



(Harper's Weekly.)

IT APPLIES IN CANADA TOO, BROTHER NAST.

NOT QUITE THE SAME.

I.

ON hunting woodcock he was bent,
And though that doesn't need much grit,
He took "two fingers" before he went,
To brace his nerves a bit.

II.

The liquor soon muddled his whirling brain,
As liquor will often do;
And the gun went off in a moment vain,
And it took two fingers, too!

A CHAPTER ON FARMING.

If I were requested to recommend a calling in life to some young man who longed for an exciting career, I would say, learn farming. Several farmers on this continent have made a very fair living at it; two or three have even become wealthy, but this was mainly accomplished by renting their farms and speculating in stocks. Others who speculated have been obliged to dispense with their farms and labor in other people's vineyards. My large experience leads me to assert that the most profitable varieties of stocks for a farmer to monkey with are corn and wheat stalks. Bulls and bears (especially bears) seldom cause these to fluctuate—if the fence is high enough. Then farming is a very exciting calling. You can get more genuine excitement out of a span of fiery steeds fastened to a plow, in stoney ground, than in any other way I know of.

My first attempt at plowing was made in a field containing stones, roots, and other native peculiarities. At first I walked confidently between the plow-handles,

until one of them struck me amidships and stove in a rib; then the other one immediately struck back and smashed in the bulwarks on my other side. About this time I began to realize that the situation was not a safe one. I was deliberating how to escape utter annihilation when the plow struck a large stone, reared up on its front foot, one of the handles gave me a trip-hammer blow under the chin, and I sailed into the air like a balloon. It was a bad day for observations, but I went so near the stars that they appeared about a thousand times larger than they do to an ordinary observer. When I came down, in the course of time, I went right on with my plowing, herioccally deciding to die on the battlefield rather than capitulate, but I hadn't travelled five rods until one of those fiendish handles renewed the attack by getting in a broadsider that stove in three more ribs and sent me flying north by northeast into a fence corner. The war ended right there, and when I recovered I had become an old man and presented a lopsided appearance when I walked.

By all means, young men, if it is excitement you are hankering after, hire out on a farm for one season.

If at the present moment you are the proud possessor of a farm, or have rashly decided to purchase one, I can only submit a few rules for your guidance, hoping they may be the means of preserving you from a sudden death:

1. If your horse should balk, don't put sand in his ears; tickle his nose, or sing "Rule, Britannia." Sell him to a book agent at any figure you can get. That will be doing your country a service at least.

2. Don't place too implicit confidence in any horse's hind feet.

3. In case of a runaway, sit down on the nearest stone and watch proceedings. Don't get excited.

4. Should a cow give you much trouble when milking her, procure four logging chains, hook one to each leg and fasten them separately to four posts. Then procure a milking machine, wind it up and attach it. When you have done this climb into the hayloft, so that there will be no danger from flying links. A week's treatment of this kind will suffice to tame any cow.

5. If you can't give up the idea of farming, hire a man to run it for you; remove to the city and keep boarders. Nature will then gradually drift you towards a competency—in the poorhouse.

SAM STUBBS.

IDYLL OF THE SEASON.

A SWELL from the town of Anrora
Met his girl from away up at Elora
Says she, "Ain't it warm?"
Says he, "Take my arm";
So they went to cool off per "Chicora."

WHITE in the service—The postmen's hats