

and dug down among the roots of the grass growing there.

"Have you ever drawn out any of this soil?" he asked Farmer Brown, as he threw up some of the black deposit.

"No, we never did anything with it," answered Farmer Brown.

"Why?" asked his visitor.

"Oh, I dunno," answered Brown, "unless it was because we didn't s'pose it was worth while."

"I want to tell you one thing," said the other. "In this marsh you have got a bed of manure that will last you for years, and is almost as valuable as superphosphates, or guano. You try it, and see if it doesn't make the tops of those hills produce a different looking crop next year. Why, Brown, this marsh is worth a small fortune to you, if you see fit to use it. It's a regular gold mine, but you've got to dig your gold."

At first Farmer Brown didn't seem inclined to take much stock in his friend's advice. But his son thought it over, and saw sense in it, and the result was that next spring, before they ploughed, they drew out a good many waggon-loads of the muck and spread it over the hills, by way of experiment. When the wheat and oats came up there, they were greener than in any other place. They kept this greenness all summer. They grew tall and strong, and bore an excellent crop. Just what the soil had seemed to lack the muck from the marsh seemed to supply. That fall they kept a man busy for weeks hauling it. The supply seemed inexhaustible. It had been accumulating for years. Nature had been storing it up for such a time of need. That was five years ago. Farmer Brown has built up his farm into one of great productiveness from this long-neglected marsh. He has a supply for years to come. He wonders now that he never thought of using "the swamp dirt" before, when he looks upon his reclaimed hills whose lack of fertility used to occasion him so much annoyance and loss of crop.

#### THE PEA AS A RENOVATOR.

Mr. W. K. Gibbs, of Davie, Georgia, reports to a contemporary some experiments with peas and wheat extending over several years, which illustrate this: The soil was a dark, gravelly one, with a yellow clay subsoil, and was much worn. In 1870, '71 and '72 the land had been cultivated in tobacco, corn and oats, successively. In October, 1873, Mr. Gibbs sowed the land in wheat. In June, 1874, he harvested nine and one-half bushels of wheat to the acre. As soon as the wheat was out he sowed Whippoorwill peas and ploughed them under; having picked enough peas to pay for the seed peas, seed wheat and ploughing. In 1875 Mr. Gibbs harvested fourteen bushels of wheat. The season was better than the average, however. The same pea was sown and ploughed under again. The vines were so large this time that a harrow had to be run ahead of the plough in the same direction. Twenty bushels of peas per acre were gathered this year, which were sold for one dollar per bushel the next summer. In June, 1876, seventeen and one-half bushels of wheat per acre were harvested, the season being an average one. Peas sown and turned under as usual. In 1877, twenty-three bushels of wheat per acre were harvested. The season an average one. In the spring of 1877 clover seed was sown on the wheat and harrowed in with a light harrow. In 1878 the land was pastured until late summer. In the fall, the stand of clover not being sufficient to leave over, it was turned under and the land put in wheat. No manure was used all this time, except once a little stable manure on a plot that was much poorer than the rest. The increase seemed to be in the weight and length of the heads, and not

in the straw. Mr. Gibbs seemingly prefers Whippoorwill pea, because it is earlier and matures more peas and vines before the time of ploughing, and because the vines grow in a way to be more easily turned under. If sown in rows and cultivated, the peas are just so much the better.—*American Farmer, Baltimore.*

#### PUTTING AWAY TOOLS.

The wearing out of farm implements is, as a rule, due more to neglect than to use. If tools can be well taken care of, it will pay to buy those made of the best steel, and finished in the best manner; but in common hands, and with common care, such are of little advantage. Iron and steel parts should be cleaned with dry sand and a cob, or scraped with a piece of soft iron, washed and oiled if necessary, and in a day or two cleaned off with the corn-cob and dry sand. Finally paint the iron part white resin and beeswax, in the proportion of four of resin and one of wax, melted together and applied hot. This is good for the iron or steel parts of every sort of tool. Wood work should be painted with good boiled linseed oil, white lead and turpentine, coloured of any desired tint; red is probably the best colour. Keep the cattle away until the paint is dry and hard, or they will lick, with death as the result. If it is not desired to use paint on hand tools, the boiled oil with turpentine and "liquid drier," does just as well. Many prefer to saturate the wood-work of farm implements with crude petroleum. This can be used with colour, but is applied by itself so long as any is absorbed by the pores of the wood.

#### FARMERS' HOMES.

"There's no place like home." Much has been said and written upon what should be done to make a model home for the farmer. Made up as this great country is largely of farmers and farms, its pride should be in the attractiveness of farmers' homes. We do not speak now of the interior, but of the exterior, of the home. The results which may be attained if a united effort should be made by the farmers of the country to improve their homes by cultivation of trees, shrubs, and flowers, would be marvellous, indeed. Often, very often, a farm house is remembered by the passer-by, chiefly for its unattractiveness, owing to an entire absence of all ornamentation—not a flower, shrub, or tree, to be seen, and, perhaps, not even a fence enclosing the rusty grass plot. No place is so retired that the ornamental and the beautiful can be dispensed with. The surroundings of home have much to do with the respect which the children have for it; and long years after, its appearance will go toward making up the pleasant or unpleasant memories connecting themselves with it. The farmer cannot afford to neglect beautifying his home. It will add greatly to the contentment of the children, and awaken a just pride in the hearts of the wife and of the farmer himself, to surround his home with those attractions which nature is ready to contribute. Let every farmer whose home may as yet be wanting in this respect, give the matter his careful thought.

There are a great many farms and fields which can never be cultivated at a profit. These if planted with forest trees, such as chestnut, oaks of different varieties, pines and larches, would produce a growth of timber which would be a source of profit, and then the energies of the farmer might be concentrated upon his best land, and his manure could be applied where it would do the most good.

CHARITY is a first mortgage on every human being's possessions.—*Uncle Esck's Wisdom.*

#### CREAM.

A DOUGHMISTIC difficulty—heavy broad.

A BEAR story is not necessarily the naked truth. HAS it ever occurred to base-ball men that a milk pitcher is generally a good fly catcher?

We cannot expect perfection in anyone; but we may demand consistency of everyone.—*Hannah More.*

He who loves to read, and knows how to reflect, has laid by a perpetual feast for his old age.—*Uncle Esck's Wisdom.*

It isn't because a woman is exactly afraid of a cow that she runs away and screams. Is it because gored dresses are not fashionable.

THERE is a girl in Plymouth county who has had eighteen different lovers, and not one of them ever got his arm around her. She weighs 384 pounds.—*Boston Post.*

HYBERNIAN (after attentively surveying tourist's bicycle)—"Arrah, now an' sure now that little wheel will niver kape up with the big wan, at all, at all!"—*London Fun.*

"You are as full of air as a music box," is what a young man said to a girl who refused to let him see her home. "That may be," was the reply, "but I don't go with a crank."

"Do not marry a widower," said the old lady. "A ready made family is like a plate of cold potatoes." "Oh, I'll soon warm them over," replied the damsel, and she did.

OUR little Caddie, four years old, was accused by her mother of having lost her memory, and the child looked bewildered for a moment and then light seemed to dawn upon her for she exclaimed: "I dess I know what memory is. It's the thing I fordet wiv."

"LAY off your overcoat, or you wont feel it when you go out," said the landlord of a Western inn to a guest who was sitting by the fire. "That's what I'm afraid of," returned the man. "The last time I was here I laid off my overcoat: I didn't feel it when I went out, and I haven't felt it since."

LADY visitor: "Your boy looks very bad, Mrs. Jones; what's the matter?" Mrs. Jones: "Yes, ma'am, he be very bad; and what's more, the doctors has made him worse. I'm sure we poor people need to pray with all our hearts, 'From all false doctrine, good Lord deliver us.' I never saw its meaning afore."

"Don't you think Jerseys are too lovely for any use?" she sweetly inquired, referring to the garment so popular now. And he answered dreamily, as he clasped her soft hand in his: "Yes, their milk makes the best smearkase I ever e't in my life. You're liable to get yeller janders of you e't too much of it, though."

A PIOUS lawyer, who supposed himself to be very sarcastic, said to the keeper of an apple stand: "It seems to me that you should quit this trying business and go at something which is not so wearing on the brain." "Oh, 'taint business," said the apple seller, "it is lyin' awake nights tryin' to decide whether to leave my fortun' to a orphan 'sylum or to a home for played-out old lawyers as is a-killin' me."

"No, SIR-EE," remarked the old resident; "my wife didn't bring me a cent. But it's all my fault. I wouldn't have it. The morning of the day we were married, I says to her, says I: 'Maria, how much money have ye got?' Says she: 'John, I've got just 25 cents.' 'Then,' says I, 'come with me,' and I took her down to the canal and had her throw that quarter into the drink. I wasn't going to have no woman twitting me about spreading 'round on her money."—*Lovell Citizen.*