

Cuttings must be prepared in fall or winter, but, to avoid being thrown by frost, not planted till spring if necessary they may be kept in a cool place until last May, without injury, but April or May is preferable for planting, or soon as warm weather opens.

Whenever it is practicable, the ground should be deeply worked; fields that have been previously cultivated will have the advantage of easy tillage, but where the ground is soft and wet, and rich, simply turning over the sward with large, deep furrows and following with sub-soil plough will give perhaps as good a growth of willows as any other preparation. The surface should be as level as possible before setting the willow, on account of convenience in cultivation. The entire cultivation required the season, is such as would be given to a crop of corn, and may be chiefly done with a cultivator on land that is so firm as to admit the travelling of a horse; but simply keeping the weeds down, in ground that is too soft is so often all that is required. A machine has recently been invented by Mr. Co by, of Jonesville, Vt., which strips the bark from the wands with great rapidity, saving more than half the cost of preparing the Osiers for market by the present mode.

BOXES FOR MELONS.

As I have a way to make boxes to preserve melons or cucumbers from bugs, not in common use, I will give you a description of it.

Take common wrapping-paper or newspaper, cut into strips two feet long, and eight inches wide. Then take pine sticks one-half inch in diameter and a foot in length. Split your sticks three-fourths of their length, being careful not to split them entirely apart. Double your paper so that it will be but three inches wide; take each end of your paper and put it together so as to form a ring, and pull your stick apart enough to insert each end of your paper, which will hold it in the form of a ring; take your paper and stick to the hill of melons and stick the split end of the stick in the ground; have some small sticks to place inside of your paper to hold it in its place, and bank it up around the bottom so that the bugs cannot crawl under the paper, and your box is completed.—*R. N. Yorker.*

CORN-CARRYING ON THE RUSSIAN STEPPES.

In order to judge at what cost the most important of those exports are thus brought, and in order to enable an inquirer to predict with any approach to certainty what could be done under the pressure of the most extraordinary temptation from without, let us leave the sharp stoaks, deep mud, or clouds of dust of Odessa, and examine the tracts along which those long line of bullock wagons come creaking from more northerly directions. I have said that a vast belt of Steppe girdles this coast. We are upon a Steppe. The prevailing colour, as far as the eye can reach over the immense plain, is a scorched brown. The intense heat and drought have reduced the Steppe to this condition, and far beyond the horizon line, and away, verst upon verst, is the same dreary looking and apparently waste expanse. Not that it is all flat—hills, barren and rugged, diversify the line, and add to its difficulties, in dry weather considerably, in wet incalculably. For look at the ground on which you stand. You are on one of the roads as they are termed. Elsewhere, a road, good or bad, means something which has been made—a line, upon which has been gathered material

for binding and clasping, and below which there is some kind of draining; bad or good, the road is, as compared with the adjacent land, dry, compact and elastic. Dismiss all such ideas from your mind, or rather drag your limbs for an hour behind that corn-waggon, and such ideas will disappear of themselves. Dead and helpless seems that woe-begone track, creaking and drawing over which comes the bullock-waggon—all wood, and built precisely as waggons were built a thousand years ago. The driver sits in front, occasionally lashing the grey bullocks more by way of form than with any idea of hastening them, and his massy beard hangs down over a species of censor, whence arise fumes of an unsavoury kind. But it is not in luxury, or in imitation of his eastern neighbours, that the peasant keeps this odour-breathing vessel under his nose—the contents are an abominable mixture for greasing the wheels of his waggon, and by which you may track it through many a yard of tainted air. Why he has placed the reeking vessel between his legs I know not, unless it be to remind himself more forcibly of the necessity of an operation, without the incessant performance of which his clumsily built cart would be on fire in four places at once. Contrast this wretched machine with the well contrived, iron mounted cart of the German colonist, a few miles hence. But on goes the waggoner, jolting and creaking along the unhelpful soil, and singing some of those old airs in which, rude as they are, there is some melody, or saying prayers to one or other of the multifarious national saints. On he goes and so he and his predecessors have gone since corn was grown in Russia. Ricketty carts, knotted rope harness, drowsy bullocks, wretched roads—so crawls the loaf towards the Englishman's table.—*Shirley Brookes, A year in Russia.*

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HOTELS.

We could hardly picture to ourselves a greater contrast than that between an old country and an American hotel. The two things are not in the least alike. Arriving at an Inn in England, you are treated with an immense deference; allowed the seclusion of a private apartment, charged exorbitantly for everything, and, at departure, curtsied and bowed out at the door, as if a prodigious favor had been conferred on the establishment. In the United States, things are managed differently. The Americans, with some faults of character, possess the singular merits of not being exclusive, extortionate, or subservient. But where all travel, hotel keepers can afford to act magnanimously. Instead of looking for livelihood from few customers, scheming petty gains by running up a bill for use of candles, firing and other conveniences, and smoothing every thing over by a mercenary bow, the proprietor of an American hotel is a capitalist at the head of a great concern, and would despise doing any thing shabby; hundreds pour in and out of his hotel daily; he notices neither your coming nor going; without ceremony you are free of the establishment; and when you pay and depart, there are no bows, no thanks, but you are not ill-used; and that is always felt to be a comfort.—*Chamber's Notes in America.*

TAKE CARE OF THE TREES.—Canker worms will soon begin to ascend the trees, unless proper means are speedily taken to prevent it. Small leaden troughs filled with oil, and encircling the trunks are a good preventive. The increased crop will amply repay the expense.