

St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor.

COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1890.

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PENNYROYAL.

Said the web wrapped meadow-lark these
A child for some late butterfly chase,
And as she treadeth down the severed grasses
A shy wild odor rises in their place.
The magic of this odor swift unfolding
A power by whose feet have changed to stay,
Until, the meadow-lands no more beholding,
Back through the vanished years he takes his
way.
And stands once more in sweet, forgotten
places,
And hears the voices silent long ago;
While in the low-roofed house he sees dear faces,
As in those other days, fit to and fro.
He hears again the ruck of children's laughter
Throughout the cobwebbed parrot surge and
ring;
He sees again from down far reaching rafters
Bunches of pennyroyal sway and swing.
A moment only and the sweet dream passes,
The child and butterfly fit to and fro,
The shy wild odors from down-trodden grasses
Throughout the autumn morning come and go.
No more swings pennyroyal from low rafters,
Holding sweet peppercorns and sage and
thyme,
Yet do the garrets with their herbs and laughter
Linger and haunt us like some sweet old
rhyme.
—Lucy E. Tiley, in Harper's Weekly.

A DISTRESSED DAMSEL.

My Startling Adventure in the City of Paris.

WAS a medical student in Paris when a strange and startling adventure befell me. I was out one evening for a walk in the fresh air. It was a pleasant night in mid-winter, and the gold, bracing air, as it touched my feverish brow, caused a grateful sensation. Passing through a lonely street near the river I was surprised at meeting a young and pretty girl—at least she appeared so in the dim light of a distant street lamp—who carried in her hand some three or four bouquets which she offered for sale.

"Will monsieur have a bouquet?" she asked in a sweet, musical tone, holding out to me a well-arranged collection of beautiful flowers.

"They are very pretty," said I, taking them in my hand; and then, somehow, I could not help adding: "and so is their fair owner."

"Monsieur will purchase and assist me," she said.

"Do you, then, really need assistance, mademoiselle?"

"Why else should I be here at this hour of the night, monsieur?"

"And why here at all? This is an unfrequented street—about the last in the world I should have selected for disposing of a luxury most suited to wealth and fashion."

"She sighed and reached out her hand for the bouquets I hold."

"What is your price?"

"Five francs."

"A large sum."

"Monsieur will remember it is winter, and flowers are scarce."

by me," rejoined the girl, passing out of the room by another door.

I did not sit down, but walked over to the bed, where the patient was lying very still—so still, indeed, that I could not detect any breathing.

A woman's cap was on the head and the end of a sheet concealed the face. I ventured to turn this down carefully, and beheld the eyesockets and grinning teeth of a human skull.

I started back in horror, and at the same moment the door by which the girl had left was thrown open, and in marched, one after the other, four tall human figures in black gowns and masks.

I knew at once, then, that I was to be robbed, and probably murdered. I wore a heavy diamond pin and ring, carried a valuable gold watch, and had in my pocket some five hundred francs, but not a single weapon of any kind.

Resistance being therefore out of the question, I felt that my only chance—if indeed there was a chance—was to conciliate the ruffians and buy myself off.

With a presence of mind for which I still take to myself considerable credit, I said at once: "I understand it all, gentlemen, and you will find me a very liberal person to deal with. There is one thing I value highly, because it is the only one I have, and I can not replace it—that is my life. Every thing else of mine is at your service, even beyond what I have with me."

"Let us first handle what you have here," said the first speaker.

I immediately took out my pin, took off my ring, drew out my watch, produced my pocket-book and purse and placed them all in his extended hand.

"You make me a present of all these now?" he asked.

"Yes, on condition that one of you will fortify with me to the streets," I replied.

At length the principal spokesman turned to me and said, in a very cool and methodical manner: "Monsieur has acted more like a gentleman than any other person we ever had dealings with, and if we could, consistent with our business, oblige him, we would be happy to do so; but, unfortunately we are governed by a rule, which is a law with us, that 'dead men tell no tales,' and we think it will not do to make an exception in this case.

We will, however, in consideration of monsieur's gentlemanly behavior, be as mild and lenient as possible in doing our duty, and grant monsieur five minutes for saying his prayers."

"You have, then, resolved to murder me?" I asked.

"Monsieur uses a very harsh term, but we will let that pass. You will have five minutes yet to live by that watch."

The villain then held my watch to the light, and I felt indeed that the precious minutes of my life were numbered. A death-like silence then reigned; that gloomy apartment for some time

and then one of the ruffians bent downward and lifted a trap-door and from the dark pit below issued a noisome smell. I beheld my intended grave, and shuddered and shook like an aspen.

OVERCOME BY A WOMAN.

Four Bold, Bad Men Succumb to the Eloquence of a Lame Female.

There were four pretty tough-looking characters sitting on a bench in Battery Park the other day relating their adventures to each other. One had been in a mutiny at sea; a second had been a terror to a whole county, and a third intimated that he had once trained with a band of pirates. The fourth was a lanky long-faced man with a sunken chest, and when the others had finished he said:

"Gentlemen, why was I run out of Chicago? Because the papers called me a holy terror, and put the police force on to me. You probably remember four of the five policemen who were found dead in a bunch? I had to do it."

"Of course you did," they assented.

"Why did the Governor of Kansas set a price on my head—\$10,000 dead or alive? You probably saw in the papers that only one man out of the thirteen in the sheriff's posse returned alive? Didn't want to do it, but had to."

"Certainly, just our case," they replied.

"I'd like to go to St. Louis," he continued, "but it wouldn't be prudent. You probably saw the account of my stealing a steamboat and running her off?"

"Of course, we saw," replied the three.

The lanky man was ready to relate another chapter of his life, when a lame woman with a few pears in a basket came along and said:

"Come now, move along and give me a bit of the peach."

No one moved. They hardly realized her presence. They were busy thinking what desperate men they were.

"And that's the kind of gentility you show a poor lame woman, is it?" exclaimed the indignant female, and, dropping her basket, she seized them one after the other, and flung them into the middle of the path.

As the last one went she sat down in the middle of the way, got a brace for her feet, and continued:

"And now let's see the whole four of you trot me out of this!"

They didn't try. Humbly, meekly and lamblike they sauntered away to find another bench, totally ignoring the fact that they were desperate men of decided villainy.—N. Y. Sun.

There is also an art in descending a ladder, and in this department of their work the hood-carrier follows the movement of a sailor, with a little variation. Two rounds are descended rapidly, then there is a perceptible halt, a round is skipped, and then two more rounds are quickly stepped, the feet moving so that one would almost think that an instantaneous photograph would show both feet in space.

The steam carriers that take up the hood quickly to the top of the building are fast removing the necessity of ladder-climbing, which makes this laborious occupation less tiresome, as the hoods have only to be carried to the perpetually moving machine. The hood-carrier watches a carrier balancing a hood on his shoulder while he mounts a ladder, will see the fallacy of the old story of the carrier who wrote to his friends that "he had a snapp"; that all he had to do was to carry a hood of bricks to the roof, and the "man up there did all the work."—Philadelphia Ledger.

CARRYING A HOD.

A Great Deal of Dexterity Required to Balance a Load of Bricks.

If any one has written a treatise on the gentle art of hood-carrying, the public libraries have failed to provide copies of it for their members. Yet art is required even in that occupation, for it takes no little skill to carry a hodful of bricks or mortar up a ladder without spilling them.

Time is necessary to attain sufficient proficiency to carry up the load successfully.

On Fifth street, below Chestnut, where the old building of the venerable American Philosophical Society is undergoing extensive alteration and enlargement, a crowd of people daily congregate to see the evolutions of half a score of colored hod-carriers as they swing a hod of bricks on their shoulders, rapidly mount a tall, perpendicular ladder and lightly trip down again, with clock-work precision, as if they enjoyed it. Possibly not one in the crowd credits a hod-carrier with exercising skill in his work.

Muscle is not the only thing required, although a weak man needs not apply for the position. A brick weighs about four pounds, and sixteen bricks fill a hod. That is a total weight of sixty-four pounds. The hod weighs about ten pounds, so when the carrier starts up a ladder he has seventy-four pounds on his shoulder. It is an exceedingly difficult thing, to a beginner at least, to climb a perpendicular ladder, but with seventy-four pounds on one shoulder the experiment becomes doubly difficult.

As the equilibrist finds the center of gravity in his astonishing performances, so does the hod-carrier, although, perhaps, he does not know it, discover the equipoise of the hod on his shoulder. He maintains in this feat of balancing by the long handle attached to the hod, which serves the same purpose as a balancing pole does in the hands of a tight-rope walker. The careful observer will also notice that hod-carriers always appoint the smartest carrier "leader" of the gang, so that they will execute the maneuvers in a lively manner.

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PARISIAN THIEVES.

Five Thousand Who Live at the Expense of Store-keepers.

Considerable uneasiness is expressed by competent authorities at the increase of the "Bande Noire," or organized bands of thieves. Twenty years ago there were no more than a thousand of such dangerous malefactors in Paris, now the number is reckoned at five thousand.

To the Bande Noire belong the men who hire apartments under aristocratic names, put in their accomplices dressed as servants, announce the coming of magnificent furniture, give large orders to tradesmen, and suddenly disappear with their booty.

Others hire furnished apartments, and come with heavy trunks (usually full of stolen goods), after having won confidence, they also give large orders, and then make off. Jewelers are frequent victims of such adventurers.

At the Bon Marche and the Louvre a regular allowance is made for shoplifting in the debtor and creditor accounts; the daily sum thus registered is surprisingly high. Besides amateur kleptomaniacs, the female accomplices of the Bande Noire, make a continual raid on the counters, and notwithstanding the vigilance of the inspectors and the watchmen, a good harvest is made. We are told that these women usually wear skirts as full as fashion will allow, with very deep and capacious pockets; they also wear shoes—not boots—and have stockings out of, so as to leave the toes free. They press close to the counters, where a rapid motion of the elbow, favored by some dangling fringe, catches the coveted article and throws it down. Then, quick the foot slips out of the shoe, and the toes, exposed by long practice, draws the lace, or whatever it may be, under the long skirt, where it remains hidden till an opportunity occurs of quickly secreting it in the pocket.

The professional pickpockets choose their prey very judiciously, but kleptomaniacs usually take the merest trifles, often bottles of perfume or some worthless knickknack, which they steal in the clumsiest fashion, getting into great trouble and incurring deep humiliation through any conceivable temptation. But it is a case of partial insanity, and is easily distinguished from the deliberate audacity of the practiced hand of foot.—Munsey's Magazine.

Romance and Reality.

OF THE STAGE.

Father—Daughter, I am indebted to Countess Raduloff and he will ruin me unless you become his wife.

MARRIED UNWRITTEN ROMANCE.

An Life Embittered by Not Agreements on a Weighty Question.

Amalie and Edward loved the first time they met. They found that both had great ambitions.

"I feel," said Edward, "as if I could master all happy philosophy. I shall blot out all blackness. I shall prove that the good always triumphs. I shall make men happy."

"And I," returned Amalie, "feel as if I could interpret the hidden meaning of every thing that God has ever made."

So they were married, and they determined to immediately begin a great career.

"Fiction must be the medium by which we shall convey our message to the world," decided Amalie.

"Of course," acquiesced Edward. "Fiction is the hand-maid of truth."

"Fiction," said Amalie, "is the torch which illumines the dark chambers of fact."

"Fiction," chorused Edward, "is the chemical reagent which married the insoluble quantities of fact. But for the explanations of fiction, life would be a mystery—history would be a paradox."

"Therefore," said Amalie, "fiction should deal with motive. For it is character that makes plot. Man is the greatest study of man. And it is man that makes circumstance. He is not the creature of it, but the creator of it."

"Ah," cried Edward, indignantly, "how can you be so mistaken? It is circumstance that makes man! How could you have a Washington without our revolution?"

"There you are wrong," said Amalie. "For it would not have been possible to have had a revolution without Washington."

"A novel," said Edward, sententiously, "is a plot. The art of writing a novel lies in showing how the plot developed character."

"The art of writing a novel," said Amalie, with dignity, "consists in showing how the unfolding of a soul caused events to transpire."

"Do you know what you would do with your ideas?" cried Edward. "You would take away inspiration. You would substitute photography for art."

"I would paint nature," replied Amalie. "Realism was created by God. I do not know who made romanticism. I suppose it was Walter Scott."

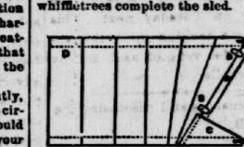
They argued this question for twenty years. Then Amalie died, and Edward spent his life in regretting her. Neither of them ever wrote a line.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

THE FARMING WORLD.

A Very Good Device and No Doubt a Labor-Saver.

A. C. R. Lebanon, Neb., sends to the Orange Judd Farmer a sketch of a new device (here illustrated) for cutting corn-fodder, which is made as follows: Take two 2x6 inch pieces, six feet long, for runners, wider are better if ground is ridged; place them two and one-half feet apart and cover with one inch planks three and one-half feet long. Cover or "top-deck" by putting the front board on the sled at an angle of about 45 degrees, tapering two or three boards until the back boards fill out square—lay close. The knife-cutting arrangement (a) is from a corn-cutter and is held fast by two clips (b, c) as indicated. The right hand corner is not reached by the knife, so a board (e) is put here and spiked solid. On this board (c) a man stands and makes a reel of his hands, letting the corn fodder fall between him and the driver, who stands at d.

Two short draw chains and two short whifflores complete the sled. To use, start on the sixth row, and when the sled is full pile off the corn-fodder behind the sled, crossing the armfuls until a proper angle for the shock is made; then continue cutting and work in line with the "braces" until enough has accumulated to form a complete shock, after which tie the tops of each shock with binder twine. By this method nearly as much ground is gone over in a day as the same team would go over in cultivating, and far less backache is experienced than from the old way of cutting corn by hand.



CORN-CUTTING MACHINE.

Hog Feeding on a Large Scale.

Dr. Frank S. Billings, says the Western Swineherd, the eminent expert investigator of animal diseases, has located a tract of land near the Davenport (Ia.) glucose factory, and will fit it up for the accommodation of from four thousand to ten thousand hogs to be fed from the factory slops. It is stated that the doctor will move his laboratory to Davenport and personally superintend the manufacture of virus and inoculation of the hogs to be fed.

The enterprise is a private speculation on the part of the doctor and the capitalist associated with him, but its results can not fail to interest swine breeders everywhere. The merits of inoculation will there be tested in a manner and on a scale that will conclusively fix its value in warding off cholera. The doctor could have chosen no better way of convincing the public of the possibilities of his discovery, and if he succeeds in preserving the health of hogs and fattening them under the conditions proposed, he will have settled in his favor the acrimonious dispute he has with the Government investigators of hog cholera. The doctor is an opponent to be feared in a scientific controversy, for he handles his adversaries without gloves; but he is a man with the courage of his convictions, and his known ability and fighting qualities have made the people his fast friends. Fortunately his new venture is to be located where the heavy journey of us, and we hope to have opportunity of observing closely, for the benefit of our readers, all the interesting features of this experiment in feeding hogs on a larger scale than ever before attempted. Success at Davenport may mean a new departure in feeding.

Overfeeding Hogs.

Many seem to think, says the Swineherd, that a hog can not be overfed, and that it makes no difference if they do have a lot of food at one meal, they will come back and eat it up when they are hungry, so that there is nothing wasted after all. But it is easily possible to go to either extreme—to feed too little, so as not to secure a steady gain, or to feed too much, and so increase the cost as to materially lessen the profits. Feeding too little is a loss, while feeding too much is a waste. A good as well as an economical plan is to feed regularly at stated times, and then, when fattening, all that they will eat up clean. They will keep healthier and thrive better than is possible by keeping fed before them all the time. It is what the animals digest and not what they eat that determines the gain in proportion to the amount of food supplied. Feed left over is, to say the least, distasteful to a hog, while if slop is soaked before feeding it will ferment and get sour to more or less extent. The hog, whether growing or fattening, should relish his food to derive the most benefit from it. And they will hardly do this if they eat what they want to go away and leave it, and are then obliged to come back and finish it up.

Steady Growth.

The advice to keep the pig, colt and calf growing steadily is not very often given with respect to the lamb, and yet it applies to every young animal. The young animal should never be allowed to stand still or go backward. As a matter of fact, it seldom stands still. If it is not growing, while it may not lose any real growth that it has made, it will lose ground generally, and the ground that it loses will never be made up. Sheep above all animals, the most quickly slow neglect, and they show it the most prominently. It is, therefore, necessary to provide plenty of the right kind of food. When the pastures grow poor, supplement them with good food that will furnish growth to the bone and muscle. We do not know that we shall ever be able to improve upon the universal motto of the sheep-raiser: the great value of the "turp" for sheep. We wish we could. They make a good food for sheep in winter and will perform an excellent office in keeping the animal growing.

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BETTER SEED WHEAT.

A Matter About Which Farmers Ought Not to Be Careless.

The mass of farmers are by no means so careful to select the best quality of seed for wheat as they should be; and there is a presumption that to this cause is due many of the elements that detract from its quality, such as chaff, cockle, and light, run, and so on. I am aware that some will take exception to this statement, yet the principle is entirely reasonable, and it accords with the results of several years' experience. I know also that many of the neighbors will affirm that they have raised just as good crops and the wheat tested just as many pounds per bushel when they sowed wheat that was not re-cleaned; and I know that during the past two or three years the quality of their wheat has deteriorated, and they are at a loss to know the reason. Whereas the wheat grown on similar soil, but carefully prepared for sowing under personal supervision, has not so "run out."

We have made good use of the fanning-mill to clean seed, and the result has been so satisfactory that we expect to continue its use. This has been necessary to keep the seed free from chaff. If one cleaning would not suffice, a second and a third was given, and we reasoned thus: Whether wheat turns to chaff for other people or not I do not know, but one thing is assured, and that is, chaff never turns to wheat. Hence if a few chaff seeds are sown there will inevitably be much more chaff, but if the "pure and undiluted" wheat is sown, we always harvest that kind of grain. I know that this was an unusually bad year for chaff among wheat, and I noticed it growing in fields sowed to clover and timothy last year, but there were only a very few heads in our own crop. The farmers who were annoyed with chaff in their wheat should clean their seed very carefully and select their seed the following year from wheat grown on corn ground; for chaff will undoubtedly lie in the ground some time, or a much longer—as was noticed in the meadows this summer—and follow ground becomes "foul," so to speak, with chaff in two or three years, and during these later years it appears among the wheat. But wheat or corn ground will be free from this pest on account of previous cultivation.

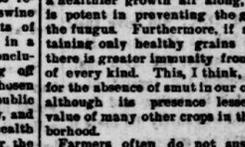
Thoroughly cleaning the seed also eliminates the shriveled and diseased grains to a large extent. Certainly there is scarcely a better reason for sowing seed containing these kinds of grains than for breeding live stock haphazardly. There was unusual complaint this year of the presence of smut in wheat. I am not positive that carefully cleaning the seed will prevent smut in wheat, but having done so for many years, we believe that this has induced a healthier growth all along, and this is potent in preventing the growth of the fungus. Furthermore, if seed containing only healthy grains is sown, there is greater immunity from disease of every kind. This, I think, accounts for the absence of smut in our own crop, although its presence lessened the value of many other crops in the neighborhood.

Farmers often do not suspect the presence of impurities in their seed. Since these do not hurt the sower, or are not readily discerned, the seed is supposed to be practically free from them. Several years ago some seed was purchased from a farmer who declared that it contained no impurities. A close examination revealed that it really contained re-cleaned, and we succeeded in bleaching out chaff to the extent of three per cent. of the whole amount besides other impurities. And yet the ordinary farmer that sows what is sown ordinarily.

Men may differ as to the propriety of sowing only large grains, but exhaustive tests have proven that desirable results follow such sowing, and therefore no mistake can arise by so doing. There is much wheat that will make good flour that had better be sown than that which is not. Every farmer who raises wheat to make flour should have a fanning-mill that does good work. This machine has fallen out of use too much of late. Let us have as good seed for wheat as we select for corn or potatoes, for it certainly will pay. It is customary for the local millers to offer a premium on wheat that is free from impurities which far more than repays the extra pains taken to prepare the seed properly; and they can well afford to do so, for much of the ordinary wheat contains no small per cent. of impurities that is worthless.—Ohio Farmer.

A Serviceable Earth-Closet.

The engraving herewith represents an earth-closet, the drawing and description of which were furnished to the American Agriculturist by Mr. Harry E. Turber, San Diego County, Cal. The box is made of galvanized iron, six feet long, sixteen inches high and fifteen inches wide. The center compartment contains the dust, the ends being reserved for soil. The box



NOVELTY IN A PLEASANT FORM.

It is not an earth-closet, but a box for the purpose of holding the soil, and it is a very good one. It is made of galvanized iron, and is six feet long, sixteen inches high and fifteen inches wide. The center compartment contains the dust, the ends being reserved for soil. The box

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