

# St. Tammany Farmer.

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

## BOUNCING A SQUATTER.

Why Mark Burton Was Not Run for His Claim.

It was late in December, and one of the coldest days that had been for years. A deep snow lay on the ground, and though the sky was clear, the sun gave forth no warmth, but hung in the heavens like a great frozen ball. The north wind blew a regular gale, sweeping fiercely across the great wide stretch of Kansas prairie and filling the air with scattering flakes of snow. The few scattered houses, the homes of the poor pioneers, lay buried in snowdrifts. At the little store at the Cross-Roads a crowd of the nearest settlers had collected to spend the day and enjoy the warmth and comfort of the fire.

"Wonder what's become of Mark Burton?" Ika Parks said.  
"I don't know," the store-keeper replied. "He hasn't been here for two or three days. Guess he's left the country."  
"How's he?" said Joel, "for then we'd be better off running him out. The easier we can get rid of such men as Mark the better, and the quicker we get rid of them the better."

"He has no right to that claim. This township belongs to the league, and no outsider has any business settling on it."  
"Yes, I know that," said the store-keeper. "But he don't see it that way. He thinks he has a good right to it."  
"Well, he hasn't already found out, it will be his business to teach him. As soon as the storm is over we'll go over that way and see if he's gone, and if he ain't we'll see if we can't help him to start."

The squatter in a certain section of Kansas had organized himself into a league of the purpose of which was to hold all the unclaimed land in their township for friends who were coming on from the East. It was contrary to law, but might often govern, and so far they had held their point.

Then one day Mark Burton, a great, tall, strapping Missourian, came along and squatted on one of the best claims in the township. He was promptly served with a notice to move on, but he gave it little attention, and at the time of the commencement of the storm was known to be still on the claim.

While the men at the Cross Roads were thus engaged, a lone horseman was riding across the prairie at a sweeping gait, bounding against the cutting blasts, and now and then, beating his arms against his body to keep his blood in circulation. On he galloped through the storm, and the snow until he arrived at the store, and, hastily dismounting, entered.

"Here, store-keeper!" he commanded. "I want a sack of flour, some meat and groceries, quick! They're for the Widow Artman and her children. Hustle the things up for the poor children and starving. They haven't a thing to eat, and haven't had since the storm set in."

The merchant hesitated a moment; then began.  
"But I don't know you, sir, and the widow owes me now."  
"Here, shinin'! I've got no time to talk. Do you know that ten-dollar bill? Reckon that don't owe you any thing. Hustle out these goods, and don't fool about it. Nice time to mouth about owing, ain't it, and she's one of your league, too!"

Without waiting for any further parley the store-keeper got the goods together in one large bag, which the man threw across his horse, and springing behind it galloped away in the direction he had come.

"Look here, Harder," said old Ike, when the stranger had disappeared in the storm, "do you know who that is?"  
"No, I don't. His voice sounded a little bit familiar, but his head and face was so bundled up that I couldn't see who he was."  
"Well, if I'm not terribly mistaken, it's Lish Allen."  
"What's queer that Lish would come here and not speak to you fellows, and not even make himself known?"  
"It's queer, sure. But if it ain't him who can it be? There's no one else out in that section."  
"That's so. I reckon it must have been Lish, but I don't understand why he acted so curious."  
"I reckon he was excited, and may be a little out of humor. The fact is, boys, we ought to have done something for the widow and her children before now."

"Was thinking of going over that way when the storm came on," said Ike, "but it turned so cold I put it off. I expect you'd better go down to-morrow and

## NOT TO BE BAFFLED.

When Mr. Thompson happened to call on the office of the late George W. Smith, he was looking intently at a big dusty bottle which had stood for a long time on one corner of his employer's desk. He had often before wondered what was in the bottle, but this time curiosity seemed to have become so strong that he could no longer resist. No one else was in the room. He stole up to the bottle and with an effort pulled out the cork. "Whew! it isn't something good!"

Quickly he looked toward the door and listened. No sound. Then he raised the bottle to his lips, took a lingering drink, and put it down again. "I'll bet my old hat that that curraunt wine. My! ain't it good, though?"  
James replaced the bottle, looked at it a moment, then went away and brought back a cup of water, which he poured carefully into the bottle until it was full again. Then he went home to supper.

The next day James heard Mr. Thompson calling him. He appeared at his employer's desk trembling with fear, and looking toward the floor.  
"James, I am going to be away for two hours. Tell any one that comes in that I will be back by twelve o'clock," and Mr. Thompson picked up some papers and went out.

The heart of James rose rapidly. His eyes roved at the same time until they rested on the dusty bottle.  
"Now, Tad Boy and Billy Peters and Fred Appel are good fellows, and they might like a little of that stuff, too." The three office boys from across the hall were quickly brought in, and in five minutes the bottle was empty. "I'll have to fill it up with water again," James decided, and he did it. Then he sprinkled some dust over the top of the bottle.

When Mr. Thompson came back he had a friend with him. "Sit down, old fellow," he said when he got in. "I was telling Mrs. Thompson only yesterday that I didn't know what had become of you. Why, I haven't seen you before. Tom, since the night we had the jam-boree when we left college in '77. See here; there's a bottle of old curraunt wine up there that was given to me four or five years ago, and we'll use it to celebrate your visit with."  
"No, I haven't," replied Lish. "I don't know what you mean about that cork is slightly porous you see, and the alcohol, being volatile, has passed out into the air by the aid of osmosis, carrying the body of the wine with it."

Mr. Thompson's friend thought it might look reasonable, and the two went out together. James slipped out, too, and going across the hall whispered to Tad: "The boss doesn't suspect a bit! He's just a man almost some body what he called Moses took it."  
The dusty bottle still stands on Mr. Thompson's desk. He frequently explains to visitors the strange passage of the wine through the neck of the bottle. In confirmation, he uniformly offers a taste of what is left, which cannot be distinguished from water.—New York Tribune.

## VALUABLE FRANCHISES.

Some Reasons Why They Should Be Placed Under Municipal Control.  
Instead of the city holding the passive part of consent, upon it should be thrown exactly the opposite duty of actively planning the route that is to be operated and of protecting the public interest by specifying the considerations. When the public authorities of a city can specify all the conditions upon which public franchises can be operated, as they do in specifying some, we may hope for better franchise conditions. The so-called bottal car has yielded in many places under precisely this pressure. Under existing methods no public franchise is sought until it promises to be profitable. Not improbably it is then sought to serve subsidiary private ends rather than the public convenience. If the initiative lay with the city it might make the strong carry the weak. Profitable routes could be sold in connection with less promising ones to the great advancement of public convenience in the large sense. In many cases, if the city were to seek bidders after due public notice, for specific work to be done in a specified way, under conditions which lifted the right to do the work entirely out of the range of favoritism, it can scarcely be doubted that capital would compete for the privileges so offered for sale much more cheaply than at present. It may be urged that public work done by contract is not always honestly done. Unhappily this is true, but the interest of a contractor in his work ceases the instant he is paid. The interest of a successful bidder for a public franchise lasts as long as he holds the franchise. Again, it may be urged that the city may favor individuals or localities, or may be unwise in its action, or in the routes it lays out. This also is true. Human nature never reaches perfection anywhere. The contention is that the element of corruption as it affects city franchises may be eliminated by throwing upon the city the duty of devising, instead of the duty of consenting. Under the protection given to individuals as property-owners by the Constitution of New York State it is believed that a safe and workable law to accomplish this result can be readily devised.—President Seth Low of Columbia College, in Scribner.

Chapple—Thought Rolly was going to buy a cane to-day.  
Cholly—So he was, but he couldn't get one that fitted.  
Chapple—Fitted what?  
Cholly—Why, his mouth, of course.—Munsey's Weekly.

Blackmail.  
Angry Citizen—How much will you take, and leave the neighborhood at once?  
Leader of Little German Band—Fifty cents.  
Angry Citizen—You ask too much. Leader of Little German Band—Is that dot so? Well, I plays you more tune, and den you see if dot's too much.—Pack.

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## SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—There are 455 Lutheran ministers resident in the State of Minnesota.  
—A Protestant Episcopal Church costing \$400,000 is to be built at Philadelphia as a memorial of the late George W. Smith.  
—A new chair has been established in Dickinson College—that of Bible study. Its professor will be Dr. Rogers, a graduate of John Hopkins.

—The Freshmen of the Northwestern University this year sent their cast-off books away in a balloon, instead of burning them as is the custom.  
—The public schools are the bulwark of our liberties; and whoever is an enemy of the public schools is an enemy of the Republic.—Western Rural.

—Wing Lee and his cousin, Joe Lee, Flint (Mich.) laundrymen, were converted to Christianity recently, and they feel so good that they placed a \$500 memorial window in the Baptist Church there.  
—Boston, since 1850, has increased in population about 400 per cent. During that time Congregationalism has increased 350 per cent, the Baptists 475 per cent, and the Episcopalians 1,000 per cent.

—At some of the ceremonies of commencement week at Bryn Mawr College the students wore academic costumes, the blondes choosing a white gown and mortar board and the brunettes yellow. The college colors are white and yellow.  
—At the late commencement exercises of the graduating class of forty-four students from the Chicago Theological Seminary (Congregational), the ten orations delivered one was in Danish, one in Swedish and one in German.

—Bishop Hurst, of the Methodist church, intends making a trip to Europe for the purpose of visiting the principal universities of Great Britain and the continent, and the securing of plans and ideas for the proposed Methodist University at Washington.  
—The United Presbyterian church has confirmed its statistical inquiry this year to the schedule of the Census Office. It reports 865 congregations, 168,921 church-members, 815 churches with seating capacity of 263,303, and valued at \$5,038,764.

—A clergyman in Somerville, Mass., has come to understand the misfortune of prosperity. His church recently received a fine homestead by will and donation which he should occupy it. On his part he explained that on his salary he couldn't live up to the level of such an establishment, and the upshot of it is that he has resigned and is looking for a poorer church where he can afford to live.—Hartford Courant.

—The minister is not to ignore social questions; neither is he called upon to solve them. He is simply called upon to elucidate clearly and apply fearlessly these great moral principles which underlie the brotherhood of the race, and which, applied, will solve all problems and bring at last the organization of society and industry into conformity with the principles of righteousness, justice and brotherly love.—Christian Union.

—An interesting contest has taken place in a north London collegiate school for girls between two factions which have been actively divided on the question of correct wearing of Argentinian and discussed since the addition to the same, and it was finally decided to settle the discussion by an athletic contest, consisting of a high leap, a tug-of-war and a foot-race. There were sixteen competitors, eight of whom were laced into whalebone girdles, and eight wore simple blouses. The non-corset faction were easily victors, their champion distancing all rivals with a leap of twelve feet.

BELLIGERENT CRETANS.  
Gens. Armed to the Teeth and Always Ready to Fight.  
The people of Crete, as of all Crete, are not pleasant to look upon. Never have I seen so many lowering brows and savage expressions. They never smile. Now and then one laughs in a sardonic style, as hideous to the ear as the snarl of an angry wild beast. But of mirth there is none. The light-heartedness and merriment which characterize most southern peoples, even under oppression, are here unknown. Every one seems perpetually in a bad humor and in a belligerent mood. No matter whether they are talking of the weather, or selling cabbages or silk, or complaining of Turkish despotism, they are always the same, grim, frowning, truculent. As a rule they are finely formed and powerful, straight and broad-shouldered, and no matter what they are doing or where they are, their normal condition is to be armed to the teeth with knives and pistols, while the walls of their homes and shops are thickly hung with swords, spears and rifles, so that the stranger among them feels as though he were in an arsenal, where every lethal weapon needed only a look to set it in deadly action.

It is easy to see why breaches of the peace are so frequent among these people and why any outbreak is certain to have ghastly results. When they quarrel they quarrel in dead earnest. Every blow is meant to kill. They seem devoid of any of the ordinary compunctions of humanity when once the easy curb is slipped from their passions. And considering how largely the nominal Christians outnumber the Turks it is a wonder that should they once unite to throw off the Ottoman yoke they could do so in a day. But they do not unite. They are as ready to quarrel with their other as with the Turks, and are so continually divided into jarring factions as to make Turkish mastery of them an easy matter to maintain.—Canea Cor. N. Y. Tribune.

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## THE SPANISH DANCE.

Now Valdes Describes It in His Newly-Translated Novel.  
Our learned host in a few moments appeared with castanets which he handed to the Sisters. Then they took off their "coronets" and hoods. For the first time I saw Sister San Sulpicio's hair; it was dark and shiny with almost a bluish light, slightly waving, not very long, because at the time that she took her vows the scissors made terrific havoc in them. After we had made all an hermetically sealed all the doors, Sauro began to thrum the guitar. A moment of keen expectation followed; the two girls who were going to perform the dance for us stood facing each other smiling, Sister Maria de la Luz with her head bent and blushing to her ears; her cousin with her arms akimbo a trifle pale, her lips feverish, the slight quivering of her beautiful velvety eyes giving a little intimation of her heart leaping within me out of pure excitement.

The Malaganian raised his voice a little and sang a seguidilla.  
Instantly the four castanets clacked sofly, the dancers lifted their arms and approached each other, then instantly retreated again, raising first one foot and then the other in time and with the greatest grace and agility. My enamored eyes feasted on the adorable curves of the graceful Sister San Sulpicio, not concealed by the coarse serge.

Followed a series of movements and steps, all adjusted to the sound of the guitar and the castanets, which never for a moment ceased to sound with a joyous and noisy clapping; the bodies of the two cousins rose and fell, bending to one side and then to the other with opposite motions of heads and arms.

The arms indeed had the most to do, sometimes extended with the breast advanced in a challenging attitude, then again picking up from the floor something invisible which must have been intended to represent flowers, then again bent above the head, making around it, as it were, a lovely frame.

My eyes followed only Sister San Sulpicio, not only because of the affection which I felt for her, but also because she was in reality the better dancer; her cousin, either from fear or modesty, or because Nature had not endowed her with much animation, confined herself to marking the movements and keeping time. She, on the other hand, accented them powerfully, enjoying herself in attitudes in which the elegance and flexibility of her body was each instant shown in a bewitching way. Her beautiful head bent to one side, her eyes half closed, her lips parted by a half blissful smile, in which her whole being was submerged, she seemed to be an Oriental bayadere, displaying with mystical rapture, amid the solitude and mystery of the temple, the fascinating brilliancy of her eyes, and the supreme gracefulness of her form, gilded like the lotus leaves in autumn.

At that moment I could swear that she saw us not, entirely absorbed as she was in the delight of following out, one by one, the thousand exquisite combinations to which her lovely figure lent itself. The passion of the dance was the passion of her own body, was the ecstatic worship of her own gracefulness. When any particular figure came to an end she seemed to come out of her ecstasy, and would look at us smiling with wandering, humid eyes.

When it was finished Sister Maria de la Luz ran to a chair and sat down in mortification; her cousin remained standing, her breast heaving, her hair in disorder, and still smiling, with the same mischievous gleam in her eyes, and in a fit of enthusiasm, laid the guitar at her feet, expressing his homage to his listening diadem.—Don Armando Palacio Valdes, in Sister Saint Sulpicio.

The Warmest Region on Earth.  
There are many very warm spots on the torrid zone, but Bohria, by the Gulf of Persia, seems to be, as far as temperature goes, absolutely without a rival. For four consecutive days in July and August last year, which was by no means an exceptional season, the thermometer was known not to fall lower than 100 degrees Fahrenheit, night or day, and often ran up as high as 138 degrees in the afternoon. Nature, as if to make the spot as intolerable to human beings as possible, has banished all water from the rocks of the locality, at least none has ever naturally occurred by digging to a depth of nearly 500 feet, and the numerous pits or dry wells in the neighborhood show how thoroughly the upper stratum has been tapped. In spite of these apparently insuperable obstacles, however, mankind has contrived to flourish and multiply in this region to an amazing extent, and the necessary fresh drinking water which the land has refused to yield is obtained from the bottom of the Gulf of Persia, where, at a distance of more than a mile from the shore, innumerable copious springs burst forth.—Scotsman.

A Bright Boy.  
Charlie S— is a very bright boy, and never at a loss for an excuse. He is also something of a naturalist. Walking along with a young lady one day, he heard a tree-creeper suddenly begin its shrill chirp. "It will rain within twenty-four hours," he announced, oracularly. "That is a sure sign; never known to fail." His prediction was received in good faith; but after twenty-four hours of remarkably pleasant weather he was taken to task about his prediction. "Oh, well," he replied instantly, in an injured tone, "the tree-dood lied. I am not responsible for his morals."

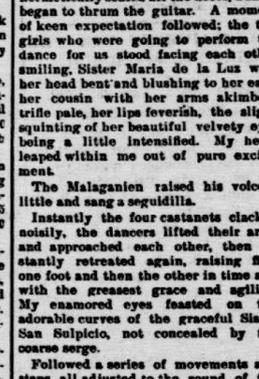
Another time, having been requested to perform some little service, he came to receive his reward. His father offered him his choice between a silver dime and an old-fashioned copper cent. "I have always been taught to take the smallest piece," he remarked, gravely, pocketing the dime.—Harper's Bazar.

—Mrs. Jaysmith—"What are you reading, Lou?" Miss Jaysmith—"Popo's poems, Ma." Mrs. Jaysmith—"Are they the poems of the present Pope or the last?"—Judge.

## FARM AND GARDEN.

### A PORTABLE HENNERY.

I have a henery which for economy of space and capital goes ahead of any thing I ever saw. It is 12x18 feet. A partition runs across it six feet from one end, and from this partition to the other end another partition extends. They are made of slats which run from the top of the nests to the roof. There are ten nests in each compartment. A



sloping board sixteen inches wide covers the nests and prevents the fowls from roosting on them. There is also a row of boxes beneath the nests for old lime, ashes, ground bone and oyster shells. The perches are placed under the nests and over a platform. The platform should not be more than six inches below the roost, so that the birds will be induced to occupy the perches at night. This room will accommodate fifty-two fowls. The room at the end may be used for sitters or for a duck-house. A ventilator has been placed in each end and comes to within one foot of the floor. For those who wish to keep a small number of poultry this is the house to build.—C. S. Metcalf, in Home and Farm.

Home-Made Rennet.  
I have always used home-prepared rennet; but would advise the purchase of liquid rennet extract. A calf's rennet should be turned, cupped of its contents, and slightly rinsed, and then filled with salt and thoroughly dried. Then for some days before it is needed, it should be soaked in a quart of strong brine, to which the juice of a lemon should be added. The milk should be set at about 90 degrees, and enough of the rennet should be added to bring the cheese in from 30 minutes to 1 hour. The experience will determine the proper amount. If the rennet is good about a tablespoonful for each five gallons of milk will be right. Stir thoroughly for two or three minutes when it is put in. When the cheese comes, it will look like clabbered milk, and should be carefully sliced with the strip of tin, cutting both ways, so that the top will appear in a square half an inch or so. Let it stand until the whey begins to separate, and the curd settles out of sight; then lift it gently from the bottom and cut or break it into pieces not much larger than a thimble, and by pouring hot water between the tubs raise the temperature to 100 degrees. Let the curd remain in the whey, stirring it gently occasionally to bring every part of it in contact with the whey, and to create it, until it develops a little acidity, and becomes firm enough so that it feels springy to the touch, and squeaks between the teeth; then dip it up and drain the whey off as rapidly as possible. The draining will be hastened by slicing the curd frequently, cutting it in narrow slices each way; then with the hand break it up and gather the corners of the cloth over it and lay it on a board or stone and a stone can be used for the purpose. Three or four repetitions of this will reduce the bulk. Now cut it into half-inch slices and spread them out a few minutes to cool, and it will be ready for the press.—Rural New Yorker.

Pruning Shade Trees.  
A common error in tree-pruning, says Prof. D. E. Lantz, in the Industrialist, is the idea that a branch which is to be removed should be cut one or two inches from the trunk, leaving a stub. An examination of the stub two or three years later will reveal a dead place extending deeply into the wood, and doing permanent injury to the tree. On the other hand, a considerable branch may be removed from a thrifty tree, if cut close up to the trunk, and the scar will grow over in a single season. After a tree is once started in a permanent place it ought not to be severely pruned. During the first season of growth there is often a tendency to put out new shoots along the trunk. These must be removed, but they can be easily rubbed off when they first appear. If left there is a tendency of the part above these shoots to die. At least they lack vigor and make little growth. A common mistake in pruning is to cut the tops out of large trees. The finest trees are those that grow in the natural form. Any attempt to make a dwarf of a tree by pruning is unnatural, and shows want of taste, horticulturally speaking. Evergreens especially should not have the tops removed unless they are grown in a hedge. The natural shape of a tree is not that seen in a crowded forest, but its shape when growing freely in an isolated position.

Avoid the neighborhood bear for breeding. One objection to allowing the brood sows to run out, is the risk they run of getting with pig by a bear not fit for service, and the value of the litter, even with the best of sows, is largely determined by the male.

Urges present conditions of feeding here is very little profit in feeding pigs after they weigh 300 pounds.

## LIQUID MANURE.

Best Way of Having and Applying It—The Brouwer Method.

The Brouwer method is not specially intended for the application of liquid manure, but saves it with absorbents made into a compost placed over a pit into which the liquid drains. There is a water-tight cistern on the surface a foot or so in depth, and this is covered with rails or logs, or an open floor upon which the manure is heaped. The manure is mixed with any thing of a fertilizing character, no matter what it is, so that it will absorb manure and decay and make plant food. The stables are drained, and the drains flow into the cistern. A common wooden pump is fitted in the center by which the liquid is brought up and poured over the heap. The heap receives all the rain water, and any excess of it sinks through the heap and is caught in the cistern and dilutes the liquid manure in it.

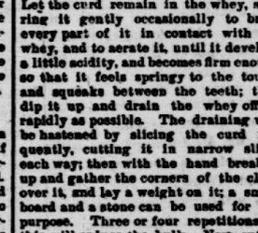
This is a simple affair, but it is a very useful suggestion, and serves a valuable purpose. It is most timely just now in view of the modern discoveries in regard to the nitrification of the soil and the certain development of nitrates from the free nitrogen of the atmosphere, made by Prof. Hellriegel, and corroborated by experiments of Sir J. R. Lawes during the last two years. Sir J. R. Lawes' reports, just now published, of his tests in 1889 and 1888 have satisfied him—as far as his extremely cautious and conservative habit of mind (a habit, by the way, which might most usefully be imitated by many other scientific experimenters) permits him to say—that Hellriegel's views are sound; for by the use of an infusion of soil under certain circumstances he found leguminous plants produced four or five times as much nitrogen as he expected, and that this came from the free nitrogen in the soil, through the actions of certain well recognized organisms.

Now the composting of organic matter with earth or available soil has long been known to produce large quantities of nitrates, as witness the old method of making saltpetre beds for the purpose of procuring this nitrate for the manufacture of gunpowder, a practice much used before the discoveries of the South American nitre deposits. Hence this so-called Brouwer method gives much present interest, just now. The soil must exist also in the atmosphere and be brought down by the rain, and it only requires a heap of manure to be composted with organic matter, with some available soil as the yeast, so to speak, to start the fermentation, and to moisten the heap with the highly nitrogenous liquid manure, and facilitate the passage through it of the atmosphere, which is doing its best to reduce the amount of air-space under the heap, to set this nitrifying agency at work, and to gather whatever of the atmospheric nitrogen can be made available.

The old plan and the new discovery fit together admirably, and the old farmer who has passed away yet leaves behind him his useful work, which should bring him a well-deserved reputation, but one of which unfortunately he never enjoyed the fruits. It is to be hoped that this old method may not be patented by some new discoverer who will tax the public for the work of his appropriation. Let this might happen, I desire to inform your many readers who may usefully put the method in practice before any royalty can be charged them for the use of it.

In these days of agricultural depression, every thing must count to reduce expenses and increase products. Millions of tons of liquid manure go to waste every year, every ton of which might yield twenty to thirty bushels of corn extra, or reduce the area of land cropped in proportion, and so lessen cost of production. All this may be saved most profitably in this way, and the saving of it will develop a habit of saving and utilizing other wastes to work up with it.—Henry Stewart, in Country Gentleman.

Simple and Improved Plows.  
Before the introduction of cast-iron plows, the implements in common use were mostly of wood, with iron shares, which a large part of the business of country blacksmiths was in sharpening the worn points. In half-civilized countries the plows were of various forms, mostly a sharpened piece of wood, with a rough beam and handle—something like the Moorish plow of the present time, Fig. 1. The "bull plow," largely



used during the early part of the present century in this country, was not greatly unlike the one still used in some parts of Europe, and represented by Fig. 2. The wearing parts, except the wooden mold-board, were more or less made of iron. It was one of this character, but well finished, that was exhibited on the occasion referred to by our correspondent.—Rural New Yorker.

Weight of Seeds.  
The following table gives the number of pounds contained in a bushel of the different grass seed, cleaned. Also the number of pounds required in sowing an acre of ground:

Grass	Lbs. to Bu.	Lbs. to Acre.
Red clover	30	15 to 18
White Dutch Clover	30	15 to 18
Alfalfa	30	15 to 18
Alsike	30	15 to 18
Timothy	30	15 to 18
Blue Top	30	15 to 18
Orchard Grass	30	15 to 18
Kentucky Blue Grass	30	15 to 18
Johnson Grass	30	15 to 18
English Blue Grass	30	15 to 18

Kentucky Blue Grass on the pasture year after year will gradually exhaust them.