

Saving the Manure.

DIFFERENT METHODS OF PERFORMING THIS IMPORTANT WORK.

There is as great a difference in the way two men will save manure on a farm as in the way they will care for their stock or raise their crops. One farmer will recognize the value of the manure and will add straw and all sorts of refuse, working them in and incorporating them together so as to make an excellent article. Such a method was systematically carried out on a farm where the writer visited this summer. Nothing was wasted either inside the house or out. Whatever was not of value for pigs or chickens was set aside for the compost heap. It did not matter how trifling the amount, it always found its way there during the course of the day. As a result the owner is steadily bringing up a run down farm at the yearly expenditure of a very small sum for commercial fertilizers, while his next door neighbor, with originally better land, larger means and a more extended experience, is rapidly becoming bankrupt.

The change in their circumstances is being brought about by their different methods of handling the manure question. The old farmer is going on in the old rut he got into 20 years ago, when the land was virgin and the prices of farm products high. Labor was high, too, then, and he economized by moving his animals about, feeding here and there in odd corners in the woods or along the roads, wherever it happened to be convenient, or where it would save the trouble of cleaning up afterwards, for he regarded the manure as simply a waste product.

These habits cling to him still to a far greater extent than he is aware of. He thinks that he saves his manure, or at least, "all that is worth the bother," but fully one half of it is still lost and the remainder is thrown out, to be leached by every passing storm, while the insufficiency of bedding causes an almost total loss of the liquid manure. Though this farmer keeps double the amount of stock that his careful neighbor does, he has always fewer loads of manure to haul. He says he cannot understand it, and gets very indignant at the suggestion that he, a farmer born and bred, can learn anything from an engraver, whose failing health and sight have driven him to an out door life. Yet the beginner is always doing better than the old farmer. He says his only strong point is his manure heap, but it struck me that he is succeeding because that same care is bestowed on every part of the farm. He finds nothing too much trouble, and consequently there are no leaks to run away with the profits.—C. D. Bell, in *New York World*.

Carrots for Milch Cows.

The feeding of roots to cows in winter is generally productive of good results when fed in moderation. They exercise a very beneficial effect upon the digestive organs and thus upon the general health of the animal. The tendency is to increase the appetite and thereby enable the animal to produce more milk. Carrots are perhaps more largely raised for the feeding of horses than for cattle, for just what reason we do not know, except perhaps that horses are more fond of carrots than of any other kind of roots. They can be nearly as cheaply raised as other roots and are more valuable than turnips. Allen, in his *American Farm Book*, says that carrots "are good for working cattle, and unsurpassed for milch cows, producing a great flow of milk and a rich yellow cream." A half bushel of carrots each day per cow would be a very desirable addition to a ration of hay and grain, and will no doubt increase the quantity of milk and probably improve the color of cream and butter made from the milk, provided some yellow variety of the carrot is used.—Director C. O. Fagg, R. I. Exp. Sta.

Preserving Fodder Without a Silo.

The Vermont Experiment station at Burlington has had the best of success for several years in the curing of corn fodder outside the silo by stooking without husking, in very large stooks, containing anywhere from a ton upward in a stook. When the stalks were thus set up the tops were drawn together as tightly as two men could do it with a large rope and then bound with cord. After they had stood and shrunk for about a fortnight, the bands were tightened. This served to keep the rain and snow out quite completely and the fodder kept excellently well. When the last was fed out in the spring some time after the snow was gone, it was still bright green in the middle of the stooks and showed no signs of heating or decay. Two extensive trials have shown more value when the ears were left on the stalks than when they were husked.

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A RUNAWAY

Or an upset may damage your buggy or waggon, perhaps only slightly, perhaps so badly that you will want a new one. In either case the best thing to do is to go to S. S. Gainer's, where repairing and repainting are done in the best style, and where the best kind of vehicles can be had at prices to suit the times. Shop on Francis Street East, next door to Knox's blacksmith shop.

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A Tale of a Ring.

At 9 o'clock last Saturday evening Algernon stood at the front door of the house of the girl he loved, but to whom he dared not say the word.

For a long time he had been sparring for points, but to the bashful these things do not appear in a clear light, even though they clearly exist.

He had rung the bell once, twice, thrice, but there had been no answer.

Nervously he stretched forth his hand to ring again when the door was opened by the one being in all the world who made his life worth living.

"Why, Algernon," she exclaimed, "if I had thought it was you I wouldn't have kept you standing out in the cold so long."

He thought of how he had been standing out in the cold, and wondered when the courage would come to him to go in out of it.

"You know," she continued, as she drew him inside and closed the door, "the servants are out to-night, and some of the family have to answer the front doorbell."

He thought he saw a chance to make a start in the right direction without alarming her. That had been the trouble all the time with Algernon. He was in mortal terror of frightening the girl by some emotional precipitancy or other, and thus destroying his hopes forever.

"Why, Miss Dora," he said, in tender, insinuating tones, "don't you know my ring yet?"

She looked down at her empty fingers, where no jewelled setting shone, and then looked up into Algernon's face.

"No, Algernon," she said, blushing, "I do not. But don't you think it is almost time that I did?"—*New York Sun*.

Trouble with an Editor.

Stranger—So you have no paper in this town?

Native—No, sir. We did have one, but it wasn't run right, and we were glad to get rid of it.

"What was the matter?"

"Wall, in the first place, the editor didn't allers treat folks right. He'd call one gall young and handsome, and slurringly refer to another gall as just pretty, leavin' it ter be inferred she wasn't pretty enough ter be called handsome, and she might be as old as Methuselah. Wall, that made trouble, an' after that when Farmer Hayseed and Farmer Fallow both left the same sort of stuff on his table, he gave Fallow two lines more than the other."

"Yes."

"Wall, things kept gettin' wuss and wuss, until General Oldman up on the hill died, and got half a column obituary notice all about the Mexican war and things, while my uncle Jake, just as good a man, who never left the farm, but tended to his duties like a Christian, an' was a pillar of the church, got only a quarter of a column. You better believe, me an' my friends felt hurt."

"I suppose so."

"Wall, we begun inquiring around about this editor, and we discovered that, while he was chargin' us for every little two line advertisement we put in, he was printin' a hull column about his job office for nothing. That raised a breeze, I tell you."

"No doubt."

"After that, things came ter a head. The feller commenced stoppin' the paper on them wat didn't pay their subscriptions. Then we rose in our might an' druv him out o' town."—*New York Weekly*.

A Cheerful Prospect.

A nervous young minister, in visiting a neighboring village, had an unpleasant experience. The old lady at whose house he stayed, in showing him to his room, said:

"It ain't anybody I'd put in this room. This here room is full of sacred associations to me," she went on. "My first husband died in that bed with his head on these pillows, and poor Mr. Jenks died sitting in that corner. Sometimes when I come into the room in the dark I think I see him sitting there still. My own father died layin' right on that lounge right under the window there. Poor pa, he was a Spiritualist, and he allus said he'd appear in this room after he died, and sometimes I am foolish enough to look for him. If you should see anything of him to night you'd better not tell me. It'd be a sign to me that there was something in Spiritualism, and I'd hate to think that. My son by my first man fell down dead of heart disease right where you now stand. He was a doctor, and there are two whole skeletons in that closet there belonging to him, and half a dozen skulls in that lower drawer. If you are up early in the morning, and want something to amuse yourself with before breakfast, just open that cupboard there, and you will find a collection of dead men's bones. My poor boy thought a lot of them. Well, good night, and pleasant dreams."