

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Good Cooking Rules.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—Two pounds of granulated sugar, a pint of sweet cream, a tablespoonful of vanilla extract, and four ounces of Baker's chocolate. Put into a bright tin dish, and cook slowly until it arrives at the brittle state, which can be known by dropping a little into cold water. Pour at once on to flat, greased tins or plates, and when almost cold cut into square tablets. Better for children than boughten candy.

COOL DISHES FOR HOT WEATHER: **GELATINE.**—Half a box of Cox's gelatine soaked two hours in milk; add a little soda, then heat, stirring often. Beat the yolks of three eggs with a small teaspoonful of sugar, and pour over (stirring well) the scalded milk and gelatine. Return to the kettle and let it boil again a minute. Strain and flavor; then pour into a wet mold and set on ice till wanted. Eat with cream and sugar, or fruit.

COLD CUSTARD. Heat a quart of milk, add sugar to taste to the beaten yolks of five eggs, mix with this the hot milk, and add the beaten whites of two. Set stone china cups in a baking-pan of hot water, and after filling them, put into the oven till "set". Then pour over them a meringue of the three other whites, whipped up stiff, with a trifle of sugar and a little lemon juice. Flavor the custard before baking, if preferred. When done, set away to cool, and if placed in cold water with a little ice, it is a refreshing dessert.

BLANC MANGE. One quart of milk heated and sugared, one package of Cox's gelatine, after being soaked two hours in a cup of cold water. Cook and strain. Set away to cool on Saturday night. Turn out of the mold on Sunday, and if not loose, dip the mold for an instant in hot water, and it will turn out easily. Eat with cream and sugar, or fruit.

GREEN TOMATO SAUCE.—Slice about two gallons of green tomatoes and 10 large onions. Add to these, two quarts of vinegar, two pounds of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of salt, two of black pepper, one each of allspice and cloves. Cook until tender, stirring constantly. Good with cold meat.

PICKLED PEACHES.—Prepare 10 pounds of peeled fruit. Strew 4½ pounds of sugar over them and let them stand one hour. Then drain off every particle of the sirup; add a cup of water, and boil until the scum ceases to rise. Put in the fruit and cook five minutes. Skim out the peaches; to the sirup add a quart of good vinegar and a small bag of whole spice. Boil 10 or 15 minutes longer, then pour over the fruit. Keep in glass.

HUCKLEBERRY CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, a scant cup of butter, five eggs beaten separately, a cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in warm water; cinnamon or nutmeg to taste, and a quart of ripe huckleberries which have been dredged with flour. Beat the sugar and butter to a cream, add the yolks, then the milk, flour, whites, spice, soda, and last, the fruit. Bake slowly until a broom splint comes out clean from the thickest part.

Home Decorations.

Cloths for the tea-table are edged with lace.

Glass is becoming fashionable as a protection to oil paintings, and pink macrame is the latest fancy for mantle and shelf ornamentation.

The palm-leaf fan, covered with satin or cretonne and finished with pompons around the edge and a bow at the base of the handle, makes quite a pretty screen.

Tea cups are now made to represent rose petals, and the accompanying saucers imitate the leaves. The other pieces of the service are carried out in the same style.

Corner cupboards are attractive and useful; the tops should have glass doors so that the china may be arranged to show to good advantage, while the solid doors of the closets below form a convenient place to deposit the dishes that are useful only.

A packing box, with lid upon which hinges have been put, covered with cretonne, the top upholstered, is a useful addition to the sewing room, as many odds and ends of work can be laid inside; it should be about three feet long and eighteen inches high, and finishes a pretty window seat.

The floral wishbone had the audacity to take the position so long occupied by the campanula during the marriage ceremony, to be thrust out by the monograms and models of future blissful cottages in fragrant blossoms.

A present caprice is to use doors and fronts of one of the old sedan-chairs of the last century for screens and as the supply of the ancient articles is inadequate to the demand, furniture dealers have, consequently, undertaken to imitate them as nearly as possible, and have produced screens of a similar shape

as well, low enough to suit the present fashion, with glass panes let into the upper half, and have covered them with old damask and brocaded silks.

Watering the Garden

In watering the garden a thorough good soaking occasionally is said to be much better than the light sprinkling every evening, which is the popular way. This last has the tendency to make the roots seek the surface of the ground for the moisture thus supplied. The New York evening post has a florist writer who recommends this plan: When watering is contemplated draw the tubs of water in the morning and let them stand in the sun through the day; at night draw the soil away from the base of each plant in order to form a basin in which to pour the water. Pour this full and let it filter through the soil, again and again filling until the earth is entirely soaked; then draw the soil back to the roots, which will prevent it baking in the sun. In the driest time of summer a watering of this kind should last for several weeks. When entire beds are to be watered the soil should be opened by a digging fork being thrust into it, when it may be watered with a sprinkler, which should be several times passed over it. The following day, with a hoe or rake, make mellow the surface of the bed. It is not well to give water so long as it can be avoided, for plants left to fight the drought send their roots deep into the soil to seek moisture, and when it does rain they are more benefited than those that have had constant watering. The easiest plan to economize both water and time is to take the garden piece by piece, watering one piece thoroughly every evening, and then beginning again at the first. Surface sprinklings cause roots to seek the surface in search of moisture, which, when found, is not enough to nourish them, but causes exhaustion by inducing the growth of fibres near the scorching sun. Plants in pots that have been plunged in the ground, and those in tubs and vases must be given daily water.

Digging Wells.

The Massachusetts Ploughman gives a hint about constructing a well so as to have the water free from impurities: After digging as low as desired, a cement pipe, some two feet in diameter and two or three feet long, is sunk at the bottom and worked down as low as possible by digging out the inside. The pipe should be covered over with a flat stone, through the middle of which a two-inch hole has been drilled; directly over this hole stand in drain pipe, then begin to fill up the hole, and add drain pipe as the filling proceeds till it comes near the surface, when a pump can be attached. A well of this kind is reliable and permanent, requiring no repairs; the water is cool and free from impurities that open wells are subject to; no insects or animals can find their way into it, and the cost is not more than one-half that of a well that is stoned. If dug, as it should be, when the springs are low a constant supply of water that is as pure as the underground spring is secured. As the well is always full, there is no chance for bad air to injure the water, and, in fact, but little danger of being polluted by surrounding cesspools, compared to that of open wells.

Fertilizer for Cabbage.

"I find," says a writer in the New England Homestead, "that cabbage needs more hoeing and stirring of the soil than almost any other crop. Neither do I approve of too much stable manure, except for an early crop, for it has a tendency to dry the soil and does not furnish potash enough. I had much rather have tobacco stems or stalks, cut up fine and plowed under broadcast, with some chemicals in the drill, for a medium or late crop. As to chemicals, whether to be used alone or in combination with other manures, I recommend this formula as being best and cheapest, which every farmer must make for himself: Two hundred pounds of dry ground fish, 200 pounds of bone meal dissolved in sulphuric acid, 200 pounds of castor pomace and 100 pounds of muriatic potash, or more if the potash salts (kainit) are used. The fish and castor pomace furnish ammonia in quick and slow forms; the bone, phosphoric acid; while the potash is very necessary to a cabbage crop. A ton of this mixture costs about \$40, and is sufficient for an acre with light manuring, or half the quantity if manure is used liberally. This is the best cabbage grower I have found. With it and tobacco stalks, as described, I raised cabbages that weighed over twenty pounds. One dozen, as they were taken to market, weighed over 200 pounds."

Distemper in Horses.

Several remedies for this very troublesome disease have been handed us. One says he has used red pepper and vinegar with good results. He steeps a common sized pepper in a pint of strong cider vinegar, and applies it to the diseased part hot. Another writes that his cure is simply a lump of gum camphor about the size of a hazelnut, given to the horse in bran—or anything in which he will eat it—on the first indication of the disease. If one does not effect a cure in two days, repeat the dose. He says he will warrant a cure.

The camphor opens the pores, relieves almost as soon as if by magic. A very common remedy is to take of spirits of nitric ether one ounce, laudanum four drams, nitrate of potash three drams and water one pint. Mix and give night and morning as a drench.—Tribune and Farmer.

Chops and Tomato Sauce.

This Pickwickian dish is not often daintily served in the average household, and yet it is exceedingly easy to prepare. For the sauce take some fresh, ripe tomatoes, cut them into quarters, and stew for an hour and a half in a porcelain-lined saucepan. Do not put in any water. At the end of that time pass through a cullender and strain out the skins and pips. Put the liquid back into the saucepan over the fire, add a large lump of fresh butter—don't be afraid of getting in too much—and when it boils up add pepper and salt to taste, a teaspoonful of cream with enough flour in it to make the sauce of the proper consistency—like rather thick custard. Broil your lamb chops—which should have all the lower part trimmed off, leaving the neat handle of bone—and serve quickly on a hot platter, with a little chopped parsley laid over each brown chop, and with the sauce poured around them. A bit of onion can be stewed with the tomato for those who like that flavoring.—N. Y. Tribune.

Charcoal and Lime

should be allowed fowls always. Let them have all they will swallow. Even if the fowls are not confined, but especially so if they are, charcoal pounded up into bits or pieces about the size of a grain of corn, or a little finer, should be put around in small piles where the fowls can have easy access to it, and they will soon make use of it. The cost of charcoal is but a trifle, and where the distance from town or city is so great as to prevent it from being readily obtained therefrom, the ashes from a wood stove may be sieved out, and the small bits of charred wood or charcoal used in the place of that made in the regular way. Especially during the Spring and Summer months it is advisable to use charcoal freely. Lime, too, is valuable in many ways. In the form of whitewash it begets cleanliness, freedom from disease; and laying hens should have lime, where they can make use of it in assisting in the production of eggs.—American Poultry Yard.

When to Cut Wheat.

Bad straw, must and mildew and the loss of much grain by shelling out—some or all of these will be the penalty for allowing the grain to stand until it is dead ripe. As to the quality of the kernel, the Germantown Telegraph remarks: "It should be remembered that wheat is composed of gluten, starch and bran. Gluten is the nourishing quality of the grain, which makes the flour stick together in the hands of the baker, and gives weight to the grain; and there is the greatest quantity of gluten in the grain when the straw is yellow two or three joints from the ground, the head turns downward, and when you can mash the grain between the thumb and finger without producing any milk. It may, therefore, be set down as an indisputable truth that every day the wheat stands after this stage of ripeness the gluten decreases in quantity and the bran increases in thickness, and thus diminishes in value, in addition to the danger from must and other risks."

Agricultural Items.

If it rains, be thankful; it will make the crops grow. If it is dry or hot, be thankful; it is splendid harvest weather. Be thankful and happy any way; it is much pleasanter for everybody.

Mr. T. E. Williams writes from Wisconsin that he planted "Pride of the North" corn May 26, last year, and "it was so ripe as to be uninjured by the heavy frost that fell September 9."

One of Jefferson's rules of life: We never repent of having eaten too little.

The editor of The Mirror and Farmer has "never yet heard" of a potato digger that gave satisfaction.

D. D. Royce, Williamstown, Vt., advises farmers to keep an account of all their business transactions. He mentions an instance where a pair of oxen was claimed and taken after the man died, for the reason that his book did not show that they had been paid for. "Buy a book that will cost 30 cents and devote from three to five minutes each night in putting down your transactions, who with, what money you take in and pay out and what for."

Now what would you think of a man, asked Mr. Beecher, who had a laboratory 100 feet square, and who fenced off 20 feet in one corner for use, and let all the rest go?—let it go without yielding a cent? That is what he thinks of a farmer who has three times as much land as he can use and improve. What would you think of a gigantic factory that has no capital to run it? Farmers own more land than they can do justice to. It is dead capital. They work a little part of it, and all the rest is dead waste. Farmers should calculate as manufacturers do; find out how much they can profitably use, and own no more; settle that and then go ahead.

General Gatherings.

The seriousness of the collapse in the shipbuilding in Scotland was made apparent during the attempted sale of a fine new steamer the other day. The vessel is classed A 1; she is well engineered, and guaranteed fast; yet no offer above £7 10s. per ton could be obtained, and she was finally withdrawn from sale after one bidder had offered £8000 below the contract price for her. So that before leaving the shipyard this vessel had fallen in value by the sum of £8000, or 40 per cent of her estimated worth.

An old Indiana railroad man recently remarked that 95 per cent. of the accidents which occur when men are coupling cars are through their own recklessness or want of attention. In his large experience, he said, he had never known a half dozen cases where men had been injured in coupling cars if they had been duly careful.

The following is a list of the guns now in course of construction for Spain: In England, 14 Armstrongs and 18 Nordenfelts; in Germany, 16 Krupps; in France, 39 steel guns, principally of 12 and 10 centimetres, and in the Spanish national manufactory 8 of 16 centimetres and two of 20 centimetres. More artillery is being contracted for abroad.

The average life of a railway car is ten years. It is estimated that there are 500,000 cars in the country; hence 50,000 a year must be built to keep up the supply. Three thousand feet of lumber for each car equals 150,000,000 feet a year. The ties for the 121,782 miles of track at 2,600 to the mile, which on the average last six years, require 1,635,377,056 feet, board measure, every year. Thus to keep a road-bed and cars in repair, to say nothing of new work, calls for 1,785,377,056 feet of wood, which is nearly one-fourth the entire output of the Northwest, and almost one-twelfth that of all the mills in the United States.

The following samples of the spelling of a man graduating with honors at Harvard College last June are taken from his examination papers: Preparing, ordinary, boundaries, descent (descent), classic, immense, icolate, comere, cheepness, situated, cristeline, poluted-temperature, satisfactorily, freeky, gasses, valey, Tindel (Tyndall), Humbolt, Surage (sewerage), week (weak), boaring (boring), eminent (eminent), allum, orange, dycoeledous (dicotyle, donous), deteriates (deterierates), sulpher, stratesecation, cleavage (cleavage), expirement, pebles, Apanines.

Manners a Century Ago.

The Puritans were right when they insisted that a gentleman should dress in plain clothes of a neutral tint. But it required years for this idea to make its way among tailors and their customers. Even boys, one hundred years ago, were dressed as "guys." The pupils of the Edinburgh High School were rigged out in a scarlet vest, a bright green jacket, and brown corduroy breeches, tied at the knees by a showy knot of brown cotton tape. Long worsted stockings were worn in winter and blue cotton ones in summer.

The shoes, fastened by brass or copper buckles, were large and clumsy. They were not "rights and lefts" but made to be worn on either foot, and the boy was required to wear them on alternative feet daily. The vest had two rows of buttons on either side, which, when one side got dirty, was convenient. The shirt was fastened at the neck by a black ribbon, and a round black hat completed the costume.

The dress of the gentlemen and ladies of that period was even more fantastic than the boy's clothes. At parties the men wore coats and vests of gorgeous colors, frills and ruffles, silver shoe-buckles and side-curls.

Stately matrons appeared in large hoops and many colored satins. Young ladies walked in high-heeled shoes or stodd still while their powdered, pomatumed hair, surmounted by lofty head-dress, was admired.

The manners of the day were formal, for the age was ruled by those social martinets who viewed more leniently a breach of the ten commandments than they did a violation of etiquette. Yet it was a coarse age, one which tolerated swearing and drunkenness among men, and course manners and language among the boys.

Lord Cockburn, an eminent Scotch judge, says that so barbarous were the boys of the Edinburgh High School that no lady dared to be seen within its walls. The masters were as vulgar and harsh as the boys were brutal. Instead of alluring their pupils, they drove them by constant whipping.

Gentlemen, at a dinner-party, would keep sober until the ladies had adjourned to the parlor; and then they would get drunk. It was the fashion for a gentleman to swear. He supported every assertion by an oath. If he found fault, he swore roundly at the offender, who would not have felt the censure unless an execration had winged it.

A Scotch nobleman apologized to a lady whom he cursed at whilst for playing the wrong card, by declaring that he had mistaken her for his wife. Masters swore at servants, officers at soldiers, and scarcely any one thought the practice odious, much less sinful.

The world has moved since those days. Our manners are less formal and more refined. No one now thinks it gentlemanly to swear. If a guest should get drunk at a dinner-party, he would be sent to "Coventry."

AFTER LARGE FISH.

A Lively Adventure With a Big Fellow. A correspondent of the New York Times writing from the southern shore of Long Island Sound, says:

It was with the assurance that there were no sharks in Great South bay that I came to Fire Island. It may be said at once that I came expressly to fish for sharks.

The uprising sun was dimly struggling through the haze this morning when my sailor lad, an honest young fellow from Bay Shore, hoisted sail on a trim little sloop and hailed out into the channel. A wayward breeze broke upon the calm surface of the bay and pushed against our little sails with gentle force. The water gurgled softly at the bow and bubbled away, a shining streak of silver, in our wake. Early as we had started, we were later than a handsome little sloop from the Wa Wa Yander Club House, which was standing out the bay some distance ahead.

"That's Cap'n John Thurber," said the sailor lad, bracing his back against the tiller and making a spyglass of his hands. "He's after blue fish with one of those city fellers what belongs to the club. He knows where the fish is, you can bet."

"You kin throw out now," said the boy at length. "Cap'n John is a-gettin out his line."

Not at all unwilling to follow the example of so excellent a fisherman as Captain John, I baited a strong hook with bunker bait and let the line run out. Some persons troll for bluefish with a line as thick as a codfish line, but with the sportsmanlike rod and reel the fish has a chance for himself and the angler's skill is taxed to the utmost. When the fisherman is after sharks the number of bluefish caught is a matter of indifference hence the basketful of voracious two-pound shiners that were hauled aboard the sloop in the next half hour need not be mentioned here. At the end of the half hour we had drifted abreast the wooden pier leading down the bay from the hotel. Then I felt a mighty tug at the thin line, and the next moment the weight was as suddenly removed. I reeled in the line as rapidly as the brass multiplier would work. The bait was gone and the hook was broken off at the shank. Without a word the boy seized the big iron shark hook, with its short length of chain, and thrust a seven-inch bunker upon the sharp barb.

"It's a snark," said the boy, as the heavy line was unreeled. "But he don't break this hook."

Then the sloop tacked back and forth across the channel, working slowly along with the tide. For fully ten minutes the bait trailed along unharmed.

"Hi!" suddenly yelled the boy, he's got it."

The line straightened out along the surface of the water with a tremendous jerk, keeling the sloop to the leeward as though a heavy puff of wind had struck her main-top-sail. For a single instant the light under side of a seven-foot shark flashed in the sun, and then the line went whizzing down toward the bottom of the bay. The line was paid out freely, and soon the shark stopped.

"Haul away!" I shouted, bracing my feet against the rail. The boy fell to with a will, and the shark moved slowly and unsteadily toward the sloop. Then a shower of spray from the shark's rapidly moving tail glittered in the sun, and before we could take a turn around a cleat with the slack line the big fish had rushed off ten fathoms astern. Gently we coaxed him back, hoping to tire him into submission. In sullen stillness he came within two feet of the sloop, and the boy reached for our shark-killer—an old bayonet fastened firmly to the end of a hoe handle.

"Here, jab him quick," said the boy, thrusting the weapon across the stern sheets. Raising the spear like a harpoon, I drove it into the shark's gills half a dozen times in three seconds. The blood spurted out in great streams, staining the side of the sloop and turning the water a dark crimson. The shark turned like a flash.

"Now let him go," cried the boy, who in moment of excitement seemed gifted with an inspiration of eloquence. A hundred feet of line followed the shark in a mad rush out into the bay. Then slowly, as before, we hauled it in, with the shark hanging doggedly to a hook that he could not crush. Again we brought him alongside, and once more did the glittering harpoon draw gushing streams of blood.

"Shoot him!" screamed the boy in genuine alarm, as the shark began a new demonstration of ugliness. It was too late to shoot, for before the revolver could be brought to bear the gamey fish was two boat lengths to windward. Weary with the quick work, we hauled him in again, but with less enthusiasm than at first. The shark too, seemed tired. Two central-fire cartridge balls were sent crashing through his head as he lay a boat's length from the sloop, and another shot stunned him so that we were able to slip a noose over his tail, and with perspiration compelling energy, hoist him up into the standing rigging. When we had rested and annotated our blistered hands, we took his measure. It is not necessary to give the figures, as the practice of reporting measurements and weight has fallen into disrepute with the innocent and confiding public. Three hours afterward the boy shoved a small pine stick into the shark's mouth, and for his temerity nearly lost his hand, when the drying fish turned over on the muscles of his tail and made a sidelong snap with its vicious jaws. The lad turned pale, and made all haste to resume his place at the tiller.