

Seed Wheat.

The general yield of fall wheat as far as we are able to ascertain is far below the average. The Weeks and the Boughton, as far as we can find out, and as far as our experience goes, have yielded rather the largest returns. They are but very little known as yet. The Boughton is about 10 days' earlier than any other variety. For that reason it will be valuable to the northern part of the country, and may be very valuable where the midge continues to infest the crops. They both stand the winter well, and deserve a trial in each section of the country. The Deihl, Treadwell, American Amber, and Mediterranean are the varieties mostly sown in this section. The Deihl is preferred by the majority, although some condemn it, as it is a tender wheat and will grow while standing quicker than either of the other varieties.

The Treadwell stands second with the majority, although many consider it the best. The millers in this vicinity give a preference to the Deihl, but the very best judge of wheat we have met—one who thoroughly understands the quality of wheat—says that the Treadwell wheat is superior to the Deihl, and that the flour from it is of far more value than the flour of the Deihl. The Mediterranean and the American Amber both have some admirers, but they neither yield so much nor is the wheat as valuable. The American Amber, or Midge Proof, as it is called, has a very weak straw, and is the worst wheat to harvest that is in this part of the Dominion. We have two European fall wheats which are promising well, but they will be only disposed of in very small quantities. We have seen other wheat growing in Canada. If you touch it at all it should be but very lightly, as there is more said about it than can be sustained. In fact, all new varieties should be tried on a small scale, and when found to answer in different localities, they will soon increase.

A LARGE FARM.—The largest farm in England consists of 3000 acres, and belongs to a man with the Yankee name of Samuel Jones. In its cultivation he follows the four course system, the whole extent of the farm being divided into four great crops—750 acres to wheat, 750 to barley and oats, 750 to seeds, beans, peas, &c., and 750 to roots. His live stock is valued as follows:—Sheep \$35,000, horses \$5,000, bullocks \$12,000, and pigs \$2,500. The oil-cake and corn purchased annually amounts to \$20,000, and artificial fertilizers about \$8,000. The entire cost of fertilizers is about \$15,000 annually. Sheep are claimed as the most profitable stock, from which are realized about \$20,000 per annum. His annual income from the whole farm cannot be less than \$50,000.

SOILING HORSES. = Judge Graves of Herkimer recently stated that he soiled a horse from early in July until the grass ceased to grow in the fall, from one-eighth of an acre of land. The land was in good condition, and was seeded to orchard grass. Each morning while the dew was on he cut enough to last until the next morning. Besides the grass he fed but one peck of oats a day.

Communications.

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

One of Our Big-hearted Readers See What he Says!

RESPECTED SIR,—You are always urging your subscribers to write for your paper, for the information of its readers (not, of course, omitting subscribers themselves); and some how or other—I don't know why—it seemed to be a hint specially intended for me—as I am only a reader. So I will just give a little information pertaining to my private life, instead of the kind of information you are asking for (agricultural), as I know as much about farming and farming implements as that famous mustang, Anglo Saxon.

I might as well preface by again telling you, in a friendly, quiet sort of way, that I don't subscribe for the FARMER'S ADVOCATE; that I am one of these sort of fellows who never has a cent; no, not a cent—at least, for any one but myself—although, when I come to think of it, I have a little money stowed away somewhere; but that is nothing. The fact is, I could not afford to pay the large amount of 75 cents a year for a paper. Of course, I know it only comes to about a cent and a half a week, but in the course of time that would amount to a prodigious sum, and as you can feel with me in this particular, you know that it would be a ruinous piece of business. Yet I endeavor, by a little way of my own, to get to know as much of what is going on in the outside world, etc., etc., as any one else, and I will initiate you into the mystery, if you have a little patience.

I am considered by my neighbors, and justly, too, to be a man of good, sound sense, unsurpassed erudition! and of very affable and entertaining manner—with a little of the aristocrat about me, which is only forced, when required, and does me great service, enabling me to become acquainted with the general news of the day at others' expense—as people think they are highly honored at having me come in and read their paper, discuss the Franco-Prussian war for a few moments, and depart. Of course this, as will be readily seen, is a great saving—my fifteen hundred a year, in a government "sit," just barely keeping myself and wife, servants, etc.

I have a neighbor who takes three papers altogether, and one of them is the FARMER'S ADVOCATE. Curiously enough, I have taken a liking to the paper, and generally be on the *qui vive* about the time it is published, favoring my friend with occasional visits till my object is attained. As I said before, I know nothing of farming, but I like to read the FARMER'S ADVOCATE, as I think it a spicy sheet to be got up exclusively for farmers, and edited by a man who says he is a practical farmer, but who, if it is he who writes for the paper, is in my opinion a practical editor—and a nasty man if he has anything against you, judging from the many and incessant appeals to a certain hon. gentleman, which appear in the paper, the nature or object of which I have not as yet made out. But a little paragraph appeared in last month's issue, headed, I believe, "Latest from Rodgerville,"—or some other place—at which I laughed heartily, but at which "N. I. C." must have ground his grinders, and swore vengeance, at not having got his desired information—although he was, like myself, a non-subscriber. Well, some people have considerable cheek, no doubt—would that I were blessed with only a little;—but it is not for information I ask, but to give some, which is the point I have been so long aiming at.

To begin at the beginning, I have just got married. No, I am wrong; I have not just got married, but am not married so long as I will be this time next year—a very curious coincidence, is it not? My wife is a thundering smart woman—different now to what I anticipated during and before the honeymoon—if knocking me round, having her own way about everything, and being boss of the house, is termed smart. Of course I don't like to say anything to her when she scolds me occasionally, but be as meek and gentle as a lamb, as every good and loving husband should be—especially after marriage; you know I will be different in a year or so (perhaps less), and be boss myself, like any other sensible man. But to make a long story short, I purchased a house, furnished it, and got a gardener to level and sod what little ground there is attached, which makes, indeed, a small pleasure ground for an aristocrat of my stamp. But my wife, what does she do after we had been

married only a few weeks, and my croquet ground, as I called it, had become in excellent condition, but get a man during my absence to plow it to pieces, and then scrape it over with a great big thing full of spikes; I don't know what you call it—and all without even asking my approval. When I came home in the evening and saw what she had done, I was no nearly going into fits and spasms that I don't see why I didn't, especially when she called me a fool, and a baby, and told me to hurry-up with my supper, and come out and help her "to garden." Well, to make a long story short, I was never "taken down" so much in my life, considering that I had only that day invited a friend of mine and his wife to come and have a game of croquet, after tea; and what would their astonishment be when they would for the first time gaze upon "my magnificent croquet ground," as I had so styled it, when giving them a description! Yes, that was the question: what would they think of me? When I mentioned this circumstance to my wife, she said she was very sorry, but that if visitors came that evening they would have to excuse her, as she intended to work in the garden till dark, and that if I was mean enough to let her work alone, and go and entertain my friends, I could go, and guessed she could get along without me. Here was a nice fix for me to be in, and no way of getting out of it, that I could see. But at last I struck on a plan, which I immediately put into execution by running down to my friends' house, arriving just in time to find them on the point of starting, and told them I was very, very sorry, but unavoidable and unforeseen perplexities did not admit of my being at home (what a lie!) for two hours at the very least, and that I hoped they would defer their (un)welcome visit till another evening. This parcel of trash I managed to stammer out, to my friends' astonishment, and then made my way homeward, where I found my "dearest" working away like a 20-years' experience farmer. But to make a long story short, I fell to work too, and under her direction I planted corn, 'taters, peas, turnips, and everything that she gave me; while she planted flowers, water-melons, a few grape-vines, some runners-up, or whatever you call them, with purple, bell-shaped flowers every few inches, besides many other arrangements, which I had never seen or heard of before. Well, Sir, my wife was everlastingly fixing that garden, and she would shoo' away the birds which might happen to 'lite on an adjacent tree, as she thought they might accidentally venture into and destroy her "beloved garden."

But to make a long story short—and it is about time, I think I hear you say—the other day, while walking in this "beloved garden," I came across some little red fixings, about as long as your finger, and as thick at one end, tapering down to a point; in fact, somewhat conical shaped. I put one of them in my mouth, not thinking that anything growing in that garden could be unpalatable; but I had no sooner done so than I felt a kind of warm sensation on and about my tongue—oh! just slightly hot—and I yelled murder, and shouted and danced around like a madman, with the water running out of my mouth and eyes in streams. I was kicking up such a young row that my wife, who saw the fun, came running out, but no sooner found what I had been eating than she commenced to laugh till I thought she would kill herself—instead of pitying and doing something for me. The thought immediately struck me that "dearest" had placed those things there for the purpose of—of poisoning me, so that she could wed a farmer—a wish she had often indulged in. However, I was somewhat relieved by a drink of water: yes, only somewhat; and I found then that what I had been meddling with was a "red-pepper,"—a capital name for it—and which are kept exclusively for pickles and sauces, especially caper sauce, which if any one tastes I will warrant it to make him caper, that is if a few red peppers find their way in. I concluded ever after to let that "beloved garden" alone, and ask Emma, (my "dearest," loving little wife), what I should touch and what I should leave alone.

And, to make a long story shorter, my wife ain't no slouch: that's what's the matter. Although she was (and is yet, I might say), a country girl, and has none of these fiddle-dee ideas for Grecian bends, high-heeled gaiters, water-falls, jockey-clubs, etc., I begin to think I like her all the better for it, because, as you see, I am a poor man, and when I cannot afford 75 cents a year for a newspaper, I am sure I could not afford to keep her dressed up like the rest of the aristocratic ladies in our town—an item which entirely forsook my memory when I first became be-

trothed. And about all I have to say, in conclusion, is, that we have made, I am sure, \$50 worth from my croquet lawn—not made, exactly, but for what vegetables and other fixings we have used, and still have, we would pay fully that amount—and which, I might say, makes me so much richer—just listen to that: \$50 richer, in the first start, than I would have been had I married some nice, handsome, dear little city popinjays.

Finally, and with a final conclusion, I have to make the extraordinary revelation that my wife's father has been taking the FARMER'S ADVOCATE since it first started; he reads it attentively, as did also my wife, went by all the instructions to be found therein, and the consequence was that he became a successful farmer, and is now a wealthy man. And it was from this same source that my Emma acquired all her agricultural knowledge. No farmer can be a farmer unless he receives a monthly visit from the FARMER'S ADVOCATE, which he will find equal in value to the labor of as many men as he pays cents per annum for it. If I were a farmer, and could afford to expend such a prodigious annual amount, I would certainly subscribe for the FARMER'S ADVOCATE, which should, from what I know and hear, be called the Farmer's Friend.

SKINFLINT.

London, Aug., 1870.

We do not know the writer who signs himself "Skinflint" but tender him our thanks for his kind wishes. His racy article has been read with interest. He does not appear to comprehend the remarks made to and about the Minister of Agriculture, who has said that our undertaking is a most useful one, and who has expressed his astonishment at our long-continued perseverance; and years ago promised to aid us in any way that lay in his power. We think that he has had power to aid the undertaking in many ways since, but we have not found any benefit from his promise; and "hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

Wheat Prospects.

Last autumn I sowed the Deihl and the Weeks wheat, but this season has been against the Fall wheat here, much having been winter-killed. My Weeks wheat yielded 17 bushels to the acre; my Deihl only yielded 10 last year. I got 25 bushels per acre, and a neighbor of mine got 45 bushels from an acre. I shall sow 20 acres of the Weeks wheat this autumn.

W. METLAR.

Saarbruck, August, 1870.

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

Building.

SIR,—As you are interested in giving information to your readers in any thing of information to farmers, and as many farmers are now erecting brick houses, some complaints are made as to such houses being consequently unhealthy.—Some recommend one remedy; others have different modes of operation. The common practice is now to build hollow walls, but I have seen hollow walls built and the house so damp that the mold could be scraped off the walls. I believe the cause of the dampness is caused by using stone as a foundation, as stone always draws dampness, and thus conducts it to the brickwork above. I have seen houses that are built without hollow walls having a brick foundation, which are not in the least damp.

GEORGE HILL.

Delaware, Aug., 1870.

We thank Mr. Hill for this useful information, and respectfully solicit any information from any of our readers which will in any way be of advantage to our subscribers.