

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, MARCH 9, 1886.

THE HOUSEHOLD—Supplement.

A MAGICIAN.

We thought he would be unwelcome,
For our crowded heart and hands
Were loth to take the burden
Of another child's demands.
The world seemed so full of shadow,
And life so full of pain,
That we grieved to give another
Its bitter cup to drain.
He came like a Prince most royal,
And bore in his tiny fist
The wand of Love's great magic,
A power we could not resist.
It made the sunlight brighter,
The toil and the shadow less,
And the child we thought unwelcome,
Brought nothing but happiness.

THOMAS.

A. H. J.

THE RELATION OF THE STOCK- MAN'S WIFE TO HER HUS- BAND'S BUSINESS.

[Paper read by "Beatrix" at the Institute of the Webster Farmers' Club, Jan. 20; at the Ingham County Grange Institute at Okemos, Feb. 24th, and at the Institute of the Oceola Breeders' Association at Howell, Feb. 27th.]

There is an old Italian proverb which says: "He that loses his wife and a farthing, hath great loss of the farthing." The swarthy dwellers among Italian vineyards may estimate woman's worth at less than a farthing; we can forgive them, since to this low valuation we may oppose the tributes of a higher civilization. Hear Dryden:

"As for the women, though we scorn and flout
We may ^{em} live with, but cannot live without
^{em}."

And Victor Hugo: "Man without woman is like a pistol without hammer;" while Otway says:

"Oh woman! lovely woman! nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without
you.
Angels are painted fair, to look like you;
There's in you all that we believe of heaven;
Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love."

And there are few men who have gained what the world calls success who do not acknowledge their obligation to their wives, who have stood by them through storm and sunshine, conflict and victory; giving good counsel and imparting fresh courage and inspiration. And there are few, too, who have descended into the valley of Failure, who have not alleged, in at least partial excuse "the woman whom Thou gavest me." Thus the wife may win the highest meed of praise; or be compelled to bear not alone her own shortcomings, but those of others also, while all admit she is more or less a factor in her husband's material prosperity.

The true marriage brings man and woman together in a companionship of sympathy and affection, in which there is also a most perfect union of interests; which I may say in passing, should not be a selfish absorption in one's immediate sphere of activities; but a far-looking, out-reaching existence, which takes us beyond our personal concerns, since each individual life comes to its fullest fruition when rooted in the great heart of humanity.

The relation of the wife to her husband's business must differ in degree and kind, according to its nature and her ability to be a companion and helper. Some men marry a doll—to dress elegantly and represent them in society; others marry a housekeeper—to make them comfortable; while others find in the chosen one a higher idea of living, a treasury of help and courage, which makes the real companion. The husband has his tastes and sympathies, his plans and aspirations; it is the wife's business—and should be her pleasure—to discover them, to enter into them, and make them her own. The measure of her aid depends upon her tact, her devotion and self-sacrifice; for it is a peculiarity of the marriage relation that the husband rises by self-assertion, while the wife wins her place at his side by self-surrender.

In the comparative isolation of farm life, husband and wife are more dependent upon each other than in town, where the home is often merely "general headquarters" to a man immersed in business and a woman whose one ambition is social success. The stockman cannot carry on his business totally independent of his wife, since to her he must look for the carrying out of certain very essential details. The merchant's customers, the lawyer's clients, the doctor's patients, have nothing whatever to do with the private life of the man whom they meet in a business way. The lawyer dismisses his clients at his office door; if the merchant or manufacturer desires to show courtesy to the men from a distance who come to buy his goods, he makes them his guests at club or hotel, or "dines and wines" them at a restaurant. They neither expect, nor except in rare cases receive, an introduction to the family of their entertainer. Not so at the stockman's home. His customers come from a distance, time is valuable, there are neither hotels nor restaurants at hand, they must perforce be entertained at his house; and with the

impressions borne away concerning his stock, are mingled, necessarily, impressions of his domestic *menage*, which more or less influence action upon his invitation to "come again."

Next to the stock and the stockman's personality, of which indeed it often forms a part, comes his *hospitality*, which, unless cordially seconded by his wife, falls short in purpose. Given two men with equal grades of stock, and themselves equal in the art of convincing a customer that the animal he is looking at is the very one he long has sought, which, think you, will count most sales at the end of the year; he whose wife greets these transient guests cordially, by her gracious manner putting them at ease and making them welcome to even a "picked-up dinner," or he whose wife is literally a "silent partner," perhaps absenting herself from the table, and making the strangers feel their presence an intrusion?

It is very probable some of you may believe that, having good stock and a ready tongue to extol it, no woman's interference or assistance is necessary in disposing of it. Not directly, indeed. Yet one of our best known and most successful breeders frankly admits he never decides an important question, nor embarks in a new venture without consulting his wife; adding that her quickness of perception and keen intuition has often decided the question, and her counsel saved him from disaster. He made special mention, too, of her patience and sweetness of temper under an enforced hospitality, no light burden added to the care of a large family. And he paid this tribute to her gratefully, generously as a man ought when thus blessed.

There is in Michigan—and Michigan is a great State, and the story I am about to tell may be but one of many—a man who by taste and education is fitted to rank as one of our leading stockmen. Son of an enthusiastic breeder, he grew up among stock, conversant with lines of breeding and pedigree, and at his majority looked forward to winning a place "at the front." But some certain unappropriated portion of his anatomy was captured by a fair maiden, whom he married; and they established themselves upon a small but pretty farm, and with a fair start, began a dual existence. But the wife soon discovered she hated the farm, and hated stock; and hated, above all, to have the quiet of the home and

the routine of her house-keeping disarranged by the coming of customers, who, as the farm was several miles from town, must often eat at her table and sleep in the sacred best bed. Instead of realizing that since her husband's tastes and knowledge lay in this one direction, in it alone could he succeed, that the path led to the wealth she coveted, and so making her personal dislikes subservient to her husband's interests, she cried, and grumbled and fretted over every unexpected arrival and delayed meal, till her husband, losing heart, gave up in despair; and is now hardly known outside a little circle of surrounding territory.

Now it goes without saying that the stockman's wife has before her a greater task than the wife of the ordinary farmer. If her husband does a large business, it is very like running a free hotel, and doing the work herself. She must be a woman of resources, ready to meet and vanquish emergencies. She never knows at what moment a small army of hungry men may descend upon her and sweep her cupboard clean. There is a law, which some one has wittily called "the total depravity of inanimate things," which decrees such visits when the housekeeper is most unprepared for them. Then it is that the true wife and helpmate can assert herself. Instead of fretting over her unprepared condition, or favoring her husband with a Caudle lecture, audible perhaps to the strangers in the next room, she possesses her soul in patience for the time being, does the very best she can; and remembering it is not those who have accepted the invitation but he who gave it, who is responsible for her discomfiture, she makes these possible buyers cordially welcome to the best she has, with no show of discomposure, and gives her husband a blessing in private. But if she remembers that it is "business," that every friend her husband makes, every man who shares his hospitality, is a means of increasing that husband's popularity and fame, and consequently sales and profits, she omits the scolding, feeling she has only performed her part in the marital partnership. And there is this comfortable thing about it: If the welcome is cordial, the hostess at her ease, and the table clean, the plainness of the fare is entirely lost sight of in the social enjoyment. At dinner one day Madame de Stael's servant begged: "One more anecdote, Madame; the cook forgot the roast to-day!" Few have the great conversationalist's brilliant wit, yet tact and address can cover many culinary shortcomings.

Under any circumstances, if the guests are bidden by the master, the mistress should never repudiate the invitation. She should never commit that fault which Victor Hugo says wives so often commit, which is called in parliamentary language "exposing the crown," or in other words, putting him in the wrong, or making him appear at a disadvantage before others. Some wives forget this, in their anxiety to justify themselves, though no true woman would mortify her husband

in the presence of strangers, by showing displeasure, however justifiable.

Many of our stockmen are providing offices in connection with their stables, where customers are entertained; thus putting the business more upon a commercial basis, and greatly relieving the wife. Whenever a man's business warrants the outlay, he should certainly provide such an office. Invitations should be judicious; remembering old Sir Hugo's advice to Daniel Deronda: "Be courteous; but don't give yourself to be melted down for the benefit of the tallow trade!" A man can greatly lessen his wife's labors by a little forethought. He can send her timely warning of an influx of guests at meal-time, before he marches in at the head of the phalanx. He can offer an apology when some unusual task has upset the domestic programme, or excuse himself entirely from hospitality in the case of sickness. By such thoughtfulness he can earn his wife's gratitude, and greatly increase her willingness to bear the discomforts of the business which fall to her share.

The life of the stockman's wife, if it holds disadvantages and trials not common to the lot of the ordinary farmer's wife, has yet its compensations. Her husband, by virtue of his business, which leads him into the world and among men of thought and action, becomes himself a man of enterprise; and if he have any adaptiveness, steps beyond his specialty into the deeper current of life, with its broader aims and views, whither she may follow him to her own great advantage. She meets men of many moods and minds, of whom, if they have not "Bates" or "Atwood" on the brain, and can talk of something besides "pedigrees," she can gain much general information. As travel is a great educator, so, next it, come opportunities to meet those who have looked upon matters of life and public import from other standpoints than ours; the attrition of mind upon mind beats down prejudices and modifies peculiarities. She should take pride in her husband's standing among breeders, and in his fine animals. I have little patience with those wives and daughters who pique themselves upon knowing nothing of out-door affairs; I do not believe in being "above one's bread-and-butter." When a wife or daughter is interested in such things, she makes the very nicest kind of a secretary or amenuensis, giving a loving, interested service which money cannot buy, as many of you very well know. It is worth the husband's effort to confide his plans and aspirations to his wife, and consult her judgment; it is well, too, to let the price of a fine calf or lamb find the way to her private purse, that there may be a community of profits as well as of interests.

I have heard it said, more than once, by good judges of humanity, that the nature of a man's business necessarily and inevitably influences his character. Thus, if he is engaged in work which embraces large interests, ample expenditure, and calls for a wide outlook, he be-

comes liberal in his views, generous, public-spirited. But if he deals in small matters, if petty details absorb him, his vision is bounded by trivialities, and he grows narrow, dogmatic, very positive, and ill-liberal. This is on the principle that a man's career becomes to him an interpretation of other men's careers. My individual experience of humanity in its varying phases does not warrant me in affirming or denying this; but, if it be true, our stockmen, who deal with one of our most important industries, who are doing so much to advance our bonnie Michigan's prosperity, surely belong among our generous-hearted, liberal-minded citizens. "As the husband is, the wife is," sings England's poet-laureate; then the wives of our stockmen should be progressive in thought, charitable to the frailties of others, seeing and grasping Life's best possibilities, standing shoulder to shoulder with their husbands.

It is frequently said that a man uplifts his wife to his own rank; it often happens that the wife uplifts her husband to the dignity of her own character. The wife in whom integrity governs all actions, whose calm uprightness pervades all thought for self and others, is a moral force uplifting her husband to her own plane; keeping him from the equivocations—the falsehoods which are half the truth—which come as temptations to persuade a hesitating buyer. It may be written as an axiom of the business that no stockman ever made anything, in the long run, by misrepresentation, or by taking advantage of the youth or inexperience of a customer. The wife who would be a factor in her husband's success shall not exult with him because he has "come it" over a greenhorn and sold off inferior stock at a big price;—rather shall she, with Nemesis-like finger, point out that wherever the story of that transaction shall be told his reputation shall be injured and his sales diminished. Her clear eyes shall look past present gain to future consequences, and all the weight of her uprightness go to help him withstand the temptation to which so many men in all avocations yield, the temptation to make good bargains at the expense of strict honesty. Thus her relations to her husband's business shall be of the highest and purest nature, and toward his truest welfare, both financially and morally.

◆◆◆ "DO YOU THINK OF ME AS I THINK OF YOU?"

Love is a vital current of life, and there is no question springing up from the heart so full of prayer and pleading as this: "Do you think of me as I think of you?" Love is a need, an hungering, an awakening; and there is no spur like strong need, no stimulus like hunger, no kindling like awakened feeling. Yet, because of the blights, the crushing agonies of lives coming through deception, misguidance, through the pitiless scourge of the affections, well may we ask, What shall we do?

These things are not trifles, nor can

they be met single-handed. They are rivers of wrong whose sources lie back in a thousand rills springing from the mountains of error.

We have many branches of education, and science is continually opening to us new sources of knowledge, yet the most important science and the most useful of all, the study of the human affections, is scarcely known. Here lies the source of all motives and energies, the fountain of blessing and woe. In this study we may find manifestations sublime as the star-strewn heavens furnish, glowing as the furnace of our sun with its blazing surface of flame. Science gives us an insight into the infinitesimal. We watch the activities of life, forms finding their world in a drop of water. Yet there is nothing here so small, so near to nothingness, as some human hearts and loves display. Again we are shown the molecules of matter, with their energies, antipathies, attractions and conflicts; but deeper than the science of chemistry must we delve or a knowledge of the vital energies of love, the source of heart-attraction and repulsion, the cause of disunion and conflict.

It is said a chemist has analyzed "a woman's tear." We want more to know the causes of the tear, its "sentiment." We are ready for a grander stratum in the formation of human knowledge, and this is to come through an apprehension of the principles of love, through the study of the affections of life.

Reader, did you ever try to delineate the character of a person or friend well known to you? Test your ignorance in this grand study by an attempt to delineate accurately, doing justice to the person's good points and virtues and show his deficiencies, letting neither his virtues hide deficiencies, nor deficiencies mar his virtues. Experience the difficulty of gaining a true conception even of this familiar character. Judge if you can apprehend the various standpoints from which this life looks out over the field of action and sees the bearings from many positions leading in diverse directions. Do you not find yourself lost in the immensity and maze of this great energy, love? This one lesson I have learned—to expect many blemishes even in the rarest characters. I do not well understand it yet, and wonder about it. With this puzzling lesson before me, I re-read that perplexing question a member of the HOUSEHOLD asks, "Is there true love in man, not subject to the slightest change through circumstances?" Well, "I dunno," I mean to find out! There's good advice in the proverb, "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good." I'm sure there's perseverance in man; I have it on "good authority," and it is not "gossip." I'll give a case in point:

I met a Southern lady here in New Orleans who assured me she was a "woman of culture," and also "fascinating," and I did not doubt it. Her attractions may be judged from the fact that she'd had twenty-seven offers of marriage; she said so, and no one doubted it, except one "old maid," and a cynical old gentleman, who

afterward repented having doubted and acknowledged he was willing to be forgiven.

Strange conceit of woman! Woman with her tender spiritual nature, her faith which clings to love which agonizes, hopes through uncertainties which paralyze, and who cherishes memories which are like ringing bells of pain,—woman believing, trusting, idealizing man too much, be content if "you think of me as I think of you." Well may she sometimes question why the soul must be fed by the torture of the heart, but has she a right to doubt that man may love truly? Nay, she cannot afford to burden her heart by thus suffering doubt.

Belief is a vital factor in happiness, and progress as well. There's comfort in the thought that I do not believe in that sorrowful, beautiful illustration given, "As the babe's fingers try to grasp the sunbeams flitting across the room, so we reach out expectantly for love, only to find our hearts as empty as the little hand."

Is this conception not imperfect? The sunbeams, those "blessing-bringing daughters of the sun," are light, life and joy. All these the child may realize in them; innocently and ignorantly the little hand loses them only through the closed fingers.

Do we not err in trying to grasp love? What is the love of man and womanhood but a beautiful development, an unfolding? We cannot hold it, purchase or beg it. It comes, warms, thrills, it glorifies. Through the creature power of union, it is allied to the Divine. It is not a mystery, more than is the pulse, when the life-blood throbs out from the heart. It is a reality, warm as sunlight, calm as rest, and pure as a child's heart. We have this testimony the world over; now we question how to secure and maintain it. It must be established upon the bedrock of worth, and up-built by knowledge and sympathy. Entering man and womanhood, the eager hands of youth are out-stretched to pluck of the "tree of knowledge," and will not be denied. Are the feelings educated for this testing period? Are these youths students of the science of human affections? These are the powers we have to deal with, forces destructive as flame if uncontrolled, and how are they to be governed, much less understood and directed to happy results, with no knowledge of their workings?

When I see young people drawn together like children for pastime, marrying, but like the children soon weary of play, how I wish they could, like the tired, disappointed children they are, go back to their mothers and their duties. The work of reform here must begin in the home. If mothers, with the full experiences of maternity, cannot aid the young, how shall we who know so little of the development of womanhood direct? If other words of counsel come, through great ignorance must thrilled, suffering, hungering hearts speak; for a touch of agony may send one a long way on the line of development.

There seems strange ignorance among

those older and wiser in experience—ignorance of the influence of attraction, cruelty designed as tenderness. When a strong life touches our own, inviting the current of being, awakening that vital energy, love, how easily the channels are formed which blend these forces! Then when the weaker—no, I will not say weaker, the more intense and suffering life, must find its way back to the old channel of aloneness, what heroism is there need for in that struggle! Oh, woman, for your silent heart-cravings, your prayers, your endurance, your grandeur in sufferings entailed upon you for the sake of Love, accept the reverent homage and admiration of a woman's heart!

Let us enlarge, enrich and satisfy life more fully by seeking all those means of study, occupation and amusement which will give grander, clearer apprehension in solving these problems of the affections. Then I would offer this as a suggestion (which I wish I had thought of before, it seems so to simplify the perplexities before us,) let woman think and care less for and about man. Somehow I have not much hope that this suggestion will be acted upon, for we are a little too anxious to get experience first-hand. It is rich, of course, but often costs dear. Then there are some things which will not consent to die. Among these are promises illuminated by hopes, and impulses from loved lives which entered our own as sacred verities. There are moments of to-day wed with the past, when a familiar touch, a tone, or a look with life in it, come back from what they tell us is the "vanished past," and live for a time seeming strangely real. Tokens of the eternal somehow these seem, with all the under-current of suffering experience has associated with them.

After all that may be said, must not social wrongs and sufferings be ameliorated and subdued by the clearness of knowledge and the power of self-control? I cannot but feel that the greatest amount of wrong and woe lies in the great ignorance of the principles and laws governing the affections. If the links of attraction be strong, and close relationship natural, these will strengthen with "years of life together," and through mutual helpfulness shine as the stars.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

S. M. G.

TRICOT STITCH, AND OTHER MATTERS.

Tricot, Afghan or Tunis stitch is worked as follows: Make a chain the required length, then put the hook through the second chain (from the hook) and pull the thread through; there will be two stitches on the needle. Treat all the chain stitches in the same manner. When all are picked up, take thread on crochet hook and pull through two of the stitches; take thread again and pull through two more, and so on till but one stitch is left on the hook. Third row: Put hook under the stitches that are "standing up," and pull thread through; repeat to end of row; then repeat second row.

The two "P.'s" have had the field t

themselves on the religious lottery question, but I think it depends altogether on the self-control a person has, whether such lotteries will lead to gambling or not. It also depends much on the training received in childhood. For it is the parents' privilege to mould their children's minds, and lead their footsteps toward the paths of happiness or misery, virtue or vice. But how many use this power rightly? Parents, remember that you hold your children's future in your hands, and do all you can to influence them for their good hereafter. Teach them the habit of self-control, so that when tempted, they will know just how far to go, and have enough control over themselves to stop.

If L. R., of Wacousta, will wash her walls with liquid glue (carpenter's) just as she puts each strip down, I think she will have no trouble to make her paper stick. PEARL.

GREENFIELD.

THE CARPET-SWEEPER.

With all due respect for the advice and suggestions of our esteemed editress, after a second perusal of her article upon sweeping and dusting, we are led to the conclusion, either that she is not familiar with, or does not appreciate the benefits arising from the use of the modern carpet-sweeper.

A friend of ours, whom we consider a thoroughly capable housekeeper, in sweeping her carpets, never makes use of the broom except for the edges of the carpet, and never a dustpan, the sweeper supplying the double purpose of broom and dustpan. Her rooms, (including parlor) are in constant use, and her carpets are clean and free from dust, though never a damp cloth wipes them off, except to cleanse spots from the dining-room carpet. Even the kitchen carpet is swept with a sweeper.

The sweeper is largely a labor-saving machine, and the dust, the greater part of it at least, instead of lodging upon the furniture, is held within the sweeper. When using the sweeper, do not make haste, but taking one breadth at a time, repeat the process until your carpet appears fresh as though rubbed with a damp cloth.

Our mothers and grandmothers were compelled to do everything by the hardest, and would it not seem best that we should avail ourselves of these modern inventions, so that "sweeping day" shall not be the dread of our lives?

The carpet-sweeper in all its appliances has not yet reached perfection, but we trust the day is not far in the future, when the broom which scatters more dust than it accumulates shall be honored as a thing of the past. H. E. KEDZIE.

LANSING.

MRS. A. C., of Bellevue, asks where she can get floss that will not fade to work a bedspread with. The red, blue and green floss will almost always keep its color even under repeated washings in soap-suds; and if A. C. cannot find it of good quality in her home town she can send

twenty-five cents to Newcomb & Endicott, Taylor & Woolfenden, or Mme. Rabaut, of this city, and have a supply forwarded her.

PEARL asks what style of cloaks will be worn by babies of a year old the coming summer. Double-breasted coats, with short waist in the back and box pleats, will be made of white pique and basket cloth, with no trimming but the large buttons in front and on the back at the waist line. In lighter materials, such as cashmere, and in soft wash goods, the Mother Hubbard retains popularity, though the little coats with double or single-breasted fronts and full kilt at the back, with sash from the under arm seams, are popular. Trimmings are embroidery and lace. Since Pearl lives so near the city, why not inspect the little garments for sale at Madame Hude's, Madame Rabaut's, or Newcomb & Endicott's? One can get a good many valuable hints by so doing.

A RUSTIC SUMMER HOUSE.—As I think they are nice, I will try and describe one for this little paper. Get eight or ten posts nine or ten feet tall; set them in a circle two or two and a half feet apart; the posts ought to be three inches in diameter. Nail on hoops made out of hoop poles cut in two, so as to make one side flat, put them about twenty inches apart, leave a space between two of the posts for a door. Build a roof of any description you desire; have a seat built all a round the inside. It makes a delightful place to sit in the long summer afternoons. Train any vines you desire over the sides and top; Trumpet vine and Virginia creeper are good ones; I prefer the Trumpet vine as it blossoms so prettily. MINNEHAHA.

OKEMOS.

M., whose troubles with her cake were mentioned in a late HOUSEHOLD, thinks the fault cannot have been the baking powder, as she uses the Royal, which is acknowledged to be one of the best and purest. She mentions further experiences as follows: "I have found (since writing to the HOUSEHOLD) if I use three-quarters cup of sugar in place of one cup, as I usually do for a cake, it will be light and nice, so I think there must be a difference in granulated sugar. Last summer several of my friends lost their strawberries, and thought it was owing to the sugar they used (granulated). Mine kept well, but the sugar was purchased the year before, and it was that bought last fall I have had trouble with in making cake. I should like to hear if others have experienced like difficulties."

THE HOUSEHOLD Editor takes all sorts of liberties with her private letters, on the principle that it is wrong to be selfish and refuse to share good things with our friends. So the writer of the following must forgive its publication, for it, as the endeavor of a wise and loving mother, is too good to be lost: "I try to keep young that I may be a companion for

my girls, and do not forget that I once enjoyed the things that now look foolish. I think it very wrong for parents to reprimand and forbid their children the innocent enjoyments which they once enjoyed with keen zest. I sympathize with "One of the Girls," and I can say as one mother I shall not regard her with disfavor. I would not like a young gentleman to call or visit at our home who would be afraid, in my presence, to invite one of my daughters to ride or go to a party; and I think if mothers are genial and not over-watchful, but teach their daughters self-respect, and show young gentlemen that they respect and trust them, they have confidence in the mother and are glad to have her know they are not afraid of her."

RELATION OF THE EMPLOYER TO THE EMPLOYEE.

[Read by Frank Seeley, at the Farmers' Institute held at Mason, Feb. 18 and 19, 1886.]

In this country, where land is so cheap and where our homestead laws give an energetic young man a farm of one hundred and sixty acres, by a five years' residence and a small sum for expenses, the best qualified men for farm labor are apt to take Greeley's advice, "Go west, young man." The fact that so many do go west, increases the importance of the labor question every year. It is the ambition of almost every American to some day be at the head of some business. If he is the son of a rich man it is a very easy matter to achieve this ambition. To the poor boy, it is a question of long years of hard work and closest economy; but, in the end, he is often the more successful of the two.

It is frequently the case that country boys would rather be poor clerks in a store than good laborers on a farm. They think that the apparent ease, the chance to wear "soft clothes," the shelter from summer's heat and winter's cold, will make up for the healthful exercise, the freedom and independence of farm life. There is no occupation on the footstool that offers so many advantages in the way of home pleasures, social restraints, practical education, and hard work, and is so free from the petty annoyances of bawling, fault-finding, of dead beats, of speculation, (barring Bohemian oats), as farming. The reputation of being a good farmer is quite as desirable as success in any other business; and this success depends not only on his own eternal vigilance but also on the prudence, economy and industry of his employes.

In speaking of farm employes, we refer more particularly to that class of men who work by the month for a term of months. The month hand the employer considers a live machine, that does so much work for so many dollars; and, like all good machines, the better he is taken care of the more profitable he will be. There are few men who will not appreciate good treatment, or who will not for some extra accommodation repay it with interest. There are, of course, some men who are entirely selfish both in precept and practice, and the more you do for them the less they will do for you. Such

men, however, are rare, and when found out should be let severely alone.

The employer should be very careful in selecting a man who is to be taken into the house as one of the family. One of the most important considerations is the effect on the boys; for we all know how apt children are to pick up the profane and vulgar expressions that so many men thoughtlessly utter. Another point to consider is neatness about the house and willingness to do chores, such as bringing wood and water, and perhaps tending baby (provided always that the baby is good-natured.) Another quality to look for is the ability to handle the stock quietly and carefully, to understand the feed and care of teams, and last, but not least, to milk the cows. Probably more cows are spoiled for milk by careless employes than in any other way. The best help a farmer can get undoubtedly is the grown up sons of neighboring farmers, whose services are not required at home. You have a better chance to know of their ability, their habits, and their business training.

A man who can not manage for himself is not usually profitable for any one else. It is not always the man who can do the most work in a day who is the most profitable; for it is often the case that he will work two days and "go fishing" the next three. He who accomplishes the most is generally the one who goes slower and keeps at it. Don't hire a man who is roving about the country, of whom you know nothing; if he is worth hiring he would not be tramping, seeking employment. How often we read of one of that class decamping with what valuables he can lay hold of! And what intelligent farmer wants such a man in his family? Mr. Barnum, in his lecture on the art of money getting, says, "An important element in an employe is the brain. You can see bills up, 'Hands wanted,' but hands are not worth much without heads." He illustrates it in this way: "An employe offers his services by saying, 'I have a finger that thinks.' 'That is very good,' says the employer. Another calls, 'I have two fingers that think.' 'That is better.' But a third steps in and says, 'All of my fingers and thumbs think.' 'That is better still.' Finally a fourth comes and says, 'I have a brain that thinks; I think all over; I am a thinking as well as a working man.' 'You are the man I want,' says the delighted employer."

Those men who have brains and experience are the most valuable, and are not to be readily parted with. It is better for them, as well as yourself, to keep them at a reasonable increase of wages from time to time. If you get a good man it is better to keep him than to change; he learns something every day and you profit by the experience he acquires. He is worth more to you this year than last, provided he remains faithful, and his habits are good. If, as he gets more valuable, he demands an exorbitant increase of wages, discharge him at once; first, to show him that you can do without him; and second, because he is good

for nothing if he considers his services invaluable. If you get a really good man pay him fair wages, for he is cheap at almost any price. A man of brains will generally understand the value of his labor. He ought to know that his investment is the same as the farmer's, minus the farm, stock, and tools; and he ought not to expect a larger interest on his capital than the farmer.

It is said that "The gloomiest day of a man's career, is that wherein he fancies there is some easier way of getting a dollar than by squarely earning it." That is just as true in regard to farm help as anybody else.

You will occasionally find a farmer who fancies he can hire, at a low rate, a man who is a little weak in the upper story, and make up in poor fare, drudgery, and late hours, what he lacks in judgment. The following illustration shows how such men are liable to get left: A Lowland farmer went to a fair to hire a farm servant. In looking about him he saw a tall, well built lad, with a vacant expression of contentance. He accosted him and found that Jock was an "innocent." Thinking here was a chance to secure a strong lad that would take low wages and not quarrel with the very plain fare of the kitchen, he questioned him, and finding he was used to farm work, engaged him. "But I maun hae your character, Jock, can ye bring me a good one from your minister?" "Oh, ay!" says Jock, and it was agreed that Jock was to bring the document to the Sun inn at one o'clock. At the appointed time Jock appeared. "Weel, ma lad, hae ye got your character?" "No, but I got yours, and I'm na coming," cried Jock, as he bolted from the room.

When you have your help engaged you naturally expect them to be members of your family; and it is better to furnish good reading for their leisure hours than to have them out every night till late bedtime. Encourage them to read something useful—to read the papers, the farm journals, and good magazines and books, in place of the trashy yellow-covered literature that contaminates so many minds. Stimulate them to talk of business matters, of the affairs of the State and Nation, and of foreign affairs, rather than neighborhood gossip. It is better to discuss the price and prospect of the wheat crop than the latest scandal or murder. It is a good plan to talk with them of farm matters, to plan their work with them for a day or two in advance, so they will better understand how to change from one kind to another with as little friction as possible; and, at the same time, lead them to express their ideas on the best methods of doing the work. Be careful to keep their minds occupied with good, healthful subjects, that will educate their intelligence and prepare them to successfully resist the arguments of the wily labor agitator. If, after a few years of this training, they are fortunate enough to live near Col. Ives, they will undoubtedly have an opportunity to contribute something for the Farmers' Club. Keep them interested in the farm work and chores; awaken their pride in the neat-

ness of their work, the care of the tools they use, and of the little things that keep up the good appearance of the farm. As they become more competent don't be afraid of spoiling them by praise; one word of commendation will often go further toward improving a young man than a dozen words of fault-finding. Following this course, you will gradually approach your ideal of good farm help. At the same time, try to do by him as you would have him do by you. Treat him as an equal, not as an inferior. It is sometimes the case that the "golden rule" is forgotten, and men can not get or keep good help, because of abusive treatment or failure to pay except under compulsion. The reputation of being a bad master or a poor pay-master will travel faster and farther than the "good name" which is said to be "above riches." It would be well to keep this fact in mind, and take counsel of self-interest if not of conscience. With due respect to the judgment and reasoning powers of the laborer, you must remember that he is, in one sense, largely what you make him. A horseman will tell you that the good qualities of a horse are formed by his training while he is young. This is even more true of a man; you must remember that the education you are giving him is not for the present alone, but will last always, either for good or evil. You will hear it said that "blood will tell;" but, you can stiek a pin right here, blood without training, either in man or beast, is of comparatively little value.

Now, if you please, we will speak of the duties of the employe to the employer. We all expect when we hire a man that he will give not only his time, but his experience in whatever line it may be required. Everybody knows that a man's labor is not worth full price if he is inexperienced in that which he is called upon to perform. An employe is expected to keep not only his hands busy, but also his head—not with such things as cards, gossip, or scandal—not with dime novels, the *Police Gazette* or *New York Ledger*—but with the business of his employer. You, as employes, should remember that you are simply exchanging your capital, which is your labor—the whole work of your hands and your brain—for an equivalent in cash. You must expect that, if your employer buys your time, he will want to know how your leisure hours are spent, whether in a way that is injurious to his interests, (that is, by keeping late hours, so that you will be but half awake the best part of the next day, to the detriment of the work you are performing), or whether in a way that will help along, as can be done by intelligent and useful reading and thinking. Too much can not be said on either side on this subject of good reading. Of course it makes a difference if your head is full of some nonsense picked up at a saloon or some place of that character, or if your mind is on your work. It will make a difference to your employer and also to yourself, as you will learn if you are obliged to work by the month for a term of years; for, during all this time, you will be making a reputation that will follow you through

life, and you will find that bad habits formed while in the capacity of a laborer, will stick just as tight when you go into business for yourself, as good ones—and sometimes a good deal tighter. You will understand that your employer's interest is yours, and that his rules are for you to follow. There may be a better way, but it doesn't concern you in the least. Your employer don't hire you to see that he does his work properly, but to do whatever you are set at, with neatness and despatch. Of course you can form your own opinion of the best way of doing this or that piece of work, but it will be time enough for you to express it when it is called for. Don't think that because this is a free country your employer has no restraint over your person or language. If you do you will be apt to feel as the Paddy did when he first landed in this country. He was attacked by dogs on the street, and tried to pick up a stone from the pavement to drive them off with, when he exclaimed, "A purty free country is this, with dogs turned loose and the stones tied fast!" Your freedom consists in the right to vote as you please and think as you please on social, political, and religious matters; but not the right to dictate to your employer the terms of settlement of any dispute, or to regulate your conduct in any way contrary to the rules of good citizenship.

It is not right, or just to your employer or yourself, to quit work in the midst of a season because of a real or fancied slight, the true reason being that, for a few days, you can get more money by working by the day. A man's ideas of justice and right ought to make him see that if his time is bought for nine months, the hire is equalized so that it will cover all the time alike. You must know that you are paid almost double the amount you earn the first two and the last two months that you work, in order to make up to you what is right the other five months. What would you think, if you were a farmer, of a man who would leave you just before harvest because of a just criticism, and go to work for a neighbor the next day at double the wages? Would you feel like trusting him again? Would you not think that he carried off money which did not belong to him? There are comparatively few farmers who have not had such an experience. One or two such deals will ruin a man's chance of steady employment, and it is by steady employment that one wins. What man wants to know that his life is to be one of a laborer for all time? What man in his youth plans to live "from hand to mouth," with the chance of ending his days as a county charge? It is by branding himself "not to be trusted," that a young man gets a start on this road; and if he follows it a few years he will be a curse to himself and the world.

He who wants to get a home in this settled country, and who has his hands alone to begin with, can do so only by honesty, industry, and the closest attention to business. He must establish a character for trustworthiness that men with capital will have confidence in; and there

is no better chance to establish such a character, than by proving yourself trusty when working for another. If your employer speaks well of you it will contribute materially to your success; but if your record has been such that he can not conscientiously do so, you may as well emigrate to the frontier.

In speaking of ability to gain the confidence of the capitalist, it is not supposed that you will need to borrow while an employe, but when you begin for yourself—when you buy a farm, if you please. If your reputation for accumulating is good, you can get a larger amount on a smaller security, than if you are considered improvident. Mr. Beecher advises young men to get in debt, if they can, to a small amount, for land in the country district. "If a man," he says, "will only get in debt for some land and then get married, these two things will keep him straight or nothing will!" That may do for Mr. Beecher, but most young men would better not be in a hurry to mix the two.

The employer and the employe should make their relations mutual, as nearly as possible, each working for the interest of the other when he can. It is not expected that a man will see an opportunity to save for another as quickly as for himself; but when he does see one he should improve it to the best of his ability. It will not be lost labor, for each will see and appreciate the assistance of the other. Most employers will give a man credit for what he knows and does, and you need not fear but that his generosity will assert itself if you are deserving.

If a young farmer has a few odd minutes to spare, he should not fear that he will degrade himself by helping his colleague in the kitchen, (especially if she is handsome). In this country the man makes the business, not the business the man; and as long as this business is honorable, you may be just as much of a gentleman as an employe as you can as an employer. It is too often the case that this fact is overlooked, and the farm laborer becomes too sensitive about his position, falling into the habit of comparing his condition with the serfdom or slavery of past generations; or of reasoning falsely that the world owes him a living—which means in his estimation, that he ought to be able to waste all the money he earns as he goes along, and when he gets ready to start for himself, still have enough to supply his wants. If he falls short of his calculations, he naturally concludes that this country is run by a set of bloated bondholders and aristocrats, because some man will not advance money for him to squander. You have probably heard of the man who saw an advertisement in a paper, "How to get rich—send ten cents for rules," and get as a reply "Work like the devil and don't spend a cent." This is undoubtedly the quickest way on record.

It seems but a question of time when unskilled labor will be organized against capital, the same as skilled labor is in cities now; and as we read almost every day of the strikes ordered by the rasca

who control these organizations, and of the millions of dollars lost every year, not only to the capitalist but also to the working classes, money that they sorely need for the necessaries of life, would it not be better for employers to try to prevent such a complication by removing the causes of complaint as far as possible, and at the same time protect their own interests? Every thinking man knows that such an organization can only be the ruin of every honest man that goes into it,—for the simple reason that he has got to contribute to the support of the unfortunate ones who have nothing to fall back upon in times of enforced idleness; and it would not be long before they would be crying with the starving Irishman, "I axed ye for a tater, and ye gave me an agitator."

FRAUDS, GENERAL; FRAUDS, PARTICULAR.

[Paper read by C. M. Starks before the Farmers' Institute held by the Webster Farmers' Club, January 19-20, 1886.]

While I have a mental reservation as to the doctrine of total depravity, willing to believe there is some good incorporated in the character of the unregenerate human, still I must admit after a careful canvass of the motives that actuate men in their intercourse with each other, that possibly the unflattering view has some pretty strong foundations in fact. Theologians tell us and many good people believe that the crookedness in life is a windfall, a doubtful kind of heirloom or grewsome legacy handed down from father to son, mother to daughter, since the days of the driving out and closing up of the bars of Paradise to mortal occupation. If this theory be correct, and I am not prepared to dispute it, we have not far to go for a solution of why the very old Adam and persuasive but naughty Eve cling so persistently to us. It would seem, however, that some of us, either through natural modesty or a more regenerate state of being, have been left out in the scramble for the goods and chattels left over after raising Cain seized upon by more eager heirs, who, not content with the grab, would buy out our small patrimony with a mess of pottage as did Jacob that of Esau, and in their greed would perpetrate upon us the same fraud as Rebeckah did when she stole the blessing for her son Isaac. Presupposing ourselves to be of that number who have but a moiety of undeveloped Cain in our natures, the very natural question arises, what are the iniquities practiced and how should they be met? As a general rule, when your wife's forty-fifth cousin arrives at your house late Saturday afternoon with a big stay-over-Sunday satchel in one hand and a double back-action catch-'em-all-alive rat trap in the other, warranted to corral all the rodent tribe on your premises in the muscular motions of a sheep's narrative, and will make you an agent for the township for a very small consideration, you had better look your faithful old Thomas cat square in the face and say to your cousin-in-law "Scat!" Again if some stranger,

of pleasing manner and polished address, drops in upon you some of these cold mornings and offers to sell you at a ridiculously low price a patented milk persuader that will yank the lacteal fluid from old Brindle, churn it into gilt edge butter and put it on the market in two turns of the crank,—well, you had better not invest. Lightning is an awful thing sometimes, especially when it gets to zig-zaging around promiscuous-like. It does a heap of mischief occasionally, but you had better trust Providence than be interviewed by a lightening-rod man after your neighbor's barn has been struck by a thunder-bolt.

It is advisable to do your trading where you find by long experience you get the most for your money, in quantity and quality, and there is little made in changing from one merchant to another for the sake of change; but when your dealer begins to trot out the cigars and invite you over to the corner grocery to take a nip, make your wife presents of calico dresses, the girls invisible hairpins and the boys celluloid throat exterminators, it is just as well to look around and see if there are not some white mice straying around loose. If a grocer offers to sell you eight bars of the anti-washboard, dirt-erasing soap that will do a whole family washing while you are getting up steam in your boiler, for only a quarter of a dollar, and in addition, present you with a ticket in the great "Bamboozle Gift Distribution" that may draw a prize, you strike out for home and set up that leach your wife has pleaded for so long, and you will be surprised at how large a prize you have drawn in the smiles of the housewife. Sometimes a jockey will try to make you rich on a horse trade. Answer him as did my neighbor: "Stranger, you promise too much; all I ask of you is to put me in comfortable circumstances." Possibly, before the winter closes you will be waited upon by some representative agent of certain Ohio capitalists who propose to form a joint stock association for the purpose of introducing and selling a new kind of ruta baga that will grow without tops, turn bottom side up at maturity and thus save digging; or a unique variety of potato that produces tubers on top and bottom of the vines and warranted not to sunburn, enabling the planter to secure a double crop, and ask you, as one of the leading citizens of the town, to give the enterprise the benefit of your name as one of the incorporators and make an honest penny besides, as there is a small fortune in it. The officers will be somewhat as follows: First a president, and he must be from Ohio; then a secretary, and it is best, too, all things considered, that he be a Buckeye; next a treasurer, well, as this is a scheme from below Tekedo, why, you might as well take one from south of the Maumee; directors and agents from Ypsilanti, Jackson, or anywhere. *Modus operandi*: Sell to a limited number of greenies in each township 100 seeds or tubers at \$1 each, binding the directors to take off the hands of the buyer 200 at the same price, after raising a crop, the company to have 25 per cent for trans-

acting the deal, and in all cases the company's bonus is to be cash. Down goes your name and the company goes to work. The thing goes swimmingly for a year or two, when, the innocents having all been slaughtered, there is a little irregularity in the financial department and the managers skip out for Chicago or Canada, and our board of directors and growers hold a love feast, whereinsome lively cuss words are shoved around, when judge and jury and lawyers step in and hold a wake over the assets.

Instead of depending every spring upon some local dealer for your seed you make a great mistake if you don't grow a large share of your own. Flaming posters announcing a new and wonderful variety of the pea family that will produce a pod as long as a rake handle and cluster like bees at swarming time, and turn out eight or ten whopping peas as big as a door mat to the pod, when put to test, very often introduce to us some old acquaintance in a new dress, long ago discarded as worthless, but coming back to us under some high-sounding title. Undoubtedly the German barley is all very well for lager over in Dutchland, but I apprehend that when soil and other conditions are right, the sorts we now have will yield full as satisfactory returns as the imported article, even though you pay \$10 per bushel for the privilege of raising it, and if you don't become a connoisseur in lager beer perhaps you have not lost information that is valuable. This idea that many have, that to get a thing that is good it must come from away off—smacking of the antipodes or anywhere but home—is a humbug. How often do you see a man reject a good first class mechanic he has known all his life, and go to some neighboring town, pick up some charlatan, and have thrown together a pile of lumber that it would be a misnomer to call a house; the lath, lumber and shingles being actually worth more before they were put into the coop than the whole pile after leaving his hands. Offer a lady a trim, well made shoe of home manufacture, and her nose will take a sudden angle heavenward that is surprising. Take another of the same kind, call it pebble goat of foreign make and down it will come to earth, and smiles of satisfaction will radiate from every lineament of her visage.

Eat pork fried, eat it boiled, take a luncheon off it raw, and when outraged nature enters her protest by giving your grease-saturated system a reminder, hunt up the patent medicine man's advertisement, where you see it announced in the biggest kind of type how Dr. Genuflection's great specific for human ills will knock out tooth-ache in two minutes, take the grapevine twist out of colic in a quarter of an hour, wrestle a collar-and-elbow, square hold, catch-as-catch-can bout with rheumatics, giving the two best falls in three while you can send after your family physician, then buy half a dozen dollar bottles for \$5, thus getting the usual discount, and proceed to make a wholesale drug store of yourself; and if the nauseous compound takes away your hog-loving appetite for a few days and

the system thereby become relieved of melted pig, say as did the Ephesians of old, "Great is Genuflection of the Dr. Buchanan School of Medicine." The old family doctor would tell you perhaps to change diet, keep away from the cider-barrel in the cellar, throw away that short clay pipe, (that means me in this particular) and you will come out all right.

There are men sometimes who after some poor crops and low prices, begin to feel that manual labor is drudgery and that farm-life is hum drum, that they possess an order of abilities more suited to public life and would be shining ornaments if they had the chance. They begin to harangue their neighbors at the blacksmith shop about the country going to the dogs, and the need of true worth in this or that fat office to stand as a rock of adamant against a horde of corruption; they are then having the premonitory symptoms of office itch, which soon passes into (if not checked) the confluent stage, and then they are goners, sure, if not vaccinated right away with the stay-at-home and tend-to-your-business virus, which would save a heap of scratching of a slippery subject. The man who sells his old rubber boots to the peddler in the spring is apt to buy them or somebody else's cast-off footwear back in the fall as bran new stock. Millers are some on the toll; but before consigning them to Tophet be sure your grist has not a large percentage of cockle, ches and dirt; and you wool-growers, who breed-wrinkles a foot deep, and get together once a year and resolve in conventions that the present tariff is an outrage on the producer, that British gold is being used lavishly to corrupt our *honest* Congressman, and in your enthusiasm give the eagle's tail a twist which makes that mighty bird scream, take an inventory of the raiment on your patriotic backs and see that it is not imported Scotch tweed or the more plebeian goods made up of cheap foreign wool and ground rags, called shoddy. Before sending the wool buyer to sheol for docking your heavy weights, be morally certain you washed your sheep, and did not run them through stagnant waters and turn them loose on a summer fallow, nor chucked into the middle of the fleece the sweepings and tags. While you are busy getting the furnace hot in Hades for Prince Bismarck for crying out "little vorns mit your pork," don't let your in-bred, razor-back swine, cooped up in a seven by nine pen, wallowing in filth, turn State's evidence and convict you. Keep old Kate at the plow until she is of legal age and then expect her to produce strong and healthy offspring. Grain your team heavily when spring work commences, after an all winter's fast, and expect wonderful performances in the field. Turn out stock with the disappearance of the snow-banks and complain of mid-summer drouth. Plant corn out of the crib and cuss the cut-worms. Use the smallest potatoes for seed and condemn the quantity at digging. Break three year old colts by hitching them along side of an old stager on a 40 tooth drag, and wonder at their want of staying qualities. Draw out your manure

when it is too wet to plow, plant in the dark of the moon if you lose a week's growing in the waiting. Do all other necessary chores when the signs are right. Commence teaching a heifer to handle at the time of her first calf. Halter-break the steer when the butcher wants him and you are selling at so much per pound live weight. Permit the drover to cull out your flock. Make your garden when all other spring crops are in. Have a wood pile back of the house for a breakfast spell for the hired man. Get up at four o'clock in summer, and do as near as possible a half-day's work on an empty stomach. Save money by never buying what your obliging neighbor will lend, and save time by letting him come after it and then blow up the boys in his presence for not taking it home before. Have your pork stolen in August, not later than September. Keep a dog on the premises, he will be company. Let that weather eye of yours rest on the local politics of your township; run for the county legislator as often as you can get a nomination, and kick like a steer when you don't. Give the boys the steer calves but replevin them about the time they are oxen. Locate your barnyard well on the down hillside. Use fence boards for eave troughs, go whortleberrying on Sunday—while your more conscientious neighbor is at church and berries are plenty. When he asks you to give for the support of the ministry, call the clergy all the hard names you can think of, rake up all the naughty things they have ever done, from Beecher to Moffatt, and tell him that those who go to hear him better pay; but if the dread messenger summons one of your family to the silent city of the dead, expect as a matter of course this representative of everything that is bad to come at your beck, and pray and preach the lost one into Abraham's bosom, and if you are not a first class fraud, call me that animal with curviline horns that the Scripture saith shall set on the left in the Kingdom.

A newspaper, which in order to secure an introduction to the reading public, has need to go into the hardware business in a wholesale way, and offers to present to each of its subscribers a bushel basket of rings, chains, luminous match safes, topping the pile with a Waterbury watch and a chromo, reaches the acme of fraud; and you had better fall back on the old reliable FARMER, that sets its pin-hook down at \$1.50 per year, HOUSEHOLD with Beatrix at the head thrown in.

The idea of an agricultural fair each year for the exhibits of the farm, garden, dairy and fine arts, is commendable. But when a society under this heading can only offer a premium of \$25 for the best representative Shorthorn and \$500 for the speediest bob-tailed trotter; or \$15 for a mild-eyed Jersey, and \$200 for trapeze performers in mid air in a balloon, or \$100 for a couple who will stand before a jeering crowd and make a circus of themselves, and hear faintly through the din those solemn words spoken that should bind

Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one;

then fling down two trade dollars to that good housewife who has made the best roll of butter, it begins to look to the sensible breeders and farmers as though the association was run in the interest of sports; and the agricultural part was but a dime annex to the tail of the jockey kite. Have by all means good stock, but don't put a dozen scrubs into the pedigree of an animal unless his appearance backs up the records. On the other hand, don't go to our friends Ball, Boyden, Phelps, or our Stanton guest with so many dollars and tell them to give you something that will just size your pile, having your ears pinned back, ready to play Jonah 2d. While I have no doubt these honorable gentlemen would object to masticate so verdant a subject, you might find one not so particular as to his diet.

In conclusion, let me say that to avoid becoming victims of frauds let us strive to eradicate the leaven of dishonesty from our own natures, setting up the strictest standard of commercial honesty for our guide in our dealings with others and insisting that they shall be governed by the same rigid morals in their transactions with us, remembering that honesty and simplicity need not necessarily be synonymous terms, and while eschewing all tricks ourselves, a knowledge of the world's prevarication helps us to meet them and defeat their aims. Frauds in this life of ours grow and fatten on that under-stratum of dishonesty buried in the hearts of every living soul, and the tempter does but appeal to this dormant element of our nature when he leads us astray. The purchaser of the lottery ticket shares in a minor degree the guilt of the vender, for does he not dream of fabulous riches unearned! The confidence man's victim when he nibbles at some tempting bait finds it a delusion and a snare. The man who bets his money on a seemingly sure thing and loses, forgets the law of compensation, is looking out for something for nothing and cries out "knavel knavel!" when the little rogue of greed started in his own breast. No profession or calling is free from dishonest men. The world is full of emperics, from the minister in the desk, ignoring this or that canonical law of his church, down to the dullest clod who shirks his plainest business obligations on the turning of his employer's back. Yet I am not one of the number who believe this life of ours is all a sham and a delusion, but rather believe that notwithstanding the various arts and deceits practiced by the few there is a universal brotherhood of comity and good-fellowship fighting for the mastery, and that the golden age is at its dawning.

Blest as we are with a generous soil, equable climate, a noble government of consolidated liberty, I can see nothing discouraging in the outlook. We as farmers create for ourselves a delusion when we entertain the idea that our life is welded to monotonous drudgery, and that there is no compensation for a life of toil but the miserable one of pelf; that the dull pace should go on as our fathers marked out the path in the long ago. Good old souls as they were, they

lived and died and are gone to the beyond for happiness, not even dreaming of the innumerable blessings that are in store for the man who has pitched his tent away from the smoke begrimed city, and is in a position to read and interpret the magnificent workings of Nature, as displayed by the Supreme Architect of the universe. Divesting his mind of the routine duties of every day life, what a vast field for the expanse of the finite, away and into the mysterious and wonderful, ever charming world, spread out before him by the Infinite.

It is not only the glad song of the Master's tiniest winged subjects that float in air that awakes him from labor's peaceful slumbers, but the sweet Eolian harps of a thousand whispering leaves, sending up to Heaven the morning anthem of God's praise. Ah! who is so dull and passionless as not to feel the inspiration so often forced upon us by a commune with His work, and for the time become translated from gross care and vexations to a veiled world beyond, where

Truth shall blossom in everlasting youth,
While Time itself endures.

The Latest Electrical Invention.

Edison, the electric inventor, has come to the front again with another astonishing idea which has had a satisfactory test. It is that of telegraphing from trains in motion by induction, without any mechanical connection with the wires that skirt the track. The practical working of the invention was tested the other day on a running train with complete success. The apparatus used consists of an ordinary Morse key, a phonetic receiver, an electro magnet and a battery. No special or extra wire is used running between or near the rails, but the messages jump through the air between the tin roof of the cars and the ordinary wire strung along by the side of the railway, a distance of from 25 to 400 feet. The farthest distance traversed without a wire was some 40 or 50 feet. The metallic roofs of the cars were connected together by wires, which communicated with a Morse telegraphic instrument placed in one of the cars. An operator sat in front of the instrument, and though the noise of the train rendered the ticks indistinct, he read them easily by means of a telephone and wrote out the messages as they were delivered. The messages sent went to the roof of the car on a short wire, and jumped thence to the distance wire, selecting the right one out of 24. Mr. Edison stated that another train coming behind, equipped with a similar apparatus, could pick the same messages off the wire.

FLOWER SEEDS FOR 1886

FRESH SEEDS TRUE TO NAME

ready for the Spring Trade. Mixed packets of Annual, Perennial, Everlasting or Herb Seeds, 10 cents, three for 25 cents. Order from list in HOUSEHOLD of February 23rd. Six packets, except where price is named, 25c; 13 for 50c, and 30 for \$1. Collections for beginners, 15 varieties for 50 cents. Send one cent stamp for price list.

MRS. M. A. FULLER,
Box 207, Fenton, Mich.