HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

HORSES hate solitude, and are made savage by being kept alone.

TOOTHACHE.—To cure toothache, take of chloroform, spirits of camphor, laudanum, of each one drachm. Apply on a little cotton wool.

SOUTHERN FRIED HOMINY.—Warm some boiled hominy left over from the day before; add to it a tumbler of cream or rich milk, a piece of butter, two well beaten eggs and a little flour; fry in hot butter.

THE New York *Spirit of the Times* says there is no cure for a confirmed wind gall. Blistering and rest would, no doubt, reduce the size of the wind gall temporarily; but a long journey or a few fast drives invariably bring them back again as large as ever.

PRESERVING SACKS.—In Germany sacks are admirably preserved by steeping them in a solution of tannin for twenty-four hours and instantly drying them; two pounds of tan is allowed to steep in twelve quarts of boiling water for one hour, and is then filtered.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Massachusetts *Ploughman* gives the following remedy for choked cows: One pint of milk, half a pint of soft soap simmered together. Give the cow half the quantity. Hold the cow's head up and rub the throat. Then let the head go down suddenly. If that does not relieve, give the other half. I have never known a case where the second dose has been required.

THE Iowa *Madisonian*, gives another reason why farmers should keep a few bees: "And then you want a few hives of Italian bees to fertilize your red clover and make it yield seed (for clover will not produce seed where there are no humble bees or Italians,) and gather up the fragments in the shape of honey, and take the sweets from the fruit blossoms, the buckwheat, the smartweed, the linn and the golden rod."

TOMATO SOUP.—Take a shin-bone, have it broken, and put in a soup-kettle with five quarts of cold water; allow it to boil steadily, and skim. In an hour put in two dozen good-sized tomatoes; do not skin them; boil until your soup is reduced to one-half; take a potato-masher and crush the tomatoes; pass through a strainer; return to kettle, and remove beef before serving; season with salt and pepper. This is a plain country tomato soup.

COLORING PICKLES AND SWEETS GREEN.—The following green coloring extract is said to be destitute of any poisoning properties: Dissolve five grains of saffron in one-fourth ounce of distilled water, and in another dish dissolve four grains indigo carmine in one-half ounce distilled water. After mixing thoroughly let stand twenty-four hours, then put together, and the result will be a green solution capable of coloring four or five pounds of sugar.

APPLE CHEESE.—Peel and quarter a quantity of apples, stew them with a little water, a good deal of sugar, the thin rind of a lemon and a few cloves, or a stick of cinnamon. When quite done pass them through a hair sieve; and to one quart of the puree thus obtained add half a packet of gelatine, dissolved in water; mix well, pour into a mold, and when set, turn it out and serve with a custard poured about it. It is well to remember that the puree must be thoroughly well sweetened and flavored to carry off the insipidity of gelatine.

MANGE in calves, says the New York *Times*, is caused by a mite burrowing in the skin. The cure is reached by dressing the part with an ointment composed of four ounces of lard, one ounce of sulphur and one drachm of creosote, well mixed together. Rub this into the skin every morning, and give each calf one teaspoonful of sulphur daily for two weeks. By giving this quantity of sulphur for a week, twice or thrice in the year, this disease is prevented. The sulphur is absorbed into the blood and passes through the skin in the perspiration, and in this manner reaches and destroys the parasitic mites, if present there, or secures such a condition of the skin as to repel them if they attack the skin.

CUT FLOWERS.—The main feature in arranging cut flowers is to show each flower separately and not a quantity crowded together, forming a mass of petals, but that each flower may be seen reposing quietly among the green, giving to each bloom an individual character. A few colors in a bouquet have a much prettier effect than a mixture of many colors. Red, white and buff go well together with green between. A few rose buds with their own leaves, and a little green smilax, make a bouquet more handsome than one composed of many kinds of inferior flowers. In all floral arrangements, whether for vases, bouquets or designs, it is better to put in the green first, and gradually working them up to the required brightness, always remembering that the collection had better lack a flower than have one too many, the object being to form a graceful, refreshing and suggestive picture.

THE highest monument in Great Britain, and possibly in Europe, is that erected by his tenantry to the first Duke of Sutherland, on the summit of Ben Vraggie, Sutherlandshire, 1,400 feet above the sea. The pedestal is 106 feet high; the statue, from a model by Sir Francis Chantrey, thirty. It is a conspicuous landmark on both sides of Moray Firth.

THE census enumerator of Nevada County, Cal., came across two ladies who were twins. One of them placed her age at twenty-eight years and the other at twenty-two years. Cause—one was married and one was single.

Wholesome Pork.

THE truth of the curt adage, "the devil is in pork," must be quite generally conceded if its manifestations in a long list of cutaneous, febrous and bilious disorders be taken for a sufficient personification of his satanic majesty. But as a temperate eater of the flesh of properly-grown, home-raised hogs, the writer protests that such is not necessarily the case, and that pork might take as high rank in point of healthfulness in comparison with other meats as it holds in palatability. The deleterious consequences attendant on its use are clearly traceable to the abuse of man and to no fault of the creature. The simple fact is, swine have for untold generations generally been confined and fattened in close styes reeking with filth, and fed on a confused mess of decomposing stuff a part of which has, perhaps, been fermenting in the swill barrel for days or even weeks. It is only necessary to mention as coordinate with this treatment, that wholesale process by which hogsare furnished to the market from distilleries.

If there is any relation between cause and effect, how can it be expected that pork produced under such noxious conditions can be a healthful food? It is a significant fact that these conditions are so notoriously bad that municipal authority usually prohibits or regulates the keeping of swine within city limits. Even the constitutions of the hogs themselves have waned under this long-continued abuse, as trichina, cholera, kidney and other diseases prevalent among them attest. It is safe to affirm that the livers of a large majority of hogs are pitted and mottled with putrifying ulcers; yet from its very frequency, few think of pronouncing the hog unsound simply because it has a diseased liver. Another potent fact in bringing pork into disrepute as an article of general consumption, is found in the ill-devised system of breeding pigs with a view of producing a carcass of thick-sided, clear fat. As a result the long, deep-bodied, sweet-meated swine of twenty-five years ago with their alternate streaks of fat and lean, are rarely to be found. So universal has this system of breeding become, that a strong protest from the pork dealers of England has been made, stating in substance, that the hogs of yore must be bred again, or the extensive trade in bacon in that country must cease.

The simple remedy for the evils complained of is of course found in reversing the conditions. Homeopathy, however good in other places, will not work a cure here. I have been long convinced that persons of enteprise who understand the subject would find it both a lucrative and sanitary move to grow hogs according to all the hygienic conditions requisite to make the product healthful and relishable. Their market would at first be sought at the tables of select consumers who would be as able and willing to pay an ad valorem price for what might be termed fancy pork, as for fancy butter. It is probably too much to expect to successfully oppose the greed of hog raisers, with a mere appeal to the laws of health. But independently of this, if intelligent consumers would demand, and persist in demanding, a better article, they would get it, through notions of policy if not of philanthropy; and certainly the great farming communities of the West and South, on whose tables pork is served one to three times a day, can be taught, in their own behalf at least, to raise swine of the proper stock, in fields and cleanly kept comfortable pens, with suitable food and drink, and not be satisfied with doing things no better than their fathers did. A tendency in this direction would do much in exorcising the devil from the pork of our day and indirectly from the human system.—*Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

Harness Sores on Horses.

THERE are few things which cause more delay and trouble in farm work during the hot months of summer than the galls and sores that come upon the shoulders and backs of work horses. A vast amount of hard work must be done, and the animals are strong and well enough to do it, provided there were not these painful sores that prevent their applying themselves to the labor. A horse with shoulder or back galls, or both, suffers pain, when it is put into the harness. The direct cause of these sores is the friction to which the parts are subjected, combined with the excessive heat and great flow of sweat. Inflamation and chafing of the skin are produced much more readily in hot than in cold weather, because the conditions of greater friction are then present. The preventive is in reducing the friction to the least possible amount. In the first place, the harness must fit closely and smoothly to the form of the horse, that the weight of the load may be uniformly distributed over the surface beneath the harness. Secondly, the horse should be in a healthy state, that the muscles and skin may be of their normal toughness, and the sweating not unnaturally profuse. This involves the proper care and feeding of the horse. A poorly kept animal, or one not in good health, will become sore more readily than one in good health. When the sores are already formed, a speedy cure is the thing needed. Sponge carefully the afflicted parts, to remove all accumulations from sweat. Then bathe with a lotion of alum and tannin, with a little laudanum added. All pressure upon the sore should be removed by a proper adjustment of the harness, and, if necessary, keep the horse from work until cured. —*American Agriculturist.*

TANNER's fast is not original. The old gentleman, Noah, lived forty days on water.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—The Universities' Mission in Central Africa is to be re-enforced by nine missionaries, who sail from London next month.

—The study of the National and State Constitutions, made obligatory in the public schools of Wisconisn, has been attended with excellent results.

—The Rev. Mr. White, a New Hampshire preacher, has founded a religious sect called "Angelic Believers." They believe in the disposition of angels to visit this mundane sphere.

—The manual training school at St. Louis, in connection with Washington University, will open on September 6, with workshops and recitation-rooms completely arranged. The prospects for the first year are said to be encouraging. Only one class of fifty or sixty students will be entered, and there are already a large number of applications from families of high standing.

—The American Missionary Association, which is the principal evangelical engine of the Congregationalists, is annoyed by an impending debt of nearly $20,000. It appeals to the churches to send between now and the last day of September sufficiently generous donations to enable it to close the fiscal year free from indebtedness. The Secretary says that the field has never been more fertile in good results than now. For the new year which begins on the first of October, large plans for increased usefulness have been devised.

—A curious case is reported from Edinburgh. Thomas Crawford, a miner, has a son twelve years old who for two years has been irregular in attending school, notwithstanding repeated admonitions from his parents. On these grounds, and in order that the case might be a warning to the parents of other dull and refractory children in the district, the Sheriff was asked by the prosecution to send the "accused" to prison. The Sheriff complied with this request, and Crawford was accordingly sent to jail for seven days.

—The State University of Athens, Ga., has received a singular endowment. An eccentric gentleman, non-resident and not an alumnus, bestowed by deed the sum of $7,000 on the University, coupling the gift with the condition that the money should be invested for and during the lives of twenty-one persons, all children, whose names are given in the deed, the interest to be compounded annually till the last one dies and twenty-one years and nine months thereafter. It is calculated that the bequest when paid over will amount to $1,700,000.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Presidential candidates have as many lives as a cat, or will have before all their biographers get through.—*Lowell Courier.*

—Observing men have noticed that the hair on the forehead of a chimpanzee is always parted in the middle.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—A Whitehall man has discovered a way of instantly turning sweet milk into fresh butter. He feeds it to a goat. Patent applied for.—*Times.*

—During this weather, there is nothing hotter than the woman with a dusting-broom who is wearing herself out doing nothing.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

—A Western journal heads an article: "A lunatic escapes and marries a widow." Escapes, eh? We should say he got caught.—*Binghampton Republican.*

—Either we have got into a regular resort of flies, or flies are far more numerous and tenacious this season than they have been since the days of Pharaoh. Darkening is no bar to their progress. When a room is so darkened that they cannot see to move about, two of them club together and hire a firefly to travel with them.—*Danbury News.*

—Mother, do all angels have wings?" "Yes, my dear." "Will I be an angel and have wings when I die?" "Certainly, my love." "Golly, what a big pair Mrs. Thompson must have; I should think they must be as large as the sails of Uncle Tom's yacht." Mrs. Thompson, it may be stated in explanation, is a lady who weighs in the neighborhood of three hundred pounds.—*Boston Courier.*

—A few days ago a young man in business was greeted by one of the clergy in this city, and was congratulated on his new venture in business. In the course of the conversation the clerical brother expressed his opinion as not in favor of the young man keeping open on Sunday. "No," slid the young man, "I don't want to keep open on Sunday, but will probably have to. I work hard all the week, and would like to shut up on Sunday, because it's the only day in the week that I can have to myself to go hunting and fishing." The clergyman moved on.—*Rochester Post.*

—A bald-headed man is refined and he always shows his skull sure. A good novel for bald heads to read—The Lost Heir. What does a bald-headed man say to his comb? We meet to part no more. Motto for a bald head—Bare and fur-bare. However high a position a bald-headed man holds, he will never comb down in the world. The bald-headed man never dyes. Advice to bald headers—Join the Indians, who are the only successful hair raisers. What does every bald-headed man put on his head? His hat. You never saw a bald-headed man with a low forehead. Shakespeare says—There's a Divinity that shapes our ends. Bald men are the coolest-headed men in the world. Some bald men have heirs.—*Boston Transcript.*

Youths' Department.

JOHNNY AND THE TOAD.

JOHNNY.

I want to go to school,
And he won't let me pass;
I think that a toad
Ought to keep on the grass.
I don't want to cry;
But I'm afraid I'm going to;
Oh, dear me!
What am I to do?

TOAD.

Here's a dreadful thing!—
A boy in the way.
I don't know what to do:
I don't know what to say.
I can't see the reason
Such monsters should be loose:
I'm trembling all over;
But that is of no use.

JOHNNY.

I must go to school,
The bell is going to stop;
That terrible old toad—
If he only would hop!

TOAD.

I must cross the path,
I can hear my children croak;
I hope that dreadful boy
Will not give me a poke.

A hop and a start, a flutter and a rush,
Johnny is at school, and the toad in his bush.
—*Nursery.*

THE COLT'S STORY.

My name is Bessie, as I suppose you know. Tiny Floy calls me the "little horse," and I think I like this rather better than Bessie. I should like it much better if she would only leave off the "little."

But never mind. I shall be a year old in about eight months, and then, perhaps, I shall be treated with more consideration. I am sure I hope so. I don't think I am very well used at present. Not that I complain of my mother. Oh, no! She is always good to me—as good as she can be. But it is very plain that she is not allowed to have her own way in regard to my bringing up.

Why! sometimes I am shut away from her for hours at a stretch. I hear her calling me, and I try to go to her, but it is of no use, I can't do it. And sometimes I am left at home while she is driven away ever so far, and I don't know whether I shall ever see her again or not. All our begging and imploring doesn't make a bit of difference with our hard-hearted master. He separates us just the same every time he takes a fancy to do it. I wonder that my mother doesn't assert her rights and put a stop to it. She is bigger than he is, and I know she could master him if she tried. May be she is afraid he wouldn't give her any more oats if she quarreled with him. Dear me! I wouldn't be so mercenary. As if she couldn't live on grass! And there is plenty of grass everywhere. Perhaps that isn't the reason; I always thought she had spirit enough. I can't understand it at all; and she never explains.

They call me a sociable colt, and it is true that I like company. I should like to go into the house and call on the people there, but they never ask me. Sometimes I go to the window and look in, and rub my nose on the panes and lap them all over, just for a hint, you know, and to show the people how much I should like to be with them. But they just scream out:

"Go away, Bessie, go away! Oh, dear! Those windows will have to be washed all over again."

Serves 'em right. What do they have the windows there for? They could see just as well without them, and it would be a deal more convenient. I could go and talk to them at any time then. But what do you think? Half the time they keep some ugly, green, slatted things all over the windows, and I can't even look through, or touch the glass with my tongue.

Perhaps they think it is not polite for me to try to visit with them through the windows. I am sure I should be glad to do it in a more proper way if I could. I have often marched up the front walk with as dainty steps as I could manage, and tried to get on the veranda and ring the bell; but the steps are so steep and narrow that I can't reach the door to save me.

Sometimes I have a little fun with the chickens and turkeys. You know how they will strut around. Little, puny bunches of feathers! As if they were of any consequence to anybody! Well, I just prance up beside them and raise my fore feet and show my teeth, and you ought to see them scatter. They never stop until they are safe on the fence; then I dance up and down and run along before them, and they don't dare to come down until I get tired and go away. After all they are not worth much trouble. It is more fun to tease the boys who come into the yard and think they will tease me. They get the worst of it, I can tell you. They might better stay at home and mind their own business.

I usually have a pretty good time on washing days. I keep very quiet until I see a nice lot of clean clothes hanging on a line, and then I make a rush. I sometimes wonder if the people of the house put those clothes out expressly for my amusement. On the whole, I guess they don't; for sometimes they come out of the house and scream all sorts of queer things, and run after me with broom and sticks; and if I didn't get out of the way in such a hurry, I am not sure but they would actually strike me. I generally manage to get some of the clothes into my mouth, and unless they are very tough, I carry a few pieces away with me to some quiet place where I can chew them and dance on them and toss them up and down as much as I like. When they are disposed of, I watch until the coast is clear again, and then I make another rush. You'd never imagine how jolly it is unless you had tried it.

I like Trudie pretty well. Trudie is a pretty girl, with black eyes, and she has a long braid hanging down her back. Sometimes she brings me salt, or pieces of sugar, and lets me eat out of her hand. Salt is good and sugar is good, and Trudie is good to give them to me, but I can't help teasing her sometimes.

One day, when she went to the hen-house to look for eggs, I danced up behind her very softly. She didn't hear me at first, but all at once she looked around and saw me stepping along behind her on my hind feet, with my fore feet pawing the air and almost touching her shoulders. I was only trying to walk as she did, but, oh, my goodness, how she jumped and run! She went in that hen-house as quick as a flash. I couldn't get in with her—more's the pity—but I pawed at the door, and ran around and around the place until I got so tired I had to go away and let the poor thing come out.

Did you say it was mean of me? Well, may be it was, a little. But she needn't have been so scared. I wouldn't have hurt her for anything.

One afternoon Trudie came out into the orchard to give me some salt; at least, that is what I supposed she came for. But there was a young man with her who persisted in taking all her attention away from me. She didn't say much of anything to me, just gave me a few grains of salt and then seemed to forget all about me. She utterly ignored me, in fact, and turned her back upon me, although she knew I was dying to have a nice little chat and frolic with her.

Now, if there is anything trying to the nerves of a sociable and sensitive colt, it is such conduct as this. I assure you it was not to be endured. I thought I would give her a hint, just to let her know that I was not altogether insensible to her rudeness. So I softly stepped up behind her and caught her long braid in my teeth, and tried to pull her away with me. Oh, dear! What a squealing and protesting she did set up! But it was fun to see her dance around. Then that stupid fellow who was the first cause of all the trouble set himself up to interfere, and he took the braid away from me. He didn't get the ribbon, though. It was a fresh, creamy one, and I chewed it well. I don't think Trudie ever cared to wear it again.

It was not long before I paid the fellow for his impertinence. One evening I found his carriage standing in the yard, and I served the curtains as I did Trudie's ribbon. Wasn't it good for him? And such fun!

The next time I went to the porch after some salt Trudie said I didn't deserve any. I am sure I don't know why. I heard her tell her mother that that carriage had to have an entire set of new curtains. I am glad of it. I like new things, and I will have a taste of those new curtains yet, see if I don't.

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Oh, how are you? I am so glad to see you. What a time it is since we have had a talk! And such changes! I've scarcely the courage to speak to you now that we have met.

You thought I looked rather disconsolate? Well, so I am, and no wonder. But you can see what has happened. They have put me into this field, all alone by myself; away from my mother, away from everything that makes life worth living.

I heard those people say that I had got to be a regular nuisance, and my pranks were beyond endurance. Think of it! Me a nuisance! How could they say such a thing? They knew I thought all the world of them, and liked nothing better than to be with them. And yet they have banished me to this dreary place. How could they have the heart to do it? There's plenty of grass here, to be sure; but what is grass? I can't see my mother. There's no house to visit, no clothes to pull off the line, no little trees to rub over, no rose bushes to trample down, no chickens to scare, no hair to pull, no—no—no—nothing. I think it is a regular shame.—*Helen Herbert, in N. Y. Tribune.*

Bad Company.

When you drive a nail into a board and pull it out again it will leave an impression, will it not? And when you leap into the water you will get wet, will you not? It is exactly the same with bad company. You may not do just what you have seen done, and you will perhaps not say what you have heard said, but something will show itself in your character in after life, like the impression of the nail in the board. Suppose you were walking along a street, and somebody said to you, "This is a dangerous street—I would keep off of it; do you see the holes and ditches here?" would you not go to another street that was safe to walk on? Bad company is dangerous. A very good rule for boys who are about to start out on the rough sea of life, is, "Keep out of bad company." Boys should ask their parents, or some responsible person, to choose what is good or bad company for them. Be careful what you read, be careful with whom you go, and *keep out of bad company.* It is more infecting than yellow fever, and it always leaves impressions on your character.—*Golden Days.*

THE following substances have been sanctioned by the Public Health Department of Germany for use in confectionery and other edibles as non-poisonous coloring matter: Flour and starch for white; cochineal, carmine, madder-red and the juice of carrots and cherries for red; saffron, safflower and turmeric for yellow; indigo and litmus for blue; the juice of spinach and mixtures of the already-mentioned blues and yellows for green; burned sugar and Spanish juice for brown, and Indian ink for black.