

OUR WIT AND HUMOR.

LATEST PRODUCTIONS OF THE FUNNY WRITERS.

The Old Stage Driver Hears of a Washington Tragedy—How Mr. Rosenbatt Has Saved from Drowning—Witty Sayings.

Railing Passion.
Solomon Isaacs—Vell, Doctor, uf I've got to die, I die gonendet. My life vas insuret for ten thousand dollars.
Doctor—I think, with the aid of tonics, I can keep you alive for a week longer.
Solomon Isaacs—Dond't do it, doctor. Der bromium comes due der day afder to-morrow.

To Remove the Cause.
Primus—Collins has admitted that he drinks too much.
Secundus—Has he said he would reform?
Primus—Yes.
Secundus—What's his idea—Keeley Cure?
Primus—No; he will vote with the Prohibitionists hereafter.

Not the Same Bill.



Old Stage Driver—I wish I was in Washington. There's going to be a lynchin' bee and I'd like to take a hand. I read in the paper that they were goin' to kill "Silver Bill," who has been makin' trouble. I knowed him in Arizona before the war.—Texas Siftings.

A Scheme.
"May," he whispered, fondly, as they adjourned to the piazza: "I bought a house to day in the country."
"Oh, Tom," she murmured.
"Yes," he returned: "a beautiful little house—nice lawn—flower bed—chicken house—vine-covered piazza and trees."
"How lovely!" she cried. "And it is all ours, Tom—will be, I mean—all ours to do with just as we please? To paint whatever color we like, and select our own wall-paper?"
"Yes, my dear," he returned: "that's just it."
"And is it very far?" she asked.
"Too far for Ma-na to travel!"
He frowned over so slightly in the darkness.

Extra Precautions.
"suppose after the burning of the cold storage building the World's Fair managers are uneasy, eh?"
"Yes; in the art gallery they've ordered the water colors to be mixed up with the oil paintings for safety."

Asserted Herself.
Coroner—You say you told the hired girl to get out of the house the minute you discovered the fire, and she refused to go?
Mrs. Buradout—Yes, sir. She said she must have a month's notice before she'd think of leaving.—Puck.

Forewarned—Forearmed.
Brown—You didn't get that Federal appointment you were after.
Jones—(proudly)—No, sir. I'm un-awful by power and uncorrupted by patronage.

The Average Office-Seeker.
"So Jobson has asked the President to give him an English consularship. On what does he base his claims?"
"On his ability to speak the language."

Corsets for English "Lady Paupers."
One of the English newspapers recently got quite excited over the management, or, as it asserted, mismanagement, of the Mile End workhouse. One of the leading items of the list of charges was that the corsets which were supplied to the "lady paupers" were bought for 2s 6d a dozen, or about 3 cents each. Investigation, however, proved that the lady paupers had not been subjected to the indignity of wearing a cent corsets as their only visible support, for the managers conclusively proved that they had furnished a luxurious article costing over 35 cents. Upon this journalistic wrath was appeased.

Woman's Trust.
Venice, the bride of the sea, slumbered.
In the moonlight a youth pleaded with his innamorata to fly with him.
"Let us away in my gondola," he exclaimed, passionately.
She gazed into his love-warm eyes.
"Yes," she suddenly cried; "I am forced to trust thee! You—"
The last battlement of doubt before the citadel of her heart had been scaled.
"—Don't wobble the boat, will you, dearest?"
She paused not for reply, but stepped ably and gracefully.

How Egyptian Women Ride.
A description of the horseback riding of Egyptian women will not serve to render more popular the suggestion of Col. Dodge that American women adopt the same style. An Egyptian woman takes a man's saddle, shortens the stirrups until the leathers are only a couple of inches long, sits on the saddle as far forward as she can, crosses her feet to the rear, and rides solely from balance. Syrian women ride as men do.

That Was Different.
Fond Husband—Three hundred dollars for a dress? It is preposterous! You can not afford to wear such clothes!
Loving Wife—Why not, darling?
Fond Husband—Because the price is outrageous and I cannot afford to pay it.
Loving Wife—O, that's all right, dearie; I thought at first you said I couldn't afford to wear it.—Ex.

Logic Is Logic.
"May I call you Mae?"
"But you have known me such a short time."
Not on Exhibition.
Philanthropist (pushing through crowd around man who has fainted)—What ails this man?
Small Boy—He's been out o' work fer 'ree days, an' ain't had nothin' ter eat; dat's all.
Philanthropist—Do you know who he is?
Small Boy—Yes; he's Perfesser Bones, de sixty-day faster.

Economy Is Wealth.
Golski (dictating a letter)—My dear Mr. Schankelhausenheimer—
Miss Keytap—How do you spell that name?
Golski—S—c—h—; oh, py de vey, I dink you petter begin der letter "My Dear Sir," undt save de year und tear on demachine.

BREAD ON THE WATERS.

THE STORY TOLD BY AN OLD RAILROADER.

Kindly Acts, Like Chickens and Evil Deeds, Come Home to Roost—And This One Came Back in the Nick of Time.

"I don't believe a good action goes unrewarded," said an old railroad man the other day to the writer in St. Louis Republic.
"About twenty years ago I was shoveling black diamonds to oil the water in a locomotive on the Wabash railway between Lafayette, Ind., and Danville, Ill. Near Attica, Ind., there was an overhead wagon bridge across the track that had killed no less than five brakemen in five years, and one dark, stormy night in coming down the hill, I happened to remember that we had a green brakeman ahead, who was unacquainted with the road. I spoke to the engineer about it, but he said: 'Oh, let him go; he's all right.'"
"But I didn't feel like letting a fellow mortal taking any such chances, and started back over the train, crawling from car to car in the Egyptian darkness and came near being blown off several times, as it was blowing great guns, and old No. 53 was fanning that train fifty miles an hour down the summit. Back twelve cars from the engine I found 'Braksey,' who was tall, handsome as a man as you could find in a thousand, and he was twisting up the shack of those brake-chains with neatness and dispatch, while the wheels made a regular torch-light procession along the rails. He was badly scared when he first discovered me by the light of his old lantern, crawling along the running board, with my face as black as the ace of spades from the dusty diemons.

"Sit down! Sit down!" I cried, so loud that I almost imagined the whistle was sounding for Attica; and down he sat, so hard and quick that he bit his tongue, and the next moment we flew under the bridge, while his lamp seemed to burn brighter as it disclosed those heavy timbers over our heads that had killed many poor br kemen. He came near fainting when he clasped my hand, and we sat for several moments on the wet deck of the car, and neither of us spoke a single word, but we were as white around the eyes as the ghost of Hamlet's father.

"Six years afterward I was in Fort Wayne, Ind., at the Wabash depot one morning, the most disconsolate man on God's earth. I had been hurt on the road several years before, was unable to work and was trying to get back to old Lafayette, Ind., as I thought, to die. I was hungry and tired and didn't have a cent in the world, and to see the people step up to the lunch counter and call for hot coffee that was smelling to heaven was enough to set a poor flat-broke invalid crazy. I had begun to think that all my friends had been conveniently translated bodily from earth to heaven, when a tall, handsome conductor, with a silver lamp and gold-banded cap, approached me and inquired:

"Didn't you fire an engine about five years ago on the Western Division of the Wabash?"
"Yes, I replied, and it was a sorry day that I ever went to railroading."
"Do you recognize me?"
"No, sir. And yet I thought his face began to assume the angelic."
"Well, I will refresh your memory. Do you recollect of risking your life one dark, stormy night in crawling over a freight train to warn a green brakeman about a dangerous overhead bridge below Attica?"
"You bet I do! But you're not Billy, the brakeman!"
"No, sir! No more Billy in mine; it's Will—sweet Will—conductor on the through passenger," and he broke out into a musical laugh that nearly rattled the dishes on the lunch counter.

"The tears came to my eyes in spite of me, for I was weak, weary and heart-sick. He noticed them, and clasping my hand, said in the sweetest words that ever fell on mortal ears:
"Come, come! Shut her off and oil the valves," and he led me to a stool at the lunch counter, and said:
"Now, you sit here and fill up. Let a few biscuits hit the chair and you will be all right again."
"He stepped into the despatcher's office to get his orders, while I poured down coffee that would discount the nectar of the gods. He appeared in about ten minutes and said: 'All aboard for Lafayette!' took me by the arm and led me to a coach, and then stepped back to the platform and waved his moss-agate at the engineer. I curled up in the seat when the train started to hide the tears that kept welling up in my eyes and for the first time in twenty long years, I could have cried like a baby. I believe in a special providence since that terrible night and the morning I was heart-broken. And Bill is still pulling a bell-rod in the vanished cars on the Wabash."

Spectacles for Horses.
A well-known firm of opticians in London manufacture specially constructed spectacles to be worn by horses. The object is to promote "high stepping." Horse spectacles, we learn, are made of stiff leather, quite inclosing the eyes of the horse, and the glasses employed are deep concave and large in size. The effect is to give the ground in front of the horse the appearance of being raised; the animal, therefore, steps high, thinking he is going up hill, or has to step over an obstacle in front of him. If the system is persevered with when the animal is young the effect is said to be marvelous. Many horses it is alleged, could be materially improved by a visit to the optician, and it is recommended that the sight of all

horses should be tested. This particularly applies to valuable hunters, which are found optically unfit for their work, when a little artificial assistance would make them as useful as ever. Apart from this consideration, many vices, it is believed, might be cured by means of eye-glasses. The cause of shying is, as a rule, short sight.

HISTORIC HEAT.
Years When Great Rivers Run Dry and Shops Closed Their Doors.
In 1303 and 1304 the Rhine, Loire and Seine ran dry. It seemed as if New York was on fire in 1853. The thermometer ranged from 92 to 97 degrees for five or six days. During the heated term 214 persons were killed of sunstroke. In France in 1718 many shops had to close. Theatres did not open their doors for three months. Not a drop of water fell during six months. In 1773 the thermometer rose to 118 degrees. The heat in several of the French provinces during the summer of 1705 was equal to that of a glass furnace. Meat could be prepared for the table merely by exposing it to the sun. Not a soul dare venture out between noon and 4 p. m. In 1800 Spain was visited by a sweltering temperature that is described as fearful. Madrid and other cities were deserted and the streets silent. Laborers died in the fields, and the vines were scorched and blasted as if by a simoon. The year 1872 was a fearful one in New York. One hundred and fifty-five cases of sunstroke occurred on July 4, of which 72 proved fatal. The principal thoroughfares were like fields of battle. Men fell by the score, and ambulances were in constant requisition. In 1778 the heat of Bologna was so great that numbers of people were stifled. In July, 1793, the heat again became intolerable. Vegetables were burned up and fruit dried on the trees. The furniture and woodwork in dwelling houses cracked and split, and meat went bad in an hour. A disastrous hot wave swept through Europe in June, 1851. The thermometer in Hyde Park, London, indicated from 90 to 94 degrees in the shade. In the Champs des Mars, during a review, soldiers by the score fell victims to sunstroke, and at Aldershot, England, men dropped dead while at drill. In July, 1876, intense heat began to make its power felt throughout the middle and southern states. In Washington the heat was frightful. Gen. Sherman declared that the car rails became so expanded by the action of the sun as to rise up in curved lines, drawing the bolts. In one instance the rails burst away from the bolts and left the track entirely.—American Cultivator.

"NOW SQUIRM, OLD NATUR."
A Stingy Old Man Who Fought Himself and Won.
It is sometimes said that a man's sincerity of purpose is proved if he puts his hand in his pocket-book. Certainly the old American of the following anecdote proved his. He was a stingy man, and sat listening to a charity sermon. As he was nearly deaf, he was accustomed to sit facing the congregation, directly under the pulpit, with his ear-trumpet directed upward toward the preacher. The sermon that day moved him. He had a habit of communing aloud with himself, and as the sermon proceeded, he said: "I'll give ten dollars." Then he said: "I'll give fifteen." At the close of the appeal he was greatly affected, and declared he would give fifty dollars; but when the boxes began their rounds, his generosity quickly oozed away. He came down from fifty to twenty, to ten, to five, and finally said, "I guess I won't give nothing to-day." As the box moved nearer to him, he again soliloquized: "Yet this won't do. Who knows how much may depend on this? This covetousness may be my ruin." The box was coming nearer and nearer. The crisis was upon him. What should he do? The box was under his chin—the congregation were looking. He had been holding his pocket-book in his hand during his soliloquy, which, unconsciously to himself, had been audible to his near neighbors. At the final moment he took his pocket-book and laid it in the box, saying as he did so, "Now squirm, old natur!"

Both Were Slightly Rattled.
"I'm in a hurry," said a Bloomer farmer rushing into one of our hardware stores yesterday; "just got time to catch the train. Give me a corn-popper quick!"
"All right, sir," replied the clerk.
"Do you want a large pop-corn?"
"No, just a medium-sized—an ordinary pop-copper."
"How will this pop-copper do?"
"Is that a pop-copper?"
"Yes. But you are getting a little rattled. You mean a corn-popper—no, a pop-copper—no a—"
"I mean a con-popper."
"Oh, yes, a con-popper."
"Yes, be quick! Give me a pop-cooner, and be quick!"
"All right. Here's your pun-cooper."
—Chippewa Falls Independent.

Evils of the Quick Lunch.
More rows are caused in the business world by indigestion than even the doctors know anything about. Our business men rise in a hurry, eat breakfast in a hurry and then hurry down town. Towards 1 o'clock they rush out to get a dose of underdone beef, the half of a mince pie, and a cup of strong coffee, and hurry back to their offices, feeling as though they would like to fight somebody. Some one comes in who has lunched on the same style of victuals and in the same haste to discuss a plain business proposition. They are feeling cross and sour and get to quarrelling. Each thinks the other is crank and both are wrong. It was the lunch.—St. Louis Globe.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.
THE FARMERS' MISMANAGEMENT OF MEADOWS.
Using too Little Seed When Sown Broadcast—Raising Turkeys—Cheese Poisoning—Farm Notes and Domestic Helps.

Mistakes in Managing Meadows.
The American farmer is more remiss in the matter of seeding his land with forage crops than in any other important branch of husbandry. Cereal seeding is usually done with considerable care. The quantity of seed per acre is carefully measured out, and effort made at even distribution. The growth is watched to maturity, to ascertain whether the seeding was too thick or too thin, and by this means a quite correct gauge for the next seeding is obtained, the object being to get a rate that will produce seed and mature all the plants the land is capable of doing and no more. But when seeding with the grasses and clovers, little heed is paid to required kinds and quantity for best results, and generally not much to even and thorough distribution. A person would be considered by some as a proper subject for the lunatic asylum if he should state that not one farmer in four hundred knows what kinds of grass-seeds it is best for him to sow, how much, or the best way to sow them; yet as may be shown presently, he would not be far out of the way who should make such a statement.

It is a bad practice to drill in timothy seed with grain, or even alone, says a writer in the Country Gentleman. The roots of the plant spread very little. When drilled in, the plants come up in streaks and remain so long as they exist. They are "in a rut," as it were, from which they never get out. Roots do not fill in the spaces between the streaks and this much of the ground remains unoccupied. After the crop is mowed, timothy is a long time in starting up afresh. Sowed in this manner, even good land rarely produces over a ton of hay to the acre, because the soil is not all filled; and yet this method continues to be practiced largely.

Another great error is in using too little seed when it is sown broadcast, even if clover is to be added. The usual way is to sow timothy with wheat in the fall and add clover the next spring. If for meadow, when cut the ensuing year the crop will be all clover, scarcely a spear of timothy being noticeable. The year after that the clover will have disappeared and the crop is timothy. How is that? Clover is a biennial and it died out the second season. The first season it outgrew and over-spread the timothy, and kept it so short and fine that it was not noticed. Timothy is a perennial if it has a chance to be, and clover can be kept growing right along with it if desired. After cutting the crop the first time keep all cattle off. Let the second crop of that season seed and drop on the ground. To this every year and the hay will be half clover and half timothy continually.

But the temptation to remove the second crop of clover by grazing, or "or seed or for "rown" is so great, that it is the custom to do it. Then there remains for subsequent meadow or pasture the field seeded with timothy, but never half thick enough. Roots do not fill the ground and cover the surface as they should, but stand in stools here and there like lone sentinels. In soil that heaves, the frost has fine opportunity to throw out these isolated stools; whereas, had the seed been sown thick enough, so that the roots would have become confluent, inter-twining and interlocking, covering the ground completely, frost would have less opportunity to enter; and it would not be at all likely to do any damage in this manner, for it could hardly throw up the entire surface. Thick seeding prevents heaving, if care has been observed to get the grasses or clovers well established before winter sets in.

How to sow the seed is a pertinent question. It has already been shown that drilling it in is an error. Some like the broadcast sower on wheels, and some the wheelbarrow sower; but I could never have any use for either. A man skilled in the business can sow by hand as many acres in a day as any machine can, and if he is an expert in the business, he will distribute the seed as evenly and oftentimes better; but this is a business, not indolent, careless man should attempt.

Tender Turkey.
Probably no other farm stock can be made to yield larger returns on money invested than turkeys. Many persons are deterred from trying to raise them because of tenderness of the young. There need be little loss from this cause if certain points are carefully observed for the first seven or eight weeks of the poult's life. These are: Roomy rainproof coops in a dry sunny spot. Precautions against vermin by dusting the mother plentifully with insect powder a few days before hatching time and oiling her head and neck lightly with hen fat or oil. When the young are hatched dust them with the powder and anoint each little head with not more than a drop of the oil; grease in quantity is injurious. Feed four times a day the first two weeks with dry wheat bread dampened with sweet milk and crumbed with hard-boiled eggs, adding occasionally a pinch of onion, parsley or dandelion, chopped fine. After the second week the little turks will thrive finely on drained sour-milk curd and baked oatmeal, middlings or johnny-cake. Do not give sloppy food. Drink should be given in vessels so shallow that only their bills can get wet. Lastly, after the first week, give all the freedom possi-

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Welfare of the Sheep.
An experienced sheep-raiser advises farmers to put sheep on all the waste places of their farms—a hillside, a marsh, a wasted or worn spot, or an acre or more of hazel brush, upon which taxes are being paid and from which little or no benefit is derived. The poorest acre will pasture at least one sheep, and that sheep will give a fleece worth from \$1.50 to \$2.50, a lamb worth from \$3 to \$5, thus making the hitherto worthless acre pay a revenue of \$5 or \$6, while at the same time the soil will be enriched and made capable in a few years of supporting double the number of sheep.—Rural World.

Farm Notes.
If any one is surpassing you find out how.
Vigor is the result of comfort and good feeding.
Liberal feeding and good care produce a liberal return.
Study to know the best variety of food for your animals.
The excellence of a breed often leads to carelessness in selections.
The skin is an index to an animal's condition; it should be smooth and sleek.
There is no crop that pays a better crop in manure, than good hay. Feed all out to stock.
In nearly all cases, a better stand of clover can be secured by being prepared to sow the seed early.
Bran and oil meal are not only good feeds, but they materially increase the value of the manure.
In the majority of cases, it is better to allow barnyard manure to rot in the land rather than in the heap.
There are rations that are best for growing animals, and there are rations that are best for fattening for market.
Clover, corn, oats and wheat make a good four years' rotation, and properly managed, will not crop out the fertility.
Keep the wagons and buggies well oiled. One day's running does more damage than a whole week's work when properly oiled.
With hay, straw and fodder for roughness, and corn, oats, bran and shorts, with a little oil meal for grain, a good variety should be had at a low cost.

Domestic Helps.
To make a celery omelet take two eggs, two tablespoons milk, two tablespoons chopped celery, salt and pepper to taste. Beat the yolks till thick, add milk, celery and seasoning. Beat the whites stiff, and fold and cut them into the yolks. Cook in hot buttered pan till brown underneath. Place in the oven till dry on top. Fold over and turn out.
After cleaning a fish thoroughly, let it stand in salt water for two or three hours. Rub it well inside and out, with pepper. Make a dressing of bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of butter, a small onion chopped fine, pepper and salt to suit taste. Stuff the fish with this dressing, and tie or sew up. Put it in the pan, with water enough to cover. Sprinkle it over with flour, and put in a small piece of butter. Bake slowly one hour. Garnish with hard-boiled eggs.
Here is an excellent recipe for cream toast, one pint milk or cream, two even tablespoons flour, two tablespoons butter, one-half teaspoon salt, six slices dry toast. Heat the milk, melt the butter in a granite saucepan, add the flour, mix well, and stir in one-third of the milk. Stir till it thickens and is smooth, then add the remainder gradually. Add the salt. Dip the dry toast quickly in hot salted water, put it in a deep dish, and pour the thickened cream over each slice.
Take a little nicely flavored brown gravy, and put it into a shallow plate-dish which has been well buttered. Place it in the oven, and let it remain until it boils, then take it out and break into it many eggs as will lie side by side together. Sprinkle seasoned bread crumbs over all, and place the dish again in the oven until the eggs are set. Have ready one or two rounds of toast. Take the egg up carefully with a slice, lay them on the toast, pour the gravy over all, and serve hot.
A Welsh "rabbit" is usually made of cheese melted in ale, but rich milk can substituted. Cut half a pound of American cheese up in bits; add a tablespoonful of butter, and stir the cheese and butter till they are melted to a smooth paste. Pour over all a gill of rich milk, add pinch of cayenne pepper, mix well, and pour the whole over thick slices of toast, slightly wet with boiled milk. Add a slice of onion, and a "golden buck" diff. Only from an ordinary "rabbit" in the condition of a poached egg to each slice of toast. If two thin slices of "crit" are added to a "golden buck" and a "chickin buck," Welsh rabbit is times prepared by melting the cheese and the toast by setting it in the oven.

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To make a celery omelet take two eggs, two tablespoons milk, two tablespoons chopped celery, salt and pepper to taste. Beat the yolks till thick, add milk, celery and seasoning. Beat the whites stiff, and fold and cut them into the yolks. Cook in hot buttered pan till brown underneath. Place in the oven till dry on top. Fold over and turn out.
After cleaning a fish thoroughly, let it stand in salt water for two or three hours. Rub it well inside and out, with pepper. Make a dressing of bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of butter, a small onion chopped fine, pepper and salt to suit taste. Stuff the fish with this dressing, and tie or sew up. Put it in the pan, with water enough to cover. Sprinkle it over with flour, and put in a small piece of butter. Bake slowly one hour. Garnish with hard-boiled eggs.
Here is an excellent recipe for cream toast, one pint milk or cream, two even tablespoons flour, two tablespoons butter, one-half teaspoon salt, six slices dry toast. Heat the milk, melt the butter in a granite saucepan, add the flour, mix well, and stir in one-third of the milk. Stir till it thickens and is smooth, then add the remainder gradually. Add the salt. Dip the dry toast quickly in hot salted water, put it in a deep dish, and pour the thickened cream over each slice.
Take a little nicely flavored brown gravy, and put it into a shallow plate-dish which has been well buttered. Place it in the oven, and let it remain until it boils, then take it out and break into it many eggs as will lie side by side together. Sprinkle seasoned bread crumbs over all, and place the dish again in the oven until the eggs are set. Have ready one or two rounds of toast. Take the egg up carefully with a slice, lay them on the toast, pour the gravy over all, and serve hot.
A Welsh "rabbit" is usually made of cheese melted in ale, but rich milk can substituted. Cut half a pound of American cheese up in bits; add a tablespoonful of butter, and stir the cheese and butter till they are melted to a smooth paste. Pour over all a gill of rich milk, add pinch of cayenne pepper, mix well, and pour the whole over thick slices of toast, slightly wet with boiled milk. Add a slice of onion, and a "golden buck" diff. Only from an ordinary "rabbit" in the condition of a poached egg to each slice of toast. If two thin slices of "crit" are added to a "golden buck" and a "chickin buck," Welsh rabbit is times prepared by melting the cheese and the toast by setting it in the oven.

Welfare of the Sheep.
An experienced sheep-raiser advises farmers to put sheep on all the waste places of their farms—a hillside, a marsh, a wasted or worn spot, or an acre or more of hazel brush, upon which taxes are being paid and from which little or no benefit is derived. The poorest acre will pasture at least one sheep, and that sheep will give a fleece worth from \$1.50 to \$2.50, a lamb worth from \$3 to \$5, thus making the hitherto worthless acre pay a revenue of \$5 or \$6, while at the same time the soil will be enriched and made capable in a few years of supporting double the number of sheep.—Rural World.

Farm Notes.
If any one is surpassing you find out how.
Vigor is the result of comfort and good feeding.
Liberal feeding and good care produce a liberal return.
Study to know the best variety of food for your animals.
The excellence of a breed often leads to carelessness in selections.
The skin is an index to an animal's condition; it should be smooth and sleek.
There is no crop that pays a better crop in manure, than good hay. Feed all out to stock.
In nearly all cases, a better stand of clover can be secured by being prepared to sow the seed early.
Bran and oil meal are not only good feeds, but they materially increase the value of the manure.
In the majority of cases, it is better to allow barnyard manure to rot in the land rather than in the heap.
There are rations that are best for growing animals, and there are rations that are best for fattening for market.
Clover, corn, oats and wheat make a good four years' rotation, and properly managed, will not crop out the fertility.
Keep the wagons and buggies well oiled. One day's running does more damage than a whole week's work when properly oiled.
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