

# AGRICULTURAL

## To Make Fine Flavored Butter in Winter.

Why is it that we encounter more poor butter flavor in winter than in summer? writes a correspondent. While the natural conditions for producing good flavor are not as perfect now as then, yet these adverse conditions can be easily overcome by the exercise of average foresight. As regards the correction of this evil, we should remember that the cream possesses the flavor of the milk from which it is derived, and that the butter made from the cream retains the flavor of the latter. Therefore we must go back to the beginning and start the milk quality all right. A bad lacteal flavor may be inherent, or acquired. Inherent, when coming from tainted food—as musty hay, hay mixed with weeds, moldy or black ensilage; from the breathing of vitiated stable air by the cows; and from physical ailments affecting the integrity of the udder. Acquired, by filth falling into the milk-pail from the teats or udder; warm milk absorbing odors from a tainted stable atmosphere; unclean milk utensils, and the use of a buttery that is a communicating appendage of the farmhouse kitchen.

From any one or more of these numerous causes a foreign flavor can be imparted to the milk that nothing will eradicate, the treatment being purely preventive. How easy, then, not to have poor butter flavor from such sources! By merely exercising the caution and care needful to be maintained in every dairy, the whole danger is obviated. Having considered the means of infection of the raw material, let us turn to the finished material, the butter itself. It stands a less chance of deteriorating in winter than in summer,—thanks to the low temperature,—but yet it may lose its flavor through a number of causes.

As preventives in this line, the butter must not be overworked; the buttermilk must be extracted from it; a reliable and soluble brand of salt, free from foreign mineral matter, must be used; and the product must be put in clean, aseptic packages.

In the majority of cases unclean stable surroundings impregnating the milk, is the cause of damaging winter butter flavor. When you have lost the natural aroma of butter, it is the same as though the diamond had been bereft of its luster—its chief attribute of worth is gone.

I would make every milker wash his hands before sitting down to a cow, and if necessary sponge off the animal's udder and teats. This latter precaution, however, will seldom be needed where plenty of dry bedding is used. I would also give the stable a thorough airing daily, and if this was not sufficient to eradicate odors, I would employ a deodorizer, like plaster, on the floor after cleaning. By these precautions you are not trying to gain anything but what should always be found in butter,—viz., natural flavor. Nature attends to these points pretty well in summer time, when cows have the range of clover-scented fields, but a wise dairyman can officiate quite well in nature's place if he only tries to. Are you doing it this winter, and thus preserving the most valuable characteristic of your butter?

### Keeping Accounts With the Farm.

Farmers, as a rule, are too negligent in this matter. They often complain of hard times, cheap wheat, and low prices for all other farm products, when they are utterly unable to state just what their products cost them per bushel or per ton. It is one of the most satisfactory accounts a farmer can keep, and has been largely the means of enabling the writer to reduce the cost of producing a bushel of wheat from \$1.25 in 1882 to 34c in 1894, allowing the same pay for labor expended and for rental of land in each case. The cost of all other crops was also reduced, but the reductions were not so marked as in the case noted. While it has a strong tendency to reduce the cost of production, this is not all. It enables a farmer to know whether he can afford to sell his products at prices prevailing when he wants to sell. If he raises them at a loss he will know it, and again it is a great help in showing him which crop pays best on his farm, so that he can grow more of what is adapted to his soil and climate and is most profitable.

Any cheap memorandum book will answer the purpose, but an indexed ledger is better. Then plant your farm, and name or number the fields, stating how many acres each contains. When you begin farm operations in the spring, charge the field with all labor at a given price for hand and team, a given price for hand where team is not used, also all seed grain at what it is worth at the time as seed, and lastly, charge the field with a certain amount of rent or interest on investment. Don't forget to keep dates of all these charges, for they are a wonderful satisfaction in after years. When you gather the crop give credit for the product in bushels or tons, and at the end of the year it is an easy matter to determine the exact cost of each product. When once accustomed to keeping such accounts, the desire to continue them will grow. Try it the coming year, and report results through the columns of this magazine next winter.

### Horse Notes.

It does not harm to feed a horse grain when he is hot, but the cold water that he drinks very often causes founder and stiffens him. He should be allowed to cool before given much cold water.

Horses that are used for fast driving should be fed less bulky food than those that are used for slow work.

Horses should not be allowed to stand in wet, filthy places; it causes thrush in the feet and sore heels.

As soon as a young colt is weaned it should be broken, not only to stand tied, but to lead. He should also be groomed; their limbs and feet handled.

Quite a number of horses were sold during the New York horse show for long prices. Good cobs and park horses

sell for higher prices than they ever did before.

When a horse is not exercised regularly his supply of grain should be cut down one-half and increased as soon as he goes to work.

The horse, rhinoceros, and tapir all sprang from the same family of quadrupeds.

Nearly all the horses used for fast driving, and many truck and carriage horses in foreign cities, are furnished with a pad or cushion placed under the shoe; it prevents soreness.

If you drive your horse on hard roads he should be shod once every four or five weeks by a competent shoer.

A good bed for your tired horse to lie on after a hard day's work will do him more good than two quarts of oats.

To be a successful breeder you must be a good judge of horses and have plenty of good horse sense.

If your mare has a ringbone do not use her for breeding purposes. Ringbone is fearfully hereditary and if your colt has one it will hardly pay to raise him.

Farmers should notice that their horses' teeth are in a normal condition and that their stock masticate their food properly; if not, many of the animals will cease to grow and will get thin, by not getting the benefit of the food they eat.

### ODD FACTS ABOUT MADAGASCAR.

#### The Policemen Sleep on Their Beats—The Curfew is of Ancient Use and the Language Has no Swear Words.

Probably the sleepest policemen in the world are those of Madagascar. At Antananarivo, the capital, there is little evidence of the force by day, for its members are all peacefully wrapped in slumber. At night, too, the guardian of property is seldom to be seen, and that he is actually guarding is only to be told by the half-hourly cry that is sent up to Police Post No. 1 alongside the royal palace.

"Watchman, what of the night?"

"We are wide awake, keeping a sharp lookout, and all's well."

Antananarivo has no lamps and no streets. It is simply a great collection of houses tumbled together. There is a big force of night police, known as the "watch." The "watch" gathers itself together into groups, and choosing snug corners, wrapping themselves in straw mats, they drop into long and profound slumber. One member of each group remains awake to respond to the half-hourly call from the palace. As he calls back, the others, half awake, mechanically shout back the response. It makes little difference, however, that the police continually sleep, for robbery is rare.

Curfew, though popularly supposed to be purely an early English and Norman-French custom, has been established in Madagascar for centuries. In every town and village between 9 and 10 the watch go around shouting out in the Malgasy dialect: "Lights out!" and they see that all is in darkness in every house. After these hours no one is allowed to travel around without a special pass.

There is no criminal code of any account, and when a man is caught in the act of stealing the populace are apt to ignore the police and surround him and stone him to death. The Madagascans have no "swear words" in their language, and when their feelings are overwrought against a man the only thing they can do is to execute summary vengeance upon him.

### WE EAT TOO MUCH.

#### Two Ounces of Food is a Meal for a Brain Worker, and Twenty Ounces for a Man of Muscle.

The present mode of eating now practiced by the unscientific public at divers table d'hotes, beaneries and boarding-house boards three times a day, 365 days in the year, is evidently all wrong. The unscientific public eats too much. In an article in the Food Reform Magazine, a Dr. Nichols declares that the average quantity of water-free aliment required, say by business and literary men, is twelve ounces, and that men of great muscular activity are well fed on sixteen to twenty ounces. Dr. Nichols' advice is to find the minimum quantity which enables a man to do his daily work without loss of weight, by experiment, and then habitually keep to it.

In the midst of the dietary counsels of the vegetarians on the one side and the raw-beef-and-hot-water theorists on the other, it is interesting to contemplate the possibilities of the eating of the future. It is probable that eating in the twentieth century will be reduced to the minimum, and a century or so thereafter be abolished altogether, if the present trend of scientific dietetic discovery continues. The good old feasts of Christmas are decried as a barbarous indulgence of the animal appetite, and it is only necessary to attend a high tea of a social new woman or a debutante luncheon of a cooking-school graduate to find evidence of the etherialization of latter-day eating. Up to date no table d'hote has advertised its dinners by the metric system, and no restaurant has served meals by the solid ounce. But this is a country of dyspeptics, and the end is not yet.

### Lovely Woman.

Of the new fashioned woman there is much being said—  
Of her wanting to vote and a' that,  
And of her desire to wear man's attire,  
His coat and his vest and a' that,  
And a' that and a' that.

See yonder damsel passing by;  
She's up to date and a' that,  
She wears a man's hat, likewise his cravat,  
His shirt and collar and a' that,  
And a' that and a' that.

His suspenders and cuffs and a' that,  
But do what she can to imitate man—  
A woman's a woman for a' that.

The modern maid, her form arrayed  
In sweater and bloomers and a' that,  
Rides a "bike" exactly like  
Her brother does, and a' that.  
She may wear bloomers for skirts and  
a' that.

Wear men's collars and shirts and a' that,  
May wear vests if she will, but the fact  
remains still  
A woman's a woman for a' that.

# NEW YEAR'S DAY CUSTOMS

## HOW THE DAY IS CELEBRATED IN VARIOUS LANDS.

### Festivities and Usages Marking the Celebration of the Departure of the Old Year and the Advent of the New.

The month of January sprang into existence with Numa Pompilius's Roman Calendar, 672 B.C. Previous to this time there were only ten months. Numa named the first new month Januarius, after Janus, the God presiding over doors and portals; always depicted with two faces, one looking forward, the other backward; hence the "double-faced Janus."

The Jewish New Year—March 25th—was legal New Year in all Christian countries. Only in 1752 did January 1st become legal New Year in England.

Dates of the Middle Ages read thus: "January 12, 1542-3." This means that legally the year was 1542, but popularly 1543.

In Cornwall still we find the old Celtic name in use—Juis Genver—the cold air month.

The Saxons called it Wolf-monat, because the wolves were unusually ravenous then.

The Scandinavians call it AElftrujule.

In old calendars and missais January is depicted as an old man carrying a woodman's axe and bunch of faggots, shivering and blowing upon his fingers.

"The new year is at hand; let us gather the mistletoe."—Druidic.

Just as the Greeks reckoned their time by Olympiads, so did the early Scandinavians by their New Year feasts.

When New Year's Day was kept by the early Christians as the Feast of the Circumcision it was observed as a Fast.

Brady asserts that its first mention as a Christian Festival was in 487 A.D. Not until the eleventh century can we trace it, and only 1550 A.D. was it included in the Liturgy.

The famed wassail bowl was first toasted by Rowena to Vorigern. The Saxon used and "waes hael"—to be in health—as a pledge, so she presented a bowl of wine to him, saying: "Loured King, waes heil;" and he replied, "Drinc heil," or, in modern phraseology, "Here's to you!"

The wassail bowl is still freely offered in rural England on New Year's eve.

Drinking to the master, mistress, crops and orchards is still commonly practiced. A Gloucestershire rhyme runs:

"Good dame, here at your door  
Our wassel we begin;  
We are all maidens poor;  
We pray now let us in,  
With our wassel."

In a calendar of the time of Henry VI. we find: "These underwritten be the perilous days for to take any sickness in, or to be hurt in, or to be wedded in, or to take any journey upon or to begin any work on, that he would well speed. The number of these days be in the year 32; they be these:

"In January there be 7—1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, 7th, 10th and 15th."

Ben Jonson, in his Christmas Masque, "New Year's gift in a blue coat, serving-man like, with an orange and sprig of rosemary on his head, his torch-bearer carrying a marchpane, with a bottle of wine on either arm."

When pins were invented, in the sixteenth century, in Gloucester they were a popular New Year's present; glove money dates, too, from New Year days of the Middle Ages.

Something new should be worn on this day, and nothing borrowed or lent, both being most unlucky.

Until the present century the poet laureate was expected to write a New Year's Ode, and the royal family sat in state at St. James's and heard it sung.

No one must go out of a house until some one has entered it. The "first foot" must be a dark-haired man to bring luck. Fair-haired people are often locked out if first to arrive, and a red-haired visitor is an absolute misfortune. Tradition points to Judas as being red-haired.

To open the Bible at random, place the finger on any verse and then read it is still considered as an augury. It is called "dipping."

A full purse and a full cupboard must bring in the New Year.

Most unlucky of all is to let a fire go out on New Year's Day.

Capons and geese are still popular presents to landlords.

There are many perpetual legacies distributed in names on this day in rural Scotland and England.

Coventry God-cakes are still sold. They are triangular and filled with mince meat. The custom is peculiar to Warwickshire.

In the southwest of England the first carol singer who comes in the New Year is admitted at the front door, and sings through the house until his exit is made at the back door. This insures good luck.

Apples, nuts and gilded gingerbread are special New Year offerings.

In 1500 Queen Elizabeth received as a New Year's gift the first pair of silk stockings ever seen in England.

In the north of England and throughout Scotland Hagmen and Hogmanay are the names given New Year's Eve.

Some aver "Hogmanay, Trollolay," refers to the hogen or hillmen, the good genii, and Trolls, the evil spirits.

Hence

"Hogmanay, Trollolay,  
Gie me o' your white bread,  
I'll hae nane o' your gray,"

white and gray representing the good and evil of life.

Many argue that Hogmanay is "Homme est trois rois la," an allusion to the three kings who offered incense. The connection between France and Scotland in middle ages was very close, and Hogmanay is universally Scotch.

The black cat is a lucky visitor. Doors are thrown wide open to let the New Year in.

# Bonfires are often kindled to burn out the old year.

The New Year's kiss of salutation is not yet obsolete.

If anything unusual occur on New Year's Day it is considered most auspicious.

All houses must be swept and dusted clean in preparation for a New Year.

The Highlanders burn juniper and fill their houses with smoke to purify and prevent harm from entering.

Glass ball shooting and shooting for beef are popular pastimes of the day.

Cakes, Scotch bun, rye loaf and short bread or "Pitcaithley Bannocks" are all inscribed "A Happy New Year and Merry Auld Yule" in pink and white icing and "sweeties."

The Scotch "Hiet-pint" corresponds to the English wassail.

First footing at midnight is still freely practiced in Edinburgh and other Scotch towns.

All doors will be chalked in 1895 at midnight by Hogmanay parties.

"If New Year's Eve night wind blow south  
It betokeneth warmth and growth;  
If west, much milk, and fish in the sea;  
If north, much cold and storms there will be;  
If east, the trees will bear much fruit;  
If northeast, flee it, man and brute."

All needle work, knitting and "jobs" must be finished before midnight, or the articles are blackened in the chimney soot. Children derive much fun in this custom, often at the expense of their elders. Even grandmother's knitting is not exempt, but grandmother is generally wary.

In Banff and Abershire "Creaming the Well" at midnight is still observed. The water is first used to wash the dairy utensils; then it is given to the cows to drink. This insures plenty of milk. If grass be thrown in the water, good crops may be predicted.

This practice is also common in the South of Scotland, only the lucky maiden who first draws the scum or cream (cream) of the well has the best chance of choosing a good husband.

"Twall struck—twa neebour hizzles raise,  
An' liltin' gaed a sad gate;  
The flower o' the well to our house gae,  
An' I'll the bonniest lad get."  
Apples and posies are often dropped into wells to sweeten the water for the year.

Water from the dead and living ford is also drawn in the Highlands. The pitcher must not touch the ground, and it must be filled and carried in profound silence. All retire to rest; then, early in the morning this usqueashrich is drunk as a potent charm against witchcraft, evil eye and all diseases. Then the lazy lie-a-beds are sprinkled, and often they are not sufficiently grateful. Many a Scot can recall his New Year's douse of water. Whoever first says "Mu nase choil orst" is entitled to a New Year's gift.

New Year takes the place of Christmas in Scotland, but there are no church services of late years. City churches have had services, but the typical Scot considers the mixture of feasting and preaching as incongruous. New Year's Day games begin early and continue late. Dinner may be the only interruption. "The Kirk holds sway on the Sabbath Day."

Balls and raffles are popular amusements on New Year's night in rural districts.

### MENTAL CONDITION TOLD BY THUMBS.

#### Alleged Indication of Nervous Derangement Commonly Observed.

"When I went to a nerve specialist first," said a man who was once an invalid, "he told me that one way to judge of the condition of a person's nerves was to watch his thumbs. Ever since that time I have found the greatest fascination in looking at people's thumbs. The doctor said that if they moved involuntarily outward it was a sign that the nerves of that man or woman were not in the best condition. I find myself now sweeping the line that sits opposite me in a car, and if that doctor's test is a good one there is a surprising number of people in this town whose nerves need looking after. There are few among the women who do not involuntarily move the thumbs outward at intervals of every few minutes, and when your attention has once been attracted to it the process of watching their gloved hands grows very interesting. I have found the habit much less frequent among men; but take the average number of women in a cable car and it will be a surprise to you to see how many of them indulge unconsciously in this little habit. I only hope it does not mean anything as serious as it might indicate if that nerve specialist's diagnosis was a good one."

### ODD BILLIARD FACTS.

#### Making a Table in a Day—The Balls Sealed in Incubators—Coloring the Red Balls.

A billiard table can be built in twenty-four hours if carts blanche is given to the manufacturer, but he prefers to have time to get the right effects, from one month to six. The wood needs to be seasoned for a period of very nearly seven years. Rich, deep Spanish mahogany is used, pollard oak, ebony and satin wood.

Tables are not always covered in green. Blue is sometimes used and a pure olive green. The late Prince Leopold was the first to make use of the latter color, and olive green is known to-day in the billiard world as "Prince Leopold's color."

The balls must be well seasoned before they are used for play. Manufacturers have incubators in which to store them that they may undergo the drying process. Some incubators will hold fully 3,000 balls. When they are first made they are "green." Solid ivory is the only satisfactory material of which to make them; "artificial balls" (those made of composition) are much heavier and do not wear well. English makers, to give the red balls a perfect color, steep them in a decoction that is sometimes described as the "guardsman's bath." This is extracted from the old coats of "Tommy Atkins," and for billiard balls it is the finest scarlet dye known.

# YOUNG FOLKS.

## Tom-Tom's Dinner.

Gobble-a-Goo, the king of the Huns,  
Ate plum pudding for sixty suns,  
Black plum pudding, with holly sauce,  
Till too much pudding made him cross.

Ting-mo-Loo, the wife of his heart,  
Ordered a six-foot red jam tart.  
She ate of this, it seems to me,  
Till she was fuller than full could be.

But small Tom-Tom, the prince of Hun  
When Papa and Mamma were done,  
Said to the nursemaids: "Gather up  
All that is left, for the poor must sup!"

While they feasted, the queen and king  
Said each to the other, "You greedy thing!"  
But Tom-Tom's heart was glad and gay  
For he'd fed the poor on Christmas Day.

## Her First Dance.

"The Little Princess' First Dance" is the title of the latest photograph of the little German Princess Augusta Victoria Henrietta, now 3 years old. The little girl is a great pet with her royal papa and mamma and her six brothers, and one may readily believe she is in sad danger of being spoiled.

Whether the little princess will be subject to the same Spartan-like methods in which the young princes are being trained remains to be seen.

At 6 o'clock, summer and winter, they are up and into their cold baths. Then they file into breakfast with their father, saluting him in military fashion as they enter.

The royal nursery is a small barrack-room, where everything is done with iron discipline and regularity, and the three eldest boys are under the care of a stiff and starched military tutor, whose orders must be obeyed with military alacrity; disobedience would be looked upon by the emperor as mutiny and punished accordingly.

All Prussian princes enter the First regiment of foot guards on completing their tenth year. The emperor, therefore, has three sons in the army, and a fourth one nearly old enough to enter.

Like true Germans, the children are all musical. In the picture, which was taken in one of the smaller music-rooms of the palace, the Crown Prince Wilhelm is seated at the piano; the second son, Prince Eitel Fritz, stands beside his mother; the third son, Prince Adalbert, holds a violin, while young Rupert is trying his hand at a drum.

Prince Eitel Fritz is considered the favorite with everyone. He is more animated than his brothers, is daring and full of fun.

The boys are all handsome and strongly resemble each other, while the little baby princess is said to look very like her royal mother.

## New Accomplishments of Helen Keller.

Helen Keller, the marvelous deaf and blind girl of whom everyone has heard so much, is now completing her education in a private school for the deaf in New York City. Her latest accomplishment is learning to sing. Placing her fingers on the throat of a singer, she is able to follow notes covering two octaves, with her own voice. The only difference between her voice and that of a normal person is in its resonant quality. So acutely developed has her sense of touch become, that, by placing her hand upon the frame of a piano, she can distinctly distinguish between two notes not more than half a tone apart.

Owing to the special efforts which have been made to educate her, the mind of Helen Keller is far more finely developed than that of ordinary girls. The development of her senses of taste and smell are remarkable. So acute is her sense of smell that she is able to detect the presence in a room of another person, no matter how noiseless his entrance may have been. But more wonderful than all is her sense of touch. So fine has this become that by placing her hand on the face of a visitor she is able to detect shades of emotion which the normal human eye absolutely fails to distinguish. In other words, her sense of touch is developed to such an exquisite sensitivity that it forms a better eye for her than yours or mine for us. And what is more, she forms judgments of character by this "touch sight."

## The Unhappy Kittens.

The man was carrying a cage in each hand. — They were handsome canary bird cages. In one were two canaries—golden, happy canaries. They chirped as gayly going along the street as if they hung in a sunny window with plants.

In the other cage were two striped kittens—the most miserable, unhappy looking kittens I ever saw. They huddled together in the bottom of the cage and their expression plainly said, "Did you ever see anything so ridiculous as two kittens shut up in canary bird cages?" Whatever the reason—I wonder what it was?—for putting them in a cage, they were the most unhappy looking kittens I ever saw. They were too unhappy even to cry.

## The Mortgage.

A mortgage makes a man rustle and it keeps him poor. It is a strong incentive to action, and a wholesome reminder of the fleeting months and years. It is fully as symbolical in its meaning as the hour-glass and scythe that mean death. A mortgage represents industry, because it is never idle, night or day. It is like a bosom friend, because the greater the adversity the closer it sticks to a fellow. It is like a brave soldier, for it never hesitates at charges, nor fears to close in on the enemy. It is like the sand-bag of the thug—silent in application, but deadly in effect. It is like the hand of Providence—it spreads all over creation, and its influence is everywhere visible. It is like the grasp of the devil-fish—the longer it holds the greater its strength. It will exercise feeble energies, and lend activity to a sluggish brain; but no matter how debtors work, the mortgage works harder still. A mortgage is a good thing to have in a family—provided, always, it is in somebody else's family.