

chant. Their first unconscious inference is that fine houses are the exclusive product of the city; their next deduction—"that's the place to live,"

What is the picture which they too often leave behind when they take their flight? A house unpainted and without blinds; a barn rickety and hastening to decay; rheumatic fences, offering kindly passage to hungry horses and filthy, bony crows; in the foreground, obtrusive piles of neglected tools, wagon-wheels, old iron, and infinite rubbish; in the background, a dreary waste of skinned and plundered fields? Without any expense, except a little time and taste, our farmer's homes can be embellished and rendered delightful; and only so can the best youths of this generation be induced to remain in the homesteads of their fathers.

2. *Farmers must provide separate cottages for the hired men.*—Do merchants generally board their clerks? Do manufacturers usually impose upon their wives and daughters the necessity of furnishing meals and beds for their begrimed and sweaty laborers from forge and loom—of serving them at table with their food, and sharing their company at the fireside? Why should the wives and daughters of farmers be expected to do this? And as long as such a burden is laid upon them, is it strange that farmers' sons rebel against their lot and seek a city of refuge, and that farmers' daughters set their caps for clerks, mechanics, tailors, "speculators"—anybody but their school-mates?

The introduction of hired men into the household totally destroys the family relation. The farm-house becomes a boarding-house, in which the husband is steward, the wife cook, and the workmen boarders! The employed become the served; the employers servants! No well-bred woman can tolerate such condition of things, unless her ambition is crushed. There is many a woman in every county in the land who has cocked twenty tons of food for "the hired men," who, while her husband has grown well-to-do, and been elected justice of the peace, and gone to the legislature, has become thin and furrowed with drudgery, bent to a furious and never-ending rotation of scrubbing, baking, stewing, sewing—for the hired men.

This wretched community system has prevailed long enough in America, to the amazement of foreigners and the disgust of our own people. It is high time that every farmer with a particle of personal sensibility or independence, or with any respect for the rights of his companion, should adopt a better way. Wherever the system of separation has been tried, it has resulted in the increased thrift of the farmer, the emancipation of his wife, and an accession of comfort and self-respect to the laborer.

3. *Farmers must seek a higher social training.*—A few of the best-educated and cultured men of America are farmers, and their studious sons are gracing the same occupation. But such are a small proportion of the whole.

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

Farmers ought, as a class, to cultivate better manners in parlor, kitchen, and field; at fireside and table. Urbanity and rusticity originally meant merely city life and country life: it is not by accident that these words have come to signify politeness and boorishness. Only through human contact can we acquire polish, and, by lack of this attrition, we, as a class, have come to undervalue the affable manners which mark the gentleman. Integrity and benevolence are not a guarantee of politeness; there must be added to these, intercourse with well-bred people.

To recover what we have lost, or gain what we have missed, let us seek to construct a society, about us, to encourage neighborhood gatherings, farmers' clubs, agricultural societies, and evening parties of every innocent kind, that may bring us in contact with others. To this end let us try co-operative farming—thousands of the city because they wish to “see folks.” To this end also, we can, if we will, learn from our wives,

for they are often better read and usually better-mannered than we

4. *Progressive farming must be substituted for routine farming*—Abolish the plodding system; break up traditional routine, and the boys will stick to farming. Scientific farming does not mean the adoption of fancy theories; it means, learning from the laws of Nature, and the experience of other practical farmers, how to exchange bad habits of husbandry for better ones.

Mind governs matter; and no art or profession demands for its perfect development so much general and special information, and so wide a range of science, as does the tilling of the soil. Yet agriculture, as commonly practised, is to-day behind every other art. Farmers have studied less to master their calling than have the members of any other trade. How many thousands there are, in every State, who never see an agricultural journal or book! Such farmers lack new ideas more than they lack new implements. Their minds need subsoiling more than their grounds! The farming life is attractive to our boys, the

To make farming attractive to our boys, the drudgery of routine farming must be given up, and the scientific why must be taught. This is the day of transition between muscle and mind, between brawn and brain. Thought is being introduced to relieve the elbow.

Inventive genius has strewn over a single county of Ohio more agricultural machinery than could be found in the whole West a few years ago; and it is changing the whole character of farming as an occupation. One intelligent man now can do more than a stupid hundred, and derive from it more pleasure and profit. Farm machinery is not only labor-saving; it is consequently civilizing, because it saves human toil, it tends to elevate and refine our people.

Progressive agriculture carries a blessing to the future. The progressive farmer builds tasteful and commodious dwellings, with fuel and water convenient, and every accessory that can lighten the good wife's toil: he adorns his grounds from time to time with shrubs and flowers; he grafts pippins and greenings on the native stock, sets out new orchards, and takes care of old ones; he obtains the handiest tools and houses them; he builds stalls for cattle, and raises roots and steams fodder to feed them. He adopts the soil to the needs of vegetable life; if wet, he drains; if light or sterile, he turns under cover, and mixes more tenacious soil; if sour and cold, he gives lime and he almost always ploughs deeply and manures liberally.

He teaches his sons not only how to plough, but why to plough; not only how to manure, but what is the effect of various fertilizers; not only what will thrive best on a given soil, but the reason for it; not only how to drain and irrigate, but why—because if they know the *Why*, they cannot forget the *How*. Thus he turns their eyes from the State capital to their own township, school district, home, and cultivates that local patriotism which is the foundation of the nation's strength. *Such farming pays*—morally, mentally, and pecuniarily.

THE IRON HORSE—ITS MASTER.

We always feel a peculiar delight in looking at a locomotive. With its sinews of brass and muscles of iron, it seems possessed of conscious strength; and we fancy it has a pride all its own as it chafes under its master's hand. Its patient power is something quietly grand; and no wonder the grimy-faced man, whose slightest will it obeys it as another self.

There is a rare experience untasted by those who have never enjoyed a ride upon a locomotive. A terrible experience, some would think. The rattle, and roar, and rush is fearful. Let the iron horse strike a forty-miles-an-hour gait when you have first bestrode him, and you will imagine yourself careering straight on to certain destruction. The little ribbons of track reaching away before you, and growing closer together until they seem to meet, are frail guides. At

every curve you feel that they will count for naught, and your fiery steed will leap recklessly into the ditch.

What think you of the engineer's daily life? It is a continual excitement. He stands in the front, guarding hundreds of people from dangers that momentarily menace them. They seldom consider his cool daring, his careful concern for their safety. He gets no praise for the watchfulness which is constant; but if by any sad chance it is interrupted, and an accident ensues, he is indignantly cried out against. A late article in the Detroit *Free Press*, speaking of the life of engineers, says:

the life of engineers, says:

"You hear men and papers talk of careless engineers, and that they grow reckless and too daring. It is not so. They carry their lives in their hand. No danger but that must first pass them. Can a man be careless when his own life will nearly always be sacrificed, and he *knows* it will, and has hundreds of precedents to ever float before his vision? They may do daring things. It is required of them. They must be prompt to decide, daring to encounter, brave to meet danger at any point. It is *nerve* that makes a good engineer—nerve to do what should be done when death is looking into his eyes from an open switch, a washed away culvert, a spread track."

"And how they get to love the fiery steel that No horse

"And how they get to love the fiery steed that has long obeyed their master hand! No horseman has such care that his pacer may appear well; no one prouder when the painter shall renew old scrolls and letters with youth and beauty again. No steed like the one he drives, not an engine on the road so fast in speed, so powerful of pull, so quick to obey the guiding hand. The "cab" is his home. He may have a quiet cottage in the suburb, a loving wife, happy children; but he never mounts the step of his engine without feeling that he has returned from a visit, without his eye lighting up that he is again to be master of the snorting, puffing, racing steed whose speed is only equalled by the lightning spark.

"We hear of heroes every day; we read of brave deeds of men, of lives saved, of heroic self-sacrifice. It is well—the world likes brave men. But there is no greater hero, no braver man, no one who toils harder or sacrifices more, than the quiet, modest genius whose steady nerves shake death from the path of rushing engine, and lands his human freight at the end of his route without man or woman dropping even one word to show that the danger was known and the heroism appreciated."

THE NATIONS THAT EAT MOST.

Dr. Beard, in "Hours at Home," says:—"The ruling people of the world, who have from time to time shaped the destinies of humanity, have always, so far as can be ascertained, been liberal feeders. Among modern nations the greatest eaters are the English, the Germans, the French and the Americans—the ruling people of our civilization. The diet of the Spaniards and Italians is notably less substantial than that of the English and Germans, just as their brains are less active and original. The Americans are, on the average, the greatest eaters in the world. Said Carlyle to Emerson,—"The best thing I know of that country is, that in it a man can have meat for his labor."—*Rural New Yorker.*

GRUBS AND COLIC.—One tablespoonful of blue stone; half that amount of alum, boiled in one quart of sweet milk; drench when sufficiently cool, and I guarantee a cure in every instance.

For colic in horses, bathe the flanks well with turpentine, and relief will follow in ten minutes. Every one can keep and give these remedies, and they will never lose stock from grubs or colic.—CAROLINA FARMER.