

Ordinary freight cars when lined with tongued and grooved boards on the sides and ends, leaving an air space of about four inches, are considered the best by big shippers of potatoes, as they can be heated by an ordinary stove and will stand an outside temperature of about 20° below zero when a man is in charge to keep up the fires.—Farm and Home.

RAISING MUSK MELONS.



THE Henry Shaw banquet to nurserymen, florists and market gardeners, given in St. Louis on the 14th of September, Mr. D. I. Bushnell, in speaking of the celebrated Montreal musk melons, said :

“Great care is used in the selection of seed. The melon earliest to ripen, best shape, etc., is left to ripen thoroughly for this purpose. The hotbed is made by first spreading hot manure fifteen inches deep upon the ground, then laying the frame thereon, banking outside with manure and filling the inside of frame with five inches of dirt. The glass is then put and left for a few days in this state until the first great heat is over. The seeds are planted about April 1, in five-inch pots, five seeds in each, and pots placed in hotbed frame as close together as possible. The temperature of the hotbed is kept at about 80°.

“Early in May trenches are dug, fifteen inches deep, filled with hot manure, covered with earth eight to ten inches, and at a distance of every four feet the melons are transplanted, putting one pot containing three or four stout plants in each hill, of course turning them out of the pots. They are again covered with glass and given plenty of air during the day and covered at night.

• “When the plants make a growth of three leaves, nip off the top so they can send out shoots for fruit. This is of great importance. About July 1, when vines have grown enough to fill the frames and melons are formed the size of your fist, remove the frames gradually. Shingles are placed under the melons, which greatly add to the appearance of the fruit when ripe. The largest melon I ever saw weighed twenty-eight pounds, although thirty-five to thirty-eight pounds is not at all unusual.”—Gardening.

“I LOVE all that is beautiful in Nature and art,” she was saying to her æsthetic admirer. “I revel in the green fields, the babbling brooks and the little wayside flowers. I feast on the beauties of earth and sky and air. They are my daily life and food, and—” “Maudie,” cried out her mother from the kitchen, not knowing that her daughter’s beau was in the parlor. “Maudie, whatever made you go and eat that big dish of cabbage and pork that was left over from dinner? I told you we wanted them warmed up for supper. I declare if your appetite isn’t enough to bankrupt your pa.” And she collapsed. —New Orleans Picayune.