Apple, the Pear, the Peach, the Quince; the Currant, the Gooseberry, the small fruits generally; the Rhubarb, the Asparagus. He depends upon no one "specialty." Perhaps he has, also, his carp pond, his bees and his poultry. Permanent crops lessen his labor, and the variety wards off serious losses.

He realizes from the beginning that crops must be fed, and does not expect to keep land productive, unless he gives to it, as well as takes from it.

He works by system; but it is a system that is elastic, bending to emergencies, taking the advantage promptly of favorable circumstances, governed by a skillful, industrious, master mind.

He is successful as a matter of course. Everything about him shows it. His neat buildings, his clean yards, his substantial horses, his sleek cattle, his productive fields, his easy mind, and his contented and happy family.

We call no man successful, if he fails to make all around him happy—from the chickens which flock to his call, to the dear ones who gather around the table in the evening in loving contentment and peaceful joy.

The family blessed with plenty of fruit and using it with discretion, has but little need of a doctor.—*New Farm.*

Accept Progress.

We do not think that every new thing is better than the old. We do not think that every change is an improvement. But certain methods of work and many improvements in agricultural machinery are evidently a great advance upon those used in former years.

In the department of farming, the advantages of the present over the past are just as visible as in any other department of labor.

In printing, there is a vast chasm between the hand press of Franklin, with its slow toilsome production of 250 impressions an hour, and the improved cylinder press that throws off the edition of our geat daily papers, 100,000 or more, in a single evening.

The same is in farm implements, and he who sticks to his grandfather's tools and ways, can hardly be called a very enterprising Farmer of the present day.

Disease Germs.

On the editorial page of the *Rural New Yorker*, of Sept. 18, is an article showing the "Source of Disease" from "foul emenations" passing through the soil for long distances and impregnating water.

"A barrel of Kerosine buried in the ground will give a distinct taste to all water taken from a well within twenty rods of it."

And again:

"The cold well water which we are apt to look upon as the purest of all drink, is often fairly reeking with disease germs * * * imperceptible to the taste or smell. * * * The ordinary farm vault is a veritable plague spot," etc.

If these disease germs are conveyed into vegetables instead of into water, is the case any the better? and yet the garden is fertilized by the same material which poisons the water without imparting "taste or smell." We believe in using clean fertilizers on crops for human food.

Fences.

A correspondent of the *Germantown Telegraph*, writing from New Hampshire, tells of the efforts to do away with the stone walls used as fences in that State. They occupy so much room, require so much labor, harbor so many 'chip monks,' harbor so many weeds, are so much in the way of machine work; in fact, have become so great a nuisance, that they must in some way get rid of them.

We think the law should become a general one that no Farmer should be obliged to guard his crops against his neighbor's cattle. On each farm the only fencing should be to guard his own cattle.

In this way a great part of the labor and expense of farming would be avoided. Often the fencing on a place has cost more than the whole farm would sell for at public sale.

For New Farm.

Of Others Eyes.

The other day as I was walking around, to me, the beautiful city of Baltimore, and looking at the great and rapid improvements that are going on in all parts of the city, the thought came to me—what a vast amount of work has to be performed by us poor hard working mortals for the benefit and gratification of other peoples' eyes! If it was not for that I am almost sure that this world of ours would not have the charm for us it now has.

What a power others eyes have upon us! How afraid we all are of "Old Mrs. Grundy"! and it may be well for us that it is so.

So let us go on, cultivating our eyes for the beautiful, both in art and nature. It will bring us pleasure and contentment in old age.

M.

We must have laws that will protect the employees of corporations against the systematic frauds which they do not hesitate to impose upon them. The law must treat them as criminals.—*New Farm.*