

FARM AND FIELD.

A SELF-MADE FARMER.

A correspondent of the Connecticut *Farmer* tells a racy story with a big moral to it, about two brothers who were farming in partnership, each working on his own account the half of every field. The land was poor, the work hard, and the returns meagre. One day the younger brother of the two, Robert, was hoeing corn. The sun shone like fuff, and he sweated in proportion. "Corn weather for certain," he said to himself, as he was resting for a little, hoe in hand, with a mighty ache in his back, and a deluge of sweat on his face. "This corn ought to stretch a little faster," said he; "why don't it?" But, in fact, the corn had to stretch pretty hard to get up as high as it was. Plant food was very scarce in that soil. It was to the corn what Mother Hubbard's cupboard was to her dog when a bone was wanted—"bare." Yet the grass and weeds grew in a tangled mess, and multiplied, as children will, wherever victuals are not abundant. As Robert surveyed the scene his eye caught one rank, dark green hill, that stood out in bold relief among the rest, tall and luxuriant, spreading its leaves all around, and drinking in the heat as if it liked it. Then he remembered that in carting out his scanty stock of manure an axle had broken at that spot, spilling the load. When it was gathered up half a peck or so of manure was left in a hole. This hill grew on that place. Robert resumed his hoeing, and his hands were not busier than his brains. He pondered what he had seen, and received instruction. When he went in to dinner he carried in his head the germ of an agricultural revolution. All summer he worked on, often thinking over the problem of that corn hill. At husking time four big stalks, each with two good ears of corn on it, solved the problem, "Why wasn't every hill as good as that?" He knew why.

"How much corn are you going to plant, Bob?" asked his brother George next spring. "I don't know; as much as I can manure," said Robert. A ten-acre field was assigned to this crop. George spread what manure he had over the five acres that fell to his lot, but Robert put his manure on so thick that he had only enough to go over an acre and a-quarter. "Are you going to make a compost heap, or what?" asked George, as he surveyed the prodigal coat of manure, and the small piece of land. "I am going to try and grow as much corn as you without hoeing so much ground," was the reply. With less ground to work, it was better ploughed, and more thoroughly hoed, than if there had been four times as much land to go over. The sight of that crop put new life into him all summer. It was a book that did him good every time he studied it.

"Well," said George in the fall, "how much corn have you got? I've got 212 bushels of good ears, and 86 bushels of nubbins off my piece." "I've got 200 bushels of good ears," answered Robert. "How much small?" "Not half a bushel." "If you had done as I told you, you would have got more corn." "A little more small stuff, but my land will raise a good crop next year without any manure, and on your five acres the very weeds will have the yellow jaundice. George, I've made a resolution not to cultivate where I can't manure." "You'll do big things then, if you are going to put all your crops into an acre and a quarter every year." Said Robert, "Next year this corn ground will raise its crop without any more manure, and the year after; big crops, too. If I've got more ploughed land than I can manure as I ought to, I'll turn it into pasture. This ploughing and skimming is played out."

A new leaf had been turned over. But another

page of truth caught his attention. Passing through the barnyard one day, just after a smart shower, he crossed a coffee-coloured brook, flowing along towards the road. He followed its course, and saw into what a giant growth it had forced the wayside weeds. Then he said: "I will give that strong coffee for my corn to breakfast upon." So he did, and next year his manure went twice as far, for it was twice as rich. He had learnt two great lessons, which many a farmer never masters through the whole course of a long life-time: the value and economy of manure. The rest of the story is soon told. Ploughing less land, he had more for hay and pasture, increased the number of his stock, made a bigger pile of manure, enlarged his area of plough-land, and gradually worked his farm to such a point of fertility that it bothered him to tell which field he should mow and which he should pasture. Improved culture, improved stock, improved buildings, improved implements, improved circumstances, followed one after the other. At twenty-eight Robert Stuart might be seen sitting on a stump, in the burning sun, surveying a discouraging corn-field. At fifty he might be seen sitting upon his verandah, viewing broad and fertile acres, good crops, fine well-bred and sleek-looking cattle, and overflowing barns, environed by stacks of hay and corn. "The New England horror of Western competition" does not ruffle his peaceful and contented mind. Wise and happy Robert Stuart! May his tribe increase!—*Western Advertiser.*

HOPS.

Billy Barlow planted hops. Hops were worth 40 cents per pound, and he figured the income from ten acres, and said to his wife:

"Maria, we've struck a gold mine, and its name is Hops. You can order the piano now, and we will trot the boys off to college."

"But do you know how to grow hops, William?"

"Don't be a fool, Maria; hasn't the old vine in the corner of the garden borne hops since Tom was a baby, with no help but the dead butternut to twine on? Do I know how? Why it is harder to kill a hop vine than a burdock. But just think—*forty cents a pound!*"

Barlow paid a high price for hop roots, for they are always scarce when hops are up. His neighbours sold him hop poles at about their own price; for how could he banter when each individual pole was destined to bear, before the sunshine and the wind, a tasselled banner of hops—otherwise gold. Then he built a big hop kiln, with a gilded fish, six feet long, to keep the ventilator before the wind. Then Barlow sat in the shade and made plans as to what he should do with all the money. Suddenly the hops went down, down, down. The lower they went the less buyers wanted them, and the more particular they became as to quality—and Barlow's were not above criticism. Then he said to his wife:

"Maria, I am busted on those blamed hops, as sure as shooting. If it hadn't been for you and your wanting the piano, and teasing to get the boys off to school, I would have kept out of this miserable pickle."

Barlow's fancy hop house is now a pig-pen and hen house combined, and Barlow has gone into beans wiser and sadder, but poorer.

Hopkins planted hops. He bought Barlow's hop poles at half price, with all the hop roots he wanted thrown in.

"How is it you plant hops when they are so cheap?" he was asked.

"The price is likely to be better by the time mine are ready for the market," was the reply. "Father and I grow hops years ago down East; father was never frightened about the price of hops."

Hopkins did not get rich on his first crop—hops recovered slowly, but he kept right on, extending his field, giving the best culture, and producing a first-class article. I pass his place often, and my wife and I always notice the beauty of the hops and the careful attention given. The last time we went by, we saw that Hopkins had been painting his house, had put on an addition thereto, with wide cornice and blinds; that he had cut down the windows level with the ground floor, had put in double black-walnut front doors, with copper knobs and bell handle; that he had planted ornamental trees and shrubs on his grounds, and kept the lawn mower whirling. Hopkins drives a nice-looking rig on the street, and is said to carry a savings bank pass-book, into which the hops are entered when converted into hard cash. Hopkins is consulted on important questions of Church and State in his community; his boy has married the rich widow's pretty daughter, and all goes as salubriously as strawberries into the small boy's stomach. Whether hops goes up, or hops goes down, Hopkins plants hops. Barlow knows beans—Hopkins knows hops.

MORAL.—Look before you hop, but having once considerably hopped, stay hopped.—*C. A. Green, in Rural New Yorker.*

A NEW INSECT PEST.

More than two years ago we warned Canadian farmers, that in New York State, the clover crop was suffering from the attacks of a new and formidable enemy, which unless great vigilance was used would soon get a footing among us. The insect was the clover-seed midge, *Cecidomyia trifolii*, closely allied to the wheat midge, *C. tritici*. We have lately seen in the country papers along the line of the Canada Southern and elsewhere, complaints of the ravages of an insect answering the description of this pest, and now suspicion that the midge has attacked the Canadian clover crop is rendered a certainty by the receipt from Mr. O. F. Springer, of Burlington, of a parcel of clover-heads positively full of the midge's larvæ.

The mature, winged insect resembles the wheat midge so closely that none but an expert could distinguish them. The larvæ of the clover midge is of a bright orange-red colour and rather less than the eighth of an inch long. The eggs of the insect are laid in September on the heads of clover or some other legume. The perfect flies appear in June, lay their eggs, and the second brood turns up again in the winged form in September.

We regret to say that the experience of the New York farmers who have suffered from the visitations of the midge is, that there is but one method of subduing it, namely, to cease growing clover in the districts where the insect prevails. It will, however, probably be found at least partially effective if farmers in the infested districts will merely cut their first crop of clover somewhat earlier than usual, say just as the first heads are forming, and if they will cease endeavouring to get a seed crop.—*Canada Farmer.*

CLOSER FARMING.

The subdivision of farms, says an exchange, by the farmer of the future, means a change and a diversity of products, no less than the competition of other sections. For it is plain that if an acre can be made to produce \$100, where before four acres produced \$25 each, the same area will support just four times the former amount of agricultural occupation, whether by new methods and increased care the yield is of the same product as before, or by the introduction of a new interest the cultivation of the land is turned to better advantage. Up to a certain point there can be no doubt that two blades of grass may be made to grow