

misspent in educating your boys for the farm. It is a source of regret to myself (though possessing a common education) that I have so poor an education; for I do hold that every farmer should understand the nature of soils, and of plants, and of supplying to each what they require. I would not say that no man but an educated man will succeed in farming, but I do say he works at a great disadvantage.

Now, brother farmers, perhaps I have said enough on education. One thing is certain: we do not use what we have as well as we might. I can speak for myself. I do not, at any rate, but intend using it better. One blessing is, that when we use our own experience, or the experience of others, it is none the worse for using, nor we for the using of these faculties of judgment. I could wish every farmer would tell us a little of his experience in farming; I mean practical farming. I will, at least, tell some of mine.

The clover that I spoke of in my last turned out better than I expected. I had 6½ bushels of very nice seed (not a big yield, I admit), off about 6 acres; but I fully thought, the season being so very dry, that there would have been scarcely any good seed. I had a clover machine; it cost \$5 for thrashing, and I sold 5 bushels for \$6 per bushel. Now let us see if it was worth the trouble. To cut it, I paid a man \$2 for two days' work; the raking and hauling to the barn, say \$3; thrashing, and board of two teams and three men one half day, say \$6.50; total cost \$11.50. 6½ bushels at \$6 per bushel, \$39; subtract the cost, and there is left \$28.50.

I am a believer in new seeds. Accordingly, in the fall of 1870, I bought a bushel of Arnold's Cross-bred wheat from Mr. C. Arnold, of Paris, which cost me \$10. I took a peck of different numbers, 1, 7, 8, 9. Of No. 9 I sold 5 pounds to a neighbor, leaving 10 pounds. Off the 55 pounds we thrashed 40 bushels. We were careful, and kept each number pure. No. 9—I planted 10 lbs., got 9½ bush.; No. 1—planted 15 lbs., got 12½ bush.; No. 8—planted 15 lbs., got 10½ bush.; No. 7—planted 15 lbs., got 7½ bush. We did not sow it on extra good ground; used about ten loads of barn-yard manure. We sowed it over 1½ acres. In the fall of 1871 I sold 10 bushels for \$2 per bushel. It was too cheap; but it is hard to get the worth of anything new. It stood the winter well, lying flat to the ground, having a dark green colour. Its chief merit is stooling out. We found one stool with 48 perfect heads. It is a bold variety, with straw about like Treadwell. We sowed it on 10th September, and cut it 15th July. It was a better sample of wheat than the seed we bought. I have sowed 17 acres of it; sowed a little over a bushel to the acre. The ground being dry, and the wheat late sowed, it is not very thick-looking. If it turns out as well this year as last, I will consider its merit as fairly tested. I will give a full account of it by-and-by.

March came in like a lamb, but it is now like a lion. But I like a stormy March better than a stormy May.
Rockton, March 29. HORACE.

CONVERSION OF FARM BUILDINGS.

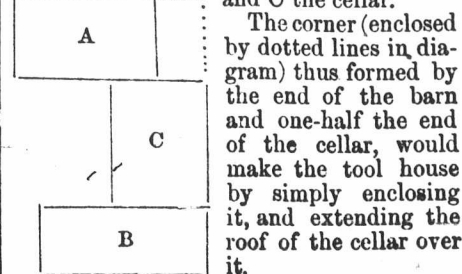
Continued from February Number.

At the conclusion of my last I promised to give a description of the advantages arising from the conversion of grain barns. Before doing so allow me to give another mode of arrangement which embodies a few more advantages than any yet given.

Farmers who have regular driving barns very often find that they are not exactly the place to cram all the tools of the farm into; also, farmers having no tool house of any kind lose sadly every year by wintering their implements in the snow-drift.

By the proposed arrangement a very convenient tool house is also formed. Instead of having the ends of the barn and shed and one side of the cellar in line, as shown in Fig. 3 in my last article, arrange the building as in the annexed plan,

where A represents the barn, B the shed, and C the cellar.



The advantages gained by the conversion of buildings must now be considered. 1st. We have comfortable stabling for all our cattle. [The stable should be battened on the outside, and also lined inside on the sides or ends exposed to either the north, east or west winds.] This is very important, and those who have tried both ways of wintering cattle, viz.: letting them run around a straw stack in an open yard, and feeding them in stables, will admit the saying that "pine boards are the very cheapest fodder in the world."

2nd. Over the cellar is a building as high as the barn, which gives us room for the straw. In the front of this building, and as high up as possible, there must be a door, so that when thrashing the straw may be run from the carriers into the building. A better way than this could be obtained by hewing the door in a gothic peak on the roof of the building. The old plan of having the straw in the yard and throwing off portions every day to be trampled down by the cattle, sheep and horses, and washed by all the rains and water from the roofs of the buildings, is a practice which cannot be too greatly deprecated. Some may say they could not get half their straw rotted if they did not spread it on the yard. Give your stock ample bedding—bedding until that big poutice (for it looks like one) of manure, which adorns the sides and hind quarters of your beef cattle, disappears, and then see if your straw is not all in the manure pile by spring. If it is not, then you raise too much grain and too little stock.

The floor of the stable should be tight, and slightly inclined towards the water-tight gutter which runs behind the cattle. If you have a straw-cutter that runs by horse-power, as you should have, then cut all the bedding, and fill and keep filled the gutter. The cut straw acts excellently as an absorbent, so that you can save all the manure, providing you have a shed to put it under. Some may think the gutter would freeze full; but they are mistaken, if the stable be built as I have advised, and has a good foundation under it. Others have the idea that the gutter should have a slight inclination in order to run off the liquid manure. This is, however, unnecessary, nay, even seriously objectionable, because, as I have said, the cut straw will absorb all the water, and thus save the best part of the manure, whilst, if the gutter has an inclination, then the liquid manure runs out and is lost.

3rd. We have cellar room enough at the barn for all our roots.

This is more important than would appear at first sight. In the first place, having the roots where we want to feed them, we get rid of the miserable business of carrying them on the back from the house. Secondly, we can preserve the roots better, because, by building a ventilator two feet square from the cellar to the roof, which may be closed or opened at pleasure, together with a slat floor under the roots, and raised on scantling about four inches from the ground, we can ventilate them as they should be. Many may think the windows in a house cellar will ventilate sufficiently, and so they will; but the objection is, you cannot open a window in midwinter to let off foul air without the roots which are nearest the windows freezing. But the most important of all the points gained by the barn-cellar is that of better general health in the family. None can deny the fact that the odor of a thousand bushels of turnips and other roots under a house is both disagreeable and unhealthy. New Durham, March, 1872, B.J.F.

Youths' Department.

Uncle Tom's Corner.

Clear the track, youngsters! The FARMER'S ADVOCATE says I am to take charge of this corner of the paper, so I want all our smart boys and girls to lend a hand. I propose that we shall have a "Bee." You all shall help me with conundrums, and puzzles, and anagrams, &c., and I will be boss and see they come together right. I am one of those who believe that "Too much work makes Jack a dull boy," so I am in for helping him to a laugh at his leisure. A hearty laugh is a good thing, and no one ever feels the worse for it. Did you ever hear the story of Pat and the bull? Patrick saw a bull pawing in a field, and thought what fun it would be to jump over, catch him by the horns, and rub his nose in the dirt. The idea was so funny that he lay down and laughed to think of it. The more he thought of it the funnier it seemed, and he determined to do it. The bull quickly tossed him over the fence again, somewhat bruised. Pat, leisurely picking himself up, consoled himself with the remark—"Well, it's a mighty fine thing I had my laugh first." This is the way to take life. Enjoy what is enjoyable, and what pains—why, don't think of it!

I am proud of having charge of this column, and of having the opportunity of adding to the happiness of all my little nephews and nieces of the ADVOCATE. I am like the "cullud" individual who, being called upon for a speech, said:—"Fellow-travellers, ef I had been eatin' dried apples for a week, an' den tuk to drinkin' for a monf, I couldn't feel more swelled up dan I am dis minnit wid pride and vanity at habin' to 'dress you dis ebenin'."

And now, boys and girls, if you will only help your old Uncle, we'll have such a jolly good time in this corner of the ADVOCATE—such jokes, such games, such puzzles, and such lots of them!—Like the little boy who was trying to impress upon his sister what a prodigious quantity of nuts and candy he was going to give her next Christmas, said—"You just turn the sky over, and I'll fill it full—chock-full."

UNCLE TOM.

BOYS AS FARMERS.—A CAPITAL SKETCH OF OLD BOYS AND YOUNG BOYS.

There are so many bright spots in the life of a farm boy, that I sometimes think I should like to live the life over again; I should almost be willing to be a girl if it were not for the chores. There is a great comfort to a boy in the amount of work he can get rid of doing. It is sometimes astonishing how slow he can get on an errand, he who leads the school in a race. The world is new and interesting to him, and there is so much to take his attention off when he is sent to do anything. Perhaps he couldn't explain, himself, why, when he is sent to the neighbour's after yeast, he stops to stone the frogs; he is not exactly cruel, but he wants to see if he can hit 'em. No other living thing can go so slow as a boy sent on an errand. His legs seem to be dead, unless he happens to spy a woodchuck in an adjoining lot, when he gives chase to it like a deer; and it is a curious fact about boys, that two will be a great deal slower in doing anything than one, and the more you have to help on a piece of work the less is accomplished. Boys have a power in helping each other to do nothing; and they are so innocent about it and unconscious! "I went as quick as ever I could," says one boy, when his father asks him why he didn't stay all night, when he has been absent three hours on a ten minute errand. The sarcasm has no effect upon the boy. Going after the cows was a serious thing in my day. I had to climb up a hill which was covered with wild strawberries in the season. Could any boy pass by those berries? And then, in the fragrant hill pasture, there were beds of winter green with red berries, tufts of columbine, roots of sassafras to be dug, and a dozen of things good to eat or to smell, which I could not resist. It sometimes even lay in my way to climb a tree for a crow's nest, or to swing in the top, or to see if I could see the steeple of the village church. It became very important sometimes for me to see the steeple; and in the midst of my investigations the tin horn would blow a great blast from the farm house, which would send a cold chill down my back in the hottest day. I knew what it meant. It had a frightfully impatient quaver in it, not at all like the sweet note that called us to dinner from the hay field. "Why on earth doesn't that boy come home? It is almost dark, and the cows ain't milked yet!" And that was the time cows had to start into a brisk pace and make up for lost time. I wonder if any boy ever drove the cows home late, who did not say that the cows were at the further end of the pasture, and that "Old Brindle was hidden in the woods, and he couldn't find her for ever so long!" The brindle cow is the boy's scapegoat many a time. No other boy knows how to appreciate a holiday as the farm-boy does; and his best ones are of a peculiar kind. Going fishing is, of course, one sort. The excitement of rigging up the tackle, digging the bait, and the anticipation of great luck—these are pure pleasures, enjoyed because they are. Boys who can go a-fishing any time, care but little for it. Tramping all day through

brush and brier, fighting flies and mosquitoes, and branches that tangle the line, and snags that break the hook, and returning home late and hungry, with wet feet and a string of speckled trout on a willow twig, and have the crowd out at the kitchen door to look at 'em and say, "Pretty well done for you, bub; did you catch that big one yourself?" This is all pure happiness, the like of which the boy will never have again; not if he becomes a selectman and deacon, and to "keep store." But the holidays I recall with delight were the two days in spring and fall, when we went to the distant pasture land, in a neighbouring town, maybe to drive thither the young cattle and colts, and to bring them back again. It was a wild and rocky upland where our great pasture was, many miles from home, the road to it running by a brawling river, and up a dashing brookside among great hills. What a days adventure it was! It was like a journey to Europe. The night before I could scarcely sleep for thinking of it; and there was no trouble about getting me up at sunrise that morning. The breakfast was eaten, the luncheon was packed in a large basket. I wish the journey would never end; but at last, near noon, we reached the pasture and turned in the herd; and, after making the tour of the lots to make sure there are no breaks in the fences, we take our luncheon from the wagon and eat it under the trees by the spring. This is the supreme moment of the day. This is the way to life; this is like the Swiss Family Robinson and all the rest of my delight in acquaintances in romance. Baked beans, rye and Indian bread (moist, remember), doughnuts and cheese, pie and root beer. What richness! You may live to dine at Delmonico's in New York, or at Philippe's in the Rue Montorgueil in Paris, where the good old Thackeray used to eat as good a dinner as anybody, but you will get neither doughnuts, nor pie, nor root beer, nor anything so good as that luncheon at noon in the old pasture, high among the Massachusetts hills! Nor will you ever, if you live to be the oldest boy in the world, have any holiday equal to the one I have described. But I have always regretted that I did not take a fishline, just to "throw in" the brook we passed. I know there were trout there.—G. D. Warner, in "Work and Play."

ANSWER TO PUZZLE IN LAST NO.

Four merry fiddlers play'd all night
To many a dancing minny,
And the next morning went away,
And each received a guinea.

ACROSTIC.

Plough deep the soil, with daily toil,
Like all good farmers do;
Of corn you'll reap while sluggards sleep,
Unless they do like you.
Good land and seed of course you need,
Half the battle 'tis indeed.
Deep plough the earth with joy and mirth,
Enjoy your works' reward;
Enrich the soil with all the spoil,
Plough deep the grassy sward.
S. WHERRY, JR., Newry.

ACROSTIC.

Young men—young farmers, I should say—
Each of you want to "make it pay;"
Of this I'm sure. Then list to me,
Mind what I say and you will see.
Ere long that what I say is true.
Now I will tell you what to do:
Out of your pocket-book or till,
Fetch forth extract a dollar bill;
Clearly and plainly write your name,
And place of residence the same;
Now, in an envelope well seal'd,
Address to—"LONDON, WILLIAM WELD."
Do this, and get the ADVOCATE,
And soon you'll own a fine estate.
JAS. LAWSON.

Battersea, March 7, 1872.

A GAME OF MEMORY.

Forfeits to be paid for mistakes or for laughing. The players sit in a circle, and one begins by solemnly saying—"One old ox opening oysters." Everybody repeats this, and then he or she begins again—"One old ox opening oysters; Two fat fairs trotting to Tewkesbury." This goes round the circle. The next repetition is—"One old ox opening oysters; Two toads totally tired trotting to Tewkesbury; Three tame tigers taking tea." This is repeated round the circle, always beginning at—"One old ox, &c.," and adding a number each time, as follows:—"Four fat friars fishing for frogs; Five funny farmers fighting for fireflies; Six soldiers shooting snipe; Seven soldiers sewing separate saddles; Eight elegant engineers eating excellent eggs; Nine nimble noblemen nibbling nonpareils; Ten tall tinkers taking twopenny; Eleven electors ending early endive; Twelve tremendous tale-bearers telling truth."

CHARADE.

My first makes all nature appear with one face;
My second has music, and beauty and grace;
My whole, when the winter hangs chill o'er the earth,
Is the source of much pleasure, mischief and mirth.