

Uniform Profits of Farming.

I have recently had occasion to examine some farm accounts which have been kept fifty years, some notes from which I send you, which show the uniformity of profit of the farm, and the stability of the business. The farm contains 200 acres, besides sufficient wood land, and the price of it fifty years ago was \$10,000. The present owner, who inherited a small part of it, was to have it at that price if he could pay for it. The price of the stock and tools of the farm was \$1,132, so the capital invested was \$11,132. The accounts have evidently been kept with accuracy and in a proper manner, giving all the income of the farm, whether from sales or from use by the family of the owner, and giving all the expenses of the farm—not of the family—including the cost of boarding the laborers.

It appears that from 1831 to 1841 (that is, the first ten years,) the average net annual income was \$1,150.51. For the second period of ten years the annual net income was nearly the same. From 1851 to 1861 it was \$1,526.47; from 1861 to 1871 it was \$2,259.89, and from 1871 to 1881 it was \$2,261.84. It does not appear that there was a variation of more than twenty-five per cent. above or below the average, in any ten years. It shows that, in the first twenty years, the net income or profit of the farm was almost exactly ten per cent. on the capital invested, besides any increase in the value of the land. In the last twenty years the net annual income has been ten per cent. on \$22,608.65, which would be considered a full valuation of the land, stock and implements. It must be considered, in looking at the value of the investment, that money at the beginning was at seven per cent., and now at five per cent.

The increased value of the farm and stock comes partly from the general increase of values, and partly from the improvement of the farm and stock. And the improvement of the farm has been partly in the reconstruction and additional convenience of the dwellings, which make them more valuable to the family, but do not add to the net income of money. Of course the use of the family dwelling and its surroundings, and of horses and carriages for the family, are not counted in the foregoing figures of net income, although they are really a very excellent part of the profit of a farm, in addition to the 10 per cent. shown by the figures. I am happy to be able to send these figures, because they answer the question whether farming pays. The whole account is in actual figures, and is kept in the simplest manner. I do not suppose that this is an exceptional case, but only one of hundreds of examples of profitable farming. It differs from them only in its reliable testimony.

There was no specially favorable conditions of capital, or lucky bargains, or physical strength. There were no special crops raised on the farm—such as hops, tobacco and fruit—but only such as are common in the State of New York. The figures of the record show the principal sales to be of wheat, corn, oats, beef, pork, wool, sheep and products of the dairy. Nine-tenths of the capital used, and now invested, has come out of the profits, and the results have been attained without excessive labor, or unbecoming frugality, or any neglect of the duties and enjoyments of social life. The progress in the improvements and in the attainment of an unnumbered title, was rather slower perhaps than necessary, but it was safe. It will surprise many to find from these figures that the profit of farming has been so uniform for fifty years, and it ought to inspire a confident expectation for the future. They seem to show also that the best investment for the farmer is in the improvement of his estate. This farmer seems to have received his 10 per cent. on \$22,000 as certainly as on \$11,000, and I suppose as easily. Perhaps this tells something on the question whether a large or small farm is best. There is no argument here in favor of a small farm.

Now I suppose the great capitalist will smile at our discussion of an interest of \$10,000 or \$20,000. Why, he makes that in a day sometimes, and here is a farmer who has spent the best part of his life in gaining an estate of \$22,000 or \$23,000. Well, I give it up. I do not run in the race with him. I take the attitude of an apologist when I discuss the matter with him. It is a moderate income, even ten per cent.—supposing the majority of good farmers get that. The average capital of the farmers in the whole country is less than \$10,000. I conclude then that the average income is clearly less than \$1,000. A smart clerk gets more than that, and the country minister who does not have a salary of \$1,000 must be very careful of his expenses.

Farming is confessed to be a slow way of making a fortune, but the figures which we have been looking at prove that the capital in farming is a good investment. When we want to set our business in contrast with the money-making occupations, we make another issue and plead for the safety and permanence of the business; and we try to show how a family can be rich without much money, and how they can have the best thing which money can get—a home.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

Diseases of the Horse's Eye.

Replying to the question, "Is a defect in the eyes, which impairs the sight, apt to get worse in the course of time?" the *Practical Farmer* says:

"There are some diseases of the horse's eye which may be entirely removed by proper and timely treatment. Certain diseases of the eye, such as periodic ophthalmia, or so-called moon-

blindness, can only be relieved temporarily; while there are others, such as cataract, amaurosis, and large specks on the surface of the eye ball, the cicatrice of a wound, which are of permanent duration. Depending upon the nature of the ailment, the utility of the horse is correspondingly more or less impaired, and the value of the animal lessened. Whatever the nature of the disease may be, unless it arises from particular and recent cause, it is apt to get worse, and may eventually end in total loss of vision. During the progress of the disease, such horses are generally more or less dangerous to use. The animal which is perfectly blind is, in fact, by far the safest and more desirable servant; for seeing enough not to run against every thing is a very minor advantage, while seeing enough to be alarmed at most objects that present themselves is a most serious drawback. A good, blind horse is, for many purposes, a most valuable animal. When such horses habitually go straight, they are often particularly pleasant to drive, and a great many of them are remarkably pleasant to ride also. We should very much prefer such a one to another that shied. Blind horses are almost invariably safe on their legs, unless infirmities of these render them otherwise; and they have on an average better action. In reference to our observation as to their going straight, we make it, because horses, when they first become blind, are timid and uncertain as to where to go; but when they become accustomed to be guided by the bit, they learn to go with confidence straight on, until some indication is given them to diverge from the straight line. Blind horses are generally also light in the mouth. This we attribute to their being sensible to the fact that they cannot trust their own guidance, and so are always ready to yield to that of the driver. We have also generally found them lively horses, arising no doubt from their apprehension of danger from their infirmity, which keeps them (unless of a determinate sluggish temperament) always on the qui vive.

General Poultry Management.

Poultry keeping is both pleasant and profitable in proportion to the amount of care bestowed upon the birds, and unless they have good care, suitable food in sufficient quantities and proper shelter they will soon become unhealthy or diseased and unprofitable. No matter whether the fowls are pure-bred or the so-called common stock, or whether they are kept in a special enclosure or left to have the run of the place, cleanliness is one of the most important requisites for success. Those who condemn poultry as profitless are the ones who let their birds "rough it," and let the sun, wind and rain do all the cleaning done in and around the poultry house. At least two general and thorough cleanings should be given to the house, inside and out, and to the surroundings. A liberal and judicious use of lime, in the form of whitewash on the building, and air-slaked lime freely scattered over the floors in and around the nests and under the perches, is absolutely necessary to insure cleanliness, healthiness and freedom from the insect pests which would otherwise swarm in countless thousands on the premises.

At least once a week the droppings should be removed to some sheltered place, and the nest kept until needed for enriching the garden, lawn or fields, it being nearly as valuable a fertilizer as good guano. Where there is a board floor in the poultry-house, it should be kept supplied with a good coating of dry sand, which will aid materially when cleaning the house, and will help to disintegrate the droppings. The nests should be newly made about once a month during the warm weather, to prevent the lice, mites, etc., from breeding in them—the old nests being burned at once to destroy any occupants they may have. Well broken straw, bright and clean, is the best material for nests. The laying and sitting hens should have separate quarters, to prevent crowding in the nests, as well as to avoid breaking up the sitting hens and their eggs. A dark, quiet room is the only place where you can have your sitting hens, with any reasonable assurance of a fair hatch. They should only be fed once a day, and not disturbed in the meantime.

The very best food for laying hens is whole wheat, as this does not cause an undue secretion of fat or fatty matter on and around the ovaries, thus preventing the production of eggs, as does corn when liberally fed. The quantity of wheat each feed is less than that of corn, which about equalizes the cost for feeding purposes.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

A "Parlor Car" for Cattle.

There arrived at the New York Central Stock Yards Monday night from Cincinnati what is called by the company owning it a "parlor cattle car." It contained twenty cattle in two rows of stalls, built at an acute angle with the sides of the car, with an aisle between the rows. The cattle could lie down, and were fed and watered on the journey by a system of water and grain pipes, leading to galvanized iron troughs, and fed from outside the car. The heads of all the cattle were toward the side of the car, and the floor has a slight pitch toward the center, where it is drained through an iron grating in the center. A maximum of carrying capacity, with a minimum of weight is obtained for the parlor car, and it can be used for ordinary freight on the return trip.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A number of Italian women are working on a railroad in Ulster County, N. Y.

A Few Words to the Girls.

In the first place, remember that you are ladies, and therefore entitled to such little courtesies as the gentlemen have the power to bestow. Never return thanks for any of these attentions. Why should you thank gentlemen for giving you what is already yours by right of sex?

Remember, also, that a pretty hand is one of woman's chiefest charms. Never assist your mother in her household duties. It doesn't so much matter how her hand is sprawled out by hard work. She is out of the market.

As it is a standing article of your faith that men are all fools, you do right in fitting yourself for their company.

Learn to be as like them as possible. They seem generally in love with themselves, and it naturally follows that they must admire anything that reminds them of the object of their love.

Make yourself proficient in slang language. It is awfully jolly, and can be acquired by the shallowest-brained ones among you. It is useful in all varieties of conversation, and by frequent use it will prevent tiresome talkers boring you to death with their profundities.

When in company or any public place, get together, two or three of you, and giggle cosmically. This will show your vivacity. Vivacity is an excellent thing in woman.

Among women, whispering will serve you, but among men, talk right out. It is your duty to be attractive, and by loud talking you attract attention more easily than by any other means. Two young ladies in a rail car are sometimes so attractive that not a newspaper can be read understandingly by any one of the men passengers.

Never read anything solid, anything requiring thought. Thought brings wrinkles, and wrinkles are horrid.

There is no need of your knowing anything. If you should become wise, you might, when married, discover your husband to be a fool. It is much better for him to think you one. You will live all the happier.

Never mind the inside of your head, so that the outside is attractive. Women and pictures are intended for admiration. Who ever heard of a picture poring over a musty old book?

Woman is the weaker vessel. Never take exercise. It might give you muscles. Men dislike strong-bodied almost as much as they do strong-minded women. It seems to detract from their own strength.

When you are married, your husband will furnish you with the funds for dyspepsia remedies. So you need not be anxious on that score.

Never mind what your mother says against flirting. There is no occasion for her to indulge in that kind of fun.

When a strange man accosts you in the street or remarks on you in an audible tone, giggle with all your might, and look around once or twice, and when you catch his eye, giggle again. It is one fun, and by adopting this course you will have plenty of it.

In your clothing, always strive to be "tony." Never mind your health. Better be dead than out of style. Besides, the doctors must have a living. If you should all dress as sensibly as the men, half of the medical profession would starve to death, and the other half be forced to take refuge in the poor-house.

Always go to church. It is a splendid place to show your bonnet. In order that nobody shall miss seeing it, make yourself as conspicuous as possible. You can do this by rustling the leaves of the hymn book, playing with your fan, jingling your bangles and constantly turning about in your pew.

If you are employed in a store, never talk of anything but shop when outside of it. No matter whether others enjoy it or not. So long as you are interested, what matter? Do not other people talk of things in which you are wholly uninterested?

While neglecting your health so far as dressing is concerned, be watchful in another direction. Remember that sleep is tired nature's sweet restorer. Therefore, lie abed till eight o'clock in the morning. Your mother will see that your breakfast is ready for you long before you are ready for it.

Honor your father's pocket book and your mother's cooking, that you may never want for new dresses nor be obliged to cook for yourself.

Wear bangs, high heels, close-fitting corsets and all kindred abominations.

Chew gum.

Follow these directions, and you will in time marry some fool and be miserable ever after.—*Boston Transcript.*

It is reported from St. Petersburg that, on the day previous to the late Czar's assassination, the Grand Duke Constantine and his wife were dining with his Majesty. In the course of conversation during dinner the Emperor casually observed that, in all probability, he should not, as had been his wont, attend the Sunday morning parade, as he was suffering from a slight cold. Upon this the Grand Duchess rejoined that his Majesty's absence would prove a serious disappointment to her son Dmitri, who has purchased a handsome charger, which he had proposed to himself to show off to his uncle in the Riding School after parade during the following forenoon. "That being the case," said the Emperor, good-naturedly, "I dare say I shall manage to attend the parade as usual," and he did so. The Grand Duchess, when apprised of his death, was for a time completely overwhelmed by the conviction that, but for her persuasions, her brother-in-law would not have left his palace on that fatal Sunday morning.

Our Young Readers.

JOHN.

Whistle sounding loud and clear,
Laughter that I love to hear,
Marbles rattling far and near;
Must be John!

Out at elbow, out at knee,
Hat-brim tattered woefully;
Turn it in around and let me see
If it's John!

Dimples in a roddy cheek,
Eyes that sparkle so they speak,
Turned-up nose, reverse of meek;
Yes, 'tis John!

Yet this morning, clean and sweet,
Spokeloss collar, hat complete,
Trousers mended, down the street
Whistled John.

"What's the matter with you, lad?
Where's the hat-brim that you had?
Whence came all these rents so sad?
Answer, John!"

"Marbles." And he kicks his toe,
"Breeches will wear out, you know;
'Knuckle-down' is all the go."
Fatters John.

In his pockets go his hands,
Looking foolish, there he stands,
'S'pose you'll scold!' For stern commands
Lingers John.

Catches mother's laughing eye:
In a flash the kisses fly,
And I bless, as I pass by,
"Bless you, John!"
—*S. M. Churchell, in St. Nicholas.*

OLD-TIME WONDERS.

Our young folks, or, more strictly speaking, our little folks, open their eyes with wonder as we tell them stories of the olden time, when there were no railroads, no telegraph wires, no steamboats; and when messages were carried by men on horseback or slower stage-coaches, and when people traveled along leisurely, never imagining that they would ever be whirled through the country by steam-cars or exchange the canal packet for the palatial and swiftly-going steamers.

To those of us who for many years have enjoyed the benefits of all these modern improvements it is difficult to realize the incredulity of the masses of the people about them when they first appeared. Yet it is true that so recently as 1837, Fernando Wood, who had served his country long and well, and had been in Congress for many years, was considered fanatical and visionary because he had faith in Prof. Morse and his invention. Fernando Wood was a member of the Congress which appropriated thirty thousand dollars to Prof. Morse for his experimental telegraph line between Washington and Baltimore, and on account of it was defeated after his next nomination to Congress. The people wished to punish the man who had so misrepresented them as to vote for so visionary a project as transmitting intelligence through the air upon wires strung upon poles. Prof. Morse waited year after year for Congress to pass the bill appropriating the amount for building the first line, and the last night of the session he went to his rooms discouraged, being told that it was scarcely possible that it would pass. But, to his great delight, a young lady brought him the good news a few hours afterwards, that just before the adjournment the bill passed with the President's signature. The professor was overjoyed, and said to the young lady who had brought him the word: "You shall send the first message over the wires," and she telegraphed from Baltimore to Washington.

"What hath God wrought!" A short time after this, when a political convention was in session in Baltimore, the announcement of the nomination of a candidate was telegraphed to Washington, but so reluctant were the people to believe in this new invention that they regarded the message as a pure fabrication, and would not publish it in the Washington paper until a courier arrived from Baltimore confirming it. And we wonder how that the people were so slow to believe in these great inventions.

In the "Memories of a Quiet Life," by Augustus Hare, the incident is related that in 1829 a company of noted people were invited to Liverpool to see the first locomotive and train of cars, and to ride in them. One who was there writes:

"To us who have no turn for these things, and therefore cannot or do not realize any description, the seeing them comes with such novelty and force, and brings such a train of new thoughts, this thing, which is to convey carriages, people, goods, everything, from Liverpool to Manchester, thirty miles in an hour, ruining half the warehouses at Liverpool, by making Manchester into a *seaport* town, the goods landed at the docks at Liverpool being henceforth transported at once into the warehouses at Manchester in as short a time as they now take in being carried from the lower to the upper part of the town. The effect of the velocity is that when you stand on the railroad, and watch the machine coming, it seems not to approach, but to expand into size and distinctness like the image in a phantasmagoria. * * * We were soon seated in one of the carriages, and started off at the rate of thirty miles an hour; our speed increased as we went on, perceptible only from the strong current of air, and our passing objects so rapidly, I never felt so strange, so much in a state of magic, of enchantment, as if surrounded by new powers and capabilities. I tell you all this, yet you will hardly believe, as I did not, what is doing till I had seen it."

The majority of the people in Europe and America were incredulous about all these inventions until they had seen them, and some would scarcely believe their own eyes.

I well remember our first sight of and experience with a sewing-machine. My father, who, although a college professor of one of the dead languages, had a good knowledge of mechanics, nearly

thirty years ago examined with delight and entire satisfaction the first sewing-machine brought to the city in which we lived. After testing the new invention thoroughly, he came home one day stating to my mother that he had seen the machine stitch a shirt front and cuffs in five minutes, and that we could hardly estimate the value of one in a large family. I remember our astonishment at the statement, and our mother's words—

"Well, John, I can hardly believe that until I see it with my own eyes."

A few days after the machine was purchased, and its coming proved a red-letter day in the history of our family. How we all stood about watching the wonderful needle with its eye near the point instead of at the head, as it flew up and down while our father showed us the beautiful stitch it made, and we rejoiced at the thought that the sewing would be accomplished as if by magic. With beaming joy he showed us the perfection of the machinery, the gauge by which we could shorten and lengthen the stitch, the screw by which we could tighten or loosen the thread, the presser-foot which held the work firmly in place, the shuttle which carried the lower thread and helped form the lock-stitch, and the treadle which set the machine in motion, and by which we could regulate its speed. We were enchanted with it. Our mother sat down to try it, but such a complication of machinery, so many things to look after at once, were distracting, and to her impracticable. Then our father guided the work while mother tried to give regular strokes to the treadle, but after five or ten minutes' trial, mother said:

"It is too complicated, we can never use it. I feel as if I were rushing along on a railroad train, and we should have a collision in a moment, or go to destruction in some way," and so saying she rose from her seat, and with a solemn look on her face, said:

"We have been rash in this purchase, and have made a great mistake."

Then sitting down before the fire, and quieting us all, who "were sure we could make it work," she said to her husband:

"I will tell you what you had better do, John? I can never do anything with such a machine, and I do not believe it will ever work, and we must get rid of it as soon as possible. You had better go down immediately and see the agent, and offer to give him ten dollars if he will take it back, and we will promise to say nothing about it, to injure him, to say one."

Then an earnest discussion followed, which at last resulted in mother allowing her oldest daughter to try her skill at the machine, although she feared that such trial would result in severe damage to it. The experiment, although accomplished in a jerky, zig-zag fashion, proved that the machine could be used, and it was retained, and fully justified all that had been predicted concerning it. But from that day to this, our mother never again seated herself before it, preferring to continue her work in her quiet way, and allowing the children of this generation to enjoy the modern improvements.

So slow have many been to credit the practicability of those things that now seem a necessity to us all.—*Chicago Standard.*

Dangers of Mouth-Breathing.

Dr. Clinton Wagner lectured last night before the New York County Medical Society, at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, upon "Habitual Mouth-Breathing." "Only two works," said the lecturer, "have ever been written on this subject. Its importance is not generally understood. Breathing through the mouth often affects the constitution seriously, and a person who is habitually addicted to it can easily be distinguished by the silly and idiotic expression of his face. Indolence in this habit affects the hearing, and the nose is apt to become permanently closed. It also produces chronic inflammation of the windpipe and the upper part of the throat, and it alters the character of a person's voice. It also causes asthma, curvature of the spine and what is known as pigeon-breast. The Indian mothers teach their children in infancy to breathe through the nose, and to this must be attributed partly their freedom from these diseases and their excellent health. A nose-breather," the speaker added, "never snores."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The latest freak of the amusement-seeking British official in India is what they call a "Noah's Ark Race," that is, a race in which every variety of animal, almost, participates. Thus, at Madras, they had a race, the competitors being buffalo, elephants, a goat, a ram, a horse, an emu, an elk and other animals. The elephants placidly trotted over the course, the ram and goat, ridden by little boys, ran well, the buffalo went at a gallop, but the emu would not stir; neither would the elk, till the race was over, then it took fright and started off at great speed. The ram won the race, a horse coming in second and a buffalo third.

Francois Bonvoisin, a French Free Mason, according to the *France du Nord*, recently made a singular attempt at suicide. He procured an earthen jar, filled it with powder, and arranged a fuse. Then he seated himself upon the jar, lighted the fuse, and awaited his scuttling to the four winds of heaven. The explosion took place, but he was not blown to fragments. He was simply bounced, and after the extraction of a few pieces of earthenware by the doctors he was placed again in good standing among the fraternity.