

The Culture of the Amaryllis.

M. VAN HOUTTE, the well-known cultivator of bulbs, in his recent catalogue, gives the following particulars of his method of treating the Amaryllis.

The bulbs pass the winter on the shelf of a temperate greenhouse in the pots in which they have grown, and during this receive no water. At the beginning of spring, say in our Canadian climate about the first of March, they are repotted in fresh earth, composed only of decayed leaf-mold, mixed with a little sand. The old soil is entirely removed, so that the bulbs are quite naked. In doing this a piece of rod is used, by the aid of which the earth adhering to the roots is cleared away without injuring them. All rotten or broken roots are carefully picked off, and the finger is passed under the base of the bulb to clear away any dead parts hanging there, the old loose skins being also carefully removed. Thus dressed the bulbs are repotted.

In repotting, the bottom of the pot should be furnished with broken pieces or potsherds, and the top of the bulb being held with one hand, the roots hanging down into the pot, the earth should be dropped in gently round it until all the roots are buried. The bulb is only to be buried up to the neck, and the earth should be only moderately heaped up. After a few days the pots are placed in the proper temperature, either moderate or hot, according to the time when it is desired that the plants should flower, but no water at all is given them until they start, and even then very little should be given at first. When the plant is growing with full vigour, then the waterings must be abundant.

After flowering, the plants with their pots should be plunged, in the full sun, in garden soil or in old tan, continuing the waterings so long as the vegetation is vigorous, but afterwards discontinuing them altogether, and allowing the plants only such moisture as falls from the sky. The pots are to be removed from the position as soon as the atmosphere grows cool, and they are then to be placed without receiving a drop of water, on some elevated shelf of the greenhouse, where the leaves will wither and the bulbs again become dried. In this way the plants are brought into that state of repose which is altogether indispensable if it is desired that the flowers should create astonishment in the following season.

The Culture of the Perpetual Carnation.

THE Perpetual Carnation, on account of its vigour, accommodates itself to all soils, but it prefers open manured ground, through which water will pass readily. The soil should be rather freely manured and the manure dug in deeply. The surface of the ground should be occasionally broken up with a hoe, especially after much rain, in order to break the crust, which hardens under the action of the sun. They require water but seldom, but it should be given plentifully. In order to obtain strong plants, cuttings should be put in at the end of April or the beginning of May; they will then yield a very fine show.

To preserve the plants for several years and to keep them dwarf, it is necessary to shorten each flower stalk, after the bloom is over, to some two or three inches above its base. In this way there will be obtained every year a great quantity of flowers. To enjoy the flowers in winter the plants should be put in a temperate greenhouse, giving them air as freely as possible. They ought to go into the house only when in flower or bud, because the buds restrain the ascending growth of the stalks. If they are put into the house before the flower stalks are provided with buds the stalks will lengthen out, and in the spring yield only some misshapen flowers. In the month of October the plants should be re-potted with fresh earth, in pots of five or six inches diameter. They afterwards require shading for eight or ten days, and should be removed to the house only when they become liable to suffer injury from frost. Those plants which do not produce flower buds may be wintered in a pit, which can be covered with a frame and mats during intense cold, but it is necessary to avoid too much moisture. They will survive in the open ground, if it be well drained, but in this case it is prudent to cover them with straw, in order to shelter them from the sun, which is so fatal to plants when they have been frosted.—*Gardener's Chronicle.*



The Breeder and Grazier.

The Cause of Inferior Stock.

SOME farmers sell or slaughter their best stock of mares, ewes, or cows, and thus cut off all hope of any improvement at one blow. Does a heifer show a disposition to fatten easily? She is encouraged to feed until fat, and is then sold and eaten, while her fellows, who belong to the same breed with Pharaoh's lean kine, are kept for milk or rearing calves, because they are not and cannot be made fat for the butcher. Has a farmer a sow-pig which becomes fat upon the feed on which the rest of his pigs are starving? He gives her over to the butcher's knife and propagates from "land shads" and corn cribs.

Has he a fine, round, bright-eyed ewe? She will be fat about the time his half-filled pork barrels are empty and she is stripped of her fair skin and fair proportions simply because she is worth the trouble of killing; and thus many of our farmers perpetuate a breed of animals that are a disgrace to the country. They seem uneasy while they possess an animal that will draw the attention of their neighbours or the butchers, and woe be to it if it put on a better appearance than its fellows, for from that time its doom is sealed.

To improve breed of animals, it is by no means necessary to incur a great expense in bringing animals from a distance. If a farmer will mount his horse and ride across the country some fine day, and view the stock of his neighbours, he will soon perceive that there are abundant means of bettering his circumstances by a cross or exchange, at a slight cost, and he by this plan of improving his judgment by comparison, and hoarding up experience for a future day that will be of more value to him than the expense of many such excursions; and improvement once begun and persisted in for a short time, will produce such a corresponding improvement in the mind and circumstances of the farmer as will insure its continuation, and richly reward all his labour and outlay.

Many of our farmers destroy the hope of improving their stock by a system of false economy in the selection of the males from which they breed their stock, many do not keep a male from which to breed their horses or horned stock, nor is it necessary as one will do for a neighbourhood; but this one should be the best; and in order to keep a good one, a good price must and should be charged for his services.—*Am. Stock Journal.*

Raising the Calf.

A HINT TO CRUZY OLD FARMERS.

"Isn't she a beauty, father? Only see what a handsome little head she's got, and how fat she is. I don't believe there's another calf in town that can beat her."

"That's just what I think, Nathan," replied the farmer, without raising his eyes from his axe-grinding. "She'll do to kill by Saturday. Joel Smith wants part of her. We might as well sell the whole, for the head and pluck will be as much as we shall want this hot weather."

"Don't have her killed, father. Why can't we raise a calf as well as other people? Ford said when he was getting the hay yesterday that it was a shame to have all of old Brindle's calves killed, for she was the best breed of cows anywhere about. You know what a painful of milk she gave all last summer, and that you got the premium on her butter."

"Well, I know all that, boy, but she would cost more than a hundred dollars before she would bring a cent. If anybody is fool enough to raise them, when they can buy them all ready for milk at \$20 to \$30, let them do it. I'm too old for such calculations."

"Perhaps it is so, but I can't bear to have her killed. If you will let her live I will take all the care of her, and raise a bed of carrots for her to eat next winter. Why, she shan't trouble you any."

"Your mother wants the milk right away, to make all the butter she can this month, and if we keep 'so calf she must have it two or three weeks longer. Then, what will you do with her this summer?"

"Oh, let her go in the pasture with the cows. She can eat a little clover now; I fed her with some yesterday. Ford said she would eat almost anything in a little while."

"It would make pretty work to have her run with her mother; she'd take all her milk each day."

Here Nathan was at a loss for another plea, when he happened to think of the little orchard, and proposed to put her in there. But his father told him she would eat the sour apples that fell off and spoil her teeth. He thought he could put Bossy in her pen at night, and get up early enough in the morning to pick up the apples. Several other objections were raised and met with the same boy-eagerness, when his father told him to go to his work and he would see about it. This "see about it" gave the boy some encouragement. He thought it would be a good plan to get his mother on his side. When he went into the house he found her so busy in soap-making that all he could get from her was, "Just as your father thinks best about it; I shall want the rennet, for I am going to make cheese in dog-days. The butter isn't worth much that's made then." Here was something new for Nathan, who did not know what rennet was for, or where it came from. When his mother told him it was the calf's stomach, he thought it would be an easy matter to get one of some of the neighbours who never made cheese. A few mornings after this conversation, farmer Gaines asked his wife what she thought of letting Nathan raise the calf. Her reply was, "You know best about it, father. I should like to have the boy gratified, if it don't make you too much trouble." What an excellent lesson this reply was to all dictatorial, unthinking wives, whose opinion must rule, or there will be a drizzle or storm within and without.

Nathan heard and said nothing about Bossy for a week, expecting every day that she would have her throat cut, loving her all the more with the fear of losing her. In the meantime the farmer had been resolving the subject in his mind, and came to the conclusion that if keeping the calf would make an early riser of his boy it would be worth while to try it, for the summer at least, when he thought he would get enough of taking care of her, and be glad to have her sold in the fall to the drovers. No farmer could have been more pleased with a present of the best Devon or Ayrshire cow, or seen from her a better prospect of wealth, than did Nathan Gaines when his father told him he might keep the calf, if he would take good care of her, and raise all the roots she wanted for next winter. All this he promised to do, and anything else that was desired. Never had he so high an opinion of his father before. This unexpected favour made obedience a very easy matter. Every morning Nathan was up bright and early to take care of his calf and look after his carrot bed, so as to be ready for any other work. Bossy soon became so much of a pet with the family that she never went hungry. Even the farmer, who feared so much the cost of raising her, seemed to enjoy giving her an extra bite as he went to feed his horses, and often Nathan found bits of bread and other morsels from the table, which she liked very much. When autumn came the calf had done so well there was no danger of her being sold. Every one who saw her said she was the largest and best one of the season. Farmer Gaines thought his boy had done enough more work to pay for all she ate, and if it took a ton of hay to keep her through the winter, he had no idea of having her sold. Nathan's interest in the calf never flagged, neither did he allow her to be any trouble to his father. We will pass over three years of her life, when we find young Brindle giving as much milk as her mother, and will soon take her place in the barn, for old Brindle's cow-life is almost over, and will in a year or two be consigned to the beef-barrel.

Farmer Gaines has never regretted that the calf's life was spared, for he has a better cow than he could find elsewhere, and by gratifying Nathan in this act the boy had formed habits of carefulness and industry which will be worth a fortune to him. Farmers lose nothing by giving their boys a reasonable indulgence, even if the cost is not always repaid in dollars and cents.—*Ohio Farmer.*

TO CURE HARNESS GALLS.—A Rural New Yorker correspondent writes:—Take dry white lead, have it fine, put a little in a paper in your pocket, and when you stop your team, or several times during the day, put a little of it on the galled places. This will soon heal."