

FARM.

STORING VEGETABLES FOR WINTER.

For storing celery for family use, where only a few hundred roots are wanted, a trench should be dug out wide enough to admit three rows of roots, and deep enough so that the earth will cover the stalks almost to the tops when drawn up to them, leaving a slight bank at either side.

October is a good time for harvesting roots of all kinds, in the following order; beets, mangels, carrots, turnips, parsnips, horse-radish. Beets, mangels and turnips are pulled by hand, but the longer roots are most easily harvested by the aid of the plow.

All these roots keep better in pits than in cellars; but they are often kept in barrels headed up or covered with bagging, washing them before barreling if for table use or marketing for this purpose.

NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS.

Potatoes are the best crop that can be grown to clean foul land when it is not desirable to fallow it.

To protect trees from the girdling of mice clear away the earth at the base, wrap a piece of two-ply tarred paper around the tree and replace the earth.

One twelve-quart pailful of cut hay and four pounds of meal is a full feed for a thousand-pound horse, given twice a day, with an equivalent feeding between of oats or corn and long hay.

By a judicious system of winter feeding you can materially increase the comfort of your fowls, and get a suitable reward in an increased quantity of eggs and the good health of your stock.

A pig does not perspire like a horse, and on this account it should never be driven fast or chased by dogs. It only takes a little hurrying to get a pig very much heated, and often fatal results will follow.

Prominent poultrymen grow a large crop of cabbage for winter use. In the cold season the cabbage is either chopped fine and fed to the hens or tied to small stalks so that they can pick the heads at will.

A narrow stall tends to make a horse restive and uneasy, and frequently induces him to kick violently against the contracted sides of his narrow prison, and develops in him the objectionable practice of crib-biting.

If the horse has been out to grass and "slobbers" badly, just before you are ready to start give him a head of cabbage—one which is not hard enough for use or sale will do—and it will remedy the unpleasant habit.

Do not forget those leaves now. It will soon be time for them to gather in the fence corners in immense quantities, where they will surely go to waste unless you show some enterprise in collecting them.

Sheep manure contains 90 to 95 per cent. of the plant food contained in the rations consumed by the sheep. It is, therefore, a very rich fertilizer, as experience has shown.

It is especially rich in nitrogen, and in available form, and for that reason is excellent for use as a starter in the hills for corn and potatoes.

There is nothing that will lessen the flow of milk quicker than the chilling of the cow. If she becomes chilled, as a dairyman recently expressed it, "you have locked the milk glands and you never can pick the lock."

The cow, in other words, will give less milk at the next milking, and she will never recover, until she has another calf.

Horses are subject to colds the same as men, and treatment which is effective in one case will generally be in the other, in proportional doses. Colds in horses are often taken for more aggravating diseases, such as distemper, etc.

A good purgative, good healthy food, good grooming, and plenty of exercise, not too violent, is the best treatment to give them.

How Much a Man Eats.

It has been calculated that, on the average, each man who attains the age of three score and ten consumes during the course of his life twenty wagon-loads of food, solid and liquid. At four tons to the wagon this would correspond to an average of about a hundred ounces of food per day, or say some one hundred and twenty ounces per day during adult life, and about eighty ounces during infancy and youth.

Most modern doctors agree in regarding one hundred and twenty ounces of food per day, corresponding to five or six-half-pints of liquid food, and seven or eight pounds of solid food, as in excess of the real daily requirements of a healthy man or woman.

THOUGHTS ABOUT THE YOUNG

Henry Ward Beecher's Last Contribution to the Press.

I do not like to sow the seeds of suspicion in the minds of parents about their children, but there are thousands and thousands of parents in our great cities who think, who know that their children "never lie," and yet their tongue is like a bended bow. They think their children never drink; but there is not a fashionable saloon within a mile of their homes that the boys are not familiar with.

They think their children never do unvirtuous things, and yet they reek with unvirtue. There are many young men who when they return to their father's houses are supposed to have been making visits to this or that person; it is a mere guise. The practice of allowing children to go out at night to find their own companions and their own places of amusement, may leave one in twenty unscathed and without danger, but I think that nineteen out of twenty fall down wounded or destroyed.

And if there is one thing that should be more imperative than another, it is that your children shall be at home at night; or that, if they are abroad, you shall be abroad with them. There may be things that it is best that you should do for your children, though you would not do them for yourselves; but they ought not to go anywhere at night; to see the sights, or to take pleasure, unless you can go with them, until they grow to man's estate and their habits are formed.

And nothing is more certain than that to grant the child liberty to go outside of the parental roof, and its restraints in the darkness of night is bad, and that continually. Do not suppose that a child is hurt only when he is broken down. I have quite a taste in china cups and such things. I like a beautiful cup, and I have noticed that when the handle gets knocked off from a cup of mine, that cup is spoiled for me.

When I look at it afterwards I never see the beauty, but always see the broken handle. If I have a beautiful mirror, and it is cracked, it may still answer all the purposes that I want a mirror for, to reveal my beauty, but nevertheless it is spoiled for my eye.

There is that crack, and when I look into the glass I never see myself half so much as I see the crack. Its perfection is gone. In the matter of beauty a speck or a blemish is more than all besides, and takes away the pleasure of all besides. And it does not require that a child should be broken down to be made useless by his exposure to temptation.

I aver that there are many things which no man can learn without being damaged by them all his life long. There are many thoughts which ought never to find a passage through a man's brain. As an eel, if he were to wriggle across your carpet, would leave a slime which no brush could take off, so there are many things which no person can know and ever recover from the knowledge of.

There are the minions of Satan that go around with hidden pictures and books under the lapels of their coats, showing them to the young, with glazing, lustrous, hideous, infernal scenes represented, which once to have seen is to remember.

I can say these things, when some others could not, because I am known, as a friend of liberty and a friend of pleasure. I rebuke buke young who would turn monks. I do not believe in melancholy. I believe in gaiety and joyousness. And I believe that the closer a man keeps to the laws of nature the happier he will be, and ought to be.

Therefore, being on the side of liberty, though not on the side of license—being on the side of wholesome, manly pleasures, and freedom in the indulgence of them—I have authority to say, when you perfect nature in this way it is utterly wicked and utterly abominable.

There is another application which, although partial, is of great range and of supreme importance, addressing itself to doctors, to guardians, and to parents chiefly. I refer to the practice of allowing children to go out at night into the streets, if in cities; or, if in the country, allowing children to find their companions at night, and their pleasures at night, away from parental inspection.

If I wanted to make the destruction of a child sure, I would give him unwatched liberty after dark. You can not do a thing that will be so nearly a guarantee of a child's damnation as to let him have the liberty of the streets at nights.

I do not believe in bringing up the young to know life, as it is said. I should just as soon think of bringing up a child by cutting some of the cords of his body and lacerating his nerves and scarring and tattooing him and making an Indian of him outright as an element of beauty, as I should think of developing his manhood by bringing him up to see life—to see its abominable lusts, to see its hideous incarnations of wit, to its infernal wickedness, to see its extravagant and degrading scenes, to see its miserable carnalities, to see its imaginations set on fire of hell, to see all those temptations and delusions which lead to perdition.

Nobody gets over the sight of these things. They who see them always carry scars. They are burned. And though they live, they live as men that have been burned. The scar remains. And to let the young man go out where the glazing courtesan appears, to let them go where lustful frequenters of dens of iniquity can come within their reach, to let them go where the young gather together to cheer them with bad wit, to let them go where they will be exposed to such temptations—why, a parent is insane that will do it. To say, "A child must be hardened, he has got to go through somehow, and you may as well put him in the vat and let him tan"—is that family education? Is that Christian nature? Is that bringing a child up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord?

The following anecdote of "Twa Gillies" is rather amusing, particularly to one who is partial to the "auld Hieland" tongue:—First gillie, Donald, discovered sitting by the edge of an attenuated stream, hanging on to the end of a short clay pipe, under a blazing sun, about the middle of last July; innocent visitor, sojourning at the neighboring hotel, madly casting his line across the struggling water. Second gillie coming up unexpectedly: "Fat, Tonal, ye ken there's na fish in that bit streamie the noo?"

First gillie: "Aw ken that, mon; gentleman's got nae whusky. Nae whusky, nae fush, Tonal!" Second gillie: "What! Nivver! D'ye say sae?" First gillie: "Fae! lad; an' what's mair, he disna ken a skelley frae a whitin', he disna blaw bacco, he's no marriet, he disna gang to the kirk, he whistles on the Sabbath, he—" Second gillie: "Whist—that's enuch! Guid-day, Tonal!"

HOUSEHOLD.

THE PICKLING SEASON.

TOMATO PRESERVES.—Scald and peel perfectly ripe tomatoes, prick with a needle, add equal weight of sugar and let stand over night; then pour off juice and boil thick; add the tomatoes and cook until transparent.

CHILI SAUCE.—Nine large ripe tomatoes, one onion chopped fine, four peppers, two teacups of vinegar, one tablespoonful salt, two of sugar, one teaspoonful each of ginger, cloves, allspice, cinnamon and nutmeg. Slice the tomatoes and chop the peppers and onions together; boil the mixture one hour. Twice this quantity will make three quarts.

RIPE TOMATOES.—Take a crock or jar, as large as you want, and fill with tomatoes, washed nice; and clean; cover them with strong water one week; then pour off and over with vinegar, put a weight on and set them in the cellar; when you want to eat them slice them and sprinkle sugar and pepper over them. They will keep till spring.

MUSTARD PICKLE.—Half a peck of small cucumbers, half a peck of green string beans, one quart of green peppers, two quarts of small onions. Cut all in small pieces; put cucumbers and beans in a strong brine for 24 hours; remove from brine and pour on two pounds of ground mustard mixed with one pint of sweet oil and three quarts of vinegar.

PICKLED ONIONS.—Take off the outer skin of small white onions; let them lie in salt and water for a week, changing it daily; then put them in a jar, and pour over boiling salt and water; cover them closely; drain off the pickle when cold. Put the onions in wide-mouthed bottles, and fill them up with strong vinegar, putting in a little sliced ginger; cork the bottles closely.

SPICED GRAPES.—To every pound of fruit allow one-half pound of sugar, one pint of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon and cloves and one tablespoonful of allspice. Cook pulp and skin separately, skins until tender and pulp until soft, and seed by running through the colander. Put pulp and skins together, add vinegar, sugar and spices (the latter in a bag), and cook until of right consistency.

SLICED CUCUMBER PICKLE.—Two dozen large cucumbers, sliced, and boiled in vinegar enough to cover them one hour; set aside in hot vinegar. To each gallon of cold vinegar: One pound of sugar, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one tablespoonful each of ginger, black pepper, celery seed, mace, turmeric, horse-radish, scraped garlic, sliced; one teaspoonful of allspice, mace and cloves; one-half teaspoonful of cayenne pepper. Put in the cucumbers and stew two hours.

PRESERVED QUINCES.—Use orange quinces. Wipe, pare, quarter and remove all the core and the hard part under the core. Take an equal weight of sugar. Cover the quinces with cold water. Let them come slowly to a boil. Skim, and when nearly soft put one quart of the sugar on top, but do not stir. When this boils add another part of the sugar, and continue until all the sugar is in the kettle. Let them boil slowly until of the color you like, either light or dark.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Take half a bushel of tomatoes, wash them and cut them in pieces; put them in a preserving kettle with one quart of water and boil until soft; then pass through a sieve and add half a pint of vinegar, one tumblerful of salt, four red peppers; one ounce of whole cloves, one ounce of whole black pepper and two ounces of whole allspice. The spice should be put in muslin bags securely tied. Put the whole on the fire and reduce one-half. When cold, bottle the catsup and cover the corks with melted beeswax. The bags of spice must, of course, be removed before bottling.

PUTTING UP QUINCES.

CANNING QUINCES.—Wipe the quinces, cut out the blossom end and all bad places, pare, core, quarter, and slice the quarters lengthwise into three or four pieces, according to the size of the quinces. Put the fruit in just cold water enough to cover, and cook slowly until the pieces can be pierced with a stiff broom straw; then add white sugar (granulated) enough to make as sweet as you like, let come to a boil, and seal in glass cans.

QUINCE PRESERVE.—Prepare the quinces the same as for canning, weigh them, and cook as for canning. When cooked sufficiently, skim the quince out and measure the water. If there be not enough of the water to allow a cupful to every pound of fruit, add enough boiling water to make the desired quantity. Add three-fourths of a pound of granulated sugar for each cup of water, let come to a boil and skim it, put in the quince and cook until clear, then seal in glass cans.

QUINCE JELLY.—Put the quince cores and parings, and one-third the quantity of sour apples, into the kettle with water enough to cover; when quite soft put into the jelly bag and let the juice drip out, but do not squeeze the bag. Measure the juice, put it back in the kettle, add a pound of sugar to a pint of juice, boil fifteen or twenty minutes, as may be necessary. Put into jelly glasses or small tumblers, and put the covers on when the jelly is cold.

QUINCE MARMALADE.—Save out a few quinces when canning and preserving, and cook them with the parings, cores, and apples as for jelly. When soft enough rub through a sieve, and three-fourths of a pint of sugar to every pint of the quince, and boil about fifteen minutes, or until it "sets" like jelly when cold. This may be put up while hot in cans and sealed, or in tumblers and sealed with paper when cold. Of course when one has plenty of quinces, all quinces may be used for the marmalade instead of part apples, but the jelly is really better for the apples. And when quinces are scarce, one-third sweet apples may be used for the preserves, and also for canning; and if you are particular not to cook the apples until they break to pieces, one can hardly tell the apples from the quince when done. The best way to prepare the apples is to steam them instead of cooking in water, and then mix them with the quinces in the syrup. The apples should be ripe, but not mellow.

Finally, a fair quality of sauce can be made from the pulp that is left after draining off the juice for jelly. Add a little water, rub through the sieve, and proceed as with marmalade, only using a little less sugar.

The tournure is narrower, but hardly perceptibly smaller in the early fall styles.

Mothers.

Mothers who improve their children in company, who blast a well-nigh constant effort by an impatient cry "How stupid! how clumsy!" have much to answer for. Mothers who are cold and undemonstrative to the big boy, to the awkward girl; who are shy of petting, inviting no confidence, giving none, have much to answer for. So, too, have those who, in this generation and in these cities, too early slip the reins of authority into the hands of irresponsible children, suffering their unprotected girls, in the first blush of their beauty, to become the by-word of silly boys as they walk up and down our avenues on summer evenings, inviting attention and ridicule.

A girl-child is a precious trust. Her mother should guide her from the pitfalls her inexperience cannot fear. A boy is what God only knows in these days of power for the ablest. His mother holds the key of his destiny in her hands. Do not lock up your love in your heart, but show it in look and word and manner to the other children. There is never any danger that we women will forget to pet our babies. Their appeal to us is irresistible.

There is another mistake quite common among mothers. Shall I illustrate? Here comes one now. Poor mother; she has so worked and slaved and denied herself for her children, that in her care of them, she has grown prematurely old. The home exists for them alone. Neither she nor their father has any right which the young people are bound to respect.

Possibly, as a matter of convenience, they tolerate their parents. The father grew bent and gray toiling for their education. The mother sewed herself nearly to death, and quite to wrinkles and nervous prostration, that her daughters might have the pretty, over-decorated dress which she fancied their only suitable costume.

Here a puff and there a flounce. It was the old Song of the Shirt, with variations, and a mother's life spent in the service of adored but not adoring girls. Gradually it has come to pass that in the household planning for pleasure, mamma's role is that of chief servant or chief caterer.

In some circles the necessity for chaperonage renders mamma's presence obligatory at the *fete* or on the excursion; but there are communities without number where a chaperon was never heard of.

"Isn't your mother to be of the party?" I asked of a bright girl, as she chatted gaily of to-morrow's picnic. "Ma!" You should have seen the amazed stare. "Why, ma never goes anywhere!"

It was to me, in my own person, that a frilled and furbelowed young woman once remarked unblushingly: "Oh! mamma didn't have our advantages. She's very old-fashioned. She keeps home and stays in the background. Nobody ever asks for mamma!" I had done so! And I had seen, flitting shame-facedly through her own parlors, as though caught in the wrong place, a wan, shabby, gray-haired woman, whose lot appeared to be that of a foil to her unnatural offspring.

This is an almost unprecedented case, no doubt. But I haven't a doubt that we all know women so crowded out of their own homes that they can hardly find a quiet place in which to say their prayers. The prettiest chambers are yielded to the girls. The drawing-room is occupied by their friends and themselves. The library is preempted by the young lady and her *fiance*.

Mamma, who tancies she prefers it, oscillates like a pendulum between her own bare chamber, quiet innocent of drapery and bric-a-brac, and the dining-room in the basement, where she can conveniently direct the operations of the kitchen cabinet.

Ancient Salt Fish in Nevada.

At the White Plains salt works, on the line of the Central Pacific Railroad, beyond Wadsworth, in sinking large pits or wells, many fish, perfectly preserved, have been found in the strata of rock salt cut through.

The salt field occupies what was once the bottom of a large lake. The fish found are of the pike or pickerel species, and from twelve to sixteen inches in length. No such fish are now seen in any of our Nevada lakes. The specimens are not petrified, but are preserved in perfect form, flesh and all, as though they had been frozen up in cakes of ice. The salt works are near the center of the basin, in which was once a lake thirty miles long by from twelve to fifteen miles in width and over 300 feet deep in places, as is shown by the ancient water lines on the bordering hills. The fish found embedded in the layers of rock salt are doubtless thousands of years old. After being exposed to the sun and air for a day or two they become as hard as wood. In a pit eight feet square and about sixteen feet deep dozens of them were found, there being sometimes five or six in a bunch. It was found that they could even be eaten, but they were not very palatable and it was necessary to soak them in fresh water for two or three days before attempting to cook them.

Ages of Birds.

The following table is from an English source, and claims to be measurably correct as to the ages of the birds mentioned:

Table listing bird species and their average lifespans in years. Includes Blackbird (12), Canary (24), Crane (100), Crow (100), Eagle (100), Fowl (10), Goldfinch (15), Goose (50), Heron (69), Lark (13), Linnet (23), Nightingale (18), Parrot (60), Partridge (15), Peacock (24), Pelican (50), Pheasant (15), Pigeon (20), Raven (100), Robin (12), Skylark (30), Sparrow hawk (40), Swan (100), Thrush (10), Wren (3).

The statement made at the recent conference between Prince Bismarck and Signor Crispi, that an alliance of the central European powers was requisite to prevent Russia seizing Constantinople and establishing a naval station on the Mediterranean, has greatly enraged the Czar, and has so alarmed Turkey that the Sultan has broken off his negotiations with Russia for mutual action in Bulgaria.

HEALTH.

HONEY RECIPES.

FOR CROUP.—Honey is an excellent remedy giving sure and prompt relief.

HONEY OF SQUILLS.—Clarefield honey three lbs.; tincture of squills; mix well.

ASTHMA.—Grated horse-radish mixed with honey; one tablespoonful taken before going to bed.

TO CURE A BURN OR SCALD.—Cover the same instantly with honey, keeping it so until the pain ceases.

WHOOPING COUGH.—A decoction of wheat bran mixed with milk and honey, drank frequently, gives relief.

CROUP AND HOARSENESS.—A gargle made of sage tea sweetened with honey, or pills made of mustard, flour and honey.

ROSE-HONEY (rhodomeli), made of the pressed juice of roses and honey extracted from the comb, is held in high favor for the sick.

WORMS.—Before breakfast take a tablespoonful of honey, or a tea made of peppermint sweetened with one-third to half its bulk in honey.

SUPPRESSED PERSPIRATION.—(Taking cold).—Barley soup sweetened with honey, drank before retiring; or oatmeal soup with honey drank warm.

FOR ASTHMA.—Honey is an excellent remedy. Mix one oz. of Castor Oil with four ozs. of honey. Take tablespoonful night and morning. A simple and beneficial remedy.

EYE WASH.—For sore and inflamed eyes.—One part of honey to five parts of water. Mix and bathe the lids, putting a few drops into the eye, two or three times a day until well.

HONEY SALVE.—Take two tablespoons of honey, the yolk of one egg, and flour to make it to a paste. This salve is excellent for running sores of long standing, boils or sores of long standing.

TO REMOVE FISH BONES and similar hard objects which have become lodged in the throat. Make a large pill of wax (as large as can possibly be swallowed), dip in honey and let the patient swallow it.

HONEY AND WALNUT COUGH CANDY.—This is made entirely with honey, but thickened with walnut kernels. The dose is a piece about the size of a pea. It should not be boiled enough to make it brittle.

FOR BRONCHITIS.—Take comb honey and squeeze the honey out, and dilute it with water. Wet the lips and mouth with it occasionally. This has proved an excellent remedy, even where children's throats were so badly swollen as to prevent them from swallowing food.

GARGLE FOR SORE THROAT.—Very strong sage tea, one half-pint; extracted honey, common salt and strong vinegar, each two tablespoonfuls; cayenne pepper, one tablespoonful. Steep the pepper with the sage, strain, mix and bottle for use. Gargle from four to eight times daily, according to the severity of the case.

HONEY COUGH SYRUP.—This is an excellent remedy for a common cough. One dose will often give relief. Stew a half-pint of sliced onions and one gill of sweet oil in a covered dish. Then strain and add one gill of good honey; stir it well and cork it in a bottle. Take a teaspoonful at night before going to bed, or any time when the cough is troublesome.

LEMONS IN THE SICK ROOM.

The lemon is a fruit much used in the sick room, and, many times, unwisely. Lemonade being a very refreshing and agreeable drink, is easily taken in excess by persons suffering from fevers, a fact that should not be forgotten. In typhoid fever, for instance, its immoderate use would be attended with danger, inducing, as it might, additional derangement in an already inflamed intestinal mucous membrane.

In all inflammatory diseases of the stomach and bowels lemonade should only be given after the attending physician has sanctioned its use. During the past few years lemon juice has become quite popular in the management of diphtheria from the supposed action on the membranous deposits in the throat. There have also been attributed to the juice marked virtues in the functional derangement of the liver, commonly called "bilious disorders." Some persons so affected have found benefit from its persistent use; the symptoms of others, however, have been aggravated by it.

A Creole Girl's Life.

When the creole girl leaves school, she enters society, and is never seen there unchaperoned until after marriage. To this event she looks forward as the fulfillment of her destiny, a spinster among the creoles being almost as rare as among the Jews.

In her choice of a husband she is influenced by family wishes, although marriage among the creoles is by no means simply an affair of convenience, as it is too often with the French. Mamma settles all preliminaries, and then the lovers are left to themselves. From this time until the marriage, the betrothed pair are never seen in public with any but each other. She can not receive attention from any man, slight as it may be, nor can her lover pay to any other the *petits soins* of social intercourse without exciting remark.

In the scheme of creole etiquette broken engagements and broken hearts find no place. Very soon after her betrothal the creole girl with her mother calls upon all relatives and friends of the two families. Her shyly uttered "*Je viens de vous faire part de mon mariage*" is her announcement of the impending event. For eight days before and eight days after marriage she must not be seen in public.

Girls Becoming Superior to Boys.

The Superintendent of Schools in Cleveland, Ohio, (perhaps the model school city of the second class in America), two years ago reported, on the part of the boys in the High School, a loss of 10.6 per cent. from the ratio as it stood ten years before. The Superintendent at St. Joseph, Mo., whose own proportion of boy graduates stood sixth highest in a list of thirty schools that he tabulated, says: "The young men of the country will be compelled in self defense to prolong their time of study at school or college, or else submit to a continual reminder of their inferiority in scholarship to the young ladies with whom they mingle in the social circle."

"No, darling," said a mother to a sick child, "the doctor says I musn't read to you." "Then, mamma," begged the little one, "won't you please read to yourself out loud!"