

Potato Culture.

Experience, observation and reading has taught the writer that one mode of practice in growing any particular farm crop may be pursued as the best by one farmer, in one section, on any peculiar soil, variety or peculiarity of seed, another farmer on a different soil, section, etc., may with equal propriety pursue quite a different course and be equally successful; so that in advocating any particular course, such advice should be modified and adapted to circumstances etc.

There are certain principles or laws governing under all circumstances soils and conditions; these we can improve upon; we must follow to the letter if we would obtain results. While we may not be positive as to any particular course as applicable under all or similar circumstances, we yet can be positive of our experience and observation, and in giving that to the public through the agricultural press we are contributing to the advance on the great cause of Soil Culture.

The editor of the TELEGRAPH, in the issue for January 29, calls for facts concerning the soundness of "An Old Farmer," as mentioned in an article in the TELEGRAPH, that the strips of potatoes are the best to plant for seed. In the issue for April 4, Mr. Royal Smith, of Millington Mass., has responded with his experience etc., constituting quite an interesting article.

Our own experience, etc., has been in the valley of the Connecticut, on differently constituted soils under varying circumstances. Like Mr. S., I cannot say that "I have never been able to discover any difference in the goodness or the amount of yield on account of the size of the tubers, or for seed at the time of planting, the season, the soil and cultivation being alike." I recall an instance in my younger days, many years since, of an old farmer in finishing up the planting of a field, soil similar throughout, who found himself short of tubers to fill in the few last rows he took some very small tubers and put several in each hill—the whole were otherwise treated alike. At harvesting, while the portion of the field planted with sizable tubers yielded well good tubers, the field, on the other hand, planted with the small ones yielded scarcely a table sized tuber, but plenty of small ones. The circumstance made such an impression upon my mind that ever since I have watched results, and have almost invariably found that, under similar circumstances, the small tubers were planted that the product was inferior in some respect to that where a medium sized tuber was planted and received the same treatment. When some choice variety was experimented upon and quite small ones were necessarily used, by careful marking, I have been able to grow good sized tubers of equal quality with those produced from a larger-sized.

All my experience and observation otherwise, tends to settle me in the firm opinion that for planting, for all purposes where quality, health and perpetuity of the variety was desired, use either on a hill; and this I have ever advocated, both by precept and example.

I have found soil that was inclined to be dry, in tolerably good heart from previous manuring and culture, was the best for potatoes, after new land; and that the potatoes should be fertilized with mineral fertilizer, instead of animal manure, containing a good proportion of humus in a fine state grows good potatoes; and early planting, in rows 3 1/2 feet apart and 2 1/2 feet in the row, the best distance, etc. Clean culture should be given, and the soil raised to a broad flat hill around the plants, some six or six inches above the center between the rows and hills. Plant about three or four inches deep, slightly raising to the hills—Germantown Telegraph.

How I Raise Fodder-Corn. C. S. Pattee of Merrimac county N. H. in the Germantown Telegraph of May 7th says: I received in a recent note to you the importance of raising corn for Fodder, and promised to say more upon the subject, which promise I shall now attempt to fulfill.

I put in last year four acres; three acres were plowed in May, well-barrowed, marked off each way 3 1/2 feet, and planted with our northern corn, a small early variety; no manure was used except 400 pounds of superphosphate in the hill, the hoeing was mostly done with a horse-hoe. The crop was cut and stacked as soon as it became glazed. The result was fifty bushels of good feed, and two tons of excellent Fodder, the acre, worth at \$15 per ton.

The other acre was a piece of ground where I have raised fodder-corn for years in succession, it being near the barn. This piece I plowed in June, harrowed and sowed the corn into the middle of February, and never had cattle look better. My cows made nice butter up to that time with the addition of two quarts of corn and cob meal a day. After the corn-fodder was gone, I commenced feeding good early cut hay with the same amount of corn as the other. The cows fell off in their milk. The hay was farrow, and at the present time do not give half the quantity of milk that they did while eating the corn-fodder. The corn more than paid for the cultivation, and the fodder saved me more than one hundred dollars worth of hay; and instead of fretting and worrying and stinging my cattle on account of being short of hay, they have had all they could eat, and I have raised Fodder-corn for years.

But some one says you will soon raise more than one hundred bushels of corn. After the corn is off I cart on about six cords of manure to the acre and plow it in, six inches deep, and then in the spring as early as possible I seed down with wheat, and get from twenty to thirty bushels to the acre.

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Matrimonial Adventure.

The sensation of the season at Swallow was Miss Arabelle Wylshone, the rich heiress—such, at least, she passed for. A wealthy aunt, in infirm health, the story ran, had willed her an immense fortune, of which, any day, she might become the mistress. Quoted at nineteen, she looked older; but such anachronisms are common to feminine chronology. Her figure was thinish, her hair reddish, and her eyes grayish, and not quite parallel. If you don't fancy the picture, we can only say you would have passed for no judge at Swallow.

A young man, a visitor at the "Cove" that season, was a nice young man from the city. We need not describe him more particularly—to know one of these nice young men is to know all. His name was De Quincy Dothunter.

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Judges, clergymen, lawyers, professors and physicians, taken as a subclass of professional men, live the longest average to farmers. The average of all professional lives is set at about fifty years. Judges and lawyers, of course, are about 65 years. Among American clergymen the Presbyterians are said to live the longest. Among 406 ministers of all denominations whose deaths were recorded in 1870 and 1871 in this country, 153, or more than one-third, were over 70 years of age. Lawyers and physicians are about a par. Neither class, save the judges, who have somewhat different work from the lawyer, is apt to live to any great age, but each average well. Physicians are very apt to marry, and marriage tends directly to longevity.

Scientists, of course, are called, are prone to long life, astronomers in particular. Out of eighty-five of these students, less than one quarter died under sixty years of age. There is an axiom that "more distinguished" men have somewhat shorter lives than the less distinguished of their own profession. To a certain extent figures corroborate this idea, but it is greatly because a few of the distinguished die quite early, and so reduce somewhat. Many of the most prominent men in all professions have lived to be very old. Literary men, of course, are short-lived, and a general failure to attend to the laws of health. Artists are very apt to live a long time. A dictionary of 1,200 artists contains the names of more than 800 who lived beyond 69 years. Titian was 99 years old, and died of old age. Raphael was 37 years old, and Murillo 72, years old at death. Musicians develop often with astonishing precocity and die correspondingly early, as a general thing. Blowing on wind instruments proves by figures to be as harmful in practice as its appearance is innocuous in theory, and in less time than such an affair was ever planned before, a feverish was fixed and before another hour had elapsed, the twin were one flesh.

What was to be done next? "Go and ask your aunt's forgiveness," suggested the bridegroom. "Well, she can't do it," cried. "Well, we can go where she is," whined Arabelle! "Nonsense! I know she will." "How do you know?" "She told me so herself, yesterday."

He could have bit his tongue off for making such a slip. "Told you so herself! Why you never saw my aunt, Wretch!" she exclaimed, a gleam of intelligence flashing over her countenance, as she closely scanned the bridegroom. "Well, she can't do it," cried. "Well, we can go where she is," whined Arabelle! "Nonsense! I know she will." "How do you know?" "She told me so herself, yesterday."

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Life and Work.

It is not generally known, perhaps, as yet, that with the spread of civilization and culture, the average longevity of man is increasing. Records which have been kept for centuries in succession in numerous places. Even now, the remarkably old persons are supposed to belong to the less cultivated classes, as, for instance, the like, Washington's nurses and the like.

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Mr. Dothunter's business was genteel idleness. By his own account, he was down on the right side of the books of a rich uncle, whom the life table didn't give over five years to run, to say nothing of the family gout, and a hopeful contingency of epilepsy.

How in the world a young lady of Miss Wylshone's cleverness could tolerate such a puppy as De Quincy Dothunter, was the oft expressed wonder of the crowd of envious competitors to whom it was obvious that that gentleman's attention was more favorably received than their own.

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