

thick—behold the oven built. Now we fill the barrel chock full of kindling and set it on fire, and when it is burned out your work is done, and I'll wager there is no invention of man that will equal it in turning out a batch of bread, pumpkin or apple pie, roast pig, turkey or beef. Regarding this oven business, as everything must be economized to make a successful farmer it has led to all the improvements of the age, and the saving of labor has been the first consideration. Now, when my oven was built I had not taken a wrinkle from my good friend and neighbor, Jake Shepley, and if "an honest man is the noblest work of God" he was one, but he did away with the hoe and spade to a great extent, as I will try and explain. Going to Jake's one fine day I found him seated by the side of a pit which he had dug out, with a pail of water on one side and a half bushel measure of peas on the other and six thundering barrows (hogs) in the pit. I saluted him thus: "Jake, what in Sam Hill are you doing?" Squirting a mouthful of tobacco juice clear over the pit he replied, "I am preparing for mud-cats." He then threw in a handful of peas, then a bucket of water,