

acres, expended \$100,000 in permanent improvements, and now farms rising 9,000 acres. The remainder is under fence, and will in time be farmed. Mr. Sullivan has 40,000 additional acres in the county adjoining Champaign, but unimproved.

A correspondent of the *Chicago Journal*, who has recently been taking notes of the systematic farming operations of Mr. Sullivan, states that his books show a clear profit last year of \$80,000. The writer says: Every expense of labor or improvement is daily and carefully entered, and his books are balanced and kept with an accuracy equal to any bank in the state. For instance, every laborer, horse, mule, or ox is named, and a time book is kept of each. The farm is laid off in sections, and every day's work, together with production and improvement, is entered, and profit and loss, debt credit, are fairly exhibited. This is his system, and is inviolable.

One statement will startle the credulity of most men, even farmers—that 1,800 acres of corn were cultivated last year by 1,500 days manual labor. His books show this fact—and more.—Every day's work of horses, oxen and mules on the farm, and parts of the farm, are accurately and carefully recorded. His blacksmiths, gardeners, dairymen, fruiterers, butchers, &c., each have separate accounts, and he can tell you the cost, to the tenth of a dime, of the raising of corn, or the cost of hay, clover, timo-

thy seed, &c., &c. He expected last year to cut 3,000 tons of hay, but the season was unpropitious, and topping the timothy with machinery, sent to market 2,000 bushels of timothy seed this winter and spring, selling most of it at \$2.50 per bushel.—He cut 1,000 tons of timothy hay. This morning I received news of the arrival of 3,000 horses and mules belonging to the government for feeding.—This is but one incident of Mr. Sullivan's great plan, and in five years he will have that number of cattle of his own to feed.

His purpose in raising and feeding stock, and the raising last year of 100 bushels of strawberries, and 1,000 bushels of peaches, were but incidents of his great purpose. Riding over the farm I found 1,000 fat cattle, and the young stock were in every direction."

The largest farm in Illinois is that of Isaac Funk. Mr. Funk resides near Bloomington, McLean county. The total number of acres occupied and owned by him is 39,000—farm of 27,000 acres, said to be worth \$80 per acre, and three pasture fields containing respectfully 8,000, 3,000 and 1,000 acres. His great crop is corn, all of which he consumes at home, and is thus able to market about \$75,000 worth of cattle per year to New York. His stock on hand, horses, mules, hogs, and fat cattle is said to be worth \$1,000,000.—*Michigan Farmer.*

## FARM OPERATIONS.

### WASTING MANURE.

ome idea of this may be gained by analogy. Let us imagine that a farmer keeps three teams of horses, who consume, say two quarters of oats per week. Let the farmer give one quarter each week to the horses, and dispose of the other quarter as fol-

lows:

There may possibly be some ruts in the road leading to and from his farm yard; let him pour as many as possible of the oats into every one of the horseholes and ruts of this road, beginning at the gate of the yard and proceeding to the nearest turnpike-road. There may seem much trouble in all this, but nothing valuable can ever be gained or done without trouble, and this experience will probably always be conclusive. Some farm yards are nicely drained, and very frequently the drains run into the horse pond. Let

the farmer insist on one of his laborers (who may possibly have some prejudice against it) pouring a good drill of oats into every drain that leads out of the yard till it arrives at the pond, where he may throw in a bushel or so, and if the drain terminates, as drains sometimes do, on a hard road, let him leave a small heap of oats in every black puddle. When he shall have done this, let him cause some of the oats to be scattered in every direction round his stable, and take every possible precaution so that the birds of the air, the mice and rats of the field, the fishes of the ponds, and the creeping things of the earth, may come in for a share of the oats. The farmers' neighbors may call him mad, but let him not mind this. Ulysses was formerly called mad for sowing salt, but now many people sow salt who are considered sensible, and even clever. Let the enterprising improver keep perseveringly with this