

AGRICULTURAL.

THE HOME DAIRY.

I would like to speak a few words for the home dairy. We are making one hundred pounds of butter a week and sell to regular customers at the same price the whole year through. In these parts butter scarcely sells for more than fifteen cents per pound, and in summer eight to ten cents is the price. There are times in winter when butter goes up to twenty five cents, but never for more than a week or two at a time; so, taking all things into consideration, we concluded to place the price of our butter at twenty cents for this year, as that is a fairly paying figure. We had little difficulty in finding customers who were willing to contract for their butter for a year. Once in a while a customer will drop off when butter is lowest, and I take a wicked delight in refusing such butter when it is scarce again. We make our butter on the creamery plan, taking it to town on ice. We do not believe in guess-work as to temperature or salting. I find that one ounce of salt to the pound suits the taste of most people.

We found our gauges overrun, and in that way our creamery made a profit. Then their cream-gatherer took a large amount of our skim-milk with the cream. The creamery pigs thrive better than ours. Now it is wonderful what calves and pigs we raise from the skimmed milk and buttermilk. The chickens come in for a share, and our butter customers purchase the chickens, and, in short, all our surplus for "saas," fruit, etc. We live where girls are rather scarce, but I manage to keep fairly good help. I never suffer my help to touch the butter; but I take very good care that they do nearly everything else; for I do not care to lay by money for a second wife for my husband. I was an invalid when I left the city for the farm, but I am quite able to look after kitchen, dairy and poultry now.

To those overworked farmers' wives, whose husbands think a hired girl means ruin, I would say: Sell cream to the creameries; but, if you can have good help, and have a taste for scientific butter-making, I think the extra profit would pay the extra help. A great many people prefer the butter made by a neat woman to that made by the creameries. It does a woman good to ride to town early in the morning, with one of the children, and deliver her butter. I think reading a great help in butter making; in fact I learned to make butter from the dairy department of our farm paper.

HATTIE BYFIELD.

Red Willow County, Nebraska.

THRESHING DAY.

"OLD FARMER."

Ah me, how many threshing days do I remember—some sad ones and some pleasant ones. Sometimes the crop proved almost a failure, and sometimes it turned out better than we expected, and the good wife rejoiced and cheerfully gave the threshers and all hands the best the house could furnish. In my younger days we were threshing more or less all winter. Now a ten-horse power steam thresher does the whole work sometimes in one long day and always in two days. It is a trying time. The hopes and fears of a whole year are brought to test. It is a busy time for the farmer, and if he is not careful he will be likely to overtask himself. If he is wise, nothing but absolute necessity should induce him to "cut bands" or take away the grain or build the stack or undertake any work that will confine him to one spot. He can always find plenty to do. Sometimes the men who are pitching the grain to the machine may come across a lot of raking, and a little help will encourage them. Sometimes the man who is carrying away the grain will find the granary choked up, and the farmer, by the vigorous use of a scoop shovel, will make all right again in a few minutes. Sometimes the wind may bother the men on the stack, and a few words of encouragement and sympathy, with a little assistance, will put new spirit into them.

The essential points to look after are: 1st. The granary. It may need a few strips of tin to make it rat and mouse proof. Recollect, also, that you have not only to get the grain into it, but also to get it out again—and it sometimes happens that it is necessary to get it out sooner than you expect. Should it get warm it will be necessary immediately to turn it or spread it out on the barn floor, or run it through a fanning mill. 2nd. See that the machine threshes clean. If not, lower the concave. See that no grain is carried over with the chaff. Occasionally the threshers have a visitor who wants to feed the machine, and he crowds in the sheaves, and the steves cannot properly clean the grain, and more or less of it passes over on to the straw carrier. 3rd. Look to the straw stack. This is an important matter to those of us who feed out the straw. The great secret of making a stack rain-proof is to keep the middle full and well trodden down from the start, so that when it settles, the outside will sink down lower than the inside. When you begin to build the roof, the part that needs the most care is immediately under the straw carrier. The chaff is apt to accumulate there, and when the machine is removed there will be a depression in the stack at this point that will let in the rain. Take special pains to put some layers of long straw under the straw carrier. Many of our straw carriers are not long enough, and if it is necessary for a man to throw the straw up on to the roof of the stack, drive some long poles into the stack and place an old door on them for the man to stand on. If this is not done, the place where he stands will be a hole difficult to fill up so that it will shed the water. The farmer, if he is wise, will frequently be on the straw stack during the day and help to tread it down in the middle, but for his own safety and for the good of the stack he will not venture too near the outside. 4th. Look out for fire from the engine, but in point of fact there is more danger from tobacco smokers than from the engine.

A large proportion of the lawns in city, village and country are deteriorating, and close examination shows the turf to be thin, the desirable grasses weak, brown quickly under draught and sun, while coarse, unrightly plants creep in and retain a foothold. The beauty of the lawn diminishes with age in spite of liberal fertilizing and close and regular cutting. What is the reason? Mainly, it is the excessive use of the modern lawn-mower. In nearly every locality may be found pasture lands long set with grasses fine and rich, holding color well under mid-

summer sun and drought, with a thick elastic turf, through which no color of soil can be seen—the very perfection of a lawn if it were trimmed close and even. Why does the pasture flourish through a score of years and the lawn decay? Simple because the pasture is kept nearly under natural conditions, and the lawn subjected to an intense Chinese dwarfing system. Suppose the lawn is newly made, according to the best instructions, the soil deeply dug, enriched, made clean and fine, the seed sown and the grass plants show thick and strong. What next? The lawn-mower—twice or three times a week until growth stops in autumn. Next spring the grass makes a renewed struggle for existence, starts early and strong again. It lifts its blades to the sun and air that it may push its roots into the rich soil for moisture and substance. The effort is promptly met by the lawn-mower. Growth is checked above and under ground so through an entire season and succeeding years. The law is that the root growth of the plant is in proportion to its top growth; the root growth is shallow. Of what avail is the deep, rich soil? Is it a wonder that the lawn drowns early, and that coarse, hardy plants get a foothold?

Give the grass plant a chance to make adequate root growth if you would have and keep a good lawn. Read the lesson of the pasture lands. Encourage it a little, in early spring, and in the autumn lay let lawn-mower away early, and let a thick, strong growth of grass be the winter protection of the lawn.—(American Agriculturalist.)

CROPS THAT CAN BE SOWN OR PLANTED IN JULY.

It is rather late to sow Swede turnips or rutabagas, but the intermediate sorts, such as yellow Aberdeen, do well sown in July, while the earlier varieties such as Golden Ball, White Flat Dutch and Purple-top Strap leaf, can be sown the last of July or first of August. We once had a fine crop of Swede turnips sown the fourth of July, but the soil and season was unusually favorable. Of course much depends on the latitude—the farther south the later you can sow a plant. We have had good potatoes from early varieties planted the latter half of June. Early varieties of beans can be planted the last of June or the beginning of July. Also early varieties of sweet corn. Hungarian grass or millet can be sown to advantage in July, the earlier the better. Make the ground as fine and mellow as possible, and sow evenly from three pecks to a bushel of seed per acre. Cucumbers and pickles are sown the last of June to the middle of July. Cabbage and cauliflower can be set out any time in July, but toward the last of the month it will be well to plant early kinds, such as Winningstead and Henderson's Summer among cabbage, and early Paris and early Erfurt among cauliflowers. Snowball and Erfurt Earliest Dwarf can be planted as late as the middle of August and certain to head. Le Normand short-stem cauliflowers, one of the largest and best varieties, can be planted the middle of July. Give them plenty of room six feet apart each way.

THE RIGHT TIME FOR PRUNING.

The largest branch starts from a bud which a slight movement of the fingers would have broken off. By going over young trees and rubbing off buds that appear where branches are not needed, there will be very little pruning to be done when the trees come into bearing.

Make Your Own Candy.

Now is the joyous season of the year when, if you are only acquainted with the precious secret of their preparation, you can make for yourself with ten minutes' work candies more delicious than were ever purchased at the most expensive confectioners. The latter never have this particular sort of candies for sale because they will not keep. But, frisk-cooked, they are morsels for the gods, and this is the way to make them.

Take some big strawberries, ripe but firm, and hull them. Then mix two cup fulls of granulated sugar with a little less than one cup full of cold water. Put the mixture on a hot fire and let it boil hard, without stirring, until a spoonful dropped into cold water crystallizes to the brittle point immediately. Now take it off the fire and pour it into cups, previously warmed in the oven. Dip the strawberries one by one into this hot solution as quickly as possible, fishing them out with forks and laying them on greased tin pans.

The briefest sort of an immersion will be sufficient to give each berry the desired coating of sugar candy. Finally, set the pans on the ice in the refrigerator, and as soon as the fruit is cold it will be ready to eat. Perhaps, "goble" would be a more appropriate word, considering the eagerness with which such strawberries glaces are usually consumed. In very truth they are not rivalled by any other kind of sugar plums as you will yourself confess, if you will try them. Malaga grapes and nuts as well may be treated in the same way.

Mr. Gladstone's Speeches.

The recent speeches of Mr. Gladstone in his tour through Wales are regarded by the London "Spectator" as committing him unqualifiedly to the policy of federation for the British Empire. They certainly involve the approval by him of a very large concession to Wales and Scotland of the powers now exercised by Parliament and the creation of representative bodies in those two countries through which the powers thus conceded can be exercised. For instance, Mr. Gladstone distinctly referred to the disestablishment of the Church in both these countries as a matter that each should be allowed to deal with in its own way, and referred to disestablishment in England as something which the next generation was very likely if not entirely to take up and carry through. It is plain that for purposes of this large import Scotland and Wales would require a legislative agency and its complement, an independent executive, that by their very existence would modify most seriously the British Constitution, and which might lead to an ultimate disintegration of the empire. But, on the other hand, it can no longer be denied that Parliament finds its work too heavy for it; that much of that work is badly done, and much more is left undone. If something in the nature of federations not to bring relief, the opponents of that measure will be compelled to find another remedy. The present state of things is believed by a large number of the most acute and loyal observers in England to be getting intolerable.

JUGGLERS IN INDIA.

Let me give you a picture of an Indian juggler. One stands outside my hotel window as I write. He is performing his tricks in the dusty road without a table, cabinet, patent boxes, or any of the accompaniments of the American wizard. His sole possessions consist of three small baskets, ranging in size from a half-peck to a bushel, a couple of cloths, and a tripod made of three sticks, each two feet long and held together by a string at the top. Three little wooden dolls with red cloths tied around their necks and each not over a foot long, are the gods which enable him to do wonderful things. He has a flute in his mouth and a little drum in his hand. He is black-faced and black-bearded, and his shirt-sleeves are pulled up above his elbows. His only assistant is a little turbaned boy, who sits beside him, whom he will shortly put into a basket not more than two feet square, and with him will perform the noted basket trick of India. This trick is one of the wonderful juggling tricks of the world. The boy's hands are tied and he is put into a net, which is tied over his head and which encloses his whole body so that he apparently can not move. He is now crowded into this basket. The lid is put down and tight straps are buckled over it. The juggler now takes a sword and with a few passes of these little Hindoo doll babies over it and the muttering of incantations as a preliminary, thrusts the sword again and again into the basket. There is a crying as though some one was in terrible pain. It is the voice of a child and the sword comes out bloody. You hold your breath, and did you not know it to be a trick you would feel like pouncing upon the man. After a moment the basket becomes still, the juggler makes a few more passes, unbuckles the straps and shows you there is nothing within it. He calls, "Baba! baba!" and in the distance you hear the child's voice. How the boy got out of the basket or escaped being killed by the sword and where the blood came from I do not know. I only know it was a sleight of hand performance and wonderfully well done.

The mango trick is performed with the three sticks in the shape of a tripod. The juggler takes a pot of water and pours it over a little pot of earth. He then holds up a mango bulb about the size of a walnut, and putting this into the earth he throws a cloth over the tripod. He now blows upon his horn, making mysterious passes, and, after a few moments, raises the cloth and you see the mango tree sprouting forth from the soil. More passes and more music follow and the cloth is pulled down again. After a few moments, during which the showing of minor tricks goes on, he pulls out the pot and the plant has grown about a foot above it. There is more watering and incantation, and his final triumph comes in showing you a bush nearly a yard high, containing great leaves. This he will pull up by the root and show you the seed at the bottom. It is a wonderful trick and how the man is able to manipulate the different plants with nothing else but a thin cotton cloth to help him, which, by the way, he allows you to examine, is hard to conceive. He has a dozen other sleight-of-hand performances equally wonderful. He puts a little shell into his mouth and appears to choke as he draws out coin after coin and balls of stone almost as big around as your fist. He spits fire, as does the American wizard; pulls miles of string from his stomach, sticks pins through his tongue without hurting himself, and ends the performance with a snake trick, which is to me the most wonderful of all.

In doing this snake trick he asks for a piece of paper and asks you to hold out your hand. You do so, and he places the paper upon it. He then begins to play upon his pipe and to dart out his eyes as though he saw something near your hand. His whole frame becomes transformed and he dances around you like a wizard, playing all the time and keeping his eyes on your hand. Now he starts back and points at it. You look and see nothing and he begins to play louder and dance wilder than ever. Remember his arms are bare to the elbow and both of his hands are upon his pipe. Suddenly he drops the pipe and continues his dance with incantations. He points to the paper again, and while you look and see nothing he claps his hand down upon it and pulls up three great cobras, which raise their hooded heads and dart out their fangs in different directions and squirm and wriggle as he holds them up before you. You jump back, for the bite of the cobra is deadly, and I am told that the snakes used have in some cases not had their fangs drawn. A juggler was killed a week ago in Benares by the bite of a cobra which he was using in this way, and they are the most terrible snakes I have seen. At another performance of the same kind I was present with a party of four, and we all decided to ascertain if we could how this trick was done. I stood upon a chair and overlooked the man as he snatched up the snakes, but I could not see where they came from, and I only know that he had them, and that they were so big that he crowded them with difficulty into a little round basket the size of a peach measure.

These jugglers are wonderful snake-charmers. They make the snakes do as they please, and the snakes they use are of the most deadly kind. I was told by an Englishman at Benares of an incident which happened there a short time ago. A juggler was performing with snakes and a Hindoo standing by said that the fangs of the snakes had been drawn, and that any man could do the tricks that he was doing. The juggler replied that they were not. The Hindoo protested, and, in spite of the warnings of the juggler, seized one of the snakes. It was a cobra, and it sunk its fangs into his arm. A moment later the man dropped to the ground, saying he was poisoned, and in two hours he was dead! I am told that the cobra will not bite unless he is angry, and that it is only when he is in this condition that his mouth fills with venom. The jugglers rely on this fact, and by petting the cobras make them so docile that they can work with them without great danger.—[The Chicago Times.]

Slavery in Zanzibar.

Nearly seven-eighths of the population of Zanzibar are slaves. Some owners have 1,000. A negro boy costs about \$20, a strong workman about \$100 or \$120, a pretty young negro from \$50 to \$100, Abyssinian women from \$200 to \$500, while the women from Jeddah, in Arabia, bring fancy prices.

BRITISH NEWS.

Prices for great violins have reached the highest mark of their history. A Stradivarius is advertised for the unheard-of sum of £5,000.

The record for crossing from Dover to Calais now belongs to the newest boat on the route, the Calais-Douvre, which has crossed in 53 minutes.

A Spanish pianist named Aibenz, pianist to the Queen Regent of Spain, has created a reasonable sensation in London. He is represented as being a really admirable artist of great finish, delicacy, execution, and understanding.

For a long time advertisements have appeared offering to procure presentation at court. A woman who carried on this traffic, described as a "person of honor" and a member of the old nobility, has been discovered and perpetually banished from court.

The old rule that no divorced woman could be presented at the English court has been rescinded. Any divorced woman with whom no fault rested is admitted by special permission from the Queen, after Her Majesty has satisfied herself that the applicant was free from blame.

Recent experiments at the Ear Hospital in London indicate that stammering is not a nervous defect only. In operations for deafness in several cases the patients were cured of stammering also, and the result is the opinion that stammering comes from some defect in the hearing.

John Aitken of Falkirk claims to have succeeded in counting the dust motes in the air. He says that he has detected 30,000 such particles in the thousandth of a cubic inch of the air of a room. In the outside atmosphere in dry weather the same measurement yielded 2,119; after a heavy rainfall the number was only 521.

Lord Calthorpe caused a good deal of discussion by naming a horse at Epsom Marchesi. Some asserted that this was a mistake for "Marchese," while others declared it must, of course, mean "Marchesa." The Duke of Beaufort, who is said to be surprisingly stored with information, gave the true explanation, which was that the horse was called after an Italian poet of the time of Petrarch.

What Matters It?

What matters it, my curious friend, where lies Our heavenly harbor and our land of rest? Whether it be beyond the azure skies Or in some lower world, God knoweth best. It offers safety from our cares, and so What matters whether it be high or low, It offers rest; what more should mortals know?

Rest from the weariness of burdened days, Of bitter longings and of evil hours, Of duties leading us through darkened ways And into efforts far beyond our powers, Of dark temptations into secret sin, Of constant labor, earth's poor gauds to win, Of spirits deafened by the strife and din.

It matters nothing as to when or where We find the haven and the welcome home; Let curious doubt give place to trusting prayer, And no weak soul through speculation roam. We seek for sealed-up secrets hidden things; Enough for us if on eternal wings We reach the country of those better things.

Vex not thy spirit, oh, aspiring man! But live thy days as earnest workers must; Nor try to pierce through God's mysterious plan Which obligates thee to a life of trust. Some day, somewhere, while countless ages roll, Thy hungry heart shall comprehend the whole, The veil be parted for thy thankful soul.

A Thousand Pounds Pipe Light.

It is an old saying that truth is stranger than fiction. If any fiction writer made one of his characters light his pipe with a bank note for £1,000 he would be laughed at. Recently the heirs of one Gillett, a working bricklayer, brought an action against the Bank of England for £1,000 under the following circumstances. It is the practice of the bank, if a man loses a bank note, say by fire or shipwreck, and the fact can be clearly proved, and he procures two good sureties to recoup the bank in case the note should by any unforeseen chance turn up, to pay the loser its value in gold. Gillett inherited £3,000 from an uncle, got into the way of drinking to excess, and, probably from a spirit of foolish boasting, was in the habit of carrying about in his trousers' pocket two bank notes, one for £1,000 and the other for £200. On Jan. 3, 1880, after drinking all day he finished up at a public-house, where the £1,000 note was said to have been lost. It was stopped at the bank, but has never been presented for payment. Stolen bank notes are usually sent to the Continent and come back through innocent holders, when the bank is obliged to pay. As he did not lose the £200 note, it does not look like a case of robbery. It has been suggested that when far gone in drunkenness he lit his pipe with the missing note. His grief about his loss and his drunken habits brought him to a lunatic asylum in 1885. His heirs sued for the £1,000, but the judge non-suited them. In this case there was no positive proof that the note was destroyed. Gillett, by stopping its payment, evidently at the time thought that it had been stolen. There have been curious cases of bank notes turning up after long intervals. In one instance a gentleman was showing to a friend a bank note for a very large sum, when by some accident a sudden draught carried it up the chimney—a wide old-fashioned one. Although strict search was made, no trace could be found of it. Many years afterwards the chimney was pulled down, when it was found that the note had been carried by the draught some way up, and then it had lodged between two bricks where the mortar had partially come out. It was quite distinguishable. The Bank of England note paper is very thin and very strong, being made from new linen cuttings.

The famous collection of portraits of Cromwell, some 200 in number, has just been sold by the Rev. Mr. Williams, of London, who collected it, to a Birmingham manufacturer.

The Malaria Microbe.

We all like to know about things in these days, even though the knowledge should be somewhat disagreeable and should ever so slightly dull the edge of the brightness of life, not always very bright even at the best. There is the subject of malaria for example. What a lot of people think they have malaria, or have had it at some period of their lives. It used to be a very convenient term with the doctors. They used it, many people strongly suspected, in order to veil their ignorance of what was wrong with their patient. If the case was puzzling it was much easier to make the word malaria fit the symptoms than to compel the symptoms to adapt themselves to the name of some specific malady. An English woman has been writing quite a clever article on the subject recently. She spoke to the reading world through the "Nineteenth Century," and gave the results of some investigations she had been making in Italy and America on the malarial microbe. It is only within the last ten or fifteen years that scientific men have known that malaria was carried by actual living organisms in the blood, and only within two or three years back that they have been able to find out what these living creatures which are responsible for so much human misery, are like. But they have found out, and the malarial microbe has been traced to his lair and forced to come out and put himself on exhibition for the edification of those whom he has tortured or may torture sometime in the future. It has been discovered that he is a poly-morphic individual, that is to say, he enjoys the distinction of being able to put himself into various shapes, thus proving the existence of a rudimentary form of will. He first appears as a tiny speck in the blood corpuscle, that is in the red matter of the blood, for in these days of diffused knowledge it needs hardly be said that blood is not a simple substance of uniform red throughout, but that the color is derived from certain portions of it which have been set apart to perform certain functions. Well the polymorphic microbe settles down on a blood corpuscle, and proceeds to make a living off it. This he does so effectually that from the colour is changed to black. It next appears as a crescent round the black colouring matter. Then it assumes an oval form, and later on a rosette form as it is called, and at this stage it begins to separate itself into free bodies, meaning by this that it reproduces and distributes itself through and through the blood of the unfortunate patient. And by this time it is any wonder that the latter is enduring the very agonies of prostration? His Stamina is being eaten out of him by these detestable little blood suckers, some of which have tails and some haven't any. Which kind are the greediest science hasn't yet demonstrated, but there is one comforting thing about the tailed individuals that they in their turn are attended to by other smaller beings called leucocytes. These leucocytes are the good genii which help to keep the balance true and prevent the unfortunate victim of malaria from being devoured altogether. Now, if any of our readers are ever attacked by malaria, it will be some comfort to him just to know what is going on inside of him. Let him remember, therefore, that there are numbers of little beings called microbes, which have some power volition, and can change their shape to a certain extent, eating away at his blood corpuscles which they turn from red to black, and would soon devour altogether but for the counteracting influence of other little beings called leucocytes which have a fondness for the tailed variety of microbes, and hunt them for a living.

The English Sparrow.

The United States Department of Agriculture has just issued an extended report on the English sparrow. It is an octavo volume of 403 pages, containing maps showing the distribution of the sparrows in the United States, and illustrations of traps and nets for destroying the birds. The work consists of a general history of the English sparrow and the method of its wide dissemination in the United States; reports from all the states concerning its ravages in orchards and grain fields, and suggestions as to the best means of extermination. The sparrow was first imported by Hon. Nicholas Pike, one of the directors of the Brooklyn Institute, against the warning of naturalists and Englishmen who knew of the bird's character at home. The first pairs were brought over in 1850. The orange lasted until about 1870, when many people began to turn upon the sparrow. But he has been petted and helped to immigrate, in spite of his few enemies, until he has become a national pest. Reports from all the states show that the sparrow destroys a good percentage of the best fruit of all kinds. He pecks the finest apples and bites the largest cherries. He pecks the finest bunches of grapes and destroys the largest strawberries and raspberries. His work in the cherry tree is most destructive. The robin steals a whole cherry or a half dozen where the sparrow pecks and rots twenty. In an apple tree the sparrow lights upon the choicest, mellowest fruit and excavates the upper portion about the stem, causing them to rot or fall. Bushels of the finest apples are destroyed in this way. In the spring he eats the young and tender blossom buds of fruit trees. His only redeeming trait is the catching of an occasional worm to feed the young. The report of the ornithologist of the agricultural department urges systematic war upon the sparrow and the prevention of any further spread. Farmers are warned to destroy the first pair seen and prevent the foundation of any new colonies. It is recommended that sparrow clubs be formed throughout the country, each member to pledge himself to destroy a certain number annually or pay a fine. Such clubs are numerous in England. In Stratford-on-Avon, for instance, a sparrow club destroys about 20,000 birds annually.

The Behring sea question in its various phases gives much trouble to the United States press. The Washington Star, commenting on the rumor that Britain would propose that the question be submitted to a conference of maritime powers, thinks that such powers would naturally be in favour of deciding Behring sea to be an open sea. Says the sapient Washingtonian: "If this country ever submits the Behring sea question to arbitrators the arbitrators will be selected from nations which are inland and shipless and do not covet the Alaskan seals. Other nations, if suggested as arbitrators, will naturally be challenged on the score of interest." There are very few nations in the world that will not oppose a selfish pre-emption of the high seas.