

NOTES FOR THE FARM AND HOUSE.

Farming Notes.

Rough handling makes nervous and excitable horses.

Turnip-fed sheep are said to make the tenderest mutton.

Michigan raises nearly one-half of the world's crop of peppermint. The annual yield of oil varies from 20,000 to 70,000 pounds.

Mr. Russell estimates that it costs a hundred million dollars a year to shoe the horses of the United States. And he adds encouragingly that, could we begin now, we might in a few centuries be able to dispense altogether with this enormous outgo.

Horses hard at work should have water if possible more than three times a day.

To keep up the supply of horses in the United States 1,000,000 must be bred annually.

When it is considered that beets require only about 70 days in which to mature from the seed; radishes, 50 days; tomatoes, 55 days; lettuce, 45 days, etc., it will be seen that fertilizers to help these crops must be very soluble.

Unless you are able and willing to personally superintend the scalding of your milk-pans, says the Tribune and Farmer, it would be better to use earthenware. Nothing but boiling water and plenty of it will remove the germs of disease that lurk in the half-washed tin vessels.

Spruce butter tubs are the best; hemlock makes a sweet tub; acids from the oak color the butter and injure its appearance; white ash gives the butter a strong flavor if kept long and increases the liability to mold; maple smells and cracks badly. Soak all tubs four to six days in brine before using.

Household Hints.

Hops should be kept in bags and hung up; they are not good after a year old.

Glue that is delicate and nice for mounting ferns and sea weeds is made of five parts gum arabic, three parts white sugar, two parts of starch; and a very little water. Roll until thick and white.

Saleratus is excellent for removing grease, from wood work which has not been painted. Spread thickly over the grease spots, moisten, and after it has remained a half hour wash off with tepid soap suds.

A necessary precaution when roasting a large and fat loin of mutton is to cover it with a paper during the earlier stages of its roasting; otherwise the fat will burn, or at least will be scorched, and impart a bad flavor to the gravy.

Codfish is much nicer if it is picked in very small bits and then soaked for one hour in cold water then if put into warm water and scalded; in the latter case it becomes hard and does not mix lightly and well with the dressing.

A sauce piquante for fish is made by adding a teaspoonful of curry powder to the ordinary sauce of drawn butter. Or you may omit the vinegar and chop two or three small tart cucumbers fine and mix them with the sauce.

Borax and glycerine combined, are used with good effect upon the skin by some people.

Lard jars that have become rancid may be made sweet by filling them with wood ashes, which should be saturated with water and allowed to stand for several days.

To clean nickel plate on stoves or other articles, take one-half ounce of prepared chalk, two ounces of alcohol, and two ounces of aqua-ammonia. Keep in a close bottle and shake frequently while using.

Walking Horses.

We Americans are much inclined to run to extremes, and for some years the trotting gait has been talked of almost as the only desirable thing about a horse, whereas this gait has about the same relation to the general usefulness of the horse as the cut of a man's coat has to its durability. This may, perhaps, be considered an exaggerated illustration, but there is only a small fraction of the horses in this country whose usefulness depends upon trotting. The great use of horses must be found in the walking gait, and almost all consideration is given to trotting; it shows the tendency of the American people. We have an admiration for a fast trotter, as we have for a fine picture, but we should not allow this mere incidental quality of the horse to divert attention from those points that make up the great value of the horse. We want horses that can walk four or five miles an hour, and this class of horses is of immensely more importance than this trotter. The walking gait can be improved as rapidly as the trotting gait; and if agricultural societies will take this matter in hand and offer half as much for the fastest walker, as they have done for the fastest trotter, it will increase the average walk one mile an hour in five years. All know it is a positive luxury to ride or drive a horse that can walk off with you at the rate of four or five miles an hour. It is a relief to feel when you ease up your horse from a trot that you have not come to a stand-still but are still making respectable progress.

A Cat and a Doll Spreading Diphtheria. The Medical Record.

A good deal of prominence was given last fall, says the Sanitary Engineer, in the papers to the occurrence of diphtheria in a family in Amsterdam, N. Y.

Two children died at intervals of several months, and a third was taken sick. The Board of Health appointed a committee to investigate, which examined the house and its surroundings, and obtained a statement from the attending physician. They had recently made their report, finding that there were no bad conditions existing in or about the house sufficient to explain the appearance of the disease, and they conclude that it came from a cat which was fondled by the child which first fell ill. The cat was found at the time to have a swollen throat and to be suffering from a discharge from the mouth and nostrils. It died a few days afterward. Three days after the death of the cat the child fell sick with malignant diphtheria and died in about a week. During its illness it played with a doll which was afterward given to a younger child, as it was supposed to have been properly fumigated with sulphur-fumes. This child, shortly after being allowed to play with the doll also fell ill of diphtheria and died. The third child also played with the doll and recovered. The Board of Health, therefore, traces reappearance of the disease in the family after the first child to the doll.

Green Houses.

Mr. W. H. Bull writes to the American Gardener about his method of managing a greenhouse. The benches which hold the soil are five feet wide and six inches deep, the path being in the centre. The soil is such as has been used in hot beds, and is rich in vegetable mold. It has not been renewed for three seasons, as there seems no need of it. It is rather warm for lettuce, but plants set out in October occupy the bench till January, when they are sold. They are the first crop on one side. The other side is set out in September to parsley roots. In rows five inches apart, with one inch between plants. The soil is kept moist, and they grow vigorously, yielding four cuttings during the winter. The roots are then removed to give place to flowering plants: The parsley yields \$4 for a space 3x5 feet. After the lettuce are off half grown celery plants are set out with water chess and dandelion roots, and the profits equal that from parsley. After dandelions come radishes. Nearly all kinds of garden vegetables are grown, and as fast as one kind is marketed it is immediately replaced by another, the profit from each being very large.

Sweet Peas.

Among outdoor climbing plants the sweet pea takes a prominent place as a general favorite among lovers of flowers; and surely it should be a favorite, for but few garden plants are hardier and none sweeter or more beautiful than this enterprising climber. If planted early in spring, even though the weather be not fair, the seeds germinate and send up a vigorous growth, which is not diminished until cold weather and frost come on. As the sweet pea continues to bloom all summer and makes a very heavy growth, it forms a very good screen for unsightly objects, or it may be made to act as a protection for tender plants. It grows to a height of six feet, and may therefore prove a very ornamental covering for a trellis work or rough fences.

There is quite a variety of colors of sweet peas—white, rose, red, crimson, purple, black, striped, etc. The seeds should be planted three or four inches deep, early in the spring. The plants should be grown about an inch apart, and support should be furnished early. Either trellis, lattice, or bush makes an admirable support.

The varieties of sweet peas are numerous. Butterfly is a very beautiful one, having a pure white ground delicately laced with lavender blue; it is exceedingly fragrant, and is desirable for bouquets. Scarlet invincible is remarkably fragrant, and produces a great number of crimson flowers. Violet queen is dwarfier in habit than the other varieties; the flowers are of a deep violet color. Almost all of the varieties advertised in seedsmen's catalogues will be found to be very beautiful and attractive, and a great addition to the flower garden.—Rural New Yorker.

Cultivation of Onions.

There is no crop that goes into the ground as early as onions. The crop is one for which the soil cannot be made too rich, and it will thrive on the soil where previous crops of the same kind have grown. In preparing the ground for onions it is important that it be made as fine as possible, as it is useless to attempt to get large yields on land that is covered with clods and lumps, the seed being sometimes slow of germination and easily destroyed. Having thoroughly plowed the ground it should be worked over with a harrow until every part is rendered very fine and the soil thoroughly pulverized. Then should be spread evenly any quantity of good, perfectly decomposed stable manure, not that which is mingled with coarse litter, but such as has been put through a process of composting, and which is in a very fine condition. The greater the quantity the better, and after the manure has been broadcasted the harrow should again be passed over the location in order that the manure may be well incorporated with the soil. It may be necessary to use the rake, as the crop requires extra care in the beginning, and any neglect at that time will make a marked difference in the field of the crop, and the thorough pulverization of the soil saves labor in seeding and work-

ing the young plants after they are up.

The crop is mostly worked by hand, but wheel hoes are sometimes used with advantage. As the seed germinates slowly the grass and weeds often get the start and occupy the ground before the young plants are high enough to mark off the rows, and in that case it is necessary to be very careful, as the rows must be cleaned, removing the weeds by working on the knees. This being done the ground should be hoed thoroughly and made very clean, after which the work will be easier. If the crop is grown from seed the plants should be thinned to a single plant for every four inches, but if sets are desired the seed should be sown thickly and remain on the ground until the tops are dead.

In putting out sets the same careful preparation of the seedbed should be made and the crop kept clean from the start. It is only necessary to press them gently in position, as they easily take root, and the rows should be just wide enough to allow of the hoe. It has been demonstrated that a mulch between the rows is very beneficial, and assist not only in keeping down the grass and weeds, thereby saving labor but also increases the yield. The amount usually grown on an acre depends upon the fertility of the soil and the attention bestowed in the cultivation. Over 600 bushels have been grown on some onion farms in New England, but the crop seems to do better in that region than in many other sections. When growing from seed the red are mostly preferred, but the white and yellow varieties seem to be the choice in this latitude, especially the yellow Danvers. Onions are good winter keepers, and when frozen are not always destroyed if left undisturbed to thaw gradually. It is a readily saleable crop, and would be a feature on all farms, as it is in the gardens, but for the labor required in its cultivation. As the value of a good crop is very great, however, the profits are no doubt equal, in proportion, to the expense.

Early Potatoes.

Some years ago I conceived the idea of planting my potatoes with shoots to them. Probably the sprouts suggested the idea. At any rate I carried out the plan, and have been so well pleased with it that I have followed it for three years. A few weeks before planting time I select my seed potatoes, and set them in a warm place to sprout. By the time my ground is ready the shoots are about three inches in length. The potatoes are handled carefully, so as not to break the growth, and cut up in suitable sizes, as in the ordinary way. One strong shoot is left to each piece. The sets must be put into the ground carefully, of course or the shoots will be broken off. As growth commences at once, the green tops show in a few days. There is easily a saving of two weeks at the start. Those who have rather low ground which cannot be worked very early in the spring, as I have, will find the method will enable them to compete with their neighbors on higher ground with success. By July 10 I was using fine Beauty of Hebrons, an excellent early sort by the way, planted April 25. They were not then fully ripe, though the yellow tint in the leaves was getting quite perceptible. Generally the tops are dead at this date, but an unusually fine potato season kept them growing later this year.—Experimenter, in Gardeners' Monthly.

Queen and Her Apparent.

A correspondent of the Boston Herald thinks that the time has come for Queen Victoria to abdicate in favor of the Prince of Wales. "She is, and has been," he says, "for many years only a figurehead to the nation, while he does all the work, goes among the people, and interests himself in public affairs, showing great public spirit and liberal views on all occasions. As a soldier, as a huntsman, as a royal personage, and as a true-hearted gentleman and kind, generous man, the Prince of Wales has to-day no superior in all Great Britain. My views of him are now completely revolutionized, for I see him everywhere I go, mingling with the people, and even lately prowling among the slums in order to improve the condition of the wretched London poor. Deeds, not words, tell in a man's life record, and the prejudices which once existed regarding him are being battered down, and that, too, by his own unostentatious conduct. And his position in the country is rather trying when one reflects on it. For he is not absolute King, while he has to act King practically, as it is impossible for him to shine only as a quiet English gentleman."

Editor and Undertaker.

An invalid who went to Thompsonville, Ga., writes that he found in a local newspaper, alongside the column which the editor's graceful pen makes eloquent with praise of the pine belt, and fierce with denunciation of that horse-thief and midnight assassin who upholds the superior climatic advantages of Aiken, S. C.—even there he saw a glaring advertisement, having for a vignette an engraved hearse, and further illuminated and illustrated with cuts of metallic coffins, all of latest cut and fashion, while further on in the text came a modest, but assured statement from the advertisers, as follows: "Our long experience in embalming and shipping bodies justifies us in saying that our work can not be excelled. Certificates, testifying in the strongest terms so the safe and satisfactory transmission of bodies shipped by us, can be seen on application at our office."

HOW SHE WAS WON.

Elise Danforth was a plain young girl, but very sweet withal, for perfect health had given her fine teeth, a clear complexion and a rosy tint in her cheeks that a queen might have envied. She was always cheerful and happy, too, save at times when her jealous feelings led her to believe that Lawrence Comly preferred some handsomer girl to her. She was not fond of society, and hated balls, but there was a ball to be given at the house of Mrs. Campbell she had promised her mamma to attend, because her brother was at home from college and wanted to go. Now, Lawrence was going also, and had asked her permission to be her escort on the occasion. It was terrible she had to disappoint him, but he had said: "Dulce will soon be off with some of the other girls and then I can gallant you all the same." There was comfort in that, anyhow.

Lawrence Comly was very fond of Elise. He was looking for a wife, and thought she would just suit him, with her bright looks and old fashioned ways—for she really was old fashioned, helping her mother about her domestic affairs, rising in the morning to see that the breakfast was served in time and that the little ones were properly dressed before coming down stairs. Lawrence had a handsome house and a snug little fortune to live on, and Elsie in his opinion was exactly the woman he wanted to preside over his establishment. He called to see her every other day, and the quiet talks they had pleased them both better than society visits and ball room flirtations.

Elise went to Mrs. Campbell's ball. As Lawrence had predicted, Dulce soon deserted her for Kate Wiloway, an old flame of his, and being left all alone Elise busied herself looking about for Lawrence and wondering where he could be. The amusements of the evening had opened with a waltz, and as Elise cast her eyes over the dancers in search of her lover, what should they encounter but Lawrence among the waltzers with Helen Williams, the very handsomest girl in the room, encircled by his arm, her face upturned to his; Elise even thought she could detect love glances passing between them.

As soon as the waltz was over Lawrence was by Elise's side. "You were so long coming," he said, "and I was so impatient that I engaged in the waltz to pass the time away."

What was it that made Elise examine the expression of his countenance more critically than usual? She was sure she saw a look of annoyance upon it. Was it any wonder! How could such a plain little thing as she compare with the beautiful girl he had been dancing with?

"But now that the fair recluse is really here," Lawrence continued in a tone that Louise thought bordered on a sneer, "will she favor me with her hand for the Lancers?"

All through the Lancers Elise fancied he was thinking: "How self-sacrificing I am to dance with this girl, when I might have my choice among the belles of the room." Glances from lovely eyes that she intercepted on their way to him seemed to reflect the same thought; and, although she could not acknowledge that he was making himself agreeable to her, there was a condescension about his manner that almost enraged her.

At the close of the dance they walked through the rooms and found themselves at last sitting in an oriel window in the library, where Lawrence hoped to enjoy a few moments alone with Elise, instead of which she insisted that he should leave her and seek another partner. In vain he told her that it was his greatest happiness to be in her company, that no other girl had any charm for him, for jealousy had so clouded her judgment that she was sure he was impatient for some one to come and take her away, that he might be free. She imagined there was a cutting sarcasm in every word he uttered, and at last her feelings grew so ungovernable that tears came into her eyes. Lawrence saw her distress.

"What ails my little girl to-night?" he said, attempting to take her hands, "How have I displeased you, dear Elise?"

"Displeased me?" she answered. "How could you do that? No; I want you to leave me and find a handsome partner!"

At this moment James Fitzhugh, a man Elise despised for his unrefined manners, approached them, and on pretense of having something to say to him she took his arm and left Lawrence alone.

Fitzhugh was astonished to find himself gallanting Elise through the rooms; he was not of her set and had engagements to fulfill. Elise was not thinking of him. In her distress she scarcely knew whose arm she was leaning on.

Half an hour had elapsed, and again Elise went to the library. Lawrence was still sitting there, looking out through the half-open window into the darkness, with deep gloom upon his brow. The girl would gladly have knelt by his side and asked him for a kiss of forgiveness.

"Would you not like to sit down?" Mr. Fitzhugh said to her in his desire to get free.

"Oh, no!" she answered; "I am not fatigued."

Then she rattled on in the wildest strain until she saw Lawrence's eyes severely fixed upon her. When she relaxed her hold on Fitzhugh's arm, as

Judge Blackwell addressed her, the released gallant slipped quietly away to the refreshment room to recover from his bewilderment. The Judge led Elise to a seat, and while he was talking to her of interesting law-suits she was looking at Lawrence, who had at last quietly left the window and was again dancing with Miss Williams.

When the dance was over he walked through the rooms with the lady on his arm. It suddenly occurred to Elise that she had heard that Miss Williams was rather disposed to like Lawrence. There was something very marked in the way she talked and listened to him, and then she was so very handsome! Oh, why did Lawrence prize beauty so much?

When they had disappeared, Elise this time leaning on the Judge's arm, promenaded through the rooms. In the library oriel window Lawrence was sitting with Miss Williams beside him. The twain were in close conversation. Elise grew very angry.

The Judge left her at an early hour to go home. She had not seen her brother the whole evening. Lawrence also had disappeared, and Elise felt sure he was still flirting with pretty Miss Williams. At length Elise encountered Mortimer Wilmot, an old friend of her father, forty-five rich and fine looking. At one time he had been supposed to have a partiality for her. That evening he spoke of the weariness of the life he was leading, and Elise answered mechanically. Neither Lawrence nor his partner had reappeared in the ball room. Once more Elise asked to be taken to the library, as the air in the ball room was too oppressive. There, in the same corner, were Lawrence and Miss Williams. Elise saw the former draw the curtain to hide them as she passed. It was like a quick and sharp knife thrust through her heart.

Mr. Wilmot drew Elise away to a sofa in a deserted part of the room, and, after a few moments silence, said: "This is, perhaps, neither the time nor the place, Miss Elise, to tell you I love you and have long wanted to make you my wife. Do you think you could love me well enough to marry me?"

Without an instant's hesitation Elise answered: "Yes."

"My dear girl," said Mr. Wilmot, "I am not young, and have very little romance in my character. I can not take your answer so quickly given. I do not wish you to hazard your happiness without ample consideration; take a month to think of my proposal and then give me a reply."

Elise looked quickly up; it was the first time she realized what he had been saying, and now he had left her. Was she then engaged to this man?

Elise was sitting alone, utterly confounded, when she was startled by seeing Miss Williams approach her, saying: "Elise, dear, I have something to tell you!"

Elise thought she had come to inform her that Lawrence had offered himself to her and triumph over her agony—for this girl knew of their former attachment to each other—so she put on her liveliest and kindest manner, and said: "Well, dear Helen, have you enjoyed the ball?"

"Very much, indeed. Has Mr. Wilmot been amusing?"

The startling avowal Mr. Wilmot had made had again passed out of the girl's mind. At the mention of his name she blushed scarlet.

"Why," said Helen, laughing, "one would suppose he had been making love to you! Elise, dear, don't look so cross. I have a message from a beloved friend. Will you come with me and receive it?"

"Yes," answered Elise, calmly.

Once again Elise was conducted to the oriel window. The curtain was drawn. Helen parted it a little way, and moved as if to enter. Elise followed, she stepped aside, closed the curtain, and withdrew. A pair of manly arms received Elise in a warm embrace. "Dear love," said Lawrence, "by thinking me guilty of preferring another, you have made us both miserable. Believe me, no one ever held a place in my heart but you! You have already told me I am dear to you. Let us have no more misunderstandings. Make me the happiest man on earth by marrying me."

Elise utters not a word, but her manner told Lawrence plainly enough he was accepted. The next day in the midst of her happiness Elise suddenly remembered the reply she had made to Mr. Wilmot's proposal. She was wringing her hands and crying out what a miserable girl she was when a note was handed her which read as follows:

"Mr. Wilmot presents his compliments to Miss Elise Danforth. Having heard a part of a certain conversation in the oriel window at Mrs. Campbell's, he begs to withdraw the inquiry he made last night. He hopes to be allowed to tender his best wishes for Miss Elise's happiness."—Philadelphia Call.

The Philadelphia Times tells how it happens that so many folks, houses contain enough bottles, medicines and liniments to stock a young drug store: "Some member of the family is sick and the doctor comes and orders some medicine, say four, six or eight ounces. At the doctors next visit, twenty-four or forty-eight hours later, something new has turned up, and another lot of medicine is ordered, and about two-thirds of the first bottle is set away for future reference, which is seldom made except by the housekeeper at cleaning time, and so the case goes till its termination."

A new Yorker who was in Cleveland, Ohio, the other day, threw \$50 in silver among the newsboys and bootblacks, saying that he was a bootblack in New York when a boy, and got his first start while har-vi-z-ing the brush.