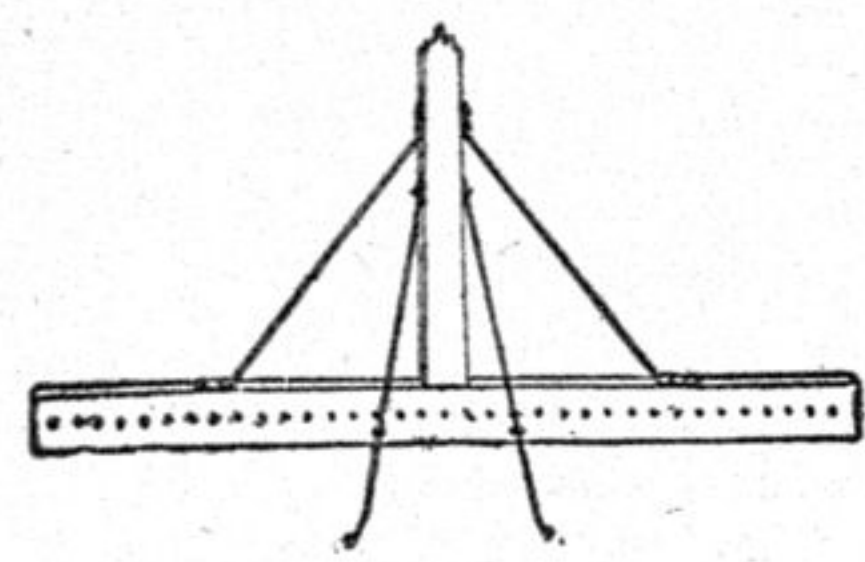


## AGRICULTURAL FARMING.

### Clearing the Corn Stubble.

The neat farmer who loves to see his fields clean and free from trash that is unsightly (and it may be said that whatever is thus disagreeable is equally undesirable in other ways) always objects to the appearance of the corn stubble in the land in which the oats are sown as the first of the spring crops. They are not only unpleasant to look at, but they are in the way of



RAKE FOR CLEARING CORN STUBBLE.

good culture of the land. The illustration shows an implement for gathering this rubbish and getting rid of it so as to turn it to immediate good use. A bar of strong oak timber six inches wide and three thick has a tongue fitted into it in the usual way, and is furnished with a number of curved teeth made of half inch steel bar. The teeth are sharpened so that they take fast hold of the stubs below the surface of the ground and tear them out, and also gather them as they pull them out of the soil. As a load is collected, the rake is lifted by a pair of handles fastened to the bar. The shape of the teeth is shown, and these are best made with a thread on the top for a nut to fasten them in the bar. The bar may be made as long or short as may be thought proper. The most effect is gained by going diagonally across the rows so that the teeth will take good hold of the stubs. The best time to do the work is after the ground has been softened by the rain, but not until the soil is dry enough for clean work. The teeth should be not less than four inches apart. In turning at the end of the rows it will be safest to lift the bar clear of the ground to avoid bending the teeth. When the gathered trash is dry it may be burned and the ashes spread at once.

### Cheese Making at Home.

Cheese making has always seemed to me to belong to the occult arts, and I have regarded with awe and reverence the woman who could make cheese at home with even good conveniences, writes a correspondent. But after many trials I have learned how to make cheese with the commonest kind of implements, and have good results. The milk from six cows saved night and morning will make a cheese weighing about ten pounds when done. If one does not have enough milk, it is a good plan to club together with a neighbor and divide the cheese or the profits therefrom after making. A thermometer is needed for cheese making. One of the commonest causes of tough cheese is having the milk at a wrong temperature, eighty degrees being right. One cannot tell how warm the milk is by trying it with the hand, a temperature of eighty degrees will often seem cold. The first cheese I assisted in making, I had the milk too warm, and although the curd formed speedily, the cheese was very tough and poor. Having the temperature right, dissolve and add one small rennet tablet for the milk from six cows, stir up and let stand till it thickens; the time required will be from forty minutes upward. I have an idea that the longer it takes to thicken, the better the cheese, but this may be a note. When well thickened, take a knife and cut down through it in squares, then wait for the whey to begin to come up on top. When it separates, lay a cheese cloth over the top of the curd and dip the whey off. A boiler will do to have the milk in and a cheesecloth yard and a half or two yards in length will do to put over it to extract the whey. All handling must be done gently, as the rougher the handling the more cream is lost in the whey. Save a little whey for after use. After dipping off part of the whey, stir the curd very gently with the hands, break it up, and this will eliminate more whey; this should be repeated until the whey is all separated from the curd. Next take a clothes basket, spread the cheese cloth in it, and place the basket over a tub. Carefully put the curd into the cloth and work a little with the hands till it begins to seem fine and the whey is well drained out. If the whey does not separate easily, the milk should have stood a little longer to thicken. Much will be learned in making one cheese. After the curd is worked as above, heat about a quart of whey so that it will feel warm to the hand, and pour over the curd, work a little, and if the curd squeaks while handling it is ready to salt; but if there is no squeaky sound, heat a little more whey and pour over; it takes very little heat to harden the curd so that it will squeak; if it becomes too "squeaky," the cheese will be hard and tough. If the milk was too warm to begin with, the curd will "squeak" before the warm whey is poured over it, and it should be omitted. Allow four or five good tablespoonsful of salt for the milk from six cows, and work in lightly, taste, and if not salt enough add a little more, work the curd up, and have the press ready. This may be improvised. A round hoop from a peck measure will do, that is, a peck measure with no bottom in. Lay a cloth in this, set it up with a clean board under it, put a cloth over the top of the measure, put the curd on the cloth and let it press the cloth down into the measure. Have a cover that will fit inside the measure, bring the cloth over the top of the curd as smoothly as possible, put the cover down and press by means of a lever or with weights. The weight needed is not extreme, because if pressed too hard the cheese will not be as good. To make a good cheese the following points must be remembered: First, do not have the milk too warm, eighty degrees being right; second, let it stand till the milk is well thickened after adding the rennet; third,

handle gently in every process; fourth, do not use too much salt; fifth, have the press stand level or the cheese will be one-sided; sixth, turn the cheese over at night, using a clean wet cloth when this change is made. The cloth should always be wet when put in the press. Take the cheese out in the morning, rub well with sweet butter, and make a bandage for the outside. A cheese is less apt to mold if simply wrapped loosely in a cheese cloth than if covered all over with cloth. If the cheese begins to mold, take the cloths off. Rub the cheese with butter daily for a week, and turn over daily. It will need an airy place and a dry one; a cellar will soon ruin it by molding. Keep covered always to protect from the little cheese fly that sometimes causes trouble. A good full cream cheese will be fit to cut in five weeks, and ought to be rich and creamy to the taste, and it will be if these directions are followed implicitly.

### POULTRY NOTES.

—Sell off all surplus cockerels.  
—Wyandotte fowls have legs free from feathers.  
—Hens that are too fat sometimes lay small eggs without yolks.  
—Give the fowls plenty of water even though they have milk to drink.  
—The average cost of feed for rearing chicks to three months of age is fifteen cents.  
—It is not only a waste of grain to feed fowls designed for layers too heavily, but it often produces leg weakness.  
—For broilers Indian Game and Brahma make a good cross. Plymouth Rock and Brahma make a hardy, rapid growing chick.  
—Though there is a difference in hens it is generally considered that hens are in their prime for laying before they are three years old.  
—Have dry, comfortable quarters for all fowls; even ducks should have a dry floor to "roost" (?) on. A little straw sprinkled on the floor will help in cleanliness.

### A CENTURY AGO.

Some Queer Customs of Our Forefathers One Hundred Years Ago.

The mail carrier often whiled away the time as his animal jogged along the road in knitting mittens for winter use.  
Boys attended the district school for two or three months in the winter; the master "boarded round" among his patrons.  
Candlesticks were almost as heavy as tables and were sometimes set on rollers to be the more easily moved about the room.  
Every house in the cities had its tin gutter, projecting far beyond the roof and sending a torrent of water down into the street.  
After the church service was ended the whole congregation remained in their pews until the minister and his family had passed out.  
Stovepipe hats were unknown. A felt, broad brim, a cocked hat, or a coon-skin cap was considered good enough for anybody.  
Medical colleges were always in danger from the indignation of the people, who believed dissection to be an exceedingly sinful practice.  
There was not a mile of telegraph or telephone wire in existence, nor a foot of railroad, nor a modern steam engine, nor a steamship.  
The clerk of the church had charge of all the notices to be read, and passed them up to the minister one at a time at the end of a long pole.  
Church people considered it sinful to read a novel, to make a joke, to sing or listen to a comic song, to own a fiddle or to make a present at Christmas.  
Coal oil was unknown. Shortly after the beginning of this century it was discovered, and the first use made of it was as an ointment for rheumatism.  
Frequent complaints were made that letters were opened in transit by the carriers and other persons eager to learn what news was being transmitted.  
There were cabbages, but no cauliflowers or egg plants; the potatoes were scarcely larger than marbles; oranges and bananas were not seen once a year.  
The drill, the wheeled plow, the reaper and mower, the hay rake, the corn-cutter and a dozen other farm implements now indispensable were unknown.  
The cities had no sidewalks. Stepping stones were laid in muddy places, and a line of posts kept the horsemen from running over the pedestrians.  
Quarrels between the boxes and the pit in the theatres were common, and the people in the former sometimes spat down on the heads of the crowd below.  
Painted signs representing red dogs, blue monkeys and other remarkable animals appeared over the doors of dry goods stores and other mercantile establishments.  
Starch was used only for stiffening the frills round the necks of the ungodly. Religious people called it the "devil's liquor," and regarded its use as very reprehensible.  
Bleeding was generally practised; the man who fainted from weakness was bled at once, there being a common impression that fainting was caused by a rush of blood to the head.  
The doctor carried his own medicines and himself fixed the enormous doses then given. Every spring he dosed his patients with huge portions of salts and senna, of rhubarb and manna.  
Private houses were lighted with tallow candles; public halls and the saloons of the wealthy with candles of wax, and at regular intervals a servant made the rounds with a pair of snuffers.  
Young men and women of a "worldly turn of mind" amused themselves by dancing. Only in the daytime, however; a dance continued until the candles had to be lighted gave great scandal to the godly.  
The provision stores contained little fresh meat in summer, for ice was not put up and the meat soon spoiled. When a "beef" was killed it was a neighborhood event, and everybody came in and took a part of the flesh.  
There was no friction matches. The fires were covered with ashes at night, and if they chanced to go out and the flint and steel could not be found, a boy was dispatched with a shovel to the nearest neighbor's after coals.

### A CHINAMAN ON CHINA.

He Says a Good Whipping Will do His Country Good.

Mr. Sing Wah Lee, an intelligent Chinaman, who dresses in the European fashion, said the other night:  
"China's situation is much like that of the United States. The Chinese nation has been taught for generations that it was the 'greatest people on earth,' and that China was the greatest country on earth. It is rushing into the war, offering rewards for Japanese heads and expeditions to destroy the Japanese people.  
"As a Chinaman, I heartily hope that China will be whipped. The entire land is cursed with a government which is simply organized theft, blackmail and extortion. The officials trample on the necks of the people. The Government is so bad that it is worse than your Boards of Aldermen and State Legislatures in the United States.  
"An enormous conspiracy runs through all China against the scoundrelism of the present government, and the celebration of the Dowager Empress's birthday in November was fixed upon long before the Japanese war, as a time for a national uprising.  
"The moment that a Japanese army lands in China there will be a national revolt against the tyranny and robbery of the rulers who are now in power. It will be the French Revolution of the Orient.

### CHINA WILL LOSE.

"For centuries China has cherished the belief that it was the greatest country on earth, and that its inhabitants were the greatest people on earth. In pure brag it has surpassed America. The result is that the poor Chinese are food for the Japanese cannon and that the Chinese are utterly helpless in their gallant fight against them. If China could learn through the disasters of this war, how much it is behind the world, and then strove to catch up, it would be a blessing to the country. Unfortunately the Chinese newspapers are full of fictitious battles, with accounts of mythical Chinese victories, and at the end of a humiliating defeat and utter collapse of their arms, the Chinese may consider that they have won a victory.  
"I am aware that many disinterested people consider that China in the long run will win, on account of the immense number of people it can feed to foreign cannon without counting the loss. To those who think so I wish to say that war is a matter of machinery and trained soldiers, and if China had four billion of men who didn't know how to fight instead of four hundred thousand, she would be equally well off."

### IF YOU WANT TO BE LOVED

Don't find fault.  
Don't contradict people even if you are sure you are right.  
Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friends.  
Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.  
Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.  
Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.  
Don't believe all the evil you hear.  
Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.  
Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you.  
Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.  
Don't over or under dress.  
Don't express a positive opinion unless you perfectly understand what you are talking about.  
Don't get in the habit of vulgarizing life by making light of the sentiment of it.  
Don't jeer at everybody's religious belief.  
Don't try to be anything else but a gentleman—and that means a woman who has consideration for the whole world and whose life is governed by the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would be done by."

### A Rough Reminder.



He said that he wanted to milk the cow once, just to remind him of the time when he was a boy on the farm.

### The Tramp's See-Saw.

A tramp with a blasé manner lackadissically walked up to the rear entrance of a farmhouse and gently tapped the door with his finger tips. The door was opened by a sharp faced vision, who inquired what the gentleman of leisure desired.  
"Madam," he said with a very profound bow, "I have a request to prefer."  
"Well, sir, be quick about it," was the not encouraging reply.  
"Madam I would fain eat."  
"Do you see that wood, sir?" she replied, pointing to a large pile of timber which had not been shotten to the required stove length.  
Slowly he turned his head and looked in the direction of the pointing finger, then with as much calmness as he could command he spoke thus:—  
"Madam, you saw me see the wood, but you won't see me saw the wood."  
Before the woman had recovered from her surprise he had been wafted away with the parting breeze.

### REAL ART IN BEGGING.

The Ingenious Means Employed to Interest a Victim.

The professional beggar in New York uses various devices to get a hearing, for if he can once gain the attention of his intended victim he has taken the first step toward success.  
"Can you direct me to Ninetieth street and Seventh avenue?" asked a poorly dressed woman whom I met in Fourteenth street.  
"You had best take the elevated road at the corner and get off at Ninety-third street," I answered.  
"How far is it?"  
"About four miles," I said.  
"That's a long way to walk and I haven't a cent. Could you give me a nickel to pay my fare?"  
Within three days I again met the woman at the same place, with the same story.  
"Do you speak German?" asked a young man with a Teutonic countenance, in good English.  
"I do not."  
"I live in Hoboken. Could you lend me three cents to pay my ferriage, as I haven't a cent? I will pay it to some one who is as hard up as I am."  
Twice since then the same man has started the same conversation with me, but he gets no further than the first question.  
A woman was standing at the corner of Twelfth street and Sixth avenue, gazing intently at the Jefferson Market tower.  
"My poor old eyes are not much good," she said in soliloquy, and then, turning to me, asked:—"Can you see what time it is by that clock?"  
"Half-past nine."  
"So late? Mister, could you give a poor woman a few cents?"  
At ten o'clock she was still at her post.  
"Be careful if you go in there," said a genteel appearing man, as I approached the entrance to a place of amusement.  
"Why?" I asked.  
"I have just come out, and find I have my pocket picked, and I have to go to Yonkers to get home. Could you lend me half a dollar? I will return it."  
I watched the man until he had collected two half dollars.  
"Did you drop these, sir?" asked a boy as he ran up behind me with a pair of cheap eyeglasses in his hand.  
"No. They are not mine."  
"I am sorry, boss, for I thought you might give me a few cents, as I have had nothing to eat to-day."  
Two other men were approaching in the same manner before I had walked a block. One evening as I turned from Grand street into the Bowery a man who was approaching dropped a coin at my feet, and I had to stoop to prevent a collision with him as he stooped to pick it up.  
"Nearly lost my nickel," he said, "and I am trying to get another to pay for a night's lodging. Could you help a poor fellow out?"  
Very likely he got his lodging.

### IT WAS A BLOOMING GIRL

And He Went Near Breaking off With His Girl on Her Account.

"I have just called, Miss Simpson," said the angry lover, "to say farewell; but before I say it I want you to know that I have discovered your falseness and I despise you for it."  
"Why, Billy, what is the matter?"  
"Oh, you know well enough. Maybe I didn't pass the gate last evening and see you with your head on another man's shoulder. Who is the unhappy man?"  
"But, Billy, I haven't seen any man but you, dearest; honest, I haven't."  
"No, I suppose not. Then, maybe, I am blind, deaf and dumb, and an idiot. Maybe you didn't have company last evening?"  
"No one, Billy, but my best friend Emily. No, I didn't and I think you are a wretch."  
"And you didn't stand at the gate?"  
"Oh, yes, we did. We were counting the stars in the big dipper—making wishes on them."  
"Oh, yes, I suppose I was blind. Now maybe you'll describe Emily to me?"  
"Why she had on her Knox hat, her black blazer suit, a white shirt-waist, with a black satin tie, and a white duck vest. You know Emily, Billy."  
Billy—"Um-m! I see."  
And what might have been a modern tragedy was averted and Billy made up at once.

### Lightning Made Him a Colored Man.

Bill Goldby and Spencer Mills took refuge under a poplar tree at Trimble, Tenn. during a thunder storm. Lightning struck the tree and severely stunned both of them. After the tree was struck a heavy rain set in, and for several hours the men lay unconscious, exposed to a beating rain. When consciousness returned Goldby and Mills arose stiff and sore, and when the latter looked at his companion he was horrified to discover that his skin had been turned as black as that of any African, and it has remained so ever since. Mills' skin was not affected in the least, and the coloring of Goldby's skin is the only ill effects of their narrow escape from death.

A painting by Rubens was discovered in a London auction store the other day by an expert. It was a grimy, dingy, old canvas, 2 1/2 by 40 1/2 inches, but the unmistakable idiosyncrasies of the master-hand stuck out all over the ancient daub. Concealing his amazement at the discovery his eyes revealed the finder inquired in an indifferent way the price wanted for the old picture, and the dealer had no sooner said \$10 than he had the money in his hand, and the stranger had the canvas. A professional cleaner was intrusted with the picture next, and when it emerged from his hands it was a glory of color and magnificent composition, a veritable masterpiece, estimated to be worth not less than \$5,000.

Who seeks and will not take when once 'tis offered, shall never find it more.—Shakespeare.

### DEATH OF CAP. MCNEAL.

HE WAS FIGHTING FOR CANADA WHEN HE WAS KILLED.

An Incident of the War of 1812—Toronto Left in the Hands of the Enemy—200 Americans Killed by the Explosion of a Magazine.

It has been proved conclusively that the remains found by the workmen who were excavating at the corner of Berkeley and Duke streets Toronto, are those of Capt. McNeal, an officer who lost his life in the fight which preceded the capture of Toronto in the early part of 1813.  
Commodore Chauncey's Yankee fleet sailed from Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., on the 25th of April, 1813, with the avowed object of capturing Toronto, which was then known as York. The fleet was anchored at Toronto on the 27th of April, and the troops were disembarked at the Humber Bay near where Queen street joins the Lake Shore road. Forsyth's rifle corps was landed and was met by Major Givens in command of a small troops of militia and Indians. Major Givens made a strong effort to prevent a landing and to repel the invaders. Another battalion of Yankee soldiers were quickly landed and drove the doughty officer back towards the city. The Americans had intended to land at

### THE OLD FRENCH FORT

Now marked on the Exhibition grounds by a monument as "Fort Rouille." The main body of the American army was soon landed under General Pike. Spies had apprised the Americans of the total strength of Canadian forces, and they brought with them some 3,000 men. The Canadian defenders were reinforced, and numbered in all about 330 militia and soldiers and 40 Indians. They were driven back. Two companies of the 8th Regiment, in which Captain McNeal was joined the Canadians, and after a brief consultation, a charge was made on the advancing Americans. Not knowing the full strength of the reinforcements General Pike halted his forces for some minutes. It was on the grounds now occupied by the Exhibition buildings and the Stanley barracks that the heaviest fighting occurred. The Garrison road skirted along the lake shore, which was thickly wooded. It was the only road in existence at that time. After the junction with the regulars the Americans could advance but slowly. Captain McNeal was killed while directing the movements of his company along this road, and it is presumed that he fell just west of the Exhibition grounds. The companies of the 8th regiment suffered severely. The Canadian forces, under General Sheaffe, retreated through the woods leaving the road. The Americans pushed on and

### CAPTURED THE WESTERN BATTERY,

which was situated on the site of the Stanley barracks. General Pike was advancing towards the second defence near the Old Fort, when he ordered a halt, thinking the Canadians wished to surrender. It was at this moment that Sergeant Mitchell determined that the well-stored magazine should not fall into the hands of the invaders. He lighted a fuse. A terrific explosion ensued. Two hundred Americans were killed by the explosion, amongst them General Pike, General Sheaffe retreated while the Yankees were repairing their loss and attending to the wounded. For this and other actions he was severely censured by critics. He marched to Kingston, first burning two ships in the harbor and destroying another magazine that was situated at the foot of York street. It is presumed that the body of Capt. McNeal was hastily interred at the spot where it was found, at the corner of Duke and Berkeley streets, before the retreat commenced. General Sheaffe wrote an account of the capture of York to Sir George Prevost after the troops reached the stronger fortifications at Kingston. The Americans loss was much heavier than that of the Canadians. It would seem that Sergt. Mitchell's act was not ordered by the commander.

### To Find Lost Articles.

Dr. C. C. Norman said: "While digging some potatoes a few days since I lost my watch charm, and hunted more than an hour for it without finding it. Remembering that my father used to say when I was a boy that should you lose anything, if you did not find it go back the next day, and nine times out of ten you would be sure to find it. So I concluded to try it, and the following day I went into the potato patch and was constrained to go to a certain place and turn over two small clods, under which I found my charm."

R. T. Chambers said: "I was walking with my brother Sam across a ten-acre field, where he lost a screw out of the stem of his watch not larger than a pin head. We retraced our steps and looked closely for it, but could not find it. Wishing to go on where we had first started, we took the same path across the field again. When we had reached near the middle of the field I was strongly impressed to go a little to the right and get down and turn a leaf over, under which I found the screw."

### Canadian Hay For Uncle Sam.

The farmers all over the country are beginning to feel the effect of the reduction made by the new tariff bill in the duty on hay. The reduction is \$3 per ton, and the Canadian farmers are taking advantage of it. "They have two crops of hay, which they are glad to send to the United States," said a man yesterday who travels for a hay-press company; "and this unusual supply, together with the tariff reduction, allows them to undersell the Ohio and Illinois farmer by about \$1. It's knocked the hay business sky-high all over this country. My people called me off the road day before yesterday because there was no work to do. Before the 'Gorman bill' passed I had all I could do putting in pressee. My territory was Illinois, Indiana and Ohio."