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Pays Interest

on Deposits.

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THOS, J ADAMS PROPRIETOR.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1902

lou Will Want a Nice Christmas Present.

> We have the most complete stock of Christmas Goods of every description; Fancy Goods, Fine Watches, Jewelry, Silverware. No matter what you want we have it. Everything the best and guaranteed. Fine Engraving and Repairing. Call early or write us your wants.

WM. SCHWEIGERT & CO., 702 BROAD STREET, AUGUSTA, GA. 80 80 80 80 80 80 80 80 80 80 80



are much in demand to wear with conceals the joining. The coat sleeves jacket suits and the very necessary fare stylishly over the hands and the



A FANCY BLOUSE.

stay. The simple style illustrated e: emplifies the fact that tucking is no indispensable to the realization of fashionable waist. Ivory white pea de sole of good quality is here charm ingly combined with Irish crochet lac over corn colored satin and trimme with shaped bands of the silk piper with black panne velvet and stitched on each edge, tassel ornaments finishing the pointed ends. Velvet belt closed with fancy clasp. The lining is fitted with single bust darts centre back, under-arm and shoulder seams and with soft loops of red Liberty satin closes in front under the plastron that ribbon and black tips. The fronts are is included in the right shoulder seam stylishly loose in box style and join to and hooks over on the left. The blouse the backs by under-arm seams that proper has single pleats laid at the end | with the centre back curves becoming-

New York City.—Smart blouse waises I seamed to the lower edge and the belt separate skirts that have come to garment is warmly interlined and lined with white satin. Velvet, corduroy, kersey, broadcloth, cheviot and all heavy wool suiting will develop satisfactorily by the mode.

To cut this jacket in the medium size four yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three and three-quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, two yards forty-four inches wide or one and three-quarter yards fifty-four inches wide will be required, with fiveeighth yards of facing eighteen inches wide to make as illustrated.

Handsome Velveteen Costumes. Louis coats of velvet and separate waists of velvet will be much worn; also shirt waists of velveteen in dark shades are relieved of their plainness by a vest of bright color or white material, giving a sharp outline to the

IF MEN NEVER CARED WHAT THE WORLD MIGHT SAY.

we could bid all our schemes adieu. And life would be only a holiday,

story in Goldrock's own words, as he added.

gave it to us in the smokeroom of the

"It happened last year," said Gold-

rock, as he hoisted his feet on to the

mantelpiece and addressed his words

with the young Pole who shared my

stateroom. He was a pleasant young

fellow, and in the course of a day or

two we became great friends. He told

koff, and that he had been studying

medicine at Philadelphia. He further-

more confided that he was on his way

"In return I told him how I was go

ing to England to spend a few months

with my married sister, the Countess

of Darnford, with whom my wife was

already staying, having crossed before

"Nadokoff then told me he, too, had

a sliter, who was married to a Rus-

sian nobleman who was a sort of sher-

iff it his own country, and commander

of a posse of Cossacks. So, on the

strength of our aristocratic connec-

tions, our confidences grew so that we

used to talk quite freely of political

"Nadokoff's politics were a bit mixed

At the time I thought this was be-

cause he was quite young, and had

not learned that political views should

be used as a means to a profitable end.

in some other place than America, the

land of the free. He hinted of old

scores, dating back hundreds of years,

which were to be wiped out by young-

er and more vigorous generations. Not-

"But his politics had been acquired

me, since I had been detained a few

weeks in New York on business.

Anglo-American club:

vouth.

You could cease from coveting honors, Could give up my dreams and content-At ease while the days went slipping away,

Would be raised by the crowds for hero to hear, And, useless, ere long, we should meanly

If men never cared what the world might Oh, it's well that men care what the world

Young Gildmore Goldrock told me | anyway, I hate opals; they are un-

"I was crossing to Liverpool and am sure you will faithfully execute.

happened to strike up an acquaintance | Take this bracelet to the Countess Za-

me that his name was Ladislas Nado- dear friend; may we meet in a kinder

to London to visit a friend of his and, as women will, for its better in-

small note. 1 opened it.

linska, and tel! her it is a parting gift

from her old lover. Prince Ladislas

Nadokoff. She lives in Parklane, quite

close to your sister's house. Farewell,

"My wife had lifted the bracelet,

spection, was about to clasp it on her

"'Don't, dear,' said I hastily. I did

"She put it back in the case obedi-

"Then I showed her the letter, and

told her the story of my friend on the

boat. Then she cried a little, and of-

fered to deliver it to the Countess Za-

finska, an offer which I gladly accept-

ed, for I was beginning to look for-

ward to my commission with some

"I hate scenes. My wife likes them,

so the next morning after breakfast

she made a careful toilet and prepared

"I gave her the bracelet and my

blessing, and told her to break the

news gently to the countess, who might

still be fond of her old lover, and how

to dodge the count, if such a person

existed, and to bluff the game through

on the pretense of calling for a sub-

'My wife had not left the house many

scription for a home for lost dogs.

ently, but laughed at me for a super-

not reason why, but somehow I dis-

liked the idea of her wearing it.

stitious old hubby.

to visit the countess.

misgivings.

Ladislas.

and less troubled world. Thine,

reached Liverpool, and not till then If men never cared what the world might If men never cared what the world might had he become aware of the identity No man would be moved to try of his victim. "I do not blame him for jumping To hurry ahead on the apward way, And as laggards we'd live and die; No songs would be written and never

overboard, but I have never quite been able to appreciate the honor he did me when he intrusted me with the infernal gift."-Penny Pictorial Magazine.

THE WIDOW AND THE DONKEY.

"He had opened his sealed letter of

instructions the night before we

She Was Sure That He Contained the Soul of Her Husband. It was not much of a compliment to the memory of the departed, but love and he called upon the late H. O. Aris proverbially blind, and affection mour, who was in charge of the Arsometimes displays itself after a mour interests in this city. strange fashion, as the following Paris, tends once more to illustrate.

saw tucked in under the bracelet a lwith a litle cart drawn by a donkey. and she took it into her head that her husband's manes had found a refuge in the body of the animal. From that moment the donkey had no reason to complain of want of at-

tention, at least on her part. Daily at the self-same hour, and whether the weather was fine or rainy, the gram. worthy dame awaited the appearance of the cart, stuffed a quantity of good things down the animal's throat and at intervals gave handsome presents including clothes which she had herself embroidered to keep it warm to the astonished but gratified rag-pick-

One day the man made his appearance alone and in answer to auxious inquiries informed the horrified widow that the donkey, in which, as she fondly imagined her husband's spirit its life could only be saved by a for a moment. Then he said: course of treatment for which he could not possibly pay. Fifty francs good." were promptly handed to the delighted rag-picker, with the request that a veterinary surgeon should be im-

home in a cab. and returned in no

COST H. O. ARMOUR \$1000. A Bet Made with a Reporter Which Was

Promptly Paid. Some years ago a despatch was received by a New York editor from the editor of a Chicago newspaper which had not a reputation for spotlessness, but which frequently published some startling truths. The despatch gave the outlines of a reported Wall Street scheme in which the Armours were deeply concerned, and it asked the cooperation of the New York editor in ascertaining the facts. A reporter was assigned to this work

When the reporter's errand was story, which is going the rounds of stated Mr. Armour was furious. He denounced the story of the receipt little time ago a wealthy cition such a despatch from Chicago as Young Gildmore Goldrock told the large and a strange story, and I will give the lucky. But who is it for, dear?" she strange story, and I will give the lucky. But who is it for, dear?" she zen, dwelling in the neighborhood of a lic, and the reporter's errand as zen, dwelling in the neighborhood of a lic, and the reporter's errand as zen, dwelling in the neighborhood of a lic, and the reporter's errand as zen, dwelling in the neighborhood of a lic, and the reporter's errand as zen, dwelling in the neighborhood of a lic, and the reporter's errand as zen, dwelling in the neighborhood of a lic, and the reporter's errand as zen, dwelling in the neighborhood of a lic, and the reporter's errand as zen, dwelling in the neighborhood of a lic, and the reporter's errand as zen, dwelling in the neighborhood of a lic, and the reporter's errand as zen, dwelling in the neighborhood of a lic, and the reporter's errand as zen, dwelling in the neighborhood of a lic, and the reporter's errand as zen, dwelling in the neighborhood of a lic, and the reporter's errand as zen, dwelling in the neighborhood of a lic, and the reporter's errand as zen, dwelling in the neighborhood of a lic, and the reporter's errand as zen, dwelling in the neighborhood of a lic, and the reporter's errand as zen, dwelling in the neighborhood of a lic, and the reporter's errand as zen, dwelling the lick and the reporter's errand as zen, dwelling the lick and the reporter's errand as zen, dwelling the lick and the reporter's errand as zen, dwelling the lick and the reporter's errand as zen, dwelling the lick and the reporter's errand as zen, dwelling the lick and the reporter's errand as zen, dwelling the lick and the reporter's errand as zen, dwelling the lick and "I told her I did not know. Then I be Madeline, went over to the ma-aw tucked in under the bracelet a pority, deeply mourned by his widow, who was herself beginning to be ties. The reporter replied that when "'Dear friend,' it ran, 'I can bear stricken in years. One fine day the he said that such a despatch had been my life no longer, so tonight I shall related up. Every received at his office, he meant exjump overboard. My last request morning a rag-picker passed her door actly what his words indicated; and tell him something about the story the despatch contained, or to say whether that story was false.

But Mr. Armour wouldn't do it. He only inveighed against the reporter's chief and repeated that that gentleman had not received any such tele-

"I'll bet you \$1000," Mr. Armour exclaimed, "that your editor cannot show me such a despatch, and you tell him so!"

"Mr. Armour," was the reply, "I do not carry \$1000 or a check book, but if you will hold that bet open 15 minutes I will go out into the street and come back here and take it up with cash. It will only be necessary for me to see one of my nearby freinds.

Mr. Armour mellowed somewhat afdwelt, was very ill, and that, in fact, ter looking intently at the reporter "Your word for it. The bet is

The reporter went back to the square of the printing houses and recited his experience. He also made mediately summoned, and, when she a strong request to be permitted to called a few hours afterward to see teach Mr. Armour a lesson, as he how the animal Iwas getting on, she put it, not by printing anything about found that it was being carefully his experience, but by showing him watched by a well-dressed individual, the telegram and forcing him to pay who assured her that he would guar the bet. The request was granted, antee an eventual cure, but that all and when Mr. Armour saw the desthis would entail an outlay of .500 patch he turned and wrote a check for \$1000 forthwith and handed it to The poor lady hurried off to her the reporter. Then he said that the

A DAY WITH THE CRANBERRY PICKERS.

HANKSGIVING DAY and the cranberry are one and inseparable in the United States. During the year the cranberry has as steady a market as the cabbage, but in the mouth of November the demand for it is phenomenal, a little less than one-half the year's crop be-



YOUTHFUL WORKER IN THE FIELD ing disposed of in the thirty days. This oushels will be needed for Thanksgiv-

The cranberry grower is a sharer n the general prosperity of the times,

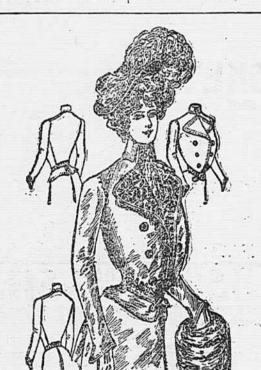
Picking cranberries is a task for nimble fingers. The picker, sitting or kneeling on the damp sand, plunges both hands, with fingers slightly spread, into the vines, and with a quick movement strips the berries from the stems and tosses them into a pan beside him. When the pan is filled it is emptied into a pail holding one-third of a bushel. The size is uniform and the pickers are paid by the pail. The berries are finally put into crates holding a bushel each. Before they are ready for market, however, they are winnowed of leaves and weeds, and are ready for the con-

The first cranberries come from the Cape Cod bogs. There picking begins early in September and lasts until severe frosis put an end to the season. The Long Island and New Jersey berries reach the market about two weeks later, or about the middle of September. In the Middle States and the West the crop is not quite so early. Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Northern Iowa are cranberry States. The West consumes practically all its own product, and also a part of the Eastern yield. The Western berry rarely finds its way into the markets of the East. In the cost States the cranberry is a remarkable favorite and without it a mere turkey would be considered anything but a piece de resistance on the New England day year the total yield is estimated at of days. New York, New Jersey, Penn-1,000,000 bushels, and over 400,000 sylvania and New England consume more than half the entire annual crop, New York City alone requiring 250,000 bushels a year.

For these berries the producer will his vines yielding him nearly twice the average a minimum of \$5 a barrel. crop of last year. From Cape Cod, The consumer pays at retail from five



AND OF DEACH DEAVER trimmed of each shoulder seam and is cut away by to the figure, wide revers roll back at the neck and fronts to disclose the above the closing and the neck is



A SMART ETON BLOUSE.

slightly apart at the front. It is fifty-two inches wide will be require?

may be omitted if not desired.

rial twenty-one inches wide, two and being fashionable. three-quarters yards twenty-seven yards thirty-two inches wide or one one inches wide, four and a quarter and seven-eighth yards forty-four inches wide will be required, with one and one-eighth yards of lace and four and a half yards of piping to trim as

illustrated.

Woman's Eton Blouse Jacket. In spite of the tendency toward long and three-quarter coats the smart blouse Eton has renewed its hold on the popular fancy and is more in demand than ever for suits as well as for separate wraps. The added basque gives a more seasonable effect, but none of its smartness is lost when that portion is omitted. As represented in the large drawing by May Manton it forms part of a zibeline costume in rich dark red and the lapels are faced with fancy velvet in black and white the edges being simply tailored with double rows of machine stitching. The garment is simply fitted with wide under-arm gores and shoulder seams The fronts lap in double breasted style when closed, but may gracefully be worn open as illustrated. The neck is finished with a double collar that rolls over at the seam. The basque por- yards twenty-seven inches wide, two tions fit smoothly over the hips, meeting closely at the back and flaring inches wide or two and a half yards

plastron and yoke of lace. The sleeves finished with a turn-over collar that in bishop style are arranged on fitted closes invisibly in centre. The sleeves linings which are faced at the lower are in regulation coat style finished at edges to form cuffs, shaped straps the wrist with rounded cuffs. The being added to match the waist trim- capes fit smoothly over the shoulders, ming. Shapely epaulettes of the lace and may be included in the neck seam give length to the shoulders, but these or finished separately and hooked on under the collar. Coats in this style To cut this waist in the medium size may be made from any suitable wool three and three-quarter yards of mate- fabric, velvet, corduroy or cheviot, all To cut this coat for a girl of eight



inches wide or two and five-eighth years five yards of material twenty-



and three-quarter yards forty-four

far safer subjects than Russian politics; for somehow I mistrusted this elderly gentleman, who spoke English like a German, drank his tea with a lemon, and while he gave himself out as a commercial traveler, walked as though he were waiting for the clink of the spurs at his heels and the rattle of his sword at his side.

"He was registered on the passenger list as Mr. William Smith, which was strange, considering that his handkerchief was embroidered with the initials 'J. K.' It takes a Russian to spell Smith with a K.

"As we approached Queenstown, Na dokoff, who had been looking ill and worried throughout the voyage, seemed to grow more ill at ease.

"At bedtime, the night before we reached Queenstown, he did not turn up in the stateroom. I waited till long after 'lights out.' then I grew anxious about him, and passed the word for the steward, who went to look for him. "He had disappeared.

"The ship was searched high and low by the watch, who were warned by the captain to hold their tongues about the matter, but no trace of him could be found.

"''E's just been and gone and slipped overboard,' said our stateroom steward; 'they do sometimes, you

"Strange to say, as we were hunting round the decks Mr. Smith, who, I knew, had retired to his stateroom an hour or more before, joined us in our

"Still stranger, as I was returning to my berth, I saw Mr. Smith disappearing down the passage, although his berth was situated on the other side

"When I looked over at Nadokoff's empty berth I noticed that his portmanteau had been moved since I had seit the cabin. When I came to open my own portmanteau I found it locked. Then I remembered that earlier in the evening, as Nadokoff was going along to the stateroom from the smoking cuddy on deck, had given him my key, and asked 1.m to get me a few cigars, which were stored away in the pocket of my flannel jacket.

"He had evidently jumped overboar with my key, but I was too troubled about him to worry about that, be sides which I knew that my wife had a duplicate key on her bunch.

"At Liverpool a half crown to the customs officer passed my portmanteau an right, and I did not open it till I reached my brother-in-law's house in Park lane, where my wife was staying. My wife had the key on her ring. and stood by as I unlocked the bag. "'You dear old boy,' she cried, as the bag opened and showed a large jewel case, which lay on the top of my

clothes. 'You have been wasting your money again on me at Tiffany's, know. It's too wicked of you.' "I felt a bit uncomfortable, for the fact was I had been too busy in New York to remember my usual visit to Tiffany's, besides which I had never

set eyes on the jewel case before. "'I'm afraid it is not for you. dear, said I, as I opened the case. My wife gasped as the lid flew up, and showed a bracelet formed of a heart-shaped mass of opals framed in a most won-

derful setting of diamonds. "'Oh! how lovely,' she sighed; 'but | countess.

seemed to me that he knew Jeannette, and that he came as near winking at her as a policeman could. 'Mr. William Smith, I believe,' said

rising. "'Forgive me-Mr. Goldrick,' said

my visitor, politely, "but William Smith is merely my nom de guerre. I am Johann Katchachieff, of the Russian imperial police.' "'Oh, lor!' I murmured, under my

breath, 'What have I been doing? Pleased to meet you, Mr. Katchachieff,' I replied, politely. 'What do you want of me? 'You remember a young man who

shared your stateroom on the Umbria?' "'Just a bit." " 'He jumped overboard the night be-

fore that vessel reached Queenstown, he continued. " 'That's so,' I assented.

"'What I require to know is: What became of a certain bracelet in his pos-'Then you won't find out from me!' I replied, rather shortly, for I

did not feel like giving away poor Ladislas' love affairs to a 'trap,' and a Russian 'trap' at that. "'Look here,' said he, furiously, 'if you do not tell me at once, I have an

order for your arrest from the chief commissioner of the English police." "I beckoned to the policeman who was standing at the door with Jean-

"'Come here, constable, and see fair play,' said I.

"The bracelet,' said I 'was placed in my portmanteau by Mr. Nadokoff before he jumped overboard, with a note, in which he asked me to deliver it to a lady who lives close by here. My wife has just gone out for that purpose.'

"'Heavens!' cried the Russian where does she live? That bracelet is a bomb, and was sent by a secret society in New York as a means to the assassination of the Countess Zalinska, who is the wife of the chief of police. Directly the clasp is snapped-"I didn't wait to think. I just

streaked to the door, pushing the policeman in front of me. "'Run.' I yelled.

"We tumbled down the hall steps

and lighted up Park lane to the admiration of the surrounding citizens. "It did not take us long to reach the countess' house. "The policeman was first, the Rus sian second, while I was a close third.

"The door was opened, and we

plunged in and tore up stairs. "'Where's the countess?' gasped the "A frightened servant jerked a fin ger toward a door.

"We tumbled into the room.

"In the countess' hands was th "She was in the act of clasping it of her wrist when the Russian pounce upon it, snatched it from her, and flun it out of the window.

"There was a featful report, fol-

lowed by a clatter of falling glass be-"The countess had fainted. "Katchachieff seemed to know all about it. He told me how Ladislas had belonged to a Nihilist club in New York, and how he had been commis-

after a mill accident.

A friend of Pasteur's in Paris says

that the man who was to revolution. ize chemistry stood 14th in a list of 22 boys in the high school of Dijon and was marked "weak" in chemistry. The average height of a man taken through the civilized world generally

5 feet 6 inches. The average of Amer-

ican-born whites, according to army records, is 5 feet 7.67 inches. There are "pigmy" races in Africa and Asia, but there are "giants" also. A prisoner in charge of a policeman jumped from an express train near Crewe England, recently, and the policeman jumped after him. Neither

with the policeman after him, and was

caught by the heel as he tried to climb the railroad embankment. In musketry training at Aldershot, England, experiments are being made with a new style of targets. By means of an electrical device heads are made to appear and disappear at regular intervals along the sky line of a range of hills, representing an enemy taking aim and firing. These constitute tar-

gets upon which the rifle shots prac-

A tale of geese and death is told by Nature Notes: "Mr. Francis Stanier of Peplow Hall, near Market Drayton, was a millionaire and a well-known philanthropist. He had some favorite American and Japanese geese, which he fed with his own hands and which were kept on a pool near the Hall. He died the other day, and strange to relate, during the last hours of his illness, these birds, numbering over a 100, flew around his bedroom window, beating their wings against the glass, uttering a wierd, screeching noise. In almost the last moments of the squire's life the whole flock of birds disappeared, and not one of them has been seen since."

In Atlanta, a small town in Illinois, lives Frank Clawson a fiddler, whose chief bid for fame lies in the fact that he is without hands. Several years ago he was caught in a blizzard and both hands were so badly frozen that they were amputated at the wrist. Being somewhat of a mechanical genius, he evolved a contrivance out of heavy wire which enabled him to wield the bow. The matter of fingering was more difficult, but by hard practice he trained the stump of his left hand to make the necessary shifts from one string to another and from position to position. With the fiddle held in place by his chin and knees and with the help of his fingerless arms, Clawson manages to play the old-time airs with nearly as much success as for-

The Modern Youth. "What did your son say when you reproved him for annoying the neigh-

"He said that the rebuke was a just one," said the melancholy man, "but that the disregard of grammar with sioned to deliver the bracelet to the which it was administered was greatly to be deplored.'-- Washington Star. | quent.

len, who became grave digger in 1871 | vited to address the convention. Mrs. Griffin, whose husband is an American, formed the first American women's club in London. The club has become very popular, has attracted widespread attention in England and has had the effect of establishing a better understanding between English and Ameri-

can women. Mrs. Griffin told about the formation of the club and its work. She stated may be assumed as something above that there was some prejudice in England against the American clubwoman. and that she, herself, shared that prejudice to some degree.

"The American clubwoman is so terribly busy that I often wonder, and so do other people wonder, if she finds any time at all to spend at home,' said Mrs. Griffin. "I heard a story once which aptly illustrates this fault in the American clubwoman: Three was seriously hurt. The prisoner ran, little boys were together and their childish talk finally drifted to the question of where they were born. One lit-

tle boy said: "'I kno where I was born. I was born at 32 Washington street and I know where the house is, too.'

"'And I know where I was born, too, It was at 50 Pennsylvania avenue, and I can take you right to the house.' "The third little boy hesitated and

then finally said: "'I don't know where I was born, but I know when I was born. I know there wasn't anybody home at the time but me and grandma, 'cause mother was at the club." "-Buffalo Commercial.

Over 1000 different species of grasses worth cultivation for forage grow in the United States besides 100 other plants useful for the same purpose. These and other facts of interest to farmers and land owners form part of a report on the work of the division of agrostology of the department of agriculture since its organization in 1895, just submitted to Secretary Wilson by Prof. F. Lomson Scribner, the government agrostologist. The report says that of the unoccupied public lands, about 365,400,000 acres are now regarded as fit only for grazing purposes, and in addition there are 124,-300,000 acres of forest land, the greater portion of which is also used for

From Field work already done, the department has been enabled to recommend to farmers and stockmen throughout the country the forage crops adapted to their conditions and special requirements, and to carry on experiments with introduced forage plants likely to prove valuable in any particular region. Pecause they are native, says the report, many grasses have been too often not only neglected, but abused, and in some cases partially exterminated.

Not a Curning Crime. Gladys-Were you alarmed when he kissed you?

Ethel-Dreadfully! Gladys-And did you scream? Ethel-Oh, no! It was a still alarm!-Puck.

The Queen of Roumania is a sucreasful lecturer, as learned as elo-

grew wild, as, when the producer can afford it, he in fact, it does to-day in several of puts away a large part of his crop, the States bordering on the Canada and lets it remain in storage until the line, in the salt marshes of the coast last of December or the middle of States, in the glades of the Allegha- January, when, as a rule, the price nies, and as far south as Virginia advances. There have been times when and the Carolinas. Unlike the strawberry, the wild cranberry is distinctly rel. inferior to its cultivated relative. Both grow on a small, hardy shrub, about six inches in height. The fruit takes its name from the appearance of the flower, which, just before expanding into perfection, bears a marked resemblance to the neck, head and bill of a crane. Hence the name "craneberry. which usage has made into cranberry.

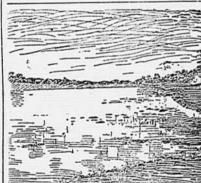
Sand and peaty ground form the proper soil, and instead of fertilizing, the grower is obliged to give the vines or bushes liberal coats of sand. The ground must be low, as it is kept under water much of the time. The marsh. or bog, as it is variously termed, is so arranged that any section of it may be flooded at the discretion of the grower, the system of ditches and sluices being the same as those used in irrigating the arid lands of the West. The making of the bog is an expensive process, involving an expenditure E. L. Brown, of Calverton, Long Islof from \$300 to \$500 an acre, and an and, calls cranberries a "young man's interim of five years elapses before the crop." This means that a man who yield is really profitable. After that chooses cranberry farming as a road

WINNOWING THE LEAVES AND STICKS FROM THE BERRIES.

Planting a new section of bog is a simple process. A small handful of twigs is twisted together and thrust deep into the sand. They take root immediately, and within a year put out runners. The planting is eight or ten inches apart in rows. Gradually the space between fills up, and ly as buffalo grass. All they require then is weeding, sanding and flooding. Flooding is necessary not only for it from the early frosts of autumn. It is no unusual sight to see a halfhundred pickers at work in one section of a beg, while the adjoining section is under eighteen inches of water. berries are seen, the water only intensifying their brilliant covering and

our long wrage. Sometimes, cranberries brought \$8 and \$10 a bar-

There is a popular idea that cranberry growing is a sure road to wealth.



A BOG COMPLETELY FLOODED BY WATER (The plants and berries are beneath.)

One of the sages among growers, Mr. each year should give a larger return to affluence must be willing to wait, on the investment. No rotation of and to work steadily and with persecrops is necessary, and the shrubs verance while he waits. A few years live and bear and increase endlessly. ago a wealthy resident of Detroit, stirred by the glorified accounts of cranberry profits, invested \$250,000 in an attempt to raise the berries on a large scale. He abandoned his enterprise at the end of the second year, losing almost his entire investment.

Profitable as cranberry raising may be, under right conditions, to cultivate the berry successfully means that the grower must often carry a heavy burden of care and anxiety. So it is simple truth to say that in this year of bountiful harvest, of all the thanks expressed on the appointed day, those of the man who grows cranberries will be even greater and more fervent than the appreciation of the thousands who delight their palates with the boon companion of the turkey at the Thanksgiving board, the crimson product of the cranberry vine.-Charles Culver Johnson, in Harper's Weekly.

A Dense Illinois Fores

There is a tract of land in Tazewell County, Ill., lying along the Mackinaw River, which consists of a continuous series of abrupt and deer ravines. Not a foot of the tract could be cultivated. The ridges are full of for dens, wolves are occasionally forth new uprights and begin to send found, and turkey buzzards hover over it in large flocks. Even people familiar with the territory have been lost in the dense forest. Except for in an old bog the shrubs grow as thick- a few giant oaks, the wood has no commercial value. The tract is known as the "Lost Forty" because no one knows who owns it. For years the growth of the plant, but to protect it has been used for trading purposes, and many unwary persons from a distance have advanced money upon it and taken mortgages in various sums, only to receive a questionable title to a worthless piece of land. On the Beneath the transparent covering the Tazewell County tax books the "Forty" appears with "Owner unknown." The land is watered by inthe deep green of the surrounding numerable springs and the Mackinaw River, which winds its way through.