

# 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.

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## GROWING OLD.

I'm growing old, they tell me;  
They say I'm getting gray  
And that my face has not the grace  
It had once on a day.  
And in my girl I show it  
That I am growing old—  
Hurray! I wouldn't know it  
If it were never told.  
I'm growing old, they're saying—  
Hurray! They do not know it  
A cheerful mind is not the kind  
To any other grow.  
The world's as bright as ever,  
I'm happier each day,  
And I'll feel young forever,  
No matter what they say.

Hurray, for growing older,  
And better all the while of the  
No look ahead when I'm dead  
Will take away my smile  
That bravely will be showing  
And lighting up my face—  
They think I'm older growing,  
Hurray! It's not the case.  
—H. C. Dodge, in Detroit Free Press.

## CONCERNING THE GOOSE.

The Somewhat Exalted Position It Holds in History.

It Was a Goose That Once Saved Rome—The English Goose Industry a Thing of the Past—Some Old Stories.

The goose figures largely in the history, the legends, and the proverbial lore of our own and other lands. In ancient Egypt it was an object of adoration in the temple and an article of diet on the table. The Egyptians mainly took beef and goose flesh as their animal food, and it has been suggested that they expected to obtain physical power from the beef and mental vigor from the goose. To support this theory, it has been shown that other nations have eaten the flesh of wolves and drunk the blood of lions, hoping thereby to become fierce and courageous. Some other nations have refused to partake of the hare and the deer on account of the timidity of these animals, fearing lest by eating their flesh they should also partake of their characteristic fearfulness and timidity.

Pliny thought very highly of the goose, saying "that one might almost be tempted to think these creatures have an appreciation of wisdom, for it is said one of them was a constant companion of the peripatetic philosopher Lacydes, and would never leave him, either in public or when at the bath, by night or by day."

The cackling of the goose saved Rome. According to a very old story, the guards of the city were asleep, and the enemy taking advantage of this, were making their way through a weak part of the fortifications, expecting to take the city by surprise. The watchful geese hearing them, at once commenced cackling, and their noise awoke the Romans, who soon made short work of their foes. This circumstance greatly increased the gratitude of the Roman citizens for the geese.

We gather from the quaint words of an old chronicler a probable solution of the familiar phrase, "To cook one's goose." "The King of Sweden"—so runs the ancient record—"coming to a town of his enemies with very little company, his enemies, to slyly his forces, did hang out a goose for him to shoot; but perceiving before night that these few soldiers had invaded and set to their chief holds on fire, they demanded of him what his intent was, to whom he replied: "To cook your goose."

In the days when the bow and arrow were the chief weapons of warfare, it was customary for the sheriffs of the counties where geese were reared to gather sufficient quantities of feathers to wing the arrows of the English army. Some of the old ballads contain references to winging the arrow with goose feathers. A familiar instance is the following:

"Send all your bows," said Robin Hood;  
"And with the gray goose wing,  
Such sport now show as you would do  
In the presence of the King."  
To check the exportation of feathers a heavy export duty was put upon them.

The goose frequently figures in English legends. In a poem by Gascoigne, published in 1575, there is an allusion to rent-day gifts, which appear to have been general in the olden time:

And when the tenants come to pay their quarter's rent,  
They bring some fowl at Midsummer, a dish  
Of fish in Lent,  
At Christmas a capon, and at Michaelmas a goose.

A strange medieval custom was kept up at Hilton in the days of Charles II. An image of brass, known as Jack of Hilton, was kept there. "In the mouth," we are told, "was a little hole just large enough to admit the head of a pin; water was poured in by a hole in the back, which was afterwards stopped up." The figure was then set on the fire; and during the time it was blowing off steam, the lord of the manor of Essington was obliged to bring a goose to Hilton and drive it three times round the half-fire. He next delivered the goose to the cook; and when dressed, he carried it to the table and received in return a dish of meat for his own mess.

In bygone times, Lincolnshire was a great place for breeding geese; and its extensive bogs, marshes and swamps were well adapted for the purpose. The drainage and cultivation of the land have done away with the haunts suitable for the goose; but in a large measure Lincolnshire has lost its reputation for its geese. Frequently in the time when geese were largely bred, one farmer would have a thousand breeding geese, and they would multiply some sevenfold every year, so that he would have under his care annually some eight thousand geese. He had to be careful that they did not wander from the particular district where he had a right to allow them to feed, for they were regarded as trespassers, and the owner could not get stray geese back unless he paid a fine of twopenny for each fender.

Within the last fifty years it was a common occurrence to see on sale in the market-place at Nottingham that the Goose Fair from fifteen to twenty thousand geese, which had been brought from the fens of Lincolnshire. A street on the Lincolnshire side of the town is called Goose-gate.

## PROFESSIONAL WOMEN.

A Uniform Method of Doing Things the Universal Rule.

The world studies the professional woman to use a rather meaningless term—through a magnifying glass every defect of toilet or housekeeping is exaggerated, discussed and dismissed with "Oh, well, you couldn't expect anything better from her."

It may be accepted as a rule with few exceptions that people have one general method of doing things, be it washing dishes or writing books. If nature has endowed a woman with love of order, beauty and cleanliness they will be manifest in all her surroundings. In her room, whether its principal feature be a sewing machine, a desk or an easel, there is a place for every thing and every thing in its place.

The woman of talent or a touch of genius does not, therefore, cease to be a woman, and the world is slowly coming to a realization of this truth, which it has stubbornly doubted for centuries. She may paint, write, lecture, preach, and still cherish a thimble and prize her scissors, possessing all the delicate tastes and habits of those who live exclusively domestic lives.

A woman may be bold, coarse and aggressively masculine, and think it horrible that women should study politics and want to vote. Her antipathy to such aspirations has not made her coarse and bold, yet, had she been one of those asking the franchise, her unwomanliness would have been attributed to that fact, and to no other.

Pretenders in art and literature and reform are apt to be pretenders in all they do, those who excel in them will be found admirably housekeepers. Emily Huntington Miller, who formerly lived in Evanston, was an ideal housekeeper, and wrote, entertained her friends, trained her three children, and did endless work in the church and elsewhere. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, of whom all the world is talking, excels in housekeeping, which is as good as her writing. Mrs. Lew Wallace's home is a model, and although she has seen social and diplomatic life at its best, she prides herself upon the actual knowledge which alone can exact efficient service.

The brontes, in their bleak, Yorkshire home—the sepulchral Haworth parsonage hemmed in by grave-stones—varied their literary work with domestic labor of all kinds. Charlotte was fastidious in regard to her dress, and Mrs. Gaskell tells us lovingly of how she would do over again the tasks which the blind old servant was unable to perform to her satisfaction.

A woman may carry a prescription case and still dress becomingly. There are, nowadays, clothes which are both sensible and artistic, and these she will choose if she possesses good taste, and there is no reason why she may not.

If she has faults, it is not because she paints, or writes, or acts, but "in spite of it," as Thackeray says of people who are religious, yet wicked. They may be careless and indolent and untidy, not because of their gifts, but in spite of them.

Judgment should be tempered with mercy. A woman may possess a large mind and a large heart; she may be ready to minister to the wants of the needy; look well to the ways of her household, and yet find time to help the world by her wisdom and genius.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

## PHONOGRAPH ORCHESTRA.

Reproduction of Choice Melodies Played Several Years Ago.

The reporter was ushered into the handsome dining-room of Henry G. Bishop, where the instrument (an Edison phonograph) and all its appliances were stationed. Mr. Bishop, with the skill of a person who had handled a phonograph for years, adjusted the instrument and turned on the battery. The various choice melodies which poured forth from the cone-shaped transmitter sounded very natural. Among the many selections were several pieces played by the Seventh Regiment band, of New York, about four years ago; a banjo solo, by a son of the mayor of Newburyport, Mass., played about a year ago; a cornet solo several selections by a male quartet, and many other musical gems, most of which were played at Edison's laboratory over a year ago.

Mr. Bishop has so arranged his phonograph by the appliance of the cone-shaped transmitter that whenever he starts it going the sound can be distinctly heard throughout the whole house. Mr. Bishop has also recorded a few remarks of several prominent men of this city who have talked into the instrument. It is very amusing to listen with what accuracy they have been taken and are reproduced. He intends to have the Concordia Singing Society and Jerome May's Banjo Quartet give several selections at his home for the purpose of recording them. Mr. Bishop, it is understood, is the possessor of the only phonograph of this kind in the city.

## THE AZOREAN DONKEY.

Extraordinary Uses to Which the Patient Animal is Put.

The extraordinary uses to which the Azorean donkey is put were illustrated fully in our few hours' journey between Ponta Delgada to Sette Cidades, or the ancient crater called the "Seven Cities." The roads seem filled with them. Here is a procession ridden by peasant women, each cloaked and cowled in the monstrous capote capello, on the way to Ponta Delgada with all manner of country produce swaying from the wooden saddle-yokes.

A lone donkey laden with water-casks plods along without companion or driver, sent from somewhere to somewhere over his oft-travelled way, and with a pitiful look of worried responsibility in his gray, old face.

Here comes a bevy completely hidden by piles of corn-cobs piled so high that it seems that stacks are waltzing into the city on invisible legs. Bells jangle in a muffled way beneath the fodder; and barefooted country lads prod the bobbing mysteries viciously. Again a score come tripping and mincing along a slender path beneath a huge wall, laden with wheat and corn in casks and paniers.

Two are met sustaining a strong beam across their backs, and to this beam a trunk of a tree, being conveyed to the city for pier timber in this outlandish way, is swung, and, being nearly balanced, one end bangs the donkey's head and shoulders, while the other lightly bounds along the way, a source of peril to all passers upon the road.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

## Treatment of a Common Cold.

A correspondent of the British Medical Journal writes: "It may not be as widely known as it deserves to be that twenty grains of salicylic acid, given in liq. ammon. acet. three or four times a day will so far control a common cold that the aching of the brow, eyelids, etc., and during movements of the eye, will cease in a few hours, while the sneezing and running from the nose will also abate, and will disappear in a few days, and, more fortunate still, the cold will pass off and not finish up, as is customary, with a cough. It may be that it is only in persons tainted with rheumatism where we find a chill followed by such a train of troubles, and certain it is that different persons suffer in different ways after a chill. But for a very great number of persons of fair health who are liable to take a common cold it is highly desirable to avoid a cough, and the salicylic-acid treatment places this in our power."

## ABOUT CANARY BIRDS.

Where They Come From and How They Are Raised and Sold.

"I see you have got in quite a large stock of canaries," was the remark of a reporter to a Boston bird man.

"Yes," was the reply; "you see December we call canary-bird season. For the past month or so about every steamer from Germany brought large invoices of the yellow songsters to the American ports. This continues until about the middle of January, where the German bird-catchers will stop sending, or send only small lots."

"Do you expect to sell all you have here now?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, "and many more besides. I have been in the business for a good many years now, and I can calculate pretty well on the number I can sell, for the sales are about the same each year. They may vary a few dozen birds, but not more than that."

"Do any of the birds you get come from the Canary Islands?"

"No, indeed, all of them are imported from Germany. I don't know why it is, but a great many people think that these birds come from those islands, but I never heard of any but German birds, that is, unless they were canaries bred in the countries where imported birds were taken."

"I suppose there are people in Germany, then, who make a business of raising them, are there not?"

"Yes, some Germans do nothing else but raise the birds for export trade. In some of the large German cities, Hamburg, for instance, there are several large houses who raise birds entirely for the market in New York, with whom they have contracts to furnish them so many hundreds of birds a season.

"Are these canaries long lived?"

"Well, that depends a great deal on what you would call long life. Their average life, however, is about ten years, although I have known some to live a great deal longer."—Boston Globe.

## LIKES AND DISLIKES.

Feelings That Defy Analysis as Well as Explanation.

Affinities and repulsions are queer things. Sometimes they allow analysis or explanation, but just as often they don't. Our likes and dislikes do not appear to be under our control, any more than that very powerful emotional impulse toward a particular one which is called love. It may be said generally that where there is esteem there can't be any strong dislike, though there may be no attraction. Yet, curiously enough, there may be love without esteem. Women have been known to love the most worthless characters, for whom they could not possibly have any esteem. It is an enigma after all. The loss of faith in one might seem to shatter affection in it but it doesn't. Affection survives confidence. People are drawn together, whose tastes and pursuits widely differ, by some one strong trait which they hold in common, and persons of wonderful identity of taste and psychology resemble each other contrarily.

There is a way Court of Georgia has just rendered a decision which is likely to attract widespread attention and have a salutary effect on the preparation of patent medicines. It holds that the proprietor of such a preparation is liable in damages for injury done to any person who takes the medicine according to the directions.

## INJURIOUS MEDICINES.

An Important Decision Rendered by the Georgia Supreme Court.

The Supreme Court of Georgia has just rendered a decision which is likely to attract widespread attention and have a salutary effect on the preparation of patent medicines. It holds that the proprietor of such a preparation is liable in damages for injury done to any person who takes the medicine according to the directions.

This liability does not fall upon the druggist who sells the medicine, but it attaches to the proprietor, even when the consumer buys not from him directly, but from the druggist. Here is the court takes up the matter:

These proprietary or patent medicines are secret or intended by the proprietors to be secret as to their contents. They expect to derive a profit from the sale of such medicines, liable for all injuries sustained by any one who takes their medicines in such quantities as may be prescribed by them.

The use of the word "secret" in the title of the medicine to ascertain what its contents are ordinarily, and in this case the contents were only ascertained after an analysis made by a chemist, which would be very inconvenient and expensive to the public.

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In rendering this opinion the court said that it could find no American case in which the precise question had been decided before.—N. Y. Herald.

A Dog Nabbed by Electricity.

The wire of an electric light in front of a store on Washington street, Boston, had its insulating covering injured, and the other evening the wire came in contact with an iron post near the building, which was soon charged with the electric fluid. A big black dog came along soon after, and as his nose touched the iron he was drawn up against the post and burned to death. A policeman who stepped upon the damp sidewalk received a shock, and the officers blocked up that side of the street for about an hour until a representative of the electric-lighting company appeared and shut off the current.—Cincinnati Commercial.

## FULL OF FUN.

The man who keeps late hours and tries to live a constant merry-maker.

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## POSTHUMOUS HUMOR.

Hitherto Unpublished Jokes Left Behind by Philip H. Welch.

When a Philadelphian slips up on a banana peel he falls so slowly that it doesn't hurt him.

Matrimonial Felicities.—"Call—'Has your daughter's married life so far proved a happy one, Mrs. Vernon?'" Mrs. Vernon—"Very. Her husband, you know, is a traveling salesman."

Capturing a Prize.—"Aunt Mabel (to niece)—'And did you win any prizes at your school commencement, Clara?'" Clara (demurely)—'Yes, aunty, young Mr. Smith, on our way home, asked me to marry him.'"

Improving the Present.—"Gentleman (to Uncle Rastus, wrestling with a watermelon)—'Aren't you afraid of cramps, Uncle Rastus?'" Uncle Rastus (contemptuously)—'Wot does 'er' s'pose I done ca's to 'er few cramps?'"

Full of Enthusiasm.—"Brown—"You show a good deal of boyish enthusiasm over your coming trip to Europe. Why, you've crossed several times before, haven't you?'" Robinson—"Yes, but this is my first trip without my wife."

An Untimely End.—"Coroner (to witness)—'You say the unfortunate man died while eating a fifty-cent table d'hôte dinner at Macaroni's?'" Witness—"Yes, sir." Coroner—"The same seems to be clear, gentlemen. He died of starvation."

Not Complaining Any.—"Where did you live before you came to Kansas City?'" he asked of the condemned murderer. "In St. Louis." "If you had remained in St. Louis you wouldn't be in your position now." "No, sir, but I lived there a whole year and I'm satisfied with things as they are."

A Big Business.—"Editor (to summer resort landlord)—'Ah, good morning, Mr. Boniface, how is business with you?'" Mr. Boniface—"Immense; we're full to overflowing." Editor—"That's encouraging. What can I do for you?'" Landlord—"I wish you would run in a local notice to the effect that for the balance of the season the best rooms at Goodgrub House will be let at largely reduced rates."

Human Nature in Billiards.—"Hall (playing billiards)—'You should have seen my game seven or eight years ago, Sherman, when I was in practice. I could knock the spots off any thing this side of New York.' I don't play much now." Sherman—"That's a fact, Hall, you don't play much of a game now?'" Hall (sharply)—'What's that? If you've got any money that says I can't beat you, I'll make you walk home.'"

An Unpleasant Custom.—"Mamma, said Miss Penelope Waldo, of Boston, 'I don't like this Mr. Brosey from the West whom we met last night. He is extremely uncouth.''" "How?" inquired the old lady. "We were discussing riding, and he said that he rarely used a saddle and rode bare-back on almost all occasions. Of course, one can disagree with a saddle if he wishes, but for any body to ride about in his bare back is unnecessarily Western." And the old lady thought so, too.—N. Y. Epoch.

## SOUTHERN AGRICULTURAL.

How Good Manure Can Be Made Without Money.

It seems impossible in these times of scarcity that we shall have any thing without money. It is certainly true that we get nothing valuable without it. If we were more impressed that time and effort are both money, we might avail ourselves as farmers of more abundant resources. While it may be true, therefore, that we may not be able, literally, to get manure for our farms without money, it is true that we can get it in large measure without the direct expenditure of currency. It is further true that we can get it by the use of time and effort, at such seasons as these resources may not avail us as much income in any other way as money.

The main manurial resource of every farm should be the barn-yard, and I feel that I can not do better on this line than to urge again the stabling of all stock; the profit of which will be found more than enough to cover expenses in the better condition of the stock and the saving of feed to keep them; the accumulation of manure will, therefore, be a clear profit, and, indeed, may be said to be "manure without money."

This may be very much increased by the addition of matter, otherwise practically valueless, in the shape of straw, leaves and any kind of waste that will make good absorbent. By the incorporation of such waste the character of the manure is improved, as it is prevented from deterioration by heating. In the use of help and teams at such times as they are not needed on the farm, in the manipulation of matter that is considered worthless, we can accumulate a great amount of fertilizing matter that will make more "manure without money."

Again, it has been generally supposed that the value of barnyard manure depends upon the animal altogether; and that the droppings from horses were necessarily more valuable than the droppings from cows. Now, it is believed that it depends as much, and possibly more, upon the character of the food furnished. Horses have generally received a richer ration than cattle, and we were, in this way, led to believe that horses could furnish us the better grade of manure. The experiments in feeding cattle upon the cotton-seed meal and cotton-seed hulls has demonstrated the very great cheapness of a very valuable manure. Upon good authority, it is asserted that the manure made in a cow barn from feeding one ton of cotton-seed meal is worth as much as the manure from feeding. If this is true we can again have "manure without money," literally, as, at the end of the process, we have as much as we started with and the beef, milk and butter besides. Our farms need such economic methods of making values without expenditures; incomes without cost and profits without losses.

To neglect these resources and others that are easily available on the farms, and look to a highly-concentrated fertilizer in the markets to recover our lands and make our crops, is hurtfully extravagant. It brings with it no vegetable matter or humus—nature's way of making soil; it gives its help to the immediate yield, and it is gone with the money that brought it. Barn-yard manure comes to stay, and stay with profit. It does not need its help on the soil for ten successive years. Its cost was nominal; its yield was abundant. Our usual plan has been to open the fences and give the run of the land to all kinds of stock. A different plan will give us "more manure without money." If the manure left in the fields after gathering the crop—stalks, stubble, grass and weeds—was allowed to remain on the land and become incorporated with the soil, we would secure partially, at least, with nature's plan of fertility, and gather a better income than by having the fields first gleaned and then worked into mud during the inclement days of winter.

At the risk of being charged with frequent repetition, I want to insist upon small grain, grass and peas as a bountiful source of fertilization not only without cost, but accompanied with actual profit.

Economy successfully practiced begins in times of opportunity missed, and every waste must effect, hurtfully, every interest which its prudent use would help. For the coming season let us lay well our plans to make "manure without money."—W. T. Northern, in Southern Cultivator.

## THE OKRA FIBER.

The Wonderful Possibilities of the Gambo Plant of the South.

An English investigator claims to have discovered wonderful possibilities in the well-known okra, or gumbo plant, of the South. His name is Sudlow, and he is a resident of Columbia, S. C., where for the past two years he has been studying the okra fiber question, and reached the conclusion that it can be cheaply produced, and that the okra stalk is essentially different from the jute, cotton and ramie in this, that the wood surrounds the fiber, while in the others it is mixed with it, and this is the key to the problem of cheap production. His experiments last summer and fall prove that the okra fiber and wood are naturally separated. The mixing of the fiber with the wood of jute, ramie and cotton makes it necessary to employ manual labor chiefly to decorticate it, and this is so costly that only in India and China, where labor is excessively cheap, is it possible to produce the fiber at low prices. The okra, on the contrary, can be separated by machinery. Mr. Sudlow declares that he can make a machine which will not cost more than an ordinary cotton gin, and which can be employed as gins are employed on each large farm, or in each neighborhood, and that by its use plants of okra can turn out their fiber and sell it, as they do cotton, for so much a pound. Into this machine the okra stalks will be fed butts forward, and it will cut the wood from the fiber. The glutin will be removed from the fiber by a sim-

## FERTILIZATION AGAIN.

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## HERE AND THERE.

The pedigree or animal points two ways. To what the ancestry has been and what its offspring will be.

—There are mistle in every thing—mistle wives, husbands, parents and farmers. A mistle farmer, like all mistle, makes things look all awry.

—Whenever a man gets ready to pluck a live fowl, he should, before beginning operations, get somebody to pull out his own hair by the roots.

—Cotton-seed meal is good for cows says one. Cotton-seed meal is bad for cows, says another. If it is bad with other foods we guess no one will regret feeding it.

—There would be the world without flowers, sweet, beautiful, eloquent flowers? What is the little part of the world that we occupy, if it has no flowers? Much more of a desert than we need be.

—Whatever is the most easy done, is concluded by some people to be the best way. We think we shall state nothing startlingly new when we say that it is not necessarily true.

—All flesh is grass," it is said; per contra, all grass is flesh. Then, naturally and logically, he who estimates grasses, rations horses and cattle. In other words, the two go together, and one is necessary to the other.

—The press every now and then advise their readers in eloquent strains to "sow turnips." This is erroneous advice. If they have the turnips, let them save the fruit. When it comes to sowing turnip seeds, then the advice is proper.

—One of the eccentricities of this country is thus stated: A 900-pound cow in Texas will not bring over \$15 in Chicago. Deducting the freight, \$4.35 from this, leaves \$10.75 for the seller. Yet when made into dressed beef, it is shipped back to Texas and sold at \$20.

—Please tell me how to prevent the effects of intoxicating liquor, asked a man of the doctor. Don't drink it, was the reply. What can we do to prevent the ravages of hog cholera? asks the swine-breeder. Stop making the conditions that produce it, is the reply.

—It is often said that a pig will eat up the refuse on the farm and turn it into value. This is true, and there is no special objection to feeding what refuse there is upon a farm, but when rotten, sour, fermented and fermenting garbage of the cities is purchased for pig feed, it is time to say that it is not the best kind of food.

—A too common idea prevails that almost any kind of a structure will answer for a stable without regards to looks so long as it is built and intended for the purpose. The fact of the matter is, a stable should look like what it is intended for; and if intended to go with a good house, should partake of the same style and finish.

—A writer says that warming water for cows is a good thing for New England. As the cow is the same, and as cold water is the same, and as twenty degrees below zero is the same, the world over, we guess if that man is right, warming water for cows is a good thing wherever there are cows, winter and cold weather.

A special value of the peanut crop is in the production of oil. The oil of this nut is regarded as being equal in all respects to olive oil, and may be employed for every purpose to which that is applied. It is said that a bushel of peanuts, weighing twenty-two pounds in the hull, will yield one gallon of oil when subjected to hydraulic pressure.