material in a mechanical condition that renders its fertilizing content more immediately available, much more evenly distributed and therefore valuable. For instance, the solid large bone of an animal contains a certain amount of plant food, although in an indigestible form for the plant until crushed into ground bone or meal, when its surface exposure is increased many thousands of times, permitting natural influences to extract the elements of fertility it contains; and this applies as well to the lumps, both large and small, of manure carelessly spread on fields as top dressings and for plowing under. For top dressing wheat, oats, meadows, pastures, corn or any crop, spreaders are invaluable, covering every inch of the ground with a layer of fine pulverized manure which immediately after a rain "touches the spot" of millions of tiny feeding rootlets. Actual comparative field experiments made by the writer have demonstrated that manure applied in this way is increased in value from 200 to 500 per cent for surface feeding crops. The large farmer cannot well afford to be without the spreader, and what the large farmer cannot afford to do without, the small farmer can certainly afford to own, especially as this implement will materially assist him in time to become a larger farmer by its use. Every farmer having from 150 to 200 loads of manure per year should own a spreader, both for the purpose of economizing in the matter of time and expense of labor in hauling, and to increase the value of his 100 loads to that of 200 or 300, by rendering it more immediately and directly valuable to his crops. Recently there have been one or two new spreaders placed on the market, and the prospective purchaser should investigate their relative value as well as their adaptability to his needs before purchasing.

THE TENDERFOOT AND THE ALFALFA.

Andy McLean in Field and Farm.

In the city there lived a man who had been raised in the country and who was always boasting about the amount of work he used to do when he was a boy back east. He used to frequently tell his friends in town how he longed to get out into the country once more and pitch the sweet, new mown hay and bind up the sheaves of yellow wheat. He talked this kind of stuff until he really believed it himself and when the time came to take a vacation he concluded to spend it with an old farmer man who raised a large amount of alfalfa hay and also considerable yellow wheat.

When the man from the city got out to the country he began to give that farmer man and his hired hand the same sort of song and dance he had been in the habit of giving his friends in town. He said that he would enjoy nothing better than to again get out into the hay field where the air was rich with the delicate perfume of the new cut clover and pitch the hay up to the stacker. Then the farmer, who knew a good thing when he saw it, softly winked at the hired man and said that he was glad to hear the city man talk that way, as he was just needing a little extra help to put up about twenty acres of alfalfa that he had cut the day before.

The man from Denver who had come out to board with the farmer had not really expected to make a farm hand out of himself—he had simply wanted to give the farmer a game of conversation, but the prompt manner in which the agriculturalist had called his bluff left nothing for him to do but try to make it good. He did not want the farmer and his hired man to think he was a liar or that he lacked sand. So the man from the city borrowed a straw hat from the farmer and a pitchfork and hied him away to the field. Then the farmer built the stacks while the hired man hauled up the hay on a hay sled for the man from the town to pitch up to the farmer. Through the forenoon the hired man and the farmer kept the man from town a little busier than he had ever been in his whole life before. It seemed to him before noon that he had handed up about twenty-five tons of the sweet smelling alfalfa to the farmer on the stack.

He had four blisters on each hand, the largest about the size of a fifty-cent dollar and his throat felt like the interior of a vitrified brick. The sweat that ran down into his eyes made them look as if he had been out on a twenty-four-hour conference with a committee of visiting Elks and his back felt as if the joints needed new washers. Altogether he felt like a pneumatic tire that had been punctured in as much as four places. That night the man from town put in 12 hours of as steady sleeping as he ever had in his whole life and when he arose he felt like a dray horse that had been laid off on account of a bad case of founder. As he rubbed vaseline on the blistered places on his hands and face and also on the galled places under his arms he overheard the farmer remarking to the hired man that he "never seen one ux them town fellers yet that was wuth his salt as fur as work wuz concerned."

AN IMPOSSIBLE UNION.

Not long ago Chauncey Depew gave utterance to the wish that the exclusive society, made up of millionaires, might be thrown into contact with genius, might meet the men and women of intellectual mark. This adds to the belief that Depew talks too much, which means that his flow of conversation exceeds his flow of thought, says the Tacoma Ledger.

One reason that the rich and the intellectual should not meet on a common plane is that they do not have the same set of terms in their respective minds. They could not take a similar view of any given proposition, and in striving to explain to each other there would be no way in which to arrive at an understanding. The effort would only end in confusion.

The rich, who have made their money by some sudden turn in the market, who have inherited it, to whom it has descended through a few generations from the peddler of soap or skins, have absorbed but one dominant idea. This is that wealth is the only consideration, that man without money, earned, stolen or received as a gift, is entitled to no respect. Such a view is not to be tolerated, much less endorsed, by the intellectual, and therefore between the two classes is a barrier, not only not to be crossed, but which there is no reason for desiring to cross. When oil and water mix, when the iceberg bursts into flame, there will be time to think of a society made up of those who worship gold and those who admire intellect.

The great men of the world, its authors, statesmen and scientists, have not been rich. They have been too busy to get rich. The glamor of fortune has not appealed to them. They live in an atmosphere the vulgar hoarder of coin cannot invade, and the aspirations which are incentives to them could not appeal to the person knowing nothing beyond the calculation of interest. Senator Depew has been dreaming. Because he happens, tween two alien and irreconcilable social elements he imagines there is a kinship. Such kinship does not exist, nor ever can. Neither side desires it and neither would be better for it, for each is wedded to its idols, and that the idols of one are dross does not weaken the adoration of the subjects.

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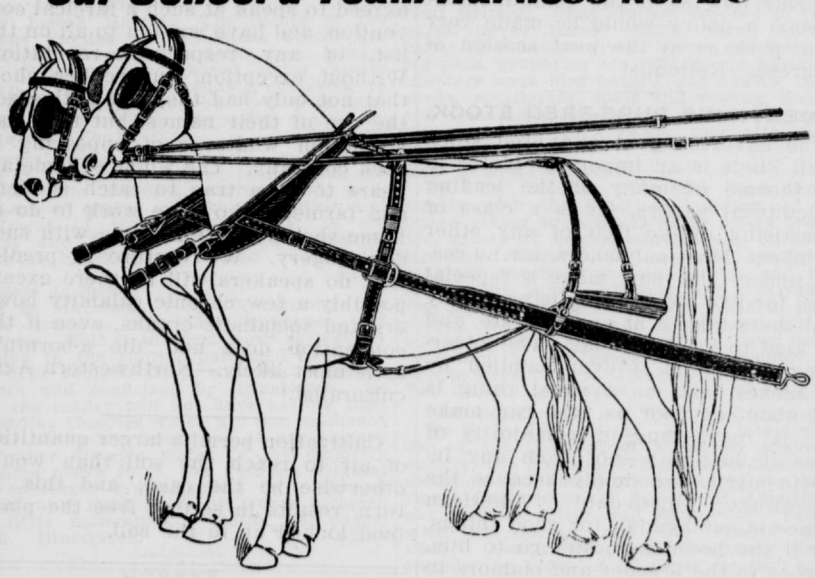

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