

The Song of a Summer.

I picked an apple from off a tree,
Golden and rosy and fair to see—
The sunshine had fed it with warmth and light,
The dew had freshened it night by night.
And while the mornings were soft and young,
The wilds circled and soared and sung;
There in the storm and calm and shine,
It ripened and brightened, this apple of mine,
Till the day I plucked it from off the tree,
Golden and rosy and fair to see.

How could I guess, 'neath that daintiest rind,
That the case of sweetness I hoped to find,
The innermost hidden heart of the bliss,
With dew's and wind's and the sunshine's kiss
Had tended and fostered by day and night—
Was black with mildew and bitter with blight,
Golden and rosy and fair of skin,
Nothing but ashes and ruin within?
Ah! now again with toil and pain
Will I strive the topmost bough to gain.
Though the wind-swung apples are fair to see,
On a lower branch is the fruit for me.

—Scribner's.

Youth and Age.

BY ANNA B. AVERILL.

O day so gray, you could not chill me,
In that sweet time, far off and fair,
Though loud winds shrieked and echoed shrilly,
And wild rains washed the woodlands bare!
Though sodden fields stretched cold, unvaried,
And birds flew south on weary wing;
For in my happy heart I carried
The hope and promise of the Spring.

O day so gay, you could not thrill me!
Your light and perfume, shower and song,
Your bloom and brightness, only fill me
With old-time memories, sweet and strong.
I would not bid your swift hours tarry,
I do not hasten at your call;
For in my thankful heart I carry
The joy and fruitage of the Fall.

—The Atlantic.

The Apiary.

WHEN BEES WILL NOT STING.

It was a matter of conjecture why the bees did not sting. They certainly did show great respect for the literary visitors, and passed unnoticed the pugilistic manifestation of some of the timid gentlemen. One lady, viewing the handling of the bees from a safe distance, believed they must have been tamed, else the smoke would not so easily subdue them. This idea seemed to be rather general among the party; and, indeed, many persons prefer to purchase a domesticated swarm, rather than procure one from the forest that has never been under man's control—believing that, by so doing, they will get more tractable bees, or, in other words, educated swarms. However common these beliefs may be, they are incorrect. It is well known, by those who are acquainted with the habits of this insect, that, when filled with honey, it will rarely sting—the load of honey seeming to render it so docile that, unless irritated, it has no desire to sting. And another fact is known: that, when frightened, a bee will seek to fill itself with honey. The whole secret of handling bees with impunity lies in taking advantage of these two instincts, namely:—1. A bee, when alarmed, will fill itself with honey. 2. And, when filled with honey, it will seldom sting, unless provoked by rough handling or unkind treatment. Therefore, in order to subdue bees, some means are employed, previous to handling them, to induce them to fill their sacks with honey from the stores in the hive; and, having accomplished this, the operator can proceed with safety, providing his motions be slow and quiet; jarring up the combs and hasty motions they always feel disposed to punish. In this instance, smoke was the means employed to attain this result of rendering the bees tractable, and would have succeeded as well with a swarm never before handled. The smoke was produced by lighting a piece of wood that was sufficiently rotten, so that in burning there would simply be a smouldering fire in the wood. This smoke alone, however, would not suffice to subdue the insects; but, after the removal of the honey-board, the puff of smoke that was blown into the hive alarmed the few bees that had been attracted to the top by the slight noise made in lifting off the cap of the hive, and they hastily communicated the intelligence of danger to the other inmates, and more smoke caused them all to rush to the honey cells, when we then had a swarm that was under control, and those unacquainted with the habits of the bee were disposed to attribute their ready subjection to a previous course of taming.

Some bee-keepers stupify their swarms with chloroform, previous to investigating or dividing them; but such a process does not recommend itself to the intelligent bee-keeper, who believes that success can only be attained by a judicious use of a knowledge of their natural habits and

instincts. He does not consider intelligence and common sense as wasted when applied to this pursuit. Such a person, while walking among flowers that are being visited by numbers of these busy workers, does not feel timid in the least, for he knows that the bees consider the flowers as common property, and never sting when from home, save in self-defence.

As persons acquaint themselves with facts concerning the honey bee, they have much less of that fear which arises mostly from ignorance, and, like a commander when well-informed of the characteristics of the enemy, they acquire greater confidence in the presence of these insects that have such powers of giving both pain and pleasure.—*Western Farmer.*

THE HONEY CROP.

Mrs. Tupper, in the *State Register*, says that bees in Iowa usually store large quantities of honey in September, and advises bee-keepers to hope for a late supply to make up for the deficiency of the early part of the season. She says:—"Already the buckwheat is showing its delicate blooms; these rains have insured an abundance of smart weed, golden rod and astors, which will bloom till frost; and those who are prepared to take honey from their bees in a sensible way, will have no reason to complain of a poor season at its close."

Orchard and Forest.

LOW-TRAINED FRUIT TREES.

Mr. D. B. Wier, of Lacon, Ill., published an article in the *Prairie Farmer* of June 29, in which he asserts with great positiveness that apple and pear trees trained low, that is, down to the ground or within eighteen inches of it, will bear vastly more fruit than if trained high. He says that apple trees will bear from four to twenty times more on account of low training, and pear trees from four to one hundred times as much.

He also says that the blight will not seriously injure such trees, and that they will never need much pruning or thinning out of the limbs to let in light and air; that they will bear earlier and better fruit, and that too much pruning has so injured the trees of certain popular varieties of apples, that the varieties have fallen into disrepute, when they are among the best in cultivation. To enable him to prove his statements (which include many more than we have quoted), he invites everybody to visit his place and be convinced.

We doubt whether Mr. Wier can establish his statements to the extent claimed by him; and yet we are not among the admirers of high trained fruit trees. The common reasons for high training is that of convenience alone, with no sort of relation to the nature or habits of the tree, or to the question whether its fruitfulness is or is not affected by it. The most common reasons for it is that the branches may be out of the reach of cattle or horses—as if fruit trees were not of sufficient importance to be grown by themselves.

Another reason is that the limbs shall not be in the way of cultivation—another very poor reason of itself, which will appear manifest if we remember of how much bearing capacity we have deprived the tree merely to cultivate a little space which, with the tree branched to the ground, would need little or no culture. Thousands of these persons who insist on high training are shocked at the idea of pruning a grape-vine, because it "interferes with the natural habits of the vine;" but they can see nothing wrong whatever in fighting the nature of an apple, a pear, or absurd of all, sometimes even an evergreen tree! We have no fear about opposing nature sometimes, but there should be good and substantial reasons for it.

There is one powerful reason against high training which Mr. Wier does not bring forward, which is the increased danger to both the tree and its fruit in a high wind. A tree with a massive head at from eight to twelve or fifteen feet above the ground, stands to the wind in much the same relation that a sloop or ship would with her sails all aloft merely to make it pleasant for passengers and crew to move about the deck!

The operation of planting a tree at all is an unnatural one in one sense; and in addition, to denude it of its lower limbs, and then expect it to support a top which is top heavy, and that its roots can readily establish themselves against our violent winds without causing it to incline one way or the other, is a presumption possible only to men who do not think very closely. We shall be glad to hear of the two systems being thoroughly tested as to fruitfulness, longevity and profit, all things

considered; and while we are hardly sanguine enough to suppose that the difference can be what Mr. Wier claims it is, still we have little doubt but that the result will be in favor of low training.—*Country Gent.*

PARIS GREEN—THE CODLING MOTH.

I am glad to notice that the use of Paris Green can now be recommended for the destruction of the Colorado potato beetle and other insects, without some jackass with a title warns people against its use as dangerous to human life and ruinous to the quality of the potatoe, as has formerly been the case when Paris Green was mentioned. The potato grower will undoubtedly have occasion to use this poison so long as the beetles remain with us, and I think they can surely be considered permanent residents and always ready in the spring to go for the young potato plants as soon as they appear above ground. It is well therefore to know the best way of meeting the enemy.

The smallest possible quantity of poison that can be used and be effectual is of course the best. I see that the usual proportions recommended is one pound to twenty of flour. This is unnecessarily strong—if flour is used, one to thirty or forty is sufficient. The past and present season I have mixed the green with plaster, one pound to sixty or seventy—applying it freely when the vines are dry—and find it effectual; besides, the application of the plaster is so beneficial to the potatoes as to pay the expense of the material and labor involved in applying it.

I use a two-quart can with the bottom perforated and a bail two and one-half or three feet made of three-eighths half round iron with the round side turned in and rivetted to the can. With this the mixture can be put on without stooping or inhaling the dust. Apply as often as necessary, and bear in mind that every application benefits the crop.

Any insect which feeds on the leaf of plant or tree can be destroyed by this mixture, and if ever I should be visited by the canker worm, I should fasten the can to a pole and give the trees an application of the poisonous mixture and see how they liked it, and am inclined to think their numbers would be less before they had done with the tree.

The codling moth is busy and spoiling most of the apples in this vicinity. I find in the last six weeks I have entrapped uncounted numbers in diluted vinegar, put in shallow cans or vessels and hung in the trees. A few mornings since, I hunted over thirty millers in one can, where the vinegar had been renewed the day before.

We are suffering immensely in this vicinity for the want of rain, as our showers for the last two months have been light. G. N. S. Berlin, Wis., U. S.

THE RED ASTRACAN APPLE.

In the report of the Fruit Grower's Association of Ontario, the Red Astracan Apple is thus spoken of:—"This Apple was first brought to England, from Sweden, in 1816, and from thence it has been scattered abroad; in course of time crossing the Atlantic, until it has become an established variety throughout the apple regions of America. Yet, true to the instincts of its Northern home, it refuses to give forth its excellencies beneath the unclouded skies of Southern latitudes, too coy to yield to the wooing of their balmy breezes. But in our stern climate, it finds itself at home; its ruddy cheeks glow with the brightest blushes, when kissed by the rough winds of the North; under our clouded skies, and to our chilly air, it yields its fine aroma and richest juices."

The fruit is exceedingly handsome, the color being a rich, deep crimson, beautifully heightened by a light white bloom spread over the surface. In size, it is above medium in our climate, very smooth and fair, also, the flesh white and juicy, with a fine, rich acid flavor. It ripens during the month of August, not all at once, but in gradual succession, and may be used as a culinary fruit, but its true place is at the desert, where it pleases the eye with its beauty, and the palate with refreshing flavor. It sells readily in our markets, taking precedence of every other apple of its season, and could doubtless be sent with profit from Canada to the markets of New York or Chicago.

The tree has proved itself to be exceedingly hardy, a vigorous and erect grower, bearing while yet quite young, and very abundantly. It flourishes in nearly all parts of Canada, and even here, the fruit is, if anything, of better flavor, in the colder, than in the warmer districts of the country, being more juicy, and not so liable to become mealy as soon as it is a little over ripe. It can be safely recommended to every planter as a variety that is well worthy of a trial, even in the most unfavorable locations, and one that will very rarely fail to give entire satisfaction.

The *New York Agriculturist* expresses astonishment at the excellence of Canadian fruit, and the extent and variety of the fruit production of this country.

FOWLS AND ORCHARDS.

The public have yet to learn the full advantages of keeping poultry. Few seem to appreciate what they may do among trees in an orchard. Let any one try them in an orchard of a quarter of an acre, where they may be kept by a picket fence four or five feet high; put in, say 125 fowls, and observe the result. They will avoid annoyance in the garden, of which so many complain, while they work among the trees, doing just what is needed, and destroying everything that can injure the fruit trees, in the shape of bugs, worms or other insects, and lay a large number of eggs, which are a cash article, to say nothing of the chickens, which pay well for raising at the present time. I have tried it, and know it is so. I have about 100 fowls which have worked admirably among my trees, keeping the ground in good condition, keeping off the insects, and promoting the growth of the orchard. I am satisfied that we have yet to learn the full benefit which may be derived from the proper management of fowls; and it is quite possible that the method I have suggested may offer the best way of getting our apple orchard in good bearing condition.

THINNING FRUIT.

Whenever we tell a friend he should thin his fruit, he talks about the curculio, the codling moth, the birds, and the boys, and "guesses there will be thinning enough before the season gets through." This is true in its way. Whenever these troubles exist to any great extent, it is not of much use to grow fruit at all. But there are some who do not leave all their gardening to insects and vermin—some who dispute the right of these pests to interfere at all, and wage war, successful war against them; but even they do not half appreciate the value of thinning their fruit.

The evil of overbearing is particularly apparent in dwarf pears and grapes. As a general thing there is rarely a grape vine but would be benefited by having half its bunches cut away, and some of the fruit bearing dwarf pears might have from one-third to one-half. The grapes may be cut away as soon as they can be seen; but the pears should be left until somewhat grown, as they often fall after they are pretty well advanced. It not only helps the size of the fruit, but is a gain to the future health of the tree.—*German-town Telegraph.*

THE APPLE TREE BORER.

Having seen a great many remedies and a great many plans for destroying the apple tree borer, and none of them very satisfactory, suppose I give a case of actual knowledge of my own. My neighbor put out an orchard of fifty trees. They were four years old from the graft, and as they had not been very well pruned in the nursery, pruning was done at the time of transplanting. The trees started all right in the spring, but alas, the borer! The trees were punctured from root to branch, and took on the usual sickly appearance. The owner concluded to try an experiment, for it was nothing but death anyhow, so he prepared a whitewash as follows: fresh slacked lime and coal oil sufficient to make a good whitewash, and put it on with a brush from root to branch, or as high as the borer had been working. This has proved a perfect success, for the trees cast off their sickly appearance the same season, for I examined them the same fall (the whitewash still on them) and I think I never saw more healthy and vigorous trees.—*Ec.*

SNOW IN MAINE.—A few days ago, a party of gentlemen from this city went fishing in Maine, a hundred miles or so north of Portland. On Friday last the heat was almost intolerable. That day the party left on their return. After riding a few miles they engaged in a game of snow-ball, at a drift of enormous dimensions. The drift in question was seventy-five feet high when it formed in the winter, and it bids fair to last the rest of the summer.—*New York paper.*