

The Huntingdon Journal. Farm and Household.

The happiest men who live by toil are those who cultivate the soil.

Cultivating Wheat.

Last summer a good deal of interest was excited in our county by the publication of a report, in our columns, of a visit to the farm of Mr. Levi W. Groff, in Lancaster county, Pa., by several of our citizens who went there to see his fields of cultivated wheat, which were then the subject of discussion.

The result of Mr. Groff's experiments were given in our columns as fully as we could obtain them, but they were not very detailed or satisfactory, although Mr. Groff claimed that, as was the case the year before, his cultivated wheat produced a much larger percentage of grain than any wheat sown in the old way, in that section.

Among those who went from this county to see the wheat of Mr. Groff growing, was the Hon. W. T. Hamilton, who was not sufficiently impressed, it would seem, to try that particular mode on either of his farms, but instead, has resorted to the system of harrowing the growing crop in the Spring, which he had tried the year before and was much pleased with, and of which we gave an account last week.

Mr. Levi W. Groff, however, has not by any means abandoned his system, and is fully impressed with the idea that the plowing of wheat is the mode which will be universally adopted by all good farmers and will make the cultivation of wheat entirely remunerative, at a dollar per bushel. In the Chambersburg Spirit we find an epitome of some remarks by Mr. Groff, reported in the proceedings of the Lancaster County Agricultural Society in response to the question:—With land and labor at present prices, can wheat be raised at one dollar per bushel? He maintained that it could by the adoption of his system, which he assumes will produce 40 bushels to the acre with great certainty. This he did not think at all unreasonable, but from his estimate not only of the value of the land, but of the appliances used, his remarks can only apply to the first quality of soil and most elaborate cultivation. His estimate of the cost of raising an acre of wheat was as follows: Interest on one acre of land at \$150, \$9; taxes, 50 cents; plowing and harrowing, \$3.50; 300 pounds raw bone, at \$30 per ton, \$4.50; 12 bushels seed, \$1.50; drilling the seed, 50 cents; cultivating twice in the spring, \$1.20; harvesting and threshing, \$4.50. Against this he placed the product of the acre at 40 bushels which will bring, selling the straw, \$46, leaving a profit of \$20.80.

This estimate, which applies to a Lancaster county farm costing \$150 per acre and cultivated accordingly, cannot be regarded as an example for our county; and we give it, not so much with a view to its application, here, as for the purpose of calling attention to the subject of cultivation, whether with the plow or harrow, of this great staple of our country.

And by the way of arriving at the truth, it is proper to add that Mr. Groff's mode was not entirely accepted as the proper one by his neighbors. According to the report of proceedings of the Society, Mr. Engle, while conceding that figures would not lie, if Mr. Groff's conclusions were correct, he thought the 40 bushels estimate high, but not too high, and the calculation fair. But still he differed from Mr. Groff when the latter stated that his wheat stood better in consequence of cultivation. Mr. Engle thought it was because "it was sowed farther apart" which does not place the matter in as clear a light as the reader would like to have it, for the whole point in cultivating wheat with the plow depends upon sowing it in lines sufficiently far apart for the passage of the plow.

This whole subject is one of great interest, and as the cultivation of wheat, whether by "harrowing" or "plowing" it in the Spring, is likely to be generally discarded, and perhaps, generally adopted, anything relating to it must be of interest to the great body of our readers.

Yesterday we met Mr. Joe Ernst, whose farm adjoins Montpelier and the Dodge place in Clearspring District, and he tells us that the growing wheat looks better than about either Williamsport or Hagerstown. Two years ago Mr. Ernst cultivated part of a field with the harrow, and raised, he is satisfied, from 5 to 7 bushels more on it than on any other portion of his ground. This year he drilled an acre in rows double the usual distance from each other, and has cultivated it with the harrow, and it is by far the best on his farm. He says it looks beautiful.—Hagerstown Mail

The apple tree borer should be eradicated annually—usually a season would be still better, but early in the Spring at any rate. The first year he occupies in short excursions around home, and then he may be readily caught. The second year he begins taking long journeys, and he is then more difficult to dislodge. A good stout wire run into the hole will usually kill, provided the knife-blade fails to find him. Always search close to the surface of the soil, frequently about one inch below, but rarely much above. In the search for his "trail," a little bunch of reddish sawdust, in the near vicinity of a circular hole the size of a buck-shot, is a pretty certain indication that the game is not far off.

BROWN BETTYS FOR BREAKFAST.—One cupful Indian meal, two cupfuls rye meal, one egg, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful molasses; mix with cold milk about as thick as pound cake; drop in hot lard and fry.

Around the Fireside. Waiting and Watching.

"Will you see then at the beautiful gate, De waiting and watching for me?"

Oh! I long for the shores of a far away land, For the slopes of its sunny vale; I long for the gleam of its silvery strand; And the breath of its fragrant gales; But the waters run dark on the other side Of that far-away land unknown. And I stand in the shadows and wait for the tide That must carry me out alone.

I see in my vision a city so fair, Its glories can never be told; And I witness the joy that the sanctified share That that far-away city holds. I hear the melodious raptures that roll Like the mending song of the sea; They tell of the lost and loved of my soul, Who are waiting and watching for me.

The light of their glorified faces I see; I see the sweet breath of the flowers, Which the snow-white heavens wave in beckoning me Across to those heavenly bowers; Oh, many a day have I dreamed of that blissful shore, Where the blest and the purified be— At the shining bars of the beautiful gate They tell of the lost and loved of my soul, Who are waiting and watching for me.

The friends of my youth, whom my love would recall, Have joined that eternal train, And one of my dearest beloved than them all Is chasing the heavenly strain. I feel my day closing, the hour growth late, That this may be the time to be, When I think that beyond, at the beautiful gate, So many are waiting for me.

Blow softly, blow softly, ye balmy bringing gales, O'er the sands of the low-lying shore, Your favoring breezes are filling the sails Of that boat that will carry me o'er. I fear not though dark be the hour, and late To sail on o'er death's sea, For the friend of my soul, at the beautiful gate Is waiting and watching for me.

In Danger. If there ever was a mild and calm teacher, it was Christ; and yet, when one asked Him, "Are there few that be saved?" He said, "Strive to enter in at the straight gate; for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able." The gate was built for entering, it was designed expressly for that purpose, and God desires that men shall enter, and has made arrangements for all to enter; and yet, He saw reasons that led Him to say, calmly and affectionately, but plainly, "Strive—agonize—to enter in; for many will seek to enter, and shall not be able."

I know not how you feel, but one word from the lips of Christ is more potent with me than all the reasonings of philosophy. I believe in Him. And, seeing that there was danger, He was at least honest when He declared that the circumstances in which men lived were such that we agonize—that is to say, put forth every effort—to enter eternal life. When Christ speaks thus, I know that there is mischief in the air; I know that there is mischief; I know that there is danger which may well arrest the attention and call out the utmost skill and exertion of man. I know that some have a feeling of security; but it is untrue, it is fatal. No man is in so much danger as he that thinks there is no danger.

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