

to produce the blue veins noticed in it. It is not true that this color comes from Alpine herbs.

After the cheese is made it is put into rooms to dry. As soon as a certain degree of dryness is reached it is removed to the cave. Here it gets those little touches that make it Rocquefort against all the word's art. Why. How? Nobody knows. Except this—the cave is regular, all the year round, in temperature, and has air draughts running in it from January to January. These caves where the cheese are salted, are recesses in the limestone rock where the temperature is always about 40 degrees Fahrenheit. It is supposed that the temperature is due to openings into subterranean caves and the moist air to waters of some underground sea. At all events some very natural combination gives the peculiar results and no efforts of art have ever even partially succeeded in attaining them. If the temperature changed the fermentation would change; if the moisture was more, it would make the cheese so soft that it would not keep together, and if less would bet too dry. The cave is owned by a joint stock company. The company buys the cheese from farmers for fifty or one hundred miles a-round.

Of course, great care must be taken in preparing, and only experts in testing are sent out to buy. The cave is fitted up with oak shelves, on which the cheeses are placed. In this it has been so utilized that 65,000 square yards of surface have been obtained. During the six months that it takes to make the cheese, it has to pass through many processes. First of all, it must be rubbed three days with fine salt, and as often as the melted salt, mingling with the cheese, makes a mass of soft matter, this is scraped away, and taken to a machine filled with needles and run by steam. Here it is pricked full of little holes, into which afterward the air of the cave penetrates. All the work is done by women who, besides bed and board, get \$100 to \$125 a year. The cave is so cold and damp that the women must wear woollen winter or summer. It is a curious sight to see women clad as one finds women clad only in northern latitudes in winter.

*Rain-making*, we thought, was, with many other impositions, exploded; but the "Star's" special correspondent sends the following queer little report from Manitoba:

#### "RAINMAKERS" FOR MANITOBA.

Winnipeg, June 20.—In the Legislature, yesterday the following motion was carried without debate, after a few prefatory remarks by the mover, respecting the methods employed in some European countries, particularly Italy:

Moved by Mr. McInnes, seconded by Mr. Lyons:

Whereas, owing to the unusual absence of sufficient rain in the province the growth of grain therein during the present season has been considerably hampered and retarded, and, whereas, certain portions of the province in the past years have been visited with hail storms causing considerable damages and loss to grain; and, whereas, in certain European countries meteorological mechanical devices have been contrived for the purpose of superinducing rain at unfavourable periods and for the prevention of hail storms.

Therefore, be it resolved, that the question of adopting similar methods to those adopted and used in other countries for the purpose of producing rain during periods of drought and preventing the occurrence of disastrous hail storms in the province, be actively taken into consideration of the government and all enquiries made in the premises."

*Note by the editor of the Journal of Agriculture.*—It is a pity the late king, Lo Bengula is dead. The Winnipeg people might have secured his services:

One of the most solemn functions of the king as a magician is the making of rain, in which he is an adept. Mr. Thompson, seems to think that all his rainmaking is only a clever make-believe of a weather-wise student of meteorology, but this is somewhat doubtful.

#### A ROYAL RAINMAKER.

Mr. Thompson gives one or two stories as illustrating the kind of exploit by which the King obtains reputation:

The King has the reputation of being a remarkably good hand at making a thunderstorm, and in this he gives way to no man. I remember one day in June—the one month in the whole year in which you least expect rain—some natives had brought a large python into camp, and were singing some of their rain songs. It is sudden death to any native in Matabeleland who, if he sees a python, does not by some means or other manage to secure it and bring it in alive. The