

Winter Butter-Making.

Recent writers on the economics of the dairy have dwelt with almost unanimous voice on the importance of winter butter-making. So far as Great Britain is concerned, first-grade butter is almost as much a season luxury as strawberries or green peas. The bulk of winter-made butter has a tallow and uninviting aspect, in some cases accompanied by unmistakable suggestions in its flavor of a bulbous diet on the part of the cow. There are indications in the record of Canadian experiments, however, that winter may be as favorable as summer for the manufacture of butter if the conditions as to maternity and food are met in a sufficiently accommodating spirit. Winter butter making in the Dominion, which in Ontario alone is now conducted in some 140 creameries and factories, had its beginning so recently as 1891-92 in the establishment by Professor Robertson of two experimental winter creameries. The Commissioner's work on the Government Experimental Farm has been invaluable. He devoted forty acres to cattle sustenance exclusively, with the object of showing that by a proper selection of foddere the number of animals kept upon a given area could be doubled. The fertility of the forty-acre plot was maintained by the manure from the animals themselves—a principle whose value is recognized in this country, as in England, by the yarding of sheep upon turnips when practicable. He was able to eventually to keep thirty cattle on the produce of the forty acres, and he is convinced that the number is capable of still further increase, even to the extent of a cow per acre.

Why Leave the Farm?

A great many people are wanting to get away from the farm because farming has ceased to be very remunerative. But if they flee to town or to the city, hoping to find more remunerative employment, they are certain to be disappointed. The city is full of idle bookkeepers, and would be clerks and helpers of all descriptions. For every vacancy that occurs 20 men stand ready to fill it, and that at a salary that will not admit of much, if any, surplus after living expenses are paid. For the man even well qualified for positions in the city, the prospect at present is gloomy, as there are no vacancies. But for the man unqualified by way of education and special training there is at present no prospect whatever of fat jobs in the city. There is no reason why a boy raised on the farm should make a farmer, if he has no taste for farm life. But before starting out into the world, he must qualify himself for the position to which he aspires. The towns and cities are dependant on the farms for fresh and vigorous manhood, and it would mean the ultimate downfall of the cities if people should cease to leave the farm. But, before leaving the farm, be sure you know what you want, and that by reason of special fitness there is a reasonable certainty of attaining the desired end. If anyone leaves the farm under the impression that there are many advantages in the city not found on the farm, he will discover later that the advantages of farm life have been underestimated and that the advantages of city life have been greatly overestimated. Don't be discouraged. We believe that agriculture is destined to see better days.—*Journal of Agriculture.*

Science of Milking.

It is not everyone that can milk a cow as it should be done. Some can milk two cows while another is milking one. The operation should never be hurried, neither should it be done slowly; but the milk should be drawn steadily as it flows. Some cows have tender teats, and in milking too rapidly the operation is likely to be roughly done, or, if too much prolonged, the cow gets irritated. A cow that is naturally impatient and fretful does not like to submit to rough handling, and, if continued, her disposition will soon be ruined by such treatment. The constancy of being milked at regular times soon impresses itself strongly upon her, and she will readily submit without trouble. As the udder becomes distended with milk, it is a relief to her to have it drawn out. When the udder is filled to the utmost with milk it becomes painful, and if not relieved the cow becomes restless. If this happens frequently or for any considerable time it will cause the cow to dry up prematurely. Milk the cow dry, the last of the milk being the richest and best. In most cases neglect to milk regularly and clean is one cause of the cow's drying up early, of giving bloody milk, of garget and other evils. With kind treatment, and regular feeding and milking, cows will become gentle and stay so, will milk longer and give more. A really good dairy cow is too valuable to be given anything but the best treatment.

It is a mistake to stint the food of young stock. A penny saved that way is two pence lost.

Alas! Poor Crumply.

WESKINS WAS SORRY FOR HIM AS WELL AS GRATEFUL.

I had been exploring some coal lands in the mountains of the Cumberland under the guidance of Jim Weskins, a sandy-haired, solemn kind of a mountaineer, and on the third day of our explorations we, or rather Weskins, picked up a sad-faced, dejected looking man, whom he called Crumply. Crumply was with us until sundown, and just a few minutes before he left us Weskins asked me for the advance of 25 cents on account, which he transferred at once to the departing Crumply. I didn't say anything, but I must have looked it, for Mr. Weskins began to explain as soon as his friend was out of hearing. "I don't owe him nothin, colonel," he said, as if it were a reflection on him to be suspected of owing anybody—"that is, not egactly. It's his way, colonel. You see, I uster hev a wife that wuz fer shore the most kantankerest woman that the Lord ever made. She wuz all red-headed excep' temper an bones, an she never riz in the mornin less'n twuz to make the fur fly till dark. Lord knows how I stood it, but I did, an fer five years, an then along come Crumply. I never tuck no stock in Crumply, seein them days he wuz a sick kid of a feller that wuz allus smoothin around the women. After a while I noticed that Susan—she wuz my wife—and Crumply was gittin powerful thick, and one't I had a mind to warn him, but I thought it warn't none of my mix, so I kep' hands off, and the first thing the commuerty an me knowed, her an Crumply run away together, an when the two year wuz up fer her bein a widdler they got married. That wuz about three years ago, colonel, an ever sense then I've ben kinder lookin out fer Crumply an givin him a boost when I had the chance. I know what he suffers, an, though he brung it on himself, I can't fertig how much he done fer me, an I believe I'm only doin my Christian duty in softenin the hard road the pore cuss has got to travel, even of it hain't no more'n lettin him have liquor money to drown his sorrers with."—*Washington Star.*

Unsigned.

The long-haired contributor knocked timidly at the door of the editor's room, says Up-to-Date, and chuckled to himself when he heard a pleasant "Come in!"

Hardly had he entered the office when the editor jumped up from his seat and, grasping him warmly by the hands, escorted him to a chair and begged to be shown a manuscript. The visitor produced a greasy roll, and the editor read it eagerly. "It is sublime," he said, "simply sublime."

The contributor had expected to hear that it was slime, because it was a poem on spring mud, but he retained his presence of mind sufficiently to ask, "Will you accept it?"

"Will we accept it?" said the editor. "Well, I should say we would!" and he laid the manuscript on the desk, and putting his arm around the contributor's waist waltzed him around the desk three times to the tune of "City Life Has Changed Her."

At last they stopped, puffing for breath, and the editor, sitting down, reached for his check book and said, "Will \$50 do?"

"Yes," said the caller, "that will do." The editor wrote out a check, and just as he was about to sign it the contributor woke up.

We won't say it was a dream. It was a nightmare.

A Wreck in the Potato Field.

An old salt, after sailing the sea for years, thought he would try a life ashore for awhile. He looked around for a job, and was engaged by a farmer, saying, as he had plowed the deep for years, he thought he could plough the land. He went home with the farmer, and, after a good night's rest and breakfast, started out to plow. The farmer hitched up a yoke of oxen, with a horse on to lead. Taking two turns around the field and then turning the team over to Jack, he said he would go to the house for family prayers. It was plain sailing for a short time, but the team didn't like Jack's way of navigating. The oxen turned the yoke and things became snarled up. Jack hove to and went to the house, asking for the deacon. He was told the family were at prayers, but pushed in and bailed the deacon: "Say, deacon, the starboard ox is on the port side and the port ox is on the starboard side. The old mare is athwart the bows, and the whole thing is drifting to hades stern first. Belay your prayers and come down and clear away the wreck!"—*Boston Herald.*

Evangelist—Are you doing anything to make the world better, sir?
The Friend—Well, I've killed our neighbor's dog and cat, and am now busy on a scheme to demolish the piano.

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