

The buisness has expanded until some Chinaman now come in daily with several wagons or droves of pack donkeys; but the majority of them continue to do business on a moderate scale because lacking the means to amplify it.

The Chinaman farmer lives on the most economical basis, and does his cultivating on strips of waste land, by roadsides, and on hillsides so abrupt and naturally sterile that the white man never dreams of utilizing them; also down in ravines and gullies which he had to reclaim from the original wilderness. We remember one Chinese farm in a deep and once savage gully, which used to be the bed of a creek that the spring floods transformed into a furious torrent. On one side, the railroad passes over a steep embankment; on the other is an abrupt and rocky bluff. By damming the creek at the head of the gully and diverting the water down the hill range of which the bluff is a part, the ingenious Mongolian has turned the bed of the ancient torrent into a productive farm, and so fertilized the barren slope that he can raise a crop upon it also. He utilizes every available foot of ground. He will even build his house on piles over a creek, or on stilts beside an embankment, in order to save surface soil he finds so precious.

All his farm work is done by hand, usually on the methods of his native country. His vegetable farms are as neat and trim as the great flower-studded gardens of the millionaires whose tables he helps to supply. He has, apparently, measured the productive capacity of the earth to an inch, and crams more into a given space of soil than would seem credible but for the fact itself.

His system of cultivation seems to be as mathematical as his calculation of the resources of his plot. He measures the ground in feet and inches instead of by

acres and roods, and allots spaces to his beans, potatoes, peas, tomatoes, cabbages, etc., in porportion to the demand for them; and he never cultivates anything for which there is not immediate call. Wheat, grapes, and fruit do not seduce him, they require too much space and care; the competition in them is too great, and the market too fluctuating. He works not for the whole world, like the farmers who have made the State famous, but for a single city whose denizens must have a certain amount to eat each day. So his venture is a sure one, and only a rare convulsion of nature can impair his prosperity. An earthquake, or a landslide, or a season of heavy rains, may cut into his profits, but the climate is so friendly that it soon repairs the ravages. His crops are perennial, too. When one product is not flourishing, he manages to have another that is in season, and he thus keeps busy all the year round.—
A. TRUMBLE, *American Agriculturist*.

THE CABBAGE MAGGOT.

One of the first things that the newly-fledged market gardener invests in is an early cabbage patch, and the less his experience, the larger is his plantation. Two of my horticultural friends have planted largely this spring, and the other day (the only sunny afternoon in two weeks) one of them came to me with a very sober and lengthened visage to inquire what ailed his cabbage; some small white grubs, or properly speaking maggots, were at work at the roots of his cabbages, giving no hint of their ravages until the drooping and withering of the plant gave evidence too late of the mischief that was being wrought. To see whole rows of cabbages that had reached their second hoeing, succumb to an unseen and apparently invincible foe was certainly discouraging, and I did not blame my