

## THE LARGEST BARN IN THE COUNTRY.

**T**HE Shakers are famous for their great barns, and the largest one that they have is in Lebanon, in New York. It was recently erected at an expense of about \$15,000, and is thus described :

It is 185 feet long, 60 feet wide, five stories high ; the walls of good, flat, quarried stone, five feet thick at the foundation, carefully laid in lime mortar, cement pointed outside, and plastered inside ; roofed with tarred paper, cement and gravel. It also has three wings, wooden buildings, which form four sheds about 100 feet long, upon the east and west side of two cattle yards, on the south of the main building, with lofts for straw and grain connected with the barn.

The lower story of the barn is a manure cellar, and the west end is level with the ground, so that carts can be driven in and out with ease. The next story is the cow stable which is on a level with the yard, the cows standing with their heads towards the centre, with a passage between supplied with water pipes and cocks. In this passage, roots, cut-feed, or water can be given in iron feed boxes, which swing on a pivot into the passage. Behind the cows the floor drops a couple of inches, a space of three feet, and beyond that rises again. This depression is to hold the manure. On the rise behind are iron rails, upon which cars run into the west end and over a space about 25 feet wide, and discharge their loads, the rails and a turn-table being so contrived that the manure is well distributed with but little labor. The idea is entertained of making the whole cellar into a liquid manure vat, which could be distributed by its own gravity upon the lower part of the farm, or sent higher up by the

water power that drives the mill not far distant. The cows are all fastened in their stalls at each milking, in summer, and all at one movement. They are driven in altogether, and each one takes her place where her name is printed overhead, and then by a pull of a cord all the movable stanchions are closed. They are opened by a reversed motion, and all the cows hurried out in a drove, so that they never make a deposit upon the floor. They are left a few minutes to do that in the yard before sending them to the pasture.

There are six large chimney-ventilators from the rear of the stalls to the roof. The floor above them supports the great hay mows, between which is the floor for feeding hay, which is sent down to the cows through box tubes, and these, when empty, also assist ventilation. There are openings from this floor into the straw lofts over the sheds, and also to the store rooms for roots and grain.

The next floor is the great drive-way for loads of hay, 16 feet wide and 196 feet long, with ample space at the west end to turn around. This floor opens upon a public road, and is but little above its level, so that loads really come in easily at the top of the barn. Over this floor is a fifth story, only the width of the floor, to give room for work, ventilation and light. Half of the many windows are glass, and half slatted blinds. The hay is nearly all thrown down, not pitched up from the load.—In case of need, the large space at the end can be filled, but it is thought that it will not be necessary, except with corn which can be husked there and thrown, down a spout into a large, airy granary, over the western shed.—*California Farmer.*

## HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

## VARIETY IN ORNAMENTAL TREES.

**H**ALL we give up the attempt to educate our people up to the standard of European intelligence in Arboriculture? Or shall we continue to labor as we have for thirty years, to accomplish this object? This is a question which often occurs to us, as we look around us in our occasional rambles in our rural districts, and the same old trees which thirty years ago were planted, and are still being introduced,

as if there were no others suitable for the same purpose. Go where we may, avenues of limes, or elms, or maples, occur over and over again, varied, perhaps, once in a while, with an abele, a horse-chestnut or a poplar ; and in our pleasure grounds the same repetition is the rule, though there are, happily, some exceptions to it. Yet we seek in vain for that variety which adds so much to the charm of English landscape, or that interests us so deeply in every walk through an English pleasure ground. Take the