

men with their teams and plows came and before night a large scope of my long-neglected fields were turned over. By tea time the good wives or daughters came with baskets of provisions, and a regular feast was enjoyed. As the whole affair was a surprise, the women knew my mother would not be prepared to feed so many men. After tea a pleasant social party was enjoyed for a few hours. I taught the school until the spring following, then resigned, visited my lady love, married and returned home, beginning farming in real earnest. For the next ten years we had a struggle, markets were not half as good as they are now, and with the improvements I was determined to make in both farm and buildings, kept us poor. Father used to come to visit us and often he would say, "How you have wasted your opportunities; you were given a good education and could have been a lawyer or doctor by this time." However, that's many, many years ago and I think if father could see my farm to-day he would scarcely believe it to be the once barren, deserted one with the old, tumble-down buildings, that he left in disgust so many years ago. He would surely change his ideas. I shall not relate the improvements I have made during these years, but I hope in the near future to send a photograph of my buildings for "The Farmer's Advocate." However, I will add that I spared neither labor nor money to make them comfortable and up-to-date. I have also all necessary farm equipment and a large well-kept stock. Beside a young orchard just nicely bearing, I have the old orchard of father's time, and since pruning, spraying and cultivation have been practised the yield of fruit is immense, and many of them as good and as valuable for shipment, if not more hardy than some of the newer varieties. I never for a moment regret the education I got in my younger days, for I believe it is essential in any vocation, farming included. My sons, who are farmers now, each attended an agricultural college a few years ago. In looking around me, I feel that my life is a success. Young men, yes, and young women too, train to regard farming as one of the highest callings on God's beautiful earth, and success will surely attend you.

New Brunswick.

OLD FARMER.

Farm Work.

By Peter McArthur.

The beautiful October weather has meant more to me this year than golden sunshine, gorgeously colored leaves, and hazy, lazy outdoor life. It was the finishing touch of about the most consistent piece of good luck I have ever enjoyed. Before we got the young apple trees planted and the ground in proper condition, it was almost too late to plant corn between the rows. But we thought we might have fodder anyway, and on the tenth of June I commenced to plant. It must have been at least the fifteenth before the whole eight acres was planted. During the summer the young trees and the corn were kept well cultivated and hoed, and by August there was such a fine showing of corn that it seemed altogether too bad to think that it might not ripen. In September it was still green when forehanded people were beginning to cut corn they had put in early in May. When September frosts came, because the land was high and well drained, or for some other reason, our field escaped with only an occasional touch on the leaves in a couple of low places. Then the fine weather began, and it ripened perfectly. While it is by no means a bumper crop it is still very good, and seems especially good when we would have been satisfied with much less. Even the pumpkins that were planted in the last week in June are ripening, and the cows are living high. A few days more of this weather and we shall have enough ripe pumpkins to last them till Christmas. Cutting the corn, however, was still the same old job. Because of the little trees it was impossible to have it cut with the machine, and we went at it with hoes. Some of you may remember that a couple of years ago I made grievous lamentations about some corn I had to cut. This year I did not mind the job—very much. Now that the whole eight acres are cut and shocked, it is a real pleasure to fill my pipe and sit in the hammock and look at it. Of course there is the husking to come, but I am hopeful that I shall get out of it. There is a gang of Indians husking in the neighborhood, and every day or two I go and hire them again to husk that corn. I am told that if I hire them often enough I may get them to do at least part of it. Before leaving the subject I may as well give the public

the advantage of a little trick in handling corn that is new to this neighborhood. A neighbor, for whom the Indians are husking, was hauling home the ears, and having the usual trouble getting started at shoveling the corn into the crib. The only way he could do it was to pick out a few bushels by hand until he reached the bottom of the box. After he had taken in a couple of loads in this way, one of the Indians went and got a wide board about four feet long. He rested one end on the bottom of the box and the other on the top of the tail board. "Leave that there," he said, "when you are pouring in your corn, and after you have your load on, you can begin with your shovel on top of it. You will find that you can work just as easily as if you were starting at the bottom of the box." My neighbor assured me that it works like a charm, and I intend to try it when we come to the job of hauling in.

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Now that the corn is cut, the apple and cherry trees are making a fine showing. Most of the apple trees put out a strong new growth that should give me a chance to prune them for good shapely heads next spring. Of the cherry trees only forty out of the hundred lived, but they were in such a state when I got them it is a surprise that any survived. However, the nursery did not charge for the trees that did not grow, so I am only out the labor of planting. As might be expected in those troublous times, I found a new pest on the apple trees. Some of the trunks and little branches were white with a kind of insect that I have never seen except in the woods, and I have not seen them in the woods for many years. I suspect that the creatures are a kind of aphid. They used to be plentiful on beech trees, where they clustered in most evil and leprous-looking masses. On their backs they have a white cottony down. I remember that as a boy I used to be afraid of them, because I had been told that if they got on my clothes they would eat holes in them. I do not know what these insects are or whether they are particularly harmful, but I never before saw them on orchard trees. The leaves on the trees infested with them have turned a blackish-purple, and they look anything but healthy. As the insects are now falling off I do not suppose it will be necessary to do anything about them this fall, and probably spraying with lime sulphur next spring will put them out of business. I find that quite a number of the trees have been badly infested with green aphids, and on some of them the little creatures are still crawling around. I feel somewhat bothered about this, because they were plentiful in the old orchard in the spring, and two sprayings of kerosene and soap did not seem to affect them much. As soon as the fall work is over I shall begin to pester the scientists about these matters, so that I shall be ready for them next spring.

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Apple picking is now in full swing, and I guess swing is about the right word to use. To get some of the apples I have to swing out on the ends of the limbs in a way that makes me thankful for a certain surefootedness inherited from ancestors who used to climb the cliffs of Scotland for the eggs of Solan geese. Somehow the finest apples seem to grow on the ends of the longest and slimmest branches. While at this work I learned that the best thing to wear on the feet is shoes with the stiffest possible soles. On the first day I wore light, thin-soled shoes, and that night I think I had a pretty clear idea of what enemies of the Turkish Sultan feel like after they have been bastinadoed. When standing on the ladder or on the limbs my whole weight rested on one spot, and my feet were so sore that I could hardly bear to touch them.

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The apples this year are gloriously colored, doubtless owing to the fine sunny weather we have been having during the past few weeks. The Baldwins in particular look very beautiful from a short distance. The dark red apples among the green leaves make a picture to delight an artist, but, alas, and alack! when we go to pick them we find that altogether too many of them are scabby and defective. Still, they are good apples, and I do not think that there will be any difficulty in disposing of them as thirds. Speaking of selling apples reminds me that since writing my last letter I have received two more requests for carload lots. Surely those who want to buy will learn from this year's experience that they must make up their minds early in the season if they wish to buy from associations. Even the orchards outside of the associations are now sold. I am keeping all the letters I am getting, and next year if we have a good crop it is my intention to stir up these people along in July and try to get them to talk business at the proper time.

Cider Making and Cider Vinegar

What kind of apples are most suitable for cider, how can it be kept sweet and how made into vinegar? ENQUIRER.

There is a general opinion that any kind of apples will do for cider and many sell all the good apples and use only a very inferior grade for cider—small, green, wormy, half-rotten apples, anything which contains juice which may be squeezed out is called a cider apple. A really good cider apple should be comparatively firm and in all cases sound and should contain a rich juice with a slightly acid flavor. Some take the precaution to cut each apple through with a knife to make sure that no worms are incorporated with the finished product. Any codling larvae thus found are cut out with their cavities and discarded, the good remaining portion being used for cider. It is a good plan to leave the cider-making as late as possible, as the product keeps much better when made after cold weather is here to stay.

Cider should stand in open casks or barrels for a half a day or more after making to allow the scum to rise on it. This is dipped or skimmed off. There is always a large amount of settlings and care must be taken in dipping not to disturb this material. Cider should be stored in a cool cellar or storage, and the barrels or casks should be tightly corked or bunged.

Many use different materials to keep cider sweet. We have seen it kept for several years by heating it after first allowing it to settle and after skimming off all scum place it in ordinary fruit jars, or tightly-corked bottles. It must be put in the jars hot and the jars or bottles should be full. Put it away in the cellar where it is dark and the temperature is comparatively low and uniform. It will soon ferment after being opened in warm weather and is best for drinking as soon as the cork is removed from the bottle. Some use salicylic acid and we have heard of grated horse-radish, about a pint to a barrel, keeping the cider in very good condition. Mustard seed, one pint to a barrel, is also recommended by some, but of all the methods none seems more successful than heating up to boiling point, skimming and bottling immediately.

Many make cider in order to have a supply of vinegar, and it is possible to get very good vinegar from cider rightly handled. A few years ago Prof. Van Slyke, of Cornell Experiment Station, outlined a method from which we give a few details. He cautioned those attempting to make cider vinegar to use nothing but sound, ripe, clean apples, preferably those which did not require to be washed.

The fruit should possess a sugar content of not less than 7.5 to 8.5 per cent. If convenient, it is well to store the fresh-pressed apple juice in a large covered receptacle, and allow it to stand a few days before putting it into barrels. This allows considerable solid matter, held in suspension, to settle. The casks or barrels should be well cleaned, thoroughly treated with live steam or boiling water, and should not be over two-thirds or three-fourths filled with the cider. The bungs should be left out until the vinegar is made, but a loose plug of cotton may be inserted to decrease evaporation and keep out dirt and flies. When the freshly-pressed apple juice is placed in ordinary cellars, where the temperature does not go below 44 or 50 degrees F. during the winter, the alcoholic fermentation is complete in about six months, though 80 to 90 per cent. of the alcohol is formed in half that time, or less. By having the fermentation take place at 65 to 75 degrees F., the time can be considerably reduced. A temperature much above 70 degrees is not desirable. By the addition of yeast to the fresh apple juice (say one ordinary compressed yeast cake for five gallons apple juice), the fermentation can be completed in three months, or less, especially at a temperature of 65 to 75 degrees. The yeast should be stirred in, a cup of water, and, after complete disintegration, added to the apple juice. Vinegar or "mother" should never be added before the alcoholic fermentation has taken place.

When the alcoholic fermentation is completed, it is well to draw off the clear portion of liquid, rinse out the cask, replace the clear liquid, filling the barrel one-half full, and then adding one-fourth volume of old vinegar. On the surface of this is carefully placed some "mother," prepared as follows: Expose in a shallow, uncovered crock or wooden pail a mixture of one-half old vinegar and one-half hard cider, at 80 degrees F. In three or four days the surface should be covered with a gelatinous coating, which is "mother" of vinegar. A little of this, carefully removed with a wooden spoon or flat stick, should be laid gently on the surface of the mixture of cider and vinegar, prepared as described above. Do not stir it in, because the acetic ferment grows only on the surface, where it can have an abundant air supply. In three or four days the coating should spread itself over the entire surface. The coating should not be broken or disturbed as long as the