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VOL. II.

SEPTEMBER, 1897.

NO. 7.

The Wisconsin Horticulturist...

Issued Monthly,

Under the Management of the

Wisconsin

State Horticultural Society,

for the purpose of

Disseminating Horticultural

Information.

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The Wisconsin Horticulturist.

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Baraboo, Wis.

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The Wisconsin Horticulturist.

VOL. II.

SEPTEMBER.

NO. 7

GEO. J. KELLOGG.

By A. J. Philips, Secretary of Wis. State Hortic'l Society.

The subject of this sketch deserves more than a passing notice. He was born in the Empire State in the year 1828, and came to the Territory of Wisconsin in 1835.

His first Horticultural work was picking huckleberries on the ground where the city of Kenosha now stands. Next he set what were probably almost the first apple trees in Wisconsin, to wit, some Rhode Island Greenings, in 1837 or 1838. Soon afterwards he assisted in grafting some nursery trees, some of which are still bearing crops.

He finished his education under the instruction of Wisconsin's late lamented Governor, L. P. Harvey.

In connection with his horticultural pursuits he spent several winters lumbering on the Wisconsin River; also some teaching school. In 1849 he drove a team of five yoke of oxen over the plains to the Klondike of the United States, California. Making what he considered his "pile," he returned via Panama in the Spring of 1852, when he located at his present home in Janesville. Here he became an active and useful worker in horticulture, an occupation which he has pursued with increasing interest up to the present time.

He has been an honored member of our State Society since its organization. He has in all probability exhibited fruit at more State and County Fairs than any other man now living in Wisconsin, and has taken a large amount in premiums which owing to his hard work he justly deserved.

He is an excellent judge of fruit, and for over a score of years has been growing more named varieties of strawberries than any grower that I know of in the State. He has kept a continuous daily record of the weather, noting the hottest and coldest, since 1857, which has taken much time and has been of great value to our State Society.

He has always prided himself on being a strict Prohibitionist, and I think that to his very abstemious habits he owes the good health that he now enjoys. I have heard him say that he did not desire a whiskey Republican or Democrat to attend his funeral.

The readers of this will plainly see that his has been an active life, and now at his advanced age he is actively engaged, with his two sons, in the nursery and fruit business in Janesville. Mr. Kellogg has been a useful worker in the Farmers' Institutes since their organization, and has for many years been an interesting and practical writer for many of the Western farm papers.

During the past year he has been called upon to mourn the loss of his loved companion who took an active interest in his horticultural work. It has been the writer's good fortune to visit the family many times during the past fifteen years and it was always a pleasant sight to see how father, mother, sons and daughter all worked together in a common cause to make their business profitable and their home a happy one.

As one by one our older members are passing away, I think I can truthfully say that when it comes his turn to bid adieu to time and things, our State Society will miss one of its most active members, and all who remember him will feel that the world is better for Geo. J. Kellogg having lived in it.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Kellogg is a grower of flowers as well as fruit. His fine exhibits of roses have added greatly to the interest of our summer meetings. The roses in our picture were cut Aug. 11, the day on which the photograph was taken.

MONEY IN SMALL FRUITS.

J. S. Stickney.

Let your light so shine that others may be benefited by your success and be enabled to accumulate wealth as easily and rapidly as you do.

With this thought in mind I will give a few figures from the present season's Strawberry and Currant harvest.

Mr. von Baumbach, of whose thorough methods and general success something is known, has marketed eight hundred six bushels of strawberries and received for them forty-four cents per bushel, also three hundred bushels of currants and received for them forty cents per bushel.

Mr. E. W. Robbins has sold eighty bushels of strawberries which gave him eighteen cents per bushel, and one hundred seventy-five bushels of currants which gave him twenty cents per bushel.

Milwaukee Pickle Co. has sold five hundred forty-three bushels of currants and received for them twenty cents per bushel.

These figures are the receipts after paying marketing expenses, but without deducting anything for supervision or cartage.

In addition to the money value of this crop, we have had the pleasure of distributing some eight hundred fifty dollars cash among deserving and willing workers, and we also know that we have helped freighters and commission men to make an honest penny. Furthermore who shall say how many poor people have been helped by low prices to add good wholesome fruit to their bill of fare?

I have said nothing about acreage, thinking it might be wiser to leave something to the imagination of any who might be a little fainthearted. With such possibilities right at hand, why should any leave the strong, fertile soil of Wisconsin and rush away to Klondike in search of larger deposits of gold?

Mr. von Baumbach has claimed that he can and *will* beat his banner crop of 1891. He has said less about it

since this harvest commenced. While I am a little envious of him on account of his better prices I know very well that he has earned them. I will try, and doubtless *shall* get even with him next year, unless this abundant prosperity makes us lazy!

Wauwatosa, Wis.



AN IDEAL VILLAGE GARDEN.

We had seen it in our waking dreams, this Garden Beautiful, in which every inch of space was utilized without any unseemly crowding, and in which no weed, not even "pusley," ever dared to show its head. But we did not know that our ideal garden really existed, outside of dreams and Paradise, until we found it in Omro.

A resident of that quiet little village was the magician who called our garden into being, and this is how he did it: Adjoining his house, separated from it only by a walk, was a little tract of land four rods square. The soil was a hard and lumpy clay, "baking" badly after rains. To remedy this he hauled onto it forty loads of sand, which he thoroughly incorporated with the original clay, and then put on all the well-rotted stable manure that could be worked into it, thus making the soil both rich and friable. Extending across the end of the garden nearest the house was a wide bed for flowers, including several kinds of choice roses. A trellis of wire-netting separated this flower-border from the vegetable garden and also formed a support for the sweet-peas and other flowering vines planted beside it. Next to this trellis was a row of early garden peas (dwarf) which would be eaten and the vines cleared away by the time the sweet-peas and nasturtiums were in bloom, thus making a path for the flower-gatherers. Beyond the early peas was a row of later peas, then two rows of Early Ohio potatoes, then another row of early peas, and beyond these a trellis of grape-vines. The row of early peas was placed here because it could be removed before the grape-vines needed the room. After the row of grapes came two rows

of potatoes, "Uncle Sam" and "Rural New Yorker," then another trellis of grape-vines. Just beyond this second row of grapes was a row of early onions ("sets") which would be out of the way before the grapes needed the space. Then came a row of beets and another row of onion "sets." Beyond these was a mixed row, at one end were pole beans, in the middle were twenty-four tomato plants and at the other end eight cabbage plants. The tomato plants were trained to a strong wooden trellis six feet high. The posts of the trellis were seven feet long but were driven into the ground one foot. This trellis is taken up every autumn and stowed away in the barn until the next spring. The lateral branches are pinched from the tomatoes leaving but one vine to a plant. Beyond the tomatoes were four rows of carrots, then a row of raspberries, part black and part red. These were tied to stakes to save room. Next to the raspberries was a row of bush beans, one end of the row wax and the rest Lima. Next came a row of strawberries, then a row of cucumbers. Think you these cucumbers were allowed to wander at will, and, python-like, strangle the strawberry plants? Not a bit of it. They were forced to do their wandering *upward*, trained to a trellis like grape-vines. Beyond the cucumbers was a row of Fay's Prolific currants, more "prolific" than any of that variety we had ever before seen. Perhaps this was because they were wired up by three wires on each side; the wires were placed two and one half feet apart at the bottom and one foot apart at the top. This ended the garden, which was separated from the neighboring domain by an evergreen hedge.

No cultivator could be used, the space was so small. The soil was kept pulverized and free from weeds by a hand hoe composed of several little narrow shovels, "Norcross's Improved Garden Hoe."

The owner of this garden four rods square raises a supply of fresh fruit and vegetables for his own table and some to give away. Let any one who has a tract of unused land, however small, learn a lesson from this true story of a garden.

PLEASURES OF THE ORIGINATOR.

L. H. Read.

One who has never produced some new variety of fruit, flower, grain or vegetable cannot realize the untold joys of the originator as he watches his crosses and hybrids day by day, and sees them develop from tiny plants until they arrive at maturity. He feels, perhaps, as deep an interest as that with which the mother watches her child as it develops from infancy into childhood and then up to mature manhood or womanhood. Is it any wonder that the new varieties are so highly praised? For what mother is not ready to tell what wonderful children hers are?

If you have never experienced the pleasure of originating some new variety don't fail to try your hand at it. Plant seeds of any of the fruits in your garden, or get some potato seeds and grow seedling potatoes. They are as easy to grow as potato plants and require about the same care. They will the first season produce potatoes from the size of a pea to one half pound in weight, and some of them may be of great value. At any rate they will be valuable in your own eyes, because they are a new variety which you yourself have produced. Each seed will produce a plant differing in some respect from all others, hence the tubers from each plant should be kept by themselves. The writer has about two thousand fine seedlings growing this season.



THE BANGOR BLACKBERRY AND OTHER FRUITS.

Notes by Mr. Hatch.

Editor Horticulturist:—

Mr. Stickney was favorably impressed with the appearance of the Bangor blackberry as seen under good culture on the place of the late Aaron Moulton, near Sturgeon Bay. But it should be understood that Mr. Stickney is one who easily sees good in things,—he is built that way! After making due allowance for this “failing” of his, we want to

know what the probabilities are that the Bangor will be valuable.

As I remember it the bushes grow to about one-half the size of Stone's Hardy or Ancient Briton, being in this particular of the same type as the Hatch blackberry grown so successfully near Madison, which is probably hardier than any other cultivated in Wisconsin. The valuable points that may possibly be possessed by the Bangor are, 1st, the dwarfish bush, making it more easily handled in culture than the rank growers like the Snyder and Stone's Hardy. 2nd, it is probably earlier than most kinds now grown, if it is like the Hatch, or of the same type, as I think it is.

Mr. Moulton told me he obtained a few plants from a Rochester, N. Y., Nursery a few years ago, and one other person at Horticultural meeting reported that he had it from the same source.

We have among our native blackberries several distinct types of bushes and fruit. One very fine one not in culture is what we called years ago the long, fine-seeded variety. The bushes are dwarfish and very fruitful. The berries long and slender—one-fourth to three-eighths inches in diameter and three-fourths to one inch long, and we thought them the sweetest, most melting and best flavored berry of all. Besides this they were earliest of all.

This type of blackberry is one of the most promising I know of as an addition to what we have.

What a continual tendency there is to reach out for new varieties! Horticulturists are all so hopeful! How the adjectives have been worked to help introduce thousands of new kinds to a longing public, in the last forty years. Since the days of Dr. Grant and the Iona Grape, Knox and his Jucunda Strawberry, down to the time of Mr. Loudon with the Jessie Strawberry and Loudon Raspberry, how tired the superlatives have been made in describing the new things so enthusiastically forced upon a credulous public! This lavish urging of new things is an implica-

tion of shortcomings in the old not by any means justified except as we neglect the old and pet the new—at least in many cases.

The Early Richmond and Kentish Cherries gave us a fine crop this season—just as good as our care of the trees deserved. And either one is much better than the newer and much praised Wragg. We fruited several Russian Cherries too this year—new in Wisconsin—but not one of them as good as the Kentish. By the way, we got our first trees of this sort from Mr. Stickney and he then said we needed it—that it would bear and keep at it. We took his word for it and we are glad of it. At Sturgeon Bay we have some Montmorency in fruit and Mr. Bingham likes them very much—they are large and fine. Early Richmond, Kentish and Montmorency for Wisconsin,—a trio of good trees.

We have some Japanese Plums in fruit at Sturgeon Bay, Abundance, Willard and Burbank. The Willard was first to ripen. The Abundance is now ripe and very fine they are—real beauties. Doesn't it seem queer that we can fruit the Abundance at Sturgeon Bay when it fails at Racine about 150 miles south?

For three years in succession I have had to thin my American Plums—especially De Soto and Rockford. Fully one half the plums were removed. This overbearing is a great fault of the American Plums. Surely twelve and fifteen in a cluster are too many. The Cheney gave us a fine crop that were very large and ripened earliest of any we have. Heretofore we thought the Cheney a little slow in bearing but perhaps that is not a fault, as we shall have better trees if they do not overbear, as the De Soto is sure to do if the fruit is not thinned. Surely the Cheney is all right this year.

Of all the native plums the Rockford is finest quality,

more nearly like the European varieties than any other we have seen. We have never trapped the curculio here—thinning the fruit is a remedy for their depredations as it enables us to remove the fruit that is stung.

Notwithstanding the fact that it blighted a good deal, the Yellow Transparent Apple has outborne any other in the experimental orchard. This year the trees are very fine and what lovely apples! It is true they did not give us as much fruit as formerly but they will bear a big crop next year sure,—the spurs and buds are on the trees now. If the fruit has a fault it is that, because of being delicate and light-colored, it shows every blemish. Still as an early apple I believe it is a money-maker in the orchard.

We have a tree of Beautiful Arcade that gave us some beautiful, tender-fleshed, sweet apples, just the thing to sell in the season of the Duchess, when a good sweet eating apple is in demand for retailing at the stores and to relieve the awful strain on the sugar barrel the Duchess makes.

Of course our McMahan are all right; shall ship them in a week or so. We had some lovely Switzer—fancy looking in the barrel.

I can't "tell it all" about apples so I will stop here.

Yours cordially,

A. L. HATCH.

Ithaca, Richland Co., Wis.

Aug. 28, 1897.



THOSE CURRANT BUSHES.

What shall we do with the bushes after the currants are picked? If "actions speak louder than words," the most frequent answer to this question appears to be,— "Leave them to the care of the sun and the dew and the wind and the rain." But this treatment will not produce such currants as we have read about on a preceding page,

those hundreds of bushels of high-priced currants grown in Wauwatosa.

Next year's crop, in quality and quantity, will largely depend upon the care given the bushes this Fall. Just when to stop using the hoe and cultivator seems to be a mooted point, which we hope will be discussed at our coming winter meeting. We should seek the "golden mean," whereby the soil can be kept free from weeds without causing so great a growth of cane as to impair the fruit buds.

The watchword of the successful currant-grower seems to be "*Prune*." Mr. Stickney of Wauwatosa has said: "If there is one error more than another that I have committed, it is in not trimming out enough. I became convinced of that when I was in California; there the currant bushes are pruned down to within three feet of the ground and kept there."

Mr. Coe of Ft. Atkinson practices thinning out the canes instead of cutting them back. The young plants when he sets them out have two canes. He hoes and cultivates these young plants until the autumn frosts cause the leaves to fall, then he cuts out all the new canes which have grown, except one. His plants now have three canes. The second summer he hoes and cultivates as before, and when the frost has caused the leaves to drop off, he prunes again, but this time he leaves two new canes, making five canes in all. The third fall he again takes out all the new canes but two, the two best ones; each plant now has seven canes. The fourth fall, when the frost causes the leaves to drop, he cuts out all the new canes excepting *one*, the most vigorous one. This fall he also takes off the two old canes that came with the plant, leaving six canes on the plant, five old canes and one new cane. Each succeeding autumn he cuts out one old cane and all the new canes but one, thus perpetually restricting the size of the bush to six canes. In this way no matter how old the roots are, the bush "never gets any older above ground."

This thinning out of the new canes reduces to a minimum the danger from the currant-borer, as that works

chiefly in new wood. The fruit of the currant is not produced on wood under two years old, so the new cane which is left each fall does not bear the ensuing year. The fruit is borne on the five old canes.

As regards winter protection, Mr. Fisk of Omro, says currants do not like cold feet, but need to be "kept comfortable" through the winter. To do this he mulches their feet with manure six or eight inches deep. This should be well-composted.

Currants like ashes: these should be broad-casted very early in the spring, before the leaves are out, in as large quantities as you can procure and afford!



"STRAWS" REGARDING SAN JOSE SCALE.

In examining the Fall Catalogues of Nursery Stock we find ourselves looking askance at any New York catalogue which does not contain a certificate similar to the following:
NEW YORK AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATION, Geneva,
N. Y.

This is to certify that I have this eighth day of July, 1897, examined the stock of the T. S. Hubbard Co., grown at Fredonia, County of Chautauqua, State of New York, and find no indications of the presence of the San Jose scale, peach yellows, rosette, or other dangerous insects or fungous diseases that might be transferred on nursery stock from the nursery to the orchard.

V. H. LOWE, Entomologist.

From the editorial columns of the *Michigan Fruit-Grower*, which is the official organ of the West Michigan Horticultural Society, we clip two suggestive items:

The San Jose scale is now known to exist in twenty counties in Michigan, which is sufficient warning to all growers of fruit to be careful and not let it get into your orchards. To the naked eye, the twigs are encrusted in a fine white scale impervious to water, which may be removed

only in the winter time by a strong solution of lye. The scale is the product of a minute insect which fastens itself upon the tree and penetrates the wood with its long feelers, or borers.

The State Board of Agriculture will soon appoint an inspector of nursery stock, in accordance with the bill passed by the last legislature, to prevent the spread of the disease known as the San Jose scale. He will have authority to prosecute all persons who neglect to destroy the pest, to inspect all nurseries, and to destroy trees which are affected with the borers.

Yesterday we heard the prediction made that if the San Jose scale ever gets a foothold in Wisconsin it will appear first in our public parks and in the beautiful trees that shade our streets, carried there by the careless tossing away of the stem from a bunch of imported grapes or the core of a pear. The idea may be "visionary," but it is worth thinking about.

A member of our own State Society bought a California pear, not long ago, from a fruit-store in Madison, taken at random from a box just opened, and on examining it with a microscope, found the stem infested with the scale.



THE BUFFALO BERRY IN ITS NATIVE WILDS.

Soon after the publication of Mr. Rhodes' timely account of his "Experiments with some of the Newer Fruits," we came across an article in the *Montana Fruit-Grower*, on "The Wild Fruits of Montana," written by Mrs. J. J. Kennedy, which gives the following graphic description of one of the fruits mentioned by Mr. Rhodes:

"The Buffalo berry (*shepherdia argenta*) growing on the Missouri and its tributaries, is a late berry, extremely bitter before frosts, extremely sour after frosts; they are excellent for jelly, being very full of juice. They grow close to the branches; these branches are beset with the most for-

midable thorns, therefore none but the brave, urged by the direst necessity, ever reap a harvest of jelly from these berries. The brave arm themselves with axes to chop down the tree, which is from three to ten feet high. They then drag them to some level spot near, where a tarpaulin is spread out, change weapons, using this time a good long hard stick, and pound the berries off the bushes; when satisfied with the quantity, or tired with the work, they go home and make jelly.

I had the privilege of enjoying an outing once in which I watched the members of the party attack the trees and rob them of their berries. From the torn dresses and wounded hands I judged I had the pleasantest time, if I had no berries."

The same racy writer thus gives her opinion of the June Berry: "The June or Service berry, or Shad-flower (*amelanchier anifolio*), one of the half dozen varieties of this well known berry, is found all over the state. It bears a purplish, pear-shaped, edible berry. As to its use on the table I have my own opinion, formed from my experience. When it was impossible to get berries in the then territory, and I tried to use them, they seemed to approach the 'stony age' each time. Mrs. A. told me to stew them very fast and put lemon with them and they would be tender. I did; they were a failure. Mrs. A. consoled me by saying, 'You did not stew fast enough, or you did not put in enough lemon.' I tried it again, failed, and decided that both reasons assigned was the cause of failure. Mrs. B. told me to stew them in rhubarb, and they were just delicious. 'Have the rhubarb done and boiling fast; drop your berries in.' I did and they hardened as before. Several other obliging cooks gave me methods which I tried with similar results. The query arose, who is a failure, the berries or the cook? After mature reflection I decided 'schoolmarms' are poor cooks; hence a failure; the berries are all right.

In my wanderings through the brush I saw a bevy of

hungry birds attack a shrub laden with fine, big berries, very ripe. I watched the berries disappear and came to the conclusion I had found a good, in fact the best, way to use the Service berry, viz.: serve it to the birds.

Utilize the tree as an ornamental one. When white with their pendant blossoms they are excelled by few exotics."

The other native Montana fruits described by Mrs. Kennedy, are the Wild Plum; the gooseberry; the black currant; the wild strawberry, "Mother Nature's best berries, than which none are so full of condensed sweetness;" red and black raspberries and the salmon berry, which the writer says "has little texture and is of far less value than either of the other raspberries." A species of barberry is also found and used extensively for making wine. "Wild Cherry (*prunus demissa*) is found everywhere; its fruit is thought fine for butter, to can for pies, and so on; but for table use it is too astringent; it gives one a feeling that he has been cheated into taking a cherry pectoral tonic. It is very ornamental when covered by its white racemes in early spring and its peculiar fragrance adds, to the already odor burdened spring air, an exhilarating effect—a tonic tone, if I may so speak.

Last, but not least, of the native fruits is the huckleberry, a bush growing from one to three feet high. It does well in a vegetable or clay mould; is rather high minded and prefers a high altitude; and the highest available points on the sides of the highest peaks. So widely spread over the globe and so numerous is the family, it forms one of the sub orders in the heath family.

Unlike any of the more desirable native berries mentioned, it has rare shipping qualities, enabling those out of its range to enjoy its best qualities, as well as those living near its habitat. It combines all the points of usefulness found in the other berries and a deliciousness of flavor all its very own."

BULBS FOR FALL PLANTING IN THE GARDEN.

Frederic Cranefield.

So much has been written about bulbs and bulb planting, in horticultural papers that I cannot expect to tell much that is new. It is not uncommon for greenhouse men to receive an order in April or May for Tulips or Hyacinths sufficient to plant a bed of stated dimensions; so in beginning it may not be amiss to say a few words about these plants as a class. Spring-flowering bulbs are mainly grown in Holland and Belgium. Five years are required to produce a bulb of flowering size from seed and from two to three years from offsets. The bulbs ripen in midsummer and arrive in this country in August and September. To obtain the best results they should be planted as soon after arrival as possible. If we should attempt to keep these bulbs until the following spring they would shrivel and lose all vitality. Each bulb contains a flower and nourishment sufficient to develop it, if given the proper conditions. If a tulip bulb is carefully dissected there will be found at the center a perfect miniature blossom. *The time to plant is now.* However if the beds that are to be planted are now occupied by summer-flowering plants these may remain until after a killing frost. I have had good success with bulbs planted as late as Nov. 1st. Clear the ground, spade deep and pulverize thoroughly.

If beds are to be planted in patterns or designs, great care is necessary to avoid mixing the colors. It is well to make a diagram of the bed, then plant all of one color before taking any of another color. Place the bulbs in the desired position on the bed, pressing each a little into the soil. Take a garden trowel in the right hand and pick up a bulb with the left, then thrust the trowel deep into the loose earth and draw forward, push the bulb down into the opening and withdraw the trowel. There is no need of pressing the earth about each bulb separately as planted. When the planting is finished if you are not a "heavy weight"

tramp evenly over the whole bed, afterward leveling with a rake.

No more attention will be needed until the beds are covered for the winter. This work should be delayed until after the ground is frozen, for if covered earlier we would provide an excellent harbor for mice that would feast on the bulbs all winter. Coarse, strawy manure makes a good covering. It may be put on six inches deep. Autumn leaves will answer but require to be taken off earlier in the spring on account of forming a compact covering that would smother the young shoots. If very early bloom is desired uncover early, even before frost is out of the ground. If finer blooms are wanted uncover gradually, say one third at first and a week later one third more, and leave the remainder until the buds have pushed through it. If large beds are much higher in the middle than at the margin the blossoms will open on the south side three or four days in advance of those on the north side. This may be obviated by uncovering the north side first.

WHAT TO PLANT.

The sorts most commonly planted are Crocus, Tulips, Hyacinths and Daffodils. Of the above list the crocus is the first to blossom. The corms or bulbs should not be planted more than three inches deep, and two inches is better; plant two to three inches apart for good effect, and in a place where they may remain undisturbed for several years, as the flowers are larger and better if not disturbed.

Tulips may be had in great variety. The earliest of all are the dwarf Duc Van Tholl varieties. The flowers are small and shortlived, but the colors are brilliant. Among those flowering somewhat later may be named Artus, Belle Alliance and Pottebakker Scarlet for scarlet. For yellow I have found none better than Chrysolora. In white La Reine is excellent but takes a rose tinge after opening and is not as large or as good a cup as Pottebakker White. The above are all single. For a good bed of double plant La Candeur pure white and Rex Rubrosum scarlet. The double tulips are much later than the single. Still later and lar-

ger are the "Show" tulips, which usually are in full bloom on Memorial Day. Among the best varieties are Gesneriana, Bizarres and Bybloems; the only yellow in this class is Bouton'd'Or. The parrots are the latest of all to bloom. These have feathered petals and grotesque forms. The flowers are apt to be decidedly greenish unless exposed to full sunlight. All tulips should be planted four to six inches deep and four inches apart.

Hyacinths are as easily grown as tulips if one or two precautions are observed. The delicate colors, graceful form and delightful fragrance place them easily at the head of the list. The bulbs should be planted much deeper than tulips, at least eight inches deep, and in thoroughly drained soil. If any water settles about the bulbs they will surely rot. If you are not sure about the natural drainage dig out at least ten inches of the soil and put in two inches of sand, place the bulbs on this and cover. Do not plant hyacinths in succession, as the bulbs are subject to a disease that destroys the bulb and stem at flowering time. Whenever this appears the germs will be left in the ground to attack future crops. The single sorts are best for outdoor planting. The colors as advertised in the catalogues can rarely be depended upon. The blue shades to porcelain, the red to faintest rose. For blue, try Czar Peter, King of the Blues and Charles Dickens. For white, Grand Vainqueur or Baroness Van Thuyll. For red, Robert Steiger or Amy. For yellow, Hermann. Many varieties of Narcissus or Daffodils are hardy; probably the best is the double Von Sion. The daffodils seem out of place massed in beds. Their home is in marshy places and by the water's edge.

Experiment Station, Madison, Wis.



Mrs. Mann (meeting former servant)—"Ah, Mary, I suppose you are getting better wages at your new place?"

Mary—"No, ma'am; I am working for nothing, now, I'm married."

A UNIQUE OUTING.

It may be suggestive to hear how other people take their recreation as well as how they do their work. Our Michigan neighbors have recently had a picnic of a novel kind. The farmers and farmers' families in the vicinity of Grand Rapids, to the number of about 1500 persons, went, by railroad, on an excursion to the Agricultural College. The *Michigan Fruit Grower* tells how they enjoyed it: "The day was of especial interest to most every one, as it was their first trip to the Agricultural College grounds—the pride of Michigan. All the buildings were visited, some taking especial pride in the museum; others in the dairy room, while the horticultural building was not lost sight of. A specialist was on hand where information was imparted, while guides, located at different points, aided in making the journey through the grounds much more easy.

A delightful feature of the day was the sumptuous picnic-dinner spread on the tables on the campus. Through the courtesy of the faculty, hot coffee was served to all who waited for the same.

No one thing has ever been done by the College authorities that has been so successful in awakening a general interest in the school and its undertakings. Probably not ten per cent of those who visited the College had ever been there before, and half the people know almost nothing of the wonderful equipment of this institution for teaching agriculture and the sciences allied to it. When the people can once understand this great benefaction of the state to its farming and agricultural interests, there will be no question about filling the dormitories with intelligent and interested students and developing this equipment to the utmost."



Mr. Carlots: "Those Arctic nights are sometimes six months long." Little Clyde: "Yes, and I'll bet the old folks sit up three and four weeks after they send the boys to bed."

THE AMERICAN HEN.

Strictly speaking this may not be a horticultural topic, although the average hen longs to be a horticulturist and works in the garden with great activity when given a chance. However we are sure our readers will be interested in this ingenious presentation of our country's enormous income from "hen-power:"

"If American hens should strike and refuse to lay eggs, this country would lose \$165,000,000 a year. That is as much as all the wheat of Minnesota, North and South Dakota, would be worth at one dollar per bushel. In addition to that the chicken meat produced annually amounts to \$125,000,000, making a total value for our chicken industry amounting to \$290,000,000. There are five times as many hens as there are people in this country, and more roosters than statesmen. We often hear power expressed in units of horse-power, but what is hen power? H. W. Collingwood recently wrote to the New York World as follows:

"The total cost of conducting the Post-office Department last year was \$90,626,296. We can pick out 50,000,000 of our best hens that will cover every dollar of this outlay in one year.

"The net earnings of the railroads in 1895 were \$323,196,454. The railroad dividends paid amounted to \$81,375,764. The American hen paid nearly twice the profits earned by American railroads.

"The total earnings from passenger traffic amounted to \$261,640,598, or less than that of the hens. It cost in 1895 slightly over two cents to carry one passenger one mile, .0184 of a cent to carry one ton of freight one mile, and 91 cents to run the average train one mile.

"One single hen, laying 150 eggs per year, could have 215 days of vacation and could still be able to pay for carrying one passenger 100 miles, or for hauling ten tons of freight 10,000 miles, or for running an ordinary train two miles. One hundred and forty such hens would pay the salary of the average school-teacher employed in the public schools, while 75 hens will pay the average pension to old soldiers."—Northwestern Agriculturist.

FALL WORK IN THE BLACKBERRY FIELD.

By the time this magazine reaches its readers blackberry picking will be over for this year. The next thing to do is to put on the stoutest pair of leather mittens procurable and your most impenetrable clothing, then proceed to cut out the old canes. All the old fruiting canes and the weakest of the new shoots should be cut out, leaving only about half a dozen canes to the hill, as in currant bushes.

These old canes are very stiff and unwieldy as well as thorny, and whoever handles them must be constantly alert, or he is liable to share the fate of the man in the nursery rhyme who "jumped into a bramble bush and scratched out both his eyes."

The implement we use is a sharp steel hook, similar to the blade of a pruning-knife, riveted on to a handle about three feet long. We have them made at a blacksmith shop.

Good cultivators differ as to the time of removing the refuse canes from the field and burning them. Theoretically this should be done as soon as the canes are cut. But practically it is exceedingly difficult to carry away the loose canes until the wires are taken down, and we do not like to take down the wires until we are ready to lay down the bushes for their winter nap, which is not done, usually, until later, just before the ground freezes.

Where possible we prefer fall planting for blackberries. We have about an acre of the Badger blackberry which was set the October preceding the World's Fair. Of course they were too small to "lay down" that fall, but we put a forkful of strawy manure around each plant. The following summer they made a fine growth and were laid down and covered like old plants in the fall, and so every succeeding fall. We cultivate through the spring and early summer, until nearly time to begin picking. I have never seen a more thrifty field of blackberries. We have just finished harvesting a fair crop of fine, large, juicy berries, notwithstanding the fact that at least half the blossoms were killed by frost.

Baraboo, Wis.

A LETTER FROM J. L. HARTWELL, PRESIDENT OF THE
HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF NORTHERN ILLINOIS.

"J. L. Hartwell of Dixon, Ill., is in town and would like to see you," called a voice through our telephone two or three weeks ago. We found that Prof. Hartwell was looking around among the orchards of Southern Wisconsin for the benefit of his Society—on the principle that "by other's faults wise men correct their own."

All enjoyed the visit of the genial Illinois president, and will be interested in the following letter from him:

Editor Wisconsin Horticulturist:

My hands, my head, and in fact my whole being have been so effectually tied to home duties since my return from Wisconsin that I have found no time to fulfill my promise to write for your magazine.

If there is any one thing which my trip through your State teaches, emphasized by observations made in my own State, it is a crying need for more intelligence about fundamental facts in horticulture, and more thorough application of well-tested theories. Thorough cultivation and spraying are the watchwords in our conventions.

I have seen but few orchards this season, of many that I have visited, that were sprayed even once, and the orchard that had not grown up to weeds or blue-grass was always the exception. Most apple-orchards had many more water-sprouts than apples and in many cases the sprouts were of long standing. If "Eternal vigilance is the price of success," it certainly is true of the apple-grower when conditions hold, such as are found in Wisconsin and Northern Illinois.

One orchard had been sprayed three times, kept free from water-sprouts and thoroughly cultivated, and was well-loaded with fine large apples nearly free from worms and scab.

Please permit me to extend through the Wisconsin Horticulturist to Pres. Kellogg, Secretary Philips, Prof. Goff,

Wm. Toole, Chas. Hirschinger, and last but not least, yourself and husband, my grateful acknowledgments for hospitality and courtesies received during my short sojourn in Wisconsin.

I wish also to congratulate the State of Wisconsin over the thorough and intelligent work being done by Prof. Goff in the experimental grounds of the State University.

I shall watch with deep interest the experimental work of Mr. Philips along the line of top-working apple trees. Such work is not usually productive of much worldly treasure to the one who does it, but it is just such work that moves mankind as a whole one step nearer the ideal.

It is my judgment that the seedlings of Wisconsin and not the Russian varieties will make up your apple orchards to be planted in the future.

How to market fruit to the best possible advantage to the grower seems to have been solved by the Fruit Growers' Association of Ripon, of which President L. G. Kellogg is secretary and agent. I was surprised not to find more duplicates of the plan.

Very truly yours,

J. L. HARTWELL.

THAYER'S BERRY BULLETIN.

The bearing season being over, the delight of unfolding leaf, bud and blossom past, the fruit matured, and the appetite satisfied, we are apt to neglect the very means of future success.

Remember two seasons of good work are necessary to produce best crops of berries.

The babyhood of the plant requires careful nursing in the spring. The childhood of the plant careful training and protection in the fall and the mature or exhausted plant care at all times.

The berry plant gives you fruit but once. All the energy, and even life itself, are offered up in its wonderful effort to produce fruit and seed. It then dies, and should be

removed and burned. Nature knowing the sacrifice, provides a new growth from the roots and repeats its efforts again and again.

The neglect of a plant at any stage of growth, carries the result through life just as surely as with a child or other animal growth.

After fruiting, the roots of plants should be nursed back into vigorous life, by cutting out all old and surplus growth, cultivate thoroughly and give a good dressing of fine manure or wood ashes. This best prepares them for resisting the cold winters of the north, and stimulates them for active work in the early springs of the south.

It is sometimes desirable to propagate your own plants. If so, select strong new growth of currants and grapes, as soon as the leaves fall, cut in pieces about eight inches long, each piece containing three buds. Set in long straight rows, eight or ten inches apart, leaving top bud near the surface of the ground. Cultivate and keep free from weeds. Good one year plants are thus made the following season.

For black raspberries, bury the tips of the cane as soon as it naturally bends to the ground; leave until spring, when it is ready to detach and transplant.

Plants from the blackberry and red raspberry are usually taken from the sprouts or suckers that come up between the rows or around the hill, considerable care being necessary in digging the plants.

Root cuttings make best plants. Select strong roots in spring or fall, cut in pieces about five inches long and sow in drills about three feet apart.

The gooseberry being more difficult to propagate, should be mounded up, covering the hill except the tips of the branches. The following year many fine roots are found along the branches, these branches are removed, made into cuttings and set out the same as currants.

There is no more fascinating work than the propagation of plants.

IN TOMATO TIME.

To the city folks, who eat their first tomatoes, pale and travel-worn, in February, the ripening time of tomatoes has no interest or significance; but to the country people and the few wise dwellers in our cities that turn their stomachs resolutely away from the tissue-wrapped tomatoes of commerce, it never loses its charm. All the joy of the ripened fruit belongs only to the man who plants and tends his own garden plot. Early in the spring arises the great question, shall he buy his plants or raise them from seed? He is perhaps a wise man who chooses the former course, but he loses somewhat of the joy that accompanies the anxiety of home planting. In either case the kind of tomato to be chosen fills up many an evening hour. Such happy evenings with catalogues, such consultations with the family, such discussions with seedmen, and then the decision! To make the situation ideal, the man must have a neighbor equally interested in tomato growing. Tariff and the coinage fall away from their daily talk as things of little worth, and the comparative size of their tomato plants overshadows the map of Europe.

So the spring and summer wear on, until late July or early August brings their first picking time. The fruit, round, smooth and luscious, is brought in with a show of apparent indifference that poorly conceals the pride of the successful grower. His neighbor, too, has gathered a first harvest, and very good tomatoes they are, he admits generously, though, "If Black had taken the other kind!"

With the picking of the fruit the happy gardener's work ends, and the reign of the housekeeper begins. How shall they be served? Sliced, peeled and seasoned at each eater's pleasure shall the first ones be, and there is, perhaps, no other way of serving that is quite as good; but, as the season wears on, there is sometimes a desire for change. Then some morning the fruit is cut in generous slices, salted and peppered, dipped in a beaten egg and cracker crumbs and fried to a delicate brown. If the tomato is thoroughly

cooked and served hot, it makes a delicious accompaniment to the breakfast dish of meat or fish.

Baked tomatoes are acceptable at lunch or dinner. Take good-sized ones, cut off a top slice, scoop out the inside, season plentifully with pepper and salt, mix in bread or cracker crumbs and a little butter. Fill the tomatoes with the mixture, put on the tops and bake till done, usually about half an hour. If a little chopped meat is added, this is an especially good dish for luncheon.

Scalloped tomatoes are generally acceptable. This dish may be prepared either from raw tomatoes sliced thin or from those already stewed. Into a baking dish put alternate layers of tomato and cracker or bread crumbs, seasoning generously with salt and pepper, and bits of butter. Let the top layer be of the crumbs, and bake till done. There are those that add a little onion.

If the careful housekeeper is perplexed over what she shall serve for supper on a chilly evening, let her try tomato oyster. Take six good-sized tomatoes, peel, cut into small pieces, and stew till thoroughly cooked; season well, and just before mixing with the milk add a pinch of soda dissolved in a little water. Have ready in another saucepan a quart of boiling milk; add the tomato to this, put in a large piece of butter; turn the mixture into a tureen in which there is a quantity of split crackers, and serve very hot.

The tomato is always valuable from the decorative point of view. Served as a salad it is an attractive bit of color. To display it at its best, make a bed of lettuce leaves, crisp and green, place upon it the peeled tomatoes, and upon each one of them a spoonful of mayonnaise. Make the mayonnaise of cream or of oil, and this is a dish fit to set before kings or good Americans.

—Springfield Republican.



“You degrade a man when you compel him to accept as charity what he ought to be able to earn for himself.”

THE CAMPBELL SYSTEM AGAIN.

Advocates of the Campbell system claim that without the aid of irrigation this new system of agriculture will prove the salvation of the semiarid region. The process known as the Campbell system is described as follows in *The Globe-Democrat*: The plan consists, first of a thorough pulverizing of the top of the land for a depth of three or four inches, with a disk harrow, then plowing the land to a depth of eight inches, using this fine soil for the bottom of the furrows. After this comes the surface packer, a tool that resembles the rear portion of a Havana press drill, except that the wheels are wedge shaped instead of being flat. This tool packs the lower substratum firmly together, leaving the surface loose for three inches from the top. It leaves the ground in model condition, but is a matter of a good deal of work for the first two years, as there are many difficulties in the way of the first loosening of the soil.

This work is done immediately after the plow, and is followed by a fine smoothing rake, which will make the land look like a garden. It should be done in the fall if possible, for then the land is in better condition than at any other time for thorough pulverizing. It is better to do it as soon after the taking off of the previous crop as can be done in order to get the best results.—Exchange.



HOW TO OBTAIN THE BEST RESULTS WITH CHINESE LILIES.

For quick blooming, choose a dish maybe 5 inches in depth and with an open top. Having selected your dish, take your bulbs and place them on a layer of sand, pebbles or shells, then pack the shells well around the bulbs in such a way that when the strong roots begin to push up from the bottom of the receptacle they will not push the bulb itself out of the water. This seems to me to be about the only thing to be looked out for. Water is the chief essential to strong growth, and this must be supplied frequently, even to bulbs water-grown, as they soon drink up what is

placed in a shallow dish, and it is an easy matter every morning to fill the glasses. It is not necessary that the bulbs should be covered with water, but it is necessary that they should be about half submerged.

Bits of charcoal placed in the water will keep it sweet, and a little ammonia in the water will assist in nourishing the bulb.

—Exchange.



STRAWBERRIES GROWN BY IRRIGATION IN CALIFORNIA.

A few days ago we met a lady who had just returned from a sojourn of several weeks on a California fruit farm. In that brief time she had become an enthusiast on the subject of irrigation. Early in the Spring her California friends began picking strawberries from their garden, and were still picking them from the same vines when she came away in August. And such strawberries! Larger and more luscious than any she had ever eaten before. The plants were grown in rows, with space between the rows for irrigating. The plants grew so large that the rows looked like low hedges. The lady's pertinent inquiry was, "Why don't you irrigate in Wisconsin?"



THE NEW STRAWBERRY, "HENRY."

Another new strawberry stands awaiting its fate at the hands of skilled and unskilled growers. Its name is Henry and it is said to be of immense size, requiring but four berries to fill a quart box rounding full. We should think its great size would be unfavorable to its use as a family berry, for it would have to be served in slices if the family were large.

The originator, who has fruited it four years, gives this testimony regarding it: "It is the largest, best, hardiest, and sweetest strawberry ever yet produced; color, dark crimson; it is perfect flowering; it is the first berry ripe and the last."

Is any one testing its adaptability to Wisconsin soil and climate?

SOME ENEMIES OF OUR SONG BIRDS.

H. Nehrling in THE MAYFLOWER.

The Blue Jay:—Not being acquainted at first with the pilfering and even murderous habits of the beautiful Blue Jays they were tolerated among the forest trees around the house. During the first year they destroyed every nest in their reach, killed the young birds and became exceedingly impudent. In the following year their attempts to settle were promptly repelled. The Blue Jays must be kept from the premises with the shot-gun; but these sagacious thieves are too sly for even the most expert gunner. If left undisturbed they multiply in the neighborhood of man at a fearful rate, and soon depopulate the whole garden and orchard of their feathered musicians. In Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Texas, etc., the Blue Jays have become so abundant of late—being almost half-domesticated—that hardly any other bird has a chance to raise a brood.

The Butcherbird:—Another robber and murderer, the common Loggerhead Shrike or Butcherbird, also made our garden its home. The bird was so tame and had such an innocent expression in its face, that I was not at all suspicious when I found young and old birds, frogs and grasshoppers, impaled on some thorns near its nest. Its domicile was placed on a White-Thorn and was densely lined with white feathers. I rather admired the proud and smooth bird. Finally I caught it in the very act of doing mischief. Not far from the home of the Shrike a Song Sparrow had placed its nest in a dense wild gooseberry bush. The sweet lay of this songster had often been enjoyed by the whole family and the bird was regarded as an especial favorite. One day while the Song-Sparrow poured forth his sweetest notes the Shrike swooped down upon him, seized him, carried him to the White-Thorn and impaled him. A shot ended the life of the robber immediately and no other pair has been allowed since that time to make their home in my garden.

The Crow Blackbirds have also the bad reputation of

destroying the nests of other birds. Do not allow them to breed in your garden and orchard.

The Squirrels in our Parks:—One day I heard the painful alarm notes of a pair of Robins nesting in an Elm near the house. I came just in time to observe a Fox Squirrel sucking the eggs. These animals are exceedingly injurious to bird-life even in the woods, and in gardens and parks squirrels should never be allowed to roam about. In the park of the State Capitol at Madison, Wis., and in the pleasure grounds surrounding the National Soldiers' Home near Milwaukee, these animals are protected by law. They have multiplied to such an extent that the birds are almost entirely exterminated. The beautiful song-birds have been sacrificed to the squirrels. A few of these graceful climbing mammals are doubtless in their place in the extensive forest, but it is unwise and wrong to introduce them to parks and gardens.

The English Sparrow:—Since the introduction of the European Sparrow a great change has taken place. Many of the once so common birds like the Bluebird, Purple Martin and Phoebe, have become rather scarce. They have been crowded out by the Sparrows, who invariably take possession of the nesting-boxes provided for Bluebirds and other hole breeders. Even the Robin, Catbird, Baltimore Oriole, Song-Sparrow, etc., are not as abundant to-day as they were twenty years ago. The incredible numbers of ruffian Sparrows now found almost everywhere, even in the country, have driven our native birds away. When you are desirous of having the society of our native birds around your homes, you will be obliged to destroy all the Sparrows' nests you can get hold of.



An Oklahoma editor expressed his thanks for a basket of oranges in this strain: "We have received a basket of oranges from our friend, Fred Bradley, for which he will please accept our compliments, some of which are nearly six inches in diameter." —Chicago Times-Herald.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Who are going to the State Fair?

The apple-crop is a minus quantity in Sauk County this year, but Mr. Tuttle says that "next year we shall have apples enough to make us poor!"

The cranberry men are jubilant, for at last they have "a crop that *is* a crop." We have seen a sample of the berries, and they are beauties. A cranberry marsh ought to be as good as a Klondike mine this year, it being an "off" year for apples.

We had blackberries for dessert yesterday, Sept. 6th. Recent rains had made them large and juicy and luscious, of the Badger variety.

That article on "Bulbs for Fall Planting in the Garden" is worth the price of the magazine for a year, and it will be just as valuable another bulb season as it is now. Be sure to file it away for future reference.

In a note accompanying the manuscript Mr. Cranefield writes that they have just completed the fall bulb order for the Experiment Station. It includes among other things five thousand tulips and three hundred hyacinths.

A few days ago we took a long drive, going out among the best farming regions of the country and coming back along a picturesque bluff. What a change in the appearance of the farms since we last passed them, in 1893! Then they were trim and thrifty; now they look weedy and neglected—"poverty-struck," if one may associate an idea of poverty with farms that have a valuation of from five to ten or twenty thousand dollars and are unmortgaged. After puzzling over the reason for awhile, we followed St. Paul's advice to a woman who wants to know anything—we asked our husband. He said, "O, it is the hard times. They don't want to sell their farms to pay the hired men; so they have dismissed the men, do what work they can themselves

and let the rest go. When times are better they will hire more help and keep the weeds down and the fences up."

Speaking of fences,—how they do add to the beauty of a country drive, a few of these vine-wreathed, wayside fences! We passed one old-fashioned fence over which clambered the woodbine with its purple berries and the wild convolvulus with its great white flowers. Beside it grew golden-rod and purple asters and the tall wild sun-flowers, so much more graceful than the *helianthus plena multiflora* which we cultivate. The field beyond was clean and well-tilled. The owner of the fence was not "shiftless,"—he was simply a lover of the beautiful and the picturesque, Heaven bless him!

The homeward drive led three times across what used to be a beautiful winding brook, which in past years was never known to be dry; now there is nothing but dryness. Substantial bridges are there and the rocky bed over which the water flowed, but where is the brook? Ask of the woodmen whose axes have felled the forests about its source and the protecting trees along its banks.

It was a dairy country through which we passed, yet nearly everywhere were the little berry-plats where the farmer or his wife raises "enough for home use and a little more." It is these countless "little mores" that spoil our home berry-market. The wife and children pick the berries; the fruit is not to be shipped, so extremely careful picking is not imperative. They have little outlay for picking and marketing, hence can afford to sell—and do sell—at prices which are ruinous to the commercial grower.



ATTENTION!

With the September number begins the last half of our magazine year. How many of our readers will send in a list of subscribers for the half-year at twenty-five cents each? Please all respond to this, and each reader send at least one new name.

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