

A JOLLY FARMER'S LIFE.

It is a frequent saying that in the winter a farmer has nothing to do but enjoy himself; that when the blizzards send in their cards he can draw his chair up to the stove put his feet in the oven, and spend the day reading the *Mail* and *Church Herald* and other moral works. According to tradition, this occupation is only disturbed when he adjourns to the table and banquets on mince pies and divers meats. This is all a mistake.

A close observer will see the industrious farmer crawl out of bed four hours before daylight, soften his boots with a hammer and commence his day's work with a lantern in one hand and a bucket of frozen slop in the other. He has from one to a thousand hogs, which shove their noses in his face, and tip the contents of his bucket on him, where it freezes until it looks like a skating rink. When he has escaped from the hog pen he hunts up six or seven buckets, and crawls through a wire fence to milk twenty-seven cows. These animals wait until he has the bucket nearly filled, when they kick it over, aiming so that it will kalsomine such parts of his clothing as the hogs spared. Now and then they vary the monotony by kicking him instead of the bucket, which makes him feel tired and homesick. When the cows have been milked he goes to feed the horses and finds the sorrel mare doubled up with the colic. He then has to mix up a lot of aconite and water, which he attempts to pour down the animal's mouth, when it hits him on the teeth with his front foot and makes him wish he had never been born. He works round all morning with the old mare and then proceeds to curry the dun mules, which try to see which can work the hardest, and by the time he is through he feels as though he had passed through a corn sheller. When he has fed the hens and watered the cattle and hunted three hours for a twenty cent pig and chopped half a cord of elm for the house and carried forty buckets of water to the horses and shelled three bushels of corn by hand and shoveled a road through ten feet of snow and milked the cows and curried the mules and doctored the old mare again in the evening, he goes to bed and gets up again in the morning four hours before daylight and commences the whole thing over again.

PUZZLED PIGS.

Throughout the forest regions of the Alleghany mountains is found the staked and ridered brush fence, made from the trees and brush growing on the line where the fence is constructed. Ever changing in appearance, no two rods being alike, yet preserving the identity; here and there forming a picturesque scene with its clumps of pokeberry, brambles and shrubs, it is the home of birds and squirrels and the tempter of breachy cows. One farmer, in constructing a fence of this kind, had placed a crooked, hollow log at the bottom, with one end opening into the cornfield and the other into the woods adjoining. When the corn was ripening, he was much annoyed by several shoats that kept entering the field, but where they got in baffled detection, till their trail was discovered leading to the hollow

log. The log was then turned over so that both ends opened into the woods, and the boys hid near by to await the shoats' return. Grunting with satisfaction at the prospects for more delicious roasting ears, they soon arrived, and the leader, followed by the rest, dove into the log, expecting of course to emerge into the cornfield. But astonished at coming out on the wrong side again and again they raced through the log, until all with a puzzled look gave up the trial, and in only such language as pigs, expressed their dissatisfaction, much to the enjoyment of the boys.—*American Agriculturist for October.*

GAME IN AND OUT OF SEASON.

The game laws of several States contain penalties not only against killing game out of season but also against selling, disposing of, or having it in possession during the close time. The question has arisen whether they apply when the game was killed during the open season of the State, where the penalty is sought to be enforced, or has been brought from another State where it is lawful to have it in possession. The decisions on this point are conflicting. "The mandate is that 'any person having in his or her possession' between certain dates certain specified game, killed, shall be liable to penalty." The when or the place where the game was killed or when brought within the State, or where from is not made material by the statute, and we have no power to make it so. State laws forbidding the transportation of game during close seasons do not infringe the right of Congress to regulate interstate commerce. But a State law forbidding transportation into or out of a State of game killed or captured during the open season of the State making the law is unconstitutional. If a statute prohibits "killing or taking" birds, etc., taking means "catching" not "taking away." And if prohibits having "in possession any bird of game," it includes live as well as dead birds. If the law prohibits hunting or trapping game on Sunday, a man who sets a snare on a week day and leaves it open on the following Sunday is liable, if game be caught therein on that day, even though he did not then watch over his snare.—*American Agriculturist For October.*

HOW SIOUX JUVENILES BREAK PONIES.

The Sioux, like many other Indians on the plains, are bred from infancy to handle horses. When but papooses they are hung on the saddle bow, and I have frequently seen them, when not more than five or six years of age, girls as well as boys, riding their ponies like mad at full gallop. The manner of subduing a pony I have often witnessed on the plains, and one who now visits the Sioux Indians in their Dakota reservations may find children similarly employed in breaking colts. The boys and girls together take a young colt when only three or four years old and begin with him. A lariat is tied Indian fashion with a slip noose to the under jaw. A small bundle is then placed upon the colt's back, or the children arrange a pair of light trevice poles over the colt's shoulders, letting the ends drag on the ground; then the poles are tied on his back, and attached to a wicker-work platform or

basket, and a weight is placed in it. Sometimes in place of a weight three or four dogs are put into the wicker, and very often the children get in. The colt runs and plunges and kicks in all directions, then lies down and rolls over. Sometimes three or four children will climb upon his back, and by and by such a tumbling scene is witnessed as would make every boy and girl reader of the *American Agriculturist* cry with laughter—the children flying one way and blankets the other.—W. M. CARY in *American Agriculturist for October.*

AN INDIAN LEGEND OF AN ECHO.

"O! O! O! O!"

"Ugh, Great Rock talks," said the Indian guide impressively, as the echoes came rolling back from the sides of old Mount Shasta.

"Living rock mock white man and red man," he continued, after a long silence.

"But the rocks are not alive," ventured a young member of the party.

"Wuh," grunted the red man, with a shrug of indifference and conviction.

For half an hour the little burros toiled patiently over the foothills.

"Rocks all alive once," said the guide abruptly. "Some dead now. Indian die and go to Land of Smoke (the sky). Rock die him dead forever. Once Great Rock loved Indian maiden, Uenainee. She dance on his bosom and love brave chief. Great Rock then burn with hate. Little-Spirit-Very-Thirsty, (a whirlwind), hunting water, find maiden. Carry her to the land of the Great Mole Spirit (the mountains). Brave weep O! O! in the valley. Great Rock mock him O! O! from the mountain.—*Chicago News.*

On his trip to the West, Sir John A. Macdonald alighted at Swift Current for a short time. There was at that place at the time a brigade of sixty or seventy carts awaiting freight for Battleford which attracted considerable attention, it being the first outfit of the kind that Sir John had seen.

"Now, Effie, I am going to allow you to sit at the table with all the company; but you must not forget to be polite and say, 'Yes, please and 'No, thank you.'" Effie, (with an unlimited capacity for dinner)—"All right, ma; but I go to bed. I shall have to say, 'No, thank you.'"—

A DOMESTIC QUESTION.

He—I wonder when you will be able to set as good a table as my mother does?

She—By the time you are able to provide as good a table as your mother does' my dear.

A New Jersey girl has eloped with an Indian. The manner in which our Government permits the Indians to be imposed upon by the white race is shameful.—*Norristown Herald.*

The Methodist Church of Canada now owns over nine million dollars' worth of church and parsonage property. Never before in its history has the denomination been so prosperous as it is at the present time.