

# THE RECORD BOOK.

## A RURAL STORY.

The action begins in Rota. Rota is the smallest of those enchanting sister towns which form the semi-circle of the bay of Cadiz, but of it is the smallest it has not lacked admirers. The Duke of Osuna, with the title of the Duke of Arcos, has worn it among the pearls of his crown for a long time, and he also has in Rota his seigneurial castle which I could describe by stone; but I do not wish to speak further of castles nor of dukes, but of the famous country which surrounds Rota and of a humble gardener whom we will call Tio Buscabatas.

The country around Rota, especially the kitchen gardens, is so productive, that, besides yielding as tribute to the Duke of Osuna, many thousands of bushels of grain, and supplying wine to the whole town, which cares little for drinking water and which is badly supplied with the same, it sends fruits and vegetables to Cadiz and often to Hueloa, and even to Seville, especially tomatoes and pumpkins, the excellent quality and consequent cheapness of which exceed everything. In Andalusia la Baja the people of Rota are called calabaceros and tomates (pumpkin heads and tomato growers), nicknames accepted by them with noble pride.

In truth, they have risen to be proud of such nicknames, for that land of Rota which produces so much (I refer to the gardens) that land which yields so much for consumption and exportation, and which gives three or four harvests yearly, is not land which the good God made, but sand, pure and clean, ceaselessly expelled by the turbulent ocean, snatched by the furious west winds, and scattered over the whole district of Rota, like the ashes which fall around Vesuvius. But the niggardliness of nature is more than compensated by the constant labor of man. I do not believe that there is in the world a laborer who works like a Ratinio.

Not even a slender thread of water trickles through those melancholy fields. But what does it matter! The Calabacero has dug little ditches across his land, from which he draws the precious liquid to nourish his vegetables.

The sand is lacking in fruitful elements. What does it matter! The native of Rota spends half his life searching for fertilizing substances,—seaweed loam being pressed into service, with which to enrich not his entire heritage perhaps, because manure is lacking for all the land, but little rounds of earth the size of a dinner plate. In each one of these little fertilized heaps he plants a tomato or pumpkin seed which he waters later on with a little pot not bigger than a child's nursing bottle.

From that day on, until the harvest is ready, he carefully tends the little plants, giving to one a handful of fertilizer, to another a drink of water, and clearing them of all insects; now binding up broken stems, now placing parapets of cane and dry branches to shelter them from the fierce rays of the sun or the rough sea breezes. Finally, he counts the sprouts, the leaves, the flowers or fruit. He talks to them, he caresses them and blesses them, even giving them names to distinguish and individualize them in his imagination. Really, without exaggeration, it is a proverb, and I have heard it repeated many times in Rota that the gardeners of that country, touch with their own hands each plant that grows in their gardens, at least, forty times. Thus it is explained while the old gardeners of that region are so bent that their knees almost touch their chins.

### II.

Well, then, Tio Buscabatas belonged to this class of gardeners. At the time to which I refer he had begun to bend over. He was sixty years old and had worked forty years in a pretty little garden on the shores of Costella.

That year he had raised some huge pumpkins—as large as the decorative balls on the battlements of the monumental bridge—and without and within they were of a deep orange color—which signifies that the middle of June had arrived.

Tio Buscabatas knew every pumpkin by its grade of ripeness. He even knew the name of each one of the forty which were now crying, "pick me," and he spent his days looking at them tenderly and exclaiming sadly, "We shall soon have to eat!"

Finally, one afternoon, he made up his mind to the sacrifice, and carefully looking over those beloved pumpkins which had cost him so much care and toil, he pronounced this terrible sentence:—"To-morrow I shall cut all forty, and carry them to the market in Cadiz. Happy the one who eats them."

He walked home slowly, filled with anxious thoughts, such as a father might have whose only daughter was to be married the next day. "My poor little pumpkins!" he sighed. He could not sleep. Then he reflected, and ended by saying, "Well, what can I do but get rid of them. I took care of them for that. At least, they will be worth fifteen dollars."

You can imagine then, his astonishment, his fury, his desperation, when, the next morning, upon going to the garden, he found that during the night someone had stolen his forty pumpkins. Like the Jew in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," he became sublimely tragic, and repeated frantically:—"Just let me find him, just let me get hold of him!"

Then Tio Buscabatas began his search for the pumpkins and finally realized that his beloved treasures were not in Rota, where it would be impossible to sell them without the risk of their

being known, and where, on the other hand, pumpkins were sold at a low price.

"Oh! if I should find them in Cadiz!" he muttered grimly. "The infamous stolen pumpkins, the thief! He must have stolen them between nine and ten o'clock last night, and escaped with them in the freight ship at midnight. I shall start for Cadiz to-day, and it will be a marvel if I do not entrap the scamp and find the children of my labor." Thus talking, he remained some twenty minutes on the scene of the catastrophe, as if caressing the mutilated plants and pondering in his mind what had best be done.

At eight o'clock, however, he walked off towards the wharf. The little passenger boat was all ready to start—a humble open boat that left for Cadiz every morning at nine o'clock.

At half past ten that morning Tio Buscabatas stopped before a stand of vegetables in the Cadiz market, and said to a weary looking policeman, who had accompanied him, "These are my pumpkins! Arrest that man!" and he pointed to the vegetable seller.

"Arrest me!" shouted the man angrily. "These pumpkins are mine. I bought them!"

"You may have the pleasure of telling that to the Alcalde," replied Tio Buscabatas, with irony.

"I bet I won't!"

"I bet you will!"

"Thief!"

"Vagabond!"

"Here, here, shut up that talk, I'll teach you both," said the policeman, striking each one a blow on the chest. By this time, a crowd impelled by curiosity, had gathered around. The superintendent of market police—judge of supplies being his true title—soon put in an appearance. The policeman resigned in favor of his superior officer, and told the whole story to the worthy judge.

"Of whom did you buy those pumpkins?" asked the latter majestically, turning to the vegetable seller.

"Of Juan Fulano, in Rota," responded the man.

"That's a likely story!" screamed Tio Buscabatas. "Who will believe that! When his garden—a had one at that—produces little, he robs his neighbors."

"But, admitting the hypothesis that forty pumpkins were stolen from you last night," continued the judge, turning to the old gardener, "How are you to prove that these and no others are yours?"

"How!" answered Tio Buscabatas, "because I know them as you would know your own children, if you have any. Did not I raise them! This one is named 'little fatty,' this one 'squatty,' this one 'rosy cheek,' this one 'pot-bellied,' and this one 'Manuela,' because it looks like my youngest daughter," and thereupon the poor old man began to cry.

"That's all very well," replied the judge of supplies, "but the law will not be satisfied with your mere knowledge of your pumpkins. It is necessary that the municipal authorities should be convinced at the same time, of the pre-existence of the things, and that you should identify them with undoubted proofs. Gentleman, don't laugh, I am a lawyer."

"Well, then, you will soon see how I can prove to every one without stirring a step from here, that these pumpkins were raised in my garden," said Tio Buscabatas, to the great astonishment of the bystanders.

He placed a bundle which he carried in his hand on the ground, then he squatted down, until he almost sat on his heels, and began to untie the numerous knots in the handkerchief which enveloped the bundle.

The wonder of the officials, the vegetable seller, and the crowd rose rapidly. "What on earth has he got in there?" everybody asked.

At that moment a new arrival came on the scene, curious to see what was happening. The vegetable seller, having espied him, exclaimed, "I'm glad you've come, Juan Fulano. This man says that the pumpkins you sold me last night were stolen. He is here to listen, now you can answer!" The new arrival suddenly grew more yellow than wax and started to go away, but the crowd hedged him in, and even the judge commanded him to remain.

As for Tio Buscabatas, when he found himself face to face with the supposed thief, he remarked dryly, "Now you will see what you will see."

But Juan Fulano had recovered his usual composure and exclaimed, "You are the one to look out! If you don't prove your accusation, and you can't prove it, I'll send you to jail for libel! Those pumpkins are mine. I raised them myself in my garden at Egido, and no one can prove to the contrary."

"You will see what you will see," repeated Tio Buscabatas calmly as before, untying the last knot in the handkerchief. There rolled out on the ground a great number of pumpkin stems, still green and juicy. The old gardener, squatted on his heels and shaking with laughter, addressed the following disclosure to the judge and the gaping crowd.

"Gentleman, have you never paid taxes? Have you never seen the green book that the tax collector carries about with him, from which he cuts receipts leaving a bit here and a scrap there so that, later on, he can tell which receipt is false or true?"

"What you refer to is the Record Book," observed the judge gravely. "Well, then, that is what I have here, the record book of my garden, the stalks to which these pumpkins were joined before they were stolen from me. If you don't believe it just look here. This stem belongs to this pumpkin. No one can doubt that, and this one—now do you see it—was this one's stem. Now this broad one must be that one's. Just so! And this one belongs to this, and that to this, and this to the other."

As he talked he went on fitting the peduncle to the cavity left in each pumpkin when it was picked.

The spectators saw with astonishment that the irregular and uneven base of the stem fitted exactly the white and smooth hollow which each cicatrice (so called) of the pumpkin presented.

All the crowd, including even the judge and the policeman, fell on its knees and began to help Tio Buscabatas in that singular comproban, exclaiming at the same time, with almost childish joy:—"It is so, it is so! It is undoubtedly! Look, look! This goes here, that one there! This belongs to that one, that stem to this pumpkin!"

To the hearty laughter of the grown people were added the shrill squeals of the youngsters, and the tears of joy and triumph shed by the old gardener.

The men, in the mean time, were striking and pushing the convicted thief

as if impatient to carry him to jail. It is hardly necessary to say that had that great pleasure, that Juan Fulano was obliged to return to the vegetable seller the fifteen dollars received from him at early dawn, that the vegetable seller immediately gave the money to Tio Buscabatas, and that the latter returned to Rota, greatly content, saying as he walked along the road:—"How beautiful it is in the market place! But I wish I had brought Manuela home to eat to-night and to save the seeds.—From the Spanish of Pedro Antonio de Alarcon, by Jean Raymond Bidwell.

## HEART DISEASE.

### New and Simple Treatment Advocated in London.

This is an age of specialists, and in no profession more than the medical one does the specialist attain fame or profit, or a combination of the two. Every one hears of some doctor or some surgeon who has made his name by the cure of this or that disease, or by the performance of this or that operation, but about many of them, in London, at least, something more than a suspicion of quackery hovers.

I heard the other day of some astounding cures due to an entirely new treatment of heart disease, which can hardly be passed by with the usual shrug of the shoulders which so often attends similar details. There is no doubt that among men of our own generation, who are approaching the age of 50, the most frequent form of trouble, in this country at least, consists in a weakened or otherwise abnormal action of the heart. It is this state of things which Dr. Thorne—the specialist in question—undertakes absolutely to cure, unless it be accompanied by some precise valvular disease. His treatment is simplicity itself. It consists merely in the employment by the patient every day of some peculiar motions of the arms which are calculated to bring into activity certain sluggish portions of the circulation. Accompanying these physical exercises, baths are given of hot water strongly impregnated with certain salts and chalybeates.

One of the most successful cures has been that of Lord Spencer, who not long ago was a hopeless invalid, but who now rides daily to hounds, and has resumed his place as master of the hunt. Lord Mount-Edgcombe also was told by two of the leading London physicians, when he insisted on having a definite answer to his question, that he had better put his house in order at once, as they could not definitely grant him more than two months of life. After a few weeks of the new treatment he found himself in practically perfect health, and has since remained in that pleasurable condition. A special ward in one of the London hospitals has been set apart for poor patients suffering from heart disease, to be operated upon after this method, and demonstrations of it are given to medical men throughout the country, by Dr. Thorne.

## SALMON CANNING PROCESS.

### How the Toothsome Fish Are Prepared for the Market.

A correspondent gives the following interesting details regarding the salmon canning industry in British Columbia:—

"The fish," he says, "are first placed upon a table, at which they are opened and the entrails removed. The heads and fins are also cut off, and the offal drops through chutes into a tank. After the fish has been opened and headed, the blood and rough dirt are washed off, and they are then passed on to a tank where they are carefully washed and cleaned. Revolving knives four inches apart, cut them crosswise into three sections, each the height of a can. As the fish taken in the nets are almost uniform in size, the pieces are all about the same bulk. The cans are then filled, one fish in three cans or ten and a half fish to a case of four dozen one-pound cans, which is the standard size. A pinch of salt is put in each. The filling is generally done by hand, though some of the canneries have machines for the purpose, with a capacity of 40 cans per minute. As fast as filled the covers are placed on the cans and they are rolled down an iron track, passing through melted solder, on the way, which closes up the seams. Each can is dipped in water to see whether it is hermetically sealed, any flaw being detected by the escape of air bubbles. They are then ready for cooking. This is done by lowering the cans, arranged on iron frames, into boiling water, kept at the necessary temperature by steam. They are cooked from one and a quarter to one and a half hours. On being taken out a small hole is punched in the top of each can to allow the steam and water to escape. The hole is again closed with a drop of solder, the cans are tested to see that they are absolutely air tight, and they are subjected to another cooking process, this time in a retort heated by dry steam. Here they remain one and a half hours. The whole cooking process occupies from two and a half to three hours. When the cans come from the retort the exterior is washed with lye to remove any dirt. They are then lacquered, labelled and put in cases ready for shipment."

## HOPE FOR THE CHILD.

They all tell me, said the fond mother, that the little darling is the image of me.

Don't let that worry you, responded the old maid caller, she will doubtless outgrow it.

## STICKING TO IT.

The Foreman—We find that the diseased died from natural causes. Coroner—You mean the "deceased" not the "diseased." The Foreman—Both. If he hadn't been diseased he wouldn't be dead.

# THE FARM.

## MORE HELP ON THE FARM.

Most fortunate is the farmer who has the strength to labor and has in his own family of sons and daughters enough help to run the farm and house without hiring. Such a farmer knows little of the worry and waste that come to the farmer and household where neither the farmer nor his wife are able-bodied and the children are too small to assist or are grown up and have left the parental roof. In either case there is a temptation to leave the farm and seek "an easier way" of making a living.

The man or woman who is not strong enough to do the work belonging to his or her position has of necessity to learn how to utilize hired help. In this respect they are likely to learn the lesson which 'oo many able-bodied men and women fail to learn. We all know men who have, in their earlier manhood, with a healthy wife and active children, become the possessor of a farm and improved it and got around them the comforts and conveniences of a farm home, and all this with little hired help, except that of mechanics and some extra help during harvest or threshing.

Such a farmer usually abandons the farm as soon as his family grows up and he and his wife feel the aches and pains of age.

They abandon the farm just at a period when they need most its quiet and comfort and when they can least readily adjust themselves to the new conditions of city or village life.

Had they in early life learned to utilize hired help, they could have adjusted themselves to the change, gradually, and by the time the children had all grown up and left them, the labor of the farm could go on and the business which they had given the best of their lives to establish, need not be abandoned.

There is a vast loss to the community when such a man and woman leave their farm and home and turn it over to strangers. The new occupants are in no way identified with the improvements made on the farm or with the community. The public and the owner of the farm are usually losers by such a change.

As a means of lessening the number of rented farms—which means declining farms—we advise farmers to give more thought to the question of utilizing hired help.

The theory that one cannot afford to hire help on the farm at present prices of products and wages has much to support it. Unless one has had some experience in managing farms and labor it will not take him long to prove that the proceeds of the farm would not pay his labor bills and leave him enough to pay his taxes, repairs and living expenses. On the other hand, one who has had experience in farming will hire labor soon learns that he must increase his output in proportion to the increased cost of labor, just as the manufacturer does, and his profits are increased in proportion. In every line of production, whether it is making nails, shoes, rails or mauls, planters or drills, wagons or buggies, the maker who hires no help increases his own labor, and limits his output. If he has the business talent to increase his sales, to keep pace with his possible output, he soon finds that he can employ more men and increase his business and at the same time relieve himself of the drudgery that a cheaper man can do more of, while he can employ his brains and skill in further improvement of his plant and development of his business.

Learning to sell our products or to confine our production to the demand of the market is one of the first things to do, before one can utilize profitably hired help. So long as farmers follow the plan of putting in as many acres of corn, wheat and oats as the owner and his boys can work, and keeping as many cows as the wife and daughters can milk and raise the calves and make butter from, so long will the standard of products be low for want of time and labor to keep up the farm and increase the output.

There can be no improvement in quality of products above the average until the managing mind has time for thought and study of the business. Until the quality of the products is improved, the price must be that of the average or below it.

More labor is needed to bring up the land to its highest paying capacity, more labor is needed to give the needed cultivation at the nick of time. More labor is needed to prune and trim and spray, to make orchards and vines give the finest fruits. More labor is needed to give better care to the colts, calves, lambs and pigs, to bring them into early maturity to sell for best prices.

If one has the talent and time to study the possibilities of his farm and markets he can readily increase his income by the extra labor employed. So long as the policy of extending acreage without increase of help obtains, so long will the average yield and quality of crops and numbers and quality of the increase of flocks and herds be only average or below, and our incomes kept down and our ideals of excellence degraded.

The policy of hiring no help may satisfy him who is willing to live wholly by hard knocks, and is willing to make a drudge of his wife and bring up his children in ignorance. It may appear a necessity, while it is only the result of neglected opportunity. As one advances in age there should come not only increase of wealth, but breadth of view and intelligence to utilize it and our mind, so as to lessen drudgery.

The beginning of the year is a good time to consider how to lessen our burden and increase our happiness.

## STERILIZED MILK FOR MARKET.

The subject of sterilized milk and cream is receiving considerable attention, especially in the large consum-

ing centers. While many prefer the product thus treated, and the business of selling sterilized milk is in some cities quite profitable, the demand is by no means universal or even general. If conveniently situated, where one can devote careful and personal attention to it, a lucrative business may be built up, yet this cannot be done in a day.

In reply to an inquiry covering the situation the sterilization of milk consists in a general way of raising the product to a temperature of 160 deg. as quickly as possible, holding it at that point for a few moments, say ten minutes, and then cooling it down to as near the freezing point as possible. It should be kept at this low temperature if intended for shipment. It is claimed that this process kills the bacteria, microbes, etc., there may be in the milk, and that the milk will keep without souring for a considerably longer time than that not treated in this manner. Of course the length of time it will keep depends upon the weather and conditions. There are numerous appliances for this purpose, but most of them are intended for large creameries. A good way for a private dairy is to put the pans of milk into vats of water, raise the temperature of the water to 160 deg., hold it there, and stir the milk constantly all the time and stir the milk constantly all the time it is being subjected to this temperature. Then cool the milk by putting the cans into ice water, stirring all the time you are lowering the temperature. Cream is treated in this way for the market and seems to give excellent satisfaction.

It is necessary to keep the milk agitated all the time, and unless the water in the vat is kept above 100 degrees the cream or milk in the cans will not be above that temperature. This can be done in another simple way by running the milk or cream over a corrugated heater, and then using the same apparatus for cooling. The only difference being that in one case hot water is run through the sterilizer and in the other case cold water. This last way is much more rapid than the other, but needs an arrangement for constantly running water from the time you begin to sterilize until the milk is cooled. Apparatus suitable for this work is advertised from time to time in our columns.

## BUTTER WORKED TOO MUCH.

One of the errors in dairying that is constantly coming to the front relates to working butter. Time and again it has been demonstrated that the less butter is worked the better the butter will be—other things being equal. Working butter can under proper conditions and practice be entirely dispensed with—though it is doubtless quite as well to work it enough to get out surplus water. Yet if the granular system of churning is practiced—and no other system should be—and ample time taken to allow the water to drain out no working will be needed—or at any rate only enough to bring the butter into solid condition.

While the above has been taught and retaught for nearly the past quarter of a century it is by no means an uncommon event to pick up an agricultural paper and have your eye light on an article in its dairy department in which some mention shows that the writer of the article did not know that all the buttermilk should be washed out of butter while the latter is in the granular state and if this is done there will be none left to be worked out. If all the buttermilk has not been washed out you can see it down for certain that the attempt to work it out will result in breaking the grain of the butter.

There is not much satisfaction in always pounding away on one string, but this matter of working butter—or working it too much—is one that calls for line upon line and precept upon precept and even when will be found plenty of people who will lock the buttermilk up by massing the butter before washing out the buttermilk and then attempting to work out the latter spoil the former. Not only that, but persons who set themselves up as teachers will rehearse such practices in their writings for the agricultural press.

If any reader of this engaged in butter making does not know how to practice the granular system of churning let such person look into the matter at once and become familiar with the practice—and then practice it.

## GOOD TIMES IN SCOTLAND.

### The Year 1896 Was a Record Breaker for Shipbuilding.

The year which has just closed, has been in one respect, and one which affects hundreds of thousands of Scotch people, a record year—it has seen the greatest industry on the Clyde more prosperous than ever it was before, says a recent Scotch paper. Eighteen hundred and eighty-three has till now marked the highest level of shipbuilding prosperity in this district, but the twelvemonth named must now yield place to eighteen ninety-six. In the matter of the tonnage of the vessels launched the past year beats the record year of eighteen eighty-three by six thousand tons, and though the capital value falls short of the ten millions of pounds of that date, the difference has to be set down to the cheaper work and the lower prices that now rule. Even more satisfactory are the returns from an engineering point of view, for the total effective horse-power of the engines constructed is over one hundred thousand more than in the 'good time' of thirteen years ago. And last of all, the 'boom' in shipbuilding promises to continue during the twelvemonth on which we have just entered, for the tonnage at present on hand is stated to be the largest ever held in the district, and will ensure that for many a day to come there will be no lack of work in the Clyde yards.