

his days amid the attractions of Waupaca county. I refer to my friend Wakefield who is to follow me in an interesting paper on Waupaca county as seen at home. Time is passing and I close, having spoken of only a few of the many pleasant things seen in your county by a representative from abroad.

WAUPACA COUNTY AS SEEN AT HOME.

J. Wakefield, Fremont.

I have been asked to prepare a paper, to read at this meeting, giving "Waupaca County as Seen at Home." I could tell you how we "natives" see it, but you might ridicule my conclusions, and make fun of our pretensions. But you are here to see for yourselves. I am glad we have so many visitors at this time, so many intelligent men and women, for I have long noticed that horticulturists as a class are the most intelligent people we have. We want you to look the ground over, and then excuse us for being a little proud of our county.

Other counties may have equal attractions—Wisconsin is full of such. We firmly believe that no state in the union can boast of a more health-giving climate, more good land to the acre, more prospering industries according to population, no better or more industrious citizens, in short, no more of anything that tends to make a state or nation respected, great and prosperous.

A true patriot loves his country, and is ever ready to speak a good word for it, if need be brag a little about it, and, if not too cowardly, fight for it. It is his country; his home is there, and home to him is the dearest spot on earth. Other countries may have superior attractions for the average human, but not for him.

That is what ails us. We love our county. We have perhaps spent the biggest portion of our valuable lives in it, we have learned to appreciate its many advantages. Our homes have long been in it, and we expect to spend our remaining days here, and die here,—if we live long enough.

I might speak of the many great improvements made in our county within the past quarter of a century, but my time is too limited to thus tire your patience. I will say, however, that we have a profusion of shops, stores, mills, factories, half a dozen or more ably conducted newspapers, etc. We also have three flourishing cities, and a full supply of aspiring villages, each one expecting soon to become the county seat.

I might speak of our agricultural advantages, but our fields are before you, and you can see for yourselves. One thing is sure, our people never starve—not much. We can raise nearly everything adapted to our climate, except the price of potatoes.

We can raise fruit here, nearly all kinds of small fruit, and some varieties of apples. Who has not heard of the famous "Waupaca county seedlings?" We have praised them so much that outsiders begin to more than half believe us, and we begin to believe it, too. And we had cause for boasting. Many varieties have gone back on us, but they couldn't help it nor we either. Enough are still with us to give reasonable hopes in regard to our horticultural future.

Following is a partial list of those seedling apples that have found their way into the records of our Society: Nijota, Puritan, Balch North, Riches' Greening, Wrightman, Addie, Mary, Waite's Blush, Eveline, Wall, Weyauwega, Wrightman's Blush, Martha, July Sweet, Sweet Snow, Tewabie, Bennet, Sappho, Wolf River, Albert, Waupaca, Willson's Russet, Morse's Sweet, Ratzburg, N. W. Greening, and goodness knows how many others, many of them having been discarded years ago.

We have three horticultural societies in our county, one at Fremont, one at Waupaca; our county society was organized July 11, 1874. It has had 65 members or more, and was at one time quite a lively and useful institution.

The first apple trees in Waupaca county were set in 1850 by Peter Meiklijohn, of Little Wolf, and John Baxter, of Weyauwega, and Allen Hubbard, of Weyauwega, in 1852 raised the first apples.

There, ladies and gentlemen, you have heard both sides of the question, or one side both ways. You have heard an able paper read by our worthy secretary giving "Waupaca county as seen from abroad," and you have heard a less able paper read, giving "Waupaca county as seen at home." Do you need further enlightening? If so, please pay us another visit in the near future, and learn more of us. Our people will try to make your visit pleasant. I am not afraid to make that promise, for I know their proverbial hospitality.

AMONG OUR NEIGHBORS.

The unexpected announcement in the Minnesota Horticulturalist last month of the death of their treasurer, F. G. Gould, of Excelsior, brings to mind many pleasant moments spent in his company, as only last season he visited the writer's orchard, and we visited the Thayer Fruit Farm at Sparta together. His death occurred May 9th. He was an earnest worker and a life member of their society. He was a man of strong character and good principles, and in his death the state society loses a valuable member whose works will live after him. Peace to his ashes. At the annual meeting of their state society last December one of their lady members read the following original poem. It was so interesting, so applicable to the assemblage and so well received that I am satisfied our readers will enjoy its appearance in these columns:

A POEM.

MRS. S. IRWIN, EXCELSIOR.

Read at the annual meeting of the Minnesota State Horticultural Society,
December 5th, 1895.

VINECROFT, May 17, 1895.

It is hard to be a farmer when possessed of bookish taste
And feel that either mind or farm is sure to run to waste;
My soul cries out for knowledge with a greed I dare not utter,
Since 'tis the farm and not the books that brings the bread and butter.

I know 'tis oftimes hinted by the folks who do not know,
That fruiterers lie in hammocked shade and watch the berries grow,
Then whistle for the hired help to load them in a van,
Drive to the nearest market and sell them — if they can.