LAMANCE

VCL XXIII.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25 1897.

WARNING.

We wish to caution all users of Simmons Liver Regulator on a subject of the deepest-interest and importance to their health—schape their lives. The sole proprietors and makers of Simmons Liver Regulator learn that customers are often deceived by the same and taking some medicine of a similar appearance or tasts, 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, or anything culled Simmons Liver Regulator, or anything culled Simmons Liver Regulator, but I. H. Zeilin & Co., and no medicine made by anyone also is the same. We slone can but 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 have Regulator at all. The Regulator has been favorably known for many years, and all who use it know how necessary it is for Feyer and Agus, Bilious Fever, Constipation, Headachs, 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 & on wrapper, and by our name, is the only We wish to caution all users of Sim

we ask you to look for yourserve, and see that Simmons Liver Regulator, which you can readily distinguish by the Red & on wrapper, and by our name, is the only inedicine called Simmons Liver Regulator. J. H. ERRLIN & CO.

Simmons Liver Regulator.

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THE SONG OF THE OR WAGON.

This is the song of the diraining span, the tune of the tatered tilt.

Of the slow essays in jostform ways of the wagen stoutly built;

The song that was song in the ancient tongue, when the days of the world dawned gray.

The creaking grown of the disselboom, the song that is song today.

East and west and south and north the first-born herdsmen sprisad.

From the waters clear of the high Pamir, from the ancient Oxus bed.

On and on to the pinins of the Don their creak-ing wagons ran.

And the disselboom showed out the doom that has given the earth to man.

Over the sands of the thirsty lands, under a brazen sky.

Where the only law men bow before is the law of the sassgal?

Forth and forth to the dim far north where the bread Zambesi flows.

Still to lay in the ancient way the rumbling

Through the forest ways where the wild things graze, the dappled, the fawn, the gray, Wasre the tall "Esmeel" at sunset steal like ghosts to fise silent viey, Where the lions drink at the reedy brink of

the slowly shallowing pan.

The disselboom shows out the doom that has given the earth to man.

flow and slow the wagons go by thicket an thorn and pool,

But their thin path traced on the homeless waste is the road of the coming rule,

And in dread of that track the wild slinks back and the thief and the beasts give

piace . To the farm and field and the yearly yield of the men of the wiser race.

East and west and south and north, from the days of the dawn till now.

Ere grass was burned or sod was turned by the share of the furrowing plow.

This was the tune of the tattered tilt, the song of the straining span.

How the disselboun points out the doom that has size the earth to man.

has given the earth to man.
—St. James Gazette.

IN PERIL.

It was night. I was in my bed-

room at the Pera hotel listening to the silence, if you will allow me to make a bull. It was but half past 10, and the Turkish city, never very wide awake, had now gone calmly fast to sleep. All lights were put out, and no sound was to be heard, even in Pera, but the occasional howl of a street dog that some bit-ten watchman had beaten with his staff. Dervishes had ceased their holy waltzing and their demoniac howling. Priests had left their lofty minarets for the night. The sultan had sunk into a trance. The lazaars, where notions of all nations are sold, were barred and bolted up. The coffee shops had quenched their charcoal fires. The beggars on the bridge had dragged bome their stumps and sores. The soldiers of the porte were in their barracks dreaming of a revolt. Viziers laid their uneasy heads on silken pillows. The "sick man's" dying city was dead asleep, and it made one sleepy to feel even near 600,000 sleepers. Human nature is imaginative. that my countrymen in Pera were wavering in their allegiance to the pleasant king of midnight and were half of them yawning and Turkey! stretching over billiards and dominos and looking with affright at the two uplifted clock hands t Turks,

who have no amusements, go to bed early. I was sitting at the window of my bedroom, meditative, one boot off and cellarlike boathouses; past plane and one boot on, wondering if there was ever a minute, day or night, since Constantine was placed in his porphyry tomb that some wild dog had not barked in Pera, when a tap came at my door. I put my boot on

and bade the visitor open the door. It was Antonio, my dragoman, or courier, whom I had hired that day, and thus be spoke:

"Monsieur, sare, nous avons. We 'ave got the fareman for the night." Firman, you must know, is an of the sultan's tinselly Italian pal-Asiatic word, signifying, in this instance, a passport.

"Oh, have you? All right, Antonio. I am ready," said I, buttoning up my coat to the last button and which troublesome infirmity I adjusting my hat before the mirror. should advise my readers, if ever

"Vera good," returned my Alba-nian guide, who, by the way, had stances, to conquer right away. Althe most villainous face imaginable: "Come on, sare."

That firman, the sultan's gracious permission-gracious, but expensive escape that offered itself and deter-Be it known unto you, reader, that ever so many Circassians—recently whipped by the Russians in spite of their devoted courage and the genins of their leader, Schamyl porte, had accepted the offer readily, knowing that Turkey was the natural enemy of the land of vermin and steppes, and had been apprised on arriving at Stamboul after many hungry days of forced marching over countries innocent of bridges and of roads that the porte was unable to pay the native troops, let
more coolness than I felt, for I had
alone foreign ones. That was enough
to make the hungry Circassians and knife, and I had seen them produce gry, was it not? A little way be yound the valley of the Sweet Waters, which is a place of fashion ble resort, equivalent, or thereabout, to our Central park, those soldiers of a hundred patriotic battles had focated their camp and were uttering discontent in a way that was very disagreeable to the Turkish government. It was in order to see these that Antonio, and I left the fore and behind, there was nothing but impenetrable darkness wieble, and above, the sky, now overcast gry, was it not! A little way be-

both ends it is boarded over, to prevent shipping seas, with varnished planks, crossed at the top with little crowning rails of gilt carving, very dainty and very smart. The cradle where I lay, my back against where the cockswain would be scated in an American gig, was lined with red cushions and white lambskins.

There were two boatmen, because the Sweet Waters, where we were to land, was far up the Bosporus, and it was tolerably hard work, even for them, brawny and accustomed to rowing as they were.

Antonio, my scoundrel of a guide, held forth on the white minarets, looking ghostlike in the moonlight and on the dark cypress trees, throwing their heavy shaking shadows athwart the phosphorescent water. He bade me observe how the caiquejee (boatman) fastens his oars by leather loops to pegs on the sides of the boat, which had no rowlocks—a simple plan that prevents them ever being lost unless they break in some of the whirling and impetuous currents of the Bosporus. Every time I looked the bontmen laughed with all their teeth and said afirmatively, "Bono, Johnny," upon which I called out authoritatively, "Chapuk!" (Quick, quick!) and to which they invariably replied by saying, "Yawash, yawash," meaning: "No hurry. All in good time."

Antonio, as we progressed, grad-ually transferred his conversation from myself to the boatmen. At that time I knew very little of their sweet sounding jargon, and natural-Jy feeling uninterested I closed my eyes and sunk into a reverie, to be aroused therefrom by one of the boatmen using a Turkish phrase, the meaning of which was known to me, in tones of the deepest disgust, Their fierce and furtive glances, together with the frequent use of that one phrase, which might be translated thus, "Dog of an infidel," confirmed a sudden suspicion that I was in a serious scrape. I was so seated that, although my face was not seen by them, I could discern their fea-

tures and gestures plainly. "Chapuk!" I cried imperiously, knowing that it is generally best to show no white feather.

"Yawash, yawash!" replied the boatmen defiantly. "No hurry, sare," said Antonio,

lighting his chibouk and puffing away complacently. How I regretted having left the Pera hotel at that unseemly hour to When it sees cating, it wants to eat, see a parcel of Circassian ragamuf- stalwart assailant cover me with a and when it sees sleeping it wants fins, who were perhaps not worth gun and the other behind him grasp to prevent it from being shaken when if it were permitted me to issue

scathless from that scrape I would

Past the Maiden's tower, a sort of a rock at the entrance of the Golden Horn opposite Scutari; past long lines of vessels and rows of dark red wooden houses with broad flat roofs trees and cypressees, silent caiques and coffee houses, with here and there a dead lump of carrion bobbing like a float in the moonlight, swollen and horrible, we reached at last the Sweet Water meadows,

where the deserted caiques were

gathered thick as carriages round the door of the Theatre Francais. I had a mind to make those two villainous boalmen row me back again, because, as we were near one Albanian dare attempt violence just then, but unfortunately I was troubled with a weakness called pride, though I felt I thereby placed my life in jeopardy, I could not for the life of me take the certain way of cost me 250 plasters, or about \$28. mined to pursue at all hazards the

object for which I had set out. The two hostmen jumped on land, and drawing the caique almost high and dry so that we should not wet our feot stood with ready palms -had been offered a few piasters held out to receive their pay. I gave per diem to join the army of the a few piasters to each, and then an animated conversation ensued between my dragoman and them, conducted in Turkish, and in which the constant repetition of the phrase be-fore translated again occurred.

"Dey will wait, sare," said the Albanian at its conclusion.

during the palaver bright, ugly look-

the rivil boatmen of Tophana, I with clouds, was starless and gloomy. tumbled down into the cradle of a The dragoman led the way, stealing neat calque, which, because it is a on with a lithe, sure step and waftpattern boat, I will describe. It is ing clouds of perfume from his chiong and sharp at both ends, and at bonk. Trying to divest myself of the conviction that I was about to become the victim of an already concected plot, bringing forth a whole array of arguments to justify that attempt, and yot peering nervously into the darkness right and left, anon in the direction of the Albanian and then shrinkingly behind me, I followed without a protest in his footstops, just as a lamb goes to the slaughter house.

He carried a lamp such as all dragomans carry in the nighttime, and suddenly bethinking myself of this asked him to light it.

"Presently, sare," he said. "We shall come into plenty light soon." To the best of my belief we had now gone about half a mile. Once or twice I fancied I heard a footfall in our rear and with a contraction of the heart half turned to face an anticipated assailant, but nothing emerged from the darkness, and I resumed my journey, perturbed and painfully suspicious. The clouds suddenly thinned before the watery moon, and the irregular walls of an old tumble down ruin, formerly a mosque of much repute, but now a playhouse for all the little Turks in the villages roundabout, loomed di-

The Albanian proposed lighting the lamp in this ruin, as on account of a gusty wind it would be difficult to light it outside.

I thought his proposal rather uncalled for, since we had the moon, but acquiesced quietly and followed him into the mosque, which had been built up in that semioriental Byzantine style that, back through Venice, spread throughout Europe, ven in Canute of England's time. was interested in this relic of another age and momentarily forgot my suspicions. Antonio stepped into vault which was still almost entire and which had once in all probability been the refectory where the dervishes, or priests, partook moderately of food. He opened the door of the gaudy lantern, which would have reminded you of Aladdin's,

and striking a match lit the wick. "You wait. Me fill chibouk." seid he, setting the lantern down. I was seized from behind and thrown violently to the ground, falling with my hip on a sharpstone that made me lame for weeks after. I turned round without rising, being then unable, on account of the wound I had received, and saw one

never be out after dark again in as a capital joke.

The boatman with the gun spoke fiercely in Turkish, and the Albanilegendary lighthouse that stands on an, turning to me, said: "Want money, sare. Give 'em money, you

> It was very unpleasant looking up the muzzle of that gun and feeling that the slightest movement might endanger my life, but I am an American and disliked the cavalier manner of those Turkish dogs. I was just about to defy them to do their worst when I heard the tread of men outside. I shouted out for help at the top of my voice, and six Turkish soldiers, headed by an officome into the ruin at a trot and halted at the entrance of the vault, covering us all with their matchlocks

> That villainous Albanian, as soon as he saw how quickly the tables were turned, ran forward and commenced a fierce denunciation of his complices.

"Inglis subjek?" asked the Turk-

ish officer, turning to me. The English, you must know, have so bullied and browbeaten the Turks that they would rather allow an English murderer to go scot free than come into collision with them.

"American subject," I answered, succeeding in a painful attempt to rise. Then I made him understand by suitable gestures that the Albanian and the two bontmen were all alike culpable, and they were presently deprived of their knives and the gun, each one of them placed between two men and marched off toward the spot where we had land-

Outside the ruin the road was full of Turkish soldiers, all going in the direction of the Circassian encampment for the purpose of overawing that brave and turbulent people.

Judges are very corrupt in Turkey. The Albanian contrived to bribe himself out of the clutches of the law, but the two boatmen were very properly punished.—New York

Milk In Spain.

The Spanish milkman or maid, as the case may be, has no chance to impose upon the customer. When the milk is delivered, it is literally in bulk. The milkman drives around its flock of goats to each customer's how much milk is



CONSTRUCTING RESERVOIRS

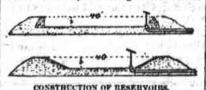
For Purposes of Irrigation Where Pumps

Professor F. H. King of the Wisconsin experiment station, in his paper on "Irrigation In Humid-Climates," published in a farmers' bulletin, has the following to say on the construction of the reservoirs necessary where pumps are employed, and particularly if windmills are used:

The location of the reservoirs should be such that its level is above that of the land to which it is to supply water. The deeper the reservoir can be made the less will be the loss by evaporation and usually also by leakage, but if the water supplied to it is too cold to use it will warm faster in a shallow reservoir.

Where the soil is of a clayey nature a good reservoir may be made by first plowing and removing the sod to a distance beyond the border of the proposed walls, because if introduced into the wall it will leak. The earth is then plowed and scraped into a broad ridge having the inside slanting in order that the waves shall not erode the embankment. While the earth is being deposited in the wall it should be trampled firm and close. When the proper height and form have been given to the walls of the reservoir, it is necessary to plow rectly before us, the defile ending and thoroughly pulverize the lottom to abruptly at the mouth of a rude road on the right.

and thoroughly pulverize the lottom to a depth of five inches preparatory to puddling it. If the reservoir is circular. in outline, the loosened soil should be first wet at the center and thoroughly puddled there by trampling with a team. Then by widening the wet area



the team may be driven round and round until the sides are reached and the whole thoroughly worked into a mortar. In this condition, if thoroughly puddled, the reservoir is nearly water tight. To prevent washing the inner slope may be covered with a layer of coarse gravel or ernshed rock.

If a perfectly water tight reservoir is desired, the bottom should be cemented; coated with asphalt and sand, or six or eight inches of brick clay used in the puddling.

To remove the water from the reservoir the best plan is to use lap weld steam pipe provided with an elbow and laid with the mouth of the elbow level with the bottom of the reservoir and facing up. This is closed with a plug to which a long Thandle is attached. The ent represents a cross section of reservoir with plug inserted in the discharge pipe. The end of the pipe where the plug is juserted should be thoroughly imbedded in a large mass of cement heavy enough the plug is taken out or inserted. A res-Antonio held the lamp aloft and ervoir with sloping sides should have seemed to regard the whole affair an outlet at the junction of the sides and bottom, and it will be necessary to build a pier out to it in order to reach the plug.

A reservoir 4 feet deep and 40 feet in diameter will hold water enough to irrigate 0.85 acre 4 inches deep and 0.69 acre 2 inches deep and 100 feet in diameter will irrigate 4.62 and 2.16 acres 2 and 4 inches deep respectively.

Fertiliser Law of New York. The present fertilizer law of New York requires that there shall be affixed to each package of fertilizer a plainly printed statement certifying (1) the net weight, (2) the name, brands or trademark, (3) the name and address of the manufacturer and (4) the chemical composition expressed as follows: Per cent of nitrogen; per cent of available phosphoric acid, or, in case of undissolved bone, total phosphoric acid, and per cent of potash soluble in distilled water. Before any fertilizer can be legally sold, offered or exposed for sale in this state the manufacturer or agent must file with the New York agricultural experiment station at Geneva a statement like that provided for ou packages and also an additional state: ment in January of every year. When fertilizers contain leather or similar inert products, the fact must be explicitly and conspicuously stated on each package. The prescut fertilizer law applies to "any commercial fertilizer or any material to be used as a fertilizer the selling price of which exceeds \$10 per ton," when such goods are sold, offered or exposed for sale in this state. —Bulletin New York Station.

Foreign exchanges give the intelligence of the discovery of a tobacco export of Hungary which may cause decided changes in the system of culture; Tobacco has been hitherto treated as an annual plant. According to the new system, it can be propagated from slips. It is claimed that the leaves harvested from plants propagated from slips are in all respects superior to those of the mother plant. Should these reports prove true the chief labor in tobacce cultivation of growing new plants every year from the seed will be done uway

Tobacco Propagated From Silps.

Reclaiming Last Mead The geological survey of New Jersey has revived the subject of the reclama-tion of the Hackensack and Newark sult meadows. State Geologist Smock recently visited Holland to study the system of diking and pumping, and State Engineer Vermuele has prepared a large map showing where dikes should be built and canals cut. The Country intleman estimates that the mea

IMPROVED ARTICHOKES.

Pabers Which Are Finding Increased Pa-Attention has been called of late to rtichokes as food for stock, notably for

hogs. Farmers in various sections of the country have reported success with feed-ing swine on these tubers until a short time before killing, when a few bushels of corn are given to harden the flesh. Following are extracts from a Michigan farmer's letter to Vick's Illustrated Monthly:

One sere of artichokes will keep from to 80 hogs in the best condition, as

they are always healthy when fed ou them. For horses, cattle and sheep there is not a better root will produce from 800 to 700 bushels of tubers, depending on the soil. The improved artichoke is entirely different from the native or wild variety which is raised in some gardens. White French i a native of France, where it is largely grown as well as for stock. It grows

IMPROVED WHITE ABTI-height, and in CHOKE. the fall is cover-ed with yellow blossoms, which in this the fall is covercountry never mature seed; hence no danger of covering the farm. My five years' experience has proved to me that they can be destroyed. My plan is to plow under when one foot in height. A simpler way is to leave the hogs in the patch a little late in the spring, and they will find every one.

about 6 feet in

The tubers are much like Irish pota toes in appearance, only rougher, fiesh pure white, very brittle and sweet. Many farmers in Newago county are growing them extensively as a general farm crop. The artichoke is important, as no insect, blight or rust has yet struck it, and the tops make a good fodder when properly handled. Last winter they were tested at the Fremont cream-ery with the best of results.

Lowland which is too frosty for corn and many other crops is just the place for artichokes, as freezing does not hurt them. Drought seems to have but little effect on them.

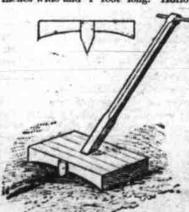
Start a Pine Grove. The pine tree, one of the most useful iniber trees ever grown, thrives in New England, but the original growth was cut off by the early settlers. The land on which it grew failed to produce paying crops after a few years and is now mostly deserted—a waste so far as useful crops are concerned. Rural New Yorker calls attention to the efforts now being made to encourage the planting of pine trees again on this land, and in parts of New Hampshire and Massachusetts quite a little of it has actually been done. The seeds of the pine are broadcasted, usually with oats or other grain, and after a year or two the surplus trees are cut out. It is said that all a pine tree needs is a "foothold in the soil and water," and it certainly does make a surprising growth on poor land. At the end of 20 years some of the trees may be cut and sawed into the narrow boards used in making boxes. Twenty years may seem a long time to wait for a crop, but the cost is little, while the returns are sure. Thousands of people are satisfied to insure their lives on the 20 year installment plan as an investment. Any man of middle age on a New England farm containing 'waste land' might well consider the plan of starting a pine grave to provide a shelter against the blasts of old age.

Connecticut Tobac

The Connecticut Courant is authority for the statement that in the town of East Hartford there are 250 growers of tobacco, who last year raised 888% tons of tobacco on 1,185 acres of land, the crop being worth over \$302,000, at an average price of 17 cents per pound. This is the first good crop since 1892. In that year most of the tobacco was pure Havana; this year only about 75 scres of Havana were grown.

A Plank Marker.

For planters of small gardens a Texas correspondent of Farm and Fireside gives an illustrated description of a omemade tool which he finds very serviceable in planting small beds, such as radish, onion, etc. Take a plank 6 or 8 inches wide and 1 foot long. Hollow



MARKER FOR SMALL GARDENS. out the side that is intended to drag on the ground, and nail a small, sharp stick the ground, and mail a small, sharp stick to it, which is intended to epen a small furrow for the seeds. Attach a handle about 5 feet long to the top edge of the board and pull it straight ahead over freshly plowed ground, and you will have a nice smooth ridge, with a small have an area of 27,000 acres, and the cost of reclaiming them by diking and cover the seeds, remove the small stick pumping is estimated at only \$6 or \$7



Celebrated for its great levening etrangli and bestliffolises. Assures the food again alum and all forms of didliferation essented to the cheap brands. ROYAL BAKING POW DER CO., New York.

A FOE TO BURGLAND.

Where Private Watchmen Patrol There Is Little Chance For Househreaking. "No, I suppose he never does catch a thief," said an uptown resident the other evening, just after the private watchman had passed the house, "but it's worth \$20 or \$25 a year to have that man around looking after your house during the night. It's just like any kind of insurance. If you keep paying that man year after year and have never had a robbery or even an attempt at it during all that time, you might naturally feel that you had had the worst of it, but if you do without the watchman and get up some fine morning to find that your silverware and jewelry have taken flight in the night, then it's time to kick

yourself for not having employed Probably every one who has walked through the fine residence section after 10 p. m. has seen these watchmen. They walk along leisurely, as though going nowhere in particular. If you take notice of one of them long enough, you will see him stop at a certain house, try the doors, see that the windows are closed, and then pass on to another house, where he will repeat the op-eration. This he keeps up all night -that is, from about 10 p. m. until daylight—and a burglar must operate pretty quickly if he expects to get away with anything from a house that this man is watching.

His first round is made late in the evening, after most families have gone to bed, yet before any of the jimmy and dark lantern fraternity is up and doing. He makes a careful inspection of every house under his care and sees that everything is all secure for the night. Frequently on this trip he finds a window open or a grating unfaster gate unlocked, probably a piece of negligence on the part of some servant or member of the family. In these cases he fastens the open wistdow or grating, and his work for

the night has really begun. Each watchman tries to have between 30 and 46 houses on his bent, which does not include over three or four blocks. In this way it is never more than half an hour from the time that he leaves a particular house until he is back ! it again. He knows just how every house ought to look, even to many minor details that the average passerby would not notice, and if there are any signs of anything wrong, he soon finds out the cause.

These watchmen have no power of arrest aside from that which every citizen has of holding a thief or other wrongdoer and turning him over to an officer. They all carry night sticks and revolvers, however, and could probably give a burglar a good tussle until a policeman could respond to a whistle or rapping on the sidewalk for assistance. The average price paid to these guardians of private residents is \$1.50 to \$2 a month, but it may go as high as \$5, depending largely upon the generosity of the house owner. But the watchman with 35 houses on his list makes a good living and is contented with his lot. It is not an agreeable job going the rounds on a stormy winter night, but these men prepare themselves for it and have grown accustomed to it through ong service. Most of them have been in the business all their lives, and some have taken up their nightly round where their fathers left it. -New York Tribune

Early estimates of a shortage in the cranberry crop were right as to New Jersey, but wrong as to Mass Receipts from Cape Cod foot up 65,000 barrels against 50,000 last year.

The matter of forming an orga tion among the fruit provers of the Hudson Biver valley is taking definit

Professor F. H. King says: While the time has not arrived for the full ut tion of the water reservoirs of the e capital may be profitably invested rigation along the line of kitchen dening, market gardening, mail culture, eranberry culture, dairy bandry and the like.

Education in agricultural afforded to Delawareans ware Agricultural colle-Professor W. H. Bist alegae to any person !