St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

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UNCLE FRANZ.

Romantic Story of the Great Ohio Floods.

"BUT you can help us so much, and we need just such help as yours!"

Annette St. Clare, vivacious, *petite*, profuse in her expressions of sympathy or dislike, was the ideal French maiden transplanted to American soil; while Rosa Schuman was an equally clear type of the Teutonic race. Tall, large-framed, slow of speech, hesitating in manner, to a casual observer there was nothing prepossessing about the girl, and yet, within the two short weeks of their acquaintance, a firm friendship had grown up between these two, cemented by suffering and fortitude on one side, and sympathy and assistance on the other.

It was the season of the Ohio floods, and the St. Clares, from their abundance, had been lavish in expenditure and prompt in offers of relief to the refugees who stood in need. Rosa's sad face and Annette's bright one had proved mutually attractive, and when the rich girl learned that the other was an orphan and homeless, made so by the raging waters, her impulsive heart opened to the friendless girl, and she insisted upon taking her home. Rosa was proud, and the thought of dependence on strangers was very trying.

"But you can help us so much," said Annette, "and we need just such help as yours. What are your plans for the future?"

Alas! Rosa had no plans. A few days before, happy with her father and mother in the little home on the river's bank, she had tended her chickens, knit her father's socks, listened to her mother's recital of scenes in far-away Germany, and built a glorious air-castle, in which she sailed and sailed away across the ocean to visit the fatherland. Then came the storm. Four days and nights it rained incessantly. Each day the river rose higher and higher, and each day the prospect of fair weather seemed less promising. The chicken-coops floated down on the tide, trees and floating timbers obstructed navigation and made communication with neighbors hazardous, and still it rained, and rained, and rained.

Rosa's father became very impatient. He must needs go out in his boat, and learn the worst. Perhaps his neighbors needed assistance; perhaps—but who can account for a restless man's whims? Rosa only know that her father went out to his death; that there, within sight of the window where she had spent so many happy hours, her father went down, struck by a heavy timber, and his boat, keel upwards, floated on the stream.

The poor wife, rushing madly to his rescue, found the water rising rapidly around the house, and half frantic at the thought of her husband's death, with still sufficient forethought for her own and her daughter's safety she made her way to the out-houses, and for an hour or two, with almost superhuman strength, carried in article after article that she felt they would need in case the water rose so high as to cut them off from all communication with land. Her daughter, accustomed to implicit obedience, and excited to unusual strength by the event of the morning, took without complaint what her mother brought, and placed it beyond the reach of the terrible waters. It was only when the prostrate form of the intrepid woman lay across the threshold, half buried in water, that either realized the danger to which the mother had exposed her-

STRONG ARMS LIFTED THE SICK WOMAN.

self. By a mighty force of will, she rose, and with her daughter's help, mounted the narrow stair-case and fell fainting on the bed.

The darkness of the storm closed around them. The sick woman rallied, but a violent fever ensued, and all night long, racked with pain and maddened by her grief, she called in piteous tones to her dead husband. Then, drawing Rosa to her side, she bade her listen, while she gave her instructions for their safety, and counsels for the future, should they be separated.

"Take that little purse," she said; "your Uncle Franz gave it to me on Christmas day, when I was about as old as you. Put this money that I have in my pocket into the purse, and fasten it inside your dress. You may see the time soon when you will sorely need it."

All night long, Rosa administered to her mother's needs, and toward morning the weary woman slept. Rosa, relieved of her care and exhausted by fatigue, lost conciousness, and dreamed that she was on the ocean steamer going to Uncle Franz. She felt the swash of the waves against the boat, the pitch and tumble of the vessel as it rose and fell. She woke, the house was moving, she was sure of it. She stepped on the stairs, and found the water nearly to the top. The clock had stopped, the outer darkness was impenetrable, her mother still slept, and for what seemed years instead of hours, the girl waited for her doom. She was roused finally by the sound of voices, and lifting her head, which she had buried in her pillow, she saw the morning light straggling in, and realized that a boat was coming to her assistance. Strong arms lifted the sick woman, and Rosa was soon beside her, adrift on a pitiless waste of waters. But other help was close at hand. A Government boat received the wanderers, and kind hands ministered to their wants. In a few hours the spires of Cincinnati loomed in sight, and once more Rosa stepped on the solid earth.

Sheds and warehouses had been hastily converted into hospitals, and in one of these the poor girl saw her mother pass out of this world, leaving her friendless and homeless in the great city. Taught to be helpful, and unwilling to become a burden, she offered her aid as a nurse and servant, and it was here that Annette St. Clare had found her, and had begged her to go home with her. Rosa had been captivated by Annette's graceful manners and helpful spirit, as she had worked with and for her about the building, and that appeal was more than her stoical pride could resist, though she meant to keep her place, she said to herself, and do a servant's work.

But Annette thought otherwise. The St. Clares opened their hospitable doors

ROSA LAID HER PURSE ON THE BASKET

as to an equal, and Rosa became a member of the family.

At first she resisted all invitations to mingle with them in their social pleasures, but there came a time when she found it impossible to do so. Abbey's opera troupe was in the city, and it was announced that they would sing on Sunday afternoon for the benefit of the flood sufferers.

"You must surely go, Rosa; it is for charity, you know, and everybody will be there," Annette had said, and a strange longing had come into Rosa's soul. She wanted to see a crowd of people. She half hoped to see a familiar face and hear from what was once her home.

Never in all her young life had Rosa imagined such beauty, such magnificence, such wonders as she saw around her that day. It was like a dream, and the music was but a small part of the enchantment. In fact, it is doubtful if she gave full attention to the stage until her wandering thoughts were recalled by the sweet and simple ballad such as only Nilsson could sing, "Please give me a penny, sir." A hush had fallen on the multitude, followed, as the singer stepped down from the platform amongst the audience to ask for a proof of their appreciation, by such an outpouring of generosity as was never seen in the rich city before. Rosa laid her own little purse and its contents in the rapidly filling basket as a hand just behind her held out a pile of shining gold. Forgetful of decorum, in her astonishment at the sight of so much money, she turned around and looked fairly in the face a blue-eyed, bronzed, elderly gentleman, who met her gaze with one equally astonished.

"Child, who are you, if not Madaline Schwartz's daughter? Who gave you that purse?"

"Oh, sir, what have I done?" she said. "That is all I had in the wide world; and my mother told me to hoard it for a time of need."

"Your mother? Where is she? I have sought her for the past week in vain. Did she ever speak of her brother Franz?"

"Indeed, indeed she did," said Rosa, "and have you come for me at last?"

This little by-play passed unnoticed by those around, for as the money fell in Nilsson's basket, the wildest enthusiasm prevailed, and the applause was deafening. Men stood on the chairs, and waved their hands, forgetting every thing in their excitement but the present. And, in the midst of it all, as I have said, Rosa found a friend, with both the desire and the ability to make her life pleasant and profitable.

"And did Uncle Franz take Rosa to Germany?" you ask, "and give her the advantages of a foreign education?" No, indeed. Uncle Franz's gold bore the stamp of the American eagle. He had suffered from the oppression of the Old World, and had come to America for freedom. He placed his niece where she could have a thorough American training, in one of our best schools, and spared neither money nor sympathy.

The trip to Germany came later, however. In fact, it was on their return voyage that I made the acquaintance of Rosa and Annette and Uncle Franz. The girls had feasted their eyes on the beauties of Europe, studied the evils with trained senses, and were coming home to work, as so many women are doing to-day, for the uplifting and purifying of society. God bless and prosper them in their undertaking.—Josephine P. Holland, in Woman's Journal.

—A farmer, not less than sixty-five, entered the office of one of our cotton mills the other day and asked the genial agent for a job at book-keeping, says the Lewiston Journal. He said he'd farmed it from a boy up and that he had decided to try something easier the rest of his days. He said, too, that he had not been educated in keeping books, but he was confident he could do it. The agent who tells of the incident says he heard the old gentleman's story and kindly told him that he saw no manner then, but that he would remember him.

NEWSPAPER GOSSIP.

Reasons Why Personalities Are so Important Nowadays.

As long as gossip was oral it spread, as regarded any one individual, over a very small area, and was confined to the immediate circle of his acquaintances. It did not reach, or but rarely reached, those who knew nothing of him. It did not make his name, or his walk, or his conversation familiar to strangers. And, what is more to the purpose, it spared him the pain or mortification of knowing that he was gossiped about. A man seldom heard of oral gossip about him which simply made him ridiculous, or trespassed on his lawful privacy, but made no positive attack on his reputation. His peace and comfort were, therefore, but slightly affected by it.

In all this the advent of the newspapers, or rather of a particular class of newspapers, has made a great change. It has converted curiosity into what economists call an effectual demand, and gossip into a marketable commodity. The old Paul Fry, whom our fathers despised and caricatured, and who was roundly kicked and cuffed on the stage for his indiscretions, has become a great wholesale dealer in an article of merchandise for which he finds a ready sale, and by which he frequently makes a fortune. In other words, gossip about private individuals is now printed, and makes its victim, with all his imperfections on his head, known hundreds or thousands of miles away from his place of abode; and, what is worst of all, brings to his knowledge exactly what is said about him, with all its details. It thus inflicts what is, to many men, the great pain of believing that every body he meets in the streets is perfectly familiar with some folly, or misfortune, or indiscretion, or weakness, which he had previously supposed had never got beyond his domestic circle.

It is no defense for this state of things to say that the passion for notoriety of any kind has been fostered to such an extent by this wide diffusion of printed gossip that there is a large number of people who do not dislike it, but on the contrary put themselves in the way of having their private life explored by the press. They are a small minority at best, and their taste must be recognized as a depraved one.—Scribner.

NEW OUT-DOOR GAME.

A Sort of Tennis Called Crocketta and How It Is Played.

Mr. J. D. Horn, of Leicester, has added a new game to the already long list that has been placed before the public during the last few years. In lawn crocketta there seems to be the elements of success, as players will find plenty of skill necessary, and also there is a certain amount of exercise required. This, however, is by no means so violent as one sees in a game of lawn tennis; so to many this will prove a great attraction.

The game can be played on grass or gravel or, indeed, on any hard substance, while it is not necessary that the courts should be always of the same shape or size; so that in this respect it will suit grounds that might not always be available should the same-sized court be a sine qua non. The implements required for the game are not many, being four crooks, four standards, a net and six balls. The crooks are three feet six inches long, having the appearance of a lawn-tennis racket, very loosely strung; indeed, the baggy part of the racket is nearly three inches deep. The standards, three feet six with cupped tops, are placed so as to form a six-foot square, the net, two feet eight inches high, inclosing this space. The balls in use for the game are four and one-half inches in diameter, four, called sentinels, to be placed in the cups on the standards, and the remaining two being the play balls. The service lines are thirty feet long, and are placed twelve feet away from each side of the inside square, called the fold; and then the court is made complete by joining the fold corners to the service-line corners.

Two or four players can take part in lawn crocketta, the greater number appearing to us to enhance the interest shown in the game. The principal part of the play consists in placing one of the balls in the crook, and then, standing outside the service line, serving the ball so that it shall pass over the fold and fall in your opponent's court without his catching it, or you may displace one of the sentinels on the standards, but taking care that your ball shall still drop in the adversary's court.

The game is scored by points; one, two, three or four, called a knave, queen, king and an ace, respectively, can be made from each service, while fifty or one hundred points constitute a game, according to whether a long or short game is required. Before trying the game ourselves we had seen it well played by some of the team of lady cricketers, who are now showing such great form with the bat and in the field. —London Field.

Collars That Will Not Wilt.

The old-style paper collars and cuffs had a long run of popular favor, but they disappeared some years since. While they were in vogue their manufacture was a paying industry. Manufacturers have become convinced that many of the men wearing flannel shirts would prefer to wear the white shirt during the warm weather, in the cities especially, if they could do it, and at the same time avoid heavy laundry bills. Inventors got the idea, and now they are making collars and cuffs of paper mache and creating a large demand for them, too. The new material is as hard to soil and as easy to clean as celluloid, but it's likely to be much more popular than that stuff ever was, because it has no bad smell, doesn't take fire from a lighted match, as celluloid used to do sometimes, and is softer to the skin of the neck and wrists. It can hardly be told from linen, and yet doesn't wilt with perspiration. It will probably be worn on the street evenings by the men who won't condescend to the homely flannel shirt.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HUMOROUS.

—Jack—"I have a pressing question to ask you, Miss Amy." Amy—"Go on, Jack. Press ahead."—Leigh.

—"Do you believe in fate, Pat?" "Sure, and phwat would we stand on widout 'em?"—Kansas City Star.

—Debtor—"I want to pay that little bill of yours." Creditor—"All right, my dear boy. Debtor—"But I can't."—Somerville Journal.

—"Great Heavens, what a smell! You can almost hear it. What is it?" "Must be a codfish bawl."—Puck.

—"Did my argument strike you forcibly?" "Yes; if you had continued ten minutes longer I would have had brain fever."—Munsey's Weekly.

—Prisoner—"Yer honor, would you be kind enough to discharge me. I want to go off into the country." Judge—"I am afraid to discharge you, Sullivan. You are too heavily loaded."—Texas Siftings.

—Mr. Bullion—"You are far too young to marry my daughter. You are only eighteen." Tom—"Yes, sir, but Miss Julia is thirty-four, so the two of us would average about right."—The Bostonian.

—"I can see now why you advertise rooms for single men," remarked an applicant to the landlady. "Why?" "Because the rooms are too small to hold double ones."—Judge.

—Little Miss Lily was paying her first visit to the country. Seeing some birds in a meadow, she exclaimed: "Poor little birdies of the field! They haven't even a cage to sleep in."—Judge.

—This is the season when you ask the bartender to mix you a drink to keep out the heat, and he gives you the same prescription you took last winter to keep out the cold. P. S.—So we've been told.—Norristown Herald.

—Little Tommy had spent his first day at school.—"What did you learn?" asked his auntie on his return. "Didn't learn any thing," said Tommy. "Well, what did you do?" "Didn't do any thing. A woman wanted to know how to spell 'cat' and I told her."—Louisville Tib-Bits.

—"Now look here," said the Professor to the infuriated Bull, "you are my superior in strength, I am your superior in mind. Let us arbitrate this matter and see which should by right get the better of our controversy." "Oh, no," replied the Bull, "let's toss up for it." Later.—The Professor lost.—N. Y. Sun.

—Each has its good and evil side;
A Jekyll, alternate with Hyde,
To tickle or to trouble.
Thus history repeats itself;
The apples green the small boy eats
Are sure to make him double.
—Philadelphia Press.

—"Now, my friend, what will you do with all that money?" said an old gentleman to a tramp to whom he had given a nickel. Tramp (gazing at the coin)—"Well, I guess I'll go to the races and bet some of it. If I lose I reckon I'll spend the summer at Asbury Park instead of going to Saratoga."—Texas Siftings.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—General Longstreet is understood to be writing his military memoirs.

—Mr. Robert Barrett Browning has given the MSS. of his father's poems to Balliol College.

—Henry M. Stanley's manuscript is very legible, and scarcely an alteration is made in a folio.

—The Emperor of China has sent the German Emperor a large box of playthings—little dragons and things—for his five little sons.

—The Confederate Memorial Literary Society has been formed in Richmond to collect literary works and relics relating to the late war.

—Those who advocate spelling reform in the English language argue that one letter out of every seven, used according to the present practice, is absolutely useless.

—Cardinal Lavigerie has an extensive acquaintance with modern literature, especially history and polemics, though he is known to the world more as a man of affairs than an eloquent preacher and student.

—Dinah Salifou, an African King, was so impressed by the splendors of civilization at the Paris Exposition that, when he returned home, he ordered all his male subjects to wear trousers. So they have killed him.

—Like many other wise elderly men, Francis Parkman, the historian, has taken to gardening, and is as successful at it as was Evelyn. He is particularly fond of roses. He is writing again, having in a great measure recovered his health.

—John Ross Ward, the British Admiral whose death was recorded recently, organized the working department of the National Life-Boat Institution, and during his thirty-one years of service as General Inspector of Life-Boats that institution saved more than twenty thousand lives.

—The newest and most select club about London is the Two Pin Club, composed chiefly of Punch's young men, with the addition of a few persons like Sir Charles Russell and Lord Rosebery. The two pins in question come from the names of Dick Turpin and John Gilpin.

—Dr. Heinrich Schliemann is a member of the Grocers' Company, of London. Before he unearthed ancient Troy and dug up Agamemnon's tomb at Mycenæ the irrepressible excavator sold herrings and butter, potatoes and milk for over five years in a little shop in Furstenburg, where he was a grocer's clerk.

—It is an interesting fact that Goldsmith's Deserted Village has been translated into the Hindu tongue, by Sari Dhara. It is said to have been done with much skill. It is an almost line-for-line translation, and preserves nearly all the ideas of the original.

—The Princess of Wales uses a cosmetic, the nature of which the ladies in her court would willingly pay dear for. Although nearly fifty years of age, her Highness has a complexion as smooth in texture and as delicate in tint as the beauty of a schoolgirl. It will stand the closest scrutiny, the test of sunshine and the electric lantern, and is proof to handkerchief and lorgnette.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Only a little pinch of salt should be used with eggs in custard.

—A strong solution of alum, to which has been added a little glycerine and vinegar, is a cure for mosquito bites.

—Clear boiling water will remove tea stains and many fruit stains. Pour the water through the stain and thus prevent it spreading over the fabric.

—Carelessness in measuring and preparing a dish is often the cause of failure. When a recipe is found good, it should be followed exactly.

—It is convenient to have an iron holder attached by a long string to the band of the apron when cooking; it saves burnt fingers or scorched aprons and is always at hand.

—A spatula or palette-knife is the best thing for scraping butter, porridge, etc., from the sides of bowls or pots; it is not expensive, and soon saves its cost by preventing waste.

—It is just as necessary to keep salt from absorbing bad odors as cream. A sack of best salt standing where there is a smell of fish or any objectionable odor will absorb the flavor.

—Jumbles: One cup sugar, one cup butter, three eggs, one-third teaspoon soda, flavoring. Mix ingredients together with enough flour to roll soft; make the thickness of piecrust. Cut a hole in the center of each. Bake in a quick oven a golden brown.—Yankee Blade.

—Baked Peaches: Wipe the peaches so as to remove the down, and pack them in a small stone jar. Fill about two-thirds full, and nearly cover the fruit with water. Scatter sugar over them, and bake in a slow oven from one to three hours, according to the ripeness of the fruit.—Demorest's Monthly.

—Flannel Cakes: Take one and one-fourth pints of flour, one-half pint of corn-meal, one pint of milk and one-half cake of compressed yeast dissolved in one-half cup of warm water. Make up at night, and in the morning add one egg, well beaten, and one teaspoonful of salt. Bake on a hot griddle.—Housekeeper.

—A beautiful little ornament is made by covering a common wooden placque with blue velvet or plush, fastened on with glue or mucilage, spread so thin that it will not wet through. When it is dry, fasten to a bunch of skeleton leaves and three milkweed pompons a little to one side of the center, with the stems near the lower right edge. Cover the stems with a bow of white satin ribbon.

—Egg Salad: Two cold boiled potatoes, six cold boiled eggs, one bunch of lettuce. Cut the potatoes in small dice, slice the eggs and shred the lettuce. Arrange in a salad bowl and pour over all a generous allowance of mayonnaise dressing, which should be highly seasoned with cayenne pepper and a little grated onion. This makes a delicious salad. As the lettuce wilts soon after the dressing is added, it should be served as soon as possible after mixing.—Boston Budget.

—Minced Mutton and Toast: After removing all fat and skin, chop cold mutton and season with pepper, salt and a little sage; put into the frying-pan boiling water, allowing one cupful to two cupfuls of meat, or left-over gravy can be used; to the water add a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, and sufficient flour rubbed smooth in a little milk to make it as thick as ordinary gravy; add the mutton and simmer very carefully a few minutes; butter some thin, small pieces of toast and place them on a warm platter, and pour the mutton over them; sprinkle over the top of the whole a few capers, and serve very hot.—Boston Herald.

THE BIGGEST HOTEL.

A South American Caravansary Which Is as Queer as It Is Large.

Edwin Ashley, an English tourist, who is at the Grand Pacific says that the largest hotel in the world is in South America. Talking about the big house he said:

"The Grand Quarantine Hotel at Flores Island, at the mouth of the river Plate, is not only the largest in the world but the strangest. While the accommodations are poor the people will stop there, no matter how anxious they are to get away. The hotel combines an international boarding-house, a military camp, a prison and a seaside resort. The sovereignty of the island is vested in the Republic of Uruguay. In the early months of the year Rio de Janeiro is placed under a sanitary boycott by the people of the River Plate, and not a person is allowed to pass Flores Island until he has been at sea at least ten days. That accounts for the big business at the hotel. The guests come in boat loads from 300 to 600 at a time. There are first-class passengers, immigrants and a number of intermediate classes. Upon arriving at the hotel the crowd is assorted and packed away. Packed is a good word in this case, for you are entirely at the mercy of the management. If you make protest the officials shrug their shoulders and say they are indeed sorry, but they speak only the pure Spanish language. Sometimes they will put six or seven in a room.

"If you don't like that you can get out, but you will soon return; for it is the only place on the island where you can stop. A permanent garrison is maintained on the island and it includes a Commandant, a physician, a Secretary of State, light-house keepers, postmaster and telegraph operators. Every morning during pleasant weather a tug-boat comes down from Montevideo with letters and provisions. When a norther is blowing those on the island are placed on short rations.

"Think of stopping at the biggest hotel in the world and of not being able to get but one or two meals a day, with bananas for one of the meals! I had this experience during a storm when the tug did not arrive for five days. When I was on the island there were over 1,000 guests at the hotel.—Chicago Tribune.

FARM AND GARDEN.

WIRE FENCES.

A Farmer Tells How to Build Them Cheaply and Well.

I have a home-made arrangement by which I can put up twenty to thirty rods of wire-and-picket fence in a day. The pickets can be split out of red oak, black ash, old rails, etc. I rove out 500 a day with a cooper's frow. I use pickets 5 feet long. An oak tree 18 inches in diameter at the butt will make 800 to 1,000. The wire and nails for such a fence cost less than one shilling per rod. I use six strands of No. 11 annealed steel wire. This has greater strength than No. 9 wire. Before proceeding to business a jack and evener must be made. See the engravings. To make the jack, 12-feet timbers 2x6 are required. A wheel and axle are to be

THE JACK.

hung between the two front arms of this jack which hold the evener as shown, stretching the wire. This wheel is made of two disks of boards with the edges chamfered. They are nailed together cross-wise and their chamfered edges brought together in such a way that the completed wheel has a grooved edge.

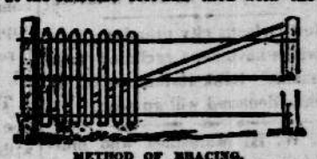
A strong rope must extend from the axle, on which this wheel is hung to the evener, for stretching the wire. From the groove on the wheel a rope reaches to a pulley at the top of the tripod and to the weight below it. This weight has an increased advantage over the rope attached to the evener, as the wheel is so much larger than the axle on which the evener rope winds. At the foot of the jack's legs are half-inch irons. When the jack is being used, these irons are pinned solidly into the turf, so the machine can not be moved.

Now we will proceed to reel out the wire. First pay out the bottom wire, next the top one and last one for the center, then add the other wires in the order mentioned, as two strands must pass each point. Tack in a nail every four rods on the post to keep the wires from sagging. Set up 40 rods of this wire on the posts at one time. Let it stretch right past all

gaps. Weave up the gap, nail the last picket firmly to the post, then go to the opposite side of the gap, put in a picket and nail this to the post. After going a rod or two further the wires can be cut in the center of the gap and wound about the posts, thus fastening the fence firmly. In this way but little more wire is required and a great deal of time is saved in setting up and getting started. The posts at each end of the fence and either side of the gap must be stoutly braced.

When the wires have been placed they are attached to the evener as shown, and the evener holds them steadily in place, though not so stiffly that the weaving can not be done. But before we can proceed to weave in pickets it will be necessary to make three wrenches, one for each wire. Take a piece of 2x3 scantling 10 inches long and saw an X on both edges of it, one-fourth of an inch deep and 1½ inches from the end. The triangular pieces must then be removed with a chisel as shown in the engraving. Next an auger hole must be bored in one side, and a strip of band iron run around where the wire is likely to wear the wrench. The ends of the band iron must each have a punched hole and these must come directly over the one-inch auger hole. A screw put through the punched ends will draw the band iron into the hole until it is tight about the wrench. Unless this strap of iron is put around the wrench it will not make over 20 rods of fence before wearing out.

Having braced the first post we will begin at the left hand to weave. Insert the wrench between the wires. This will open them and the picket may be inserted. With a nail hammer in the right hand force the picket into place at the extreme left and then with the



METHOD OF BRACING.

same hammer force the wrenches up to within two inches of the picket, and turn them over once or twice, according to the distance apart you want your pickets. The next time turn the wrenches in the opposite direction, so that the wire will not get twisted. The best braces are 2x4 strips or poles. They extend from the top of one post to the bottom of the next and do not come in contact with the ground. The wire shrinks or is taken up three inches to the rod in weaving.—John Mood, in Farm and Home.

REV. F. O. MORRIS, the well-known British naturalist, is trying to procure the passage of an act of Parliament making birds-nesting illegal, in order to preserve some of the rarer British birds from total extinction.

FULLY as we believe in canning and preserving, we do not believe in scrimping the table of fruit at its best in order to increase the stock of preserves. Use fresh fruit.

CHEESE MAKING.

Some Points and Suggestions That Are Well Worth Remembering.

Let the milk be well matured by heating before the rennet is added. The addition of sour whey, to hasten the maturity, is objectionable and should never be practiced. Old milk, which has become well ripened and nearly sour, may be added, but loppered or thick milk should never be used. More rennet is necessary for milk from fresh cows than from others. The more rennet is used the more moisture will be retained in the cheese, under similar conditions of making. For spring cheese, rennet enough to thicken the milk for cutting in 15 or 20 minutes at a temperature of 15 to 20 degrees is required. For summer and fall cheese 45 minutes must be allowed for the same process with milk in good condition. The raising of the temperature to 96 degrees increases the favorable conditions and aids rennet action.

The horizontal knife should be used first lengthwise and followed by the perpendicular knife crosswise. After the whey has separated enough to half cover the curd, the mesh of the knives should be so close that three cuttings should be enough, except in case of a quick curd which should be cut unusually fine. The knives must be moved fast enough to prevent much disturbance of the curd by pushing. After the coagulation is perfect the curd should be cut finer during the late fall than during the summer. Stir the curd slowly and gently at once after the cutting is complete. Heat should not be applied until fifteen minutes after the stirring is begun. Hot water doesn't scorch the curd. The temperature must be raised gradually to 98 degrees.

The curd particles must be made so dry before the development of acid that after being pressed in the hand they fall apart when slightly disturbed. When the hot iron test shows fine hairs from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch long, the whey should be removed. If acid be discernible by the hot iron test before the curd is properly formed, the whey should be immediately removed and the stirring continued until the firm condition is brought about. Tenderness in the body of cheese, or pastiness, is caused by too much moisture in the curd while the acid is developing.

When the curd is ready for cutting and salting is best learned by experience. The degree of change has taken place when the curd feels mellow, velvety and greasy, smells like new-made butter from sour cream, and tastes aromatic rather than sour. When curd is gassy or very porous, souring should be allowed to go further before it is arrested by cutting or salting. If the curd be too moist or soft, it should be cut or ground at an earlier stage and hand-stirred some time before salt is added to it. It is generally beneficial to the curd to stir it 10 minutes after cutting before salting. A maximum quantity of salt for April and early May cheese is 1¾ pounds to 1,000 pounds of milk; 2 to 2¼ pounds is right for summer on fairly dry curds and 3 to 3½ pounds during October and November. Salt has a tendency to dry curd and cheese and thus retard curing.

The curd must be hooped and pressed within 20 to 45 minutes after the salt is stirred in. Pressure must be applied lightly at first, and gradually increased. The curd-cutter or grinder must be thoroughly cleaned every day. Bad flavors are given cheese by neglecting this precaution, and the same is true of other unclean dairy utensils. Curing is effected by fermentation. Heat up to 70 degrees is favorable and cold under 60 degrees is unfavorable for its operation.—Prof. J. W. Robertson, in Farm and Home.

Gilt-Edge Butter.

To be sure there is less labor in producing beef than in making "gilt-edge butter," and less skill is required. It is easier to turn the calf to the cow to do the milking than to draw it from her by hand, and one does not have to so carefully guard against dirt and slovenliness and strive for cleanliness in all the manipulations required. But we Americans as a people are after the almighty dollar as a general thing and do not mind a little extra labor and care providing it pays; and in entering into any enterprise or in considering the undertaking of any business the first practical question is: Will it pay? and the next is, or should be: How can we make it pay best? How can we get the best returns for the money we invest? And this is right. If we decide to breed for beef we want the breed that will make the most pounds from a certain quantity of feed; pay the best dividends on the investment. If we decide to manufacture butter we want the best appliances, and first of all the cow that naturally produces the best quality and greatest quantity for the food consumed, and that beyond question is the Jersey, as has been demonstrated time and again, so that it is now a conceded fact by all well-posted men.—Breeder's Gazette.

Stump Puller.

Jesse Carter, White Lick, Ind., sends to the Orange Judd Farmer the following description of a stump puller (illustrated herewith): First get a stout pole of well-seasoned, tough wood, twenty feet long. Fasten a common pulley to

A STUMP PULLER.

sled or stone boat. Get the pole under the stump, resting it on broad, sound blocks about two feet long, split flat to give the pole solid footing. Run a three-fourth inch rope from end of pole through pulley on the boat, which should be heavily weighted (and we should think staked—Ed.) and hitch horses to the other end. You will laugh to see the pole come down and the stump come up.

IN Michigan the outlook is favorable for a fair crop of apples—say nine-tenths of an average. The average in the Western peach counties is low.