

more easily than by digging in a ditch for it, still, you must not think people are naturally bad, as some think. You offer a man that makes a living by thieving \$9 a week, a tolerably decent job, and see if he will not accept it. Of course, we are all naturally discontented, This is a good job. If we were all contented, we would be dressed in bear skins, and living in mud huts instead of brick houses, with organs.

Well, why do *you* stay at farming, if it does not pay you? Ah, now you've struck it. I am not so very anxious about the paying part of it, and that's the secret. But here is where I am *enjoying* it. I have no rent, firing, water or food to buy. An occasional dollar buys what I would call unnecessaries. I rise when I like and lie down when I like. I work when I like, and if I sell my surplus produce, it is because I do not want it. My good lady goes wandering round her garden, weeding and planting, or sits in the rocker in the porch reading her book. Animal and vegetable are year after year producing so many fold after their kind. I have all the land I want. I can get more if I want it for fifty cents or a dollar an acre. Among good intellectual neighbors, who have their organs, pianos, guitars, and banjos, their books, magazines, and newspapers, who can play and talk, and who have sense enough to be good listeners in their turn, I enjoy life. I do not see the sense of breaking up home, selling off, and going thousands of miles away from friends, amongst Poles, Hungarians, Esquimaux, Finns, or honest Injuns. Did you ever think of the seriousness of the thing? Let us hear what you would do with your wife and children at a wayside station twenty, thirty, or even fifty miles away from your land—land that you have bought on paper but have never seen? How do you find your land? Who goes to show you? How much will you have to pay to have it just shown to you, and how much to get your family on to it? When you get there, what then? Why, when you see your neighbors, oh, my! And how are you going to live? You run to a large town and get work at any wage you can get. You want \$15, what you have been getting, but you take \$7, for you are dead broke. That is the secret of the low wages of the present day. Of course, your money has gone to support non-producing real-estate agents. They are as thick as taverns everywhere. For my own part, I have no