How it was Cultivated.

As Governor Drew has received numerous letters from different parts of the country asking him to give the method of cultivating corn and the kind of fertilizers used, by which he was enabled to produce one hundred and thirty bushels of the aforesaid cereals upon 1 acre of land last year, he has concluded, for the benefit of all interested in such things, to have published a statement of the manner of preparing the land, and the kind of manures used, by which he was enabled to produce the above yield:

"The land was common pine land, near the Withlacoochee river, in Madison county, Florida, and had been in cultivation about six years. The land has a clay subsoil about twelve inches below the surface, and was in ordinary condition. About the 1st of January, 1878, the land was broken up with a two-horse plow about ten inches. This plow was followed by a subsoil plow run in the same furrow as deep as one mule could pull it. These two plowings broke up the land thoroughly, fifteen inches in depth. On or about the first of February, one hundred bushels of cotton seed and an equal amount of stable manure, composted, was spread upon the land. These manures were plowed in, about six inches in depth. On the first of March, the land was laid off as follows: One-half acre was laid off in two and three feet rows alternately; about seventy-five bushels of cotton seed were placed in the drill and a light furrow turned on it. The corn was then planted in the drill, about twelve inches apart. After the corn came up, it was thinned out to two stalks in the hill. After this, the corn received common ordinary cultivation given to corn in this country except that it was cultivated with sweeps, and was plowed rather shallow. The other half acre was cultivated in the same way, except that the land was laid off in rows three feet apart. About the time the corn was shooting to tassel, there was a severe drouth, that continued for five weeks, which did not seem to affect the corn in the least. Sometime in September the corn was harvested from the two different lots and weighed. The result of the first half acre was seventy-five bushel of shelled corn, weighing sixty pounds to the bushel. The second half acre yielded fifty-five bushels, making a total for the whole acre of 130 bushels of corn. —*Tallahassee Floridian.*

Plant Turnips.

If you want a supply of excellent Winter feed for the stock, something to help out the supply of corn, and a vegetable that is not unacceptable on your table, then plant turnips. Put in a goodly acre; you cannot well have too many. Four or five acres on good land would be worth $200 to you the coming Winter, and now is the time to sow the seed—the best time, in fact, of the whole season. But sowings may be made even as late as the 10th of September.

The turnip is a food which though containing a large proportion of water (over 80 per cent) is, notwithstanding, highly relished by all stock, is nutritious and health promoting. It is easily raised, very cheap, and feeds a large amount of stock at little cost.

Drill planting is better than broadcast, and thereby the crop may be plowed. The rutabaga will not produce well unless treated in this way. Phosphate of lime and bone meal are the best fertilizers.—*B. W. J. in Christian Observer.*

Chemical Manures.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman writes: "As to the lasting effects of chemical manures, I know from my own experience with them that they do benefit succeeding crops, particularly grass and clover, following wheat, to which super-phosphate of guano had been applied at the rate of 175 to 200 pounds per acre with the drill, the grass always being better in the drill rows than anywhere else, although crowded, in its first year's growth, by the wheat plants. I can now see, from where I write, a square in the field to which 200 pounds of super-phosphate, made from bone-black, were applied five years ago, when the land was sown in wheat, and has been mown every year since, some years twice. The clover will stick to this square, while it has disappeared from the rest of the field, and it and the orchard grass are now green, while the other parts of the field presents a brown appearance."

A Terrible Disaster.

Recently the passenger train south on the Keokuk division was lifting itself right off the rails. She was running so fast the noise of the wheels was rattling along about two hundred yards behind the train, doing its level best to keep in sight but losing ground every jump. Suddenly the train stopped. Away out between stations, no cattle on the track, no water tank in sight, nothing apparently to stop for. She pulled up so close to an orchard that the farmer came out and sat on the fence with a gun in his hand and a couple of bold, bad dogs, looking deceitfully pleasant, tagging along at his heels. He evidently didn't care about setting up the apples. The passengers were alarmed, not at the determined, neutrality of the farmer but at the sudden stoppage of the train. They knew something serious had happened. Presently the fireman came walking down alongside the track, looking carefully, as though he had dropped his diamond ring out of the cab window,

'What is it?' asked the first passenger.

'What is the matter?' asked the second passenger,

'What has happened?' asked the third passenger.

'What is broke?' asked the fourth passenger.

'Why did we stop?' asked the fifth.

'What's up?' asked the sixth passenger.

'What's broke loose?' asked the seventh passenger.

'What done it?' asked the eight passenger.

'Broke a spring hanger,' gravely replied the fireman, and passed on, and all the questioning passengers drew their heads back and closed their windows, and with great gravity was repeated the fireman's statement to the other passengers who had not been able to get to a window in time to ask the fireman anything:

'Broke a spring hammer.'
'Broke a sling hammer.'
'Broke a screen hanger.'
'Broke a string hammer.'
'Broke a string ander.'
'Broke a scene hanner.'
'Broke a steam hammer.'
'Broke a swing hanger.'

We all supposed that when a spring hanger broke, it just tore the engine all to pieces, stood it on end and rammed it into the ground, and then ran on ahead tore up the track, set fire to a bridge and blew up a culvert. The average passenger has an idea that a spring hanger owns about the whole engine that it is one of those things that can even swear at a brakeman and walk up to a baggageman and call him a 'wooden headed, flat backed, trunk liftin' hurricane of wrath,' and consequently when a passenger is told that the spring hanger broke, he has an impression that it will take every last dollar there is on the train to set the old thing up again.

A Phase of City Life.

A bright-looking boy, twelve years old, who said his name was Tommy McEvoy, went alone into the Jefferson Market police court last evening and said to Justice Morgan; 'Judge, your honor, I want to give myself up,' 'Why, my boy?' asked the court. 'Because,' replied the lad, I hain't got no home, and I don't want to live in the streets and become a bad boy.' 'Why don't you stay at home?' 'I ain't got no home. Father's been dead nine years, and mother died before that.' 'But where have you been living since?' 'With my aunt. She lives in Forty-first street.—But she gets drunk. And she won't let me stay indoors. To-day she chased me out and said if I ever came back she would do something awful to me. I'm afraid of her, and so I've got no home. Nobody will take me in because I ain't got good clothes and don't look nice. I can't get any work and I can't get anything to eat unless I beg or steal it.—Then the cops 'll take me in. I don't want to be arrested. I don't want to steal, nor to be a bad boy. Won't you please send me somewhere where I can learn something and get to be a man? There's places like that, ain't there?' The justice told the boy there were such places, and, taking the little fellow under his protection, promised to find him a home in some good institution.