THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD

Cleanliness With Milk.

Harris Lewis expresses himself as follows with regard to the proper care of milk: He says milk comes to us loaded with germs prepared for its own destruction. These putrefactive germs can be retarded or hastened in their growth, and they can be killed by heating to 212 degrees. Freshly-drawn milk emits an animal odor. This is worse in unhealthy than in healthy cows. Few people relish new milk when just drawn. This animal odor has caused us a great deal of trouble. We used to think it was a gas, but have had to give up that idea. The best deodorizer of milk is pure air. We use a pail with small holes in the bottom, through which the milk is poured into the milk pans. The milk falls through the air in very small streams, and, in this way, is thoroughly deodorized. It is first strained through cloth, before it enters the perforated pail. Never areate milk in the stable or where the air is impure, for it may be made worse. The pure air of heaven is what is wanted. He had made many experiments to test this question. He took several lots of milk that were exactly alike.

No. 1. He aired and cooled down to 51 degrees.

No. 2 was shut up in a can at 98°, or the natural temperature of fresh milk, and exposed to the heat of the sun, as milk is exposed when carted to the factory or the village market in open wagons.

No. 3 was exposed to bad odors, and in forty minutes it had putrified and in seventy was rotten.

No. 2 in seven hours was in the same condition as No. 3—spoiled.

No. 1, after standing 120 hours was perfectly sweet, showing how milk varies under different circumstances.

The are other taints from unclean pails and pans. These taints may be killed by boiling water. Water at a low temperature may destroy, but nothing less than 202 deg. is safe. And now, to all who use wooden milk pails, he would say, use them no longer for milk pails, but buy tin pails for milk. Hogs are said to need sour swill, and wooden pails are just the things for them, but they are never fit for milk pails. The neater your wife is the sooner they will be spoiled, for, if she is neat, she will very soon scour off the coat of paint, and then, after each scalding, the pail will be put out on a post or laid on a shelf to dry and get aired in the sun. The effect that follows is the drying and shrinking of the wood, by which a hundred little seams will be opened on every square inch of surface, each of which is large enough to take in the particles or atoms of milk. When the farmer comes to milk into these pails at night, the water of the milk acts on the pail as it does on all dry wood, by swelling it up and shutting all the seams with the milk in them. The next day the particles of milk are there, out of the reach of the neatest housekeeper, and the pails are again put in the sun to dry. The shrinking process is repeated, and the milk is exposed to the same condition of the sample just spoken of, which, in seven hours, was rotten. The next time it is used it imparts a taint, a ferment like yeast, which will, under favorable circumstances, destroy the whole mess. Use tin for all milk vessels, and have as few seams and sharp angles in them as possible.

There are other kinds of taints. Cowstable taints are the most inexcusable of all. He had been called in to see some cheese at a store in his village. The grocer said he had bought some cheese of one of Mr. D's neighbors which did not quite suit his customers, and he wanted to know what was the matter with them. "I looked at the cheeses," said Mr. D., "rubbed a little between my fingers, smelt of it, tasted it, and told the grocer to let me go—I did not want to say anything about it." "But," said the man, "we want you to tell us what ails this cheese. It cuts well and feels well, but there is something peculiar about it." "Well," said I, "if I must tell you, Mr. —— did not put in quite enough milk with his cow manure to make good cheese of it."

A CHEAP REFRIGERATOR.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says: Ice boxes, with their various compartments, are gotten up quite expensively; but one can be made with little cost. The cheapest kind I know of is about the size of and resembles on the outside an ordinary tool chest; within, there are pieces of wood fastened on for supports, and a lining of zinc put in, the space between the zinc and the wood being filled with pounded charcoal. This filling must be all around, in the cover as well as the bottom and sides. In the ends of the box, cleats of zinc are soldered on, and shelves of perforated zinc or wire, or of wooden slats, are slipped in. For a rack to put the ice on, take four slats about four inches long, and nail them firmly to a little block of plank; set this block down (like an inverted kitchen table) in a basin, and put it in the middle space in the box, between the rows of shelves. To make a piece of ice do the greatest amount of service and last the longest possible time, wrap it closely in several thicknesses of flannel and lay it on the rack; it will not melt nearly so fast as if laid on the bottom, and the basin receives its drippings.

A square tank, holding a pail or two of water, can be made of tin or zinc, and fitted close up to the inside, with a pipe leading through the box, near the bottom, and a faucet attached. If this is kept filled with cold spring or well water, and a lump of ice thrown in occasionally, it will be found a convenience in hot weather. On the shelves may be kept constantly on hand, balls of butter, cold and hard, ready for the table; the cream jug, custards, lemon pies, blanc mange, jellies; any such delicacy or luxury may be brought from the shelves, icy cold. An ice box, so arranged, is not only a great convenience, but is a matter of economy. One-fifth the usual amount of ice will be of more benefit to a family than the usual amount used in the ordinary way; and no housekeeper who has once tested this convienence would ever be willing to do without it through the hot season.

After the box is finished it should be painted and set where the cover, when lifted up, can rest back on a brace or frame, as it is heavy, and would easily break from the hinges. A cellar is a good place for the ice box, but it may be kept in the pantry, store room, or wood shed, as it is most convenient.

Bathing the Baby.

It seems strange and unaccountable that so many of the really intelligent class act as if in ignorance of the necessity and benefitof bathing. It seems almost incredible, but there are many ladies most particular as to dress and fashion, who almost wholly neglect this matter. Some mothers think when their children get beyond two or three years of age the frequent entire bath can be dispensed with. If some of the facts of physiology were well known and understood, every one would perceive that cleanliness of the skin is one of the conditions of good health. We learn that the skin has innumerable minute prespiration tubes, opening on the cuticle, and these openings are called pores. These tubes are hollow, like a pipe-stem, lined with wonderfully minute capillaries, which are constantly exhaling the noxious and decayed particles of the body, just as the lungs pour them out through the mouth and nose. It seems clear that injury, more or less, must ensue if this drainage for the body becomes obstructed. It happens when bathing is disregarded that the lungs, kidneys, or bowels have more than their apportionment of work. If these are strong and healthy they may bear the tax with little apparent injury, but in most cases a lowering of the vitality and tone of the system ensues. Large bath tubs are pleasant and convenient, but not indispensable to the proper cleansing of the skin. A speedy sponging of the body in pure water, followed by friction in pure air, is all that is necessary. When disinclined to use water, a thorough application of the flesh-brush to the whole person is an admirable substitute; especially on retiring; it relieves nervousness, equalizes the circulation, and induces quiet sleep. Mothers, above all, should see that their children are well bathed. If their skins are kept active and healthy there will not be half the danger from fever, colds, and eruptive diseases. If your little one is cross or troublesome, and finds no occupation that pleases him, try the effect of a bath. Sometimes it is magical, and if tired he will go to sleep, and awaken bright, cheerful and happy. Do not, though, as we have seen some parents do, plunge a child into cold water when he screams and shrinks from it, thinking you are doing a good deed. Nature must be the guide. If your child has a nervous constitution, a shock of this kind is only exhausting and injurious.

The Reason Why.

The editor of *Arthur's Home Magazine* gives the following questions and answers, which are pertinent to this season of the year.

Why is fruit most unwholesome when eaten on an empty stomach?

Because it contains a large amount of fixed air, which requires great power to disengage and expel it before it begins to digest.

Why is boiled or roast fruit more wholesome than raw?

Because, in the process of boiling or roasting, fruit parts with its fixed air, and is thus rendered easy of digestion.

Why are cherries recommended in cases of scurvy, putrid fever and similar diseases?

On account of their cooling and antiseptic properties, and because they correct the condition of the blood and other fluids of the body when there is any tendency to putrescence; at the same time, like all fresh fruits, they possess a mild aperient property, very peneficial to persons of a bilious habit.

What effect have vegetable acids upon the blood?

They cool and dilute the blood, and generally refresh the system. All fruits contain acids and salt which exercise a cooling and invigorating influence. Apricots, peaches, apples, pears, gooseberries, and currants contain malic acid. Lemons, raspberries, grapes, and pine apples contain citric acid. The skins of grapes, plums, sloes, etc., contain tannic acid, which has a bitter taste.

Why should salt be applied to vegetables intended for pickling, previously to putting them in the vinegar?

Because all vegetables abound in watery juices, which, if mixed with the vinegar, would dilute it so much as to destroy its preservative property. Salt absorbs a portion of this water, and indirectly contributes to the strength of the vinegar.

Why is bread made from wheat flour more strengthening than that made from barley or oats?

Because, as gluten, albumen and caseine are the only substance in the bread capable of forming blood, and consequently of sustaining the strength and vigor of the body, they have been appropriately called the food of nutrition, as a distinction from those which merely support respiration. Wheat contains 825 parts of starch, 315 of gluten, albumen and caseine, and sixty of sugar and gum; while barley contains 1,200 of starch, 120 of gluten, albumen and caseine, and 160 of sugar and gum; hence wheat is much richer than barley in the food of nutrition.

Household Hints.

Small round freckles can be removed by the application of chlorine water every night and morning, allowing it to dry in. For the more dense ones, chloride of lime, one to ten, fifteen or twenty parts of water, according to the sensitiveness of the skin. When using the stronger solutions, merely touch the spots with a moistened camel's hair brush.

One of the London journals contains a statement by Dr. Berry of his successful treatment of uncomplicated whooping cough with dilute nitric acid, in doses of from five to fifteen minims, according to age, with simple syrup, given every three or four hours, alleviating the cough and spasm, and apparently cutting short the disease. During an epidemic of the disorder he prescribed this frequently, and with very satisfactory results. He offers no suggestion as to the operation of the remedy, but he believes its action to be that of a tonic though its refrigerating properties are not to be lost sight of. In all the cases treated, he has, of course, paid attention to the state of the digestive organs and in such cases as have required it, he has given an aperient combined with an alterative.

A Heroine at the Diggings.

In looking over an old newspaper (1853), we find a letter written by a young lady, who, owing to family misfortunes, found it advisable to emigrate to Australia with her brother, their whole capital to start with being £300. Both were strong, active and hearty, and though brought up in luxurious and fashionable style, they resolved not to be particular as to any reputable line of industry that might cast up. On reaching Melbourne, which was then in its rudimental state, they found they could not encounter worse inconveniences at the gold diggins, and thither they went.

"I was resolved," says the lady, "to accompany my brother and his friends to the diggings, and I felt that to do so in my proper costume and character would be to run unnecessary hazard. Hence my change. I cut my hair into a very masculine fashion; I purchased a broad felt hat, a sort of tunic or smock of coarse blue cloth, trowsers to conform, boots of a miner; and thus parting with my sex for a season (I hoped a better one), behold me an accomplished candidate for mining operations and all the perils and inconveniences they might be supposed to bring. All this transmutation took place with Frank and Mr. M——'s sanction; indeed, it was he who first suggested the change, which I grasped at, and improved on. I could not bear to be separated from Frank, and we all felt that I should be safer in my male attire than if I exposed myself to the dangers of the route and residence in my proper guise. We have now been nine weeks absent from Melbourne, and have tried three localities, at the latter of which we have been most fortunate. We are near water (a first-rate article), and our tent is pitched on the side of as pretty a valley as you could wish to visit. I have for myself a sort of 'supplementary canvas chamber,' in which I sleep, cook, wash clothes—that, is my own and Frank's—and keep watch and ward over heaps of gold-dust and 'nuggets.' the sight and touch of which inspirit me when I grow dull, which I seldom do, for I have constant 'droppers in,' and to own the truth, even in my palmiest days I never was treated with greater courtesy or respect. Of course, my sex is generally known. I am called 'Mr. Harry,' (an abbreviation of Harriet;) but no one intrudes the more on that account. In fact, I have become a sort of 'necessity,' as I am always ready to do a good turn—the great secret, after all, of social success; and I never refuse to oblige a neighbor, be the trouble what it may. The consequences are pleasant enough. Many a 'nugget' is thrust on me, whether I will or no, in return for cooking a pudding or darning a shirt, and if all the cooks and seamstresses in the world were as splendidly paid as I am, the 'Song of the Shirt' would never have been written, at all events. My own hoard amounts now to about ten pounds of gold, and if I go on accumulating, even the richest heiress in my family in former days will be left immeasurably behind. Sometimes, when I have a few idle hours, I accompany Frank and his comrades to the diggings, and it is a rare thing to watch the avidity with which every 'bucket' is raised, washed, examined, and commented upon. Wild the life is, certainly, but full of excitement and hope; and, strange as it is, I almost fear to tell you that I do not wish it to end. You can hardly conceive what a merry company gather together in our tent every evening, or how pleasantly the hours pass. Tea and coffee we have in plenty, for every one brings a hoard, and milk we manage to obtain, for among us we have imported two cows, which cost us about £50 each, but that is a mere trifle. Cake of various kinds I manufacture, thanks to old Betsy D—— for teaching me; and as for liquor, we sometimes have a little wine, brandy, or arrack, and sometimes not. And then we dance to the music of a German flute, played by a real German, or we sing glees or quartets, or talk of Moore, Byron, Burns, Goethe, Shakespeare and the musical glasses, etc., until midnight, and sometimes long after it. As to suitors, I have them in plenty, and not despicable ones either, I assure you.

The lady, of course, was in due time happily married. At least she deserved to be; and we trust she left the diggins, not only with a good husband, but a heavy bag of nuggets.

Romance of the Stavers House, Portsmouth.

A record of the scenes, tragic and humorous, that have been enacted within this old yellow house on the corner would fill a volume. A vivid picture of the social and public life of the old time might be painted by a skillful hand, using the two Earl of Halifax inns for a background. The painter would find gay and sombre colors ready mixed for his palette, and a hundred romantic incidents, waiting for his canvas. One of these romantic episodes has been turned to very pretty account by Longfellow in the last series of *The Tales of a Wayside Inn*—the marriage of Governor Benning Wentworth with Martha Hilton, a sort of second edition of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid.

Martha Hilton was a poor girl, whose bare feet and ankles and scant drapery when she was a child, and even after she was well in the bloom of her teens, used to scandalize good Dame Stavers, the innkeeper's wife. Standing one afternoon in the door-way of the Earl of Halifax, Dame Stavers took occasion to remonstrate with the sleek-limbed and lightly draped Martha, who chanced to be passing the tavern, carrying a pail of water, in which, as the poet neatly says, "the shifting sunbeam danced."

"You Pat! you Pat!" cried Mrs. Stavers, severely, "why do you go looking so? You should be ashamed to be seen in the street."

"Never mind how I look," says Miss Martha, with a merry laugh, letting slip a saucy brown shoulder out of her dress; "I shall ride in my chariot, yet, ma'am."

Fortunate prophecy! Martha went to live as servant with Gov. Wentworth at his mansion at Little Harbor, looking out to sea. Seven years past, and the "thin slip of a girl," who promised to be no great beauty, had flowered into the lovliest of women, with a lip like a cherry and a cheek like a rose—a lady by instinct, one of Nature's own ladies. The governor, a lonely widower, and not too young, fell in love with his fair handmaid. Without stating his purpose to any one, Governor Wentworth invited a number of friends, (among others the Rev. Arthur Brown), to dine with him at Little Harbor on his birthday. After the dinner, which was a very elaborate one, was at an end, and the guests were discussing their tobacco pipes, Martha Hilton glided into the room, and stood blushing in front of the chimney place. She was exquisitely dressed, as you may conceive, and wore her hair three stories high. The guests stared at each other, and particularly at her, and wondered. Then the governor rising from his seat,

"Played slightly with his ruffles, then looked down,
And said unto the Reverend Arthur Brown:
'Tis my birth day; it shall likewise be
My wedding-day; and you shall marry me!"

The rector was dumbfounded, knowing the humble footing Martha had held in the house, and could think of nothing cleverer to say than, "To whom, your excellency?"

"To this lady," replied the governor, taking Martha Hilton by the hand. The Rev. Arthur Brown hesitated.

"As the Chief Magistrate of New Hampshire I *command* you to marry me!" cried the firm old governor.

And so it was done; and so the pretty kitchen maid became Lady Wentworth, and did ride in her own chariot, after all. She wasn't a woman if she didn't drive by Staver's Hotel!—[*T. B. Aldrich, in Harper's Magazine for October.*

A Bitof Royal Gossip.

The celebrated Vienna painter, Herr Von Angely, has been stopping some time in Berlin, and occupying himself with taking the portraits of several of the imperial family. He received many marks of royal favor, and was invited to the festivities and receptions at court At one of the balls where he was present, a cavalier attached to the suite of the Crown Princess Victoria stepped up to him with the message that her imperial highness wished to dance the next waltz with him. Angely started back at the intelligence, and, pointing to the floor, said to the cavalier, in the peculiar Vienna accent: "On such a slippery floor I dare not undertake to dance, more especially with her imperial highness." "Please," said the courtier, smiling, "to follow me into the next apartment, and there you can get the soles of your boots chalked by one of the lackeys." Angely obeyed the direction of her highness' messenger, and after having taken these measures to insure his not falling, he stepped into the saloon where the dancing was going on. The crown princess was being conducted through the mazes of the dance by a tall and distinguished courtier, who, out of respect for his partner, held her, as the etiquette at court prescribed, at arm's length. After her highness had been led back to her seat by the cavalier, Angely stepped up, and, making a low reverence, said: "Your imperial highness has deigned to express a wish to dance with me; but excuse my saying that I cannot dance like the gentleman who has just had the honor. I only understand the Vienna way to dance—that is, by clasping my partner round the waist." Smiling at this, the crown princess answered: "Dance with me, Herr Von Angely, as you choose—just as you have been accustomed to dance in Vienna." Angely now knew what he was about, and, clasping his distinguished partner round the waist, he danced three or four times around the saloon at a rate enough to make one giddy to look at it. When being conducted back to her seat by Angley, her imperial highness turned to him and said: 'So that is the way you dance in Vienna—well, I must say that I never found so much pleasure in dancing.—*Berlin Letter.*

A Monkey in Trouble.

Sam. Wilcoxen has a small menagerie of monkeys, badgers, foxes, and the like. He also has a large Newfoundland dog, on whose back he sometimes places one of his pet monkeys when he is going for a walk about the town—the monkey fastened to the collar of the dog by a string. As a general thing the monkey enjoys his ride; but we saw him a day or two ago when he would willingly have traded himself off for some less privileged specimen of his species. His canine steed, being allowed to roam the streets at will, saw another dog that he thought he could whip, and forthwith went for him like a hairy hurricane. In a moment both dogs were on their hind legs, and going for each other like two sausage-machines. This made times very lively for the monkey, as the stranger dog evidently considered him as part and parcel of his antagonist. Such wails of despair as that monkey uttered, and such hideous faces as he made, we never heard or saw. He would climb down the side of the dog he bestrode opposite to where the war was going on, and thence peep over occasionally—his jaws quivering, his visage distorted, and his eyes starting from their sockets with terror. As the dogs were constantly changing sides, it made times awfully lively with the monkey! When he jumped to the ground the string held him, and he found himself trampled under the feet of both friend and foe—and he was glad to get again upon the back of the steed and face the battle. The poor monkey was in a worse fix than the boy who stood on the burning deck, and, had not the dogs been separated, he must soon have been rendered a fit subject for the insane asylum. As it was, he did not get over examining the end of his tail for wounds for four hours after the battle. Perhaps he had fears of hydrophobia!

Wife Auctions in Virginia.

The history of this commonwealth commences with an auction sale—not, however, in a store, but beneath the green trees of Jamestown, where probably the most anxious and interested crowd of auction *habiteus* ever known in the history of the world were congregated. In a letter, still to be seen, dated London, August 21, 1621, and directed to a worthy colonist of that settlement, the writer begins by saying:

"We send you a shipment, one widow and eleven maids, for wives of the people of Virginia. There hath been especial care in the selection of them, for there hath not one of them been received but upoon good commendations. In case they cannot be presently married we desire that they may be put with several householders that have wives until they can be provided with husbands."

But the writer of this epistle had little reason to fear that any of the "maidens faire" would be left over. The archives contain evidence to prove that these first cargoes of young ladies were put up at auction, and sold for one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco each, and it was ordered that this debt should have precedence of all others. The solitary "one widow" went along with the others, for they could not be particular in those days. The good minister of the colony no doubt had a busy time that day. He did not mention any fees, nor did the bridegrooms think of tendering any. All was joy and gladness; no storms ahead, no uneasiness for the future, no inquisitive clerk to stand and say: "Here's the license, fork over that one dollar." Nothing of that sort. From some of these couples the first families of Virginia are descended, and well may auctions be popular here.—*Richmond (Va.) Whig.*

Remedy for Poison by Ivy.

It seems to me that I read all kinds of cures for ivy poison except the right one. I have always endeavored to keep it before the public, but have failed. It is to dissolve sugar of lead, a bit the size of a hazelnut, in half a teacup of sweet milk or warm water. Apply as warm as can be easily borne with a soft, linty piece of linen rag. Three or four applications are sufficient to effect a cure. If the poison is on the face and nearing the eyes or mouth, this astringent wash may be constantly applied.

It is a marvelous cure, and by watching closely one can see the fevered blisters turn from white to yellow during the application. This remedy for ivy poison should prevent a great deal of suffering. It is well where a member of a family is easily poisoned to keep sugar of lead in the house all the time. Let it be labeled and kept where it can be found the moment it is wanted. Keep it well wrapped up that it may not lose its strength.—*Cor. Ohio Farmer.*

—The M. & St. P. railroad company has been restrained from issuing new mortgage bonds, by an injunction granted by Judge Benedict of the U. S. Court at New York, on suit of the holders of the third mortgage bonds of the old La Crosse & Milwaukee company, which was succeeded by the M. & St. P. Company.