HOUSEHOLD.

The Kitchen Dresser.

The greatest convenience in a kitchen, next to a sink provided with hot and cold running water, is an old-fashioned dresser with its wide, capacious shelves above, and its pot and kettle closets below. Standing in full light against the wall, it has no dark corners for the harboring of unseen accumulations, and furnished with its great, tall, wide glazed doors, it must of necessity be neatly kept, or at once expose the carelessness of its owner, or her deputed helper. And a pleasing sight, too, is a *well-kept* dresser, with its rows of shining china and glass gleaming through the clear panes of its great doors.

And this brings me to the expression *well kept*, so I hasten to explain what that means. Well kept means carefully and cleanly kept, and not only that, but carefully and conveniently arranged. In the kitchen dresser will be the china or semi-porcelain for every-day use, also the glass goblets, tumblers and dishes accompanying them, also the meat-platters and the vegetable dishes belonging to the every-day set, the tea set, with its belongings, and the knife-and-spoon basket, crumb-tray and brush.

A well-devised dresser generally has three wide shelves, furnished near the back with a moulding of wood to prevent large meat dishes from slipping down, and to keep them in a standing position, and shelf-space afforded by the top of its lower division. It has also three compartments at the bottom or lower part, with a wide drawer above each. In the middle lower compartment should be placed the household dinner pots; on either side, in the other compartments, the kettles, saucepans, griddles, broilers, etc. In the three drawers may be kept many articles, such as, in one drawer, clean kitchen towels and dish-cloths; in the second, the table-cloths neatly folded; in the third, the napkins, doyleys, and napkin rings, and perhaps the best carving knife, fork and steel. On the shelf-space, or room afforded by the top of the lower part, it will be found very convenient to arrange certain articles, for example, the coffee and tea cannisters, the cocoa or chocolate box, and the tea, coffee, and chocolate pots, bright as polishing can make them, ranged in front of the cannisters. On this shelf-space, the knife and spoon basket or box of plaited willow, the knives in one side and the silver or plated ware in the other; next to this the caster, with its mustard, vinegar, oil and pepper cruets, all neatly kept and sparklingly bright; also individual "salts," "oils," and "vinegars," and lastly, the crumb brush and tray, and the neatly-joined wooden table-mats, also fresh and clean.

Above, on the next shelf, ranged in front of the meat dishes of graduated sizes, should be the dinner and soup and dessert plates, also the vegetable dishes; and above this the every-day tea set and the daily glass. There should be a fixed place for each pile of plates and saucers, also for the cups, and the glass and vegetable dishes, so that there will be no confusion, and hence less liability to breakage.

Make your rules and see that they are enforced, so that any dish may be found at the moment wanted, and always found brightly polished. The kitchen dresser, by its capability for being attractive, offers an inducement to and a reward for neatness not attached to the ordinary closet. By all means encourage the kitchen dresser.

Little Helpers.

Mothers, do you ever realize, how much help our little four-year-old girls are? Mine is a perfect treasure; and I often wonder what *could* I do without her? If I would permit it she would be at work all the time. She seems to think if she is only helping mamma, she could not be happier; no difference how disagreeable, or hard the task to her unaccustomed fingers, it mamma will only say: "You are a dear, good little girl," she feels amply rewarded. Her little hands can do so many things, such as picking up things and putting them away, so that it is no trouble to sweep, and on a few occasions has *swept* the sitting-room—to use her own words—"Oh, so bright and clean!" Going to the cellar or pantry, for needed articles, paring apples, potatoes and turnips, in a surprising manner; a task she *will* do, and one which most people do not particularly like; but she evidently thinks it the nicest work in the world. Setting the table as nicely as any one can do; but I will not allow her to wash or wipe dishes *yet*, though she often begs to do so; dishes, when wet, are slippery things to hold, and if broken would cause one to feel vexed in spite of themselves. She almost always puts them in the cupboard; sometimes (only when she teases, however,) she scours knives and forks; helps churn, brings in chips, and when brother wheels a load of wood to the door, brings it in as it is needed; feeds the chickens, waits on little brother, and—oh, I will stop or you will think that child must certainly do *all* the work. No, of course she does not do any very hard work. I have a dreadful time to keep her from *trying* to do everything, She is large of her age and very active; but I would never think of putting her to work, if she could only stay away and play contentedly. She watches how everything is done, "so I can do it just as you do, mamma," and is constantly lamenting because she does not grow faster; and when she plays, the wildest, roughest play suits her best, or play that is most like work; such as playing she has a large washing to do, or must clean house. She loves to dust; if I will tie a soft cloth on a stick and let her use that for a duster, she will keep the furniture and zinc shining, and all such places as under clothes-presses and little nooks and corners, where one cannot sweep with a broom, Nellie, with her "poke stick," will keep out everything in the shape of dirt.

Dear little hands so willing and helpful! Do we appreciate them as we should? I often look at them and kiss the dimpled fingers and think what tiny hands they are, to begin the fight with this rough world; but work is a blessing and nothing in life will bring us more real pleasure than being able to do *our work, whatever it is, well.*

Original Receipts.

COOKIES.—Two cups sugar, one and one-third cups of lard and butter, two-thirds of a cup of sour milk, and two-thirds of a teaspoonful of soda; one egg and flour to roll out.

BERWICK SPONGE CAKE.—Beat six eggs two minutes; add three cups of sugar, beat five minutes; two cups of flour, with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, beat two minutes one cup of cold water, beat one minute, extract of vanilla or lemon, little salt; two more cups of flour, beat one minute. Bake in moderate oven.

ALMOND CAKE.—Three eggs, two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter; three cups of flour, one cup of milk and two teaspoonfuls baking powder. One teaspoonful of almond flavouring. Bake in layers.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Boil one chicken tender, and chop fine; chop fine the whites of twelve hard-boiled eggs; add equal quantities of chopped celery and cabbage; mash the yolks fine; add two tablespoons butter, two of sugar, one teaspoon mustard; pepper and salt to taste; and lastly, one-half cup good cider vinegar; pour over the salad and mix thoroughly.

NICE BISCUITS.—1 quart of flour, 3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a pinch of salt, three tablespoonfuls lard or butter. Mix soft, roll out half an inch thick, spread with butter and sugar, and sprinkle cinnamon over and some nice English currants. In the summer berries are very nice used in this way. Roll up same as jelly cake, cut in strips 1½ thick, and bake in a quick oven.

PLAIN BISCUIT.—Dissolve one rounded tablespoon of butter in a pint of hot milk; when lukewarm stir in one quart of flour, add one beaten egg, a little salt and a teacup of yeast; work the dough until smooth. If in winter set in a warm place, if in summer a cool place, to rise. In the morning work softly, and roll out a half-inch thick, cut into biscuits and set to rise for thirty minutes, when they will be ready to bake. These are delicious.

ICE CREAM CAKE.—1 cup of butter, 2 cups of sugar, 1 cup of sweet milk, 1 cup of cornstarch, 2 cups of flour, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, the whites of eight eggs. This makes four or five layers about an inch thick. For the icing to put between the layers: the whites of three eggs, beaten stiff, one pound pulverized sugar. Boil the sugar with four tablespoonfuls of cold water until it candies. Pour it into the whites slowly, beating until nearly done. Flavour with vanilla.

DELICIOUS CORN BREAD.—1 pint of corn meal, 1 pint of flour, ½ cup shortening (half butter and same of lard); 2 eggs, 3 heaping teaspoons of baking powder, and cold water or sweet milk enough to make it very thin, just so it will drop nicely from the spoon. Bake it thin, so it will not be more than 1½ inches thick when done. Sour milk can be used in place of sweet milk with water, and soda in place of baking powder, but only one large teaspoonful of soda should be used, just enough to make your milk foam nicely. This is nice baked in gem pans for breakfast.

What Molasses will do for a Sick Man.

"I am going to open a molasses cure establishment," said a young man, who was recently laid up with a complication of troubles, and then explained that he was a firm believer in the magic virtues of molasses as a cure-all. He said that he had been studying up the subject and found that molasses was recommended for all the diseases known to humanity. "First I sprained my wrist by falling from a bicycle, and before I got home three people told me to put brown paper and molasses on it. Rheumatism caught me by the knee before my wrist was well, and nine different people told me to use molasses on it. Molasses and opodeldoc was one remedy and another was molasses, salt and vinegar. I caught a bad cold on my chest last week, and was told to try molasses and rum internally. The cold got worse, and when I proposed to try the effect of a mustard plaster I was told to mix the mustard with molasses so that it would not blister my cuticle. The first time I got out of the house I was walking up Broad street in company with a pronounced limp, and was asked what was the matter. I told two or three people that I had the rheumatism and learned that I ought to try molasses and camphor or salt and molasses. I got tired of these suggestions, and when the next man asked what ailed me, I answered that my corns troubled me. "Tell you what to do. Sure cure. Take a little piece of kid, daub it with molasses and stick it on the corn.' I broke away from him and savagely told the next sympathetic inquirer about my ailment that it was none of his business what was the matter with me. I stopped on the corner to rest, and while there heard a man telling a victim of malaria to take molasses and red pepper to break his chills. I am beginning to think that the molasses cure should be developed. I understand that the sticky stuff is a favorite remedy for everything out in the country, where they eat it on all sorts of things, and use it for all sorts of complaints. Up in Sussex you will find lots of people who eat molasses on salt pork, sweeten their tea and coffee with it, use it on lettuce and tomatoes, and drink it with vinegar and water in harvest time. I am beginning to think that half of my life has been wasted, for I never knew enough to use molasses on anything but buckwheat cakes.

In a Changing World.

Geologists have described Britain as swarming with a multitude of forms of gigantic reptiles, some of them 60 feet or more in length, during the reptilian age—the middle period in the earth's geological history, when mollusks and reptiles attained their culmination and declined, and when the first mammals of England at a later epoch—the middle of Quarternary— is given by Owen: "Gigantic elephants of nearly twice the bulk of the largest individuals that now exist in Ceylon and Africa, roamed here in herds, if we may judge from the abundance of their remains. Two-horned rhinoceroses, or at least two species forced their way through the ancient forests, or wallowed in the swamps. The lakes and rivers were tenanted by hippopotamuses, as burly and with as formidable tusks as those of Africa. Three kinds of oxen found subsistence in the plains. There were also gigantic deer, wild horses and boars, a wild cat, lynx, leopard, a British tiger larger than that of Bengal, and another and even more terrible carniverous monster with saber-shaped canines eight inches long. Troops of hyenas preyed upon carcasses and feebler quadrupeds. There was a savage bear larger than the Rocky Montain grizzly, a gigantic beaver, wolves, and various smaller animals, down to bats, moles, rats and mice."

Turned About.

"Women are unreasonable creatures," observed Brown, as he ordered another round for the boys. "Now, there's my wife. Before we were married, when I went to see her she always thought it was too early for me to go home, and now I can't go home early enough to suit her."

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

Wood steeped in a solution of copperas becomes harder and more indestructible.

A good remedy for burns, and one that is generally at hand, is a paste made of flour and cold water.

Wet the hands in vinegar and camphor after having them in soapy water; it kills alkali and keeps them soft.

When cleaning a stove if a small quantity of sugar is put into the stove-blacking it will not burn off so quickly.

Women while sewing should never cut the thread with their teeth, as by so doing they injure the enamel, and in a little while the teeth decay.

Ordinary carriage varnish is a good cement for broken china, and if the pieces are joined neatly, the fracture will hardly be perceptible.

It is claimed that holding a shovelful of hot coals over varnished furniture will take out spots and stains. Rub the place while warm with flannel.

If your fence is too old for paint to stick on it, a solution of water, glue and lime will form a syndicate that will make it as white as the new fallen snow.

Brick made of a mixture of coke, sand and lime, for light partition walls, excludes sound better than brick-work, and is light and a non-conductor of heat.

For cleaning brasses belonging to mahogany furniture, use either powdered whiting or scraped rotten-stone, mixed with sweet oil, and rub on with a chamois skin.

To clean tins, making them almost as nice as new, wash in hot soap suds, dip a dampened cloth in fine, sifted coal ashes, scour well, then polish with dry ashes.

To remove paint and putty from window-glass put sufficient saleratus into hot water to make a strong solution, and with this saturate the paint or putty which adheres to the glass. Let it remain until nearly dry, then rub off with a woolen cloth.

Never be alarmed if a living insect enters the ear. Pouring warm water into the canal will drown it, when it will generally come to the surface and can be easily removed by the fingers. A few puffs of tobacco smoke blown into the ear will stupify the insect.

To mend china: Into a solution of gum arabic stir plaster of paris until the mixture assumes the consistency of cream. Apply with the brush to the broken edges of china and join together. In three days the article cannot be broken in the same place. The whiteness of the cement adds to its value.

A MIXTURE TO ERASE SPOTS.—Equal parts of strong ammonia water, ether and alcohol form a valuable cleaning compound. Pass a piece of blotting paper under the grease spot, moisten a sponge first with water, to render it "greedy," then with the mixture, and rub with it the spot. In a moment it will be dissolved, saponified and absorbed by the sponge and blotter.

GEAR TEETH.—Gear teeth, says *Wood and Iron*, generally have one corner broken off first, after which they rapidly go to pieces This may be avoided and the teeth made much stronger, by thinning down the edges with a file, thereby bringing the whole strain along the centre of the tooth. Gear teeth fixed this way will not beak unless the strain is sufficient to break off the whole tooth.

Old Friends.

It does old friends good to meet now and then, for they have a pleasure in it that they could hardly have guessed beforehand, and they tighten up the threads of kindliness that for any reason had begun to slacken. In these days of active, busy life, the friendships are not forgotten but they are apt to lose their freshness, simply for want of renewals by handshaking and kindly words. It is possible that a correspondence is kept up for years, even a lifetime, by a few, but how many of us know of such a thing? Usually, there is regular exchange of letters for a time, then an occasional neglect, followed by contrition and vows to do better, and then a total lapse from fidelity, and frantic attempts to justify it on the ground of "business" and the "exactions of a large family." The friendly feeling remains in such conditions, dulled, of course, as it must be, and with only a hasty thought of the one who used to be always in mind, and whose companionship in some form seemed to be necessary to happiness. It prevents this degeneracy of feeling to meet, see each other face to face, and quicken all the sensibilities by exchanges that shall be made vital by the aid of voice, tones, laughter, the eyes, and probably tears and the touch of the hand, which, though it is so much alike all the world over, has an individuality in it that is quick and keen as a spiritual interpreter. If we show ourselves human and true we will gather new friends wherever we are and value and use them—even set them up against all others as examples of kindness and congeniality—but there is something in the greeting again after many years of the friends of youth that, like the atmosphere of the early home, has nothing like it. Happy are they whose friends remain to them. It becomes very lonely when the roll of school and college days is called and there are only a few, far-off voices to answer.

A Fortunate Escape.

Lamartine the French poet was once visited by a deputation of "Vesuviennes," furious female Rupublicans of the *petroleuse* type. The captain was the spokeswoman. She told him that the "Vesuviennes" had come to tell him how much they loved him. "There are fifty of us here," she added, "and our mission is, in the name of all the others, to kiss you." This announcement made the poet shudder. The captain of the gang was tolerably good-looking, but the others were a horrible-looking, half-drunken and half-crazy set of viragoes. He was equal to the emergency. Citizens," said he, "I thank you from the bottom of my heart. This is certainly the happiest day of my life; but permit me to say that splendid patriots like you cannot be treated like women. You must be regarded as men; and, since men do not kiss one another, we must content ourselves with a hearty hand-shaking." The ladies considered themselves highly complimented. "*Vive Lamartine!*" they shouted, and each grasped his hand. When they were gone, he looked like a man who had just escaped from a deadly peril.

In ploughing and planting a quarter section of land near Bethay, Ill., two farmers killed 160 rattlesnakes, some of them big fellows.

Two Sides to It.

Striker (coming home at 11 a. m.): Biddy, phwere's me supper?

Wife: Oi've struck. Oi can't work twinty-four hours a day while yersilf wud put in tin.

Pocketing an Insult.

"A small physique at times is a great disadvantage to a man," he said. "Recently I was grossly insulted by a great big duffer, and I could only pocket the insult."

"In what way did he insult you?"

"He offered me a bribe."

McGuinness Foots the Bill.

Mrs. Flaherty—"Phwat's this, Mrs. McGuinness? Ye're but jist married to a sicond husband and it's comin' out in a new mourning driss ye are!"

Mrs. McGuinness—"Oi alwiz miat to wear mournin' for poor Mike, but Oi niver had the money till now. McGuinness is well fixed, praise the saints!"

The Moral He Drew.

Sunday school Teacher—"Who were the children of Israel?"

Pupils—"Jews."

"What did Joseph's brethren do with him?"

"Sold him into bondage."

"What moral do you draw from this lesson?"

"Look out for Sheenies if you don't want to be sold."

Getting Even.

"My neighbor has thrown her dead cat over in my yard?" announced a female caller at police headquarters the other day.

"Yes'm."

"Can you do anything?"

"No, ma'am, I'm afraid not."

"Well, I can! I've got a dog four times as big as her cat, and I'll poison him and throw the body into her yard this very night—so there!"

She Found Out.

"Do you like a mustache?" he asked, as he sat beside her gazing on the rising moon; "I ask because there are young ladies who say they are horrid."

"I don't know," she replied innocently, "whether I like one or not. I never had one on my lip."

"Oh," he exclaimed, with a long-drawn breath; then he drew her closer, and there was a sound as if a bird had chirped.

Had a Few.

A lawyer who was consulted by a young woman from the country in regard to a breach-of-promise case asked her if she had any letters to put in evidence.

"Why, yes, I believe I have," she replied.

She was told to send them in that he might look them over, and in a day or two he got a package on which was written: "I can't find but these fourteen hundred just now, but will hunt up the balance this week."

His Last Hope.

To say that he was hard up would but faintly convey the state of impecuniosity to which he was reduced, and he was seriously considering the advisability of retiring to the nearest country poorhouse, when he suddenly remembered about five dollars that was owing to him, and off he rushed to try his luck at the debt-collecting business.

"All right," growled the indebted one. "You don't suppose I am going to run away from my creditors, do you?"

"I don't suppose you are. But I am."

And that brought him half a dollar on account.

The Way to Say It.

"Which am de properest way to suppress oneself? Does yer say; 'We eated at the table, or 'We has dun ate at de table?'" asked one Toronto darkey of another, they being engaged in a grammatical discussion. As they could not agree the question was referred to Uncle Mose for his decision, which was:

"In de case ob you two niggahs none ob you am right."

"What am de proper way to say: 'We eated at de table,' Uncle Mose?'"

"De properest way for sich cattle as you two am: 'We fed at de troft.'"

She Recognized the Symptoms.

"Mary," he murmured fondly, "did you ever feel a restless fluttering of the heart because some one was absent; a sort of vacant longing which needed the dear presence of some loved personality to dispel it?"

"I have, Augustus, I have."

"Did you ever feel as if the absence of some one individual from this earth would make it uninhabitable to you—would leave it a void through which you must wander aimlessly and alone?"

"Why, yes, Augustus. I felt just that way when some cruel, wicked person went and stole my darling little pug."

And Augustus gave it up in despair.

The Meanest Husband in the World.

"I think I've got rather the meanest husband in the world," exclaimed a little woman on a car the other day.

Her friend asked her to explain, and she continued:

"I found that he was smoking fifty cents' worth of cigars per day, and I got him to agree to give me as much pin-money per week as the cigars cost. He stuck to it one week."

"And then what?"

"He bought him a clay pipe and a pound of ten-cent smoking tobacco, and my income is cut down to two cents a week."

Toronto. T. CARSLEY.

Too Much Enthusiasm.

"Teaching, to me," said an enthusiastic young school ma'am, "is a holy calling. To sow in the young mind the seeds of future knowledge and watch them as they grow and develop is a pleasure greater than I can tell. I never weary of my work. I think only of——"

"I am very sorry," interrupted the young man to whom she was talking, "that you are so devoted to your profession, Miss Clara. I had hoped that some day I might ask you—in fact I called to-night to—but I hardly dare go on, in the light of what you——"

"You may go on, Mr. Smith," said the young lady, softly. "I'm a little too enthusiastic at times, perhaps."

FARM.

Stock Notes.

A good many farmers have the idea that milk is not just right for pigs until it is soured. This is a very serious mistake. No possible good can come from souring it, but very serious harm. After you take out the cream and the water, the most that remains is caseine and sugar of milk. Both are valuable. But when you sour it you change the sugar of milk into lactic acid and lose nearly half the entire value of your milk. Feed milk sweet to calves and colts. Never let it sour if you can help it. Why will you throw away half its value?

The Farmer's (Irish) *Gazette* gives the following different ways of treating balky horses, which are recommended for trial: First, pat the horse on the neck, examine him carefully, first one side, then the other, if you can get him a handful of grass, give it to him, and speak encouragingly to him. Then jump into the wagon, and give the word go, and he will generally obey. Second, taking the horse out of the shafts, and turning him around in a circle until he is giddy, will generally start him. Third, another way to cure a balky horse is, place your hand over his nose and shut off his wind until he wants to go. Fourth, then, again, take a couple of turns of stout twine around the fore legs, just below the knee, tight enough for the horse to feel it; tie in a bow knot. At the first click he will probably go dancing off. After going a short distance you can get out and remove the string to prevent injury to the tendons. Fifth, again, you can try the following: Take the tail of the horse between the hind legs, and tie it by a cord to the saddle girth. Sixth, the last remedy I know, is as follows: Tie a string around the horse's ear, close to head. This will divert his attention, and start him.

POULTRY NOTES.

The farmer who keeps a flock of twenty-five to thirty hens, with the usual accompaniment of a hundred or more lively chicks, and allows them to share his domain in common with himself, his other stock and farm utensils, finds perplexity and most abominable company at every turn. The hen at large, in her multiplied form, is worse than an army of locusts, and her following as offensive as a pestilence.

An experienced poultryman thinks the essential cause of failure in so many of the attempts to keep fowls in large numbers is due to a lack of care. A farmer will rise at four o'clock in the morning to feed and milk his cows, will carefully clean out the stalls and prepare the beds for the cows, and his work does not end till late; but he will not do so much work for the hens. Yet the hens will pay, when properly cared for, five times as much profit, in proportion to labor and capital invested, as the cows.

If young chicks and turkeys appear stupid and ailing; examine them for lice. A little grease put on top of the head and under the wings will generally prove efficacious. Treat the mother in like manner. Fumigate the hen house by burning sulphur therein, making the house as close as possible for a few hours. Also wash every part with kerosene, or whitewash with caustic lime at least twice a year, and give the fowls plenty of dust or dry ashes, and there will be no trouble from lice.

The only sure way to clean out a nest should the contents become soiled, is to carry the box outside, burn the hay, and then dip a sponge in kerosene and apply a lighted match to the box, first rubbing it over with the sponge. The oil will burn for a few moments over the box and then cease. If there are any lice they will have but a poor chance. If an egg is broken in the nest the result is usually lice, unless the nest is at once cleaned, and the best mode is to begin anew with the box very clean and fresh cut hay put in.

A correspondent of the London Journal of Horticultural says, in reference to the question of sex in eggs: Last winter an old poultry keeper told me he could distinguish the sex in eggs. I laughed at him, and was none the less skeptical when he told me the following secret: Eggs with the air bladder on the centre of the crown of the egg will produce cockerels; those with the bladder one side will produce pullets. The old man was so certain of the truth of this dogma, and his poultry yard so far confirmed it, that I determined to make experiments upon it this year. I have done so, registering the egg bladder vertical, or bladder on one side, rejected all in which it was not one or the other, as in some it is only very slightly out of the center. The following is the result; Fifty-eight chickens were hatched, three are dead, eleven are yet too young to decide upon their sex; of the remaining forty-four, every one has turned out true to the old man's theory. This of course, may be an accidental coincidence, but I shall certainly try the experiment again.

DAIRY NOTES.

Butter shrinks as well as other articles and such is often the cause of errors in reports of sales when butter is shipped long distances and remains unsold for several weeks.

There is no time, says a wise man, to waste with kicking cows. If you have one, just put a hame-strap in her mouth and buckle it tightly behind her horns. Take it off when done milking, of course.

It is always best to milk rapidly, so as to get the milk out of the stable as soon as possible, in order to prevent the absorption of gases by the milk, as the cooler it becomes the more readily the milk is affected by odors.

An Iowa Agricultural College bulletin makes the following classifications of the relative values of foods as milk producers:

Potatoes, per 100 pounds	10
Corn, per 100 pounds	50
Timothy, per 100 pounds	50
Barley, per 100 pounds	55
Oats, per 100 pounds	60
Wheat, per 100 pounds	65
Wheat bran, per 100 pounds	70
Clover hay, per 100 pounds	80
Oil meal, per 100 pounds	1.45

A great many people are under the impression that in feeding ground food to stock it is better to make it into a slop that the animal can drink. Prof. E. W. Stewart truly says: "The saliva is an important agency in the digestion of food, and saliva is caused to flow by the act of mastication. When sloppy food is given there is no mastication. This sloppy food, then, is deprived of the usual proportion of saliva, and must depend wholly upon other agencies of digestion."