

NATURAL POSITIONS FOR TREES.

Most persons have noticed that few trees, if we except the cedar, larch and cypress, flourish well on level ground, but that the finest growth of timber is found on river banks or along ravines. In some arid sections the presence of water in the streams, is the cause of the trees being found in such situations, but in many instances it is probable that they grow best on a river bank, because of the superior drainage that is offered. That their growth is not owing to the water, in most cases, is proven from the fact that they do equally well, if not better, on a dry branch or on the banks of a ravine in which the water flows only after heavy rains. In the crevices of rocks, that form precipices it is usual to find splendid forest trees. Nature then would teach us to plant both forest and fruit trees along the banks of ravines and gullies, where a perfect drainage is established and where the air and moisture may circulate upwards freely among the roots. There is quite a saving in planting trees in such situations, as the ground is of little value for either tillage, mowing or pasture. An orchard or vineyard may look better in uniform rows on level ground, but nature seems to select the hill slopes, and broken places for producing the finest trees and vines.

DEPLORABLE FACTS.—The 'Fungus' of Siberia and Northern Asia supplies the means of intoxication to 40,000,000 people. Opium in Southern Asia enables 400,000,000 people to get drunk. In Persia, India, Turkey, and Africa, 300,000,000 use hasheesh. Cocoa is popular in South America; betel pepper among the Pacific and Indian oceans. The Caucasians of Europe and America overthrow reason by the too free use of whiskey, brandy and other liquors.

The average Canadian snow-fall for twenty years has been 79.50 inches; in 1861, a very snowy year, it was 96.58 inches, while between October and March of the past winter, there fell 165.86 inches.

The hop mania is not eradicated in Wisconsin, notwithstanding the disease last year. Every one then bitten thinks that every other person so bitten, except himself, will be discouraged, and so not put in any hops this year, and the consequence is, the hop fever is again prevalent.

CONTENTS OF JUNE NO. OF THE CAROLINA FARMER.—We have received the June number of the *Carolina Farmer*, with the following interesting table of contents:

The Ramie Plant Indigenous to Minnesota—Interesting Correspondence; Tanyah; Hints on Marketing Small Fruits; Preservation of Sheep from Dogs; Book Farming; Swine Breeds and Treatment; Prof. Mallet's Lecture; Packing and Shipping Berries; The Salt and Lime Mixture; Wild Spinach; General Washington's Mules; Teams for the Farm; Blackberry Wine; Arctic Exploration; Did You Ever; A Canadian Speculation in Eggs; Treatment for Scratches; Essex Swine; Moles; Extracts from an Address delivered by Ex-Gov. Z. B. Vance, of North Carolina, at Danville, Va., on 20th October, 1868; Peanuts, Pops, Saps, &c.; Walks and Talks on the Farm—No. 65; Cultivation of Broom Corn in the South—Interesting to Farmers; Beet Root Sugar; Diseases of Poultry; Management of Incubating Hens; Hennesries; The Incubator; Black Spanish Poultry; Southern Cultivator; Monthly Talk with our Farmers; Immigration; A word to Our Friends; Immigration Meeting; Book Table. Terms \$2.00 per annum.

THE LITTLE GIANT THRESHER.

Nissouri, April 20th, 1868.

I have much pleasure in recommending your Little Giant Separators to the farming community. I used one last season and am in a position to judge of its merits, and will say that for my own use I would rather have my Little Giant Separator than any machine I have seen, large or small. There is no machine travelling this way that will thresh as clean as my machine. I did most of my threshing with four horses, and find four quite plenty to do a good day's work. I can thresh at the rate of seventy bushels of oats per hour; I can also thresh at the rate of twenty bushels of wheat per hour. I have threshed about sixteen hundred bushels of grain for myself and did not have the least thing go wrong.

Yours very truly,
JAMES DAWES.

BUBBLES.

My neighbor had a barrel of fruit and various luxuries sent down to him from the old home farm in Vermont. Some enthusiastic friend put in two of those renowned thirty dollar potatoes. Not thirty dollars a bushel, good reader, but thirty dollars apiece! When one hears of such prices being paid for a tuber, one is reminded of the old Quaker's remark when a refused a thousand dollars for a little mop of a lap-dog—"Two fools met that time."

It so happened that this luckless barrel was storm-staid, and lay six weeks in an inhospitable warehouse, where the poor potatoes froze to death. When they reached their destination they were only fit for the compost bed. Rather costly fertilizers.

The potato bubble will have its day and vanish into thin air like the thousand and one that have preceded it.

It was in 1815 that the Merino sheep bubble had its rise. A gentleman in Boston imported a half dozen fine fleeced sheep from the south of Spain, and proceeded to sound their praises loudly. It was thought that this fine importation would speedily enable us to compete with England in the manufacture of woollens and broadcloths, and forthwith a brisk trade in the sheep sprung up. The first were sold for fifty dollars a head. They cost in their native just one dollar apiece. Very handsome profits we should call it, but the scale ran up as fast as the mania spread. Producers grew rabid fast. By the end of the year 1816 they had advanced to twelve hundred dollars a head. As the spring came on fifteen hundred dollars was willingly paid, and a peculiarly fine looking one would command two thousand dollars.

A gentleman named Samuel Long of Kentucky, bought a pair for eight thousand dollars, and fancied he had secured a vast fortune. He was a builder, and to secure another coveted pair, accepted the following offer from their owner: The sheep were to be his if he would build for the man a four-story brick house about fifty feet by seventy, on the middle of an acre of ground. It was finished in the most approved modern style and enclosed with a costly fence, and finally handed over for the two Merino sheep. But long before it was finished the stock had begun to run down the scale, until now they were worth hardly twenty dollars apiece. Down, down, they went still, until they were on par with their plebeian brothers of the fold. Then the ruined owner killed his fifteen thousand dollar Merinos and made a princely barbecue for his numerous friends, who were called together to see this winding up of his affairs, this bursting of the Merino bubble.

Don't patronize bubbles unless you have a little spare change you can afford to buy wisdom with. In that case invest moderately.—*Country Gent.*

A MURDEROUS SEA FLOWER.

One of the exquisite wonders of the sea is called the opelet, and is about as large as the German aster, looking indeed very much like one. Imagine a very large, double aster, with ever so many long petals of a light green, glossy as satin, and each one tipped with rose color. These lovely petals do not lie quietly in their places like those of the aster in your garden; but wave about in the water, while the opelet himself generally clings to a rock. How innocent and lovely it looks on its rocky bed! Who would suspect that it could eat anything grosser than dew or sunlight? But those beautiful, waving arms, as you may call them, have another use besides looking pretty. They have to provide food for a large open mouth which is hidden deep down amongst them, so well hidden that one can scarcely find it. Well do they perform their duty, for the instant a foolish little fishlet touches one of the rosy tips, he is struck with poison, as fatal to him as lightning. He immediately becomes as numb, and in a moment stops struggling, and then the other beautiful arms wrap themselves around him and he is drawn into the huge greedy mouth, and is seen no more. Then the lovely arms unclothe and move again in the water, looking as innocent and harmless as though they had never touched a fish.

I THOUGHT IT OUT.

Sandford L., a thoughtful boy of seven was called to his recitation one day, and among the questions asked was one in intellectual arithmetic, requiring more than ordinary mental exertion to solve. All the other members of the class were puzzled, and said, "I can't do that." The teacher encouraged them to exercise their minds upon it, deeming it better to fail trying than to fail to try.

Sandford during this time was looking very attentively at a nail head on the floor, as if he expected somehow the answer was to appear written on its smooth surface. Suddenly, as if by magic, his whole face was suffused with a glow, and his eyes sparkled with intelligence and delight, as he exclaimed, "I've got it." "How did you get it?" asked the teacher. "Did any one tell you?" "No," said Sandford, "I thought it out." This is the secret of success in study. Thought will unravel the mysterious—it will throw light upon the obscure and dark—it will open the door to vast stores of useful knowledge, and make him who exercises it rich in all that can adorn and strengthen the mind.—SELECTED.

A contributor who is thoroughly up in matters agricultural—in matters which relate to farms, cattle, crops, etc.—sends the following:

"SHEEP-GRUB IN THE HEAD.—We understand that in many sections in the country the sheep have not wintered as well as usual. The cause is said to be a disease known to farmers as 'Grub in the Head.' The trouble is caused by the gad-fly (*astris ovis*), which deposits its eggs on the inside of the nostrils in August. These are soon hatched and the larvæ find their way up the interior of the nose, where they remain until Spring. When several grubs get into winter quarters, they cause much irritation to the sheep. Tobacco smoke blown through a pipe up the nostril is very efficacious in dislodging them."