

## BEE CULTURE.

Our Unrivalled Facilities for It—  
Agricultural Items.

PAYSON, June 12, 1887.

Editor Deseret News:

In a former letter we referred, incidentally, to the culture of bees. This should be, and we are convinced it can be, made one of the leading industries of the Territory. Yet it is a painful fact that in some locations scores of hives have died, many from disease, but some, without doubt, from starvation. It is not two weeks since the writer ran across an old apiarist feeding his bees amid the flowers of May. The fact is, very little honey is drawn from the orchard bloom or flower garden. While a missionary in the Alleghany Mountains, which, as all know who have visited them, are a perfect floral garden, the writer was struck by the

## ABSENCE OF BEES

on the grounds of many well-to-do farmers.

In urging the value of the apiary as an auxiliary to agriculture, he often took occasion to illustrate his argument by referring to the fact that even in the dry, arid region of Utah, it was not an unusual thing for a single stand to make 200 pounds of honey during one season. That they always expressed surprise could not but surprise the writer, in view of their surroundings. If they got fifty pounds of honey from a stand, they considered it was an unusually good season. In fact, it often happened that in order to get any honey at all, it was necessary to kill the hive, and this was often done, reliance being placed on a bee-hunter's luck for stands the next spring.

From this difference in the relative production of the two places, it must be inferred that there is something for bees to feed upon here that is not found there, and also that this something is more honey-producing than anything else. Now this something is the lucern and sweet clover bloom. If bees could always have this to feed upon, no industry would be more profitable. But before the lucern is in full bloom, it is mowed down, so that there is at least only two weeks before each cutting for them to work upon it, except where it is allowed to go to seed. The success therefore of the bee industry in this territory seems to turn upon this question

## WHAT SHALL WE GIVE OUR BEES

to work upon? Of lucern and sweet clover, the latter evidently yields the most and the best honey; but too many of our farmers regard it in the light of a weed that should be prevented from getting a foothold on their land. In good soil it grows ten feet high, spreading like the mustard of Scripture, in all directions, so that the birds can rest in its branches. It blooms from the last of May till the autumn frosts set in and spreads without the need of planting. It delights to grow along hedges, ditches and old ravines or washouts, in short in any by-corner where it cannot be reached by the plow or mower. It fills the air with a pleasant fragrance. Were it allowed to fill up these otherwise waste places they would become the most profitable spots about a farm, if bees were kept to gather the honey. It is surprising how small a patch of this sweet clover it takes to make an appreciable difference in the yield of honey. We remember a few years ago seeing in our lot a single bunch growing up at the head of the lucern patch, close by the ditch. Having been told of its spreading proclivities, we were in doubt for a moment whether to root it up or not. Thinking, however, that no harm could come from a single stalk, we allowed it to remain. In a few years it spread clear across the lot and now stands in a narrow strip along the bank of the ditch. Four stands of bees gather most of their honey from it and are a source of profit, while other stands all around, not having access to such food, are unprofitable.

But there is a

## REASON STILL MORE COGENT

why sweet clover should be sown broadcast over the land. It is a fact often demonstrated in the history of farming in this Territory that land reclaimed from alkali, proves to be the richest and most fertile. Any plan by which such land can be reclaimed should be known by every farmer. Constant flooding has hitherto been regarded as the only way. But it has been demonstrated on hundreds of acres around Benjamin, and for aught we know in other parts of the Territory, that sweet clover, if it does not take the place of flooding, yet proves such an invaluable auxiliary in licking up superfluous salts, as to be considered the best thing now known to the farmer for reclaiming the saleratus bottoms. Lands once abandoned on account of too much salt were allowed to be overrun with this "weed." It was soon observed that cows would feed upon it with as much relish as upon lucern. Thus the idea was conceived of storing it as hay. A systematic cultivation followed, and it was found to grow luxuriantly where other grasses were burned up. By cutting while the stalks were tender, it was found to be as forage almost, if not quite, equal to lucern for cattle, and it could be cut nearly twice as often. After a few years the experiment was made of plowing it up and planting small grain in its place.

## AN ABUNDANT CROP

was the result.

Since learning these facts, the writer has been not a little surprised that the results of these experiments have not been laid before the public before through the medium of our home papers. If sweet clover will do elsewhere in the Territory what it has done in the regions named—and we see no reason why it should not—it will prove a blessing to the farmers of this great inter-mountain basin.

What particular chemical changes take place whereby this plant reduces the saleratus we know not, having never investigated the matter, but it would seem that here is a field of experiment for the practical chemist that would redound to his praise, and increase the prosperity of the community. In the meanwhile it is enough for the wide awake farmer to know that certain causes will produce certain effects, and he will not lay idly by till he learns the why. We should like to see published the direct experience of those who have in this or any other manner been successful in redeeming their land from the encroachments of alkali. Sweet clover, we may say, is twice blessed; it blesses the land that bears it, and the bees that gather its honey. So much on bees and bee pasturage.

A few weeks ago the necessity of establishing

## A DAIRY

in every town to take up the superfluous milk and make cheese instead of so much butter, was ably argued and a feasible plan laid down by a correspondent of the News. Now let us hear from every dairy established in conformity to such a plan. We don't think, Mr. Editor you need tremble for fear you will not have space. However, we take the pleasure of reporting the only one we know of, and that is at Benjamin, under the able direction of Mr. Orange Warner. Starting with a nucleus of some forty cows made by joining his own herd with that of Mr. A. J. Stewart, Jr., he intends extending his business by driving a milk cart night and morning to every house in Benjamin that is able to spare any milk. The pecuniary profits accruing not only to the dairyman but to the whole community, will readily be seen by the fact that it takes only one gallon of milk to make a pound of cheese, and four or five at least to make a pound of butter; and the latter, at this season of the year, sells for very little more than the former. We see no reason why every town should not follow suit.

We learn from Mr. A. J. Stewart, Sr., President of the Utah County Stock Association, that there is a probability that the contemplated Utah County Stock Fair will develop into

## A TERRITORIAL MOVEMENT.

All the details are not yet settled, but leading stockmen are working to that end. The D. A. & M. Society offer the free use of their driving park and fair grounds in Salt Lake City for ten days. All exhibits necessitating the erection of buildings will be excluded. The fair is to open October 1. Mr. Stewart has made overtures to the railroad companies to secure reduced rates. He has been offered full rates down and free rates back for both stock and passengers, but is convinced that nothing short of one-third rates down and back, with the privilege of driving home on foot, will secure such an exhibit from all parts of the Territory as will make the fair a success.

In driving over Benjamin and Lake Shore,

## ONE IS STRUCK

with the great number of flowing wells he meets with everywhere. They have literally proved the redemption of this once greasewood waste. Houses are springing up like magic everywhere and improvement is going on at a rapid rate. A circumstance not so fraught with hopefulness, however, is the myriads of young grasshoppers just hatched out. In conversation on the subject, Mr. A. J. Stewart declared that he lost \$5,000 last year on their account, \$2,500 in lucern alone, and he was fearful that he would not escape unscathed this year. Thus are our gains and losses, hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, blended in this life like the lights and shadows of a summer day.

N. L. N.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Favoring the Gospel when Its Name is Unknown.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

June 1st, 1887.

Editor Deseret News:

Having completed a satisfactory missionary tour in the vicinity of Pittsburg, I have just this morning stepped off the train at this place to take a view of our national capital, and to renew an acquaintance with a few friends whom I made on a previous visit to this place.

There is a little

## EPISODE

connected with my former visit which serves to show the vast amount of prejudice which exists in a name. My journeyings and associations with tens of thousands of people has given me an experience in this line above many, not only in this land of America, but also in foreign lands.

In 1886 my lot was cast in Washington, Mrs. S. being with me, to spend a few days in this noted place, We

sought a private room for our lodgings in preference to hotel life. On the first Sabbath morning while the air was yet cool and fresh, an object that attracted my attention was a venerable looking man, whose locks were growing silvery with the frosts of age. He was, although it was early Sabbath morn, training up the many flowers he had cultivated around his peaceful home.

This formed a Sabbath morning text for me. I was not deceived; his taste for flowers led to higher instincts and a more advanced culture than the millions who only glory in something for present gratification.

The result of thirty minutes' conversation was

## AN INVITATION

for myself and Mrs. S. to visit at his house that Sabbath evening. He had already asked me if I did not sometimes occupy the pulpit, saying his wife was a scriptorian. The invitation was accepted, and my morning walk was resumed.

To give an elaborate description of the day's visiting would take more space than we can afford at this time. In the evening we met parts of four families and sang, prayed and talked upon Bible doctrines until past 10 o'clock, without giving any special name or creed, and not even being asked if it was "Mormonism." The Elder was called "Doctor" of divinity, of course. At the conclusion of our evening's discussion, our host unveiled a centre table laden with a variety of fruits, cakes, etc., and called upon the "Doctor" to ask a blessing. We concluded our evening with chatting and partaking of the bounties of Washington life; and by invitation made

## AN APPOINTMENT

for the following evening, leaving the indelible impression which the true Gospel of Jesus Christ never fails to impart.

The following day we took in many of the sights of Washington, riding and walking about thirty miles, not omitting to ascend to the summit of the noted Washington monument. Nine hundred steps brought us to the summit, 555 feet high. The monument is fifty-five feet at base and a thirty-four and a half feet at the top, with walls eighteen feet thick at the base. We descended in just fifteen minutes by the watch, preaching a short discourse to our kind friend and guide, who requested some Bible texts on the interesting subject to refer to his father, a minister. We referred 15 quotations to him.

At 1 p. m. we met President Cleveland at the White House at a reception, and in the evening held our

## SECOND MEETING

with our friends. At supper we learned from our host that if the "Doctor" would only come and settle at the capital he would be baptized, also his wife, as she had been only baptized by a Baptist without authority. Mark it the name "Mormon" had not yet been given, for as yet they only looked at the beautiful scripture quotations in their plainness and they had been pricked in their hearts. The meeting proceeded with results like those of the first. Mrs. S. was very much more surprised than I was because I had seen so many rejoice in the glorious gospel without the awful name.

I concluded to let them rejoice and be happy without disturbing them, but wrote two epistles to them. On my present visit (June 1st, 1887.) I took dinner with them when they were ever so anxious to know something about those peculiar "Mormons" and their monstrous doctrine of many wives, as one of my epistles was written from Utah.

I have now given those doctrines a name and in the future we will see what virtue there is in a name. "Mormonism" so-called, is only known by millions as the name of an unpopular religion. But the time is coming when many, yea millions who are pure and honest, and have heard some of the key notes of the Gospel, will yet come to Zion enquiring after the truth.

Yours in hope,

E. S.

## TREE CULTURE.

Interesting Figures and Arguments Regarding It.

GOSHEN, June 10, 1887.

Editor Deseret News:

At this season of the year Utah County, or that portion of it which borders the eastern shores of Utah Lake, is one extended garden from Santaquin to Lehi. From an eminence the scene is very picturesque. The patches of dark green; white flecked, marking distant cities veiled by a thin gauze of mist, contrast beautifully with the lighter shades of fields and meadows. Nearer to our view, all the beauties of combination and contrast are distinctly marked as by partition fences. Fringing the valley and hiding the dry benches from the bold, blank stare of the summer sun, are broad tracts of rye, already taking a harvest tinge. Here and there over the whole valley, like the shadows of clouds, is to be seen the dark green of lucern patches, some of them being clipped swath after swath, by the mower, red glistening in the distance. In imagination we hear the musical click of the keen knife, and ever and anon the snort of laboring horses.

## THE GROWING FIELDS OF GRAIN

like mankind for whom they are maturing, exhibit in their complexions

the various degrees of health they enjoy; some, dark-hued and thrifty, reminding one of the lusty, sunburnt mountaineer, while others, sickly yellow, from too much water or saleratus, call vividly to mind the city dyspeptic. Here and there are bright pastures, ornamented by scattered herds of the vari-colored, long-tailed kine. But that which lends majesty and magnificence to the picture, is long lines of stately shade trees along streets and water courses, suggesting pleasant summer walks and glorious carriage drives. We have in our minds eye especially the little town of Benjamin. From above Payson the scene spread out below is enchanting. One actually gets the impression that Benjamin, which somehow he has hitherto linked in his mind with grease-wood and alkali, is all at once fairly abreast of all her neighboring towns. There is such an air of population about the scene, that one can hardly be persuaded, without visiting the place, that there are comparatively few inhabitants and they scattered over miles of country.

But while some of the enchantment flies away with the distance, one cannot help admiring the enterprise which is fast making this one of the garden spots of the county; and this too by the most simple and inexpensive ornamentation in the reach of the farmer, viz.,

## SETTING OUT TREES.

They are planted, not only in proximity to the houses, but along every hedge and ditch, and on every waste nook and corner of the farm. The proprietor of the Greasewood Farm has alone about 40,000, while most of his neighbors are not far behind him in this commendable enterprise.

The kinds thus far tried are blue, white and swamp ash, elm, silver maple, poplar, Balm of Gilead, white cottonwood, quakingasp, timber willow, golden willow, black locust, linden and mahogany. Successful experiments have been made in raising walnut sprouts from the mast, and there is no apparent reason why all the hardwood species of timber should not flourish alongside the quakingasp.

But ornamentation is only an incidental benefit accruing from the planting of trees. Let us consider some phases of their utility: 1st. As a means of increasing moisture. The well known fact that forests attract whatever moisture may be floating in the air has been so often exemplified that we need not refer to it further; but it is of trees as natural pumps or artesian wells that we desire especially to speak.

By scientific experiments it has been determined that every square foot of leaf-surface of soft plants exhales daily one ounce of water drawn from the ground. At this ratio, it is estimated that every moderate-sized tree throws off into the air over

## SEVEN TONS OF WATER

every day. Suppose then that the 40,000 on Mr. Stewart's farm—some of them being saplings—be equal to 10,000 such trees. There would then be drawn from many feet below the surface 70,000 tons of water to make the air humid and pleasant by day, and to invigorate plants by a heavy fall of dew by night. Thus it will be seen that even were trees of no more utility than this, their value would be incalculable.

2d. As furnishing timber and fuel: Our nearest cañons are pretty well depleted of wood and timber, and it is high time that our farmers were learning the lesson that it is infinitely cheaper to set out each year a few hundred trees than buy wagon tires and mend broken wheels. The writer was told by one gentleman that from a single row of trees two rods long, on a hedge that could have been used for nothing else, he cut

## TWO CORDS OF GOOD WOOD.

This had been but five or six years growing. He also declared that though he began the practice of planting only about ten years ago, he had sufficient timber to spare, without materially damaging his grove, to fence in his whole farm of 800 acres. His plan is to cut branches off the trees already growing and stick them into the ground from two to four feet apart on both sides of a water ditch, those on one side facing the gaps on the other. By planting them so close together, they grow straight into the air, whereas if farther apart they would spread out and become bushy. After a few years half of them may be cut away for fuel and the rest be left for timber.

The white cottonwood and timber willow are the thriftiest varieties growing in Benjamin. On the farm of Mr. Stewart, the writer counted sixteen poles of the latter kind on a single rod. These were sixteen years old.

3d. As a protection against wind and frost: The writer was informed by Mr. Stewart that on a number of occasions when severe frosts leveled the growing crop of cereals, those which grew in proximity to the timber and, indeed, several rods away, remained unscathed. As a protection to stock during the rough winds of winter and early spring we need say nothing. But it is in their

## PROTECTION TO BEES

that they become a sensible source of profit. Mr. Stewart, who keeps nearly a hundred and fifty stands in one place, which is nearly, and he intends shall be quite, environed by tall trees, de-

clares that hives thus protected make one-third more honey than were they in the open space. And the reason is obvious: If the wind is blowing strongly but few of the bees will venture out. The need of something to break it around the hive is therefore apparent. But the protection afforded by long lines of trees for the outward and homeward flight is no less a necessity, for, loaded down with honey, bees will be much retarded and often blown to the ground by a strong wind.

But there is another advantage accruing to bee culture from planting out trees. None raising honey but know that during a season of honey dew, the returns from their bees are enormously increased. Now if we are to credit the experience of the Benjamin honey producers, this dew occurs every year on the leaves of the timber willow. As a result bees pay handsomely for some returns.

With a view to assist in extending this commendable enterprise to parts of the territory, the writer enquired of Mr. Stewart the cost of setting out trees, and this was the

## ASTONISHING ANSWER:

"If people are willing to trim my trees they can have all they want for the simple cutting. If I should cut and deliver them at the depot, I would charge a cent apiece. One man can cut and plant 500 in a day. Any time between the breaking of spring and the last of May will answer. Care should be taken that, in pushing the sprout into the ground, bark and wood remain intact."

This brings us to a consideration of a theme that often engaged the attention of the writer while lately on mission to the east. There he saw millions of bushels of acorns and nuts comparatively going to waste, the hogs turned loose in the forest, not being able to eat a tithe of them. At home, he reflected, all our mountain streams with miles and miles of fertile acres on either side, support at present either their banks scarcely anything better than scrub oak, willow, squaw brush, and wild rose. Why cannot our people be awakened to these grand facilities? Here acorns could be gathered at 40 or 50 cents per bushel. Why should not every town turn out with the old fervor of pioneer co-operation and plant each a carload of acorns along the streams that give them the health, wealth and comforts they now enjoy? Why should they not be placed along every canal and water ditch? We have yet to learn the reason, but it is not to be found in downright carelessness and indifference. Were the suggestions acted upon at once, Utah would have not only hardwood timber for her own markets, but some to ship to her less enterprising neighbors.

## How Roach Reformed a Drunkard

John Roach, the late famous ship-builder, believed in the law of kindness in dealing with erring men employed by him. Out of the 25,000 men employed by him first and last, there were seventy found guilty of criminal conduct. He saved sixty of them. This is his story of the way he reformed a "confirmed drunkard." The man was a "master-workman."

"He had terrible speers, and had them pretty often. He would come raving into the shops, disgracing himself and disgusting everybody. When sober he was penitent, and I forgave him and took him back again and again. I appealed to him till there seemed to be nothing else to appeal to. One morning he came in after one of his speers and said: 'Mr. Roach, want you to discharge me. You can make anything out of me. I have broken my promise to you over and over. You took me when I had nothing to do and you learned me your trade and paid me good wages, and have borne with my faults till it ain't human to ask you to bear any more. Now, discharge me.'

"Mike," says I, "I won't discharge you, but I'll let you resign. I'll write your resignation, for an idea struck me." I went to my desk and wrote. John Roach: Sir.—You helped me when I was penniless. You gave me work when I was idle. You taught me ways paid me well. You have borne with my infirmities over and over. I have lost my self-respect, and have not enough regard for you, or love for my wife and children to behave like a man, and therefore I hereby withdraw from your employment.

"I gave it to him and said: 'I want you to promise me one thing—that you will always carry this with you, and that when about to take a glass of liquor you will take this out, read it, sign it, and mail it to me before you drink.' He promised solemnly that he would. He staid in my employ for several years and was never drunk again."—*Sailors' Magazine.*

## Accidents.

On Saturday afternoon A. E. Bergman, of the Utah National Bank, was riding on an express wagon in the southwest part of the city. In turning a corner he was thrown off the seat, and in falling his left arm was broken at the wrist.

A man named Harrison, in the employ of the Promontory Stock Company, was thrown from a horse on Sunday. His collar bone was broken, and he was brought to town to have his injury attended to.—*Ogden Herald.*