

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

An intelligent friend has a valuable apple tree, which yielded a bountiful crop of apples once in two years. He expressed a desire that pomologists could have sufficient skill to make that tree bear a moderate crop of fruit every season, rather than a heavy crop one year and nothing the next. As the variety was so excellent they greatly desired a small supply at least every season. He was assured that if he would whip off all the blossoms on one half of the tree top the portion defoliated would yield a supply the next season. As he knew that if the tree produced fruit on only one half the top, there would be more than his family could use, he reluctantly tried the experiment, in the success of which he cherished no confidence, and whipped off every blossom to be seen within the area of about half of the tree. The result was just as it always will be under similar circumstances—there was a supply of fruit the following season on that part of the tree from which the blossoms had been removed, while the other portion of the branches yielded no fruit. The same result could have been attained by whipping off one-half or more of blossoms over the entire tree. By removing the blossoms the specimens of fruit would have been greatly lessened. Hence the energies of the tree would have been adequate to the perfect development of the limited crop, and also to the preparation of the fruit buds for the crop of the succeeding season. There is one fact connected with this subject which most people have not failed to observe—namely, when the blossoms of the young fruit, or both, have been destroyed by frost, the trees the following season will be unusually fruitful.—*Mobile Register*.

Butter kept in a room over night with the family, in winter, is not fit to use. It has absorbed so much of the odors that it has become foul. The taste of the bad air is plainly perceptible. But cover your butter plate (not an old one) with a tight dish—say a tin basin, and your butter will be found much the same as when placed there. It is, however, only perfect when kept, not occasionally but always, in fresh air. Housekeepers take note when once tainted it can never be cured, but tenaciously holds all it has and gets all it can. Like charcoal, gypsum or earth, it is a powerful absorber. From the time it is gathered in the cow until it is eaten in the family, the greatest care must be given to the lacteal product. Not only that, it reaches still further; the food, the water must not possess the odor. But generally the worst is in the vessel and the atmosphere that comes in contact with it. These, at least, if impure, impart their impurity, however pure the milk may have been before.—*Western Farmer*.

A ton of well saved fodder corn is worth, if well used, nearly the price of a ton of hay, yet how rarely is it well saved or well spent. Exposed, after husking, to all the terms of October, it is tardily housed in November, and, musty and mildewed, washed and weather beaten, it is not only the poorest fodder, but absolutely injurious to the stock, to which it is thrown in the roughest and most careless way in the barnyard. There it is trampled down in the snow and mire, and next spring is cursed as the greatest nuisance a farmer has to contend with. But let the cornstalks be shocked up carefully, spread well at the butts of the shock, and tied closely at the top until the corn is husked, and then put up in convenient bundles, and again set up, so that the rain can not penetrate the shocks, and as soon as cured be carefully stacked or put away beneath a tight roof, and it becomes agreeable-looking, sweet-smelling, nutritious fodder, which will be readily eaten by all sorts of stock. If it is cut up with any of the various fodder cutters into short lengths or even chopped up with an axe on the barn floor, wetted and sprinkled with a little salt and a handful of bran, it will be all consumed; and the manure heap in the spring will be altogether free from the objectionable, unrotted, and tangled stalks, while it will be equally enriched by their fertilizing remains. In this way the supply of feed will be economized, often leaving hay to spare for sale or permitting the number of feeding stock to be doubled, and besides, what is often a source of trouble and annoyance

may be turned to good account and money made by it.—*American Agriculturist*.

The crop of corn raised by Mr. N. Freeman of Bridgton, upon his farm this season, shows that farming in Maine can, by judicious and intelligent labor, be made as profitable as in any other State. His crop on one field was 136 bushels of 36 pounds to the bushel, and was at the rate of 92 bushels to the acre. The entire product of the field was \$138 33; the entire cost \$78 83, leaving a clear margin of \$59 50.—*Portland Argus*.

Suppose we have an animal that will dress six hundred pounds, and will sell for \$7.50 per cwt. It will bring \$45. This is the highest price for second quality beef, according to the quotation in the *Farmer* of September 10. Now suppose this animal is fed enough grain and good hay to bring it up to that class quoted "fair to good," and is increased in weight 100 lbs. It will then weigh 700 lbs., and sell for \$8.50 and bring \$59.50, instead of \$45, and the extra 100 lbs. that have been produced bring net \$8.50 but \$14.50, the difference between \$45 and \$59.50. Or suppose the animal is increased to the condition of "good oxen," and is worth \$9.50 per cwt. and has gained 200 lbs. It now weighs 900 lbs. and is worth \$76.00, giving us \$16.50 for the last hundred pounds, or \$31 for the last 200 lbs. Who does not believe that with corn meal at 80 cents per bushel there is a profit in making beef at from 14 to 16 cents per pound? Before turning off our beef at low prices, would it not be well to look over these figures. It may cost \$9.50 for meal enough to pile an extra hundred pounds of flesh on to an ox, but if at the same time the previous weight is increased in value one or two cents a pound, there is a good profit in the transaction. Good articles generally pay the best profits.—*New England Farmer*.

The *German Town Telegraph* gives "our receipt for curing meat"—To one gallon of water, take one pound and a half of salt, half a pound of sugar, half an ounce of saltpetre, and half an ounce of potash. In this ratio the pickle can be increased to any quantity desired. Let these be boiled together until all the dirt from the sugar rises to the top and is skimmed off. Then throw it into a tub to cool, and when cold, pour it over your beef or pork, to remain the usual time, say four or five weeks. The meat must be well covered with the pickle, and should not be put down for at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered saltpetre, which removes all the surface blood, etc., leaving the meat fresh and clean. Some omit boiling the pickle, and find it to answer well, though the operation of boiling purifies the pickle by throwing off the dirt always to be found in salt and sugar.

The *Southern Farmer* says: The arguments may all be in favor of the great size, but the facts are all the other way. Large horses are more liable to stumble and be lame than those of the middle size. They are clumsy, and cannot fill themselves so quick. There is nothing more surprising than to visit Montreal, and see the small built Canadian horses hauling large, two-seated carriages full of people, with apparent ease. A horse weighing nine hundred pounds, in Maine, takes a chaise or Concord wagon, with two men in it, and makes fifty or sixty miles a day, over hills that might have terrified Hannibal. But their weight is where it ought to be. It is compact, and not lying around loose. It is muscle, not pulp, that we want in a horse.

The Templar Lodge, I. O. O. F.; San Francisco, celebrated its 20th anniversary Oct. 22.

Edward Barton, a seaman on board the *Ravensraig*, died aboard that vessel October 13th, and was buried at sea. He was a native of England, aged 23 years.

One hundred thousand dollars will probably be invested in the Yacala mines, lying around Barbaeos, in Colombia, by a San Francisco company.

E. Mawrer, Thomas Welch, and E. Bane were fined \$5 in San Francisco for using vulgar language. Some persons in this city would be in danger of that fine.

The Observatory at Ogden.

While on our way to Salt Lake City, we met, while at Ogden, Major Wheeler, who courteously escorted us to the Ogden Observatory, and taking us through the building, gave us quite an insight into its workings.

The situation of the building shows the good judgment of the Major, and a better one could not be found. It is on a commanding part of the bench, just over the Weber, about half a mile from each railroad, which is as near as it could be placed without the instruments being impaired by the passing trains.

The building is neatly constructed of brick, the stone foundation being unusually deep, and substantial. It is divided into three rooms, the centre one being for the equatorial instruments, one wing for a studio and computing room, and the other for the latitudinal and longitudinal instruments. These instruments are mounted on substantial granite pillars, which extend so far down in the ground that no outside jar can in the least affect the delicate instruments mounted upon them. The instruments are so complicated that we bar a description for two reasons: We haven't the space; and then, in point of fact, we couldn't understand the scientific, yet to us, Greek explanation by the Major, sufficiently well to rehearse it to our readers.

The building, though not to be completed till spring, is as available now as ever for observations.

Heretofore Detroit was the nearest Government point, and it can readily be seen that with such a distance Government surveys in the west were more or less imperfect.

The object, though it is considered by many identical or similar to that of the signal service, is radically different. Each has an important function to perform. In this the longitude and latitude west of the 100th meridian will be so accurately gained that western surveys will hereafter have a starting point which is practically perfect.

This observatory is to be the initial point, and the permanent astronomical point west of the south meridian—the chief point on the western coast. It is built under the auspices of the war department, and in connection with the explorations now being made west of the south meridian by Geo. M. Wheeler of the U. S. engineers.

The telegraph wires run out to the building and place it in immediate intercourse with all points north and south, east and west. The observatory could not be in better hands than Maj. Wheeler's, for he is not only deeply versed in scientific matters, but takes a pride in attending closely to the responsible charge.—*Corinne Reporter*, Oct. 24.

CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.—There is a curious prescription in England for the cure of drunkenness, by which thousands are said to have been assisted in recovering themselves. The receipt came into notoriety through the efforts of John Vine Hall, commander of the *Great Eastern* steamship. He had fallen into such habitual drunkenness that his utmost efforts to regain himself proved unavailing. At length he sought the advice of an eminent physician, who gave him a prescription which he followed faithfully for several months, and at the end of that time he had lost all desire for liquors, although he had for many years been led captive by a most debasing appetite. The receipt, which he afterwards published, and by which so many have been assisted to reform, is as follows: "Sulphate of iron, five grains; magnesia ten grains; peppermint water, eleven drachms; spirit of nutmeg, one drachm; to be taken twice a day." This preparation acts as a tonic and stimulant, and so partially supplies the place of the accustomed liquor, and prevents that absolute physical and moral prostration which follows a sudden breaking off from the use of stimulating drinks. In cases where the appetite for liquor is not too strong, the medicine supplies that of the accustomed dram entirely; but Mr. Hall continued the use of liquor at first with the medicine, diminishing the amount gradually until he was able to throw away his bottle and glass altogether, after which he continued to take the medicine a month or two, till he felt wholly

restored to self control, and could rejoice in a sound mind and a sound body.—*Exchange*.

Correspondence.

PARK CITY, Oct. 12, 1873.

Editor *Deseret News*:

Here we are—just over the divide separating the head waters of Big Cottonwood from those of East Canyon creek. From its elevated sources this beautiful stream rushes down the mountain slopes till it emerges into a lovely little vale declining northward. The mountain tops are close by, easy of ascent and covered with thick growths of young maple, birch, quakenasp, black haw, choke cherry, service berry, wild rose, &c.

"ON THE MOUNTAIN TOPS," &c.

At the head of this enchanting little alcove, on either slope of the creek, on the hill-side, repose the famous silver-bearing deposits of Parley's Park district. On one side are observable the works of the Flagstaff, Sunnyside, McHenry, and Pioneer; and on the other those of the Ontario, Pinyon, Walker and Webster, Silver Cloud, with other locations, most of which were made two years ago.

THE ONTARIO AND FLAGSTAFF

are the only mines now working—a general suspension having taken place a short time since because there was no sale for ore. The Ontario, owned by a California company, represented by Geo. Hurst, Esq., are erecting hoisting works, the shaft to be six feet square. With their present appliances two men are able to take out eight tons of ore per day. The Ontario assays from \$75 to \$350 per ton. Though without doubt one of

THE RICHEST DEPOSITS IN UTAH.

The proprietors of the Ontario are shipping no ore. Of course the other mines are also storing their products.

A TWENTY-STAMP MILL

is to be erected by the Flagstaff company early the ensuing season, the race for which has already been constructed. This once in operation, the camp here must become one of the liveliest in the mountains.

PARK CITY,

one of the most romantic spots, will then become a favorite place of mid-summer resort for pleasure seekers and invalids desirous of inhaling an atmosphere rarified by immediate contact with eternal snows.

THE ALTITUDE

of Park City is nearly a thousand feet above that of Parley's Park; and mackinacs and buffalo robes are in order always in courting

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

THE SUNNYSIDE,

located, as its name would imply, on the eastern slope of the hill, owned by Messrs. Hendry, Beatty and Pickel, must not be thought unworthy of special reference. They have run a tunnel 130 feet to a thirty-inch vein, assaying from \$30 to \$175 per ton, affording one of the finest paying prospects.

No one, probably, has been so long and so actively identified with the development of this section of Utah as

JUDGE GEORGE G. SNYDER,

who is also the "oldest inhabitant" of Park City. A few rods below the old camp, in the lovely vale first described, he has erected a hotel, store, house for storing ore, blacksmith shop, and other conveniences of public and private life. He has just finished a handsome new barn, 30 x 50 feet.

A LIBERTY POLE,

sixty feet to halliard-block, without cap, cross-trees or "splice," stands directly in front of the Snyder House, a spruce and sprightly monument of ye honest miners' good will to the host; and, as I am informed, the loyal bunting, of appropriate dimensions, is ready to be sent aloft on the coming declaration day, amid the rending shouts of the

MOST LOYAL CAMP IN AMERICA.

Some scions of the internal revenue service (in real revenue-cutter livery) visited Park City a few days since, put up at the hotel, had their horses fed and groomed without

charge, and politely informed the judge that he was a prisoner and must accompany them to Salt Lake instanter.

"What's the matter?" coolly inquired the judge.

"Oh, nothing, but a little matter of liquor and tobacco selling without revenue license," replied the most promising of the two deputies; and here he tremblingly produced a paper which he said was a warrant for the judge's arrest and asked if he should read it.

"It is altogether immaterial, sir," quickly rejoined the judge. "I will go with you without delay."

COULDN'T POSSIBLY STOP!

And surely enough, just as the sun dropped below those western hill-tops, four persons, including Judge Snyder and a friend of the deputies, dashed from the hotel door and were in a few moments obscured in the haze and dust far below.

ON THE RUSH FOR TOWN.

Early in the morning of the Sabbath of our Jewish fellow citizens, went the deputy and his night-voyagers into the city.

THE DAMAGES.

Reserving details for the pages of history, it will suffice now to state that, after due presentation, during which Judge Snyder mildly affirmed that he had been reliably (as he thought) informed that by recent act of Congress all revenue tax on liquor and tobacco had been placed upon the manufacturers and consequently removed from dealers, the deputy put in his bill for services for self, team, feed and hotel charges, from Salt Lake to Park City—out and back same day and night—at the extremely modest sum of about forty-five dollars, to which the collector added a moderate fine besides license fees, and the judge paid the little "salary grab" as gallantly as though it had been for a marriage certificate.

THE INDIGNATION OF THE PARKERS

was roused to a boiling point when they learned how shabbily the Judge, who had always been an example in law-abiding and honor, had been handled by the internal revenue officers. They console themselves, however, in the axiom, "After much tribulation," &c.

THE FRESH ICE

every morning at Park City, unquestionably had much to do in cooling off the inflamed choler of the united populace on this occasion, who don't begin to have among them so much

PIN-FEATHERED ARISTOCRACY

as came to the surface in a social gathering at Hill's Farm lately. The B's and the C's were so heavenly in their aspirations as to be utterly unapproachable by the Y's and Z's. One could not help remarking what a change a few years and a little lucre make in some folks. It is unfortunate that all cannot smell rank officially, as Barnaby Rudge would have it.

A NEW POST OFFICE,

it is presumable, has been established at General Kimball's.

STAGER.

The skeleton of an unknown man was found about fourteen days since on the Oregon road, opposite Whittle's Ferry, on the Klamath river. His Henry rifle was found about fifty yards from him, and about \$15 beside him. It is supposed that he lost his way and possibly froze to death last winter during the Modoc troubles.

Alfred Dean charges brutality against the second mate of the *Ural* of the *Morning*. Alfred was "shanghaied" at New York, and ruptured by a kick in the stomach when on board. Ships are often truly "floating hells," and some who have command on them ought to be sent to the proper place for them.

It is stated that an agent of the Southern Pacific Railroad will visit San Bernardino to ascertain what aid would be extended by the citizens in aid of the extension of the road from Los Angeles. The road will be built by the way of the Mud Springs and come in north of the town; and if no aid is granted the line will be run by way of El Monte, Rubottoms and Agua Mansa.