

AGRICULTURAL

THE FARM DAIRY.

I have been in this line of business some twenty-five years, writes F. C. Curtis, in Ohio Farmer. My first point was to pick up the best utensils possible to bring them to bear upon the means that I had at hand. I soon got upon the deep setting process of setting milk. I found that it required cold water and continuous cold for at least six hours, and I found that if the bulk of water was large, it kept cold, that putting more milk into it, did not affect it; hence I adopted the system of setting my cans into a cistern of cold water. The windmill brought the cold water into the cistern from a hundred feet away. I applied a windlass. I had about four cans of milk at a time, and I let them down at once, and the large amount of water that surrounded them kept them sufficiently cool for all purposes and the results were good. Ice would have been better. I improved upon that simply by putting a sort of refrigerator house over the cistern, and in that way I kept my water cold all summer, as cold as the well water. For the last four years I have used the separator, but I shall confine myself to the other process, because many who have but few cows, think they cannot afford to get a separator.

The milk is drawn from the cow at 98 degrees. The milk is set immediately into water at 48 or 50 degrees. The advantage of this process is the sudden cooling from 98 to 50 because it shrinks and continues to shrink down to 39 degrees which is the temperature made by ice. After that it begins to expand. It is very important to get it into cold water as soon as possible and let it be at rest with the continuous cold. If you have to depend on a windmill to change the water, it sometimes will fail you. If you follow my suggestion the cream will rise between milkings very well. It may be a little more satisfactory to take out the cans and let them set in some cool place another twelve hours, then the cream is very easily taken off, and if you have to add the different creams together, you had better keep it in a cool place until you have a sufficient quantity so as to keep the cream sweet. If you have enough at one or two milkings, put it in a warmer place, where it will get this acid or ripened character ready for the churn. I think the best way to describe that is to say when the cream begins to thicken, then it is properly ripened for churning. That may not be a very nice point to make, but I think it will be easily understood. You want a revolving churn without inside machinery, and a temperature of 62 degrees is the nearest one temperature that I can tell you. Some will tell you a colder temperature, and some a warmer, but I do very well at 62 degrees, and a little colder in summer if possible, or a little warmer in winter will do very well.

I churn till the granules appear about the size of wheat kernels or a little finer, and stop at that point. If you have followed the directions I have given you the butter and the buttermilk are distinct and it will come right apart if you pull out the cork and let it run. Now pour cold well water into it until you can look into it and see that it percolates the whole mass. Make a few revolutions of the churn, draw it out and put in another lot of water and it will come out almost clear. By this process you will see that the buttermilk has all come out. If you had churned it into a mass before trying to get it out, and then washed it out, you might as well pour water on a duck's back as to try to get the buttermilk out of the butter. Then comes in the nice point and that is to get the butter out without destroying the grain. Many people, if they do even fairly well, injure the grain and make a dry butter which does not sell well on the market. Now, when our granular butter has been washed and drained, if you turn the churn you will see that butter fall around in there loose, almost like dry wheat, and there is no reason why the salt won't mix in all through. Some say an ounce to the pound of salt. That is no rule at all.

People have an idea that butter absorbs salt, but it does not; it stays in the butter in the form of brine. That butter is 12 per cent. water, that 12 per cent. of water absorbs the salt and there will be a great deal more water in it, it will be more spongy, if it is coarse. If you have churned it too warm, the granules run together and make a mass, and an ounce of salt to a pound will be sufficient in that case, but don't be afraid of putting in the salt and mixing it in thoroughly. You put on the cover and revolve the churn and work it into a mass; if your granules are fine, you will hear your brine swishing. If you have twenty pounds of butter, your butter will be entitled to about one quart of brine to make that 12 per cent. Now you draw out two or three quarts of brine, which is just exactly as salt as the quart of brine that remains in; hence you have to put in three or four times too much in order to have enough to stay in. Now, when you have worked your butter into a mass it is ready to pack; it is of the right temperature and of the right consistency, and pack it solidly in the tub, pack it in level and nice. The difficulty, in a small churning, is that it will not fill a package and it is hard to get two different churnings exactly alike. Now your butter is churned and packed. I don't want to instruct you to make butter so well that you won't patronize the creamery. I tell you it is for your advantage to patronize the creamery, but the more perfect you can make butter at home the better patron you will be to the creamery, and the better you will take care of your milk.

THE FEEDING HABIT.

Economy in feeding is always desirable. Many people, however, have wrong ideas as to the meaning of this common word. Applied to financial af-

fairs it is usually understood to mean the saving or hoarding of money. With this narrow view of the question, many people deny themselves sufficient food for maintaining proper strength for their every-day duties. It is forgotten that the animal frame-work, directed by the spirit of life is similar to the ordinary metal engine. The power of its mechanism depends upon the supply and the right use of the steam generated by this fuel. Anyone observes that the machinery cannot do its work unless supplied at regular intervals with a fixed quantity of proper fuel. Many people wonder about three o'clock in the afternoon, when they have omitted the ordinary lunch, why it is that they are weak and weary. The health of many people is permanently impaired by a habitual neglect of sufficient food.

It is often the practice of some individuals to experiment with various systems of dieting. They soon discover that their health is deranged, and too often they go on with various new bills of fare, continually wondering as to their difficulty. Such people have been surprised on returning to a regular substantial, ordinary bill of fare, such as their mothers provided for them in their youth, at the improvement in their health, and their early return to a normal condition and appetite.

Many more people are in the habit of experimenting severely in their methods of feeding domestic animals. With a view to saving food, there is constant effort to limit the stock to the very cheapest ration. The roughest straw and hay or aged, toughened grass is too frequently offered exclusively to the horses and cattle, and the poor sheep are often confined to a still more offensive diet. There is a single excuse in the case of the latter that it is in such cases especially desirable to destroy weeds and brush.

In the case of all meat-producing animals, it must be urged that liberal feeding from early life to the finish is a requisite to satisfactory gain in flesh and to economical use of food. The trite term of early maturity must be continually emphasized. The great mass of farmers must now pay taxes on land of high value, and to receive from this any interest for the investment every action in handling live stock must be governed by wisdom. The haphazard method of the past must be abandoned. They who are not willing to think and to work with energy and system must be content with the downward road to the poorhouse. An active brain must direct the operations of all successful feeding. The feeder of former times who will not move upward and adopt right methods must sooner or later be the hired man and do the bidding of the progressive manager who has trained his intellect to habits of vigorous thought.

It is a well-known fact which cannot be too often repeated that the young animals must not be stinted if they are to make successful growth. A normal relish and appetite for food is inherited, and this trait in the youngster is of great value. Constant effort must be employed to maintain in the breeding stock a vigorous liking for their food by administering to the animal the proper ration adapted to the various stages of life. By right methods of feeding a tendency to economical use of food and the best growth is thus encouraged.

AN ENEMY'S SERVICE.

How a French Captain Saved the Life of a Young Russian Lieutenant.

One of the stories of the Crimean War told by the novelist Turgenieff, and well authenticated by existing letters, is peculiarly touching. Sergius Ivanovitch, a young Russian lieutenant, was one of an attacking party which was ordered out on a cold night to drive a body of French from a position in front of the Russian lines. In order to be as free as possible in his movements, the young lieutenant left his military cloak behind.

The French were found well posted in the edge of the wood. A desperate fight followed, at the end of which the Russians were compelled to withdraw, leaving their dead and wounded behind them. Among the grievously wounded was Sergius Ivanovitch, and all about him were French wounded.

Sergius suffered worse even from the cold than he did from his wound; and though a bullet had penetrated his leg, he was sure that the exposure of the night, rather than the wound, would be the end of him. Groaning and shivering, he was about to examine as best he could the wound in his leg, when some one said in French: "You had best let your wound alone. Suffer, and disturb it as little as possible."

The Russian found that the man who had spoken was a veteran French captain, who even overwound than himself, lay close by.

"No doubt you are right," said Sergius, "but I shall perish of cold before morning, anyway." Then the Frenchman reproved him for coming out in the snow without his cloak. "Experience has taught me," he said, "never to go out without my capote. But this time it is not likely to save me. I am mortally wounded." "Oh, they will come and get you." "No, my dear enemy. It is all up with me. The shot has gone deep—I shall not last till help comes. Here, take my cloak and wrap yourself in it and sleep. At your age one can sleep anywhere."

Despite his protests, the young Russian felt the Frenchman's cloak laid upon him. Exhausted, he fell asleep under its warming influence. Waking in the morning, he found the French captain dead at his side.

ANOTHER BARGAIN.

He—I wonder what the meaning of that picture is? The youth and the maiden are in a tender attitude.

She—Oh, don't you see? He has just asked her to marry him, and she is accepting him.

He—Ah! how appropriate the title. She—Why, that card at the bottom says "Sold."

A LEARNED TURKEY

The outfields were cropped bare as a convict's head. The corn was in the shock and there was a touch of winter in the winds which blew over the hill pasture. The months had gone by since the thoughtful turkey had been brought in squawking from the lane. He had grown large and portly and carried himself with dignity. Fortune, which had appeared to him in the guise of Hilda, had been very kind to him. He had been permitted to share the lawn with an aged peacock of great personal beauty, from whom he had learned gentle manners and deportment. He had dined daily at the kitchen door. In the evenings he had stood near the doorstep, where Hilda and John—John was the farm servant—sat and talked. Their conversation was not instructive. They talked chiefly about themselves and a cottage and love and other foolish topics, but it afforded the turkey food for thought. He would stand somberly on one leg as the shadows deepened and the stars came out and watch the working of their minds.

"It is plain," he said one evening, "that they are thoughtlessly optimistic."

He was watching them closely. John had taken one of Hilda's red hands in his brown hand and was looking particularly and fatuously happy.

"When the corn's in, Hilda," John was saying, "I'll ask the old man if we can have the little wooden house."

"He'll be only too glad," said Hilda.

"I guess he's expecting it," said John.

"It'll be big enough for us," said Hilda.

"For the present," said John, and looked so particularly, foolishly happy that the turkey turned away in disgust. He strolled across the lawn in deep thought. Like all those who are solitary or have the society only of inferiors, he had fallen into the habit of talking to himself.

"It is evident," he said, speaking his thoughts aloud, "that these two people will marry. They will move into the little wooden house. They will live there. They are such poor, dull creatures they will not even know they are unhappy. They will have children and in their fatuous way be happier still. Poor things! It is bad enough to be unhappy and know it. How much worse is the state of those who are unhappy and think they are happy! Poor things!"

He stood on one leg and thought.

The moonlight streamed down and made a silhouette of him in black shadow on the whitening lawn. He stood there for an hour, immovable; only his brain kept turning, turning and evolving thoughts.

"It is really very ridiculous," he said, "but I can't think of any way of putting an end to this wretched state of affairs. I am not at my best tonight."

"What seems to be the matter?" asked the peacock, who came up, trailing a yard of rainbow plumage behind him.

"I am thinking," said the turkey rather dismally. "It is an operation which will not interest you, my friend."

"Ah, perhaps not," said the peacock. "What were you thinking about? And why were you doing it?"

"I was thinking," the turkey replied, for he was always willing to talk. "I was thinking, or, to be more accurate, I was trying to think of some way of stopping this silly habit people have of coming into the world, eating and going out of the world again, leaving behind a certain number of 'understudies'—to use a phrase taken from the slang of the theatre—to repeat the ridiculous operation."

"So you've begun to think about that, have you?" said the peacock, laughing.

"Well, I should think you would."

"What are you laughing at?" the thoughtful turkey asked sharply.

"Oh, nothing," said the peacock; "of course, you're interested in the question. I'm not, you see."

"Well, I don't see."

"You don't see? Well, you're particularly slow-witted, even for a turkey," said the peacock.

"Perhaps you'll explain," the turkey rejoined sarcastically.

"Certainly," said the peacock, "why not?"

"Go on," said the turkey.

"Well, they come into the world, don't they?"

"They do," said the thoughtful turkey, "though I've never yet thought to think where they come from. I'll do it to-morrow. Go on—people come into the world."

"What do they do?" asked the peacock, with growing triumph.

"What do they do? Eat," said the philosophical turkey.

"Eat what?"

"Oh, all sorts of—"

"You!" screamed the peacock in a burst of triumph, "you! They eat you. They pick your bones. They suck the marrow out of your thigh bones. Some of 'em prefer white meat, and some of 'em dark, and some of 'em say, 'It's ummatural, thank you.' So it is to them. But it's not to you. Oh, no, it's you they are eating, and—"

"Stop! stop!" cried the thoughtful turkey. "This is too horrible. It is some ghastly, grim and fearful jest. Eat me?"

"Eat you," said the peacock more calmly. "They eat you, my learned friend, after you have been roasted to a beautiful brown."

The thoughtful turkey groaned aloud.

"You seem to be in earnest," he said after a pause.

"I am," the peacock replied. "Why are you here? Have you thought of that?"

"I have often pondered upon it—why am I here, where did I come from, and why did I come?"

"Well, I'll tell you. You were brought here to be fattened. The maid

supplied the food, and your real gluttiety did the rest. You are fat, and I'm no fatter than you," retorted the turkey.

"Ah, that's a different matter," the peacock chuckled. "I am not fat! I am beauty. No, my poor friend, we shall have to part—your to the table and I shall remain here. It is your fate to be done brown and eaten; I walk here fancy free. I have seen ten generations of you eaten. You are the eleventh my young fellow."

"It is impossible," groaned the thoughtful turkey.

"Time will tell," said the peacock. "For a long time the turkey was plunged in thought. He strode to and fro, and at last paused in his walk in front of the peacock."

"It must be done," he said grimly. "Listen, my friend, I have no desire to be eaten. I have an instinctive feeling that it would be unpleasant. Therefore I refuse. But I can see only one way to escape this fate. I must do as you have done."

"What?" asked the peacock breathlessly, for he had forgotten his own remark.

"I must be beautiful," said the turkey.

The peacock looked dubious.

"Yes," said the turkey firmly, "I must be beautiful, very beautiful, far too beautiful to be eaten. Leave me! I would think."

Haggard and pale from his long night vigil the thoughtful turkey lifted his eyes to the east. Already a band of grayish light lay close against the earth and above it the darkness was thinning. Slowly the sun pushed up a red and inflamed shoulder and the light spread. The birds began to twitter, for it was day. The turkey bathed his burning brow in the dew and shook himself once or twice.

"Courage!" he muttered, "courage!"

He walked briskly across the barnyard, through the gate and on down the lane. At first he met no one. Tears came to his eyes. He was very lonely, and his nervous system was shattered. The sun was higher by this time, and the light was dancing and shimmering on the fields and breaking in curious refractions of pale purple and pink among the poplar trees. Although he knew that the admiration of crude and natural nature was bourgeois, and even a trifle vulgar, he could not help being touched with a sense of satisfaction at the beauty of the scene. It was, he felt, a crude imitation of Monet, but after all, there was in it a hint of Monet's genius. He was in a mood of aesthetic satisfaction; the moment was one of those which lay one open to new impression. Then he saw her. She was young and slim and walked with grace and dignity. Her eyes were on the ground, and her wings trailed indolently as she sauntered toward him in the pale multicolored sunlight.

The thoughtful turkey had an impression of aesthetic delight in her sensuous beauty, and then two thoughts passed through his mind. The first was, "How much more beautiful she is than the peacock!" and the second was, "I hope she is not my sister!" He went up to her boldly and gave her the salute of the morning. She started as though she had not seen him—perhaps she had not.

"You are very beautiful," he said.

She held down her head.

"I have heard so much about you," she said, when the ice was broken.

"You live up at the house and are very learned."

"Yes, I think a great deal," he said. "I am your cousin twice removed."

She explained later in the conversation, "You are very beautiful," he replied.

They walked on. Much later in the morning she said, "You, too, are beautiful, dear one, very, very beautiful!"

She sighed. The thoughtful turkey started, as though for a moment he had hardly taken the measure of her words.

"I am beautiful!"

"Very beautiful, my own," she whispered.

He cried aloud in his joy and flapped his wings and patted the turf.

"It is because I love you," she added.

He became thoughtful.

The snow was on the ground, the snow hung on the trees, the snow sifted through the air and fell softly everywhere. The thoughtful turkey, with a firm tread and a look of resolution on his intelligent features walked rapidly down a narrow turning that led to a little wooden house set in one corner of the farm. As he came near the door he paused. He crept closer and listened. He could hear them talking.

"I've always said," one of them was remarking (that was John), "that there's nothing better for a Thanksgiving dinner—"

"In your own house," put in Hilda.

"In your own house," said John, "nothing better than a cut of nice pork out of the side."

"Cooked by your own wife," said Hilda.

"Of course," said John, "with the crackling on and apple sauce."

"Next year," said Hilda, "we'll have a turkey. I'll set the eggs under the speckled hen."

"Yes, next year," said John, "but not that I don't like pork."

"Oh, dear no!" said Hilda, "The idea of not liking pork!"

Outside the snow the thoughtful turkey smiled sadly.

"Poor fools!" he said, "even now, I dare say, they imagine they are happy—and they have been married a month. Poor things!"

And when the door was opened he stalked in and stood in the middle of the floor.

"Good gracious!" cried Hilda. "It's my turkey."

"The one the farmer gave you?" asked John.

"Yes, the one that ran away."

"We'll have him for dinner to-morrow."

"Of course," said Hilda. "Isn't it lucky?"

"Of course," said John. "Whoever heard of eating pork for a Thanksgiving dinner?"

"It's ridiculous," said Hilda. "And won't he be beautiful when he's browned?"

"He's rather thin," said John, "but he'll be beautiful when he's cooked."

The thoughtful turkey smiled sadly; he knew so much better. He was only beautiful while she loved him.

ASSOCIATION.

I wonder why Mrs. Linngwy prevaricates so outrageously lately? Haven't you heard that she ears a set of false teeth?