

FARM NOTES.

FEEDING HENS FOR EGGS.—Miller Purvis tells in the Ohio Farmer how he feeds his hens to make them lay. He says: As my laying hens have a good range well stocked with grasshoppers I do not feed them any meat at this time of the year, but during the winter I buy butchers' scraps and boil them to shreds and thicken with corn meal or chop and give them a good feed once a week. The great thing is to feed a variety, and I give my hens boiled potatoes, oil-meal, oats, corn, gravel, bone meal, charred fine, cabbage and anything else that is clean that they will eat, but I have no rule to go by as to rotation or quantity. I keep them fat enough to eat all the year round, but not overfat. If a hen is fed all she will eat every day she gets lazy, but if she is given grain scattered in a bed of forest leaves or chaff they may be fed an almost unlimited quantity, for if she will scratch the day through her food will not make her overfat. If the houses are kept clean and the hens healthy, they will lay on nearly any kind of food, even corn alone, but if they are given a variety they will lay much better. I do not feed conditions to any great extent except salt. I always salt all my soft feed slightly, but cayenne pepper, ginger, etc., find small favor with me. After I have told you how to feed, or how I feed, there is one thing more necessary and that is to get a laying breed. If you fancy the large breeds get light or dark Brahmas or Plymouth Rocks, but if you choose one of these varieties be sure to get a laying strain, for there is a very great difference in this respect. It goes without saying that the Leghorns will lay more good sized eggs than any other breed, but there is a difference in these, some strains laying almost all the year and others only ordinary layers. The Hamburgs are everlasting layers, but their eggs are too small to make them an object unless they are sold to city folks, who think an egg is an egg no matter what the size of it is or what the hen who produced it was fed on.

The low price of butter for the past year makes the question of profit a serious one to the ordinary farmer; but other farm products are equally depressed, and the cost of production and of transportation is such as to reduce them below the point of profit. It costs no more to market \$10 worth of butter than it does \$1 worth of wheat; but it does cost more to produce \$10 worth of wheat than it does to produce a like value of butter. The wheat takes from the soil and impoverishes the farm. The manure from the animals subsisting upon the skim milk and from the cow enriches the farm and increases its value.

SPEAKING of the great celery raising industry of Kalamazoo, Mich., a contemporary says: "What was a dozen years ago swamp is to-day a vast celery field, beside which a hundred acre lot is but a garden." Celery culture is paying. It is not generally known that the average value of an acre of celery is \$600, and that the annual crop reaches 5000 tons. An acre contains from 25,000 to 30,000 plants. The shipping season begins in July, increases until the holidays, then gradually decreases until the crop is disposed of in the spring. The industry is said to have been instituted by farmers who could not otherwise make their ends meet on these originally sandy marshes.

If at a loss what to do with ground from which some early crop has been taken we advise to sow it with rye. This grain can be sown early in August and fed down until cold weather, besides furnishing an early run for sheep next spring. In places where drought has shortened the hay crop rye is now the most available resource. It is not injured by early frosts, and may be cut late and saved for winter use in the silo.

ALL small, delicate crops which require hand weeding should be cleaned out once as soon as they can be seen in the row. A delay of forty eight hours will often double the work, and a week may entirely ruin the crop. The best time to destroy a weed is before it comes up and the mere stirring of the surface for an inch as soon as the land is dry enough to work after a rain will kill nine-tenths of the weeds that have started.

AN experienced apiarist thinks that when possible bee pasturage should be to the westward, for bees will not thrive as well that have to go eastward for their supply of stores, as nearly all our heavy showers are from the west, and the bees that go eastward do not get warning at all times to reach the hive and are caught in the storm, and, if late in the day and a cold night, may die.

GRAPE BUTTER.—Stew the grapes and squeeze out each pulp from the skin, removing the seeds; keep the skins in a small, thin bag; to each pound of pulp allow one pound of sugar, half pint of cider vinegar, teaspoonful of cloves, one cinnamon and one of nutmeg; boil this very slowly, putting in the bag of skins tied securely; when it jellies by dripping in cold water it is done. Put away in jars. For an ornamental dish it can be heated over and turned out into moulds to jelly.

CROCKS of butter to be kept for several months should never be placed upon the cellar bottom. This causes two degrees of temperature in the crock, which will be at the expense of the quality of the butter at the top. The crocks will keep their contents far better if placed at least a foot from the cellar bottom upon a bench and a thick woolen cloth thrown over it.

THE secret of a delicious sandwich is to add stoned olives and a little salad dressing to any kind of minced or grated meat. Mixing cold boiled ham and cold chicken together, or tongue and cold lamb, or beef, with either, or all together, makes good sandwiches, and the added olive gives the piquant surprise. Always roll a sandwich so that it may be eaten from the end, instead of loosely put together bread and meat.

MUTTON KIDNEYS cost a few cents each. They are delicious served with a cream sauce and surrounded by broiled tomatoes. As they are hardened by boiling, the perfect plan is to set them on in cold water, pouring it off as soon as it reaches the boiling point. Repeating this three times cooks the dish ready for the sauce.

HOUSEHOLD.

SORREL is now in market and makes a refreshing soup or a most appetizing puree, to be served with veal cutlets. Pick and wash the sorrel in several waters, drain it and place it as you would spinach, without any water, in a saucepan over the fire; stir and press it with a wooden spoon until the juice is expressed from the leaves. Let it boil for a few minutes, turn it into a sieve, letting it drain again. Slice two large onions, fry them with two tablespoonfuls of butter, add a good tablespoonful of flour, some nutmeg, a teaspoonful of pepper and salt. If you have a spoonful of gravy or soup stock, add that before putting in the herb. If not, simply put the sorrel in with a spoonful of hot water, and beat, stirring with a wooden spoon. When it all looks thick and green, rub it through a sieve and serve hot. This may be made in the early morning, and heated again with a pot of butter when wanted.

AN omelette of green corn is relished for breakfast or luncheon. Take well-filled ears of sweet corn and with a linen cloth remove all the silk between the rows of kernels. Cut the kernels down the centre, being careful not to loosen them from the cob, and then take out the pulp by pressing downward with a knife. To three tablespoonfuls of the green corn pulp add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs and a little salt. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and mix with the corn and the yolks and pour into a hot frying pan with a little butter, cover immediately and set it where it will cook but not burn. When set, fold over the omelette and serve on a hot dish immediately.

GENEVA WAFFERS.—Well whisk two eggs; put them into a basin and stir to them three ounces butter, which must be beaten to a cream; add three ounces flour and sifted sugar gradually, and then mix all well together. Butter a baking-sheet, and drop on it a teaspoonful of the mixture at a time, leaving a space between each. Bake in a cool oven; watch the pieces of paste, and when half done, roll them up like wafers, and put in a small wedge of bread or piece of wood to keep them in shape; place them in the oven again until crisp. Before serving remove the bread; put a spoonful of preserve in the widest end, and fill up with whipped cream.

PLUM CAKE, FRESH FOR DESSERT.—There should be such a word as par-bake to describe the process of preparing an undercrust for this filling. Roll out a plain or rich crust, put a double bordering high on its edges, as you lay it on an oblong cake-tin. Stone one quart of blue-plums, leaving the skins on. Take a half-pint of milk, heat it and sweeten to taste. Beat up two eggs in a bowl, and add to them the hot milk, a teaspoonful at a time, beating steadily until no threads will hang from a fork as you pass it through the custard. Spread this over the crust and lay on it the plums as quickly as you can set them on. Sprinkle them over with sugar, and set in the oven until the custard has set and the juice of the plums blended with it. This is a delicious dessert; eaten hot.

CLEANLINESS.—A neat, clean, fresh-airy cheerful well-arranged house exerts a moral influence over its inmates, and makes the members of a family peaceable and considerate of each other's feelings and happiness. The connection is obvious between the state of mind thus produced and respect for others, and for those higher duties and obligations which no law can enforce. On the contrary, a filthy noxious dwelling, in which none of the decencies of life are observed, contributes to make its inhabitants selfish and regardless of the feelings of others, and the indulgence of such passions renders them reckless and brutal.

CANNED FRIED TOMATOES.—Take solid, ripe tomatoes, and without removing the skins, cut into slices from a quarter to half an inch in thickness, and fry them in lard, if fried in butter they will not keep so well; when done put into glass jars or tins, which should be wide-mouthed so as to admit the tomato without breaking. Hermetically seal the jars and the contents will keep all winter and be ready for the table by simply heating them with cream sauce, making a new and delicious winter dish.

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Josiah Davis's Trouble. Josiah Davis, North Middletown, Ky., writes: "I am now using a box of your HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE upon an ulcer, which, for the past ten days has given me great pain. This salve is the only remedy I have found that has given me any ease. My ulcer was caused by varicose veins, and was pronounced incurable by my medical doctors. I find, however, that HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE is affording a cure." Beware of imitations.

Professor Tracy says that if cucumbers are planted in drills the loss from bugs will not be felt. In hundreds of cases, Hood's Sarsaparilla, by purifying and enriching the blood, has proven a potent remedy for rheumatism. Hence, if you suffer the pains and aches of this disease, it is fair to assume that Hood's Sarsaparilla will cure you. Give it a trial.

"Frequent stirring of the soil is liberal manuring," said Jethro Tull, who was the best agricultural writer of his day. Mothers if you want the little ones to have a fine head of hair, free from dandruff and other scalp affections, use the only natural hair renewer, Carboline, made from pure unrefined petroleum and guaranteed the prince of all hair renewers.

"My dear," said Mrs. Snaggs to her husband, "what is a canard?" "Don't you know what a canard is?" queried Snaggs rather sneeringly; "why the word itself conveys its own meaning." "Does it? Well, really I can't see it. What does it mean, dear?" "Why, a canard is something one can hardly believe, of course." "Oh, to be sure! Why couldn't I think of that?"

A YOUNG lady reading in the West End said to her father: "Now, pa, are you satisfied? Just look at my testimonial!—'Political economy, satisfactory; fine art and music; very good; logic, excellent.'" "Father—'Very much so, my dear—especially as regards your future. If your husband should understand anything of housekeeping, cooking, mending, and the use of a sewing machine, perhaps your married life will indeed be happy.'" "HE—'Do you know that you remind me very much of the weather?'" "She—'In what respect?'" "You are so changeable." "Is that so? Do you know that I don't see the least resemblance between you and the weather?'" "You don't say so." "You are certainly not like the weather. You know the weather is bright occasionally—you never are."

COLLEGE PROFESSOR.—"I'd like to engage board here for a month or so. May I inquire your rates?" "Summer Hotel Keeper.—"I can give you the best in the house for \$15 a week." "College Professor.—"That's the best you can do, eh? I might incidentally remark that I am a professor in Spynx college." "Summer Hotel Keeper.—"Oh that makes a difference. I will let you stay for \$18."

THEY were both sitting on the sofa, but the sofa was two yards wide. They had been discussing the Darwinian theory, and he remarked: "It seems almost impossible that I should be descended from an ape, or a tiger, or a bear, or—"

"Oh, I'm sure you are not descended from a bear," said she. "Why not?" "Because bears are such horrid things to hug, you know." "He immediately demonstrated that there might have been a bear branch somewhere in his ancestral tree."

YOUNG Mr. Sweetface has run away from the ribbon counter for two weeks' vacation and is going trout fishing. He reaches his uncle's farm and goes out to dig for bait. He comes into the house disgusted. "There's no bait out there," he said; "the ground is so full of angle worms nothing else could live there." "Well, what on earth was your digger's fur?" demands his uncle Lylander. "Flies, of course," says Mr. Sweetface. "Trout flies; isn't that what you bait with?" But his poor old uncle was dead in his chair.

"PEOPLE needn't sneer at me because I am an old maid," said Miss Gildersleeves, snappishly. "I may be an old maid, but if I am I'm one from choice." "Yes," said Mr. Cassinoway, sympathetically, "so I've always understood. Choice was quite unanimous, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said the chairman, sadly, "our temperance meeting last night would have been more successful if the lecturer hadn't been so absent-minded." "What did he do?" "He tried to blow the foam from a glass of water."

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ONE hot afternoon in July a traveler stopped at a farm-house and asked for a drink.

A country girl barefooted and sun-bonneted passed him out a dipper and said: "There's the well." He was evidently inclined to indulge in a little rural flirtation, and after making all the known varieties of "sheep's eyes" at her over the edge of the dipper he made bold to inquire: "What might yer name be, Miss?" "Waal," she said, in a matter-of-fact tone, "ef I kin convince young Smiler that it's about time to come down to business, it might be Mrs. Mary Jane Smiler before next Winter." "At present it ain't nothin' but Mary Jane Simpkins."

A SCENE in court: "You say, witness, that you heard two shots fired, one right after the other?" "I did." "How far were you from the man when he fired the first shot?" "I should say about a rod, sir." "And how far were you from him when he fired the second shot?" "I should call it about forty rods, sir."

BAGLEY—"Going fishing to-day?" De Bagge—"No, sir. Too much business to attend to." "Very well. I'll think of you when I'm sitting on the shady bank hauling in the two-pound beauties." "That's right. And when you stop at the market you way home just buy me a string too. That's a good fellow."

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