

FOR THE FARM AND HOME.

Bleaching Celery.

It takes but from eight to ten days to bleach celery in warm weather, and about four or five weeks in cold weather. A new plan of bleaching in warm weather is now adopted by some of our best growers, and found to work admirably, as it saves much labor and there is less danger of rust and rot. They half hill, as it is termed, with a hoe or with a small one horse plow, if a horse can be used, throwing up a small ridge of the soil on each side of the row, just up to the plants, but not against them much; then take inch boards ten inches wide, lay along on each side of the row, crowding the lower edge close up to the bottom of the plants, then take hold of the outer edges of the boards and bring them up together, placing over them clamps made of No. 9 wire—so made that the boards will be about two inches apart, or a little more, if the celery is large. For the late crop the soil is found the best for bleaching. In this it is necessary to use judgment about hilling up. It will not do to commence it while the weather is too hot and wet as there is danger of its rotting. It should never be banked while the stocks are at all wet.

Young Colts.

When the young colts arrive some pains should be taken to rear them in the best manner. There is considerable mortality among young colts which may be avoided. This mostly occurs among farmers whose mares are at work in the field. The rearing of colts upon farms is just now a very profitable business, and is to be encouraged by good advice and wise management. The best way is to have the colts run with the mares and to give the mares an occasional rest for the colts to suck. When the colts are shut up and turned to the mare at noon and night only the milk is heated by the hard work of the mare, and the udder is distended, often painfully, and both mare and colt suffer. The milk is also less in quantity, for when a colt sucks six or eight times in a day the supply of milk will easily be double the quantity given when the colt is turned to the mare only twice a day. Besides, when the colt accompanies the mare it becomes used to its surroundings in the field and on the road, and takes its first lessons for its future training.—*New York Times.*

Compacting Land for Corn.

On the question of the rationale of corn-growing, a correspondent of the *National Stockman* has the following:

"Corn wants dry land even more than wheat or other small grains. This is in part because only as the soil is dry can it be got to a high temperature early in the season. One of the important advantages from planting corn on sod, or over a mass of coarse manure, is that those under the furrow keep the soil porous, and thus admit the warmer air to the roots. On any heavy soil the plowing for corn should be shallow, and after plowing it should not be rolled or otherwise packed, except as is necessary in cultivating to make a mellow seed bed. I have often seen the line where a stone-boat was drawn across a field for corn after plowing distinctly visible by the smaller plants where the soil was too much compressed. This was when rains had already sufficiently compacted the soil; but this is the condition of most common lands containing some clay. In a very dry time, after planting corn, this result might be reversed, but even then the improvement would be more due to better tilth than to compacting of the surface. I think much of the roller for other crops, but it is not adapted to corn on land as heavy as most of mine."

The Sheep Gad-Fly.

The sheep gad-fly appears during the summer months. It is not unlike the small horse fly in appearance, the color being light ash, dotted and lined with black. After mating, the female seeks to deposit her young about the nose of the sheep. The animals show their worry from these insects by shaking their drooping heads and stamping their feet, and often, in fact, by flight. The bots are said to pass up the nose by means of hooks and spines, causing an increased flow of mucus, on which they feed. The maggots when full grown are about an inch in length. Youatt and Clark deny that special harm is wrought by these bots, but this denial does not correspond with the observations of leading sheep men, who, Prof. Cook declares, are correct in the opinion that the bots do serious injury to the animal, and when very numerous, especially if they pass to the brain, may, and frequently do, cause death. When suffering from this cause the sheep lose their appetite, seem inclined to butt, and these symptoms are followed by stupor and great weakness. The mouth and nasal membranes become inflamed and there is an unusual discharge from the nose. To render the animals exempt from the attack, sheep men have practised, with good effect, farring their noses. The operation is simplified by boring two inch holes into logs, into which salt is placed and the edges then smeared with tar. In reaching for the salt the sheep receives the application.—*Cultivator.*

The Shape of the Plow.

The shape of the plow is important. This fact has now come to be so clearly acknowledged that plows are made with especial reference to the kind of work to be done. There is the prairie breaker, adapted to tough sod; the sward plow, in two principal forms, is for flat and lap furrows, and stubble-plows in great variety, from the curve that carries the furrow slice gradually into the position in which it is to be left, to that which carries the slice shapely up and then thrusts it sideways and over into position. The next important means is the double furrow-trench plow, which is simply one plow before another on the same beam. The first plow takes a rather thin furrow, which, with a sharp turn, throws the trash, or a thin skim of sod, into the bottom of the preceding furrow. The true or thick furrow slice immediately follows, covering all closely in. Another variety is the trench-plow proper, or deep tiller, designed for special crops when extra deep tillage is necessary in connection with heavy manuring, or for orchard cultivation. Such plowing should never be undertaken unless you are sure the depth of soil will fully warrant the depth of plowing, for the turning up of the under soil often produces infertility for years, especially in stiff clays, unless large amounts of manure are used. It is far better to get depth of tilth by means of the true subsoil plow, which, running in the bottom of a furrow, loosens, raises, and pulverizes the subsoil, but leaves it in the same position it originally had. Thus the soil may be pulverized to any depth the strength of the team will allow. But neither this nor trench-plowing is admissible on soils that ever become thoroughly water-soaked, since soil saturated with water for any considerable length of time inevitable runs together, thus destroying its permeability. It is only within the last forty years that improvements have been originated that have made American plows superior to any other made for the purpose required in turning and disintegrating all soils, from the lighter sandy soils to the toughest clays.

Useful Hints on Cheese-Making.

In an essay on cheese-making, delivered by J. B. Harris, Antwerp, N. Y., before the Ontario Dairymen's Association, a number of useful hints were given that can hardly fail to prove of assistance to many readers. Some are here presented in brief.

For summer and fall cheese, Mr. Harris uses rennet enough to produce coagulation in fifty minutes, with the milk at a temperature of from 86 to 88 degrees. In the spring, when making fudder cheese, he uses one-third more rennet and less salt. His reasons for this difference is to facilitate the ripening process, in order that the cheese may be ready for market at the earliest day possible. Four ounces of rennet for summer and six ounces for spring, with salt in proportion, is Mr. Harris's own rule.

Two messes of milk produced on different soils, although treated the same, will produce cheese more or less variable as regards moisture. The maker of the cheese must regulate the matter by variations in cutting, scalding and stirring. For instance, when it is known that moisture predominates in the milk of any given dairy it is advised to cut finer, scald more and stir longer.

Stirring ought to begin directly after cutting and continue from ten to fifteen minutes before heating and go on for half an hour continuously, and say ten more after the heat is withdrawn.

It is advised to heat slowly at first, gradually increasing as the whey separates. The heat must be kept up until the curd is matured and then well aired before salting. The usual temperature in summer is 98 degrees, but as the season advances and the milk becomes richer it is necessary to go as high as 100 degrees. A great secret in cheese making is to draw the whey at the first indication of acidity.

After the whey is removed and while the subsequent stirring proceeds, a new acid makes its appearance in the body of the curd, which seems to depend for its development upon the action of the air, and the presence of which experience has shown to be an essential element in the make-up of cheese. This acid should be allowed to develop properly before the addition of salt, as the presence of that substance will preclude its appearance.

Curd should contain about 35 per cent. moisture when pressed, and dry out down to 83 per cent. when cured. To determine and retain this proper proportion of moisture requires judgment and practice.

Household Hints.

Borax water whitens and softens the hands.

Lined oil will remove rust from a stove-pipe.

To make paper stick to a wall that has been whitewashed, wash in vinegar or saleratus water.

When clothes are scorched remove the stain by placing the garment where the sun can shine on it.

Furniture needs cleaning oftentimes. It may be washed off with warm Castile soap, a small place at a time, quickly rubbed dry and then gone over with oily cloth.

To remove candle grease from furniture without injuring the varnish, rub it off with a little warm water and a rag.

Recipes.

Broiled Mackerel.—Freshen by soaking in water over night. In the morning dry it and cut off the head and tip of tail, place it between the bars of a buttered fish gridiron and broil to a light brown; lay it on a hot dish and dress with a little butter and pepper.

Toasted Potatoes.—Cut whatever number may be needed of cold, boiled potatoes into slices lengthwise, about a quarter of an inch thick; dip each slice in flour, and lay them between a wire toaster. Have the fire clear, and when both sides are nicely browned, lay the slices on a hot dish, put a piece of butter on each, and season with pepper and salt.

To Pickle Plums, Peaches, and other Fruits.—One-half a pound of sugar to one pound of fruit. Put the fruit in a tin pail or earthen jar with the vinegar and spices. Use stick cinnamon, whole cloves and allspice, cover with vinegar and put it into boiling water and let it remain till the fruit is soft. Take out the fruit, boil the syrup down and pour it over the fruit while hot.

Pigs' Feet.—Put four feet in a saucepan with cold water, pepper corns, whole cloves and allspice, adding salt, and boil them until the bones are loose. Remove all the bones and put the meat in a stone jar. Strain one quart of the water in which the feet were boiled, add one pint of vinegar and boil for five minutes. At the end of this time turn the vinegar and water over the meat from the pigs' feet, completely covering it, and keep in a cool place. The mass will be like jelly, and is cut as needed. If desired, it may be put in bowls and turned out on the dish before serving.

A Belle of the Frontier.

Truly America develops some strange characters. There came to New York some time ago a woman with a history that reads like a romance. She is the daughter of Gen. Malcolm Clarke, of the regular army, who was killed by an Indian whom he had befriended some years ago and who left a family of eight children, the result of his marriage with an Indian squaw. Miss Helen Clarke, the eldest of these children, was educated at a convent in Cincinnati and is possessed of a very brilliant mind and unusual histrionic talent, and came here to prepare herself for the stage, which she proposes adopting as a profession. Her presence wherever she appeared in the city never failed to attract attention, as her looks proclaim the Indian beyond a doubt. Tall, straight, sinewy, with wavy black hair and the unmistakable Indian features, she presented a remarkable appearance, especially when elegantly attired. She is well known in the West, where her father's bravery won for himself and children a name, and in Montana, where she was born and still lives, she holds the position of Commissioner of Public Schools, her duties in this capacity necessitating her traveling much alone over that wild mountain country on horseback, with a revolver in her belt. On one of these pleasant little jaunts, while going through a lonely spot known as Prickly Bear Canon one misty November morning, Miss Clarke discovered the bodies of five road agents hanging from limbs of trees where they had been made to answer to the Vigilante for their crimes the night previous, a sight that would have rather shaken the nerves of a New York society woman, but this child of the howling West was too well accustomed to life on the border to be frightened at anything of that sort and rode calmly on. Her father and one of her brothers were shot down before her, and from her infancy she has been used to danger. She is highly connected on her father's side and inherits fortune from him, while her mother still remains with her tribe, the Black Feet Indians. While here Miss Clarke was for some time the guest of Gen. and Mrs. Palmer, the latter being her cousin. She thought New York life tame and New York women rather uninteresting. They lacked the nerve that constitutes one of the chief charms of a Western belle of whom Miss Clarke is a fair sample.—*New York Herald.*

City Cows Causing Consumption.

The Council of Health has reported in favor of the expulsion of all dairy cows from Paris, and only the toleration of a very few, the owners of which can show exceptional conditions of salubrity. There are upwards of 5000 of these animals in the capital, and they are found to be a prolific source of pulmonary consumption. The milk of a great number of them was alive with the bacillus, which wastes the tissues of cows and human beings attacked with phthisis. A syndicate of dairymen who have taken stables which they use for byres on long leases cry out in the name of vested rights against the hardship of their business being broken up and no compensation granted. It has been suggested that M. Pasteur might find a means of subduing phthisis, and thus rendering it safe to drink the milk which is drawn from cows kept in confinement. The Council of Health has, however, turned a deaf ear to the suggestion, and will continue to do so.—*London Telegraph.*

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Woman the Boss Traveller.

"If you want proof that a woman is more cautious than a man," said a drummer, "just keep your eyes open while travelling. A woman never forgets to start for a train so early that she will have forty minutes to wait. She never forgets to ask her husband or male escort of her trunks are checked. She never forgets to pause with one foot on the car step and one hand on the handrail to inquire if she is on the right train. She never forgets to ask the conductor if she has to change cars before reaching her destination, and if she is sure to make a connection, and if the train stops at the place she wants to get off. She never loses a ticket on a train check, never drops her hat out of the window, never permits herself to go to sleep within 100 miles of her destination for fear that she may ride by, never fails to get a whole seat for herself and another for her luggage, never walks from one car to another unless the train is standing still, and never gets up from a seat to leave a train without turning to look and see if she has forgotten anything. I'll bet on a woman for travelling, ever time.—*Chicago Herald.*

Ladies Fishing in the Sierras.

As I neared the stream to secure the material for our first lunch, the pleasant sound of a woman's voice, followed by rippling laughter, rather astonished me, and going a few steps further somewhat more cautiously, I came upon a very refreshing scene. Two young ladies who had probably heard of the Indian's mode of fishing by constructing a wicker work dam, and driving the fish into the trap, had ingeniously simplified the plan, and were just commencing operations. They had divested themselves of their foot gear and were standing in the stream about twenty feet apart, in water some six inches deep. As soon as the most muscular one succeeded in getting a large, flaring tin pan into position under the water she called to her companion, "Now start them," and bracing herself prepared to scoop up a fine mess of fish, while her friend advanced toward her, beating the water with some brush and "shooing" continually. I watched them make two runs, both attended with poor results, so far as the catch of fish was concerned, but they had all the enjoyment they could manage, judging by the hearty peals of laughter they indulged in; and I passed on as I came, unobserved, and thoroughly amused at this harmless mode of fishing.—*Overland Monthly.*

The Modern Lady's Man.

The modern lady's man, says a writer in the *Brooklyn Eagle*, is radically different from the old-timer. Not very long ago the term lady's man suggested a gushing sort of a chap, who dressed foppishly, displayed a tendency to sport sky-blue neckties and affect effeminate manners, squeezed his feet into small boots, and went to a vast amount of pains to render himself objectionable to other men. He chatted about dancing, was full of small-talk, loved to carry a fan or a bouquet, bowed perpetually, faintly, and on the slightest provocation, and was altogether a very useful sort of a fellow to have around luncheon, sewing, and commerce parties. Occasionally he had a violent rival in a lady's man of the Maj. Bagstock type, who was as masculine, dashing, and abrupt as the other was the reverse of it all. One seldom sees an old beau of the dashing military type now, however, and the gushers among the male sex are not popular. Lady's men have changed amazingly—their manners are subdued, dignified, and exclusive, they seldom dance, their brows are heavy, and they only smile after due deliberation and with a high regard for effect.

The most solemn, earnest, and apparently abstracted man of my acquaintance is a tremendous masher whose away is acknowledged from one end of New York to the other. He wears loose-fitting clothes of an inconspicuous pattern and cut, makes no pretensions, to foppery, and is not particularly handsome. He is exceedingly careful of the small courtesies of life, his bill with florists averages \$300 a month, he is continually making inexpensive but interesting presents, and he is the soul of discretion. Everywhere he goes he is besieged, but his sallow face never lights up and he pursues the business of subduing the feminine heart with the analytical care, determination, and skill of a chemist conducting a series of dangerous and important experiments.

How New York Women Shop.

Probably there is no other place in the world where humanity of both sexes learn to suffer and be strong, or rather suffer and be weak, as in the New York shops. In Paris and London both, shopping pure and simple as accomplished in this city is an unknown quantity. Here, from the highest to the lowest, from the wife of the merchant prince, who orders her carriage at 10 a. m. that she may have a long day to shop, to the laundress or scrub-woman, who so arranges that she may don her best, and elbows and crowds her neighbors as well as the best of them—all through that ascending and descending scale—the woman can, nay, must and will shop.

After all is said and done, what is the result? Do the delivery wagons drive to one's private residence bringing the result of the labor of the day? By no means. Are the dressmakers' establishments crowded with goods belonging to their patrons? Not at all. What, then, is the result of all this shopping? Why is it the lower side of Grand, Fourteenth and Twenty-third streets, and Sixth avenue, between the two latter streets, are next to impassable any pleasant and many unpleasant afternoons? What is the meaning of this keen, self-concentrated expression that all, except the very young or very old women, have on these occasions? Does it mean great outlays are to be made—important outfits decided upon—matters of moment settled? Occasionally it does, more often it does not.

The root of the matter is summed up in a few words. The New York public, especially the women, are the hardest in the world to suit; that is universally conceded. They scour the city to match a ribbon to a hair's width to get the exact shade, tint, quality, quantity, and the result is the American woman is the best dressed on the globe to-day, and the New York shop keepers in their hearts if not on their knees ought to thank Mother Eve for setting the first fashions. Are their clerks as grateful? Oh, no. Do they enjoy handing down goods, gathering them up into lustrous folds, talking glibly, persuasively of their various merits, to put them all away again, without making a sale without so much as a "Thank you." They are paid for it, of course, but it is discouraging all the same. Every one can tell an out of town resident—they are laden with packages, bundles and all the paraphernalia that goes to make up an express wagon, while the town resident will have a paper of pins sent home after rummaging for hours in half a dozen stores.—*New York Herald.*

Fashion Notes.

Hoop ear-rings are again seen. White cashmere is fashionable. Rough straw hats continue in fashion. Lace fans are among the season's craze.

Wraps are, for the most part, tight-fitting. Soft vests of crinkled crape are stylish with silk costumes.

White embroidered dresses made with yoke waists are in high favor.

The straw-lace bonnets for summer show the hair and its arrangement.

New buttons are like rounds cut from a rough walking stick, bark and all.

Tweeds and chevots find favor with women who incline to the English style of dress.

Zephyr cloths and batistes have shot grounds with tiny embroidered designs in one of the colors.

Imported sunshades are seen of embossed leather, with a leather fringe around the top.

Shot silks are made up with velvet or brocade stripes upon a ground of shot silk to correspond with the plain.

Silver jewelry continues to be much worn on the street and with mourning dresses. It will also be popular with travellers.

White, pink and blue crepe is used extensively for summer underwear, and is trimmed with Valenciennes lace and very narrow ribbons.

It is the correct thing to wear common-sense shoes for walking, though narrow soles and high French heels are retained for house wear.

The modern extreme fashion in furnishing is to have the corners of a room cut off by curtains, screens, low couches, a table or the like.

White costumes of flannel, nun's veiling, wool crepe and French hunting are being made up for general use at the mountain, seaside and other summer resorts.

Old-fashioned veils with shell-scallop edges are among the newest seen. The edge just comes to the upper lip. In gauze veils large spots are taking the place of dots.

Velvet berthas, collars and cuffs are worn with both street and house toilets of wool or wash goods. Violet over white black over gray and dark blue over scarlet are very popular.

Golden hair has gone out of fashion. The dye rubs off during warm weather. A few ladies are trying to revive the fancy for drab hair, but raven tresses are at present the most beautiful.

Loosely woven woolen fabrics, with threads of many tints, are made up with material with stripes of one of the colors. A handsome way of trimming these costumes is with appliques of gimp or with silk cord.

The little sailor hats so popular last season are worn again. They are too jaunty and becoming to be given up by the young ladies. The trimming is arranged directly in front this season instead of at the side.

A pretty idea is to cover the entire hat and face with butterfly gauze of some delicate tint, pale blue, shell-pink or apple green. The ends are tied under the chin in a large bow. Four yards of gauze are required for the proper effect.

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

The cost of running a locomotive is said to be a little more than twenty cents a mile.

It is thought that a dozen shots from the new German bomb, charged with dynamite shells, would destroy the strongest fortifications in the world.

The Chinaman is very fond of dress, and, though sometimes dirty in his habits, is scrupulously clean in his person. His religion enjoins vegetarianism and cleanliness.

In the National Museum at Washington there is a pipe that belonged to John Brown and the rifle taken from Jefferson Davis when he was captured. They are labelled "the beginning and the end of the war."

Cultivation has so affected the tomato that the seeds are fast disappearing and bid fair to pass out of existence entirely, as in the case of the banana, leaving the propagation of the plant dependent on cuttings.

A dweller on the banks of the Codorus in Pennsylvania ties short lines with baited fishhooks to the legs of his geese and drives them into the water. The fish bite and jerk the lines, and then the frightened geese hurry to shore, dragging the fish after them.

A moonlight mirage was lately witnessed in Illinois. The moon was shining brightly, but a dense fog hung over the flat lands near St. Joseph, and the passengers in a railroad train saw a phantom train suspended in the air under the fog bank. The apparition was visible for several minutes.

Fifty years ago the boys had a very hard time of it. There were no furnaces in the house and few stoves, bedrooms as cold and colder than barns nowadays; warming pans for bed at night in constant use, as the bed clothes were like two cakes of ice. Washing was done by first breaking through the ice found in the pitchers over night. All cooking was done by wood fires, and the wood had to be cut by the boys.

Fats and Frauds.

Some persons have assumed that because butter-substitutes have been prepared so skillfully that persons could not tell the real from the false butter when placed side by side, therefore the false is as wholesome as the true. The real point is the question of relative digestibility of the animal fats, tallow and lard, as compared with milk-fats or butter. The digestibility is to be considered not from the standpoint of robust and vigorous men like miners and lumbermen, but from the standpoint of those who consume but little fat except butter, namely, women and children. A Russian may make a light supper of half-a-dozen tallow candles, and an Esquimaux may swallow pound after pound of train blubber, but these facts would give little assistance in arranging a dietary for the refined and delicate. Milk-fats are the most easily digested of all known fatty bodies, with the possible exception of fresh olive oil.

If tallow and lard separately are difficult of digestion by delicate persons, will a mixture of these, to constitute 60 to 75 per cent. of a compound, no matter how thoroughly disguised, acquire such an increase of digestibility as to place them on a par with the milk-fats? If not, then their sale as butter is a fraud, and a damage to the public health. The question does not lie between clean animal fats and rotten butter. No one advocates the use of the latter; the point is between good butter and good butterine. If the latter is as good as butter, why is it palmed off on an unsuspecting public as "choice creamery?" At present prices, and selling under fraud, the bogus butter butchers can afford to use clean tallow and lard for this manufacture. But when competition has brought down these substitutes, how are the public to know how much cholera-hog and diseased-steer may enter into this "choice creamery" process!—*Dr. R. C. Kekzie.*

A Difference of Opinion.

She went into a furniture store with her husband, a faint hearted little man who carried a second fiddle under his arm. She dragged the salesman all over the ground floor, and leaving her husband down stairs, she took the clerk to the second floor to look at some willow chairs. The poor clerk, tired and weary, finally made some answer that kindled her wrath.

"Do you know who I am?" she asked.

"No, madam, I do not, he replied politely.

"Well, sir, I'd have you know I am Mrs. Blank of Prairie avenue, and that is my husband down stairs?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, I thought possibly that you might be Mr. Blank of Prairie avenue, and that was your wife down stairs."—*Merchant Traveler.*

A Great Composer.

"No, doctor," said the musical critic, who had been discussing the development of the divine art in America, "we have no great composers in this country."

"I beg pardon, sir, but I believe we have one great composer."

"The name, please?"

"Chloroform."—*Siftings.*