

### Mizpah.

The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another."

A broad gold band engraven  
With word of holy writ—  
A ring, the bond and token  
Which love and prayer hath lit,  
When absent from each other  
O'er mountain, vale and sea,  
The Lord who guarded Israel,  
Keep watch 'tween me and thee.

Through days of light and gladness,  
Through days of love and life,  
Through smiles, and joy and sunshine,  
Through days with beauty rife;  
When absent from each other,  
O'er mountain, vale and sea,  
The Lord of love and gladness  
Keep watch 'tween me and thee.

Through days of doubt and darkness,  
In fear and trembling breath;  
Through mists of sin and sorrow  
In tears, and grief and death—  
The Lord of life and glory,  
The King of earth and sea,  
The Lord who guarded Israel,  
Keep watch 'tween me and thee.  
—The Argosy.

## THE GRANGER'S STORY;

OR,

### Three Elopements in One Night.

She was young, gentlemen, an' she was sassy, an' jest as full of solid sense as she was of fun—an' she was full of fun within prescribed limits, as an egg is full of meat.

She knew her mind, too, an' could love a woman when she was set to it, as the story shows. There was no better nor likelier gal in this country, which she's proved since, an' the way she did up them two city lawyer stugents was fun, gentlemen, fun.

Yes, she's the gal that eloped with three fellers in one night, an' as respectable a gal as you'll find in the State today.

Was she well behaved? Well, you est bet your life she was. Lively an' bright when she was woke up, she was a most thunderin' smart girl when it came to takin' business charge of herself.

She was as pretty as a picture that's set ready to walk out of its frame. Her hair seemed to float all around her head, an' when the wind blowed through it an' the sun lightened it up, it looked like a gold mine—such as you read about. She was a fresh, wholesome-lookin' gal as ever was, with a bright eye that went through a man like a buzz saw through a pine log, an' she had a figger as round as a huckleberry, an' sweet as a butter-nut.

Why, I knowed her when she was only six high; she was born and raised in this very town, an' her mornin', a matter of about \$10,000, was left by her grandmother in trust with old Judge Wiles, an' he looked out for it, too.

The gal lived with her grandmother till she was eighteen, an' when the old lady died, she went over to her Aunt Milton's for three years till she got married, an' they say she made it lively for them two women; in her own demure-like an' innocent sort o' style, of course.

Thankie; yes, I smoke evenin's sometimes. The way it commenced was something like this: You see, gentlemen, I got a partickler here and a partickler there till I got the whole thing.

Jennie—her name was Jennie Thomas then—hed hed a kind o' sneakin' regard for Jed Billings, a smart young farmer, fairish off, but not over well-to-do at that time.

They'd went to school together, an' Jed, one day, hed hauled her outer the mill-pond. She'd fell into it in one of her wild scrapes a tryin' to walk across the dam on a four-inch edge, an', from what I heard at the time, I guess that was the way the affair begun between 'em.

But somehow, she was kind o' offish to Jed, yet that young farmer hed a good eddication—first-rate, and was known to be square—that is, square as square goes nowadays, when the golden rule appears to be to do unto others as others would do unto you, if they got the chance.

But whether it was that Jennie wanted to hev her little foolin' afore she died up, or whether she wanted to see if Jed really loved her, or whether she wanted to fool him an' sow her female wild oats or what not, land only knows.

As I said afore, howsoever she was a fish, an' wouldn't make no regular engagement, and right in the nick of the marry them two lawyer stugents from the city arrived among 'er midst.

You see old Judge Parker had his son Sam an' his nevy Charley Gifford to educate, an' he fixed 'em both up for lawyers, jest as if we warn't over-stocked with them chaps, same as we be with many worms; an' yit, gentlemen, we're scarce on good haymakers an' farmin' help generally, as you know.

The nevy, Charley Gifford, was a real good feller, as everybody's aware is today. But Sam Parker was a partickler curious cuss, an' bid fair to turn out jest such a mean, cross-cut lightning scintillator as his father was—which most of you knowed well enough, partickler when you had any affidavs to be done an' the old man wanted his twenty-five cents in advance.

Well, as soon as them young sharps graduated an' come home they both set their eyes on Miss Jennie.

Let's bless you, in the mornin' you'd see Sam a-drivin' her out to the pond in Parker's old gig, an' in the afternoon

Charley 'd be a-takin' her up Garden drive in the same shaky but respectable winnicle. It looked a good deal like a dead race for Jennie's \$10,000.

Now Jennie's aunt was dead down on Jed Billings, because he was only a farmer, though even then, gentlemen, he looked a blame sight more likely to make a big farmer than either o' them other fellers did to make a big lawyer. Anyhow, Jennie's aunt didn't care much which of the lawyers got her as long as Jed was kep' out. But the cunnin' old lady rather preferred Sam Parker, because he was sure to hev his father's practice, while Charley might hev to whistle a good while for a client. Then, too, Sam had a way of flatterin' her up in city style, an' Charley was too open and off-handed with her.

It's most generally the rascals that gets all the advantages; but not in the long run, boys, not in the long run.

Well, Sam an' the old lady got a talkin' one day an' fixed things up between 'em.

"Jennie don't know her own mind," said her aunt, "an' it's my opinion that whichever gits away with her first will get the prize, an' Sam, you'd better do it. She's a giddy young thing, an' I'll stick by the one as goes for her the heaviest. She's morantic, an' won't marry in church no way; them kind never koes till arter they gets married in a wagon by moonlight."

You see, gentlemen, she didn't size Jennie up jest right.

Things begun to thicken up pretty good, an' one day Sam Parker, the lawyer's son, thought it was about time to put up his little job on Charley and Jed arter his own style, as agreed on with the aunt. The strictly honorable didn't run much in Sam's family anyhow.

Sam's plot was like this: He got Charley aside one mornin' an' told 'em "everythin' was fixed, an' he was goin' to marry the gal that night."

"Now I know what you love me for," said Sam, in his cool style; "but I know that for old friendship's sake you'll give in to me, so the gal can be happy with the man she loves."

"How do you know she loves you?" asks Charley, as gloomy as a dyin' mud-turtle.

"This day," says Honest Sam—which they used to call him so because he was so tricky—"this day she giv me her promise," an' he perjured a lock of hair an' a ring with her name on. "Now, Charley," he continued, "I tell you this, first, on account of our old, sweet friendship, an', second, because I want you to help me by takin' care o' Jed Billings while I git away with the gal. He watches us like a weasel, an' might kick up a fuss. If he tries to foller all you've got to do is to pick a muss with him so's to give us a chance."

"I don't see how that's a goin' to pay me," said Charley.

"If I marry her to-night," said Sam, solemnly, "I shall take her to Boston to live, an' you step inter my practice here."

So Charley said agreed, and so forth, but he knew Sam was deep, an' kep' askin' himself why should Sam be afraid to Jed if he was really engaged to Jennie, as he said; an' why should he run away anyhow. So he kep' on a puzzlin', but couldn't git it out.

Well, as soon as it got dark, Sam hitched up an' took Charley down near Jed's farm to keep a watch on him, an' then turned round an' took the back road up to Jennie's.

The girl was considerably surprised for Sam to ask her out ridin' on a dark night, an' no party or dancin' to go to; but she warn't afraid o' nothin', an' was alius full o' lively curiosity about fun. So she made up her mind to see it out, most pertickly as her cunnin' old aunt made believe she didn't want her to go.

Then the way Sam Parker put that old plug o' his through to Eatonville was a caution. What was said on the way ain't known, but it's to be regretted that that marryin' warn't spoken of till the two got to work eatin' supper. Then Sam said how he loved her, an' how this was an elopement, an' the parson was ready an' all that. Then he goes down on his knees an' pulls out the ring. But, in pullin' out the ring, out come a long lock of hair, the same that Sam had been playin' off on Charley for hern.

"Oh, you dreadful, dread ul flirt!" hollers Jennie, makin' b'leeve mad, and then she busts out into just the tallest laffin' that's been heard in the Adams house for forty years.

Then Sam pitches in an' gits wild as to what he'll do to her or say about her if she don't marry him, an' then the door opens sudden, an' who should bounce in but Charley.

You see, Charley had got tired a-watchin' Jed; so he concluded to hire a horse and jest foller Sam an' Jennie up, to see for himself how things was. He'd been a listenin' at the door till Sam got ugly on Jennie, and then he see his chance an' bounced in.

"My preserver! my preserver!" screamed out Jennie, an' she goes over to Charley an' he gits out with the gal before Sam—who is a kind of a sneak, anyway—recovered from his surprise.

Well, they took the road to Starboro' a flyin'; but it wasn't ten minutes before they hears wheels behind 'em, an' Charley cries: "That's that rascal, Sam Parker!" So he puts on the gas, an' goes tearin' over the road wuss than ever till he brings up at the minister's house in Starboro', with his horse all a-foamin' and high dead.

Then they both got out of the wagon, an' Jennie all of a sudden begins to cry. You see, she had enjoyed the fun a-l along like everything; but at last it began to look serious even to a gal with

her nerve. It was mighty late at night an' there she was a standin' afore the minister's house in Starboro', fifteen miles from home, an' with no more idea of marryin' Charley Gifford than you or I hev this mornin' of marryin' Queen Victoria.

But Charley put on steam an' talked away to her at a tremendous rate on account of Sam's bein' behind 'em. Then the gal got all broken up again in the narves, an' while she was a-cryin' and wringin' her hands, the other wagon drew up.

But the man that jumped out wasn't Sam Parker. It was Jed Billings—Jed Billings, gentlemen, as good a feller as I ever met an' the best man with a pitchfork in the two counties.

Then the gal straightened up an' went right into Jed's arms, as straight as a chipmunk slips into a holler tree.

Of course this was war, an', arter a lovin' embrace, Jed lets her down on the minister's steps an' prepares to go for Charley.

"I'll teach you, you young pettifogger," said he, "to play tricks like these," an' he was a-haulin' off in that dynamite style of his, when Jennie jest stepped up atwixt 'em.

Now, gentlemen, I like the female element myself, as I suppose the hull on ye does, an' I appreciate 'em as angels and peace-makers an' all that; but it must be allowed that Jennie did spile what would hev been the jolmbasted fight that ever took place in Squig county. Mind yer, the stakes were \$10,000, an' Charley had a good deal of stand-by in him, if he was a fortune-hunter; an' as for Jed, everybody knows he's got a hogshadful o' p-u-ck allus on hand. It's a shame, gentlemen, the mill didn't come off; to this day, whenever a man gets a little hard cider in him about here he wrastles his tongue with somebody as to which would hev licked. But Jed an' Charley only laffs about it now, an' wouldn't muss for anything.

Where was I? Oh, yes. Well, Jennie stepped atwixt 'em, an' says: "It was all my fault, Jed—it was all my fault, an' I only did it to see if you'd be jealous. I'm a cruel, hateful, wicked girl, an' if you won't fight, dear Jed, I'll go into the minister's with you now, provided you'll git me home afore my aunt's up in the mornin', an' then I'll marry you in church as soon as I can git ready proper. I love you, Jed, an' if you love me you won't want to do anythin' to hev this business talked about 'till arterwards."

You can see, gentlemen, she was a level-headed gal arter all.

Then she turns, as cool as a cucumber, to Charley, an' she says: "I know why you an' your friend wanted to git me. As it stands now, you tried to fool me an' I had to return the compliment."

"An' now Jed's fooled you pretty good," said Charley, laffin'.

Then they all of a-laffin, an' Jed caved an' Charley caved, an' all went into the minister's, Charley actin' as witness.

Jest as they came out, Sam drew up, with his horse lame in three legs. He looked pretty sour when Jed introduced Jennie as Mrs. Billings.

Jennie was taken to her aunt's a-flyin' an' Charley followed at a two-mile-an-hour gal, with Sam's horse hitched on Charley's buggy to keep him up, an' Sam walkin' aside of him to jest stimmerlate him up, now and then.

The pertickers didn't leak out till long arter the church weddin', and then there was some big fun over it.

Everybody knows now that Jed's made that new stock-farm o' his paylike blazes, an' Jennie's as quiet and stiddy as the Mulbrytown guide-post, an' a good deal more charitable.

When old Judge Parker died, Sam took his practice, an' then sold out to Charley an' went West. Charley has married a likely gal on the creek, for love, an' is a-doin' well.

"But how was it," asked one of the listeners, "that Jed managed to be on hand in time?"

It was this way, gentlemen, said the old granger. Jed was a-fixin' a leak in the roof of his barn, when Sam Parker drove up to the crossroads that night, an' he recognized the old gig. When it stopped an' let Charley down an' then went flyin' up the back road, Jed thought somethin' was up. So he crep' alongside the stone wall, an' before long he was a-watchin' Charley instead o' Charley a-watchin' him. Then, when Charley got sick of his job an' then went down to the direction of the livery stable, Jed jest chucked his horse in his buggy—an' there ain't no better piece o' horse-flesh between here an' Greenfield—an' follered him up.

But Charley hed a good start; so Jed got to Eatonville about ten minutes arter the couple had left for Starboro'. He got all the pertickers at Eatonville from the hostlers, and didn't see Sam, who was upstairs a-ponderin' what to do. Then he set his horse to steamin' an' he arriv'.

Well, that hoss is old now, and no use; but they say he winks at Jed, now and then, as much as to say: "I pulled you through on that \$10,000 business; eh, old man?" Then Jed winks, an' the hoss is satisfied. Jed wouldn't take no money for him to-day.

"Are Jed an' Jennie happy in their present connubial relations?" furtively inquired the schoolmaster.

"Carn't say," replied the old granger. "You're married, an' you oughter know how it is yourself."

A balloon ascension was made by Professor Grimley, at Montreal, in the presence of 30,000 spectators. At an elevation of a mile and a half the barking of dogs and cheering of men were distinctly audible.

### TIMELY TOPICS.

The missionaries in China find the opium traffic their chief hindrance. It is estimated that 3,000,000 people a year perish, owing to their inveterate habit of consuming this drug. The city of Ningpo has 2,700 opium shops.

According to recent statistics, taking 1,000 well-to-do persons and 1,000 poor persons, after five years there remained alive of the prosperous 943, of the poor only 665. After fifty years there remained of the prosperous 557, of the poor, 233; at seventy years of age there remained 225 of the prosperous and of the poor sixty-five.

The Russian czar's recent trip to Livadia was guarded by 40,000 men stationed along the line. He is more afraid of assassination than ever. The programme of his proceedings is made public and then altered. He does not sleep twice in succession in the same chamber and takes his meals at different places and hours from those expected.

Marshal Bazaine writes to the Paris *Gaulois* from Madrid to inform his friends, if he still has any in his misfortunes, that during the six years of his residence in Spain he has never suffered from the slightest indisposition. He does not know why people are making him die by anticipation. "But," adds the marshal, "I have so often risked my life during my long and very arduous career that obituary notices have little effect upon me."

There is danger that young couples in Rochester, N. Y., on matrimonial thoughts intent will have to content themselves with the services of civil magistrates hereafter, as the *Express* announces that a sort of ministerial union has been formed there, the members of which pledge themselves not to perform the marriage ceremony under any circumstances without a fee of at least \$5 on each occasion. The *Troy Times* is of the opinion that if they would also pledge themselves not to marry people about whom they know nothing, they would be doing Christianity a service.

Seth Green publishes a card in the *Albany (N. Y.) Argus* protesting against the action of unthinking farmers who kill salmon trout, black bass and other fish during the spawning season, when they frequent shoal water and are readily taken by spearing. This course is as ruinous to the fish interest as a slaughter of setting hens would be to the poultry yard. The salmon trout spawn during October and November, the black bass from June 1 until July 10, the Oswego bass from March 10 until June 1, and the wall-eyed or yellow pike from April 10 until May 20.

The swelling figures of the annual report of the United States land office always gives at least vague notions of the vastness of the public domain, from the magnitude of the statistics employed in dealing with it. In one way or another by homestead entries or timber entries or cash entries, by college scrip, military warrants, State swamp patents, or railroad grabs, fourteen millions of acres have been during the past year subtracted from the public domain. The surveying operations do not much more than keep pace, in amount, with the current disposal of lands. However, thus far, about three-quarters of a billion of acres have been surveyed since operations began, while more than a thousand millions remain still unsurveyed.

The Italian minister of the interior, Signor Depretis, lately issued a circular to all the prefects of the kingdom, calling their attention to the extraordinary number of arrests made by the police which are not followed by a conviction. The minister says that this fact cannot but injure the prestige of justice and the dignity of the authorities. The criminal statistics show that, on an average, a thousand persons are arrested daily, which means 365,000 criminals in the year. But the judicial authorities deny that these criminals really exist, as of the 365,000 persons arrested 240,000, or two-thirds, are released at the first interrogatory. Thus every day 660 innocent persons are imprisoned through caprice, abuse, or on an empty pretext.

The smoke-consuming engine invented by Mr. David Sinton, the Cincinnati millionaire, is said to be a complete success. The peculiarity of the invention consists in a series of four arches of varying heights, built of fire-bricks and rising from the sides of the furnace to the bottom of the boiler. Between the third and fourth arches is a large open heat-chamber. The coal is retained in the fire-bed, in front of the three arches, until the oxygen and coal gases combine and pass under the arches all aflame into the heat-chamber, where they produce an intense heat devoid of any smoke. Mr. Sinton will give Cincinnati the free right to use his invention in its municipal buildings, and he has no idea of devoting to his own use any money arising from the sale of rights to others.

The new Warner observatory which is being erected at Rochester, N. Y., so attracting much attention in social and literary as well as scientific circles. The new telescope will be twenty-two feet in length, and its lens sixteen inches in diameter, thus making it third in size of any instrument heretofore manufactured, while the dome of the observatory is to have some new appliances for specially observing certain portions of the heavens. It is to be the finest private observatory in the world, and has been heavily endowed by Mr. Warner.

Strange that in a country so densely populated as China, vast tracks of good land should remain uncultivated. Yet the governor of the province of Che-kiang lately proclaimed that, though seventeen years have elapsed since the Taiping civil war ravaged the country, large areas have since remained uncultivated. In three-named departments 1,600,000 acres are idle, and in three others 6,000,000 acres. Some of the land is poor, but at least 5,500,000 uncultivated acres are rich and fertile. Surely there are big openings at home for every Mongolian in this country.

The capital employed in feeding and clothing the civilized world is amazing. It is estimated that there are from 484,000,000 to 600,000,000 sheep in the world, or, at the lowest estimate, 320,860 of sheep, if strung along, one closely following the other—or nearly enough to encircle the earth thirteen times. Of these, the United States have 36,000,000—that is, nearly enough to make a solid column of sheep, eight in a row, from New York to San Francisco. Great Britain has about the same number of sheep as the United States, and the wool clip increased from 94,000,000 pounds in 1801 to 325,000,000 in 1875. France and Austria produce as much, but the United States product is only about 200,000,000 pounds—not two-thirds of that of Great Britain. The great sheep-breeding countries of Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and the River Plate brought the total wool clip of the world last year up to 1,497,500,000, worth, at a low estimate, \$300,000,000.

### Shooting the Walrus.

Speaking of the return of the schooner *San Diego*, after a five months' cruise in the pursuit of walrus among the islands of Behring's sea, the *San Francisco Chronicle* says: The ivory and oil of these huge hyperboreans are utilized for various manufacturing purposes, but the market heretofore has been supplied by whalers, who, when whales were scarce, eked out a cargo with the product of the walrus. To the usual articles of ivory and oil the *San Diego* has added the hides of these immense animals. Walrus abound in immense numbers among the islands of Behring's sea. Like the seal they clamber up the rocks and beaches, and huddling closely, sleep for days without movement.

In this condition they can be readily approached, and by skillful marksmen shot at will. The crew of the *San Diego* shot 700 in one shoal on the beach at Hall island before the myriads composing it took to the water for safety. Many of them weighed over 3,000 pounds. Owing to a violent storm but two hundred of this number were secured. Near Cape Upright and the southeastern end of St. Matthew's island eighty-one were shot, and another storm occurring, during which both anchors were lost, obliged the return of the vessel before the cruise was half completed. Heretofore the method of capturing walrus has been with the harpoon. The alarm which this method created soon rendered it impracticable. The plan adopted by the crew of the *San Diego* was for each man armed with a Winchester or Sharp's rifle, to approach the sleeping animals cautiously and shoot at the particular portion of the skull covering the brain. Any failure to penetrate the brain does not kill. The front of the head is impervious to a bullet, and the neck is so well protected by the blubber that a ball produces no other effect than to alarm and excite the animal, and thus cause the entire shoal to take to the water. Every shot must kill instantly without producing any commotion or the game disappears. The walrus is very stupid unless disturbed, when it fights with great power. Throwing its immense head back so as to elevate the tusks to a horizontal position, it springs forward, and by a rapid move of the head is enabled to strike with unerring aim any object within three or four feet. Woe to the man or animal within that limit. He is transfixed in a moment. Fights among the males are frequent and terrific, often terminating in the death of one or both. Few females are found in Behring's sea during the summer months, the theory among hunters being that they pass this season with their young in the Arctic and appear below the straits late in the fall and winter. Unlike the seal, they have a habit of sleeping in the water with the head partially exposed. The ivory of the walrus sells round by forty-five or fifty cents per pound. Billiard balls, cane-heads and all ivory articles of similar size, are made of it here, but the larger part of it is sent to China and used extensively in the manufacture of Chinese ornaments. The oil is equal in quality to whale oil, commands the same price, and is used for the same purposes. The hides are from one and a half to two inches in thickness. When tanned they furnish a superior article of belting for heavy machinery, and are unsurpassed for polishing silver plate.

### Building Poultry Houses.

The *Poultry World* remarks that in very many cases the poultry house is built with sole reference to keeping the fowls warm. No provision is made against the heats of summer, and consequently in warm weather the hens pant and swelter upon the roosts and fall away in health and stop laying. A merciful man is merciful to his beasts. Fresh air is necessary at all seasons and imperatively demanded in summer. A building with roof and no sides is the best thing for fowls during half the year. If summer quarters of this sort cannot be afforded, separate from the winter house, the next best thing is to build the latter, so that the sides and ends shall consist entirely of doors. Keep these open; then have wirework to keep the fowls in.

### Good Points in Cheese Making.

One who is posted in cheese dairying, being asked what was the great point in cheese making, answered: "Knowing when to dip." By that he meant to say: "Knowing when to salt." There is another point equally essential, and that is to get the whey out of the curds and also out of the cheese. The first can be done by fine cutting and a few other close points, the second by proper hooping and pressing, both of which are much neglected.

### Don't Keep Too Much Stock.

There is such a thing as keeping more than a profitable number of cows or sheep upon a farm. A half dozen half-starved cows will not yield as much milk as three that have all the food that they want. If there is no more stock than can be well kept the returns will be the greatest in money, and also in the satisfaction of seeing the animals in a good, healthy condition—no small part of the income to one who loves to have good stock well kept upon his farm.

### Apples.

The practice of picking the fruit and putting it in heaps for a few days until the skin hardens, before barreling, is a good one. Put the fruit into the barrel with care, shaking down when half full and again when full, so that the apples will fit closely when the head is pressed in by means of the barreling press. The opposite head should be marked as the one to be opened. This season of abundant apples it will not pay to market any except the best fruit, and that in fine shape.

### FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

#### Are Your Closets Ventilated?

There is nothing so handy in a house as an abundance of large, roomy closets; but because they are handy and extremely useful they are apt to be abused. There are many things which, as a matter of course, are always put into a closet, of which the articles of outward wearing apparel make a large part. There are also things which ought not to go into a closet, i. e., a closet adjoining, or closely connected with, a living or sleeping room. Of such are allsoiled undergarments, the wash clothes, which should be put into a large bag for the purpose, or a roomy basket, and then placed in the washroom or some other well-aired room at some distance from the family. Having thus exploded one of the fertile sources of bad odors in closets, the next point is to see that the closets are properly ventilated. It matters not how clean the clothing in the closet may be, if there is no ventilation that clothing will not be what it should be. Any garments after being worn for a while will absorb more or less of the exhalations which arise from the body, and thus contain an amount of foreign—it may be hurtful—matter which free circulation of pure air can soon remove; but if this is excluded, as in many close closets, the effluvia increases, and all the clothes, closets and adjoining rooms in time possess an odor that any acute sense of smell will readily detect. Every closet in daily use in which the night-clothes are hung by day and the day clothing by night, should have an airing as well as the bed. If the closet can be large enough to admit of a window—and it is in some cases—an ample provision for sunlight and a circulation of pure air is provided in the window, which should be left open for a short time each day. In the case of small closets a ventilator could be put over the door or even in it. In many cases such precautions for pure clothing are not practicable, and the next best thing is to see that the door of the closet is left open for a half hour or so each day, at that time when the windows are thrown up and the large room is purified with fresh air from out of doors. In this way, first, by keeping out clothes intended for the wash, and second, daily changing the air, the closets may be comparatively pure.—*American Agriculturist*.

#### For Fattening Cattle.

In the last number of the "Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society," Dr. Voelcker gives the results of a comparison of linseed cake with decorticated cotton-seed cake and Indian meal in fattening bullocks: Four animals were kept on white turnips, swedes and chaff, to which was added a mixture of equal parts of the cotton-seed cake and Indian meal. Of this mixture they consumed from November 9 to the following January 17, 38 cwt. Another lot of four bullocks, which up to the time when the experiment was begun had been fed in the same manner as the first lot, received in addition to the same quantity of root and chaff as above 34 cwt. of linseed cake. Both sets of animals made about the same gain in weight, but the pound of increase cost in the former case but 5-8 pence, against 6-1-1 pence in the second—making a difference of a little over \$12 on the cost of the fodder in favor of the cotton-seed cake and meal.—*American Cultivator*.

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One who is posted in cheese dairying, being asked what was the great point in cheese making, answered: "Knowing when to dip." By that he meant to say: "Knowing when to salt." There is another point equally essential, and that is to get the whey out of the curds and also out of the cheese. The first can be done by fine cutting and a few other close points, the second by proper hooping and pressing, both of which are much neglected.

#### Don't Keep Too Much Stock.

There is such a thing as keeping more than a profitable number of cows or sheep upon a farm. A half dozen half-starved cows will not yield as much milk as three that have all the food that they want. If there is no more stock than can be well kept the returns will be the greatest in money, and also in the satisfaction of seeing the animals in a good, healthy condition—no small part of the income to one who loves to have good stock well kept upon his farm.

#### Apples.

The practice of picking the fruit and putting it in heaps for a few days until the skin hardens, before barreling, is a good one. Put the fruit into the barrel with care, shaking down when half full and again when full, so that the apples will fit closely when the head is pressed in by means of the barreling press. The opposite head should be marked as the one to be opened. This season of abundant apples it will not pay to market any except the best fruit, and that in fine shape.