

RED SPRINGS COMET.

EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL.

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The total cotton crop of the world is now much greater than the spindles of the world can work into fabrics.

It is said that Canada is the only country in the world in which the military force is armed with the old Snider rifle. Military men of the Dominion are urging the adoption of a more modern arm.

Plainfield, N. J., boasts of a vast underground river which supplies more water than the inhabitants can use. In an attempt recently made to test the capacity of the stream, more than 4,000,000 gallons daily ran to waste, but the river was apparently as full as ever.

It is time, opines the New York Sun, for the Congress of these States to give attention to some of the things that are doing abroad for the safety of ships approaching a coast line. Besides the vertical light which is to flash skyward in foggy weather, there is no doubt about the efficiency and value of the socket-rocket, which is by far the best fog signal known. It is discharged by a cartridge and rises 2,000 feet, carrying a bursting charge of half a pound of gun cotton. Not only is the sound more audible overhead, but the light is also frequently visible when nothing can be seen horizontally; for it commonly happens that the fog is quite thin above while very thick below. The rocket is a very clever invention and a very useful thing in its way; but for ships befozled the rocket is confidently pronounced to be worth a dozen sirens. Why should not both be used? And why should the United States lag behind any people in appliances for the security of navigation?

The students in St. Petersburg, Russia, are enjoying themselves hugely now days. So long as they do not meddle with politics, and thus add one more to the many pressing difficulties of the moment, the authorities seem disposed to let them do very much as they please. A correspondent described a scene, which occurred the other evening in the Winter Garden, the principal cafe of the city. Ordinarily, the greatest decorum is preserved in this establishment, and any private person who misconducts himself is escorted to the nearest police station without ceremony. On the evening in question, however, about 300 students took possession of the hall, and in an hour or two were all in a state of intoxication, parading up and down hand in hand, smashing the furniture and crockery. Finally they mounted the stage and put an end to the performance. The priest looked on smiling, and merely stationed a couple of men below to prevent any more of the public from entering. The whole place was wrecked and strewn with broken tables and glass, and not a sound chit was left to sit upon. No explanation, except that of general depravity, is given of the conduct of these playful young ruffians.

A bill which recently passed the United States Senate has been vigorously assailed by newspapers all over the country as an attempt to infringe upon the rights of citizens engaged in business. The New York World says of this measure: "It is known as the Padlock Pure Food Bill. It authorizes agents of the Agricultural Department to call for and analyze or have analyzed samples of all foods or drugs or drinks or patent medicines, or anything else that a man can swallow, which may be offered for sale in any other State than that in which they are produced, and it makes it a misdemeanor to send or take from one State to another any food or drug which is adulterated or improperly branded. The measure is all over and clear through. It directs Federal bureau interference with a matter which properly belongs to the several States. It opens up an opportunity for endless extravagance in the multiplying of needless and costly analyses. It institutes a bureau of inquisition which, in dishonest hands, will become a bureau of blackmail pure and simple. It gives to this bureau practically the power to prohibit the sale of any article which is not an absolute simple, to call any combination of substances an adulteration, and to help one man's business by destroying the business of his competitor with an arbitrary ruling. If the bill becomes a law the bureau may at will select a baking powder, for example, and accept its composition as the standard, forbidding the sale of all baking powders made in any different fashion by ruling that to call them baking powders is to brand them improperly. It may favor one ketchup in the same way, and so on through the whole list of foods and drugs and drinks. There is no public desire for such a measure. There is no occasion for it, and no sense of justice in it. It is an arbitrary, tyrannical, paternal impertinence at best; at worst it is something very much more objectionable than that."

THE KING OVER YOU.

Trust not to numbers; trust not to flows;
Your king and your lord is the man who knows;
Numbers are false; buffets are vain;
Your freedom lies in your soul and brain.
Hands off the blood; hands to the book!
Face to the future; turn not to look
Back to the past; though higher and higher
In the Seldons you leave mounts the flames
Of heaven's fire!
Trust not to battles; trust not to laws;
Who masters himself God judgeth his cause!
While you think to be masters with ballots
Or blows,
Your king and your lord is the man who knows.
—William V. Byars, in St. Louis Republican.

WHITE AGAINST RED.

Up to the year 1859 the Comanche Indians boasted that they had never been defeated in a battle with white men. They were arrogant and bloodthirsty, and were at war with all the world. They would not make peace with other tribes, but waged constant and vindictive warfare on white and red alike. They were rich, strong in numbers, and the best horsemen in the world, and they made war because they loved the adventure of it.

In May of the year named a Texas known as Capt. Gordon, who was an old Indian fighter, learned that there was gold in the Big Wichita Mountains of western Texas. This chain of mountains forms the eastern boundary of the Great Staked Plains, but the Comanches ranged as far west as the Rio Pecos River. Capt. Gordon called for volunteers to explore the gold fields, and the expedition was fitted out at Santa Fe. He knew what was before him, and he did not cut loose until he had secured 139 men. They were all border men, and each furnished his own horse and arms. Every one had a rifle, and most of them a revolver as well, and Gordon got the loan of two field pieces and trained a crew to work their muzzles. About forty pack mules, loaded with provisions and ammunition, and it was believed that the company was strong enough to take care of itself under any circumstances. It was so long in getting ready that the Indians heard of its object, and Eagle Feather, then the head chief of the Comanches, sent this to Capt. Gordon:

I want scalps, horses, rifles, and powder. Come as fast as you can.

No one was frightened over the message, and in due time the expedition set out. Capt. Gordon was confident that he would be attacked before crossing the Canadian River, and he was not surprised in finding the Indians all about him as the command emerged into the Chico Valley to the west of old Fort Bascom. Eagle Feather had gathered together 482 warriors, the flower of his tribe. They were ordinary warriors, but each could be counted on to do his duty. They were mounted on the finest war ponies, and every one had a lance and a rifle, and some had bows and arrows in addition. A more notable war party was never raised, and it started out to meet the invaders, boasting that it would bring back the scalp of every white man in the expedition.

Gordon was familiar with the Chico and knew where the attack would be made. The Indians would wait until he was ready to enter the pass leading through the Chico Mountains to the river and beyond. It was a position they could hold against 10,000 men, and he realized that he must draw them away from it. The command marched to within a mile of the pass and then turned to the north, as if to seek for another. For a distance of twelve miles the two commands held a parallel course, and were not over two miles apart. The Indians hugged the base of the range so as to prevent the white men from entering any of the passes, while Gordon watched for a battle ground in the valley. He found it twelve miles above the pass, just at sundown on a June day. The spot selected was a natural sink on the crest of a mound or a series of mounds, taking in an area of about two acres.

There was a wall of earth around this sink, as if a small lake had once occupied the spot. To the north was a still lower and deeper basin, large enough to shelter all the horses, and so strategic that a few men could defend it. There was a big spring on the plateau with grass as enough to last the horses for three or four days, and Capt. Gordon's idea was to force the Indians to attack him in his position. A renegade white man named Gerry, who had served in the regular cavalry and deserted to the redskins, had drilled them in cavalry tactics and he was with them at this time. Out in the open the Comanches, each armed with a twelve foot lance—a weapon they knew how to use with murderous effect—would have proved too strong for the gold hunters. Behind the defences the case would be different.

There was only one place where the sink could be approached by horsemen, and that was on the south side. There was a clear road 200 feet wide, and the cannon were posted to cross fire over this. They had been kept covered on the march, and the Indians had no suspicion of their presence. Just at dusk Eagle Feather sent in word for the white men to go to sleep without fear, as he should not attack until next day. This was no ruse on his part, for he made his camp two miles away, and that of the gold hunters was undisturbed by even a shot. During the night Gordon's men threw up further defences and cleared the sink of every obstruction. Twenty men were told off to guard the animals, and when the sun rose again every one was ready for what was to happen.

Eagle Feather was in no hurry. It was 9 o'clock before he massed his warriors on the plateau, a mile to the south of the sink. He then sent in word that he hoped the white men would fight. He did not demand a surrender, and he wanted it plainly understood that he would grant no quarter. His firm purpose was to wipe out every man in the expedition, and thus deter all thought of future invasion of his territory. From the way he disposed of his forces he must have been confident of

speedy success. The mounted warriors were massed in lines facing a front of thirty men. They were eight lines deep, making 240 horsemen. The remainder of the force was held as a reserve. No attack was made on the men guarding the lower basin. The Comanches, under cavalry tactics as taught by the renegade, had charged en masse with lances, and they had won a victory every time. The chief had never fought a large body of white men, and perhaps he wanted to test the value of the tactics on them. He was a brave general but a poor strategist.

When Gordon saw that no attack would be made on the herd he called off fifteen of the twenty men to assist in repelling the charge. The two field pieces were loaded with canister, and everything was ready on the plateau. At a given signal the body of warriors charged. The first line was half a mile away, and the ground was clear of all obstruction. The gold hunters were ordered to reserve their fire until the second pieces were discharged. This did not happen until the first line of warriors was within fifty feet of the breastworks. The charge was checked in an instant, and the slaughter was something horrible. As was determined by actual count, fifty-three warriors and seventy ponies were left behind when the force drew off and returned to the spot where Eagle Feather had posted himself to watch and direct. The field pieces fired only two rounds apiece, and some of the riflemen only got in one shot.

Within half an hour after being driven back Eagle Feather sent in word that he was glad the white men exhibited so much bravery, as the honor of defeating them would be greater. While his warriors had been unsuccessful in the first charge, the second would be certain to win the victory, and he wanted them to make ready for it. This they speedily did. When the lines were formed again every warrior was in them, while the chief took the lead. The same tactics were pursued as before. Such warriors as had been dismounted advanced on foot. Again the gold hunters waited until the enemy had come to close quarters, and again the field pieces belched forth their murderous fire as a signal. It was a lesson the Comanche tribe never forgot. In five minutes every warrior who could get away had retreated, leaving the ground heaped with dead and dying. A count of the bodies brought the total up to 111. Those who were wounded were killed as fast as discovered. Eagle Feather, although in the thick of the fray, was not even scratched, and as he rallied his forces again with rifle shot he knew that he must change his tactics or withdraw. He had still 369 men left, and he had no thought of abandoning the field.

Gordon watched the movements of the foe closely and anxiously, and he soon discovered the plan of the coming attack. It would be made on the north side. There was a ravine leading up from the prairie to the lower basin. The Indians would advance from the south, and others still would advance through the brush on the west side. The field pieces were planted to cover the points where a rush was expected, and the men posted around the ravine and deposited among the rocks as torpedoes, and everything was ready by noon. It was half an hour later when the Indians divided into three commands and moved to attack. Gerry had taught them how to march on foot, and they moved off almost as orderly as regular infantry. The object of those advancing from the south was to get the bodies of the dead ponies for shelter, and thus creep in close to the breastworks or a rush.

INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE.

Julian Ralph Tells How the Red Man Speaks.

Make a letter A with your hands and lock the ends of your fingers; that is a tepee or tent. Keep your hands in that position and bend them down so that your fingers point away from you; that is a house, and a very good one too, because it shows how the logs are interlocked at the corners of the sort of houses one sees on the frontier. If you want to say you saw something, point to your eyes. To say you hear, hold your hand up to your ears. To say you slept, or are sleepy, put up one hand, with the palm side toward your head, and bend your head as if you were going to lay it on that hand. To say that you saw some one who was beautiful, put your face between the thumb and fingers of one hand, and draw your hand softly down from your forehead to your chin. A faint smile or smile made at the same time greatly helps this sign. If the beauty you tell about was a woman, make believe take hold of a mass of hair on the right side of your head and follow it down past the shoulder with your hand, as you see women do when they dress their hair. These signs for seeing, hearing, sleeping, beauty, and woman are exactly the same as those used by George L. Fox, the famous clown, when he played Humpty Dumpty. I have no doubt that Grimaldi, the great English clown, also used them, for they are the natural motions for expressing those terms.

HUNTING FOR APPARITIONS.

The Ghostly and Ghastly Work of the Boston Society of Psychical Research.

It may not be generally known that an important part of the work of the Society of Psychical Research, which had its annual meeting recently, is the tracing of the origin of the marvelous tales that are published from time to time by some of the newspapers, says a Boston Transcript. There are correspondents in the west and south who, when times are dull, invent startling stories, giving names and other details which give an air of probability to what they send. Now, the society's attention is directed to the real cause of this kind of thing, follows up all reports of supernatural happenings, and the results of some of the investigations are exceedingly interesting. There are correspondents of the society in all parts of the country, and when anything strange is published, a clipping is promptly sent to the headquarters in Boston, from which there soon issue letters of inquiry.

Sometimes the society is notified of a real case of donkey consciousness, and an investigation follows. The details are published in this part of the country, for instance, and pretty soon a western paper comes out with a startling story exactly similar except as to place, time, and names. Mr. Hodgson says that about a year or so ago he made an investigation into a case of double consciousness. A young woman for three months believed she was another girl who died thirteen years ago. She said she was a girl who had been killed, and all the witnesses were very sure she acted just as the dead girl had. The story about her was printed in the papers, causing much discussion. When interest in the case had somewhat died, a Boston newspaper came out with two or three columns about a woman who believed she was another person who had died years previous. Names were given, and even addresses of persons mentioned were printed. A few weeks ago, however, the girl about whose strange actions there had been an investigation, that secretary Hodgson stamped the Chicago story at once as a lie. He wrote to the persons mentioned in the article, and they all returned to him marked "No such person there."

A few months ago a Maine newspaper published a story about a haunted house. Mr. Hodgson took the name of the writer, in reply to an inquiry, informed Mr. Hodgson that he had simply written up the story from a number of rumors, and that it was not worth following up. It was understood that the name of the writer, the name of the place, and the name of the house were not to be used. The ghostly apparitions as he had described, said the writer, who was a medical man. Of course there was no use looking for further details.

A Boston newspaper printed a story, a few weeks ago, about a haunted room in a Brooklyn (N. Y.) police station. The story had been previously published in New York. It was stated that a ghost was in the habit of visiting a certain spot, and the editor of the paper, when he saw the story, was very sure that the man who slept in that particular spot so much that finally the officers refused to sleep in that place. The captain of that station was written to for information about the case, and he replied that the story was made out of whole cloth.

A wild yarn was that from Chamberlain, S. D., printed in a western newspaper. Mr. Cloud's cattle ranch near Chamberlain was the scene of a series of remarkable visitations by a ghost. Through the house went the ghost, rattling windows, slamming doors, stamping hard in the entry, and upstairs like one possessed, moving chairs around, and in general making life miserable for the inmates. Occasionally during the still night the sleeping ranchmen would be awakened by a most unearthly yell, which would make their hair stand on end. Up they jumped and ransacked the house, for they believed somebody was playing a joke on them. But the perpetrator could never be found.

One night the ghost appeared. With chattering teeth and trembling knees the ranchmen stood before the figure of a woman, clothed in the habiliments of the grave. A rifle was brought, the boldest man took it, aimed, and fired straight at the heart of the woman. After the smoke had cleared away there she still stood, gazing at them with her large, sorrowful eyes. For a minute she remained, and then gradually disappeared and was never seen again. The editor of the newspaper in which the story was first printed was asked to tell the name of the writer, and he replied that the story was made out of whole cloth, and that nobody had heard the yells, seen the ghost, or seen bothered at all.

FARM AND GARDEN.

CABBOTS FOR HORSES.

Nothing is better for horses in winter than carrots. They help to regulate the bowels, make the coat shiny, and keep the horses in good condition. They seem to possess qualities which no other root or vegetable has. Two or three every day, or every other day, is all that is necessary to feed. Plant a quarter or half an acre, or more, and you will have wide enough to allow of cultivation with a horse.—American Agriculturist.

RICH GROUND FOR EARLY POTATOES.

A rich, deep and dry soil is necessary to grow early potatoes. We say dry, because the sets must be planted early, and if wet and cold they will rot rather than grow. This rich, deep soil, that is dry early spring, will be all the moisture during the drought of summer. If the potato tops can be kept green a week longer on one piece than another, it means doubling the crop of marketable tubers. A few days' extra growth means making the large tubers larger, and bringing those that would have been fit only for pig feed to marketable size. The crop should have some fermented stable manure to give the plants an early start. It will not cause early potatoes to rot, though it may with the late crop.—Boston Cultivator.

DEHORNING LEGALIZED.

Many writers against the practice, now becoming common, of cutting the horns off, "point with pride" to the very foolish decisions of the English courts on this point a few years since. Most, if not all, of those judgments have been reversed, and now the National Federation of Butchers and Meat Trade Association, assembled at Liverpool, resolved as follows: "That this Federation is in favor of dehorning being legalized as a means of preventing injury to cattle in transit." No doubt Parliament will soon pass a law legalizing the practice, though all the good such a law could do would be to put the burden of proof on the person who makes the complaint. Now it is necessary for the defendant to prove in each case that the dehorning does not cause unnecessary pain. The cranks are getting tired of sympathizing with the vicious brutes that use horns, while forgetting the innocent creature that gets gored. This is a good sign, and we may all hope soon to see the last of dangerous cinemars on the heads of cows and bulls.—American Dairyman.

IMPROVEMENT OF POOR LAND.

The use of green crops for the improvement of poor land is not so easy as it is commonly thought. Green manure is most effective on good land, and for the purpose of maintaining its fertility, rather than of restoring it when it has been lost. The crop to be plowed under, of course, adds nothing to the land that has not been taken from it. But it is very rare that any land is so impoverished that a thorough plowing and a dressing of lime will not bring some crop that may be turned under with benefit. It might be suggested that such land be plowed two inches deeper than it has been plowed, and given a dressing of twenty-five or thirty bushels of lime to the acre. Then sow with buckwheat in June, using one-half bushel of seed per acre. Then sow one peck of clover seed per acre and harrow it lightly with a brush harrow or a plank drag. This covering of the soil secures it against a spell of dry weather that might occur.

The buckwheat is harvested in the usual manner, and the clover will make a sufficient growth to go through the winter safely. The next year a crop of hay is taken, and the second growth is left on the land, to be turned under for corn the next year. When the corn is laid by the land is sown with clover again, and the seed is covered by a light V-shaped harrow run through the rows. The corn is worked level, so that the seed may be as even as possible. This alternative may be made once more, when the second growth of the clover is turned under for wheat; and 300 pounds of superphosphate of lime may be applied per acre. By proceeding in this way and plowing deeply the land may be much improved in a few years.—New York Times.

RYE AS A GREEN MANURE.

When I bought my present farm of sixty-five acres in the fall of the year, writes Joseph Smith of Michigan, I found it in a badly run-down condition. Not one acre of mow was on the place, and the tenant declared that it was too poor to raise clover. I commenced by putting in the best portions of the farm to fall wheat, and the poorer parts to fall rye. During the winter I cut wood and hauled it down to the city, and when I could not get a load of manure given to me, I could usually buy a two-horse load for twenty-five cents. This I used as a top-dressing on the fall crops, very thickly, of course. In spring I sowed clover and Timothy seed on the wheat and so much rye as I had plowed. This I followed with a forty-five toothed steel harrow, which served the double purpose of covering the seed and firing the manure. The balance of the rye I left to grow as best it might till about the first of June. Then I proceeded to plow it down with a well look, or a chain fastened to the furrow horse's whiffletree and back to the plow. I then rolled and it the soil to hasten the decomposition of the rye, and after plowing it partly in potatoes and corn. I plowed the balance to first turnips. In August there was a good growth of bottom. I pulled the larger ones to feed the stock, as at this season of the year the pastures are suffering from dry, hot weather. Then I plowed down this mass of vegetation and again rolled and harrowed till time to sow to wheat. The next year there was no trouble in locating the line of the green manuring.

As soon as it was time to stop cultivating the corn crop, I sowed rye in the corn, cultivating between the rows with a shallow tool. This gave pasture for all kinds of stock till the snow covered the ground. This item of pasture alone will pay the cost of labor and seed rye. Next year the rye was turned down, seedling to clover and Timothy. After digging the potatoes, I harrowed the ground down level and sowed to rye to plow down for corn or millet for fodder, taking off in time to prepare for wheat to be seeded down the following spring to clover. Sometimes I plant potatoes on every third furrow when plowing down the rye, and if it should be a dry season the potato crop will grow right along as the rye seems to retain the moisture. I have had potatoes thus planted that were green and flourishing weeks after all ordinary tender vegetation was blackened by the frost. In digging potatoes so planted, it is a better to plow them out. It is enough to make a man enthusiastic to see the clean crop of tubers lying in a rich bed of decomposed vegetation. This plan of enriching the farm may be carried into the garden patch, taking off equal shares of other vegetables, and sowing rye to plow down for the same kind of crops the following season. No matter if it does not come up that fall, it will come all right in the spring, and only be a few days behind the earlier sown crop.—American Agriculturist.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Help at home doesn't cost half as much as it does on the road or on the train.

Protecting tomatoes with bags has been tried with good results.

If you would keep up with your season's work haul out your manure now.

We must learn to set our crops so that in marketing they will cost the least money.

Purity is illustrated by the condition of the roads and the farms that bound them.

The clay floor of silo may be rendered rat-proof by painting it with a thick coat of gas-tar.

Cleanliness and comfortable quarters are important items in keeping the calves in a good thrifty condition now.

Supply your hens with pure fresh water. In cold weather it will do no harm to have the chill taken off.

It is a very foolish error to suppose that fine fowls are more susceptible to disease than the common duckling.

The great size and extra egg-producing of the thoroughbred fowls is the result of years of judicious breeding from the very strongest and most healthy specimens.

Sunlight and air are among the best preventives of mildew, therefore trees and plants which are subject to its attacks should be so set and so trimmed that they will not lack for either.

The most prosperous and best informed dairymen in the South wouldn't use less if given them for nothing, as the butter would quickly spoil after being taken off, and families would buy it no more.

The cream gatherer for an Iowa factory says that during the nine years he has performed this service the quantity collected has trebled, and the quality has so improved that what was best at first would now rate as poorest.

The statement is made that Ampelisca veitchi, the Japan creeper, raised from seed started early in a box in the house, and transferred at the proper time to its permanent place outdoors, will get twice as far up a wall the first season as will a young plant grown from a cutting.

A well bred flock of thoroughbred chickens are less liable to contract disease, from the fact that good breeding has established in them strong constitutions and power of endurance, and precocious crossing and increasing of ducklings has weakened these characteristics.

To rake up and burn the fallen leaves in the orchard, or to put them in the manure heap, will lessen the liability of the spreading of fungous diseases, while the same is true of all other plants. Where fungus is very troublesome in a yard, such manure may be necessary to prevent its returning the next year with increased power.

Success waits upon the man who works his land so that which feeds his stock, when every steer carries to market a ton of hay in the shape of beef, and fifty or more bushels of corn; when every colt or filly, every hog or sheep does measurably the same, and when butter by the ton will represent to him loads of hay, and grass, and oats, and corn, and other stuff.

Do not let that hard milking cow stay in the herd any longer than you can help it, for she is an aggravation to the milkers who soon spoil her by neglecting to strip her clean. It is a most excellent plan too for the owner of the herd to take all the "hard cases" in the herd under his own special care, for he being interested, he will be more charitable toward them.

It is in the more arid parts of the country that man less has but to prevent the surface—the mud occupied by the roots—from becoming fastidiously dry. In California the value of hosing is so generally known that even the orchards are kept under clean shallow culture, and not a weed is left to rot the trees. The same care secures vegetable crops, where, without it, they would inevitably fail. It is a lesson for other regions.

Has it occurred to you that if you have a surplus of any one foreign sheep are just the fellows you want to help equalize matters. There are no other animals that will eat and thrive upon so many kinds of food; so, instead of providing a foreign crop on purpose for them, wait until you see what you will have a surplus of, and then provision the sheep with that. So that it will be clean and wholesome they will not care much what it is, and will take it and give you good returns in wool and mutton.

The only good milkers ever found were of the virgin milk, and were taken on a grave in New Granada.

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When I bought my present farm of sixty-five acres in the fall of the year, writes Joseph Smith of Michigan, I found it in a badly run-down condition. Not one acre of mow was on the place, and the tenant declared that it was too poor to raise clover. I commenced by putting in the best portions of the farm to fall wheat, and the poorer parts to fall rye. During the winter I cut wood and hauled it down to the city, and when I could not get a load of manure given to me, I could usually buy a two-horse load for twenty-five cents. This I used as a top-dressing on the fall crops, very thickly, of course. In spring I sowed clover and Timothy seed on the wheat and so much rye as I had plowed. This I followed with a forty-five toothed steel harrow, which served the double purpose of covering the seed and firing the manure. The balance of the rye I left to grow as best it might till about the first of June. Then I proceeded to plow it down with a well look, or a chain fastened to the furrow horse's whiffletree and back to the plow. I then rolled and it the soil to hasten the decomposition of the rye, and after plowing it partly in potatoes and corn. I plowed the balance to first turnips. In August there was a good growth of bottom. I pulled the larger ones to feed the stock, as at this season of the year the pastures are suffering from dry, hot weather. Then I plowed down this mass of vegetation and again rolled and harrowed till time to sow to wheat. The next year there was no trouble in locating the line of the green manuring.

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