

earth at the cost of men's lives, and it is gained in the traffic of life at the cost of muscles and flesh—ah! even of honor. Riches are now at a fearful price, and if gained are frequently purchased at the expense of happiness and comfort.

"Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine?  
Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine?  
Wisdom to gold prefer; for 'tis much less  
To make our fortune than our happiness."

I need not try, however, to make Joe B. contented with his lot and his poverty, until he has tried something else—he has travelled out West, and seen how they live there, and learned from the actual settlers of their trials, privations, troubles and bitter homesickness for the dear old home.

To be sure, they were not contented while there, and they sighed for fairer skies and purer airs, and for a wider view. All this the prairies could give them, but oh! how they did shiver and crawl in every fibre of their flesh when the shrill winds howled like wild beasts around their log huts, and drove the smoke down their chimneys, and no relishing food could be obtained—nothing but "hog and hominy" and black coffee; and there was no decent bed for them to sleep upon, and it seemed as if the longing for home would really kill them.

Let Joe B. ask the migrant to tell his story, and tell it *verbatim* if possible. He must not go to the land agent or speculator to receive information; neither must he ask it of the German, Swedish or Norwegian emigrant, but let him seek for it from a settler from New England or the Middle States, who left a comfortable home, a large farm well stocked with horses, cattle, and all farming necessaries, to seek riches in the western prairies, which he has never found.

"There's no use talking!" exclaims Neighbor B.; "when I was a boy, it was thought to be a religious duty for one of the sons of the family to live with the old folks, as I then take the homestead when he had laid them in the grave. If a son didn't do this—didn't stay at the old home—he was worse than a vagrant; no one respected him. My father staid with his father; his father staid with my great-grandfather, and so on. A hundred and twenty years has my old line seen the children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren under its roof; all living there, and now how is it? Why, can't Joe stay with the old folks. What can possess him?"

And the old man laid down the *Country Gentleman*, and taking off his spectacles, drew his hand across his eyes to conceal the drops that stood in them, and blew his nose most sonorously.

Would it have done any good if I had told Neighbor B. a few plain truths? I cannot tell, but at any rate I will tell them to him through the columns of his favorite paper.

Joe has rights as well as his father, and those rights are to be respected. From his mother he obtained more intellectual ability than his father possesses. He has a head which can contain ideas. He delights in fine cattle and horses; desires the new improvements of the day; and wishes to raise premium fruits and vegetables. Let him have an interest in the farm, neighbor, and not merely so much per month. You do not wish to place your son on the level of a farm hand—you need him for a friend, a companion, the support of your old age; and to secure this you must encourage him to feel an interest in everything connected with the place. You must attach him by the strongest interest and affection to the old farm. It is not too late to begin now. To be sure, he is 24 years old, and wants to be his own master. Let him be so; and if he fancies pretty Mary White, who sits in the singing seat with him, don't scowl like a thunder cloud every time her name is mentioned, or that you know he is spending the evening with her.

No, no—don't drive Joe to find a new home out west; but tell him that he shall have a certain percentage on all the crops; shall have the new stock, and its increase shall be his—shall be allowed to plant orchards and strawberry beds, grapevines, and even flowers if he will. And when pretty Mary White will name the happy day, see that a few rooms in the great old house shall be set off for a cosy nest for the young pair.

I would not ask you to take the young couple home, for every married pair should have their own home. It never is well for old and young to try to conform to each other. The young bride cannot adapt her ways to those of the old mother, and harmony can never exist. Give them a separate outfit, Neighbor B.—their own table, cooking stove and litchen appurtenances—have nothing but the wood pile and well of water and ice house in common, and then you will all be happy, and when the grand-children come, they will renew your youth.

If farmers would but study their sons' tastes, and strive to make them take an interest in farming when

they are twelve or fourteen years old, first by taking agricultural newspapers, and then by giving them stock and land of their own! A calf, a colt, a sheep, given to a twelve-year old boy, is one of the best investments a father can make, because it gives that child an idea of ownership; and a plot of ground where he can raise strawberries, melons, or anything he pleases, attaches his heart to the soil.

Teach your boys to plant, prune, graft, bud, and carry to market all the fruits your climate can raise, and at the same time let them eat all they desire of it, and you will not hear of their going out west when of age. The old homestead will be the cynosure of their eyes, and their hearts will be entwined with the roots of every tree in the orchard, and they will love the horses and cows as their dearest friends.

You must satisfy the longing of your boys before you can force them to accept the drudgery and toil of farming. You must show them the elements of success in farming, and that it can be made to pay well—quite as well as store-keeping and the like—before you can convince them that a farmer's life is the happiest under the sun; for—

"Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us:  
Rest from all petty vexations that raze us,  
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,  
Rest from world-eyes that lure us to ill.

*Deasy D. Bright.*

#### The Site for Farm Buildings.

In the past, he who entered farm-life expected to be more or less an isolated being. Society had no charms for him. He was in most respects a world unto himself. How to make the most money out of his land was the beginning and the ending of all his hopes, and to this object all his arrangements turned. In selecting a site for his dwelling-house and farm-buildings it was therefore a point to get as near the centre of his plot of ground as possible. Of course the contour of the surface, contiguity of water, and other conveniences had to have a voice in the decision, but if these voted for the middle of the tract it was all the more comforting. Every field required attention, and the centre of the whole economized time and space in getting from part to part of the whole concern.

But times have changed. Agricultural intelligence has advanced more than would have been dreamed of a generation ago. The newspaper is now as much a part of farm-life as it is of city life, and we live as much for mental pleasure as for the hogs and cattle, and potatoes and corn which our broad acres yield. Social life as well as material wealth is an agricultural want, and must be kept in view in locating buildings as much so as any of the mere conveniences before named.

Another point is that there is not now the same necessity for as much manual labor on the farm as formerly. Machinery now does most of the labor, and the mere saving of manual labor has already been in a measure accomplished. Altogether it is not a matter of serious consequence on what part of the ground the buildings are located.

This gives us much more chance to entertain the social elements in farm-life, and there is no reason why in locating buildings the spot chosen might not be especially in view to its contiguity to a neighborhood as not. A dozen farms of a hundred acres or more each could be so arranged that the dwellings might all be within gun-shot of one another.

Even though there were some disadvantages from the labor point of view, the nearness to society would generally compensate it. Farmers, as well as other classes, have learned that there are many ways in which they can co-operate to mutual advantage, and this may just as well be borne in mind when arranging the farm-buildings as not.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Several extensive hog growers, in Henry County, Ill., say that feeding steamed feed is a perfect preventive of hog-cholera, and that no one there this season who has fed steamed feed has lost a hog by the cholera.

Many farmers, for an extra dollar or two, sell their best calves to the butcher and raise such as are not so valuable, and think they gain by the practice; but the few dollars they made, would in many cases have been worth, if the best had been kept, at the milking age of the stock, more than thirty dollars, instead of a dollar or two.

REMARKABLE LAYERS.—Willard S. Wood, Grafton, Mass., reports to the *Massachusetts Ploughman* that he has eight hens one year old, which laid 178 eggs in April and 188 in May. They are part Leghorn and part Brahma. Their feed was corn, oats, scalded meal, sour milk, and broken oyster shells and crockery for grinding the food.

Some horsetooth cornstalks were shown in Bowmanville last week which were twelve feet long.

Once the farmer adopts a system of farming, he starts on the road to success. It matters not that the system is not the best that could be devised, so long as it is a system it is infinitely to be preferred to the hap-hazard practice of many farmers.

SAP FROM YOUNG MAPLES.—It is said that sap from young maple trees can be procured without harming the trunks, by occasionally cutting off a small limb, and hanging a pail in such a position as to catch the sap flowing from the cut. Mr. D. B. Wier of Lacon, Ill., has practised this course with much success. The sap, in quality and quantity, does not differ at all from that which flows from the trunk.

A Nebraska paper describes the advantages of that State in this glowing language:—"Who says farmers cannot get rich in this State? Fifteen years ago a young man came to this State without a dollar in the world. Last week he went out of the State carrying with him the sum of one dollar and thirty-eight cents, the savings of fifteen years of frugal life! Come West, young men, come West!"

THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE AMONG PLANTS.—Each plant endeavors, almost consciously, to destroy his neighbor, to occupy his ground, to feed upon his nutriment, to devour his substance. There are armies and invasions of grasses, barbarian inroads and extirpations. Every inch of ground is contested by the weeds; the forest is a struggle for precedence; the wars of the roses are a perennial feud. The serene landscape, the stillest woodland, are the moral arena for vegetable and animal conflict.

Last week the first great ram sale of the season was held at Biddenham, near Bedford, when Mr. Strafford, of Euston-Square, offered for public competition between 60 and 70 Oxfordshire Down rams, bred by Mr. Charles Howard. The competition was very spirited, the whole of the rams finding purchasers at an average price of over 15 guineas. Some of the finest of the sheep made double that amount. Many purchases were made for Germany, France, Belgium, and Sweden.

CHARM OF A GARDEN.—It is, indeed, the frequent change, the never-wearing variety, that is the main charm of the garden. You leave home for a little time, and when you return, lo! everything is changed. New colors, new ferns, new perfumes greet you. There are fresh flowers on the stem, fresh fruit on the bough. Few things are more enjoyable than a first walk in one's garden after an absence from home. Few men who are really fond of gardening ever care to be long away from their household gods. It is, indeed, one of the most salutary effects of a love of gardening that one's thoughts seldom turn towards the delights of vagrancy and the charms of strange places.

THE PETERBOROUGH AGRICULTURAL SHOW.—MEETING AT PETERBOROUGH.—The entries were of horses 148; cattle, 41; sheep, 23; pigs, 15; butter, 7; and poultry, 85. The horses were a good show, 22 entering for the best hunter, and as many for the best hackney. The ponies were also very creditable, and there was a good show of hunting colts and of mares with foals, but the cart-horse classes were only tolerably well filled. The best fat ox and cow classes did not fill so well as is desirable, but there was a fair number of bull-calves and cows with calves; while heifers in calf were fairly represented. The sheep classes were short, as they generally are at this show; the Marquis of Exeter's £10 for the best ram, producing only two competitors; and there was also a deficiency in pigs. Barford and Perkins showed a collection of agricultural machines and implements, as did other makers, but the show was nothing like what it had been in former years.—*Farmer's Magazine.*

SALE OF SIR JOSEPH HAWLEY'S BLOOD STOCK, AT MIDDLE PARK.—The stud realized 23,350 guineas. The yearlings (11 in number) fetched 3,330 guineas, or 454 guineas a piece. To this capital average the brothers to Pero, Gomez, and Blue Gown, and Sister to Rosicrucian mainly contributed; and the last named filly the highest figure of 1,700 guineas to Mr. Chaplin. Only two of the stallions were put up. Siderolite and Rosicrucian, owing to Astero d being lame from "seedy toe." Rosicrucian was put in at his reserve price of 5,000 guineas by Mr. Chaplin: there was a pause, when Lord Rosslyn bid 5,500 guineas, and Mr. Chaplin replied with 6,000 guineas. Mr. Blackman then offered 100 guineas on the part of Mr. Gee, and another 100 guineas secured the horse for Mr. Chaplin. Mr. Blenkirron's 31 yearlings realized 3,935 guineas, or an average of 127 guineas; and the stallion Hawthornden 1,000 guineas. Six yearlings bred by Sir Thomas Lennard, made an average of 50 guineas.—*Farmer's Magazine.*