

Agricultural.

Farm and garden notes.

Dr. Loring, of Massachusetts, who claims to be a practical farmer, and we suppose he is, as he talks of "my own farm," gives high praise to the value of Hungarian grass as a winter food for milk cows. He raised last year from seventy-five to one hundred tons of it. Cut and mixed with corn meal, he says he prefers it to timothy and corn mixed. There is a great diversity of opinion as to the value of this crop. Plenty of it can be raised per acre, but it is admitted to be a great exhauster of the soil. For one thing we know it to be excellent, and had a farmer from abouters of it, who had certainly seen it. We would select the plot which could be mowed from a cover of some kind and the patch should be left to mature its seed. Our object would be, not to feed farm stock, but the superior animal, i. e. a dairy cow. The bird is extremely fond of millets, and really prefers it to that of the marsh reed. We have seen hundreds in a field of a couple of acres. We suggest this to farmers, as we did years ago, who had plenty of land and have a taste for a toothsome dish of rare excellence. We know of one man who followed our suggestion some years ago, and he informed us that he shot every morning all the birds he needed for the day for himself and friends.

We saw an article going the rounds, "Will cattle raising and feeding pay?" It is not an overwise question to ask. Like all other branches of farming, it will be found to be profitable when circumstances will admit of it. On good-sized farms where there is land to spare and adapted to grazing, from a ten to ten head bullocks can be raised and fed with profit. Some farmers may do better by purchasing young steers. At any rate this additional labor is not felt; the cattle bring in a good round sum when sold, and where there is a farmer with a grain of pride for his calling who would not look with down-right satisfaction on his little herd of ponderous bullocks grazing in his fields.

If you want to grow chestnut trees, the fruit must be planted as soon as it is perfectly ripe and while it is in its fresh state. It is a few trees only are wanted, plant the chestnuts about three inches deep just where it is desired to have the trees to stand permanently. They do better not to be transplanted, and sometimes will not grow. When they reach a proper height the stems can be grafted with any better stock attainable. But it requires a careful hand to graft the chestnut to insure its growth. When fairly started the young tree pushes ahead rapidly, and often takes up by surprise at the callousness of its bearing. Waste places where the land cannot be used for crops, will do for this tree.—Germania Telegraph.

Collecting Fall Waste.

Many persons feel the want of manure, and indeed there are few who have more than they can use. Where it is scarce the first thought is to buy, and often this is the best plan; but in many cases one might make considerable by a little care for articles which usually go to waste. We know that there are many things recommended that are of little account, things which involve hard labor and yet realize but little in the end. Such are often found in the various schemes for making manure out of tan-bark, saw-dust, swamp-muck, and so forth, which once in awhile and under very peculiar circumstances may pay for themselves, as a general thing little more than time thrown away.

But it is always a good thing to keep all parts of one's place in a neat and nice condition, and the material gathered together in this way into the compost heap will generally pay for itself. However careful we are a farmer or gardener to keep things clean, there will often be odd corners that will be left by the pressure of work to grow up to coarse vegetation. If this be cut when leisure time comes it will generally pay in the compost heap. At this season of the year especially, there is often a great quantity of vegetable refuse of one sort another lying about. It will pay to collect it, and especially in this time of leaves when they are in any great quantity and not far away. We have known persons with pretty good judgment to hesitate about taking a second crop from a piece of grass-land in not very good condition, because they thought it would be running the ground too hard to do so. They say it is best to leave the vegetation on the ground to rot. This is a very well it did rot; but little of it does. It mostly dries up, and the best matter is lost. It would pay much better to mow and put into the barnyard or compost heap, and then return in the shape of top-dressing afterwards. The extra labor in a case like this pays very well.

Above all it is a good thing for those who have no horse or cow—no barn-yard—to save the little waste material for a compost heap. Every garden might have one in some by-place, not exposed to view. It is an inducement to have a clean place, and then there's profit in it.—Germania Telegraph.

A Legend of Roasted Potatoes.

A legend in regard to the origin of roasted potatoes runs that Raleigh planted some of the tubers in his garden in Ireland, just as he had seen it done in Virginia, and had to return to England before the plant had reached maturity. His Irish retainers, left in charge of his house and garden, noticed the seed-plant which in due season the plant produced—tasted them—and pronounced them unfit for use by man or beast. At that time the process of "burning the grafts," or weeds, was practised in Ireland. It was used by Raleigh's servants to clear his garden of the weeds of the potato plants. In this burning the ground became heated and the gardener, turning the earth up with his spade, found the tubers cooked and pleasant to the taste. Roasted potatoes got wind, and most every person in Ireland planted potatoes. This chance discovery reminds us of Charles Lamb's funny account of the origin of roast beef. The owner of a litter of juvenile porkers, roasted to death by the casual burning of the family sty, in picking about among the ruins, and sorrowfully handling the crisp remains, changed to burn his fingers. Clapping them to his forehead, he tasted a pleasure so exquisite that it made him at once forget his pain and loss. Pointing on the prize, he not only dispatched the whole barbecue a sitting, but licked his lips for more. The story got wind, and the entire country was ablaze with burning pig-pens.

It is not the amount of land that makes the farm rich, but the amount well improved. A few acres filled to their utmost extent of production will yield more of profit than the large farm badly managed and tillaged. The worst phase of farming is the greediness of men for land. A new comer will put his last dollar in land, and go in debt for his house and farming tools, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he will, after striving hard and living poor, find himself, at the end of a dozen years, worse off than when he first began. This is the general rule of those who choose farming for their profession.

Young Folks.

THE DOVE MAIDEN.

A GATEWELL FAIRY TALE.

(Continued.)

"Never let him know," she said, earnestly, and the dove maiden promised.

"I will go and find the chain for you," said Snowdrop to her mother. "Then we can travel to the beautiful country you have told me about."

So the mother kissed Snowdrop; and the little girl, wearing the silver cap and the ring, started forth in search of the dove maid to herself. She had left her dear mamma and Aunt Katrina looking sadly after her, yet she would soon return.

A little robin flew on a twig, and sang, "Don't go to the boat."

"What did you say?" asked the child, puzzled.

Then a lark hopped across the path, and croaked, "Don't go to the boat."

"I do not know what you are talking about," laughed Snowdrop, and faced herself on the brink of the canal. Directly before her was a boat, with gilded bow, the inside a soft pink and cream color, like the lining of a conch shell, and the sail was like fine white silk. Of course the little girl forgot the words croaked by the lark and sung by the robin as a warning, and stepped into the boat.

"I will not move the anchor; I can just pretend to be sailing on the canal—that is all," she said.

A large, white hand glided along under the boat, and slipped the chain which held it fastened to the shore. Snowdrop was delighted; the boat slid along, without the sail being hoisted. Had she but known it, two large white hands were pushing it steadily from the bank.

She enjoyed the sail, and she was also a trifle frightened, the current of the river seemed to be so very strong. A hawk came skimming close to the boat, holding a crystal bubble in its beak which the bird dropped on Snowdrop's head. Crack went the bubble, scattering fine fragments all about, like diamond splinters, and a fragrant liquid flowed over the little girl's face. This bath made the young voyager feel exceedingly queer; she rubbed her eyelids wearily, her arms drooped, and she sank down into the bottom of the boat asleep.

The hawk had a famous trick of putting people to sleep, as we have seen.

The motion of the boat rocked her gently, like the softest cradle, as she glided along more rapidly than ever. The two strong white hands pushed her past towns and hamlets straight onward; and if Snowdrop had been awake to peep over the side she would have seen not only the hands, but two fair arms, and a head covered with long, floating hair, like tangles of seaweed.

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