NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

You, Nebuchadnezzah, whoa, sah!
Whar is you tryin' to go, sah?
I'd hab you for to know, sah,
I's a-holdin' ob de lines,
You better stop dat prancin';
You's pow'ful fond ob dancin',
But I'll bet my yeah's advancin'
Dat I'll cure you ob your shines.

Look heah, mule! Better min' out—
Fust t'ing you know you'll fin' out
How quick I'll wear dis line out
On your ugly stubbo'n back.
You needn't try to steal up
An' lif' dat precious heel up;
You's got to plough dis fiel' up,
You has, sah, for a fac'.

Dar, *dat's* de way to do it!
He's comin' right down to it;
Jes' watch him ploughin' t'roo it!
Dis niggar ain't no fool.
Some folks dey woul'a' beat him;
Now dat would only heat him—
I know jes' how to treat him,
You mus' *reason* wid a mule.

He minds me like a nigger,
If he was only bigger
He'd fetch a mighty figger,
He would, I *tell* you! Yes, sah!
See how he keeps a clickin!
He's as gentle as a chicken,
An' nebber thinks o' kickin'—
Whoa, dar! Nebuchadnezzer!

. . . . . .

Is dis heah me, or not me?
Or is de debbil got me?
Was dat a cannon shot me?
Hab I laid heah mor'n a week?
Dat mule do kick amazin'!
De beast was sp'iled in raisin'—
By now I 'spect he's grazin'
On de oder side de creek.

—Irwin Russell, in Scribner's Monthly.

If Farmers would experiment more on a small, cheap scale, they could learn better how to treat their soils. Instead of spending much hard labor and money ploughing and re-seeding large pastures, often to lose more than half they expend, if they would take a small tract and treat parts of it by different methods, manuring it with various kinds of fertilizers, they might be better prepared to undertake the more extensive jobs, and with almost a certainty of success;—*North Carolina Farmer.*

LEAF MANURE.

This manure possesses excellent fertilizing properties, and greatly improves the texture and character of the soil. Analysis proves that the foilage of trees contains vastly more mineral riches—such as phosphates, lime, potash and soda—than the solid wood, and that the older the leaves the greater the amount of these they contain. Now, that the fallen leaves litter the ground, the farmer whose farm pays well, gather them carefully to be either used in the compost heap with other decomposible vegetable matters, or employed as litter for his animals during winter, or as coatings for his barn-yard or other inclosures where animals are confined, and where the leaves by absorbing the liquid voidings may be readily converted into excellent plant-food.

FITTED TO BE A FARMER.

In an old book on agriculture, written nearly two thousand years ago, the author declares that he had known Professors of all kinds, even to those who promoted gluttony and taught the most contemptible of vices; but of Agriculture he says: "I have never known any that professed themselves to be either teachers or students.

While the world has progressed somewhat during the period named, and Professor of Agriculture is not now an unknown title, still we must in all candor admit that a vast majority of people believe in the old saying: "That any fool can be a farmer." Doubtless, many of our readers will declare that they believe it takes a smart, intelligent man to make a good one; and, while we agree with them in this we must still assert that actions speak at least as loud as words in this matter, and are overwhelmingly on the fool's side of the question.

Now we propose to offer some facts to prove that the vast majority of farmers do not believe that agriculture is a profession requiring any special culture or education; for if they did, their sons would be specially trained for the business, or fitted to become good farmers. There are, it is true a few men in what are called Agricultural Colleges, who profess to be preparing to become farmers; but these are so few in number that there will not be enough to fill the positions opened for teachers, much less to furnish practical workers in the field.

When a man desires his sons to enter any of the learned professions, he sends them to a college, or good school, then gives them years in which to study the particular branch of science or art selected, never expecting them to become successful except through close application, and oft times a long, tedious and laborous application. If a man enters the ministry, he must need read theology, and this calls for books by the dozen and hundreds, which cost money; and the same is true of law, medicine, or even to become a successful merchant. But how is it with farmers generally? Do they purchase an agricultural library as part and parcel of the outfit needed for the furtherance of the object they may have in view? A few may do it, but the sale of even the best works relating to the subject, shows that nine out of ten never invest a dollar in aids to success.

Then again, who would employ a doctor that did not take and read the medical journals which gave the latest discoveries in the use of drugs and chemicals, and the treatment of disease? How would a lawyer appear in managing a case, before judge or jury, who did not know the latest decisions of the courts, or the latest laws enacted by our legislature? But what shall we say of our farmers, when not a million out of the six millions in the United States subscribe for and read an agricultural paper of any kind? Is it any wonder that farmers are swindled, or that they fail to make money? The wonder is that they manage to live at all.

When those engaged in agriculture will, as a class, read, study, and become as well informed in regard to their calling as those in other professions, then, and not till then, can they claim and maintain their rights in competition with those who now control them.—*Rural New Yorker.*

THE BOY THAT STICKS TO FARMING.

Once upon a time I commenced writing of my early life, and as I to-day turn over the pages, the following notes of a time in my early years may interest some of the young readers of the Country Gentleman;

When a boy from ten to fourteen years of age, I was taught to milk and do other "chores" night and morning, before and after school hours. My father was a farmer as well as a politician. He pastured his cattle upon the meadows after mowing, and in the late autumn and mid winter when the ground was bare, and the heaps or balls of debris on the meadows and pastures were broken and distributed, by using a maul. Saturday was vacation from school, and I worked at beating and scattering the debris on the pasture lands being paid by my father ten cents a day of eight hours.

I accumulated two dollars, for which my father sold me a heifer calf, and bargained to keep it for me by my working half a day each week. That I did, and at the end of one year I exchanged my heifer with my father for two males calves. Almost every day after these were two weeks old I occupied my spare time in teaching them to work in the yoke—a small one, with two bows, which a friend made for me. After two months old they would "gee" and "haw" as well as old oxen. They were then turned to pasture until September. When my father was mowing the grass on his salt meadows, situated on the boarders of Long Island Sound, these calves were taken and used to lead the heavier cattle team over the meadows. Again, they were used in mid-winter to lead the team in breaking in his two-year-olds. As these calves or young steers grew up, I taught the near ox to let me ride him, while the off ox would come along to his place, and so I often drove my father's stock from the pasture to the barn-yard. So much for my early "choring" and team work.

After I was 13, my father gave me a piece of ground each year, that I could plant and work on shares, and if I wanted help, I had to give two days of my time to the hired man's one day. I grew just what my fancy and reading dictated, and from the proceeds I dressed as well as any of the boys of the present time. I always had some time to play, and time to read, and now look back with love and pleasant thoughts to the old farm, and the farm hand who taught me to use tools, to hold the plow, and to bring the point and heel of my scythe so as to leave the swath clean and true. Once when driving the ox team to the plow, I failed in keeping them in a stright line at the end of the furrow, but I danced for it when the plowman took the whip from my hands and laid it heavily over my back and legs. I always afterwards drove the team out straight, and I have tried to drive straight now over seventy years.

The remembrance of my own boyhood has always induced me to favor all items of encouragement at home on the farm, and I believe, if it were more generally practiced we should have more good farmers and less broken-down merchants, or loafing, hanging-on, time serving clerks, ready for anything except honorable labor and usefulness belonging to the highest order of creation.—*F. R. Elliott in Country Gentleman.*

WHO ARE THE BLESSED?

Blessed is the man who minds his own business.

Blessed is the woman who never says to her husband, "I told you so."

Blessed is the man who can sew on his buttons when the baby is crying.

Blessed is the woman who won't marry a widower—providing he's your own father.

Blessed is the mother-in-law who never reminds you that you married above your station.

Blessed is the rich relation who never looks down on you—when you are in the gutter.

Blessed is the poor relation who never looks up to you—for money.

Blessed is the old maid that don't hate old people and children.

Blessed is the old bachelor that don't hate cats and pincushions.

Blessed are the married people that don't wish they were single.

Blessed are the single people that are content to remain so.

Blessed is the husband who never says his mother's pies were better than his wife's are.

Blessed is the man who gives his wife ten cents without asking her what she is going to do with it.

Blessed is the woman who don't scold when the stove pipe falls down on the dinner-table, and—blessed is the man who can fix it up without swearing.

Blessed is the friend who never requires the loan of your umbrella.

Blessed is the neighbor who is so busy with his own affairs that he has no time to pry into yours.

Where are the blessed?
Echo answers, "Where?"

AN EDITOR AND A CHURCH FAIR.

(Fairfield (Me.) Chronicle.)

He was the manager of a church fair, and one morning he walked into the newspaper office and said:

"Want an item this morning?"

"Of course," replied the editor. Whereupon the visitor laid the following note upon the table:

"The ladies of the ——Street church will give a festival at their vestry hall next Friday evening. Literary and musical entertainments will be provided, and a supper will be served to all who desire. The ladies in charge of the affair have much experience in such matters, and are sure to provide a good time. The admission will be only fifteen cents; and it is certain that no one can spend that amount to a better advantage. Be sure to go, and take your friends."

When the editor had read it he said:

"Oh, I see, an advertisement."

"No; not an advertisement. We prefer to have it go in the local column," replied the manager.

And seeing that the editor looked skeptical, he continued:

"It will interest a great many of your readers and help a good cause; besides, we have spent so much money getting up our entertainment, that we can't afford to advertise it without increasing the price of the tickets. In such a matter as this we ought to be willing to help each other."

"Well," said the editor, "if it goes into the locals I suppose you would reciprocate by reading a little notice in your church next Sunday."

The visiting brother asked what notice, and the editor wrote and handed him the following:

"The *Weekly Chronicle* for the coming year will be the best and cheapest family paper in Maine. Its proprietor has had much experience, and has all the helps which a large outlay of money can procure. His paper has a larger circulation than any other published in the country, and is to be furnished at only $2. It is certain that no one can spend that amount to a better advantage. Be sure to take the *Chronicle*, and subscribe for your friends."

The manager hemmed and hesitated, and then said, solemnly, that he doubted whether it would be judicious to read such a notice, but suggested that if it was printed, copies of it might be distributed at the door of the vestry on the evening of the entertainment.

"Yes," said the editor, "but it would attract more attention in the middle of a sermon. It will interest a large number of your congregation and help a good cause; and, besides, so much money is spent upon the *Chronicle* that I don't see how the owner can afford to print handbills to advertise it without increasing the subscription price. In such a matter as this we ought to be willing to help each other."

Then the gentleman saw the situation.

A jolly old German, while suffering from a pulmonary attack, sent for a physician. In a short time the doctor called on him, prescribed two bottles of cod-liver oil, and receiving his fee of eight dollars, was told by the German, who disliked the size of the bill, that he need not come again. The German, who by-the-by had not heard the doctor's prescription very well, supposed he could get the oil and treat himself. The doctor saw no more of the patient for some time; but one day riding past the residence of the German, he was pleased to see him out in the garden digging lustily. The case seemed such a proof of the virtues of cod liver oil that he stopped to make more particular inquiries about it.

"You seem to be getting very well," said he addressing the German.

"Yaw, I ish well, responded the formerly sick man.

"You took as much oil as I told you?" queried the doctor.

"O yaw, I have used many as four gallons of de dog-liver oil.

"The what?" said the astonished doctor.

"De dog-liver dat you say I shall take. I have killed most every fat little dog I could catch, and the dog-liver have cured me. It is a great medicine, dat dog-liver oil!"

The doctor had nothing to say, but rode quickly away.—*Investigator.*

The fields are green, mountains glorious in purple arrays, skies benignant. The birds sing and woo and brood. The little lambs skip in innocent delight. The cattle are happy in fresh fields and pastures new. Gladness flows in rythmic beauty on the waters, and Nature seems but as the very shadow of heaven. Yet mortals grumble and complain. The great God is forgotten because Mammon has a paralysis! The times are hard because the way of the transgressor is hard. An honest return to honest ways will bring back the prosperity we have forfeited.—*Christian at Work.*

THE GREAT PYRAMID.

The Great Pyramid of Egypt is the most ancient existing structure ever built by the brain and hand of man. It is 484 feet in height, and 761 feet square at the base. Its solid contents of stone is 80-000,000 feet. This would build a wall 3,000 miles long, one foot thick, and five feet high. It is built of 206 layers of stone, in blocks about seven feet wide and eight feet long, and diminishing in thickness with the height, from five feet to one and a half feet. The summit consists of a level platform about sixteen by eighteen feet. Its foundation is on the natural rock. Its sides were originally cased or veneered by a finer stone, but this has all been broken off, and the bare limestone remains without. Some of the inner chambers are lined with granite and other stone highly polished.

After all that associated effect can do for you, after all your agricultural paper can teach you, certainty of success depends almost entirely on your own individual effort and thought. Reading, discussions and meetings can only arouse in the individual mind the necessity and desirability of thought and reasoning. Education consists not in what can be crammed into a man's head, but in the knowledge and disposition to apply general principles to the every day wants and actions of life. Not what a person eats, but that which he digests, serves to promote growth and vigor.—*Vermont Chronicle.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.—J. J. BRUNER, Ed. and Prop
T. K. BRUNER, Associate Ed.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Per Year, payable in advance	$2 00
Six months	1 25

ADVERTISING RATES:

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