


hoary winter there is at least a lessening of speed, a relaxation of the belts of the machinery of labor, when the last rick is completed—the implements of the hay and harvest fields are securely laid away for the year. This is a time for tasting the sweets of social life, for visiting neighbors and friends, smoothing down the ridges and filling up the furrows of selfishness, over and into which isolated laboring mortals stumble; the time for bringing back the purple blood of youth to the veins, straightening and strengthening the stooping and yielding form and enabling out of the dictates of one's own heart, the obeying of the Divine injunction of love to fellow man. It is a time for rejoicing over the products of labor—of thankfulness to him who gives the rains and the sunshine. It is a time to reunite at the annual festivals, imparting and receiving enjoyment, instruction and profit. It is a time to erase signatures from promises to pay, take up mortgages, save credit at the shops and stores, collect debts, and enjoy the heaven only entered by those who "owe no man any thing." It is the "chore time" of the season, when the little "odd jobs" of the farm and the farm house should be looked up and attended to. They are plentiful enough and not difficult to find. He who does not attend to them in season will have dripping rains and winter frosts to hinder and perplex him. Insignificant many of them may appear, but unattended to they are stumbling blocks in the pathway to domestic comfort and happiness. When the hard, stiff work-harness of the season is laid aside, remember the smaller duties of the harvest rest the "chores" of the year.

AN EXCELLENT IDEA


 HE Executive Committee of the Michigan State Agricultural Society, at its last winter meeting, offered the following premiums on farms:—

1. For the best improved and most profitable farm of not less than 160 acres in area, a premium of \$100.
 2. For the best improved and most profitable farm of not less than 80 acres, and not over 160 acres, a premium of \$75.
- These prizes are to be awarded at the Annual Meeting to be held in Adrian next month. The entries were required to be made with the Secretary at his office in Detroit on or before the 15th of July. The

examination of the farms is to have reference to the following points, which are laid down for the guidance of the judges:—

1. The condition of the surface with regard to its economical division into the fields, its improvement, the fences, and the system of the cultivation practiced.
2. The farm house and grounds, orchards, farm buildings, yards and arrangements for taking care of the stock and crops, incident to the particular system of culture practiced.
3. The amount of drainage, if such work was necessary, and the improvement caused by open or under-drains.
4. The quantity and quality of the live stock maintained.
5. The amount and condition of the crops for the last, past, and present years.
6. The returns obtained by the system pursued, with the aggregate amount of stock and crop kept and obtained per acre.

NEW WAY OF PAYING SUBSCRIPTIONS.

 HE following is an amusing account of the way a farmer was taught how cheaply he could take the paper. The lesson is worth pondering by a good many men "we wot of."

"You have hens at home, of course. Well, I will send you my paper for one year, for the products of a single hen for one season; and the proceeds. It seems trifling, preposterous, to imagine the products of a single hen will pay a subscription; perhaps it won't, but I make the offer."

"Done," exclaimed farmer B., "I agree to it," and appealed to me as a witness of the affair.

The farmer went off apparently much elated with his conquest; the editor went on his way rejoicing.

Time rolled around, the world revolved on its axis, and the sun moved in its orbit as it formerly did; the farmer received his paper regularly, and regaled himself with the information from it, and said he was surprised at the progress of himself and family in general information.

Some time in the month of September, I happened to be up again in the office, when who should enter but our friend farmer B.

"How do you do, Mr. B.?" said the editor, extending his hand, his countenance lit up with a bland smile; "take a chair and be seated, fine weather we have."

"Yes sir, quite fine indeed," he an-