ask you to look for yourselves, and see that Simmons Liver Regulator, which you can readily distinguish by the Red Z on wrapper, and by our name, is the only medicine called Simmons Liver Regulator.

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.

Take Simmons Liver Regulator.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

**JACOB A. LONG,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
GRAHAM, N. C.

**J. D. KERNODLE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW  
GRAHAM, N. C.

**JOHN GRAY BYNUM,** W. P. BYNUM, JR.  
BYNUM & BYNUM,  
Attorneys and Counselors at Law  
GREENSBORO, N. C.

Practice regularly in the courts of Alamance county.  
Aug. 2, 94 ly.

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Hacks meet all charges. Good single or double teams. Trains moderate. 2-26-97.

**HENRY BANN, JR.,**  
PRACTICAL TINNER,  
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All kinds of tin work and repairing.  
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Finish Perfect. Material Durable. Patterns Tasty. Price is Right. Inside and Out You Can't Find A Flaw in

Noell Bros' \$2.68 Pants  
FOR SALE BY  
L. B. HOLT & CO.

**NOTICE!**

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the next General Assembly of North Carolina for amendments to the charter of the town of Graham, N. C.

J. D. KERNODLE, Clerk.  
Dec. 7, 1896-1900.

**PRINTING!**

When you want Envelopes, Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Statement Heads, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Posters, Circulars, Dodgers, or any kind of printing, Blanks, &c., Call at THE GLEANER Office.

## GUSTA'S "FALLER."

His hair was harvest golden and his eyes were blue like the sky.  
Of sea depths near the Sweden that his early boyhood knew.  
His cheek was shot with tinting of the sunset's dying red,  
And he was Gustav's sweetheart—or her "faller," as she said.  
They fashioned out their future by Den Capill's rosy plan,  
For love is love to general and to enlisted man.  
He brought her candy presents from the garri-son ration  
And flowers that grew along the road that stretched five miles between.  
(A ten-mile march each Sunday night, and walking at the end  
A very practical expedient who was no man's special friend.)  
Five miles from Eros back to Mars, from sleep to garri-son,  
But love went with him on the way—he scarcely thought it one.  
He came and brought my baby boy a little wooden gun,  
And in their kitchen marchings many a fearful field was won.  
And Gustav's great campaign was planned on foam from the pump, or sink, or broom, or sugar bin, or range.  
Ah, well, the proverb of the bird shows valor at its best—  
"The loving are the daring and the brave the tenderest."  
A soldier's heart is not his law, nor always is his guide—  
Commanding officers there are, and Indian men beside—  
And Gustav sadly—and my boy—watched that long line of blue  
March down the way and disappear to westward out of sight.  
Oh, love is love forever more, and ever grief is grief,  
Though lovers follow in the ranks or ride ahead as chief!

The general came back at last and wondrous was 't his fame—  
Forgotten of his former friends was Gustav's "faller's" name.  
They only knew that many fell upon a fatal day  
When guns gave earth a stain of red and smoked the heavens gray.  
Some men must die when at the front is one who dares to lead,  
And with the odds on the plain there fell a blue-eyed Swede.  
A servant girl once dreamed a dream. That dream was set at naught.  
A soldier died, and no one knows that soldier ever fought.  
A grand imposing monument a general glorified  
Gusta's "faller" lies.  
Only my baby, used to cry and ask for Gustav's Jim  
To come again and mend the gun he whittled out for him.  
—Chicago Record.

## A PAYING JOURNAL.

"Not as much local matter as there should be," said Wallace, the editor, as he stood over the forms of his paper and drummed with a make up rule against the stone.  
"I can give you an item," said Haggerty, the printer, shifting his long legs and distributing dead bougeois.  
"Good! What is it?"  
"The Red Front will close up Saturday night and move over to Jimtown."  
"Oh, Lord! There goes another advertiser."  
"And the Tin Tunnel was abandoned yesterday. Joyce says there isn't any more gold there than there is in his hat."  
"Do you want me to publish treason? The Deep Gulch Courier shall never admit that a mine has failed to pay."  
"And Brindley Rann is going to move his faro layout to Dolivar on Monday."  
"Haggerty, you are a positive blessing in disguise—rather too well disguised, in fact. You can get more items that I don't want to print than any reporter I ever saw. Have you nothing that reflects credit upon Deep Gulch?"  
"Naw," growled Haggerty, with an old printer's pessimism. "Deep Gulch is dying, or dead. You better follow the rest of them and get out with your printing office."  
"Oh, surely these other mines are solid. The malcontents will all move back again. The Trolley and the Empire will never close down. I wrote an item about them myself this week."  
"Just two Chinamen working in the Trolley," rejoined Haggerty, searching for an r in the s box.  
"And as for the Empire, the superintendent is making a bluff. He knows there is no pay dirt there."  
"Then, by the mass, I'll quit the town, too, and move over to Jimtown before any other paper gets a start there."  
"And yet Wallace hated to leave Deep Gulch. He had come here with the first of them and had insisted through columns and columns of leaded type that this was the real El Dorado. He had believed it himself. Editors must be optimists, of necessity. Still he would not be the last to move. He planned while working off the papers that night on his Washington press how he could straighten up affairs and get out easily.  
While he and Haggerty were folding the papers and addressing them to their 200 subscribers the door opened and in walked a very well dressed gentleman.  
He was a stranger, possibly an advertising agent. Wallace greeted him civilly. Haggerty would have called it cordially.  
"Proprietor in?" asked the stranger. He gave an impression of prompt, decisive manner.  
Wallace confessed ownership.  
"I want to talk with you privately."  
That was new. The editor looked

about his one small room in perplexity. Haggerty helped him out by reaching for the sprinkling can. "I'll get some water," he said and vanished.  
"I'm from New York. I'm secretary of the Empire Mining company. They tell me most of the mines here are closing down, not paying anything."  
"Yes, so I hear," assented the editor.  
"Business men pulling up and going to Jimtown."  
"Yes. I've about concluded to go there myself before any other paper."  
"I don't want you to do it."  
"No?"  
"No. What will you take to stay right here and run your paper all winter—run it wide open, fill it with items, crowd it with advertisements and reports of new diggings, arrivals, fights, big finds, new buildings—  
"Why, there are none of those things happening."  
"I didn't ask you to make them happen. Just report them."  
"Oh, I see."  
"Yes, I thought you would."  
"You want your mine boomed."  
"Certainly. I want to unload a little Empire stock down in New York if I can."  
"What'll you give?"  
"A hundred a week."  
"For how long?"  
"Till March."  
"I'll go you."  
They traded. The secretary paid one week's wages on the spot and promised a check every Monday for three months. Haggerty came back with the water and found Wallace radiant. They went out that night and tried their luck at a faro well throw in Brindley Rann's place. But Brindley knew he was going to quit Deep Gulch in a day or two, so they lost.  
One by one the houses—some of lumber, some of canvas, some of both materials combined—folded their wings and withdrew bodily. The street became more and more an empty hillside every day. Saloons, groceries, gambling rooms and dry goods emporiums were loaded on freighters' wagons—goods, walls, roofs and windows—and hauled away from Deep Gulch.  
Nothing was left but the big double house that had been hotel and gambling room and hardware store all in one and the little pine printing office of all the buildings that Deep Gulch had boasted six months before. Yet The Courier never confessed it. Leading the columns of that veracious sheet, one was astounded at the bustling, not to say seething, condition of municipal affairs.  
"I wish I had space to copy the items. There was a quarrel in the city council over opening a new street; a letter from Vox Populi condemning the councilmen for favoritism in letting the contract for the sewer; the arrival of Piper's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company with four mules and four Markses; half a column of births and weddings and another half of an accident in the Strawboard mine—an industry which had no earthly existence."  
"Good story, that gun fight you described," grinned Haggerty, as he rattled the untruthful types into his stick.  
Wallace thanked him.  
"Might report a lawsuit."  
"Good thing!" exclaimed the editor and wrote half a column about the crowds at the courtroom and the cheers when the recused woman was acquitted. Then he grew boastful in the declaration that the Masonic temple, "now nearing completion," had over anything in Jimtown or any other city of twice the size in Idaho.  
Big finds in the Rabbit mine, bigger still in the Empire, good reports from the Snowbank diggings, better still from the Kelpese, these were vague items scattered through the pages.  
Wallace "made up" and put the forms on the press. Haggerty "rolled" for him, and they printed four copies—two for the secretary of the Empire Mining company in New York, one for a foreign advertiser and one for the files.  
That was the extent of the issue, and when they had "worked it off" Haggerty washed the type with concentrated lye and threw it in again.  
There was no postoffice in Deep Gulch. It had vanished with the vanishing business. There was not a single resident beside these two men and a half breed who slept in the double house next door and hunted for a living. Every week Wallace walked the ten miles to Jimtown, mailed the three copies of his paper, paying full rates to keep the secret, received his check at the postoffice, cashed it, bought supplies for himself and Haggerty and then walked home again. He used to say grimly it was an excellent time to gather items.  
And every week the secretary of that Empire Mining company opened the papers in his office at New

York, destroyed the wrappers and showed his friends how the mine was booming.  
Along toward spring Wallace saw from the letters accompanying his remittances that the secretary had about "unloaded," and he made arrangements to pull out as soon as his contract was ended. Haggerty wanted him to throw it up and follow the star of empire, but the editor was too honest a man. Besides, the business was paying.  
One day they saw a man prospecting at the mouth of the abandoned Trolley mine. Presently he came down and entered the office.  
"First to come and last to leave, eh?" he remarked, laughing, as he regarded the material with an expert eye.  
"Well, last to leave anyway," said Wallace not very proudly. "Been prospecting?"  
"Yes. I rather like the looks of things up there on the hill."  
"Lots of gold been taken out of there."  
"Lots more to take out yet," rejoined the stranger.  
It was not for The Courier to contradict that statement. The stranger toyed with the standing type in that easy way that proves acquaintance.  
"Haven't much use for a paper here, have you?" he asked.  
"No. I would sell."  
"For how long?"  
"What'll you give?"  
He made an offer, and Wallace traded, possession to be given the 1st of March. After the papers had been signed the stranger went over to Jimtown and got the money. Wallace and Haggerty both thought they were in a dream. The stranger hung around that Trolley claim, digging, washing, cutting timbers. One day he came down with some specimens and showed them. Wallace had become something of an expert. He knew they held gold. He regretted selling, but he went away with the end of winter and drifted up to Boise City, where he put his money in the Miners' bank and took cases on The Herald.  
Haggerty put what money he could raise in the faro banks and "subbed" on an afternoon paper.  
One day in August Wallace saw a man in the restaurant with a copy of The Courier in his pocket. Now, an ex-publisher, seeing his paper folded with the title out, may ask any one possessing it to surrender, though it be to the angel Gabriel. And this was not. This was a very accommodating, not to say friendly, fellow, who was glad to form a new acquaintance.  
"So you used to run The Courier?" he asked after they had taken a drink together. "Well, I run it now."  
"Oh, you bought it of?"  
"No. He bought it for me. You see, I was on the inside. I knew there was gold in the Trolley and all along that gulch and that a rush would come the minute the truth was told. So I bought the paper and boomed her where she would do the most good."  
"And did the rush come?" Wallace swallowed that reference to "the truth."  
The stranger frowned a very good imitation of a thundercloud and replied, "Filed the gulch from Sage run to Honeycomb rock."  
"You don't tell me!"  
Those names were regretfully familiar.  
"Main street runs right up the hill. Morris & Swan put in a new stamp mill the other day. That's five in six months."  
"You amaze me!"  
"Bought a lot for 50 cases last May and sold it in June for 100."  
"Well, well!"  
"Dan McCarty elected mayor last Monday, and—"  
"Not Dan McCarty of Indianapolis?"  
"That's the man."  
Wallace was trembling with excitement.  
"Why, I've known him for 20 years."  
"You have! Well, he's mayor."  
"How things have changed!"  
"Changed! Well, I guess yes. Little too fast for me. I'm looking about for something nearer civilization. Don't hanker after frontier journalism more than six months at a time."  
"Pays, don't it?"  
"Well, I've taken out enough to buy an interest in The Herald here. Pays that well."  
"Who bought your office?"  
"Isn't sold. I own The Courier."  
"Would you sell it?"  
"Yes, if I got my price."  
"How much?"  
The prosperous proprietor named a figure. Wallace won a concession of half a hundred, and they made a bargain, taking another drink to bind it. Wallace always did like that Deep Gulch country. He drew his cash from the Miners' bank, paid it down, giving a mortgage on The Courier plant for the balance and threw up his cases on The Herald. He hunted up Haggerty, bought his pair of burros, loaded one with a

camp outfit, and they left Boise City on their pilgrimage.  
"Tell Mayor McCarty I'll be down in a week or two," said the stranger as he gave them goodby. "No, give him a note for me." And he scribbled on the leaf of a memorandum book, tore it out, sealed it and gave it to Wallace. Then they took another drink and shook hands for the fifteenth time, parting solemnly.  
Four days Haggerty and Wallace climbed up hills for the monotonous pleasure of climbing down again. Four nights they rolled themselves in dusty blankets and slept the sleep of the hopeful. Hour after hour they hammered the stubborn little burros, but could not make them trot; met Indian squaws riding a straddle on dejected ponies; forded streams where the current was swift and treacherous, and then they came at sundown to the crossing of Sage run.  
"Seems to me we ought to see the lights of the city," said Haggerty.  
"Well, he said the main street runs up the hill, instead of across, you know," was Wallace's reply.  
They crept along the bank, but the burros would not take to the water in the darkness. So they rolled themselves in their blankets for a final camp and swore they would eat breakfast at the best hotel in the morning.  
When the coyotes barked, just before daybreak, Haggerty arose and climbed a height that towered above Sage run and dominated the whole canyon where Deep Gulch lay. There he lighted his pipe and waited for sunrise. When it came, he threw pebbles down at the sleeping burros till their braying waked the editor.  
"Come up here," called Haggerty, and Wallace hastened to him. As he reached the summit he flashed one look along that empty canyon, then staggered and sank down on the stones. He recovered and looked again.  
There was no stamp mill. There was no store. There was not even a saloon from Sage run to the very apex of Honeycomb rock. The double house had vanished, and the shanty which sheltered the printing office in old days was all that was left of the metropolis.  
Wallace opened the letter addressed to the mayor, unfolded the scrap of paper and read:  
DEAR MR. WALLACE—Maybe you can unload on some one else. It's the only way to get your journal pay in the provinces. If you ever meet Mayor McCarty, tell him how good a turn the location of his name served me. And send me a copy of The Courier with your salutatory. Goodby.  
That was all.—Le Roy Armstrong in Lippincott's Magazine.

**American Archaeological Work in Greece.**  
Another peculiarity of this theater (at Thorikos) was found to be the entire absence of a stage. Beyond a straight wall, which rises 16 feet from the lower slope of the hill and retains the leveled mass of earth forming the platform of the orchestra in front of the sloping tiers of seats, there is absolutely no trace of any structure answering to the stage observable in other Greek theaters. This peculiarity seems to confirm Professor Dörpfeld's theory that prior to the time of Lycurgus, the orator (circa 340 B. C.), there existed no stage, but that the orchestra was a complete circle, on which theatrical representations, more in the nature of choruses and rough performances of buffoons, were held. The old tradition must have survived in rural and poor communities, where the conventional niceties of the Greek drama were not observed, but both choruses and actors performed on the floor of the orchestra. In the Thorikos structure, therefore, we have an example—the only one so far discovered—of a primitive theater, in its transition from a still earlier state, when the spectators assembled on the bare slope of a hillside to look down upon the performance and dances carried on on a level piece of ground in front of them.—J. Connahus in Forum.

**Go the Last Lap.**  
The old gentleman—he wasn't so very old, either, since he was the mine champion less than 20 years ago—was somewhat surprised to see his daughter sitting on young Mr. Wohlbesome's lap. The young people were surprised too. The old man was the first to recover his equanimity, and as his daughter found her feet he remarked:  
"Ah, Lucy, I see your race for a husband is nearly over!"  
"What makes you say that, papa?" asked the girl, blushing painfully.  
"You seemed to be on the last lap." Notice of the wedding followed.—Wheel.

**Counsel and Queen's Counsel.**  
The difference between a counsel and queen's counsel—or, in the event of a king being on the throne, a king's counsel—is that the latter is supposed to be able to appear as the sovereign's advocate. Both are entitled to wear wig and gown, but the gown of the latter is silk, and the former is of "stuff." The queen's counsel can take only what is termed "lending business."

### FARM GARDEN

**CONVENIENT HOG TROUGH.**  
It Prevents Climbing Into the Feed and Has Other Advantages.  
The customary V shaped hog trough is probably the most practical, cheapest and easiest made device for the purpose, and with a few changes can be made much more convenient than the narrow little spot which we find on many farms. One of these improved troughs was recently illustrated and described in Farm and Fireside.  
In the first cut is shown a trough made of two 2 inch oak planks. The one on the side from which the hogs feed is 8 inches inches wide and the other anywhere from 15 inches upward—the wider the better. The end pieces are also 2 inch plank, and to fit the whole trough tightly between the sides of the pen, the wide plank should be notched so that the upper part is just even with the outside of the end pieces, see a, a. A wide board is fastened by means of a couple of cleats, b, b, tacked to the sides of the pen in a slanting position, as shown in the cut. In a large pen it would be better to use a 2 inch plank for the latter.  
The advantages of such a trough are these: The narrow spot is here changed into an opening the whole length of the trough, enabling the feeder to scatter the feed to accommodate any number of hogs. This is especially convenient when feeding apples, potatoes, corn or any other kind of grain. It prevents all fighting, pushing and jammings to see which can get nearest to the spot when being fed.  
The slanting board, c, prevents hogs from climbing into the trough, and while it does not interfere or infringe upon the space of the pen, it makes the feeding alley roomier, which is quite an item in a building of limited size. In emptying the trough the pull this slant is a great advantage. It allows the pull to be furnished almost bottom side up, as can be seen by the cross section shown in the second cut.  
The trough itself is all that is needed for a partition. It can be easily moved in either direction, and a nail or two driven through each side of the pen into the end pieces will hold it securely in its place wherever it is desired.  
Another important point about a hogpen, but one which is generally neglected, is a bridge or easy passageway from the pen to the yard. For the health of the stock it is necessary to give them free access to pure air and a chance to keep their pen clean. A small yard is sufficient for this, and the bridge should be level with the pen floor, of easy grade, and slatted or otherwise rigged to prevent hogs from slipping when passing in or out.

**Celery For Home and Market.**  
With proper management celery may now be had nearly all the year round, and consumers have become more discriminating as to the qualities of the different varieties, as is evidenced by the following inquiry from one of the largest celery growers in Ohio: "Is it not advisable for growers to use more of the self blanching varieties of celery like Perfection Heartwell or Perle le Grande and less Golden Self Blanching, and are not the pink and red varieties the best for marketing?"  
This inquiry was submitted to a number of experienced growers in various sections of the country, and their answers as published in The American Agriculturist are highly interesting and show how the tastes of buyers differ in different localities and how important it is for growers to acquaint themselves with the requirements of their markets. Nearly all agree that the eating qualities of the pink and red varieties are superior to those of all others, but for marketing they are almost worthless.

**Red Potatoes.**  
At the Rhode Island station 14 varieties of potatoes of Maine grown and home grown seed were tested during two years on a sandy loam soil, manured with commercial fertilizers applied on a clover soil. Ten pounds of seed of each variety was used, cut in one case to 150 pieces, in the other to 2 eye sets and planted 16 inches apart in the row. The vines were sprayed for potato blight. Of the merchantable potatoes the northern grown seed tubers produced a greater percentage in 11 out of 14 varieties, the average increase being 17.04 bushels per acre; the home grown tubers gave a greater yield in 5 out of 14 varieties, the average increase being 20.94 bushels per acre.

**Merits of Bean Straws.**  
Earl New Yorker tells of a Massachusetts dairyman who buys bean straw by the carload to feed his cows. Everything about the bean vine is hearty, from the pods down to the nodules on the roots. The Michigan station has proved the general belief that bean straw will take the place of clover hay, at least for feeding lambs or sheep. As a rule, bean straw can be bought for half the price of clover.—The man that "knows how" saves the difference.

### ROYAL BAKING POWDER

**Absolutely Pure**

Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against all stium and all forms of adulteration connected with the cheap brands. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., New York.

Establishment of a Cranberry Bog—Cranberries as a Money Crop.  
The establishment of a cranberry bog requires time, expense and patience, but once in good form there is little outlay in keeping it in condition. A moist soil is necessary. Experience has proved a peat or muck soil, free from loam or clay, is required, clean sand for covering the peat, and arrangements whereby the vines can be "flowed" when necessary, and finally through drainage. In the colder part of the country the vines are flooded in winter to protect them from frost, the usual time being from late October to the 1st of May, 18 to 24 inches of water being considered sufficient, according to The Orange Judd Farmer, authority for the following:  
In preparing swamp lands bushes and stumps must be removed and the surface coated with 4 to 8 inches of sand. When properly drained and ditched, the land is ready for the vines. The sand is essential in order to choke the growth of weeds and grass. Clay and loamy sand should be avoided. On soils thus prepared the best method of planting vines is to place them in rows marked out 14 inches apart, two vines at each point, 14 inches apart in the rows. The plants are pressed into the ground with the roots close to the muck below. Another method sometimes employed in Jersey is to spread the vines evenly over the surface of the meadow, cover about an inch deep with sand, the young shoots later coming up as thick as wheat and making an excellent growth. Some succeed by sowing cuttings, the vines being pressed through a straw cutter and chopped into pieces about an inch long. These are sown early in spring and on prepared ground and harrowed in. Much attention must be given to drainage, and this goes far to make or mar the work.  
Cranberries are gathered in September and October and will ordinarily keep well in places suitable for storing apples or other fruit, with as low a temperature as possible to avoid freezing. Thorough ventilation is very essential. A successful Cape Cod grower, in estimating the cost of harvesting and marketing cranberries, places this at about \$3.25 per barrel. This figure does not take into account the outlay of time and money before a cranberry bog is in bearing, nor interest on permanent investment.  
Prices are governed not only by the size of the commercial crop, but also by the abundance or scarcity of other fruits. A year ago good choice berries sold at \$2.50 to \$4, but in the seasons of great plenty, as the present one, the price is much lower, frequently down to \$1.00 per bushel. In considering cranberries as a money crop some growers who have had wide experience claim the profit is small and uncertain. The market is small, consumption does not move at home and efforts to introduce cranberries abroad have amounted to little up to the present time.

### IMPROVED TROUGH.

DETAILED DESCRIPTION: The diagram shows a cross-section of a trough. It consists of two parallel wooden planks. The top plank is wider than the bottom plank. A slanted board is attached to the sides of the trough, supported by cleats. The trough is designed to be placed in a pen, with the wide plank at the bottom and the narrow plank at the top. The slanted board prevents hogs from climbing into the trough.

### BUSINESS GARDENER'S WORKROOM.

DETAILED DESCRIPTION: The diagram shows a rectangular workroom. On the left side, there is a platform. In the center, there is a wash tub or box. To the right of the wash tub is a boiler. On the far right, there is a wagon. The workroom is designed for a business gardener to use for washing and preparing plants.

### What They Say.

Of 25 varieties of sweet corn tested at the Maine station the variety Early Sunrise was most prolific and its production.

Shredded corn fodder makes good feed, good bedding and good manure.

A Connecticut Forestry Association was organized at Hartford Dec. 28. Its first annual meeting will be held at Albany.

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