

SOILING STOCK.

Some farmers object to the practice of soiling their dairy stock in consequence of the trouble involved in the operation. By the pasturing process, the cattle go to the field and cut their own feed and eat it. When they have enough they lie down and ruminate till called to the milking yard to render back, to the owner, payment for their day's keeping. In this way they are said to earn their living while paying at night and morning for the privilege of doing it. Whereas, by the soiling process, they do nothing but eat, throwing the burden of labor upon the owner.

This is one way of stating the case, but is it strictly true in all of its relations? It is undoubtedly easier to drive cows to pasture and bring them thence than to cut food for, and carry it to the barn or herd house for distribution; yet the question really is, not which is easiest, but which pays the best? In the pasturing process there is a great amount of grass which is trodden down, or supposed to be so, drying and rotting where it grew, without yielding any perceptible support to the soil from which its nutriment and growth were drawn. The droppings of the stock are scattered here and there, over a great extent of surface, exposed to the action of the elements, by which nine-tenths of their fertilizing properties are lost to that from which they were derived. This is what makes poor farms and unthrifty farmers.

By the soiling process the cattle, if properly provided for, receive their food at stated seasons and in such quantities as circumstances require. They have shade and shelter as needed; waste little of that which is fed to them, and even that little, composted with the stable and yard droppings, returns to the land the sustenance which its production drew from it. This process requires labor, care and constant supervision, but this is really no objection, since all these are amply repaid by increased and constantly increasing productiveness. Those who have an ample range of ~~land~~ ^{retroactively} give the cold shoulder to the soiling process, but, to such as are restricted in this respect and wish to make every foot of land tell, to the best advantage, it offers inducements which it would be unwise to disregard.

CORN AND CABBAGES FOR SOILING.

There are two periods in the season of pasturing on grass, through which dairyman find it difficult to carry their stock without a falling off in the flow of milk and in condition. These are mid-summer—when the first growth of grass is finished—and the latter part of autumn, when the frost has arrested the second growth of herbage, and rendered it less nutritious. The ordinary method of providing a sufficient supply of food for these periods of scarcity is to stock the pastures through the whole season much lighter than is necessary in times of vigorous growth of food, thus producing a quantity of grass in the beginning of the season to be consumed in the latter part, when frequently, it is sun-burned and dried up.

These disadvantages might be overcome, in a great measure, and a larger herd of cattle grazed on a given number of acres, by providing food from other sources during the mid-summer and latter part of autumn. For this purpose we advise the sowing of corn in drills, for soiling in mid-summer, and the planting of cabbages for late fall feed. These crops are very well adapted for soiling at the special periods mentioned. The corn fodder may be fed in stables, night and morning, or carted on to the pastures and scattered over them. The cabbages should be fed in the same manner. Cut them off close to the ground with an ax or a stiff brush scythe, throw them into a wagon box, and take them into the fields to be eaten.

The greatest labor and perplexity usually incurred in growing these crops—that of harvesting and securing properly for winter—are not necessary by this method of feeding. Dairyman, give these hints thoughtful attention! Figure carefully on it and experiment some. With the time at your command for raising these crops they cannot fail proving highly remunerative. Over ten

thousand cabbage plants can be grown on one acre. All of them would produce food for the cows. Allow each one twenty heads per day, and one acre would feed ten cows for fifty days.

INCLINED TO BE QUARRELSOME.

There was once a little slim-built fellow, rich as a Jew, riding along a highway in the State of Georgia, when he overtook a man driving a drove of hogs, by the help of a big raw-boned six-foot-two specimen of humanity. Stopping the last-named individual, he accosted him:

"I say, are those your hogs?"

"No, sir; I am at work by the month."

"What pay might you be getting, friend?"

"Ten dollars a month and whisky thrown in," was the reply.

"Well, look here! I'm a weak, little inoffensive man, and people are apt to impose upon me, I've seen. Now, I'll give you twenty-five dollars a month to ride along with me and protect me," said Mr. Gardner. "But," he added, as a thought struck him, "how might you be on the fight?"

"Never been licked in my life," rejoined the six-footer.

"Just the man I want. Is it a bargain?" queried Gardner.

Six-footer ruminated.

"Twenty-five dollars; double wages; nothing to do but ride around and smash a fellow's mug occasionally, when he is sassy."

Six-footer accepted. They rode along, till just at night, they reached a village inn. Gardner immediately singled out the biggest fellow in the room, and picked a fuss with him. After considerable promiscuous jawing, Gardner turned to his fighting friend and intimated that the whipping of that man had become a sad necessity. Six-footer peeled, went in, and came out first best.

The next night, at another hotel, the same scene was re-enacted, Gardner getting into ~~the~~ ^{with the} biggest ~~and~~ ^{and} six-footer ~~with the~~ ^{with the} biggest.

At last on the third day, they came to a ferry, kept by a huge, double-fisted man, who had never been licked in his life. While crossing the river, Gardner, as usual, began to find fault, and "blow." The ferryman naturally got mad, threw things round, and told him his opinion of their kind. Gardner then turned to his friend and gently broke the intelligence to him, "that he was sorry, but it was absolutely necessary to thrash the ferryman."

Six-footer nodded his head, but said nothing. It was plainly to be seen that he did not relish the job by the way he shrugged his shoulders; but there was no help for it. So when they reached the shore, both stripped, and at it they went. Up and down the bank, over the sand, into the water they fought, scratched, gouged, bit and rolled, till at the end of an hour the ferryman gave in. Six-footer was triumphant, but it had been rough work. Going up to his employer, he scratched his head for a moment, and then broke forth:

"Look here, Mr. Gardner, your salary sets mighty well—but I'm—of—the—opinion—that you're inclined to be quarrelsome. Here, I've only been with you three days, and I've licked the three biggest men in the country! I think this firm had better dissolve; for you see, Mr. Gardner, I'm afraid you're inclined to be quarrelsome, and I reckon I'll draw."

Why is wit like a Chinese lady's foot? Because brevity is the sole of it.

An incidental inquiry; "Would artificial teeth enable a person to sing false-sett-o?"

No man can avoid his own company, so he had best make it as good as possible.

It is not the varnish upon the carriage that gives it motion or strength.

A silver chain a round a dog's neck will not prevent his barking or biting.

Let no one overload you with favors; you will find it an insufferable burden.

A Printer's apprentice says that at the office they charge him with all the pi they do find, and at the house they charge him with all they don't find. He don't understand that kind of logic.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

The man that "carries everything before him."—the waiter.

Why is the letter Y like an extravagant daughter? It makes pa pay

When a bear enters a dry good-goods shop, what does he want? Muslin (muzzling.)

What is that which people wish to have, and then wish to get rid of? A good appetite.

Why are the hotel landlords now-a-days like snipes? Because they're pretty nearly all bill.

When is money damp?—When it becomes due in the morning and mist in the evening.

What is that which is brittle that if you name it you are sure to break it? Silence.

Where is happiness always to be found? In the dictionary.

To a lover there are but two places in the world,—one where his sweetheart is, and the other where she isn't.

An exchange speaks of a mad dog "that bit a cow by the tail which died." Bad for the tail, but what became of the cow?

The editor who kissed his sweetheart, saying "please exchange," is believed not to have exceeded the proper liberty of the press.

Fashionable young lady detaching her hair before retiring:—"What dreams may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil."

"A traveller" wishes us to explain what sense there is just now, in the term "railroad securities," seeing there is no security on any of the railroads.

A Lady was asked the other day why she chose to live a single life. She naively replied:—"Because I am not able to support a husband."

What is the difference between a spider and a duck? One has its feet perpetually on a web, and the other a web perpetually on its feet.

STAR-TLING TOAST:—"Woman—the morning star of infancy—the day star of manhood—the evening star of age. Bless our stars!"

If, as the poet says, "beauty draws with a single hair," then what—O! tell us what—must be the effect of a modern waterfall?

An incurable old bachelor, and one who seemingly rejoices in his infirmity, describes marriages as "a female despotism tempered by puddings."

M. ABOUT says of an avaricious man, that "it had been proved that after having kindled his fire, he stuck a cork in the end of the bellows to save the little wind that was left in them."

A footman, proud of his grammar, ushered into the drawing-room a Mr. Foote and his two daughters, with this introduction:—"Mr. Foote, and two Misses Feet."

"I am glad this coffee don't owe me anything," said a book-keeper to his wife the other morning at breakfast. "Why so?" was the response. "Because I don't believe it would ever settle."

A Cockney elocutionist made a hit in reading a famous Alexandrian of Pope, which he exasperated and disemvoweled in the following manner:—"Hup the 'igh 'ill 'e 'vs a 'uge round stone."—Hinglish hall hover.

A learned young lady, the other evening astonished the company by asking for the loan of a diminutive argenteous, truncated cone, convex on its summit and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations. She wanted a thimble.

"O Mamma, mamma!" said a tow-headed little urchin in a tone of mingled fright and penitence, "O mamm, I've been thweearing!" "Been swearing, my child! what did you say?" "O mamma," (beginning to sob,) "I thed Old Dan Tucker!"

An old lady who recently visited Oneida, was asked on her return if the canal passed through that village. She paused a while and answered, "I guess not—didn't see it; and if it did it must have gone through in the night, when I was asleep."

A Spanish gentleman studying English being at a tea-party, and desiring to be helped to some sliced tongue, in doubt as to his term, hesitated a moment and then said, "I will thank you, miss, to pass me that LANGUAGE."