

AGRICULTURAL.

Butter Making on the Farm.

To make good butter it is necessary to understand its true organization, and then to so handle it as to preserve it in its normal condition. If we destroy the normal condition of anything we invite decay, and that soon follows. The only true butter is that which is brought out of the milk in its granulated form. To do this requires the best of care from the pasture to the manufactured article ready for the table. We then begin with the treatment of the cow. Give her good sweet grass or clover and water that is pure either of running brook or drawn from a well. Never let her drink pond water or from pools by the roadside. There is more importance attached to the matter of pure drink for milk cows than is generally believed. Drinking impure water will deteriorate the quality of the milk and butter. Have a comfortable stable in which to feed and milk them, and keep clean and well ventilated so that no odor of the stable may attach to the milk. It is better when milking in a stable to keep the milk bucket outside of the stable and carry the milk to it as it is drawn from the cow in smaller vessels. If the cows come in wet with rain let them drip for a few minutes, and then rub off with a cloth lest some drop of rain from their bodies might find its way into the milking vessels, thus taking every precaution to keep it pure until you get it into the house. Now, the course of treatment is very important. Never set warm milk in the creamery or cellar or milk room, but set it in cold water until all the animal heat is out. By using dairy buckets you will find it very convenient to do this, using common wash-tubs and cold well water. The dairy buckets hold from two and one half to three gallons, and it is best to put all your milk in one bucket, if you can do so. If you get two or three gallons of milk at one milking put it all into one bucket. If you get from five to six put it in two and cool it in tubs of water, and then set it in the milk trough, creamery, or cellar. In this way it will keep sweeter more than twice as long than if the animal heat were allowed to pass out slowly. There it scarcely any farmer who has not the facilities for this plan. Abandon all crocks and pans. They are a nuisance and a burden to work with. You will get more butter from the deep setting and have fewer vessels to wash, and you can carry a three gallon bucket of milk with one hand, while it takes two to handle a pan with one half gallon in it. Only one bucket to wash for three gallons of milk, whereas it will take three or four crocks for the same quantity.

Use tin vessels to skim the cream in, not jars; stir the cream every time you skim a bucket of milk. As soon as the cream ripens churn it, but not too much. This is where nearly all butter is ruined, and beaten into a pasty mass of grease, not deserving the name of butter. Have a churn from which you can draw off the milk leaving the butter in the churn. Churn the cream a few minutes until all the thick milk is broken, then have a small strainer to catch the cream as you let it off into the cream bucket, thus straining out any curds that might fail to break while churning. As the process of churning is not continued very long in making granulated butter, some of the harder curds might not break up sufficiently to run off when the butter is washed, and should they remain in, the butter would sour and spoil, hence the need of straining the cream after it is well stirred. After straining the cream return to the churn and continue churning until the butter appears in very small granules about the size of coarse sand. Be sure and have the temperature below sixty, or no higher at least. To get this temperature in summer, set your cream bucket in cold water as you do your fresh milk. When the granules appear then stop churning. Pour in a quantity of cold water to thin down the buttermilk, so it will readily run off. Now open the hole at the bottom of the churn and hold the little strainer under it to catch the granules, throwing them back in the churn, as they fill up the strainer. As soon as the milk is all out, pour in a bucket of cold water, drawing it off as before, and then another until the water runs off clean. Now put in the salt—a good quantity—for you can't oversalt granulated butter. It will not take it in, but will melt and run off as the water did.

Now, with hand or paddle prepared press this mass together and every particle of water will press out of it, and leave it a solid butter, more the consistency of putty than grease. If you find it difficult at first to pack it with a butter paddle you can prepare the hand to mold it in the butter mold. Wash the hand well with sweet clean soap, then plunge into cold water until cold. Granulated butter never sticks to the hand or churn or anything else. It never needs working as there is no water in it, and the salt being mixed in it while it is in granulated form it needs no further mixing. Churning butter until the granules are broken and stick together and then worked after that, to mix the salt, and take out the water makes nothing more than a mass of grease. When the granules are broken then the greasy part comes out, and will adhere to whatever it touches; hence it gathers in large lumps and renders it difficult to thoroughly mix the salt and bring out the water, to do which ruins the butter. You will notice I have used the term granule, not globule. Butter is often churned until it forms in small shot like globules, especially in the large churns of creameries where no dash is used, but this is churned too much. The little granule is its normal state, as it exists in the cream, as it is taken from the cow, and if that is kept intact you then get true butter in its natural organization. If you break that you spoil its consistency.

Granulated butter can be molded in prints in the hottest weather, and will keep its form when the over-churned butter would melt down in the dish, placing them in the same temperature. The little film covering the granule, not being broken, keeps each one from sticking to the other,

I have sometimes illustrated my meaning in this way: Supposing we had a number of eggs with the shells removed and the thin lining of it left intact, you can pile them up and they will stay, but as soon as this skin is broken they come down in a sticky mass. So when the granules are broken, they will soon melt down when in a warm temperature. If sufficient heat is applied to the granule it bursts and lets out the grease, and so the cream should never be subjected to a heat strong enough to do this, hence the ruin of butter by putting hot water in the churn. By the plans given above the labor of caring for the milk is much lighter; the churning is much shorter; the printing of the butter may take a little more time, but it is more than compensated by the shortening of the churning process, but the greatest compensation is the article manufactured. It is always acceptable in the markets.

I have manufactured butter for forty years, and though giving general satisfaction to my customers, was never fully satisfied myself until I worked on this plan. I have a first-class butter-worker which I used to use, but now have no use for it, as my butter never needs working. There is only one place my butter gives more trouble than that manufactured in the old way, and that is when used for making cake. It has to be beaten much more, as it has not been beaten by the churning or the butter-worker.

Any person who has tubs and a good well can make good butter if they have no other facilities for keeping it cool except to change the water twice a day. My creamery, though home-made, is the best arrangement I have ever seen. In some future time I may give plans for that which any farmer can make for himself.

How to Drench a Horse.

In the farmer's stable, where drenching bits and such improved appliances are not at hand, the ordinary way of giving a horse medicine is to pour it into his mouth from a long necked bottle. There is in this more or less danger of his breaking off with his teeth and swallowing pieces of glass.

Instead of pulling his head up with the halter rope and trying to keep it still with your hand, put on an ordinary bridle with long reins attached to the bit-rings, pass the reins over something firm overhead, such as a fork handle laid across a feed hole, or a ring in the floor sleeper, and bring the horse up so that his head will be directly under it. Stand on a box or chair on his near side, so you will be within easy reach of his mouth when his head is raised; take the loose end of the reins in your left hand and by pulling them gently down the pressure of the bit against his upper jaw will raise his head gradually until high enough to prevent the liquid from running out the corners of his mouth, which he will then open and begin to work his tongue—left free for him to swallow. With the right hand pour the liquid into his mouth at the corner, and usually you will hear him swallowing.

Should he absolutely refuse to swallow, confine his nostrils for a moment with the hand, and in his effort to get his breath he will forget to hold on to his mouthful of medicine. If the dose is large, or he takes slowly, do not tire him by keeping his head up too long. Ease up with your left hand and treat him very gently. Carefully managed, not a drop need be lost in drenching the most fractious horse.

Live Stock Notes.

Don't guess about the amount of feed your stock requires. Feed carefully and test results on the scales. If you haven't the scales you do entirely too much guess work. Guessing spoils profit a good many times.

Make your stables light. The horse or cow that is kept in semi-darkness not only suffers pain when brought out into the bright light, but is liable to suffer in health. Sunshine is the best disinfectant known.

The feet of young horses are often permanently injured by standing upon imperfectly constructed floors, floors which are too hard or not kept clean. "No foot, no horse," say the English. A filthy floor will not make a sound foot. There is much carelessness in this regard.

Sheep that are not well fed through the winter will not be of much satisfaction to the shepherd at lambing time. For every dollar that is saved by scrimping the sheep now, you will lose two in the spring. That is an interest that of agriculture can not afford to pay.

Holland's Hotel Exposition.

On the 1st of May, 1895, there will be opened at Amsterdam, Holland, a unique exposition, to be known as the "International Exposition of Hotels and Travelling Accommodations." The promoters of this exposition claim that nothing on the same line has ever been attempted before. The object is to have a complete display of everything relating to hotel accommodations and transportation facilities. The exposition will not be confined strictly to these lines, but will include all other departments necessary for a first-class fair. The principal object of exhibition in the hotel and transportation line will be plans and furnishings of hotels and cafes, building materials, plans and models of ships, plans and models of railway construction, railway carriages, construction of engines, electric, steam, and horse cars, carriages, omnibuses, and vehicles moving by power other than horses, bicycles and their construction, steamships and shipbuilding, models of electric ships, balloons for topographical and military purposes, and captive balloons. The exposition, while it is not being backed by the Dutch Government financially, has received the Queen's royal sanction.

The Welland police magistrate has dismissed the charge against Rev. Father McIntee, of Port Colborne, for having illegally performed a marriage, there being no evidence to warrant conviction.

ROUND THE WHOLE WORLD

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE.

Old and New World Events of Interest Chronicled Briefly—Interesting Happenings of Recent Date.

The Empress of Japan is fond of simplicity in dress and only on state occasions does she put on royal robes.

One of the best private schools in Paris, the Ecole Monge, has just been bought by the Government for a million dollars.

At the commencement of 1894 the newspapers of the British Isles numbered 2,291—449 of this number being published in London.

Patagonia, according to recent travellers, is by no means a land of promise, and the settlers have great difficulty in making ends meet.

Twenty female clerks are employed by a Sydney insurance office. Their work is noted for being more correct than that of male clerks.

It is not expected that an expedition will be sent this year against the Abors, a hill tribe in Assam, who have been creating trouble for the Indian Government.

Dr. Jennie Taylor, niece of Bishop Taylor of Africa and physician in his mission work, recently walked 500 miles inland and was not sick a minute at any time.

Dr. Guelliot, of Rheims, stated to the Congress of French Surgeons that cancer is contagious and may be transmitted through clothing, table utensils or tobacco pipes.

The Admiralty authorities, having decided to abandon the scheme for the defence of Belfast, have removed the submarine mines laid across the entrance to Belfast Lough.

Dr. F. Buchanan Whyte, who died in Perth, Scotland, a few days ago, was one of the greatest Scottish botanists and geologists. He gave names to many mountain flowers.

In the course of the evidence offered at one of the London police courts recently, it was stated that out of every twelve coins placed in automatic machines two are found to be bad.

Lord Rosebery, the English Premier, is a great student of the Bible. In the speech which he made a short time ago he quoted the Bible seven times, Shakespeare twice and Aristotle once.

A new military post on the English Channel is to be established by the French Government at Port-en-Beassin, in the department of Calvados, midway between Cherbourg and Havre.

Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt, a Philadelphia artist, whose home is in London, has just completed a series of frescoes for the Blackheath church at Womersley and St. Martin's, Chilworth.

A story comes from Tunis that four Europeans are living with the Tuaregs, and that they are Col. Flisters and three of his companions, who were supposed to have been massacred in 1881.

Justin McCarthy, the Irish Parliamentarian, whose novels have been so widely read in this country, is in his 62nd year, but even at this age it is no unusual thing for him to sit up all night over his typewriter.

Workmen excavating on the site of street improvements at Dover, England, struck upon something solid which proved to be a coffin cut out of chalk and effectually sealed. In it a human skeleton was found.

At Munich the police have forbidden the playing of pianos with the windows open. Any persons who have reason to complain of the noise thus made have been invited to communicate with the police office.

Of 48 eminent physicians of Europe who were questioned recently concerning the healthfulness of bicycling for women, 36 approved the exercise in moderation, 3 under certain conditions and 9 were opposed to its practice.

A despatch from Shanghai says that the Dowager Empress has had forty lachas administered to Chin and Chen, two concubines of the Emperor, who had presumed to offer him advice, presumably about the conduct of the war.

In the shop of a St. Petersburg watch-maker a human-faced clock is on view—the only one of its kind. The hands are pivoted on its nose, and any messages that may be spoken into its ear are repeated by a phonograph through its mouth.

Herr Mascha has lately unearthed in Moravia a number of skeletons of mammoths associated with those of human beings. A remarkable feature of one find was that of what appeared to be a whole family of human beings of gigantic size co-existent with the mammoth.

In London, not long ago, investigation proved that the children of laboring people in the metropolis were better nourished—that is to say, weighed more at the same age—than those belonging to higher social strata, the latter being fed too much confectionery and cake.

Clergymen who have stopped at Mr. Gladstone's hotel and library at Hawarden express themselves as delighted, not only with arrangements made for their comfort and their work, but also with the personal kindness of the Grand Old Man himself. He takes the warmest interest in students who go there for rest and reading.

Another "wonder doctor" has been discovered in Germany. He is a shepherd named Ast, living in the small village of Radbruch. In the last few weeks over 1,000 persons have visited him from all parts of Germany. The people stand in crowds about the man's hut, waiting for his advice. His success is said to be remarkable.

There are now fifty-five towns and cities in England which destroy their garbage and solid refuse by burning, using an average of about ten furnaces each for that purpose. The combustion of the material is used for the generation of steam, by which the streets are electrically illuminated, thus reducing their municipal expenses by this means.

Tired and thirsty travellers find a friend in the "travellers' tree," which grows in Madagascar. This wonderful tree is said to have no branches, the leaves growing from the trunk and spreading out like the sections of a fan. These leaves, of which there are generally not more than twenty-four on each tree, are from six to

eight feet in length and from four to six feet broad. At the base of each leaf is a kind of cup containing about a quart of cool, sweet water.

The British House of Lords was recently occupied with a somewhat curious appeal. It was whether the owner of an adjoining estate had power, without consent of his neighboring proprietor, to cut down such branches as overhung his property. The judges in the lower court could not agree and, on the case being taken to the court of appeal, it was thought the man whose property the trees overhung had a right to abate the nuisance. This view was also taken by the House of Lords.

NEW ZEALAND'S LADY MAYORESS.

Mrs. Yates, of Onehunga, First Elected in British Dominions.

Onehunga, a flourishing little town of about 4,000 inhabitants on the north island of New Zealand, has the honor of having elected the first lady mayoress ever chosen



MRS. YATES.

on British soil. Mrs. Yates has for years borne a prominent part in all movements looking to the improvement of Onehunga. It was natural, therefore, that when New Zealand recently bestowed the franchise on qualified electors of the fair sex the inhabitants of the lively little place turned to her as one on whom they could depend. Mrs. Yates had not contemplated elevation to civic honor of such altitude and was at first too fearful of responsibility to consent to the use of her name. General assurance of adequate support and continued pressure overcame her fears, and she was elected chief magistrate of the place. Latest accounts indicate that her townsmen and women will have no cause to regret their choice.

The Humility of Inexperience.



1—Mr. Newlyrich has made his first call on horseback, and prepares to depart.



2—but in mounting he puts the wrong foot in the stirrup.



3—with the above startling result.

The Problem Solved.

Mrs. Rulen—"Your husband is still as devoted as a lover. I don't see how you manage."

Mrs. Kissen—"It's very simple. When he comes home late, I always pretend to be asleep; when he has a headache in the morning, I tell him he is overworked; when he leaves his hat in the parlor, his overcoat in the dining-room, and his overshoes up stairs, I quietly gather them up, and put them in the front hall; and when we go to the theatre, I never forget to suggest that he should improve the shining hours between the acts by going out and talking business with his customers. Oh, it's easy enough to keep a man devoted, if you only know how."

WINTER WRINKLES.

Ned—"The woman I marry must be an ideal housekeeper." Ted—"You'll suffer less with a practical one, old man."

When a fellow's best girl calls him a perfect poem he should be careful. Many a perfect poem is rejected.

Jango—"Has anyone good opinion of that man Wool?" Hango—"Yes," Jango—"Who?" Hango—"Wool."

"I never give anything to a young, healthy person." Beggar—"Do you expect me to become an old cripple just to suit you?"

She—"Do you think a girl ought to let a man kiss her before she marries him?" He—"Yes, if she expects to be kissed at all."

Hicks—"And how did the fellow look after the fight; serious, eh?" Wicks—"Well, yes, he did wear rather a rapt expression."

Minnie—"I want to introduce you to a young lady—a very nice girl—and she's worth her weight in gold." Bob—"Stout girl, I hope?"

"It's a good idea to make light of your troubles." "I do," replied Happpo; "whenever a creditor sends me a letter I burn it."

Brown—"Is young Flyingwedge practising law?" Jones—"I think not. He was admitted to the bar, but I think he's practising economy."

When a man becomes firmly convinced that he is a genius, it is then that the fringe slowly begins to form on the bottom of his trousers.

New Missionary—"Can you tell me what has become of my predecessor?" Cannibal Chief—"He made a trip into the interior."

Did you write it '94,
Just the same as oft before?
Or were you to facts alive
And made figures '95?"

Teacher—"Now, boys, if one of you were to find something pettified, what age would you attribute to it." Smart Boy—"Stone age."

"It's almost disgusting to see the manish airs Miss Whirlor takes on." "What is she doing now?" Learning to sharpen a lead pencil.

Irate merchant—"I thought you said this safe was burglar-proof." Agent—"Well, what more proof do you want of burglars than that?"

Chuffleigh—"I wonder why it is that women always seem to understand baby talk?" Gruffleigh—"They can understand anything in the way of talk."

Tell us, ye winged wind
That round our pathway screams,
Is there a spot on earth
Where mince pie don't make dreams?

Ethel—"You remember that absurd looking monkey we saw on the street?" "Yes." "Well, Tom bought and sent it to me." "Well it's just like him."

It was at the club. Waiter (at 11 p.m., "there is a lady outside who says her husband promised to be home early to-night." All (rising)—"Excuse me a moment."

"How could you endure talking so long with that ugly old woman with that frightful costume without laughing in her face?" Oh, that's easy. She is my wife."

"Talk is cheap," observed the man who believes in proverbs. "Humph!" replied the man who doesn't. "That remark shows that you never hired a lawyer or rented a telephone."

Little Miss Mugg (haughtily)—"My sister never goes out without a chaperon." Little Miss Freckles (disdainfully)—"My sister wouldn't be allowed to, either, if she was like your sister."

Head Mistress—"Miss Balfour, I saw you kiss that Tarleton boy. What is the meaning of that?" Sweet Girl Undergraduate—"I can spell it Miss Grayson, but I can't define it."

A little girl, busy working a pair of slippers as a birthday present for her grandfather, said to a little playmate: "Ah! you're well off, you are; your grandad has only one leg!"

Ralph—"Suppose a fellow's best girl gets mad when he asks her for a kiss?" Curtis—"Take it without asking." Ralph—"Suppose she gets mad then?" Curtis—"Then he's got some other fellow's girl."

"The thing that Biggles lacks is sincerity," remarked the self-appointed critic of mankind. "What makes you say that?" "He made a resolution to quit swearing and bought a fountain pen on the same day."

Philosopher—"The only thing that can make any man, rich or poor, perfectly happy is love, and love costs not a penny." Practical Man—"True, but keeping the loved one in clothes costs like the old Nick."

There isn't half as many
That want to take the cake,
As there is that want the biscuits,
Their mothers used to make.

First lieutenant—"How do you like the horse you bought from me last week?" Second lieutenant—"Very much. He might hold his head a little higher, though." First lieutenant—"Oh! that will come all right when he is paid for."

Little Johnny—"Mamma says Mrs. Highmind is a very superior woman. What does that mean?" Little Ethel—"I don't know exactly, but Mrs. Highmind has travelled a good deal, and maybe she can read a railroad time table all by herself."

Professor—"In Russia criminals are often sentenced to be kept awake until insanity and death result. Now, how do you suppose they keep them from falling asleep?" Little girl (oldest of a small family)—"I expect they give 'em a baby to take care of."

Had a Smart Husband.

Daughter—"Did you find out what it was that papa cut out of the paper?"

Mother—"Yes, I bought another copy. I've read it all through, but I can't see anything wrong about it. It's an article on the healthfulness of house-work."

Mrs. Henrietta M. King, of Corpus Christi, Texas, owns 1,875 square miles of land in Texas, or about 1,250,000 acres. She inherited this vast domain from her husband, Richard King, who was born in New York State in 1825.