

Mrs. Emily Hoppin next read a paper, the subject of which was "Twenty-Five Acres Enough." Any attempt at a synopsis of it would fail to do it justice. We therefore reproduce it in full, as follows:

It is a pleasant September day in Vermont. The hills look very beautiful in their autumn dress of many colors, with the haze of the Indian summer softening it.

In the low-ceiled parlor of an old-fashioned farm house, surrounded by the family friends, stand John and Mary, only a few moments before pronounced man and wife.

The gladness and sadness that come with a wedding is with all, and the sadness is greater, for the next day will see the newly-married couple start for a far-distant home.

John has stayed with the old people until now. By industry and economy he has laid away \$5000. The alluring tales of the wonders of California have always tempted him, and now that he has persuaded Mary to join her lot with his, he is all the more eager to go.

At first he had thought to go to southern California.

The stories of sleepy Santa Barbara, of prosperous prohibition Pasadena, and growing Los Angeles had made him anxious to go there; but John's was a practical mind. He had written to different places and had accumulated a great deal of interesting, even if not always quite true, literature.

He had heard of the delightful climate of southern California, and the words northern California had a chilling sound that made him think of Vermont winters. But, as I said before, he had a large amount of literature, some of which read like a fairy tale; but he had statistics also.

He found that the sunny climate of southern California had the same average temperature of the great Sacramento valley, but had less than half the rain.

He found the soil was a comparative desert until the Midas touch of water changed it to a garden.

He found that in the Sacramento valley, without irrigation, there were waving fields of grain, beautiful ones of alfalfa, and orchards bending with the weight of their fruit; orchards of apricot, peach, pear, plum, prune, nectarine, orange and lemon trees.

He had seen boxes of raisins and figs marked Yolo county. He had also found that land was cheaper than in southern California. His good sense told him that land that could raise all these things without irrigation must be of far more strength than land that must have water, so he had determined to go to the great Sacramento valley, and as little things often determine our course, the words "Yolo Orchard" on a box of dried fruit had led him to decide upon Yolo county as his future home.

One morning in September they reached Woodland.

The wheat fields lay bare and yellow in the hot sunlight, but the vineyards were still loaded with their purple and white fruit, though the trays spread with raisins showed what already had been taken from the vines. The next morning they rode into the beautiful Capay valley, dotted with its orchards of living green; they rode by the beautiful fields of alfalfa around

Woodland, the orchards of winters, and the alfalfa and hop fields along the Sacramento river. Then they drove along the banks of beautiful Cache creek, admired the oaks dotting the fields, heard of the depth of the soil, saw the orchards and vineyards on the farms and said: "Here we will live, in this garden spot of Yolo county."

They bought their land a few miles from the little town of Yolo, not far from the creek. Twenty-five acres at \$75 an acre ate up \$1875, and one morning they stood and looked at their new possessions—25 acres from a large tract. Truly the field did not look as though very much money lay hidden in its brown earth, but John's arms were strong and Mary's were willing, and they were young and well and happy, and did not intend to be easily daunted. So John pitched a tent under a big oak tree, and their housekeeping was begun.

Lumber soon made its appearance, and carpenters.

Mary had spent many afternoons during the summer studying plans from the many books published in these days, so the square house, with the lean-to on one side, which satisfies so many western eyes, did not satisfy hers, for she had determined that her house, though it must necessarily be small, must also be artistic. So she had good-sized rooms and broad piazzas, so essential in a hot climate. To be sure, there were only four rooms, some closets and a bath-room, but the house was built so it could be added to, and both sitting and bed rooms were built with wide bay windows, that Mary knew would let in a flood of glorious sunshine in the winter, and fresh air in the summer. The kitchen and modern conveniences, for John was not a man to think a house in the country did not need them.

A windmill and large tank were put up also, a substantial barn was built, and when the work was done they found the house, barn and outbuildings had cost \$1725, so \$1400 remained.

A substantial fence of woven wire was put around the place at a cost of \$235; \$150 went for a span of horses; \$200 more for a farm wagon and light wagon; \$50 bought harness; \$100 was needed for farming implements; the trees, vines and alfalfa seed cost \$185; the other live stock \$80 more—a total of \$1000.

By the time the heavy rains came all was finished around the house and barn.

They had decided to keep only one cow for a year, but the breed had to be decided upon, for John believed in thoroughbred stock. He knew of the fame of the Jersey, but he knew the native home of the Jersey was in a moist, cold climate, and he knew, too, that as beef it was a failure.

The Durham was a fine beef strain, but only one in ten was a good milker, and John wanted his cows for milk and butter. On investigation he found that the Holstein thrived in a warm, dry climate; that repeatedly they had carried off first prizes for butter, so a gentle Holstein heifer was purchased having a fine butter test. Fifty hens were bought, brown leghorns, not a showy fowl, but good layers of white eggs and non-setters.

The months passed by. The land had been cultivated thoroughly. Olive trees were planted around the entire tract. Near the house they put walnuts, on account of their beautiful foliage, ample shade and delicious nuts. Ten acres were set out to alfalfa, seven to almonds, five to Sultana raisins, and the other three were left for the buildings, chicken yards and orchard.

The first year was a hard one, as nearly all their capital had been used, and they were determined not to go into debt. But John found work near by for himself and team, and they lived economically and managed to tide through the year without getting into debt. The hens brought in \$75 this first year. Enough alfalfa was cut for the stock another year, and with what John earned outside they managed not to use the little left from their original capital.

Water could be taken out on both sides of Cache creek, so their land could be irrigated. Nine more cows were bought now, and the flock of fowls numbered 200 pullets. During this second year the ten cows were pastured and 30 tons of hay were cut.

John had hesitated whether to take the milk to a creamery, but finally bought a separator and separated the milk at home. In this way the two hours' ride was done away with, the calves and few hogs he kept had the milk fresh and warm night and morning, and Mary found that her butter

from their private creamery was in good demand. At the close of the second year they found that the ten cows had averaged \$60, or \$600 for the year.

The 200 hens were taken good care of, and showed their care by laying eggs in abundance. Mary used eggs freely in their living, 400 were used for setting, and she sold during the year \$400 worth of eggs, and the increase from the fowls paid their keeping.

Nothing was laid aside this second year, but the third year found a little more coming in, for the raisins had commenced to bear.

The fourth year found the vines and almonds in full bearing. Six tons of raisins were taken from the vines and sold at \$100 per ton. The expenses were \$100, leaving a net profit of \$500 from the vineyard.

There were 490 almond trees on the seven acres, that averaged 20 pounds to a tree, and after the cost of harvesting, which was 1½ cents, was taken out netted them \$1.80 a tree, or \$882.

The hens brought in this fourth year about the same as they had the third year, or \$400. At the close of this year they found that they had taken in not quite \$2400, and of the amount \$1200 had found its way out to interest.

The years slipped by. In seven years the olives were in bearing, and netted them \$1.50 a tree, or \$300 for the 200 trees. The walnuts had been grafted while young into the English nut and gave them an abundance to use and some to sell.

At the close of the seventh year they had \$4000 out at interest, had kept well, for work, if not too hard, is a wonderful cure for ill health. They had, during these years, not only the necessities, but many luxuries. They had made it a matter of principle to buy a few books each year, and they had taken a daily local and city paper, and several of the leading magazines, so our country couple had not let their minds stagnate.

Their few acres were perfectly tilled. Roses and other flowers were everywhere around the house, and many ornamental shrubs and trees added beauty to the place, and as you came to their home you felt the influence that comes with neatness, thrift and beauty. We will leave them now in their quiet country life, a life that after all, when rightly used, brings out the best in one's nature—a life that has given to the world such men as Burroughs, Thoreau and Walt Whitman.