

## THE MAN BEHIND THE SEEDER.

The spring wind is a blowin'  
And the fields is dryin' fast;  
The seed grain's cleaned and ready  
And its seedin' time at last.  
So hump yourselves, you farm hands,  
Ain't no more time to rest;  
Fer the man behind the seeder,  
Is the boy that rules the West.

Yes, the spring's been rather backward,  
But it ain't no odds, nohow;  
Fer we did so much fall plowin'  
Ther a'n't nothin' left to plow.  
Jest git hoesy with the harrow,  
Git the seeder down to biz,  
And the grain'll be a sproutin'  
'Fore a man knows wher' he is.

Yes, the spring wind is a blowin'  
And the ground is dryin' fast;  
Feels like spring, 'tis spring I'm thinking;  
Heard the wild geese honkin' past  
Late last night; and saw a robin  
Sittin' on a tree to-day,  
Lookin' kindo coid and chilli,  
But as if he'd come to stay.

And the ice in the Vermillion  
Is agoin' out, they say;  
And you'll see the jackfish comin'  
Up the stream most any day.  
So boys; jest git yer spears out,  
For we're gittin' tired of meat,  
And I think a jackfish dinner  
Would be somethin' of a treat.

Its agin the law to spear 'em  
So you want ter cut and run,  
Ef you see the fish inspector  
Acomin' with a gun;  
But I shooldn't be a mite surprised,  
Ef he should take a crack  
At them hisself, jest on the sly,  
Ef you shud turn yer back.

Well, I gotter git aworkin;  
Ain't no joke, 'long seedin' time,  
'Pears to me, to be a farmer.  
Guess the crops this year'll be prime;  
L'stways everbody's sayin'  
Inderestions point that way;  
"Sore to be a humper harvest"  
All the Western papers say.