

Farm, Garden & Household.

SMALL FARMS MOST PROFITABLE.—Small farms always do return the largest profit. There are thousands of farmers, all over the United States, who would make more clean money to dispose of one half their land, and work the remainder thoroughly, than they now make by going over such a large breadth. Still large farms can be cultivated with more profit to the proprietor than small ones by proper management. Yet according to the present system of management, small farms do return the most profit.

The reason for this is, that a farmer with only a small number of acres is more apt to till better, more manfully, and perform every operation more thoroughly than if he were required to till double the number of acres. If a farmer, for example, work twenty acres, he must necessarily keep a good team, and as complete an assortment of tools and farm implements as if he were cultivating fifty acres. A good team will usually perform all the labor on fifty acres and require very little more care and feed than if they perform only the labor of a twenty-acre farm. Taking the view of the subject, it will be perceived that it costs comparatively more to carry on a small farm than a large one. But the chief argument against large farms is, that farmers are liable to work over a great breadth of land without doing every part of the cultivation thoroughly. The man with a small farm will make more manure in proportion to his neighbor who cultivates twice as much land as himself. For this reason, the farmer who has the greatest breadth of cultivable acres will not usually raise as beautiful crops as if he tilled only half of the amount of land. A thorough going farmer may cultivate fifty acres with as satisfactory profit acre for acre, as he can till twenty, if he manages judiciously.

THINGS DONE.—Coffee, tea, pepper, and spices are left stand open and lose their strength.

The cook is left out of the molasses jug, and the fire takes possession.

Vinegar is drawn in a basin and allowed to stand until both basin and vinegar are spoiled.

Dried fruit is not taken care of in season, and becomes wormy.

Potatoes in the cellar grow, and the sprouts are not removed until they become worthless.

Pork spoils for want of salt, and beef because the brine wants scalding.

Bones are burned that would make soap.

Clothes are laid on the line to whip to pieces in the wind.

Brooms are never hung up, and soon are spoiled.

Teapots are melted by the stove.

Water is forgotten and left in pitchers and allowed to freeze, in winter.

Slops for cow and pig never saved, and in many other ways a careless and inexperienced housekeeper will waste, without heeding, the hard wages of her husband.

[The above are household leaks from Mrs. Haskell's Home Encyclopedia. There are some who doubtless, can learn something by reading them.]

THERE IS A SEASON FOR ALL THINGS.—And all things should be in season, on a farm especially.

If a farmer is a week or ten days late in sowing or planting, the run or milder may get his wheat out of the front of his field. In season, late things yield. If you have no good seed, get it—if you have to pay fifty cents per bushel above the market price; and in regard to wheat, always make a brine that will float a potato, and swim off all foul seeds, and also light wheat before sowing—it will do well.

Seed corn should be selected with care—on a neighbor did last season. I gave him the privilege of selecting it at a dollar or taking it as it came at 75 cents per bushel. He said, "sound bushels would grow as well as large and full grown ears." He raised thirty bushels to the acre of excellent corn. I picked my seed from the same crop to plant ten acres of late-breaking, and it turned off fifty bushels per acre. I believe like begets like.

We can't sow pink seed, wild buckwheat, oats, chess, and reasonably expect to harvest a good crop of wheat. Neither plant corn from scrubby and old land, nor sow corn, or follow the rule of large potatoes for sale for the table, and small ones to plant, and look for a good return for our labor.

RECIPE WORTH \$1000.—The Ohio Cultivator says the following recipe is worth one thousand dollars to every housekeeper:

"Take one pound of salt soda and half a pound of unslaked lime and put them in a quart of water, boil twenty minutes, let it stand till cool, and add half a quart of small jug or jar; soak your clothes over night, or until they are well through, then wring them, and rub on plenty of soap, and with water add one teacupful of the washing fluid; boil half an hour or more, rinse, and your clothes will look better than by the old way of washing twice before boiling. This is an invaluable recipe, and every poor, tired woman should try it."

LOOK TO THE WEEDS.—Every good farmer knows that to insure satisfactory crops his land must be cultivated in the best manner, and if it is not cultivated few weeds will be found upon it. Sometimes, even upon well managed farms, a field here and there, owing to adverse weather, a shortness of hands, or a rash of work generally, is neglected for a few days the weeds may get a start; but this happens rarely, and an observing man can see the judge of the character of a farmer by placing his eye over his premises. If the weeds are not to be regularly and systematically destroyed, the idea of conducting agricultural operations profitably may well be abandoned, for the idea is quite incompatible with the other.

And this is even more pointedly so with the garden. Weeds and a garden crop are antagonistic as life and death. They cannot stand upon the same platform. One must be weeded, and it is for the owner to say which. If a garden is systematically weeded—and without system no garden is worth having—the labor of keeping down the weeds is reduced one-half. But let them once get ahead, and they may be fought all summer and prove victorious in the end.

Again, let us weeds go to seed; and do not throw into the public highway such as do, to be washed down upon the land of your neighbor.—*German-Town Telegraph.*

TO DESTROY COCKLE.—The tendency of cockle to grip, it is only necessary to look them three hours in slightly salted water. Dry them in the folds of a linen cloth, and sew them with the usual conditions, remembering always to give cayenne pepper the preference over the black. The manufactured vinegar sold in many stores should be religiously avoided. The malleic acid of cider vinegar is a valuable article; the stuff that gives its acidity to many vinegars is more apt to fill every crevice than water, and it will be perceived that it costs comparatively more to carry on a small farm than a large one. But the chief argument against large farms is, that farmers are liable to work over a great breadth of land without doing every part of the cultivation thoroughly. The man with a small farm will make more manure in proportion to his neighbor who cultivates twice as much land as himself. For this reason, the farmer who has the greatest breadth of cultivable acres will not usually raise as beautiful crops as if he tilled only half of the amount of land. A thorough going farmer may cultivate fifty acres with as satisfactory profit acre for acre, as he can till twenty, if he manages judiciously.

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Humorous. The most formal of flowers—The Prim-rose. TABLE OF CONTENTS.—The dinner-table. A WILSON PRISONER.—A man looked in alumber. A flourishing business—Ornamental penmanship. The time to clench an argument—When the attention of your audience is riveted. Does a man consider a woman a poem because she is a verse to him? To ascertain the weight of a horse, put your toe under his foot. When is a woman wedded to silence? When she bristles her tongue. It is a miserable thing to live in suspense; it is the life of a spider. When has the most legs, a horse or no horse? Answer: No horse. A horse has four legs, but no horse has five. Why is the horse the most humane of all animals? He gives the bit out of his mouth, and listens to every word. Here is a concise but hopeful love-letter written by a Colorado miner. "Leven years is rather long to kort a gal; but i live you yet, Cate." Him beelied shoes for ladies are going out of fashion. Ditto, high tops of hair. An improvement from top to bottom. A Boston parson is "in favor of women voting if they want to." A western parson "would like to see the man who could make them vote if they didn't want to." An old lady gave this as her idea of a great man: "One who is keener of his clothes, don't drink spirits, kin read the Bible without spellin' the words, and eat a cold dinner on a wash day without grumblin'." Jokes, a hard drinker in Massachusetts, had a fit, and was bleed. A neighbor held the candle, and another warned him not to set fire to the blood. Jones heard the remark. "There is no danger," he growled: "'Tis Smith's rum." "MARTIN," said James, "that letter in the alphabet do you like best?" Martin didn't like to say, but the young man insisted. "Well," was her final answer, as she dropped her eyes, "I think I like U best." A SCHOOLMASTER in a Lancaster county public school was drilling a class of youngsters in arithmetic. He said to them: "If I pork spoils for want of salt, and beef because the brine wants scalding." Bones are burned that would make soap. Clothes are laid on the line to whip to pieces in the wind. Brooms are never hung up, and soon are spoiled. Teapots are melted by the stove. Water is forgotten and left in pitchers and allowed to freeze, in winter. Slops for cow and pig never saved, and in many other ways a careless and inexperienced housekeeper will waste, without heeding, the hard wages of her husband. [The above are household leaks from Mrs. Haskell's Home Encyclopedia. There are some who doubtless, can learn something by reading them.]

Humorous.

Merion. — He was shaving; that's almost the name. [Laughter.] The President.—Was it you, then, Merion, who was crying out as if you were being flayed? Merion.—Yes, in fact he was flaying me. [In general laugh.] — He was cutting me horribly. Barber.—It is very true, but I made a mistake. Merion.—Did you mean to cut me? Barber.—I did not say that prolonged laughter [I certainly did not mean to cut him so deep.—[loud and continued laughter.] The President.—Did you then cut him on purpose? Barber.—Indeed I did, in the spirit of my order. You understand, one does not try to cut below his business. The President and Merion together.—And why? Barber.—The whole affair is this; Mr. Merion is not to be trusted, as he does not pay the ready money. He used to cheat me in the number of shaves for which he owed me; when he had twelve, he used to say that he had only six, so that I lost both my razor, my soap, and my time. At last I devised a method of keeping a reckoning not to be disputed. The President.—How was that? Barber.—Every time I shave him, I make a notch in his cheek [general laughter] when we counted up, I look at his cheek—so many shaves—[retuned laughter]—but the other day the razor turned in my hand—I made the figure too large and it was that made him cry out and disturb the neighborhood. Amidst general laughter, the barber was condemned to pay the full penalty, and the President advised him to renounce in future his new system of keeping accounts. FATCH HIM UP.—Mr. Greeley has never been accused of extravagance in dress, even by the Democrats. One morning, some years ago, habited in his usual quiet style, he was leaning over the counter in the Tribune office eating an apple when an Englishman entered who had that morning arrived by steamer, and who, it turned out, was connected with the London Times, and had come to arrange some business between that paper and the Tribune. Approaching Mr. Greeley with a very arrogant air, he said: "Follow, do you work here?" "Yes, sir." "Yes, sir." "After waiting a little, and seeing that the fellow seemed very indifferent to his presence and inquiries, he burst but almost choked with indignation: "Well, why the devil don't you go and fetch him up!" "I am Mr. Greeley, at your service," was answered in the same calm and indifferent manner. Johnny Bull's hat was removed from his head with alacrity, and when our friend held the same in his hand, he said: "I thought I should like to see the man who had sent me to the chief of the Tribune. I consider [Hoffland's German Bitters] a noble medicine in case of attacks of indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify that by my experience of it. Yours, with respect, "JAMES THOMPSON."

Humorous.

HON. GEORGE WOODWARD, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, writes: Philadelphia, March 16, 1867. "I find [Hoffland's German Bitters] a good tonic, useful in diseases of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of indigestion, and of nervous action in the system. "Yours truly, GEO. W. WOODWARD."

HON. GEORGE SHAESWOOD, Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, writes: Philadelphia, June 1, 1868. "I have found by experience that [Hoffland's German Bitters] is a very good tonic, relieving dyspeptic symptoms about me. "Yours truly, GEORGE SHAESWOOD."

HON. JAMES THOMPSON, Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, writes: Philadelphia, April 23, 1866. "I consider [Hoffland's German Bitters] a noble medicine in case of attacks of indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify that by my experience of it. Yours, with respect, "JAMES THOMPSON."

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