Farm and Garden.

Address all inquiries or communications in relation to agriculture to DR. T. H. HOSKINS, Newport, Vt.

Editorial Notings.

WE are getting a large number of letters from all over the northern part of the continent in relation to the iron-clad fruits. We are utterly unable to reply to them by mail; but we advise every reader who wants to learn all there is to be known on this subject to subscribe at once to *Rural Life*, a weekly agricultural and horticultural paper, issued by the Rural Life Publishing Company, Waterloo, Iowa. Its horticultural editor is no other than Professor Joseph L. Budd of the Iowa Agricultural College, the man who went to Russia eight years ago, and brought back cions and cuttings of every valuable fruit and forest tree, and all the varieties of shrubs and plants that he could find in that great empire, likely to be useful in Northern America. He is still constantly receiving additions to these collections, and is testing them in the ample grounds of the institution to which he is attached. In *Rural Life* he gives an account of how these are doing there, and estimates and opinions on their respective merits. *It will pay every farmer in northern New England to take that paper.* He must be very stupid, if he can not much more than double its cost to him, by the information he will get from Professor Budd's department. It will be his best protection from swindling tree peddlers, and the professor will answer any questions from the readers of that paper.

A LITTLE more about bacteria and microbes may be interesting to some of our readers. These little "wigglers," as one correspondent calls them, bid fair to prove themselves the best friends a farmer has—except the politicians. The horticultural editor of the *Stockman and Farmer*, of Pittsburg, Penn., writes us: "Your article on the microbes is very timely and interesting, and I have just clipped it for the agricultural department of the *Western Christian Advocate* of Cincinnati," and we have received a number of other letters from interested readers, asking for more particulars.

JUST now, there is quite an excitement in scientific circles in regard to the microbe of the clover-root tubercle. Perhaps every farmer has noticed little white lumps, about the size of a mustard seed, on the roots of clover plants. The same are seen on bean roots, and also on those of some other plants. What are they? They are not found on all clover plants, but where they are found the clover is much stouter and the crop much heavier; and the singular thing about that is that the more of these tubercles there are, and the bigger the crop, the richer is the land after the crop is taken off! Here, it would seem, is a case of "eat your cake and have it."

WELL, it appears to be settled that these little excrescences on the roots are the work of microbes,—that is, little living things,—"wigglers," in short. A certain scientific German, with the peculiar name of Hellriegle, seems to have proved that a minute insect makes, by the irritation of its presence, and then occupies, these tubercles; and while there this creature takes from the air its free nitrogen and organizes it, so that it becomes available to the clover plant itself. This is a very wonderful insect, since instead of hurting the plant it really feeds it. And by the way, the clover plant is doubly blessed in this fashion,—since without the help of the bumble-bees in distributing pollen the seeds of clover would rarely be perfected. Until bumble-bees were introduced into New Zealand the farmers there had to import all their clover seed; but now they produce it for sale.

PROF. HELLRIEGLE tried experiments upon clover, with the view to finding where it got its nitrogen, previous experiments having demonstrated that it did not get all it contained from the soil. He analyzed the soil, and by heat cleansed it from all living organisms. Then he supplied it with the needed elements of nutrition and the clover grew, but not rankly. Then he added soil from an old clover field. Before that, there were no tubercles on the roots of his clover plants; but they immediately began to form, and the clover became thrifty. He had, in fact, inoculated it with the nitrogen microbes, and they rapidly multiplied. Here was the clue to a great mystery, and at the same time a wonderful addition to the science of agriculture.

IF farmers will at once make use of this new knowledge, it may go far to make farming "pay." A great many will not,—for they do not believe in book-farming. They think, or seem to think, that as soon as knowledge is put into cold type it loses all its value. But this need not hinder us, dear reader, from trying our little experiments to see how we can make the thing pay. Nitrogen, as organized in animals and plants, furnishes the most costly and most easily lost or wasted part of our manure. But if by growing clover abundantly we may, by the help of the microbes, *steal*,—no, *accept*—this new boon from nature, and use it for all it is worth, what is to prevent *us* from making our farming pay?

TAKE a common-sense look at the matter. Here is a crop by no means difficult to grow, that yields the very best food our cows, pigs and sheep can have, and leaves the ground it grew on richer than before;—so much richer that it will produce a good crop of wheat where otherwise it would have been hard to get much more than the seed back. Why, oh why, *do* farmers neglect to grow clover abundantly? Is it because it is not so easy to dry and get it in all right? Are we, then, going to balk at every difficulty? That is not the road to fortune.

WE should really esteem it a favor if some old experienced farmer who knows it all, or most all, would have the kindness to tell our readers what are the real, substantial reasons why the clover crop should not be made one of the leading crops on our New England farms,—a chief part of every rotation we make in our crops. As it is, what *is* our system? We seed down with grass and some clover, and some kind of grain,—usually oats. In one year the clover is gone, but we keep on mowing until we can cut no more than half a ton to the acre. Then we dung it, tip it over, and grow a crop of potatoes, or corn. Then we seed it again,—and so it goes. Is there not a *better* way,—and is not making more of the clover crop that better way?

WHAT is wealth? It is the possession of the things we most desire. Work is the foundation of wealth. By work we have the chance to obtain what we want. But it must be work that somebody is willing to pay for. In our view of this matter, the man who owns a good farm, free from debt, and is able to keep his desire for material good things within rational bounds, is rich enough.

BUT possession and use are antagonists. And yet, it is only by using that we enjoy. Now, then, what had we better do about it? If we use all as we acquire, we live like the beasts, from hand to mouth, and are the slaves of nature, like them. If we save a little, we are on the way to wealth. But to save means to deny ourselves the use of what is saved. Here comes in our reason,—that which distinguishes us from the beasts. Knowing the world to be what it is, and our fellow-men what they are, the wise man puts aside some of his wealth for future needs. If he has not the sense and self-denial to do so much, he must be poor. He will never own a farm. He will never be rich. He will never be a freeman, no matter how free, politically, may be the country he inhabits.

THE above-noted thoughts are suggested by the strong efforts now being made by farmers and mechanics to remodel laws for their own advantage. It is a good work, if wisely undertaken and resolutely pursued. But without individual self-discipline, self-mastery, self-denial, all these co-operative efforts must come to nothing, for they will have no sufficient basis. They will be as brief and worthless as Jonah's pumpkin vine. An industrious, intelligent and self-denying people, doing right and demanding only the right, cannot be oppressed. So far as they fail in being men, no agitation will permanently secure to them the rights of man. The man who spends all he earns can never be a freeman, let the demagogues tell him what they may to the contrary.

THE DOG PEST.—At a recent farmers' institute, Colonel F. D. Curtis, of Kirby Homestead, bitterly declared: "The legislature is made to feel that dogs are of more consequence than sheep, and meanwhile our farms are running down, and we do not know what to do to restore their fertility and to help ourselves. The dogs outvote the sheep. They speak louder and are more aggressive. They show their teeth and the legislature is scared. And then there is so much selfishness among farmers that the farmer who does not own any sheep, although he ought to, does not care how much the interests of his neighbor are jeopardized, so long as his interests are not at stake. We must get out of this narrow and mean position and all agree to have dogs taxed so as to get rid of the curs and worthless dogs. I insist that no man has any right to keep an animal, and allow it to run at large, which is liable to do his neighbor an injury. Shall the sheep industry be sacrificed for dogs—and a currish disposition? I say, no."

THERE is occasionally, perhaps, a little selfishness in human nature; but we do not wish too easily to believe that the indifference of dairy farmers to the dog pest is due to more than inattention. Every man is naturally more interested in his own than in another's occupation. But if there are any narrow-minded farmers who keep no sheep, and care little for those who do, we would like to ask them if they ever thought how many men are making butter and selling it in competition with theirs, who would much prefer to keep sheep? At the Rutland dairymen's meeting we were asked to say something about a freight express, which would put our Vermont farmers into closer and more profitable relations with the consuming public. We can not say that we felt as if we were interesting our audience greatly, though this was doubtless the fault of the speaker. But as an editor we want, once in a while, to ask our readers to spare more thought to the matter of giving our farmers something else to do besides dairying. In our judgment, nothing is more directly interesting to dairymen, and nothing touches their pockets more nearly. So if they *are* selfish, they ought to be deeply interested in behalf of both measures.

GOOD BUTTER is not a novelty. Just as good butter was made fifty years ago as ever will be made,—and there were makers then who made the gilt-edged article right along. But they could not do it quite so easily or uniformly without the modern conveniences. It is true that all the modern conveniences will not ensure a perfect product unless they are rightly and skillfully handled, and the milk comes in uninjured. *Hoard's Dairyman* says: "Many people are kept from any attempts to make butter for lack of what they think are essential conveniences with which to do the work. The requisites are really very few. There must be milk, a cool room which will not allow freezing, small milk pans and warm water. The method is to fill each pan one-third full of quite warm water—so warm that when the pan is filled up with milk the temperature of the contents will be raised to 100°. Within twenty-four hours the cream will all rise in pans thus handled, and the cream and milk will be sweet. The first skimmings, one or two, or possibly three, may be kept in this cold room until there is enough for a churning should be set out where there is a fire and where it is warm enough for it to ripen within twenty-four hours, when it will be ready to churn, and it should be churned *at once*."

Plain Phosphate With Manure.

Agricultural Editor:—In the issue of March 4, 1891, under Notes by the Way, this note is found: "Two hundred and fifty pounds of plain phosphate is required, at least, to go with every ton of first-class stable manure, in order to utilize its excess of nitrogen." In this vicinity farmers are in the habit of carting on from twenty to thirty loads of such manure as they call good—whether "first-class" or not might be a question—to the acre. If such manure requires the amount of phosphate named in the note, it would require 5,000 to 7,500 pounds to the acre, inasmuch as such manure can not weigh less, on an average, than one ton to the load. Such an amount of phosphate to the acre, at $35 per ton, would be a quite expensive dressing in addition to the stable manure. If we have not got the meaning of the statement in the note, please give us the truth.

R. B. LILLIE.

REPLY.—A plain superphosphate need not cost over $20, if made of South Carolina rock. If this is added to the manure in the stable in the proportion named, the resulting mixture becomes from twice to thrice the value it previously had, and needs to be applied only in that reduced proportion. If the cattle from which the manure is derived are not highly fed with nitrogenous food, such as cotton seed meal, the proportion of the plain superphosphate can be reduced one-half, but the resulting manure would be so much weaker. The same would be the case if a large amount of straw is used in bedding the cattle. We are inclined to believe that the plain South Carolina rock, ground flour fine, ("floats"), would be quite as good for this use as an acid phosphate. In that case the cost would be less, and only half as much would be used per head, as it is nearly twice as rich in phosphoric acid. These statements will have to be styled "theoretical" (if a worse word can not be found), so far as we are concerned; but we propose to reduce them to practice, now that we have the facilities to do so. There can be no mistake in the main fact, that the manure of highly-fed stock is over-rich in nitrogen.

HERE is a sharp trap for ants in the garden. It is made by sinking a small-necked bottle level with the ground near their entrance; the ants will run in and fall in, and a few day's perseverance will catch a large colony. The ants in the bottle can be killed by a few drops of kerosene, and the bottle put into the place again.

A GOOD dinner can be had in Berlin for five cents. That's pretty good, but we know of a better bargain. If you suffer with catarrh, you can get cured for twenty-five cents by using Old Saul's Catarrh Cure.

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COLD HANDS AND FEET,
NO APPETITE,
SOUR STOMACH, CONSTIPATION, DYSPEPSIA,
SLEEPLESS NIGHTS,
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KICKAPOO INDIAN SAGWA,
THE GREAT BLOOD, LIVER AND STOMACH RENOVATOR,
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Montpelier, Vt., December 8, 1890.

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Notes by the Way.

IT is safer to give away the poorest cows than to sell the best, and more money in it.

A SYSTEMATIC breeder in Vermont stated that he was keeping his hens for sixty cents per head. This is one and two-thirds mills daily, and is very cheap board for biddy.

AN old, worn-out mowing machine had better be thrown away than continually fussed with at the expense of valuable time at the haying season. Perhaps after an hour of tinkering it will break down when most needed.

BASED on the calculations of a Westerner, $1,500 to $2,300 are necessary for the farmer and family to go West and buy land at $1.25 per acre. This includes car fare to destination, team for looking up the farm, lumber and hardware for the house, $15 to $20 for the land office business, the same for the clerk of court, cost of living until a crop can be raised, a team of horses at $140 to $200, horse feed, the digging of a well and the man's time.

SOME of the leading scientific men of the world are now devoting themselves to the study of plant growth, and our farmers are profiting by the results of their researches. Twenty-five years ago works on agriculture were scarce; to-day they are numerous. Twenty-five years ago there were few farmers who felt sufficiently sure of their ground to dare give their knowledge to the world; to-day newspapers are full of their experiences.

ABOUT feeding off the aftermath there are differing opinions. Some even claim it to be a benefit; but a Connecticut Shaker, Richard Van Deusen, of Hartford county, says: "Seven years ago we took a farm which only cut fifty tons of hay. We have steadily pursued the policy of not feeding it, and last year besides selling 200 tons of hay we kept forty cattle on its product, and still have hay on hand. I would rather have cattle in my parlor than in my mowing."

THIS is the origin of the Early Rose potato: E. Goodrich, Utica, N. Y., was interested in testing new potatoes, and brought out several. He tried no less than 16,000 different kinds, of which he introduced only sixteen into cultivation. Among these were the "Garnet Chill," so called because of its garnet color, and because its parent was imported from Chili by Mr. Goodrich. One of these was sent to Mr. Brezee at Hubbardton, Vt. He planted the seed balls from the Garnet Chill, and among the products found the Early Rose.

A WRITER who seems to be well informed says, in the *Maine Farmer*, "Our timber forests are appreciated by their owners as valuable property, and are as carefully guarded as the wood lot on the farm, and as intelligently handled as the corn field and the orchard. Nor have there been widely destructive fires, with the exception of limited areas in Washington county, in the present generation. With the present careful guarding of the young and growing timber in the state at large by the owners, it is a fact that can not be successfully disputed that the merchantable timber in the state is actually on the increase from year to year."

MANY a farm whose soil now lies unworked and whose buildings are dismantled and crumbling might now be supporting its quota of human beings, had the struggle for a bare living been rendered less intense for them by the possibility of rearing sheep on the lands that may have been good for nothing else. Many a country youth might have lingered longer on the homestead of his fathers could wool and mutton have been made a commoner and greater source of income. But, the curious person will ask, what is the comparative impossibility or difficulty in raising sheep in this section? The answer has its summing up in four letters, but they are ominous—dogs.

THE blue grass of Kentucky is just our June grass of New England. Of it the *Maine Farmer* says: "A pasture in blue grass never needs reseeding, but grows better with age; it is a month earlier than clover and remains good a month later; freezing does not destroy its nutritive qualities, and hence a good growth of blue grass in the fall makes good winter pasture, if not covered with too much snow; it makes a dense sward and hence tramping does not injure it; it is not watery in its earlier growth like other grasses, but has good fattening qualities; it grows almost everywhere and under almost any conditions; it neither dries out nor drowns out, standing alike a dry or a rainy season, and hence it never fails. This is claiming a good deal for blue grass, but concurrent testimony is not lacking.

WHAT IS LACKING.—"What we most need," said one of the most influential of the farmer representatives to your correspondent the other day, "is a leader. We have no man in either branch upon whom we can depend to go ahead and push and fight for our cause. We have no one who can frame such a tax bill as we want, who can aid us in committee work, or who, when it comes to open debate, can hold up our end of the yoke for us. There, you have it all in just this." There is a great deal of truth to this honest farmer's statement. Farmers find themselves at a great disadvantage, and one which they did not realize till they found themselves here and face to face with the great scheme they have undertaken and the opposition they encounter. "Well, what are you going to do, give up?" "Give up," replied our sturdy plowman and granger, indignantly, "never. But we made a mistake last fall in our caucuses." The place to begin in this reform is way back in the school-house, caucuses and town meetings. We trusted the politicians too much.—*Maine Correspondent of Mirror and Farmer.*

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