AGRICULTURAL.

Desirable Cheese—How Made.

These are some of the desirable qualities in cheese:

1. Rich, clean creamy flavor.
2. Solid, firm, buttery body.
3. Fine, silky, flaky texture.
4. Bright, uniform color.
5. Attractive, neat, symmetrical, stylish, appearance.

To produce cheese regularly that possesses these qualities, a cheese-maker unknown to us gives these directions. Do you think them good ones? If not, send in your criticisms, or suggestions for improvement.

1. Thorough distribution of the rennet in the milk must be effected by diluting the rennet extract and by vigorous stirring.

2. Sufficient rennet to coagulate the curd into a state fit for cutting in from thirty-five to forty minutes at from eighty-six degrees, to ninety degrees should be used. When an extra amount of rennet is used a corresponding increase in the weight of salt should be added to the curd.

3. The contents of the vat should be perfectly still when coagulation commences. Vibration of the floor and of the vat during the thickening of the milk causes waste.

4. The horizontal knife should be used first in cutting, and active stirring should not commence until the cubes of curd become slightly heated.

5. The temperature should be raised gradually to ninety or ninety-eight degrees Fahrenheit.

6. The stirring should be continued until the curd particles are so well "cooked" or "dried" that when a handful has been pressed for a few moments they will fall apart again as the result of any slight disturbance.

7. As soon as the presence of acid is discernable by the hot iron test, the whey should be removed. In the case of gassy curds a further development of acid before the drawing of the whey will be beneficial.

8. Hand stirring will be of advantage until the curd is firm.

9. The temperature should be maintained at or above ninety-four degrees.

10. The curd should be allowed to mat into one mass.

11. It should be turned so frequently that whey will not collect or stand in small pools in or on it.

12. If it becomes gassy it should be aired (if need be by grinding and stirring) and afterward kept at a temperature above ninety-four degrees.

13. The gas formed in gassy curds hinders the development of acid; and the presence of acid prevents the formation of gas. The treatment should provide for the removal of the gas by aeration and the maintenance of temperature by the application of hot water to the curd or steam to the vat or sink in which it is.

14. Close matting and packing of the curds are beneficial only after the curd is sufficiently dry and when aeration is provided for.

15. When the texture of the curd becomes stringy in its nature it should be put through the cutter or grinder.

16. Aeration should be effected by the stirring of the curd before the addition of salt. Unusually fifteen minutes of such treatment will suffice.

17. Salt should be added at the rate of from two and one-half pounds to two and three-quarter pounds per 1,000 pounds of milk, according to the dry or wet condition of the curd. A judicious variation in the quantity of salt should be made in proportion to the moist or dry state.

18. Shoulders or projecting edges on cheese are unsightly evidences of careless workmanship and lessen their value from two or three shillings per cwt. in the English markets. Careful pressing and bandaging and the turning of the cheese in the hoops in the morning will prevent their formation. The pressure should be continued for at least twenty hours. In that way cheese can be finished, having an attractive, neat, symmetrical and stylish appearance.

19. The sprinkling of cold water in the curing rooms in the morning and just after noon will reduce the temperature.

20. The curing room should be well ventilated and should be kept clean.

The Farm Hen.

We do not believe in scrub hens but think that the following from the Farm and Fireside contains much truth that if heeded would benefit both the breeder of "fancy" fowls and the farmer. What is said about "scratching" should be borne in mind just now when many must confine their hens, as hens and a garden do not do well on the same piece of ground.

The breeder of a thoroughbred is often at a loss to account for the fact that the scrub hens of some careless farmer lay more eggs than do the prize winners of some show-room. The difficulty is not with the breed however, for the pure-bred fowls will lay more eggs than the scrubs, and pay a better profit. The fact is that a great many so-called breeders, though familiar with the "points" of the breeds, know very little about the proper care of fowls. They write long articles showing how the farmers neglect their fowls while the breeders are feeding well. Both classes—the breeders and farmers—have much room for improvement.

The breeder makes his hens too fat, does not compel them to work and scratch, while the farmer leaves his hens to work or starve; but the farmer is nearer right than the breeder If eggs are desired, it is better to feed the hen sparingly than to closely confine them and make them as fat as seals, as they simply entail an expense and give no profit, while the half starved hen entails no expense at all, nor does she give a profit to her owner.

But the fact is that the farmer's hens seldom lay in winter unless in the possession of those who care for them. It is in the spring when vegetation is appearing and the frost is out of the ground, so that the hens can find food in plenty, that they begin to lay, and when the breeder does not get eggs at the same time it is because his eggs are confined, must subsist on grain, and have no opportunity to live in a manner somewhat approaching the natural conditions best conducive to thrift and production of eggs.

It is a mistake to suppose that all farmers' hens are scrubs. They may not be pure bred, but they may be well bred. An inspection of a flock of any well regulated farm will show that the hens are crosses, or possess quite a proportion of Leghorn, Brahma or Plymouth Rock blood, and are perhaps hardier than the inbred flock of some breeds, who may have for years been discarding his strongest and most vigorous birds in order to retain those that possess some useless point that fits them for the show-room only. A little white spot, no larger than a pea, will cause the breeder to discard a vigorous Brown Leghorn male and retain a weaker one that has a perfect color of the wing. This mode of selection by the breeder is not conducive to production, nor should he wonder if the farmers' hens that are probably of good crosses and which have all the advantages of liberty, should prove superior to the show room pets.

Farmers, however, can have eggs in winter, and can give good care to the hens. While they are correct in compelling the hens to hunt for a share of their food, yet they shouldn't overlook the fact that there are periods when the hens must derive all their food from the farmers, and by using good breeds, for crosses, the farmer need not look to the spring and summer seasons only, for a flock of vigorous hens should lay during the entire year, except when they are moulting.—[Farm, Field and Stockman.

Cattle Hides For Robes.

If, as is claimed by the breeders of Galloway cattle, the hide of a good steer will bring $100 as a carriage or sleigh robe then there is less cause for regret that the buffalo is becoming extinct in this country. Mr. Thomas Wyckoff, as reported in the Breeders' Gazette, says that the Galloways as now bred by expert farmers are not only as good for milk, butter and beef as other breeds but at the same time grow a combination of fur and long shaggy, glossy black hair that will make a much handsomer, warmer and more durable robe than the best old-fashioned buffalo; also that overcoats, capes, cloaks and gloves are made from the skins that are only excelled by the skin of the seal,

Mr. Wyckoff has made a present of a fine Galloway robe to Emperor William of Germany and says that some of the wealthy ladies in Michigan are wearing them in capes which are exceedingly fine in appearance.

The "general purpose" cow of the future may be valued for her soft, shaggy fur as well as for her other valuable qualities.

Bad Odors in Dairy Rooms.

Because you have known milk or butter to run the gauntlet of bad odors without being spoiled do not take any chances by needless exposure. I have known a skunk to perfume a dairy house without spoiling the contents; but then I have known an opposite result. Butter and milk at certain temperatures will absorb bad odors much more readily than at other temperatures, but the only safe rule is to have everything connected with the dairy pure and sweet at all times.

Those who are most particular about these things are the ones who have the fewest losses to record. Do not let milk stand long in the stable nor in a barn where ensilage odors are pervading the atmosphere. It is not safe.

Wasting Skim Milk.

I know of no business that is subject to competition that could live and waste so large a portion of the material handled as the dairyman wastes when he fails to realize anything for his milk after the cream is taken off, writes a shrewd New England farmer who knows how to raise a calf on skim-milk chiefly and obtain a live weight of 1,000 pounds in a year. Milk producers should learn the feeding value of skim-milk and ask themselves how much they are getting for it when they force their product upon a dull market and have to take "surplus" prices for a considerable portion. Selling new milk at the price some men make skim-milk worth for feeding stock, and then buying the cows instead of raising them is like getting hold of the wrong end of the lever.

Soil for Sheep.

A correspondent of the Cultivator explains why failure sometimes follows attempts at keeping sheep with profit. He says that it is a common thing to hear farmers say that they cannot make dairying successful on their farm, but that sheep raising proves eminently profitable. By this they mean that they have learned to adapt their farm to its proper use, and have found out by experience what the soil is best suited to raise. But there is another step in this line which every sheep-owner might ponder with some profit to himself. All breeds of sheep will not thrive on the same kind of soil, and sheep husbandry to be carried to its highest state must decide on particular breeds for particular fields. One of the causes of failure in sheep raising is that many go into the business without any adequate idea of the demands of the different kinds of sheep. All sheep to them are the same, and they do not understand the necessity of adapting breeds to soil.

In the United States and Canada this is especially an important consideration, for here we find every kind and variety of soil and climate for sheep-raising. It is a well-known fact that many of the large breeds, such as the Cotswold, Lincoln and Romney Marsh, on thin lands prove a failure in nearly every instance. Rough, rocky land, with thin vegetation, is better adapted to raising small sheep than any other animals, but it is not fit for the larger sheep. The latter demand rich, level lands, that are wet at times and in such places they would prove a fine success. On the other hand, the Merino breed and the Southdown or the American mixture of the two would not do so well, but would invariably become diseased from the too rich and luxuriant vegetation.

The larger breeds of Europe have been raised on rich pasturage, and they need the same in this country. Sheep need to be kept in the best of condition at all times, not too fat not too lean, and to do this the right kind of pasturage must be given them. The soils and nutriment of the pasturage differ no more than the different needs and demands of the several breeds of sheep. No rule can be laid down as to the best breeds for every soil, but the successful sheep owner will soon find out by experience the kinds of breeds that thrive the best on his farm. This is the only way that sheep husbandry can advance in this country, and it is the true way to improve our present good breeds of sheep.

The Chinese are a nation of cooks. There is scarcely an individual in their vast community who is not more or less competent to cook himself a respectable dinner.

Roving dogs are less numerous and less ferocious now, but they become at times terrible to strangers in Egypt.

ABOUT A BIG TREE.

A Man Could Ride Seventy Feet Under it.

About 1856 I had some business with William W. Hanford, who owned a saw mill a few miles from the famous Mammoth Grove in California. I rode from his mill, some ten or twelve miles, to see the monsters. Mr. Hanford was the gentleman who had the big tree as it is called, cut down, and related to me his experience, as follows:—Said he: "I thought there would be a speculation in stripping the bark from the ground up about 20 feet, taking it off in sections, and shipping it to New York, and then setting it up for exhibition, the bark being about two feet thick. So I set five good men at the work, and in a few days we had the bark off, ready to ship. Then an idea struck me to fell the monster before taking the bark off. I had measured with a long tape line around the butt, and it was a few inches over 96 feet in circumference—33 feet across. I then had some pump augers spliced out, and set four men to boring through from each side; and I put long handles into mortising chisels, and set the fifth man to cutting off the wood left between the auger holes, so, after some week

WE SAW LIGHT,

clear through the centre of it, which was sound to the core. I left a portion on each side, north and south, to be cut off with chopping axes. I selected my men, who chopped right and left hand foremost, and with four light chopping axes, we soon had it chopped off, so that it settled down about an inch on its base, the top being light, and little or no wind, and the tree standing so erect that it did not fall over. I then made hard wood beetles and got some iron wedges and very large wooden wedges, and, after nearly two days of hard work of five good men, we tipped it over. I then sent my 20 feet of bark to San Francisco, loaded them on a steamer, and packed them on mules' backs across the Isthmus, and finally got them to New York, hired a large hall on Broadway, and set them up. Men would come in and pay their 25 cents, and look at it and say: 'Mister, where did you get that?' I would tell them the truth. Then some of them would say: 'Oh, my! you can't make us believe that that ever come off a tree; there

NEVER WAS A TREE ON EARTH

the size of that.' I was determined not to be beat. So I sent back, had my men dovetail four or five long crosscut saws together, and saw about one foot thick off the butt of the tree, showing the borings on one side, and hewed off so as to leave a piece with the heart of the tree in the centre and twelve inches wide, smoothed off the sawed side with a carpenter's plane, packed it and took it to New York, and fitted it into my bark shell. Then I said; 'Now, look at that, and see how I made it.' By that time I was out of pocket between $3,000 and $4,000, so I sold out to some Englishmen, and they took it to London. Mr. Hanford said in conclusion, 'Now, if I should find a mermaid with eight tails, I would not exhibit her in New York.' They hewed off and smoothed the upper portion of this fallen tree, and built a roof over it, and used it for a bowling alley. There was a staircase of twenty-three steps up the side of this tree, near the large end, which reached a little above the centre; then notches were cut in for the feet to walk up to the top. To look off the butt down was like looking off the stern of the 'Great Eastern.' There were about

SEVENTY OF THESE MONSTERS

in the grove of about 70 acres, variously named the Twin Sisters, Father and Son, Mother of the Forest, Father of the Forest, etc., etc. The Prostrate was the largest in circumference, and hollow for 72 feet."

In Trenton, N. J. some twenty years ago I was in a lumber office, and some lumbermen sat there on a work bench telling of some of the big trees they had seen up the river. I heard a number tell their yarns, and said: "Boys, you don't call them big trees, do you? Why, I saw an old hollow tree in California that a man could ride 70 feet through on horse back, and ride out through a knot hole."

One of them got down and took off his old slouched hat, and said: "Say, mister, that ain't the best of a hat, but it is all I've got, and you are welcome to it." Then someone said after I went out that I did not adhere to the truth.

I had actually told the truth, but could not blame the man for calling me a prevaricator.—[J. E. Emerson, in Scientific American.

Running A Railroad In Spain.

I had been told about Spanish trains not being punctual, of Spanish clocks varying, and so forth; but between Barcelona and Valencia I found I still had some things to learn. Of course the train could not go on till the stationmaster had done his coffee, nor could the engine be got to move till the driver had finished flirting; the swash-buckler guard, armed with sword and carbine, has also affairs of his own which may unexpectedly be permitted to control the Spanish pilgrim's progress. But what is this? In open country, miles from any station, the train suddenly pulls up and I had noticed a man galloping across country. Well, he had been thrown in an adjacent field. The villagers were assisting him to rise; one held his horse. The group caught the engine driver's eye; he simply stopped the train out of sheer curiosity. Further, will it be believed that most of the people got out and ran to join the gaping group? And we actually stopped on this idle errand for about twenty minutes, to the great content, apparently, of all but half a dozen English, including myself, and two American ladies.

Night came, but no rest for me, the first-class carriage being by that time not only crowded, but filthy. The official ticket collector was among us. Besides his uniform, he wore a hunting pouch, and had brought his fowling piece. After snipping our tickets he smoked himself to sleep. As day dawned he woke up and got talkative. He then coolly told the astonished travelers that, although bound to inspect tickets for another fifty miles, he should get out at the next station, have a little shooting on the Sierra Morena Mountains, and catch the return train about midday! The train soon stopped; he wished us all polite good-bye, raising his official cap, got out with his gun and pouch, and we saw him no more. I ventured openly to disapprove of his conduct. A Spanish gentleman shrugged his shoulders sympathetically, but seemed astonished when we talked of reporting the Inspector, as if Spain could not go on at all if this sort of foreign intervention were countenanced. I at once appreciated the situation. I felt that to bother an employe in his amusements in Spain was like "robbing the poor man of his beer" in England. The moralist within me became dumb; I sank to the Spanish level, and held my peace.

Was It Second Sight?

Among the many curious instances of seeming second-sight may be placed the following incident of that saddest tragedy of modern days—the death of Custer and his gallant followers.

The love existing between Captain Blank and his blue-eyed, golden-curled boy, little "Buster," the pet and darling of the whole garrison, was something to be remembered. Wherever the tall soldierly figure of the young father was to be seen, unless on duty, that of the child was sure to be close beside, sometimes riding on his father's shoulder sometimes clinging to his hand, always lifting to his, eyes full of passionate love and content.

When the dreaded day came that was to separate those fearless men from the women and children who so loved them, Buster could hardly be torn from his father, and my husband told me that long after, the child's shriek of utter misery, unchildlike in its intensity, rang in his ears. For some days after the command had marched across the low purple hills, out of the reach of loving eyes, Buster drooped and pined; but he was a child, and the old childish gayety came back to his eyes, and his laugh, which rang out as happily as ever, almost jarring upon his young mother's ear.

One warm June day at Fort Lincoln Mrs. Blank sat sewing in her tiny parlor, her baby creeping about the floor at her feet, while she chatted with two or three more lonely wives, perhaps of the beloved ones far off across the plains and their possible return. Suddenly Buster rushed in through the open door, eyes sparkling, hair flying

"Mamma," he shouted, "my papa's s'ooting his 'volver! I heard him!"

"Did you, darling?" his young mother said, stooping to kiss the little flushed eager face. "How very nice! I wish he would come home and s'oot it. Don't you?"

"He's s'ooting Injuns," the child went on; "and he'll s'oot 'em all, and zen he'll come home."

"I'm sure I hope he will," sighed Mrs. Blank. "Run out and play, Buster, and don't go in the sun."

"How Buster does talk about his father!" some one remarked. "I often meet him running along with some one, and, child or man, soldier or officer, you can always catch the words 'my papa' if you listen to him."

Then the talk wandered on, always in a minor key, for there had been quite an interval of time since the last letters, and there was always unacknowledged anxiety, though all felt unbounded faith in the powers of the gallant Seventh.

Presently the sound of a child's bitter crying brought them all to their feet, and Buster ran into his mother's arms at the door sobbing wildly:

"Mamma," he sobbed, "the Injuns has dot my papa. He's dot no more s'oots in his 'volver; he's s'ooted it all. Oh, I want my papa, and the bad Injuns has dot him!"

Mrs. Blank knelt down on the floor beside her boy, drawing him close to her heart. "Hush, Buster," she said, very gently, but firmly, "you must not be such a silly little boy; the Injuns can't get your papa. General Custer is there; he will take care of papa, and all the men. Do you think F Troop would let the Injuns get papa? See, you are making us all feel very bad, and papa would say you were not his brave little lad. Now stop crying and go and play; you could not hear papa's 'volver so far away."

"Yes," the child exclaimed, earnestly, "I *can* hear my papa's 'volver, and I know he's s'ooted it all!" But army discipline prevailed, and the boy choked back his sobs, nestling in his mother's arms and resting there, strangely quiet, for the rest of the long summer day.

That evening, when the children were both sleeping, and the daily bulletin to her absent husband had been written, Mrs. Blank sat for some moments in silent thought, then drawing a sheet of paper to her, wrote down the date, June 26th, and poured out to her only brother the aching of her heart and the senseless anxiety caused by the child's foolish words, the memory of which still stirred him in his sleep, for he sobbed and tossed all night.

On the 6th of July, when the whole army writhed and cried out in agony at the news that had come to us, we, to whom Mr. B. had shown his sister's letter, knew that on the 26th of June Captain Blank had dearly sold his life, and had been found pierced with many wounds, his empty revolver clasped in his stiffened hand. And far away, in his quiet home, his baby boy had seemed to know it.—[Harpers' Weekly.

Canabalistic Item.

Mr. Jones (who has married a rich widow)—Isn't it dreadful how those starving people in Russia live off each other.

Mrs. Jones—Oh, its nothing when you once get used to it. I used to kick when your mother and your sister and all the rest of them came to live off me, but I've got so used to it now that I never mention it.

Her Ladyship.

Personages of high rank in England are patrons of a great remedy. Bridgefoot House, Iver, Bucks, Eng. "Lady Edwards has suffered from rheumatism for several years, especially in the knees. She was persuaded to buy St. Jacobs Oil, and after a fortnight's use of it, all the rheumatic pains have left her. The relief is such that Lady Edwards will never be without a bottle."

Actors were so much admired by the late Dr. Morell Mackenzie that he never charged them for medical advice.

Out of Sorts

Describes a feeling peculiar to persons of dyspeptic tendency, or caused by change of climate, season or life. The stomach is out of order, the head aches or does not feel right,

The Nerves

seem strained to their utmost, the mind is confused and irritable. This condition finds an excellent corrective in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by its regulating and toning powers, soon

Restores Harmony

to the system, and gives that strength of mind, nerves, and body, which makes one feel well.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Number of People Since Adam.

Did you ever make a calculation of the probable number of people that have inhabited our globe since the beginning of time? No doubt you will say that such calculations involve a loss of time, and are, after all, barren of results. But as the compiler is engaged to give curious items and odd calculations, let us take a few minutes' time and approximate, with a certain degree of accuracy, the number of souls that have been ushered into this wicked world since the time when it was "not good for Adam to be alone." At the present time it is believed that there are 1,400,000,000 human beings on the globe; but let us suppose that there has been but an average of 900,000,000 living at any one time since the creation. Next, to give room for any possible doubt, we will put the average length of life at 50 years. (It may have been much longer than that 5000 years ago, but has been much shorter for the last thousand years). With the average length of life as above, we have had two generations of 900,000,000 each every century for the past 6000 years. Taking this for granted, this globe has had 66,667,843,237,075,266 human inhabitants since the beginning of time. To even bury this vast number the whole landed surface of the globe, every inch of it, would have to be dug over 120 times!

"August Flower"

Perhaps you do not believe these statements concerning Green's August Flower. Well, we can't make you. We can't force conviction into your head or medicine into your throat. We don't want to. The money is yours, and the misery is yours; and until you are willing to believe, and spend the one for the relief of the other, they will stay so. John H. Foster, 1122 Brown Street, Philadelphia, says: "My wife is a little Scotch woman, thirty years of age and of a naturally delicate disposition. For five or six years past she has been suffering from Dyspepsia. She became so bad at last that she could not sit down to a meal but she had to vomit it as soon as she had eaten it. Two bottles of your August Flower have cured her, after many doctors failed. She can now eat anything, and enjoy it; and as for Dyspepsia, she does not know that she ever had it."

Doubting Thomas.

Vomit Every Meal.

RUINED BY A CLOUDBURST.

Widespread Destruction of Fruits and Crops in Austria.

A Vienna dispatch says:—A dispatch from Klagenfurth, the capital of Carinthia, states that immense damage has been done in that district by a heavy cloudburst.

The rain fell in apparently a solid mass, and the destruction to roads and crops is incalculable. The storm was accompanied by a heavy downfall of hail, the stones being as large as walnuts.

The fruit trees in the orchards were in full blossom and everywhere before the storm could be seen the promises of an abundant harvest. After the storm had ceased the entire district was devastated. The trees were denuded of their leaves and blossoms, and the growing crops had been either cut to the ground or were beaten down and covered with mud and debris that had been washed down on them. Many farmers will, it is thought, be able to retrieve some of their loss by planting other crops, but the fruit growers will lose everything.

The bodies of thousands of birds are scattered throughout the district. They were killed by the pelting hailstones, and the inhabitants are gathering them up to be used as food. Fortunately no loss of human life has thus far been reported.

LABORING MEN'S REMEDY:

ST. JACOBS OIL,

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN,

CURES

RHEUMATISM,

Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Wounds, Soreness, Stiffness, Swellings, Backache, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Burns.

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