

Agricultural.

THE CULTIVATION OF FLOWERS.

We want to see more flowers in every farmer's yard and garden, both because they are pretty and because of the humanizing and softening effect upon the whole household. We cannot appeal to every farmer as strongly as the beautiful flowers of a pioneer settler in Kansas did to Quantrell's rough band, whose leader declared "that was too pretty a place to burn," and so spared it for the flowers' sake; but we would appeal to his love of the beautiful, and his desire to make home cheerful and happy, with the wife and little ones joyous over the sweet bloom and fragrance of the garden; so having procured seed of the best Annuals, send also for some of these.

Perennial Flowers—Or those which do not bloom the season they are sown, but endure the Winter and flower the following and succeeding years. In this respect they are less trouble than those which require sowing every year, and as a class perhaps more beautiful. One other thing is in their favor, viz: they may be sown late in Spring after the hurried season is over, and they will flower just as well the following year. Many persons who think it too much trouble to sow annuals every Spring prefer these perennials on account of the little care they require when once established as nearly all of them may be increased by dividing the roots or layering the branches. In these we do not include the Dahlia, Lily, Tuberose, Gladiolus, Pæony, Dicentra, &c., to be set in the Spring, nor Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocuses, that should be planted in the Fall, roots or bulbs of which should be obtained of a florist to give start. Beside these there are some bedding plants, which those who have not a hot-house or conservatory can best procure from persons who have, as to set out plants either in bloom, what is better, those that will soon flower.

We name the following as worthy of cultivation. **Snappdragon** (*Antirrhinum majus*)—brilliant scarlet, orange, crimson, striped and white flowers, blooming the first season and continuing in flower after hard frosts. They are perfect-hardy, and when established, the roots may be divided to increase the stock. They grow from 6 to 18 inches high.

Anterbury Bell (*Campanula medium*)—most showy and beautiful perennial, growing on a spike one to two feet high. Flowers blue and white, some of them double. The *pyramidalis* is a large sort, three feet high.

Chrysanthemum.—Very desirable in late bloom, and pretty withal. It blossoms after hard frosts, sometimes after a snow-fall. There are two varieties—one tall, two feet or more in height; the other dwarf, scarcely one foot high, both of various colors, and some of them quite double. The *venustum* is a good dwarf sort.

Columbine (*Aquilegia*) is a showy flower, opening quite early in Spring; flowers white with red stripes, scarlet yellow, some of the flowers being double. They grow from one to two feet high, and flower in succession a long time.

Carnation and Picotee (*Dianthus caryophyllus*) rank among the prettiest flowers of the garden, beside being fragrant and continuing a long time in bloom. They may be sown in a warm bed in the middle of May, but form better plants when sown earlier, in a cold or hot-bed. Desirable establishments are propagated by cuttings and roots. It is well to give the plants a dressing of coarse manure in the Fall, and roots are not perfectly hardy. In it is unsafe to leave them without protection north of New York City.

Flower Glove (*Digitalis purpurea lanata inflora*, etc.), form beautiful spikes of flowers, purple, white, yellow, red, etc. They are more strict-perennials, but often bloom for two or three years. Sow in the middle of May, and they will flower the following year.

Hollyhock (*Althea rosea*).—One of the best flowers, but has undergone many improvements. This, too, is classed among biennials; by taking off the offsets, or propagating by slips, double kinds are perpetuated. Some of the dwarf sorts are very desirable, growing about four feet high, while the tall ones reach six and eight feet. They continue in flower a long time from the opening of the lower bud until the bursting of the topmost one. Sow any time in May, or even in June or July, and they will flower the following year.

Petstemon Wrightii (scarlet) *Murrayanum* (vermillion) and *Jeffreyanum* (light blue) are handsome perennials bearing their bell-shaped flowers in graceful spikes. They grow from one to two feet high, and flower from June or July until October. There are several other species not mentioned above, all pretty and most of them hardy. Do best sown in a hot-bed, but may be sown in a warm, open border, the middle or last of May.

Perennial Phlox—If only three perennial flowers are grown in a yard, one of them should be a root of Phlox. A bed of the different colors—always obtained from seed—will form a magnificent show all Summer long. The prevailing colors are purple, red and white, often delicately blended in the same flower; one variety of dwarf habit called "Moss Pink," forms a perfect mat of bloom the last of April or early in May, and is often employed for edging. Others, such as *maculata* (Flora's bouquet), with purplish-red flowers, *Van Houttei*, striped, grow one and a half to two feet high, and flower in June and July, while the tall-growing Fall sorts, such as *Mary Ann*, purple centre and white margin, *Wild-errii*, deep red, and many others, grow two to three feet high, and flower from July until September, so that with this flower alone an endless variety of bloom may be kept up through the season.

Garden Pink (*Dianthus hartensis*) is closely allied to Carnation, but more hardy. It is easily grown, perfectly hardy, very fragrant, above one foot high, blooming the last of June. Sow on a dry soil middle of May.

Garden Rocket (*Hesperis matronalis*)—The sweet, purple sort is one of the best, very fragrant, flowering in long spikes in May and June. It is perfectly hardy, easily grown, and is a good flower for bouquets. Grows one and a half feet high. Sow from the middle of May until the middle of June.

Sweet William (*barbatus*) very properly finds a place in all collections. The name itself is endearing to many a fair cultivator of flowers. Of most easy culture, very fragrant, and of a variety of attractive colors, forming a perfect truss of bloom, it is a universal favorite. The late *Auricular* flowered and some other sorts are very pretty. Sow at any time in Spring or early Summer, and they will bloom the next season.—[N. Y. Tribune.

CORN FOR FODDER.—A writer in *The Country Gentleman* says:

"I have cultivated corn for fodder for 20 years, sowing it broadcast, and in drills of various degrees of thickness. If strewed along plowed furrows by hand, so that the drill may be about six inches wide, and then well cultivated with the horse only, I have found the product to be nearly double that of fodder sown broadcast. This result has been repeated over and over. The corn in the drills perfectly shades the whole surface long before it has attained full size. But I entirely differ from both of these writers as to the thickness of sowing. I found 40 grains to the foot to yield about one-third more fodder than 30 grains to the foot; although the stalks were shorter in the thickly sown crop, they more than made up the difference by number. A superficial observer on looking over the field would say that the weighing, which was resorted to in these experiments, told a different story. I have found no advantage whatever in trying to raise any grain on the stalks; the quantity is small and poor. It is a fruitless attempt at trying to ride two horses at once. No grain being produced on the stalks, the land is not exhausted; and the same crop on a piece of land during successive years has enriched rather than impoverished it, by the large amount of roots left annually in the soil.

"Now, after all these repeated experiments, I have never been able to raise a crop, whether by thick or thin drills, or by broadcast sowing, that would exceed eight tons of fodder per acre; five is a more common amount. The fodder in its ordinary state of dryness, when given to the animals, has not decreased more than half its weight by drying—so that 16 tons of green growth is the utmost I have ever been able to reach. With sorgho I have nearly doubled this amount. I have found small corn to give but a slightly different result from large, as the latter must have more room, and of course there will be fewer stalks to an equal area.

"P. says there are about 120,000 grains of the Dent corn to the bushel. This would be 8 grains to the foot in drills three feet apart, for one acre. Northern corn, being considerably smaller, would give about 14 grains to the foot, if one bushel is sown. 2½ to 3 bushels per acre would therefore be the full amount for

a crop with 40 stalks to the foot, or very nearly this amount.

This may be a very successful way of growing the crop, but we think if the ground is well prepared it would be better to drill the seed one foot apart about the 1st of July, and not give the land any after cultivation. We recommend manuring the land early in the Spring, and plowing it three or four times before the time arrives to put in the seed. And we earnestly recommend every farmer who does not already know the value of this crop to prove it by actual experiment the present season.

A SLAVE'S THEORY OF THE WAR.—The Raleigh (N. C.) *Standard*, talking about arming the slaves, reports the following as a veritable conversation:

Master—Well, Sam, the white men are not able to whip the Yankees, and we want you to help us.

Sam—Golly, master, what I got to do wid it? No fight o' mine. De Norf want to make me free nigger, and de Souf want to make me free nigger, and I 'spec I be killed 'fore it's done wid.

Master—Oh, no, Sam, you must fight for your country. Gen. Lee says you must.

Sam—Bress de Lord, Master, Sam got no country here. Sam's country in Africa.—Sam hab no power to declar' war. The good book says, master, dat de nations dat declar' war must do so afore God, and fight in his name. Ef dey don't do so, he'll turn a deaf ear unto 'em and cuss 'em. Dars two sorts o' wars, master, God's wars and de devil's wars. Ef Sam can't declar' war like de white man dat's got a country to fight for, den ef he's forced to fight, he'll fight in de devil's war. De minister teeched me to run from de devil, and Sam 'spees to run from de devil's war.

Master—Ah, Sam, you don't understand. We want to put the negroes in and have a glorious winding up to the war. We shall close it, if the negroes will only help us, in a blaze of glory.

Sam—Golly, master, dat's jes like de sirkus wid de nigger. De ole clown he git our money, and den trow de old close and de flour barrels 'mong de niggers. He! he! he! 'Spec Sam don't go to dat sirkus.

DOUBTFUL JOSHUA.

BY EZRA OLIVER WENDELL.

The situation was this, so far as it is not contraband to tell at once: Joshua Dadger had had a fall from a haycock when he was very young, and it bumped his head some, and made him otherwise feel unpleasant, but no serious consequences were supposed to have occurred to him at the time, as his pretty face was not marred, and he ate heartily, and his sleep was sound immediately afterward. But as he grew up, his grandfather said that that fall had made him over cautious and undecided. His grandmother died, and when his parents followed suit, Joshua thought he could do no better than to hire out to Farmer Daisy, who had one wife and two daughters.

Lena was two years older than Joshua; and Fatima was two years younger; and one day when Joshua was twenty, he leaned upon his hoe by the pigsty, and thus considered:

Let me see. I am a pretty fellow, and which do I love the best, Lena or Fatima? I have lived for several years in the small family, and am a likely young man, as I am likely to live one year longer, and then be twenty-one. But I have my doubts which I ought to marry. Of course I could have either, but which? Lena is older and leaner, and Fatima is younger and fatter. But here I am in doubt. Should a wife be older or younger than her husband? If she is younger, isn't she likely to mind him better? This is one set of doubts. Then here comes another set. A wife ought to be healthy, as it costs less. But which promises most health, fat, or lean? Some say lean, some say fat. Which would be Fatty, in four years? Would she be as lean as Lena? Perhaps leaner. Time tries all, and again, Lena might pick up and grow fat again, and then again she might not be so well off as she is now. They are about equal in other respects. I am much troubled to choose between these two Daisys. But perhaps love is the main thing, and I guess I'll wait and have the one who loves me best. But how to go to work and find that out? I must plan a plan.

When next the doubtful swain found them together he told them, in confidence, that he was going to get married, but would not say to whom, and now he watched the effect upon them.

Lena looked grave and Fatima laughed at him.

This caused him a new set of doubts, and he felt vexed at both.

This is harder work than farming—What do these girls mean? Perhaps Lena looks sour because she's jealous, which shows she loves me. And perhaps Fatty laughs, and pretends she don't care, in order to hide her love.—And perhaps she snickered because she thinks I am going to have her. I ought to be very careful, however. I mustn't be rash, or I may take the wrong one. I wish one would die, and then there would be no bother. But which one? I can't say. I wish I wasn't in love.—But which do I love best? for that amounts to something. I don't know. I shan't understand myself till I understand them. And then, perhaps, the one I loved would give me the mitten as soon as I showed love. And t'other might love me better. And perhaps the one that loves me most would be the best for me. And perhaps the one who said she loved me would only say so to take the shine off her sister, and so I should be deceived. This love is a very unpleasant piece of business, and already it has placed me in a state of most doubtful uncertainty. I have tried one plan, and am in more doubt than ever. But, Joshua Dadger, keep on! You'll get at the right of it at last. Plan another plan.

The effects of haycock, according to his grandfather's prophecy, became more and more visible in the cautious proceedings of the doubtful Joshua. His next experiment was to ascertain which of the two sisters had the soundest, steadiest mind, so that she would be the less liable to change after he had accepted her.

His idea was ingenious in its philosophy. He made each the present of a kitten, that each pet might test the affection of their natures. He watched the about equal degree of fondness bestowed upon the animals; and when he thought love was established in that quarter, he stole them away, and found that Fatima showed the greatest concern, mourning for a week, and tearing more clothes in the hunt.

But this plunged him into more doubt.

As to kittens—kittens may be no rule to judge by. Fatty may love kittens, while Lena may be more partial to dogs and men. This is a great consideration, for a loss which is no loss should not be much cried about; and besides, perhaps those who are so wrapped up in dumb beasts may not have enough tenderness to spare for their partners. It is fortunate that I have such a thoughtful turn of mind, for my good looks might be the ruin of me. I must plan another plan and I will try their affection toward me. I will get up a little game of jealousy between them, and see which suffers most, and piles in the victuals in the unhappiest manner. I shall pity them, but I am acting for their peace of mind in the future. So I will begin by taking Lena to the horse-race to-morrow.

Lena saw the show and went home with Joshua in high spirits, while Fatima delighted him by smashing a plate at his feet when he returned, and leaving his bed unmade and his handkerchief unhemmed. Continuing his exclusive attention to the elder sister for a time, the cunning Joshua perceived by her increasing sulkiness that he was breaking the heart of the neglected one, and so commenced upon the opposite tack, by turning his back upon Lena and going to a candy scrape and quilting party with Fatima, and picking so many posies, for her alone, that Lena actually broke the vase, and refused to make the usual seven turn-overs—one for each day in the week—when she superintended the baking.

"I don't mind the turn-overs," mused Joshua, gravely, "but it's time to turn over a new leaf with these here two girls, I don't see that I have proved anything yet, which showed the greatest love or showed the greatest spite. If the turn-overs offset the handkerchief, I think the vase about equal to the plate. And it's about nip and tuck in other respects. They're both ugly enough when they're mad—and after all, is spite a sure sign of love? If either was my wife wouldn't she be in danger of banging my head? They haven't got to harming me yet, but they might, when they felt more intimate. I think it's no use to go all round Robin's barn when you can go straight in at the door. I think the best plan will be to ask them both together, which is the deepest in love with me. The old folks are going to prayer meeting to-night, and I'll do my moral duty at home by speaking square out."

TO BE CONTINUED