Raising Squashes.

T. B. Terry, in the *Country Gentleman*, says almost every one likes winter squashes, but few farmers' fami ies have them to eat through the winter. A choice Hubbard squash, most people think, is as good as a sweet potato, and they can be raised for half the money per pound that sweet potatoes cost here in the North, and with this advantage, that they can be kept without trouble till March. Squashes do best on a warm, strong and rather light soil. A cold clay soil is no place for them, and on muck land, although there may be a good yield, they will be watery and poor keepers. The ground should be plowed, after it is perfectly dry in the spring, not over six inches deep. The manure should be well rotted, drawn on the land after it is plowed, and thoroughly fined and worked into the soil. The reason for this shallow plowing and surface manuring is because vines love warmth, and their roots naturally seek for food near the surface, exactly the reverse from potatoes. If you wish to make money raising squashes, put at least forty loads of good, rotten manure on an acre. The last half of the manure will usually double the cr p without any extra expense except marketing. The manure will not all be used up, but will show good results for years afterward.

For such varieties as the Hubbard and Butman, the hills should be ten feet apart each way. Hoe out a s ight saucer-shaped hole and throw in a shovelful of the richest rotten manure you have, then pull the earth back and mix it and tramp it with your feet, so it may not be so loose as to dry out. Do not make a high hill, but keep the soil about level. Put five or six seeds in a hill, cover about an inch and a half deep, and pat down lightly with the hoe. In this latitude May 15 to 20 is soon enough to plant. The hills should be thinned out to two plants in a hill, after the bugs have got through with them, remembering to put into practice "the survival of the fittest." If it were not for the bugs, one could raise more squashes to the acre to plant seven by seven feet and leave only one plant in a hill, but this makes twice as many hills to fight bugs on, and hence double the work. The ground should be cultivated both ways and often, as long as you can get through. With such soil and manuring as I have described, after the runners once start, they will soon cover the ground with a perfect mass of vines, and thousands of the runners will shoot up into the air two or three feet, looking for more room to grow in.

About cutting the ends of runners off, to check growth and produce greater fruitfulness, I cannot advise, as I have done as much harm as good in all experiments thus far. The only bug we have much trouble with is the small striped bug (*Galeruca vittata*), and they are enough. They always come about the 8th or 10th of June. Before they are due, we dust every squash leaf with land plaster in the morning when the dew is on, and keep them dusted until they grow out of the reach of the bugs. Do not wait till the bugs come; if you do, you may go out some warm morning and find every hill destroyed. They often come in the evening, and always with a good appetite. In showery weather we dust the plants as soon as it stops raining, and sometimes have to do it over two or three times a day. If there is no dew, sprinkle them with a garden sprinkler, with very fine holes, just before dusting. I think this is an original idea, and it has saved my crop more than once. Beside, one does not have to get up so early in the morning and work so hard before breakfast. I prefer to use a common flour sieve in putting on plaster. Dip in a quart or so on one side of the sieve, and use a large iron spoon to work it through the sieve. After a little practice, one can make a little go a good way. There are a good many ways of fighting these little pests, but I know of no cheaper or better way than the one I have described, where squashes are raised by the acre. Cheese-box rims, or bottomless boxes, covered with cheese capping, would be less trouble where only a few hills are raised.

With such soil, manuring and care, you may expect from six to eight tons of Hubbard squashes per acre, and if you buy the purest seed to be got, from a reliable grower, the squashes will be of such choice quality and extra large size as to be worth double what ordinary market squashes are. I have found no trouble in keeping them in the cellar, when they were raised on dry, gravelly loam, providing they were handled as carefully as eggs, and had not the slightest bruise on them. They usually begin to rot about the first of March. It is generally thought that they should be kept warm; but I keep them as cold as I do my seed potatoes —between 33 and 35 degrees as much of the time as possible.

Before there is any frost, they should be picked and allowed to lie in the sun two or three days, for the stems (which should always be left on) to dry. After that they may be drawn to market, or put up in the barn until there is danger of freezing, when we take them to the cellar. They keep in barrels or bins, or in almost any way, if they have been grown on the right kind of soil, and are not bruised in the least. The hard shell begins to form first on the under side of a Hubbard squash. When you cannot stick your thumb nail into it, it may be called ripe enough to pick, and only ripe ones should be carried to market (although many people do not know the difference) if you want to get a reputation and keep it. A good many of the soft ones will form a shell after they are picked, if they are spread out in the sun during the day, and covered up from the frost at nights. The cost of raising and marketing an acre need not exceed $80, as part of the manure should be charged to following crops.

The average price Mr. Terry receives is $35 per ton, and at those figures a small fortune might be realized in a few years providing a ready market could be found for them. But whatever is true of raising squashes in the field may be applied to garden culture.

Men's Love Letters.

Men of mature age generally write the most impassioned love letters. Attachments at that age are deeper, and less anxiety not to compromise oneself is shown and felt. From 25 to 40 they are more cautiously worded, and even occasionally signed with initials. Men between these ages, beside being desirous to avoid commiting themselves, are more or less ashamed of any display of sentiment. A young man from 18 to 25 will inundate the object of his affection with letters full of the most fervent protestations, as evanescent as they are ardent. After 50 men are often wise enough to vote the writing of love letters an unprofitable occupation; but some carry on the practice to a very advanced age. Their protestations are then ingeniously flavored with touches of the paternal, which sometimes entirely mislead the unsophisticated recipients. A German of most ages will address his sweetheart in the second person singular, and indulge in dreary descriptions of his every-day life, giving her little anecdotes about himself, interspersed by a quantity of sentimental platitudes which most of our own girls would designate "bosh." Frenchmen, in their love letters, are as expensive as they are insincere. Not that they have the least idea at the time that they do not feel every syllable they write. Compliments and aggregated expressions of devotion are idioms of the French language, and flow naturally from a Frenchman's lips, even under the most discouraging circumstances.

Paternal Government.

When the Shah of Persia begins to suspect that one of his nobles is growing too rich, he contrives to "clip his wings." Either he sends him every day, for a couple of weeks or months, some delicacy from his own table, for which said noble has to pay each time the sum of 1,000 pieces of gold; or he delegates to him the duty of entertaining a foreign embassy, or some diplomatic body. Again, he either plays every week half-a-dozen games of chess with him at 1,000 sequins a game, or he arranges bets up to 12,000 sequins, and, of course, the happy mortal on whom the Shah chooses to confer this honor must not have the audacity to win for fear of losing his head. But if the Shah desires to ruin his man at one fell stroke, he invites himself as a guest to his house. This mark of distinction is so expensive that the wealthiest subject is thereby plunged into the deepest poverty.—*Der Wanderer.*

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