



A MAINE CITIZEN.

Frightful result of the Prohibitory Liquor Law. *Vide E. King Dodds, et al.*

LESSONS IN AMATEUR GARDENING.

By an Experienced Sufferer.

NO. II—RAISING TOMATOES.

Standing close up to oysters in the rank of palatableness are tomatoes; although I have no doubt but that if one were actually forced to choose between the two as a regular diet he would, on the spur of the moment, give the oysters the preference, at the same time lamenting sorely the fate which cruelly separated things that should be indissolubly paired—the one in its virgin state, the other in the shape of catsup.

[Note:—The name "ketch-up" is also applied to this preparation, and very properly so, too. It is a standing challenge to all other sauces to catch up to it, if they can.]

Viewed from any standpoint imaginable—with but one exception—there is no valid reason why the amateur gardener should not raise tomatoes. That one exception is—but I must not be too precipitate. To start, you of course, buy your tomato plants. The first lot you procure never grow. You could not expect them to, either. They are what the green-house man makes his profit on, and besides that it is his only means of discouraging a proportion of amateur gardeners and thus confining the tomato product within reasonable bounds.

Four or five hundred plants are enough to set out at once—the nursery-man keeps them growing in little boxes and you can easily drop in a day or two later and repeat the order; and so on until you begin to think you have about enough. Do not be haunted by anxious fears of raising too many of the vegetables. You will eat them in season right straight along; your admiring friends who have no garden will expect an occasional basket; there is catsup, and governor's sauce, and chili sauce, and chow-chow, and canned stuff to put away for winter; and whatever surplus there may be, why, sell and recoup yourself for time and money expended.

Plant close. Ground is ground, but buying tomato plants is not going to bankrupt you; and, anyway, later on you can pull up super-

fluous plants or trim the vines down to the right thing. You will need shingles around each plant for several days. Professional gardeners say that the object of this is to prevent the plant from realizing, by a look at the surroundings, that they have been transplanted, until it is too late for them to wilt at the dodge that has been played on them. Four shingles to each plant is usually enough; but the careful gardener will also batten up the cracks to provide against possible contingencies.

Morning and evening you must cautiously remove every shingle from, and pour a watering-can full on the plant before boarding it up again. Possibly your well will soon run dry, but there is the soft-water cistern and before it gives out maybe a shower will happen along. At any rate, don't fret about it. Send the washing to the laundry for a few weeks and hire some boy to carry well-water for the household supply from your nearest neighbors. What do such trifles signify when the very life of your tomato plant is in the question?

Having nicely accommodated themselves to the new soil, the plants will be required to be heavily manured with first-class fertilizers, for which consult the best-known authorities, and employ every description suggested. By so doing you will be sure to hit on the right kind of stuff for your particular soil.

Then you must hill up every plant, and keep on cultivating the roots and adding to the hills, every chance you get from the rest of your garden work. Leave the rest of your garden work sooner than neglect the hills.

To keep off insect pests is likely to test both your back and your patience pretty severely. Ashes is a good thing to sprinkle around the roots; so is salt; so is a decoction of tobacco leaves; so is soot; so is turpentine; so is soap-suds; so is alum water; so is coal oil; so is—but probably you will discover what suits you after faithfully giving these few remedies a trial.

Don't leave vines without frame-work to support them and keep the tomatoes off the ground when they are ripening. It really is not difficult to construct frames if you have lattice-work strips, light scantling, shingle

nails, a good saw, a sharp axe to point the scantling, a hammer, a mortice-box, a level, a rule, a big lead pencil, a draw-knife, a chisel, gimlet and a few other little tools that will occur to you during operations.

Be sure and have your material nicely planed, and after the frames are made paint them—the posts a myrtle green and the rails a sunflower yellow. Everyone doesn't do this, of course; but think of the neatness and the effect of the job!

It isn't safe to have too much growth to the vine nor yet to cut it too close. If there is too much growth it prevents the vegetables forming and also retards their ripening; if you prune indiscriminately you are perhaps cutting what would be your best tomatoes. But if you fancy you can do it just "so-so" with these brief directions, why, get to work at once with your shears and lop away. Many amateur gardeners say they don't regard it as absolutely necessary to prune; they like to see the vines climbing and they are content to take chances on the yield. But they take big chances, I assure you. Now, we'll say your tomatoes have escaped the blight, the frost, the worm, the rot and all those other dangers that menace them. You must be patient while they ripen.

If you let your hens run it will be necessary for you to station yourself or your wife in the midst of the vines from break of day until the hens go to roost, prepared at regular intervals of five minutes to get up, brandish a broom widely, and "shoo!" with all the vigor of which you are capable.

If you or your next door neighbor happen to own children under seven years of age, an equal amount of vigilance will have to be exercised.

It will also be just as well that you make your calculations as to the undisputed enjoyment of your tomatoes with the prospect constantly before you of some stray pigs or a vagrant cow gaining access to your premises while you are sleeping the sleep of an amateur gardener—which, by the way, is occasionally rather sound.

In conclusion, and leaving you in possession of your tomatoes, I shall return to the exception spoken of, to the rule that the amateur gardener should raise tomatoes.

But—on second thoughts I shall say nothing about it. I do not want to utter one word that is calculated in the slightest degree to dampen the odor of or even temporarily discourage the amateur gardener who proposes to grow this most toothsome vegetable.



Madame C. C. Rossiter, a pianist of remarkable brilliancy, gave a very acceptable concert at Temperance Hall on Tuesday evening, being assisted by Miss Beaver, contralto. Madame Rossiter, in addition to her mastery of the piano, is one of the most accomplished concertinists of the day, as well as a good vocalist. We hope she may often be heard during the coming season.

"Romany Rye"—like some of the rye they sell in the groggeries—is very poor stuff. This week the G. and presents the "Silver King," a masterly melo-drama, with a consistent plot, possible situations and an excellent moral. Go and see it, everybody!

Prof. Cahay in "Illustrated Art Jaunts" at the People's Theatre this week.