DENTON JOURNAL.

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Johnson's Store News.

Underwear IT is not too soon for you to anticipate your wants in fall and winter UNDERWEAR. We are fully supplied with the right kind of goods, and the assortment is correct—both as to price and quality. We have endeavored to make this department one of the strong features of our business. We solicit a visit from you for careful inspection to show you your health and comfort were considered when the selection was made. "Vellastic" Ribbed Fleeced is an exceptionally good value for 50c, other grades from 50c to $2.00 the garment. Men's Union Suits for $2.25 each. These are all newly milled goods. No carried over stock.

What Johnson warrants is all right.

J. W. JOHNSON,
Carter Block, DENTON, MARYLAND.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

BALTIMORE OLD HOME WEEK.

Maryland is sending invitations to her sons and daughters scattered everywhere to come to a grand reunion, and is making extensive preparations to give them when they come, a week of right royal entertainment.

New Baltimore, sprung Phoenix-like from the ashes of the fire of 1904, will make Old Home Week, October 13 to 19, one continual round of patriotic and civic display.

There will be an electrical pageant, a magnificent military and naval display, a gathering of patriotic societies, a parade and ball by the fraternal orders, a big concert, and a night carnival.

There will be also a special pilgrimage to Annapolis on "Peggy Stewart Day," Saturday, October 19, when visitors will have an opportunity to inspect the magnificent new buildings of the United States Naval Academy and the remodeled State House, so full of historic associations.

The Homecomers will have the advantage of specially low railroad rates. The Pennsylvania Railroad will sell excursion tickets to Baltimore, October 12 to 14, good for return passage until October 21, inclusive, from all stations on its lines north and east of Shrewbury, Principio, and Port Deposit, at a considerable reduction from the regular fare.

Every former Marylander, whose address is known will receive a special invitation, issued by Governor Warfield, and the whole week will thrill with the hospitality for which the Old Line State is so famous.

For exact rates, conditions of tickets, and train service, consult nearest Ticket Agents.

I Mean Just What I Said Before.

I AM GETTING OUT OF BUSINESS. Redden & Downes have leased for a term of years the Storehouse I now occupy. They take possession OCTOBER 15th, a little over ONE WEEK from TODAY. I have no place to move into after that date and I know of no place I can get. I am not looking for any place, and I don't want any. I am going to sell my goods all out by that time. Therefore

I am still selling at Cost and Less, I am selling the Biggest Bargains ever sold in Denton. If you want a Suit of Clothes, an Overcoat, a Hat, Shirt, Necktie, Overalls, Jumper, Pair of Gallases, or anything in Men's Wear please call on me. I will do the best I know how to suit you.

If I can't get my price I'll take yours. Please don't forget. On and after SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5th, I shall embrace my GROCERY STOCK in this Cost Price Sale, and I have as good a line as any in Denton.

AUCTION SATURDAY, October 5th, and daily thereafter.

I have a splendid Peanut Roaster for sale. Any Storekeeper desiring one can see and examine it any day. Peanuts are the most profitable article on sale in Grocery Stores.

W. A. STEWART, Denton, Md.

J. HARRY ROSE,

—WITH—
LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.,
8-10-12 E. Baltimore St.,
Baltimore, Md.

CLOTHING
TAILORING
FURNISHINGS

To The Ladies

We want you to send us a postal today for one of our pretty FALL FLOWER CATALOGUES.

Will you please do it Now before you forget it.

Just address
BOLGIANO SEEDS,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Order Nisi.

Elmer W. Deen, Assignee,
vs.
Robert T. Nichols, Julia C. Nichols, his wife.

In the Circuit Court for Caroline County. In Equity.

Ordered, this twenty-seventh day of September, 1907, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by Elmer W. Deen, Assignee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 29th day of November, next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Caroline county, once in each of four successive weeks, before the 28th day of October, next. The report states the amount of sales to be $458.00.

THOMAS L. DAY, Clerk.

True copy—Test:
THOMAS L. DAY, Clerk.

Maryland, Delaware and Virginia

FARMS, TIMBER LANDS AND BUSINESS CHANCES

FOR SALE.

If you want quick results list your property with us.

Buyers will do well to get our free list.

Tell us your wants.

SOUTHERN TIMBER LANDS a specialty.

Some Fine Bargains at $6.50 an acre.

Estimates by reliable parties.

Barrow REAL ESTATE Agency,
Preston, Md.

Autumn Announcement

—OF—

J. H. Nichols & Son

WE ARE READY IN EVERY DEPARTMENT. Our store is loaded with the choicest of merchandise for fall and winter. First, we call your attention to

Dress Goods.

The finest assembling of Autumn Dress Goods we have ever shown. All the weaves of fashion, for every costume purpose, from the smartly practical Walking Suit to the elegant Evening Gown. In decided request are Chiffon, Broadcloth, all the leading shades; All-wool Taffeta; colors, blue, brown, garnet, gray, and black. Black and Blue Voile, very dressy, and at the same time serviceable. Panama Cloth, blue, brown, garnet, and black. Black Empire Cloth. Novelty Suiting in stripes, plaids and overplaids, 36, 44, 54 inch, and prices according to width. Mohair in all the season's shades; prices of this material range from 50c. to $1.25. Brown Sheppard Plaids in three sizes of plaids; handsome for children's jumper suits.

Write for samples.

And Next Come Silks

In All Their Richness.

Taffeta Silk in all shades, 1 yard wide.
Black Taffeta Silk, absolutely guaranteed not to split. $1.50.
Black Linen Taffeta, something new in silk, and will wear. 1 yd. $1.00.
Brown and White Liberty Silk, very soft material, lovely quality.
Waist Silks in stripes and plaids, an unrivalled assortment. In fact, our selection of all kinds of silks is unequalled outside of the city.

Ladies' and Misses' Wraps

A large line to select from. Styles and prices right. Before you purchase you owe it to yourself to examine this assortment.

Newest Outing Flannels

Pretty styles, of course; but a warm, well-wearing quality is what most women want in Outing Flannels—and that is what you will find here, at 10c. and 12½c. per yard. Useful for night gowns, petticoats, pajamas, and children's wear.

Trimmings

Braids in every conceivable style. Velvet Ribbons, in all widths and to correspond with this season's shades. Allover Laces, cream, white and ecru. White and Cream Net, lovely for waists, and inexpensive. Baby Irish Lace. Velvet Buttons, all sizes and all shades. Silk Covered Buttons, all sizes and shades. Pearl Buttons, 4c. to $1.00 per dozen. And we have the large Fancy Buttons for jacket suits.

Ladies' Gloves Below Value

Yes, much below value, notwithstanding the fact that glove leathers have advanced in cost. Fresh and new. Just the gloves you want for autumn. Elbow length Kid Gloves, black and white. Suede Gloves, black, white and gray. Short Kid Gloves, black, light tan, brown, gray and white. Golf Gloves, in all this season's shades, for ladies, misses and children.

Men's Gloves in All the Different Leathers

And different prices. Don't fail to look this line over.

A Modern Shoe Store

Why? Because we carry the leading brands of America's best production. First is our Ladies' Shoe—The Selby Make. We have them in all leathers, dull kid, tan kid and patent kid, button and lace; widths A to E.

Bion F. Reynolds Make.—In our line of Men's Shoes you will find patent leather, calf skin, velour calf, vici kid, and Russia calf; styles, button, plain bal and Blucher. Something nobby for the young men and more conservative toes for the older men.

Just a Word to the Little Gents! School Shoes and Dress Shoes. We have them for you with just as much snap and style as the older ones. Come and look them over.

Misses' and Children's Shoes. It doesn't matter what you want, if it's for school wear, we can suit you. If it's for dress we have them. All leathers, button and lace.

Hats and Caps

With October and the cool breezes of autumn you should soon be deciding about the headwear. In our Hat Department you will find four distinct shapes in the derby. Don't overlook the brown derby. In the line of Soft Hats you will find the color and style suitable for any person.

Men's Clothing : Top Coats

Rain Coats

Boys' and Youths' Clothing

Overcoats, &c

There is such a wide range of styles in this line that we cannot go into the smaller details, but you will find here just what you want. Fashion dictates brown this season, and brown is becoming to the average person.

Little Gents' Suits, in patterns that were never so nobby before. The styles are brown, plaid, navy blue, small checks, and overplaid, with blouse or straight bottom pants.

Warm Underwear

And splendid values in the right weights for now. Look this line over before purchasing.

Sweaters

Sweaters for small boys and girls and infants, in the most desirable colors. Prices range from 25c. to $2.50.

Special Leather Goods

Little conveniences and necessities to which we all like to treat ourselves. So unusually good that they are worth laying aside for presents.

Suit Cases.
Hand Bags.
Card Cases.
Ladies' Fine Purses.
Ladies' Belts, &c.

Collars and Neckwear

The Hidden Treasure.

By ROLLIN HUME.

Copyright, 1907, by Thomas Clark.

A BAR had formed off Warble's wharf, so that a whaler could not lie at it or anywhere near it. But this was not a matter of any special consequence, for more than thirty years had passed since a whaler and that wharf had had anything to do with each other.

It was a wharf in ruins, and almost as badly dilapidated was the oil house that stood on the end of it, with great doors that opened out over the water. But these doors were never opened now, nor was the little sliding door that shut down fairly into the water and when it was raised opened a channel into which a boat could be floated. Both of these doors were fastened on the inside, and the door that opened on the wharf was fastened with a padlock as big as a small cabbage and as rusty as if it had been towed astern of the Harmony Home during a whole cruise.

The Harmony Home was the whaler that used to discharge her cargo into the oil house. She had been owned and sailed by Captain Tranquil Warble, and for a long while she and her commander had the reputation of being the luckiest ship and the luckiest captain afloat.

Captain Warble was coining money, the Greyshells people said—Greyshells was the name of the little port—and was getting richer and richer every year. Moreover, he was hoarding his money in coin.

"No banks for me," said Captain Warble, "an' no reel estate, nuther. I tried banks in 1837, an' whar was I after they all broke, I'd like t' know? An' I tried reel estate in 1850, an' after th' man I'd bought it frum got clean off to California another man come along an' proved a mortgage on it, an' where was I then? No, no! Hard dollars hid about in a place that nobody but me knows about—thet's my style!"

This was all very well as long as good luck attended the Harmony Home's cruisings, but when the news came down from the northern seas that the Harmony Home had been nipped in the ice and had gone to the bottom with every soul on board of her the captain's financial methods did not make quite so satisfactory a showing, for the captain's widow had not the least notion in the world where the fortune in hard dollars that now was hers was to be found. She looked in all the likely places for it and in all the unlikely places she could think of—and she thought of a good many—but not a trace of it did she find. At last, while she still was looking for it, she died. Then her daughter, Miss Ruth Warble, who was then a young girl and very exergetic, though that seemed hard to believe now, began the

ALMOST CERTAIN HE COULD MAKE OUR A LITTLE BRASS CANNON.

search. And Miss Ruth spent all of her youth and most of her energy in searching, and here she is now, forty years old and looking fifty, with her fortune as safely hidden as ever and herself as poor as anybody could be outside the town farm.

For Theodore Rodford—widely and, I am pained to add, somewhat unfavorably known as "that Terry Rodford"—the old oil house down on Warble's wharf had a wonderful attraction. He had peeped through the chinks in the boards time and again, and what he had seen inside had made him wildly eager to explore it thoroughly, for strewn about the floor were old harpoons and piles of delightful ropes and big and little blocks and oars. He was almost certain that he could make out among the shadows under the stairway leading to the sail loft that was over the storehouse a little brass cannon partly covered with a bit of old sail.

Thinking of that cannon and of what he could do with it if he only could get hold of it sometimes kept him awake all night. He even had tried on several occasions to make friends with Miss Ruth, to the end that he might gain permission to investigate this delectable place. Once, when he discovered the Barkums' pigs in Miss Ruth's garden and drove them out before any great harm had been done, he almost had succeeded.

To Miss Ruth in her poverty the loss of her garden stuff would have been a very serious matter. She was truly grateful to Teddy for saving it and told him so with some warmth.

Being thus encouraged, he was emboldened to ask her if she wouldn't some time or another let him take a look around in her oil house. And Miss Ruth, still mellowed by her gratitude, said almost kindly that maybe some time or other she would.

* * * * * * *

Nye's wharf down on the point was where the boys usually went in swimming. Warble's wharf was nearer, but because of the bar the swimming was not very good there, even at high water. But it happened one hot June day that Teddy felt too lazy to walk all the way down to the point, so he thought he would just step down to Warble's wharf and get cooled off a little.

Although it was low water and the bar was bare, there was a cool looking pool just in front of and shaded by the old oil house, and into this pool he settled down very comfortably. While he was sitting on the sandy bottom in this pleasant place, with only his head out of water, he made a very exciting and delightful discovery.

It was dead low tide, and the stone foundation wall of the oil house was bare clear down to the tops of the piles on which it rested. The sliding door was out of water entirely. To his joy Teddy perceived that so large a part of one corner of this door had been knocked away, probably by a bang from the nose of some badly steered boat in a long past time, that a boy twice as big as he was could wriggle through the hole!

He gave a look up and down the river to see if anybody in a boat was in sight, and then, having assured himself that the coast was clear, he slipped out of the water and across the bit of bare sand and through the hole.

He found himself in something like a little open dock in the floor of the oil house, evidently a place where in former times a boat had been kept. Steps, black rotten with age, led to the level of the floor. Up these slippery steps Teddy went gingerly. His first object of investigation was the shadowy place under the stairway. He found that he had been right. It was a cannon, a little six pounder, such as whalers used to carry to fire signals with, and it was a regular little beauty.

He did not stop to examine the other interesting things which were scattered about him. With these, thanks to his frequent peepings through the cracks, he already was tolerably familiar. The sail loft was an undiscovered country that he longed to explore, so up the stairway that led to it he went two steps at a time. The loft was far lighter than the room below, for the sunbeams came through the cracks in the walls. It was a great bare place, with some old sails piled up in one corner, some sail making gear still lying on a little bench and some chalk marks still on the floor that doubtless showed the exact cut of the Harmony Home's last suit of sails.

There was something a little awesome in finding all these things just as Captain Warble, years and years before, had left them, but unpleasant thoughts of this nature were driven quickly and completely out of Teddy's head as he caught sight of a delightful fat little tub of a boat standing close to the side wall at the end of the building nearest to the water carefully chocked up on blocks so that it stood on an even keel. The oars and a little mast with the sail wrapped around it lay fore and aft on the thwarts, and the rudder, all ready to be shipped, was lying in the stern sheets. Running tackle was rove to rings in the bow and stern, and to stout hooks in the ridgepole of the roof. The ends of the lines were coiled away neatly over belaying pins in two of the upright beams.

Then Teddy perceived that a great trapdoor rigged with counterweights opened in the floor just over the little dock below. Obviously this was the identical boat for which the dock had been built.

As he thought of what fun he could have in that boat, along with Noah Barkum and Lem Harbud and Pud Nye and perhaps Sam Wyburn, he forgot everything else in the world.

He wanted to go right to work at swinging the boat up by the tackle and then lowering her through the trapdoor, but he found, to his surprise, by the way that the light was fading, that the sun must be nearly down. Accordingly he went downstairs again and found that the tide was half in and that the hole in the door was a foot under water.

There was a pin that held the door down, and when he had pulled this out he found that he could raise the door easily, for it also was hung with counterweights; so he got out without diving and pulled the door down again. Even at high tide he saw that the water would not be much more than two feet deep. Now that the door was not fastened he would roll up his trousers and wade in whenever he chose.

It was just half tide the next morning when he went down to the wharf, and there was only about a foot of water at the sliding door. He was barefooted to start with, and it did not take him many minutes to roll up his trousers, slip down the edge of the wharf, open the door and shut it behind him and then scamper upstairs to the sail loft.

It is possible that Teddy would have been uneasy had he known that Miss Ruth Warble had happened to see him go down on her wharf and then disappear over the edge of it; that she had felt instinctively that something was going wrong and had made up her mind to go down to the wharf herself as soon as she had finished paring a panful of June apples and see what he was up to.

Nothwithstanding his excitement Teddy went at his work very judiciously. His plan was to swing the boat up by the tackles, hauling alternately at the bow and stern and making each line fast to its belaying pin before he went at the other, until she was free of the chocks and high enough above the floor for the trapdoor to open, then, keeping a couple of turns of the ropes around the belaying pins so that the boat would not get away from him, to lower her first at the bow and then at the stern until he had her safe in the dock below. This was a good plan, but it encountered serious difficulties in executing it. The bow came up all right, but for the life of him he could not budge the stern. This was discouraging, but Teddy was a lad of expedients and had not lived all his life on the seashore without learning something about rigging. There were plenty of blocks and ropes lying around, and it did not take him long to rig a snatch block to a bolt and to the end of the line he had been hauling on. With this double purchase, by putting out all his strength, he was able to raise the boat's stern.

MISS WARBLE AND TEDDY STOOD AND STARED AT EACH OTHER.

It was the queerest thing in the world, he thought, that the stern of that boat should be so heavy. It seemed as though it were made of solid iron. At last he got the boat clear of the chocks and got the line made fast just in time to meet the jerk on it that came as the boat, now hanging free by the falls from the ridgepole of the roof, swung across nearly the whole width of the loft with such a lunge that the ridgepole bent and creaked and the whole framework of the old oil house swayed as though it were coming down.

Teddy was glad to take a good rest at this stage of the proceedings, while the boat swung backward and forward like a great pendulum flashing through the rays of sunlight.

By the time that the boat had stopped swinging and hung steadily by the falls just clear of the floor he was pretty well rested and ready to go to work again. To open the trapdoor he must raise the boat about six feet. He went at the ropes with a will, hauling away easily at the bow fall and tugging at the stern fall with the double purchase with all his might. At last the bow was high enough, and one more tussle with that dreadfully heavy stern would make everything clear for him to open the trapdoor and lower away. Teddy strained away at his tackle with all his strength, stopping to rest and to puff like a porpoise after each round, but gaining steadily. At last the boat swung level, a clear six feet above the floor, and victory was almost within his grasp.

It was just as he had reached this almost triumphant point in his labors and had turned to make the rope fast to the belaying pin while he opened the trapdoor—at this critical moment Miss Ruth Warble's spectacled face showed at the top of the stairs, and Miss Ruth Warble's sharp voice exclaimed:

"Why, Teddy Rodford! Of all created things, what badness are you doing here?"

Teddy jumped as if he had been shot. The rope slipped from his hands and whizzed through the blocks, and that tremendously heavy stern of the boat flashed downward through the sunlight. With a bang and a crash of splintering wood it struck a beam with such force that the old oil house swayed and trembled and seemed in a fair way to fall to pieces there and then.

With this banging and crashing was also a most curious jingling sound, and very astonishing was its cause. As the stern of the boat struck the beam the stern sheets were broken all to pieces, and out of the stern lockers poured a stream of gold and silver coins which jingled as they fell and which blazed and glittered as the sunbeams touched them while they went rolling every which way over the floor.

In the silence which followed this outburst of noise Miss Ruth Warble and Teddy Rodford just stood and stared at each other across more silver and gold and five dollar pieces and ten dollar pieces and even twenty dollar pieces than either of them ever had seen anywhere and certainly more than they ever were likely to see again loose on the floor of a sail loft.

And so the lost fortune that Captain Tranquil Warble had hidden in this queer place before he sailed away in the Harmony Home to his death in the northern seas was found at last.

OUR COIN MOTTO.

"In God We Trust" Suggested by a Maryland Farmer.

To an honest, God fearing farmer of the state of Maryland is due the motto, "In God we trust," which appears on the coinage of the United States. In 1861, when Salmon P. Chase was secretary of the treasury, he wrote to him that as we claimed to be a Christian people we should make some suitable recognition of that fact on our coinage.

The letter was referred to James Pollock, director of the mint, who discussed the matter in his report for 1862. Congress was apathetic, and Chase mentioned it to the lawmakers again in 1863:

"The motto suggested, 'In God our trust,' is taken from our national hymn, 'The Star Spangled Banner.' The sentiment is familiar to every citizen of our country. It has thrilled millions of American freemen. The time is propitious; 'tis an hour of national peril and danger, an hour when man's strength is weakness, when our strength and salvation must be of God."

As a result a two cent bronze piece was authorized by congress to be coined the following year, April 22, 1864, and upon this was first stamped the motto, "In God we trust." By an act of March 3, 1865, it was extended to other coins.—Minneapolis Journal.

FARM WELLS.

Care Should Be Taken to Prevent Surface Pollution.

In a discussion of the disposal of dairy and farm sewage in such a way that the water supply may not be injured O. Erf of the Kansas experiment station draws some general deductions regarding the construction and care of wells which are of much interest.

It must be borne in mind that the well on a dairy farm and indeed on any farm or in any dooryard cannot receive too much care, for it supplies the water for household use, for the dairy farm, for cheese factories and for other purposes which are related to food supply. Well water is most commonly contaminated in one of two ways—either by surface water, which runs directly into the well, or by barnyard drainage, household slops and cesspools.

Sewage disposal may be so managed that it is not a menace to the water supply, one of the most satisfactory methods being the employment of a septic tank, and, as the Kansas experiments show, this need not involve any great trouble or expense.

Discussing well construction, the Kansas bulletin states that—

Nearly all of the bacterial life exists in the upper strata of the soil. Soil ten or twelve feet below the surface of the earth is perfectly sterile unless it has within it a crevice or opening so that surface sewage can run down. Therefore due care should be taken in digging and constructing a well so that direct contamination will be prevented.

Water Should Be Filtered.

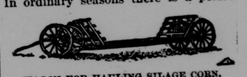
The well itself must be so constructed that the impurities cannot get into it from above or from the sides. Water should be filtered through ten or twelve feet of fine soil. To prevent the surface pollution a water tight wall should be built in a well down below the water level. This can be built of hard burnt brick and cemented on the outside. Clay should be pounded around this.

Where drilled wells are used the lining of the well should be an iron tube driven into the bore, and the outside should be flushed with thin cement. The well should be properly covered, and the surrounding ground should be considerably higher than the general level of the soil. The walls should extend at least three feet above the surface of the ground and a ground fill made so that it will slope from the wall. The top of the fill should be covered with at least twelve inches of clay or loam, upon which it is advisable to have some sod or a layer of sand or, best of all, a pavement sloping in all directions.

Filling the Silo.

Filling the silo is a question of increasing interest among New England farmers. Always an important dairying section, New England is fast coming to a better appreciation of the advantages offered by the silo for feeding the dairy herd. Therefore the point of cost of filling the silo is a pertinent one.

A few years ago it was thought necessary to make the silage when the corn was in an immature state in order to keep it. This made a sour silage with a strong, pungent odor. The consensus of opinion, according to a bulletin from the department of agriculture, now favors letting the corn be until the grain is fully matured. In ordinary seasons there is a period



WAGON FOR HAULING SILAGE CORN.

lasting but a few days in which the corn ears are ripe and the leaves and stalks are green. This is the ideal time for putting in the silo. If the corn matures beyond this stage, water should be added to the cut material at filling time to prevent fire fang.

The cost of getting corn in the machine is about the same as when it is cut by hand and laid in small bunches on the ground. However, there is a considerable saving of time in handling bundles rather than loose stalks. It takes nearly twice as long to unload the same quantity of loose corn as when in bundles. Hauling green corn is very tiresome work, and every effort should be exerted to avoid unnecessary lifting—American Agriculturist.

In Case of Emergency.

During the busy season time can hardly be spared to go to the nearest town for repairs, and every farmer should keep on hand enough carpenter and blacksmith tools for emergency work, suggests American Cultivator. There should be a good crosscut and rip saw, a brace and complete set of bits, a few assorted augurs, smooth plane, jack plane, jointer plane, square, draw knife, claw hammer, hatchets, etc., with a roomy workroom and a bench equipped with large, strong iron vise. Keep on hand a large assortment of nails, screws, bolts and nuts. A kit of blacksmith tools can be bought complete for a few dollars. The whole repair outfit will not be an expensive investment and will save its cost many times over.

Raw Oil and Iron Ore.

A am just putting a new roof on my building and am using galvanized iron. About two weeks ago I painted the underside with raw oil and iron ore. On top I use iron ore and red lead to give it a brighter color. I buy the oil and dry paint and mix them myself; then I know what I have, says a writer in Rural New Yorker. I always use raw oil, as I think I get better results. On inside work where I want to hasten the drying I use Japan drier. I doubt if there is any paint in existence that is more durable or has any more stick-to-it-iveness than raw oil and iron ore.

Inbreeding in Plants.

Many of the most important crops, such as wheat, oats, barley and tobacco, are produced from seed which is habitually self fertilized—the closest possible degree of inbreeding—while others, as corn and hemp, are normally cross fertilized.—A. D. Shamel.

Thinning Tree Fruits.

Thinning tree fruits should be practiced by every intelligent grower. Better fruit and more money will be the result.