FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Interesting Items for the Agriculturist, Gardener and Housekeeper.

If grape vines are growing too fast and slender, pinch off the ends.

It is stated that over 500,000 rose plants are annually imported into America from England, France and Holland.

Use a mason's trowel to scrape the moss or loose bark off the stems of fruit trees, taking good care not to injure the inner bark.

A poor tool on the farm imposes a tax upon the user every day it is employed, often greater in a year than the whole price of a good tool.

After careful experiments a dairyman concludes that bran is profitable for the milkman, but that oats are much more profitable for the buttermaker.

The old advice to treat a cow as a lady is first-class advice. If anybody cannot do that, and milk rapidly and thoroughly, better not attempt to milk at all.

Hay contains the largest amount of nutriment per acre when somewhat past the bloom, but the proportion of nutriment per ton is greater when cut at an earlier stage.

Whenever boughs of trees or vines become troublesome, lop them off, no matter what time in the season. Cut smoothly; don't mangle or tear or skin the parts which are left.

No aged sow that has proved herself a good breeder and sucker should be disposed of to make room for young and untried sows as long as she will raise large litters of good pigs.

A prominent dairyman says to prevent blackleg give a mixture of four parts of saltpetre, three parts sulphur and two parts copperas once or twice a day during spring and fall.

Whenever you see little holes in the currant and gooseberry leaves the best thing to do is to apply white hellebore, dusting carefully over the leaves. If the work be done carefully the remedy is almost certain.

Take a bushel of air-slacked lime, ten pounds of sulphur and about four ounces of crude carbolic acid, mix thoroughly and scatter anywhere in the poultry house. This is a perfect specific against all manner of vermin.

Considerable of the work of pruning next year can be avoided by going over the trees and rubbing off all the shoots and water sprouts that have started up where they are not wanted. This ought to be done before the wood hardens.

A remedy for ants in the lawn is to dig to the bottom of the nests as soon as they are discovered. Throw out the loam and then cover the bottom to the depth of about ten inches with coarse salt; fill up with soil, and usually the ants will not trouble any more.

Add to the capacity of your farm by adding to the strength of the soil. Many farms of fifty acres produce more and are more easily cultivated than other farms of one hundred acres. If you can double the productiveness of your farm you will more than double its value.

The weighing of the milk, testing of the cows, and knowing to a dollar what one is doing, is a great help to the dairy farmer. It enables him to get rid of poor milkers and replace them with good ones, and the latter cost no more to keep and handle than the former.

A 2-year-old steer requires in his daily food, to enable him to make an even, well-developed growth, about one pound of flesh-forming food to eight pounds of fat and heat-producers, and this is about the proportion in which these two classes of nutrients are found in good timothy hay.

Not only should skim milk be warmed when it is fed to calves but it should also be warmed when it is fed to young pigs. The fact is that cold milk is just about poison to the bowels of any young animal that it is fed to. Not only should it always be warm when it is fed but it should invariably be sweet.

In using kerosene or coal oil in an emulsion for destroying insects considerable care should be taken to keep it thoroughly mixed. If allowed to stand even a few minutes the oil and water will separate and often considerable damage will be the result, as the oil alone will injure the trees and plants quite seriously if applied to them.

There are so many beautiful annuals that blossoms if early sown, from the early spring until frost comes, that the succession can be easily kept up, and one need never be without them. It will require but little time to cultivate them, and the vigor gained from the outdoor exercise will compensate for its outlay even if the flowers yielded no other returns.

No implement needs better care than those that are costly or difficult to construct. Some of them are used but a short time during the year, such as harvesters. They should be well cleaned, and every part subject to rust given a brushing over with kerosene. If convenient, expensive machinery should be covered, as during the winter there is always an accumulation of dust that does more or less damage to implements.

The potato field should not be allowed to grow up in grass after the crop is off. To allow weeds and grass to take possession is simply allowing the field to be seeded with such pests for next season, thereby doubling the amount of work during the busy period. Sow the potato field to some kind of crop, rye being excellent for that purpose.

To make blackberry wine: Measure your berries and bruise them; to every gallon add one quart of boiling water. Let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally; then strain off the liquor into a cask; to every gallon add two pounds of sugar, cork tight and let it stand until the following October and you will have wine ready for use without further labor.

Small potatoes are very nice cooked in this way: Peel them and boil in salted water; do not let them boil until they get soft. Beat one egg, and have ready some fine cracker crumbs; roll the potato in the egg and then in the cracker and fry in butter until a light brown, turning frequently that the color may be uniform; or the potatoes may be dropped into hot lard. In this case a cloth should be laid over a plate and the potatoes should be drained for a moment in this before sending them to the table.

In fruit growing remember that fruits are like grain and vegetable crops in this, that they must have manure to keep up the fertility. Unlike vegetables and grain, however, their feeding roots are mostly at the surface. It is best, therefore, annually to top-dress fruit trees. If manure cannot be had, any fresh earth from ditches or roadside spread half an inch or so under the trees will have a wonderful effect. Indeed, we do not know but that for the pear tree a thin layer of road sand is one of the best of manures. We have seen apples thrive amazingly with a coating of coal ashes.

A large English farmer says that his manure which is taken from the stables and piled up under a shed all winter is worth in the spring four times as much as that which has been exposed to the weather. This is undoubtedly nearly correct if the exposure be a bad one, such for example as throwing the manure out of the stable window and letting it rest in a pile against the side of the stable exposed to the rain dripping from the roof. In this way most of the fertilizing salts are drained out of it into the earth below the heap or are washed away in the overflow of the yard, and the manure is left of little value.

Entire wheat muffins.—For a dozen muffins there will be required a cupful and a half of entire wheat flour, a cupful of milk, one-third of a cupful of water, an egg, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, half a teaspoonful of salt and two table-spoonfuls of sugar. Mix the dry ingredients and sift them into a bowl. Beat the egg until it is light, and add the milk and water to it. Pour this mixture upon the dry ingredients, and beat them quickly and vigorously. Pour the batter into buttered muffin pans and bake for twenty-five minutes in a rather quick oven. The batter will be thin and will give a moist muffin, but that is as it should be

Batter pudding.—Mix smoothly one tablespoonful each of flour and sugar, with a pint of milk and a pinch of salt. Pour it into a well-buttered pie-dish and leave it in a slow oven till set. It must not boil.

Cornstarch cake.—Two cups of white sugar, one cup of butter, the whites of five eggs beaten to a froth, one cup of sweet milk, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two cups of flour and one of cornstarch; flavor to taste.

Amouretten.—Steep some neatly shaped slices of bread, without crust, in a custard of egg, milk and a little sugar, well beaten together. Fry a golden brown and serve very hot, with a squeeze of lemon and sifted sugar over them.

Pearl barley pudding.—Simmer a tablespoonful of pearl barley till thoroughly swelled in milk. Lay it in a pie dish, pour in the milk and a little sugar; place some tiny pieces of dripping (well clarified) on the top and bake.

Tapioca and apples.—Core the apples and stew them, well covered with water, either whole or in quarters, with sugar to taste, till tender. Boil three or four ounces of tapioca till liquid, pour it on the apples and bake half an hour. Serve with a jug of milk.

Cup pudding.—Mix carefully one cup each of flour, ground rice, finely chopped suet, milk and raisins, with a tablespoonful of soda, the same of ground ginger (if liked) and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Boil four hours and serve with sweet sauce; but it is very good without.

Marmalade pudding.—Five ounces of bread crumbs, four ounces of suet, two ounces of candied peel, one lemon, one egg, three tablespoonfuls of marmalade. Chop the suet very finely, shred the candied peel, grate the rind of the lemon; put these ingredients with the crumbs into a basin, and mix with them the marmalade and egg. Well grease a basin, turn in the mixture, cover with greased paper and steam four hours.

Floating island.—Beat the yelks of three eggs until very light; sweeten and flavor to taste; stir into a quart of boiling milk, cook till it thickens; when cool pour into a low glass dish; whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth; sweeten, and pour over a dish of boiling water to cook. Take a tablespoon and drop the whites on top of the cream, far enough apart so that the "little white islands" will not touch each other. By dropping little specks of bright jelly on each island a pleasing effect will be produced. Also by filling wine-glasses and arranging around the stand adds to the appearance of the table.

A desirable dessert.—Sponge cream furnishes a very delicate and easily made dessert. The ingredients are: One pint of fresh milk, three tablespoonfuls of gelatine, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, three eggs. Put the gelatine into cold milk, let it stand for a little while; put on the stove and bring the milk to a boiling point; then add the sugar and yelks of the eggs, which have been well beaten together. Remove from the fire and stir in the whites, which have also been beaten stiff. Add a little salt, flavor to suit and pour into moulds wet first so the cream will turn out easily

Velvet cream.—Two tablespoonfuls of strawberry jelly, two tablespoonfuls of currant jelly, two tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar, whites of two eggs beaten stiff; then whip the cream; fill a wine-glass one-half full of the whipped cream, and fill the glass with the above mixture beaten to a cream.

Tomato Savoy.—Four pounds of tomatoes, one pint of vinegar, two pounds of sugar, cinnamon, cloves and mace. Peel and slice the tomatoes, adding the vinegar, sugar and spices. Boil half an hour and bottle, corking tightly to exclude the air. If not exposed to mold this will keep for years in a dry closet.

The Danger of Travel.

Charlie—Harry, do you know that I don't like to travel on the railroad on Monday.

Harry—Why?

Charlie—Because there's always a washout on the line.

The Hat Went With the Boy.

At the Mountain Resort.—Fond Mamma (whose son had just been rescued by De Jones from a watery grave)—"Thank you ever so much, Mr. De Jones, but you've forgotten to get Tommy's hat."

VASTNESS OF INDIA.

A Populous Nation With Great Cities and a Future.

For 80 years at least writers have endeavored to bring home to the outside world a knowledge of the vastness of India, but so far as can be perceived have failed. The average man, says the *Fortnightly Review*, reads what they say, learns up their figures, tries to understand their descriptions, but fails, for all his labor, to realize what India is—a continent large as Europe west of the Vistula, and with 30,000,000 more people, fuller of ancient nations, of great cities, of varieties of civilization, of armies, nobilities, priesthoods, organizations of every conceivable purpose, from the spreading of great religions down to systematic murder. There are twice as many Bengalese as there are Frenchmen; the Hindostanees, properly so called, outnumber the whites in the United States; the Mahrattas would fill Spain, the people of the Punjab with Scinde are double the population of Turkey, and I have named four of the more salient divisions. Everything is on the same bewildering scale. The fighting peoples of India, the men are as big as ourselves, as brave as ourselves, and more regardless of death than ourselves, number at least 120,000,000, equal to Gibbon's calculation of the population of the Roman empire. There are 400,000 trained brown soldiers in native service, of whom we hear perhaps once in ten years, and at least 2,000,000 men who think their proper profession is arms, who would live by arms if they could, and of whom we in England never hear a word. If the Prussian conscription were applied in India, we should, without counting reserves or land vehr or any force not summoned in time of peace, have 2,500,000 soldiers actually in barracks, with 800,000 recruits coming up every year—a force with which not only Asia, but the whole world might be subdued. There are tens of millions of peasants whose hoardings make of India the grand absorbent of the precious metals, tens of millions of peasants beside whose poverty fellahs or Sicilians or Connaught men are rich; millions of artisans, ranging from the men who build palaces to the men who, nearly naked and almost without tools, do the humblest work of the potter. Every occupation which exists in Europe exists also in India. The industry of the vast continent never ceases, for India, with a population in places packed beyond European precedent, imports nothing either to eat or drink, and but for the Europeans would import nothing whatever. She is sufficient to herself for every thing save silver. Amid these varied masses these 250,000,000, whose varied descriptions would fill volumes, the tide of life flows as vigorously as in Europe. There is as much labor, as much contention, as much ambition, as much crime, as much variety of careers, hopes, fears and hatreds. It is still possible to a moneyless Indian to become vizier of a dynasty older than history, or finance minister of a new prince whose personal fortune in hard cash is double that of the late Emperor William, or abbot of a monastery richer than Glastonbury ever was, owner of an estate that covers a county, head of a firm whose transactions may vie with those of the Barings or Bleichroders. One man, Jute Pershad by name, fed and transported the army which conquered the Punjab.

How Americans Look.

Frederick Barnard, the illustrator, surprised me a little the other day when he said: "You Americans are not a bit like the English in your appearance. In the course of a century or so you've changed from the English type altogether. The voices of your women have grown loud and shrill, and your men have got darker faces and keener eyes. I've got so now that I can tell the New-Yorker pretty well by his eyes wherever I find him. They are sharp eyes and are set near together, as though their owner had brought them close to his nose by poking that organ into very narrow places where it was necessary to see at the same time. You look like a lot of ferrets. Then the eyebrows, instead of going straight across the face slope downward at the outer edge and come rather close together above the nose. That not only makes you look shrewd, but it makes you look bored and tired and dragged out, as I suspect most of you are. A great many of you look like actors. Boston people look somewhat different from New Yorkers, as they ought to, for they live in a more Christian town than this. Your eternal jumping and rushing in this city make me tired, as the boys say."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Cruise of a Bottle.

Captain Gleadell, of the steamer Germanic, reports that a bottle thrown overboard from the Celtic two years ago, in latitude 49 degrees 31 minutes north, longitude 30 degrees 45 minutes west, was picked up recently at Rivadeo, on the north coast of Spain. The bottle had travelled 1,050 miles east-southeast, half east, at the rate of nearly 3¾ miles per day. This is a very slow rate of translation for any drift matter in the current between the points named. A bottle thrown into the Sargasso Sea, on its northeast margin, has been known to reach Cuba, a distance of 3,200 miles, in 437 days, making an average daily progress of more than 8 miles. This is about the speed made by other like waifs in the Atlantic Equatorial current. The cruise of the bottle reported by Captain Gleadell must have been apparently much longer than a great circle drawn between the point at which it was thrown out and that at which it was picked up. It cannot indicate the rate of the ocean currents, but it shows very clearly their general direction in the higher latitudes of the North Atlantic.

In a "Smoking Car."

Funny doctor (with cigar, to individua smoking foul pipe)—You should really take care. I'm a medical man, and I can assure you, my dear sir, that 99 per cent. of the cases of throat disease arise from the smoking of foul pipes." Individual: "Humph! And do you know, doctor, that 99 of the cases of black eye are caused by not minding one's one business?"—*Moonshine.*

W. H. McBean, a young man of good family, was arrested at Winnipeg on Saturday night on a charge of outraging an Icelandic servant girl in his father's family. He asserts his innocence, and says it is a case of blackmail.

A STEER CLEARS A STORE.

It Begins With Cabbages and Ends With Red Peppers.

As a drove of steers was passing the grocery store of Wm. Peters, at the corner of Hancock and Jefferson streets, last evening, one of them with a mind of an inquiring turn walked into the open door and started on a tour of investigation through the store. The place was filled with customers, who fled precipitately at the steer's approach. Those who could not reach the door crouched under the counter in an agony of fear. His bullship leisurely proceeded to inspect the cabbage pile, and, after munching contentedly at it for a few moments, turned his attention to a basket of red peppers that lay within tempting reach. After a sniff he concluded they were edible, and taking a good mouthful began to chew. No sooner had he broken the skin of the red-hot vegetables than the fire began to burn, and he stamped around the store in agony, bellowing with rage and pain and threatening to demolish everything within reach. Spying a crate of eggs he made a plunge for them and emerged from the box with his head coated with egg yelks. After stamping around the store for a short time he escaped and joined the herd. An immense crowd had gathered around the store, and a Tenth district policeman was considering the best means of ending the show, when the steer rushed into the street.—*Philadelphia Record.*

A Western Unique.

"Away out on what is known as the south branch of the Union Pacific Railway, in Gunnison county, Col., is a station called Parlin. There is nothing of the place except a depot and a post office, and every train must stop there five minutes, whether it is a passenger or a freight train. Not many feet distant is the house of John Parlin. The house is made of logs and is on the side of a hill which stretches back and hitches itself to a mountain that raises itself up until its snowy summit touches the blue sky. The waters come down the mountain side in a silvery laughter, and all day long make music within a stone's throw of John Parlin. The acres of foliage, the pastures green for miles about belong to John Parlin. The herds of blooded cattle on the hillsides and in the valleys are John Parlin's. Near the station and in the middle of as limpid a stream of water as ever charmed a fairy is a dairy in which are crocks and crocks and crocks of milk from John Parlin's Holstein herd.

"Here in this secluded spot, remote from the contentions of this busy world, came the railroad engineer running his line. John Parlin took him in and gave him of his cheer in a hospitable manner that would inspire an American Walter Scott. The engineer went away, and later on came other railway men—some of them magnates—and John Parlin furnished them food and rest and plenty of milk. Then they told him they wanted 1,500 acres of his land and asked him to name his price. The old man, in his generosity of heart, in his nature which partook of the freedom of his home and its picturesque surroundings, said to them: 'You can have 1,500 acres if you will put a depot over there near the dairy and make all of your trains stop there five minutes. The road was built. The agreement was kept, and is till this day. And John Parlin sits in the doorway of his log house and sees the trains come in and stop. And the passengers and the engineers and the firemen and the conductors and the brakemen leave their trains and go over to the dairy and partake of John Parlin's Holstein cows' milk, fresh and cooled by the mountain stream, free of charge. Then they return to the train and it speeds away, and John Parlin stands in his doorway and waves his hand and his children shout in nature's grasses at the departing scene."—*Chicago Times.*

Mrs. H. B. Stowe Sadly Altered.

After the death of Professor Stowe the eyes of the twin daughters of Mrs. Stowe, who were her inseparable companions, detected a change in their mother, and have courageously admitted of late that the wonderful personality of Harriet Beecher Stowe is sadly altered. At times, it is true, she is her old self—a woman of tremendous force of will, unfailing common sense and a mind remarkable for vigor and quality.

In her times of clouded mentality she will deny acquaintance with her oldest and best friends, and forget facts as familiar to her as the fingers on her hand; again, she will stop strangers in the street, question them, and, as in the case of an Italian pedler whom she recently confronted on the sidewalk, she will berate them soundly for imaginary offences. But she is so slight and frail in appearance, so gentle and winning in manner, ordinarily that every one realizes that something is wrong with the little woman, and they treat her as they would a child. Her neighbors were long ago made aware of the fact that, like Emerson, she is failing at the top, and with a great tenderness and thoughtfulness they speak of her as of one who has made a long and useful sojourn here and who is now living in two worlds at one and the same time. Occasionally she seems so like her own strong self that those about her hope she is recovering, but the condition is temporary, and the delightful conversationalist and practical woman is gone, and with the eclipse of the former individuality the beautiful eyes look vacantly upon well known faces and familiar scenes, and she is merely a memory of her other self.—*Laura C. Holloway in New York Graphic.*

Mr. Thistle's Mistake.

"Papa," said a beautiful girl, "young Mr. Thistle has written me a note in which he asks me to be his wife."

"Written you a note? Why in thunder didn't he come himself?"

"It would have been pleasanter that way no doubt, papa, but I suppose he feels a little timid, and besides, papa think how much more binding the note is."

A wheat crop of 30,000,000 bushels up in Manitoba offers a rather floury prospect.

Sarah Bernhardt is to return to Paris from England on Friday of this week. She will rest throughout August, and then will take steamer for India and Australia, to be gone seven months—time enough for the claws of her pet tiger to grow into good-sized scratchers.

GORGEOUS FLOWER BEDS.

What a Skilful Gardener Has to Show in Boston.

Thousands of visitors have been to the Danvers hospital grounds the past few weeks, says a Boston letter, and the horse cars carry great loads daily, extra trips being made on visiting days—Mondays and Wednesdays. The main object held in view by the many strangers is to see the marvellous flower beds designed and arranged by the florist and gardener, Ettore Tassinari, which are now in prime condition, and rival anything of their kind in the United States. The largest design is a Chinese pagoda, 17 feet high, with a dome supported by six pillars, and archway beneath them high enough to pass under without stooping. There are three fountains and thirty varieties of plants in portable boxes, and the back of a shield, flags and draperies. Florists from far and near have pronounced this design the best they ever saw. A solar clock or sun dial attracts much attention, as it accurately tells the time of day by a shadow cast by a pole of growing plants placed at an angle of 47 degrees, and pointing to the North star. The shadow falls on floral numerals in the rim of a horse-shoe shaped bed of plants. There are numerous beds of lesser note, and several photographs have been taken of the principal ones.

Regular Hours for Sleep.

The final word of physiology to the student is not to turn night into day, and to never subtract from a due measure of sleep. No one needs regular and full hours of sleep more than the brain-worker. I believe we lose nothing by taking nine hours of sleep; no one can do sound and bountiful thinking with less than seven or eight hours. We are creatures of habit. It is all important that the young be taught the need of regularity. We become sleepy at regular hours, if we habitually take sleep promptly when the hour comes. Sleeplessness is brought about by irregularity. So, again, if we deduct from the regular hours given to sleep, it becomes difficult to sleep at all. Drugs compel it for a time, but no drug exists which gives normal sleep, or fails in time to make us its slave. Natural sleep can come only by a natural process. Night, let it be understood, is not, and is never, the time for study.

The very best rule is to study in the morning, before breakfast, before noon; and again, if necessary, before the third meal; but never in the evening. The later hours of the day should be given to sport, to light reading and to those occupations that relax the nerves. Let no temptation whatever induce you to return to writing or study, or even letter-writing, or to anything annoying or exciting, after 4 in the afternoon. Defer all matters liable to arouse and intensify attention or anxiety until morning. If you have a worry let it alone till the early hours; and so with any problem that taxes the brain. Children should be forbidden their books in the evening. We shall be driven to reverse the prevalent fashion of turning night into day. The night has the advantage of relative quiet, but the disadvantage of being the true time for sleep.—*M. Maurice, M.D., in Globe-Democrat.*

Fall Shades in Millinery.

Millinery Trade Journal.

The syndicate of Paris manufacturers have adopted the following as among the leading colors for the coming season:

Emeraude—a deep, rich, emerald green.
Scarabee—a dark, yellowish green.
Couroncou—a shade lighter than scarabee.
Peupliere—a shade lighter than couroncou.
Nil—a light, watery green.
Coquelicot—a rich, blood red.
Cardinal—a dark scarlet.
Boulanger—a bright, live-blood red.
Bouton d'or—a golden yellow.
Mais—a straw yellow.
Volcan—a reddish terra cotta.
Alezan—a dark, reddish brown.
Pactole—a light, golden brown.
Oxide—a dark slate.
Lionceau—a dark fawn.
Heron—a gray drab.
Luciole—a gend'arme blue.

Curious Relics.

In searching some old clothing which belonged to the late Archibald Hall, Sprague's road, in one of the pockets were found two 50 shilling notes of the Bank of British North America, of a very ancient date and style. They had evidently been in possession of the old gentleman for some years previous to his death, put away and forgotten, only to come to light when the clothes were being ripped up for some household purpose.—*Galt Reporter.*

Druggist (excited)—Run and overtake Col. Bourbon, James. I've made an awful mistake in his prescription! James (seizing his hat)—Wh—what's the mistake! Druggist—The prescription called for spiritus fermenti and aqua. I gave him all aqua. The dose will kill him

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