county. Is there not one farmer in Crawford County who is as anxious to improve his children as his farm, and who has the means and the inclination to give his son a chance with these twenty-six? Is there not one farmer's son who has the ambition to place himself among those who are to be the enterprising farmers of the future?

"Paying his own way" is undoubtedly a much more inspiring theme to talk of in connection with some self-made hero than, it is for the average young man to put into practice; but it is much better than being left behind.

There are three reasons why the farmer needs a good education—the more the better.

First.—He needs the mental drill. A well-developed intellect is as much to his advantage as to any one else.

Second.—He needs a practical knowledge of the science of farming.

Third.—And above all he needs it as a means of self culture.

He needs it to so fill the home with the good and the beautiful that there will be no room for the vices which have been confined to larger cities; but which are now working their way into the country. And do we not realize that country life is vanishing? Railroads and telegraphs, daily papers and travel connect completely city and country life now-a-days. For instance, notice how quickly fashion wings its way into the country, compared with the time it used to take. Hasn't the toboggan craze, ever reached this little village? Notwithstanding that country girls and boys used to be old fashioned, there was Sterling worth developed by country life which is being displaced by dissipation of city customs. The enterprise which brings so many advantages into the country, bring with them new dangers and responsibilities. If parents would not have their children frivolous and sensual they must develop in them a taste for that which is elevating and ennobling.

If your daughter finds her chief delight in the "loooky dress" or in the ball-room; if your son finds anything attractive in the saloon or in the low and degrading pass-times, it is because they know no higher enjoyment. Let music, books and other means of culture give their refining influence to home pleasures, and let debating societies and literary clubs and entertainments be among their social gatherings. If there is no taste for such things, it is because they have not been educated to such tastes. If we are content simply to drift with the onward tide of progress if we seek no greater improvement in ourselves than that which our times force upon us, this age of universal education, with all the advantages of our boasted Nineteenth century, can avail us but little. We must be an element in the work which is to lift us to a higher plane of thought and action.

O, when there is so much to learn and do that will enrich and brighten our lives, how can we think the winter evenings long or be content with those amusements which simply "pass the time away." Rather, let us try what we can do, what we will do now that as the years roll by, it will not be ours to echo the lament of the follies of this world or the sigh that life is a weary burden, but that we

"May sing the song that gladdens, Leave out the sad refrain; Raise up the drooping spirits; We do not live in vain.
O, glorious life! to feel the thrill To live, to work and sing! O, golden hours! drift slowly by; Life is a priceless thing."

Nearest Home.

(By Geo. C. Hill, Rosendale, Wis.)

Friends from the farm and the home, while we meet here, those, so well qualified by their wisdom and experience, to teach us now to double the number of blades, which means better and more profitable farming everywhere, we invite you to stop a while nearer home.

Philosophers say, we should eat to live, not live to eat. So should the farm, or any business be subservient to the home; not the home and its welfare sacrificed to benefit the farm.

Devotion to business is commendable; we admire and covet broad and well-cultivated farms, luxuriant crops, fine stock, tidy fences and good buildings. They have their reward. They are useful object lessons. They bring more wealth, which should mean better dwellings; more comforts within and without, and increased powers to bless the world.

It is possible, that in our devotion and haste to get to the meadow and pasture, and the herds and the flocks, and other important matters, we shall neglect the home surroundings.

Doubtless some will be disappointed
when they hear this paper, supposing that "Nearest Home" is the inner sanctuary itself, where, "Be it ever so humble," is the one earthly paradise to those who will have it so. Alas! that from any fault or ignorance of ours it is not so. But this subject is too sacred for my unskilled pen. I leave it for those, who seeing the needs and possibilities of ideal farmers' homes, shall give us the much-needed teaching that shall result in country homes, equal if not excelling any on earth, in all that ministers to the well-being of the family and the state.

It is just outside the door we look for that part of the farm which is nearest home—the lawn, the garden and the orchard. We have seen the marvelous change in the architecture of buildings in the suburbs of our cities. Wealth is lavished to give an odd and pleasing effect to the dwellings, while the effort to improve and beautify the lawn, so it shall be a worthy setting of the gem, has been fully as great and even more successful. Such a wealth of green, covering a broad open lawn, with single and clumps of shade-trees; clusters of shrubbery by themselves, and vines over the porch. Walks and drives all in perfect order; restful seats under the shade, and room for croquet and other games; a miniature park. The lawn of the wealthy. A little of this, we can have about our dwellings; as much and no more, as shall be kept in perfect order. There are two things that should be in front of every farm dwelling. First, grass, and second, trees. There is beauty and utility in both. The lawn should be smooth and kept closely shaven from the street to the door. Drive out the pigs and build a fence around them in the clover. Use the colts and calves no longer for lawn mowers of the house yard. Remove the wood-pile, the leach-tub, the swill-barrel, the lumber wagon and all other convenient rubbish to a proper place, and have a nice clean place to look upon, and where the children can play without seeking a grassplat in the streets, or go to the woods for shade. If we have not the facilities for watering in time of drought, we can compensate by keeping it well enriched.

Trees are among our greatest blessings, and unexcelled in substantial beauty. Some of them we should have about every house. They break the force of the winter winds, and shield from the heat of the summer sun. Under their shade we may sit in the heat of the day; in their branches the birds will build their homes, and from them the children can hang their swing. There were trees in Eden, and there are trees in heaven. Thank God for the trees of our time and country. We sympathize with the dwellers of our treeless plains. A former resident of this county, visiting his old home here last summer, said he would give $500, if two of the trees growing there, could be moved to his home in Russell, Kansas. But because trees are so desirable, let us not make a mistake of having too much of a good thing. A forest or a thicket, is out of the place in the house yard, unless the house and its belongings are such as had better be hid from view. Away with the Lombardy poplar, and balm of Gilead, and give us of our noble elms, oaks, hickories, spruce, hemlocks and maples. Give them room to grow a hundred years. They will increase in beauty with each generation. The noblest trees I ever saw were some white oaks, on a farm near Philadelphia. Apparently they were 200 years old, vigorous, majestic, standing out alone in their grandeur. In the presence of such we uncover our heads.

Much of the rockwork, or "stoneries," as I have heard them called, is anything but ornamental. When we come to this sort of thing there is but a step from beauty and fitness, to the ridiculous. And what shall be said of the Gypsy contrivances for hanging gardens, and the effort to imitate nature by planting unsightly stumps near the door, to be hid by morning glory! Nature kindly hides defects which cannot be got rid of otherwise, but turns her stumps and logs into food for living things. Those who study nature, find her beauty simple, while full, round and restful, with plenty of room for all she undertakes, and with something new to present, at every turn. Such, in a small way, should we try to make the bit of landscape at our door, which with the neat cottage or well painted house, will be a thing of beauty to the traveler, and a joy and comfort to the dwellers there.

It is but a step from the lawn to the garden. The same neatness and order should prevail, but in a more precise way and for a different end. From the
growing of fruits and vegetables, we expect to derive profit as well as pleasure. There is no part of the farm, corresponding to its size, that returns so much for the labor bestowed, as a good garden. By this is not meant the “patch,” so generally found on the farm, professing to answer the purpose. The shiftless and unprofitable thing is a disgrace to the thrifty farm, on which it is too often found.

The practical wife and housekeeper well knows the value of a good supply and variety of fruits and vegetables, pleasing to the eye, and tempting to the taste. It gives her the power to banish a half civilized style of living, and puts within her reach, the means to prepare a table fit for a king.

So she urges her lord to prepare the garden spot. He replies that, “We are too busy, and it does not pay any way. We shall have a supply of potatoes, and there will be plenty of green corn in the field.” So, although, sooner or later the garden is made, it is done with little faith or hope. A thing to be done and got rid of, like other necessary evils, without regard to any system of cultivation, or the needs of fertilization. Soon the grass and weeds and insects come on, like a mighty, determined host, and take possession, and behold our farmer’s garden. It is a good subject for the scythe. Wife says sorrowfully, “our garden is almost a failure this year; we shall have to buy our cabbage, if we have any.” Husband replies indifferently, “it’s the cheapest way anyhow.” So the patient housewife contrives to make a variety for the table by first boiling the potatoes, next by baking them, and lastly, she fries them. To have a garden worthy of the name, select a piece of land containing from forty to sixty rods. In shape a parallelogram. The measure of success depends on two things: First, on abundance of fine, rotted manure, which should be prepared the summer before. Second, through cultivation, which can only be economically and easily done with a horse. To facilitate this, everything should be planted in rows running the long way of the garden, with room between the rows for the cultivator. It is not a tithe of the work to keep a garden clean and mellow, by horse cultivation, as it is with a hoe. The garden should be protected on the north and west from cold winds. On the vegetable side make an asparagus bed. Well made it will last a lifetime. From it we get our first dainty dish in the spring. Then come the peas. I find nothing better than “American Wonder,” with successive plantings. No bushes; no trouble from birds; of excellent quality. We need a row of pie-plant. Then there is lettuce, radish, cucumber, summer and winter squash, Lima beans, early and late sweet-corn, tomatoes, which should be pruned and trained to a trellis about three feet high. Melons, cauliflower, cabbage, celery, parsnip and turnip, all of these were grown in a farmer’s garden in Rosendale the past season.

Onions and potatoes were grown as a farm crop. These give a constant succession and variety. There are other vegetables which might be preferred in the place of some mentioned. Some of these vegetables grow in perfection and, brought fresh from the garden, are real luxuries. Such are sweet-corn and Lima beans, with visions of succotash the year around. Such are tomatoes grown on a trellis, away from the dirt, and exposed to the sun. One of the finest sights the garden affords is a trellis covered with tomatoes grown in this way.

The small fruit side of the garden is fully as important as the vegetable side. Others are to discuss the cultivation of small fruits. We will only name some fruits which have been a success in our garden, and delicacies on our table. First comes the strawberry; a real luxury. By growing a number of varieties the strawberry season has been lengthened to five weeks. Next comes the raspberry, red and black; several desirable varieties, early and late. Then comes the currant and gooseberry, the value of which the housekeeper well knows; the easiest of all the small fruits to grow. Their enemy, the currant worm, is easily headed off. I wish all injurious insects were as easily managed. After the currant comes the blackberry, which is becoming popular. The last of the small fruit is the grape, and this is the most delicious of all. Grapes have been a success with us for the past twenty years, with three or four exceptions. The grape season can be extended for two months and longer by careful preserving. This list of fruits will furnish
a dish of berries or fruit, every day from the middle of June to the first of December.

The number of varieties grown need only be restricted by the time to devote to and the taste for eating them. With me it has been a great pleasure, both to grow and eat them. The following extract taken from The Michigan Horticulturist so nearly expresses my thought of the garden that I quote: "The garden is the poetry of the farm, and though you may never scribble upon paper, to be familiar with the growth and beauty of an orderly garden, will fill your soul with the same kind of delight that it would to spend an hour with your mostfavorite author. If circumstances prevent me for a day or two from going into my garden, I get real lonesome for a sight of it, and usually embrace the first opportunity to visit this always interesting spot. My children love the garden with its vegetables, its fruits and its flowers, next to the love they have for the house, for it is a part of the home, and there are no forbidden fruits there."

The apple orchard, more or less of it, is found near almost every farm house. It was considered by the early settlers of as great a necessity as the potato patch; and if as much persistency had been used to overcome the difficulties of apple growing as in fighting potato bugs, we might still be in possession of the orchard. The apple of all fruits is the most useful and desirable. On account of its healthfulness and delicious flavor, its excellent cooking and long keeping qualities, it is acknowledged to be the king of fruits. Where the apple grows, there is my country. Where the apple will not grow, there will I not dwell. Oh! the apples of our childhood home; apples red, yellow, green, striped, blotched and russeted; apples big and little; sour and sweet; early and late; apples for cider and sauce; for pies and for dumplings; apples green and dried; apples raw and baked; apples twelve months in a year.

Does it not commend the wisdom of the old serpent, as well as the good sense of this fruit-loving generation, that chose the apple of all the fruits of Paradise as the one best calculated to entice Mother Eve? Was it any wonder that one of her grandsons was so reluctant to leave the old gentleman's apple tree, of ancient spelling-book fame? Shall we have the orchard by our home? Covered with blossoms in May and laden with fruit in September? We confess to being much discouraged, and the orchard itself looks yet more discouraged. "Well," says the man who has hauled his last apple-tree to the woodpile, "what are you going to do about it?" The tree peddler is on hand with answer, "plant more trees from our hardy list," and shows flaming pictures of new kinds, which he will sell for one dollar. "The quality is truly 'Nonesuch and they bear enormous crops of fruit the second year.' Very likely nothing will be seen of either fruit or tree, the second year. Selling fruit trees is an honest and useful business. Moreover, the great waste of money, and failure of success, is as much the fault of the planter as the seller. But I went through a little experience, and I advise to "look a little out."

Standard trees of the best quality, should not cost over 25 cents, delivered. Some of the best trees I ever planted cost only from 12 to 15 cents. There are only a few varieties that will pay for planting, and they are plenty and cheap. Somebody must try the new varieties but they are generally a costly experiment, often ending in failure.

We have a few varieties that are absolutely hardy, but they are mostly early fruit. There are three or four more that, if planted, will pay for themselves. Others will be found, so that we hope to have a good orchard in Wisconsin. There are growing on my farm in Rosendale, two apple trees, which to the best of my knowledge, have been bearing good winter fruit, for upwards of thirty years, and are good yet. We are not here, recommending special varieties, or discussing methods of cultivation but the fact of an orchard.

We do not advise planting commercial orchards in this vicinity, but we do advise and exhort every farmer, to plant in a good place, 25 apple trees, selected with the best knowledge to be had, and cared for, and protected as living things. If the selection is best, and the treatment such as they deserve, the trees may be expected to bring forth fruit a hundred fold. And every one of them have a pet name.

In after years, while our sons and daughters, turn back in their memories to the wood-lot and pasture, the hillside and brook, the different eows and horses and the old barn, their thoughts
will return oftener and remain longer nearer home. The grassy yard, where they held their sport within sound of mother's voice; the garden with its fruits and flowers and the old orchard with its favorite apple trees, all remind them of the best home, which the sun ever shown upon, and from which they went out to make like pleasant homes, and be living examples of all that is good and noble and useful.

Granulated Butter.
[By John Gould, Ohio.]

The present method of granulation of butter may be set down as one of the most valuable features yet introduced in butter-making, and where practiced, has produced a marked improvement in this product of the dairy.

It is now ten years or more since the introduction of this method, and it has made steady progress in popular favor, but thousands of butter-makers still continue to make by old methods, preferring to gather the butter in the churn into large lumps, or balls, and work out the buttermilk by a mechanical process. These same persons claim that washing butter not only washes out flavor, but blanches color, impairs the keeping quality of the article, and often gives the butter a porous and spongy character.

These objections seem to be fully refuted by the best butter-makers, who now are adherents of the granular system and attribute much of their success to following it. The rules are very simple, and no one need hesitate, for fear of a complicated process, to try, and prove whether the new system is not only a great saving of labor, but also a means of obtaining most positive and better results.

The best method to obtain perfect granulation is to have the cream well aired, and churned at the first stages of acidity. Cream should, if possible, be churned every day in summer, and at least every two or three days in winter. It is also best to churn at a point as low as possible, especially limpid cream, which may be classed as cream somewhat sweet in character, while if the cream be tough and tenacious, a higher degree will be needed. Major Alvord found that range of creams of all kinds and conditions, to obtain best results at the churn, 55° to 70°, but cream in proper condition can be churned with satisfactory results as low as 50° to 52°.

As the butter assumes a distinct form, the process of granulation should commence. There is some difference of opinion about this point. But it is safe to begin the granulation at the first distant sign of butter, or a little later when the butter grains begin to show about the size of small shot, and here the operation of churning should cease, when a quantity of cold water, in which a little salt has been dissolved, should be added, enough in quantity to cool the mass down to 55°, which seems to be about the point where hardening of the globules can be carried, and not prevent cohesion among them. The lower the temperature, the more force is needed to make the butter compact. and it may be made so low that the butter will be dry and crumbly, a matter that should be avoided. The use of salt with the first, and even all washing, or granulation of the butter, is now generally recognized as an important aid. The salt has its office in increasing the gravity of the cheesy elements of the buttermilk, and if a quantity of water, nearly equal in bulk to the amount of cream, is used each time to graduate and free it from buttermilk, there will be very little trouble in getting a perfect separation, and very little if any use for strainers and sieves to catch escaping butter. Salt is useful in giving butter a cleaner look in the process of washing than can be secured without its use.

The granulating process should be so conducted that the gathering of the butter in a mass shall be prevented as much as possible, for herein lies the full measure of success. If we churn so as to gather the butter in lumps in the churn, the butter has also inclosed a large per cent. of the albuminous matter and buttermilk, and while in working over, a part of this fluid (casein and sugar), may be expressed, yet a part remains condensed, as it were; and the working over is but to divide and subdivide it so as to make it invisible. This, then, is clear that the nearer we can get to keeping the granules separate during the stage of washing with brine, the more nearly we shall accomplish our purpose in freeing the butter from buttermilk, and exchanging this butter-