

## FARM AND FIELD.

## MISTAKES.

An exchange speaks of the departure of an old settler for Dakota, where he will take up a quarter section of land and start again in life at the age of seventy. The man had a nice farm near a splendid town, where he had lived and brought up a family. He got tired of farming, sold the farm for \$8,000, moved to town and went into the livery business, and in three years went through everything except a team and a lumber waggon, and now he has packed up and gone to Dakota, with a heart heavier than his pocket-book, and he will die out there. The number of farmers that decide to go to town to live, every year, and go into business, is appalling. Every town has them, and nine out of ten become poor. They get an idea that town business men are the happiest people on earth and have an easy time, and they get to brooding over their hard life, and they think anybody can run a store, a grocery, or a livery stable, and they sell out the farm and go into business in town. The most of them go into the grocery business, because it seems so easy to weigh out sugar and tea. They can always find a grocery man who will sell out the remains of a sick stock of groceries for ready cash, and when the farmer first sees his name over the door of a grocery he feels as though he was made, and puts his thumbs in the armholes of his vest. The farmer's girls and boys soon realize that they are merchant's sons and daughters, instead of farmer's, and they have to keep up with the procession. There has to be lots of things bought as merchants that would never be thought of as farmers. The farm-house furniture is not good enough, the democratic waggon gives place to a carriage, the old mares give place to high steppers, and the girls dress better and do not work. The family lives out of the grocery, the boys play baseball, and the girls go to big parties. The farmer is a good fellow, and trusts many other good fellows who can't pay, and in some cases he gets to drinking. Bills begin to come in, and he can't collect enough money to pay rent. Friends that would help him out with money when he had a farm will now tell him money is mighty scarce, and he will have to get a chattel mortgage on the stock. The stock runs down until there's nothing but a red tin can of mustard, with a bull's head on it, some canned peaches and cove oysters on the shelves, a few boxes of wooden clothes-pins, six waggon-loads of barrels with a little sugar in the bottom, a couple of dozen washboards, a box of codfish of the vintage of 1860, which smells like a glue factory, a show-case full of three cent wooden pocket combs and blueing, hair pins and shaving soap, some empty cigar boxes that the boys had smoked the cigars out of, and a few such things that do not bring enough at an auction to pay for printing the auction bills. Then the farmer breaks up and goes West, leaving a lot of bills in the hands of a lawyer for collection, who manages to collect enough to pay his commission; and the family that was so happy on the farm, and so independent, becomes demoralized, the girls marry helpers in livery stables rather than go West, the boys go to driving hacks or working on a threshing machine, or tending bar, and refuse to go West, and the old folks go to Dakota alone and wish they were dead, and will be, quick enough. This is the history of thousands of farmers who get tired of the old farm. If they would but realize that they are better fixed than nine-tenths of the merchants in towns, and that they cannot become successful merchants any more than merchants can become successful farmers, they would be learning something that would be valuable to them.—*Peck's Sun.*

## IN HARVEST DAY.

Through Farmer Gale's wide fields I passed  
Just yester-eve;  
My week of holiday was spent,  
And idly on the stilo I loant,  
Taking my leave.

Of all the fair and smiling plain,  
Wood, vale and hill,  
And all the homely household band,  
The warm grasp of each kindly hand  
Bides with me still.

And I was sad. The stricken grain  
Around me lay;  
I could but think of silent glade—  
Of buds and blossoms lowly laid  
The harvest day.

"And this is all!" I sadly said,  
"These withered leaves—  
This gathered grain; spring's hour of bliss  
And summer's glory turn to this—  
Some yellow sheaves!"

Then Farmer Gale—that good old man,  
So simply wise—  
Who overheard and quickly turned,  
Said, while a spark of anger burned  
In his grey eyes:

"Lad, thou art town-bred, knowing naught  
Whereof thou pratest!  
For, be the sower as fair as May,  
The fruit it yields in harvest day  
Is still the greatest!"

And thou—thy spring shall quickly pass;  
Fast fall the leaves  
From life's frail tree. In harvest day  
See that before the Lord thou lay  
Some yellow sheaves!"

He went his way; I mine. And now  
I hear the flow  
Of busy life in crowded street—  
Of eager voices, hurrying feet,  
That come and go.

Yet e'en when flashing factory looms,  
My hands engage,  
I see the far-off upland plain,  
Its long, low rows of gathered grain,  
Its rustic sage.

And hear them say, "Let pleasure fair,  
And passion vain,  
And youthful follies, fade and die;  
But all good deeds, pure thoughts and high  
Like golden grain,"

"Be gathered still." Blest harvest store!  
That surely grows  
In hearts by noble dreams inspired;  
In hearts to generous action fired  
By others' woes.

Lord! when Thou callest; when this world  
My spirit leaves,  
Then to Thy feet, oh, let me come,  
Bringing, in joyful harvest home,  
Some yellow sheaves!

—Anonymous.

## WHEAT AND CHEAT.

Enclosed please find one head of wheat with cheat growing in same head. It was brought to me this morning by Mr. Warren Thompson, who found it in the field of Mr. Heaton, near this village. It is the first thing of the kind I have ever seen, so I thought I would send it to you for examination.

F. J. W.

MANCHESTER, ILL., June 17.

The head of wheat sent had enclosed between caps of the grains of wheat a section of a head of cheat, so nicely that the two could not be known to be disunited by the most careful superficial observation. It was sent to our botanical editor, who, under the microscope, found it to be a section of a head of chess entangled between the rows of grain in the head of wheat, and so reported.

The representative of the *Prairie Farmer*, who attended the late meeting of the Michigan Horticultural Society, at Pentwater, Michigan, took the head there as a curiosity. On the way home, some of the members asked that it be sent to Prof. W. J. Beal, of the Michigan Agricultural College, one of the most accomplished and painstaking botanists in the country. We have stated more than once that no case is on record showing conclusively that the grains of chess will grow in

a head of wheat, or that wheat will turn to chess. On the contrary, the evidence is entirely the other way. As we have previously expressed it, it is a botanical impossibility. Prof. Beal, in returning the ear of wheat, writes as follows:

"The specimen of wheat and cheat has been subjected to a careful microscopic examination, and the result was the same as has been obtained from the examination of several other similar specimens which have been brought to my notice. The cheat is not permanently connected with the head of wheat—that is, it *did not grow there*—but is only accidental.

"The probabilities are that the wheat and cheat were growing near each other, and the wind blew the panicles of cheat across the head of wheat, and one of the spikelets of the cheat was drawn between the kernels of wheat and was broken off, thereby giving it the appearance of having grown there. By carefully pulling the parts open, one can see the end of the stem of cheat where it was broken off. This is an excellent illustration of the proofs brought forward by the advocates of 'wheat turning to chess.' Conclusions should not be drawn too hastily."—*Prairie Farmer.*

## CARE OF TREES.

There are some seasons when to neglect a newly set tree for a single week will prove fatal. Persons of limited experience think if a tree be well set, and leaves out, they have nothing more to do but to enjoy its growth. This is a mistake. Many trees die the first season they are set, after they are well leaved out, and perhaps made several inches growth.

The sun in our latitude is so hot during the summer months that very large quantities of water are thrown off by the leaves of the trees, and unless the roots are numerous enough, and are surrounded with sufficient moisture to supply the water as fast as it evaporates through the foliage, the leaves will lose their natural colour, begin to wilt, and finally die.

A newly-set tree has but a limited quantity of roots, and none of them penetrate the soil very deep. For this reason, as soon as the leaves begin to grow, the draught on the roots for water is such that the limited space they occupy is soon drained of all moisture. To guard against this, it is necessary to resort to artificial means to apply water in sufficient quantities to keep the earth around the roots continually moist. The more a tree grows, the more water will the roots be obliged to absorb to keep up the waste by the evaporation. In addition to the amount of water taken up by the tree, and evaporated through the leaves, there are always large quantities lost by evaporation directly from the soil. To prevent this, the soil, two feet beyond where the roots extend and up to within a few inches of the trunk, should be kept heavily mulched until the tree is well established.

When a tree is to be watered, it should not be done by pouring a few quarts of water within a few inches of the trunk of the tree, but the ground should be well wet in a circle around the tree larger than the space occupied by the roots. If water be applied in this way, it is not necessary to water every day. Once a week is often enough, unless it be very dry.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

## MANAGEMENT OF RANK GRASS.

A vast amount of time and useless labour are spent on most farms every season in cutting lodged grass and clover. It is very difficult to cut them with a machine, and the machine is likely to be broken in the operation. The hay made from lodged grass and clover is hard to