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## TRIED FRIENDS.

Said a thief to a wit, "There's no knowing one's friends,  
Until they've been tried and found steady."  
Said the wit to the thief, "All yours, I presume,  
Have been tried and found guilty already."

## FARMING IN DAKOTA.

"Yes, sir," resumed the Dakota man, as the crowd of agriculturists drew back from the bar and seated themselves around a little table, "yes, sir, we do things on a rather sizable scale. I've seen a man on one of our big farms start out in the spring and plow a straight furrow until fall. Then he turned round and harvested back."

"Carry his grub with him?" asked a Brooklyn farmer, who raises cabbage on the outskirts.

"No, sir. They follow him up with a steam hotel and have relays of men to change plows for him. We have some big farms up there, gentlemen. A friend of mine owned one on which he had to give a mortgage, and I pledge you my word, the mortgage was due on one end before they could get it recorded at the other. You see it was laid off in counties.

There was a murmur of astonishment, and the Dakota man continued:

"I got a letter from a man who lives in my orchard, just before I left home, and it had been three weeks getting to the dwelling-house, though it traveled day and night."

"Distances are pretty wide up there, ain't they?" inquired a New Utrecht agriculturist.

"Reasonably, reasonably," replied the Dakota man; "and the worst of it is, it breaks up families so. Two years ago I saw a whole family prostrated with grief, women yelling, children howling and dogs barking. One of my men had his camp truck packed on seven four-mule teams, and he was around bidding everybody good-bye."

"Where was he going?" asked a Gravesend man.

"He was going half way across the farm to feed the pigs," replied the Dakota man.

"Did he ever get back to his family?"

"It isn't time for him yet," returned the Dakota gentleman. "Up there we send young married couples to milk the cows and their children bring home the milk."

"I understand you have fine min's up that way," ventured a Jamaica turnip planter.

"Yes, but we only use the quartz for fencing," said the Dakota man, testing the blade of his knife with his thumb, preparatory to whetting it on his boot. "It don't pay to crush it, because we can make more money on wheat. I put in 8900 townships in wheat last spring."

"How many acres would that be?"

"We don't count by acres. We count by townships and counties. My yield was \$68,000,000 on wheat alone, and I'm thinking of breaking up from 80 to 100 more counties next season."

"How do you get the help for such extensive operations?" asked the New Utrecht man.

"Oh, labor is cheap," replied the Dakota man. "You can get all you want for from \$29 to \$47 a day. In fact I never paid over \$38.

"Is land cheap?"

"No, land is high. Not that it costs anything, for it don't; but under the laws of the territory you have got to take so much or none. I was in luck. Had a friend at Yankton who got a bill through the legislature allowing me to take 420,000 square miles, which is the smallest farm there, though it is—"

"Look here," said the barkeeper, as the eastern husbandmen strolled out in a bunch to consider the last statement, "Is all this thing you've been telling true?"

"Certainly," responded the western man; "at least it is a modification of what I saw in a Dakota paper that was wrapped around a pair of shoes last night. I didn't dare put it as strong as the paper did for no one would believe it. You can slate that last round of drinks and I'll pay in the morning. I live right here on Myrtle avenue."

## CURIOUS FACTS.

The key of a safe in a railroad office at Joliet, Ill., was lost, and, there being no honest locksmith in town of sufficient skill, a well known bank burglar was employed to pick the lock.

A Southern paper says that a gentleman of its State has been presented with a curiosity. It is an ordinary walnut which either grew around a nugget of gold or the nugget grew in it. At any rate the gold is there, deeply imbedded in the kernel.