

WHAT IS ANATTO?

Cheese has for a long time been coloured with anatto, and, of late years, it has come in use, not only in creameries, but in home dairies, to give colour to butter. The increasing use of the substance, especially in winter, naturally leads many to ask: "What is anatto, and is it harmless?" The name which came with the substance from South America, has a great variety of spellings besides that given above, which is the simplest and the one we first learned: it is given in different books as *annato*, *annata*, *annotta*, *arnotta*, *arnota*, and so on. The substance is the product of a small South American tree, *Bixa orellana*, belonging to a small family to which it gives its name (*Bixineæ*), of which we have no representatives. Systematically, the family is placed near that of the violets. The tree rarely exceeds twelve feet in height, has a handsome head, and each branch is terminated by a cluster of flowers of the colour of peach-blossoms. The pods are at first of a fine rose colour, becoming brown as they ripen; they are covered with bristles, and contain numerous seeds, the important product. Each seed is surrounded by a dark red pulp, to remove which, they are placed in water and allowed to ferment, with frequent stirring. When the seeds are free from pulp they are strained out and the pulp allowed to settle. It is afterwards placed in kettles, evaporated to a thick paste, which is the anatto of commerce. It is made into rolls weighing from two to four pounds, which are covered with canna leaves and packed in wicker baskets, or more generally of late in boxes. Anatto, when fresh, has much the consistency of putty, a dark, brownish-red colour, and with a somewhat disagreeable odour. It has long been used in dyeing, though on silks the colour is not very fast. To colour common cotton stuffs of a dull orange, it is often used in domestic dyeing, with potash as a mordant. So far as we are aware, the various butter colourings in the market are chiefly, if not entirely, solutions of anatto, made by the aid of some form of potash or soda. It seems better suited than anything else to give pale winter butter the colour of that made when the cows have good pasturage. It is entirely harmless, we think. It has long been added to chocolate in South America, for both colour and flavour, and is used by Indian tribes in that country to paint their bodies. One writer says that it is about the only clothing the natives have to protect them from mosquitoes and other insects.

A CURE FOR KICKING COWS.

Two correspondents of the *Western Stock Journal* give their methods of curing kicking cows, respectfully, as follows: A year or two since I got, in trade, a handsome three-year-old heifer, one of the most vicious kickers I ever saw. One of my men who milks tried various devices, without effect, and finally took a common garden hoe, passed the end in front of the off hind leg (the right leg behind) and behind the above gammel joint of the left hind leg of the heifer. Then sitting down on the right to milk, he put the handle of the hoe well up under his left arm and began milking. The heifer could not stir either hind legs,

and after one week she could be milked safely without fettering, and proved to be a valuable and gentle animal. Of course she was tied in the stable like the other cows; but on being turned out to grass, could be milked anywhere without trouble.

The annoyance of having a full pail of milk kicked over by a vicious cow is to say the least of it exasperating. Having had considerable experience with such animals, trying every expedient I could think or hear of, I at last hit upon a device that proved effectual, in the shape of a milking stool so constructed as to shield the pail from the kick. Take a piece of plank two feet long and ten inches wide; bore holes and put two legs of suitable length at each end. Put a "dashboard" (or perhaps it might more properly be called a "kick-board") at one end, of height and width at the top to correspond to the pail with two pieces nailed on each side back to the seat board to strengthen and keep it in position. This device will not keep a cow from kicking, but will save your milk everytime.

VARIETY OF CHEESE PRODUCT.

It is a noticeable fact that with all the American love for doing things differently from others, with all the American inventive skill, the great mass of the cheese made in this country is much alike. Some is much better than others, but most is made after one model. This is not nearly so true of the cheese made in European countries. There an almost endless variety is to be seen—variety in size, shape, colour, taste, and smell. Some of the European cheese is exceedingly distasteful to American palates and nostrils, but all meet a want. The total consumption is greater because of this attempt to meet the fancies of many classes of consumers. Many of these classes are largely represented in this country, and have not forgotten their old tastes. We often lament the fact that the cheese consumption in this country is small compared with the population; yet little successful effort has been made to increase it by adapting the product to the tastes of these large classes of foreigners.

There are practical difficulties in the way. Small cheese, and those of peculiar size or flavour, usually cost somewhat more labour in the making, but often they can be sold at prices considerably above those current for standard cheese. At the first dairy convention we attended, the desirability of having cheese made of such a size that they could be sold for family use without cutting, was presented. Yet little advance has been made in introducing such cheese. The arguments in their favour are as strong as ever, and we do not believe it impracticable to secure a satisfactory trade in them.

Some of the English and continental styles of cheese are much liked by many Americans, and we do not see why they may not be successfully manufactured in this country on a larger scale than has yet been done. Whatever helps to increase the consumption of cheese, especially of cheese of good quality, will be of direct service to the dairy interest. It is not proposed that the foreign demand be neglected, but that increased attention be given to the cultivation of the home demand. —*Breeder's Gazette, Chicago.*

CREAM

"THE gain on a flock of sheep may be called a wether profit," says one. "Good for ewe," says the other.

YOUNG man, try to cultivate a hunted look. Then people will think you're hounded to death by leap-year proposals.

WILL some of our brother agricultural writers please inform us why it is that the biggest potatoes always grow on top of the peck measure?

"CHARITY vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up," and yet some men expect a puff every time they give a dollar to an indigent old woman's society.

"THERE are 1,400,000,000 people upon the earth at present, according to the latest statistics," said Mrs. Smith, looking up from the paper. "Only think of it! and we haven't had a caller for two days!"

JOSH BILLINGS says:—"There is one thing about a hen that looks like wisdom: they don't kackle much until after they have laid their egg. Sum pholks are alwuz a bragging and kackling what they are going to do before hand."

A LADY whose conscience was softened by a recent revival, called on a clergyman, in a remorseful spirit, to tell him she had spoken disparagingly of his sermons. "That's nothing my child," was the reply, "I don't think much of them myself."

A SMALL boy in Maine listened demurely to the story of Samson's tying the fire-brands to the tails of foxes and then sending them through the Philistines' corn, and at the conclusion of the narrative asked innocently: "Auntie, did it pop?"—*N. Y. Independent.*

"You gave my wife the wrong medicine," exclaimed a man, entering a drug store. "I hope no harm has resulted," replied the druggist, tremulously. "Oh no, she's all right," "How do you know it was the wrong medicine?" "Why, because it helped her immediately."

"I SHOULD think that actors would get dreadfully tired of saying the same things over and over again, night after night." And then Mrs. W. ly went on to tell for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time about the funny thing that happened to her at the mountains summer before last.

DURING a dense fog, a Mississippi steamboat took landing. A traveller, anxious to go ahead, came to the unperturbed manager of the wheel, and asked why they stopped. "Too much fog. Can't see the river." "But you can see the stars overhead." "Yes," replied the urbane pilot; "but until the biler busts we ain't going that way." The passenger went to bed.

A SCOTCH minister called to catechize a wife who had a drunken husband lying concealed under his bed. Sent for a jug of molasses to make a batch of molasses cakes, the darkey had fallen into a stream, having imbibed too freely of liquor. His name was Adam. The preacher did not know this, and put his first query, "What made Adam fall?" "I don't know," was the answer of the ashamed woman. "When he fell where did he hide?" Putting her head under the bed she shouted to her boozy lord, "Come out, Adam, the preacher knows all about it!"