

AGRICULTURAL.

Give the Farm a Name.

There is something in a name that is tangible, and that takes right hold of our fancy, making us cling to it as to a real object.

This is the disposition of our humanity that we take advantage of in naming the farm. The name will stand for all that was in the home and will thus appeal to the deepest feeling of nature.

Every man loves the name of his mother, and although it may be old-fashioned or queer, to him it is full of music, as her face, wrinkled and pale with ill health, is still to him the loveliest on earth.

And thus the name of our home will recall all the joys and sorrows of our childhood and add to the love we already bear it.

Other reasons there are for naming the farm. It makes it better known. It gives it an importance and a certain place of its own among other, and, perhaps, much larger places.

It adds to the standing of the establishment, and for this reason all our great stock raisers are falling into the practice, and their farms are known far and wide by some specific title.

Many men find that the name of their farm is much better known than their own, and a farm with a name has an importance far in advance of the one without one.

It is said that the shrewdest and most progressive farmers are all sure to christen their farms, and the custom is sure to grow as good taste and culture increases among our people.

There should be some reason for a name. Do not give your home farm some ridiculous classic appellation, or burden it with the name of some favorite politician or soldier.

Let the children have a voice in the matter. Have a family caucus to decide the question. If you have a fine grove on your farm, or a single noble specimen of forest tree that can be seen from afar like a beacon light, let those give the name.

If a stream flows gaily through your meadows, or a lovely hill affords a charming view, let them be remembered in the name. I know a small farm that would be otherwise insignificant, but receives great consideration from its beautiful and appropriate name.

Some times a family name is fastened upon a farm, and no matter who may be its future owner, it goes down to posterity under the name of the people who first lived there.

There is something about the fashion that adds great interest to our homes, and it is to be hoped that ere long it will be adopted by all our farmers.

Farmers' Kitchens.

Once says: The floor is laid with narrow strips of oak, wood, dark and light alternating, lambrequins of cheese cloth drape the low windows, a cosy calico covered lounge, and ampler chairs pushed invitingly out for visitors, and pictures on the wall, vases and flowers at the low windows, from which the tired mother could watch the little ones, without the ceaseless running out to see if they are in mischief.

The Diary of a Tree.

It is not known to every one, says a contemporary, that "a tree keeps a record within its stem of the character of each successive season since it began its growth."

plants potatoes or beans and ultimately seeds them down with grass and keeps it cut twice a year with a mowing machine; or when he has nice gravel walks or roads about the house and barns; or when he sets out evergreens for screens, and plants fruit and ornamental trees, and has a few choice flowers on the lawn or in the garden, his neighbors are quick to follow his example, and round puts on a new aspect; and if any of the farms are offered for sale they find purged land at much higher rates than equally good land on less improved roads.

And this is not all. The influence of such refined surroundings improves the taste and character of the people and is favorable to industry, sobriety, enterprise and every good work.—Joseph Harris in Rural Annual for 1890.

Brine-Salting Butter.

Perhaps there are some of your newer readers who have never tried, maybe never heard of, brine-salting butter, and who would like to know all about the process.

We have been using this method of salting for many years, and have not the least desire to go back to the old plan of dry salting.

When the butter comes in grains the size of No. 8 shot, stop the churn, draw off the buttermilk, pour cold water in, draw off the water, and repeat with fresh water until it runs perfectly clear from the churn; this will usually do about the third time, depending upon the quantity of water used in washing; the more water the sooner the butter is washed. This is the best way to wash the butter, no matter how it is to be salted, and the only way by which we can get rid of the buttermilk flavor.

Leave the plug-out of the churn after the last washing water is drawn off, and let the butter drain thoroughly, because all the water left in the butter weakens the brine, and some fail to get the butter salted enough for that reason. While the butter is draining make a brine as strong as possible by dissolving salt in cold water until you have all that the water will take up.

Make a sufficient quantity to cover or nearly cover the butter, and when the butter is well drained pour in the brine, revolve the churn once or twice and the butter is salted.

This way of salting butter is both simple and thorough. Any one can do it and do it well the first time, and it is through because every granule is evenly salted, and there will be no streaks in the butter from uneven salting, and if the brine is strained, and it ought to be, there will be no specks in the butter from the salt, as there often are when dry salt is used.

We always wash the butter with weak brine, say a handful of salt to three gallons of water. This, we think, washes the butter better than pure water, and renders it less liable to have white specks in it, which may come from hard particles of curd formed in the cream if the latter has not been properly stirred while ripening. Unless the buttermilk is desired for use in the house, it is a good plan to put a pailful of weak brine in the churn before drawing off the buttermilk.

The brine assists in the separation of the butter from the buttermilk, thus the latter while drawing off the buttermilk. Our object in washing butter is to get rid of everything that will favor it, or interfere with its keeping qualities. If we can get the butter pure, free from all caseous or saccharine matter, our object is attained, and we have as near pure butter when it is brine-washed and brine-salted as it is possible to get.

Some of the butter granules will run out with the buttermilk and with the water used in washing, so we need a strainer to put on the pail set under the churn to catch the water. This strainer can be made of a piece of wire cloth (brass wire is best, as it won't rust), the meshes of which are a little smaller than the butter granules. Tack this cloth on to a bottomless box which is long enough to span the pail, and it will catch every granule that runs from the churn, and save much trouble in skimming them out of the pail.

We also want two hard-wood paddles to handle the butter while in the churn. Parchment paper we would hardly know how to do without in our dairy. We not only wrap all the butter in it that is to be sold, but that which we keep for home use. And we have some big sheets of it which we lay on the table while the butter is being made into rolls or prints; it is much nicer and cleaner than the wooden table, and it can be washed and used for a long time. Get some parchment paper by all means if you have occasion to use "butter cloths" of any kind. A long, thin-bladed wooden knife is very convenient to scrape out the cream pails when pouring the cream into the churn; it saves time in waiting for the pails to drain.

If a barrel or box churn with no dashers is used the butter can be gathered and worked in the churn, or a butter worker can be used if preferred. It must be remembered that the only object in working brine-salted butter is to make it compact, free from loose grains and air spaces, and to expel the water. When these two objects are accomplished all further working is injurious. If only a small quantity of butter is made it can be easily made by using two paddles, taking about a pound at a time and working it on a table or any plane surface.

The only possible objection that I know of that can be urged against brine-salting is that it takes so much salt. It does take more salt than dry-salting, but I think the extra quality of the butter and the time and labor saved more than balance the extra quantity of salt. Give brine-salting a fair trial, and see if you will not agree with me.—A. L. Crosby, in National Stockman.

Two Little Old Ladies.

Two little old ladies, one grave, one gay, In the self-same cottage lived day by day. One could not be happy, "because," she said, "So many children were hungry for bread," And she really had not the heart to smile. When the world was so wicked all the while.

The other old lady smiled all day long, As she knitted, or sewed, or crooned a song. She had not time to be sad, she said, When hungry children were crying for bread. So she baked and knitted and gave away, And declared the world grew better each day.

Two little old ladies, one grave, one gay? Now which do you think chose the wiser way?

FOREIGN NEWS.

The French Minister of War lately offered a prize for the swiftest bird in a flight from Perigueux to Paris, 310 miles. There were 2746 entries, and the winner did the distance in 7 hours and 34 minutes.

When the Americans residing in St. Petersburg asked permission to celebrate the Fourth of July the authorities peremptorily refused them the privilege. But the Frenchmen of that city and of Moscow were allowed to celebrate the establishment of the first republic of France on July 14 with great pomp and public demonstrations.

In the government of Podol the peasants have no scruples about selling their children. Instances of a very revolting nature are reported in a Moscow daily. One peasant sold his daughter, a girl of 8 years, to travelling mendicants for the sum of six rubies; another where he sold the older, a child of 7 years, for five rubles, and the younger 3 years old, for three rubles. Such instances have occurred in many other towns of the government.

A society "for the endowment of poor marriageable girls" is being started in St. Petersburg on the same plan as that of the Moscow society, which works for the same object which we mentioned some time ago. The constitution of the new society is being drawn up, and the license of the Government is confidently expected.

A very rich vein of iron ore has been discovered in Kherson, near the village of Privilna, about 300 sazhen from the river Ingula. It is estimated that the yield will be sufficient to keep fifteen iron factories at full work. The Minister of Mountain Works has ordered engineers to sink shafts and to begin mining as soon as possible. With the rich yield of coals in that district it will be easy in a very short time to work the new mines for all that they are worth.

A Roman doctor has discovered in many of the skulls in the different Etruscan tombs, as well as in those deposited in the various dentistry, interesting specimens of ancient skulls examined date as far back as six centuries before Christ, which proves that dentistry is not a modern art.

The forty-two days' fast which Jacques, the old French soldier, commenced at the Westminster Aquarium on June 21st, was brought to a most successful conclusion on Saturday. The stipulated time expired at four o'clock, but in accordance with his expressed intention Jacques did not break his fast until nearly half-past five, when in the central stage he took the first food which had passed his lips for six weeks in the presence of a crowd of spectators.

The Sultan of Turkey has received a present from his aunt Adile of a Georgian slave, who is described as an exquisitely beautiful specimen of sixteen. She was taken to the Yildiz Kiosk in a gilt coach, closely curtained, and escorted by a number of gigantic Nubian eunuchs.

A duel with cavalry sabres took place on Thursday in Denmark between Lieutenant Castenschiold, of the Danish Royal Dragoons, and the Russian Baron von Rathen. The quarrel arose about an equestrian performer in the Circus Busch at Copenhagen. The Baron received a cut across the forehead, but is in no danger.

Imitating the example of the Cossack Pashkoff, two gentlemen have started to ride on horseback from St. Petersburg to the Crimea. One is an American citizen, Thomas Spivus by name, who does not understand a word of Russian; the other is a "honorable Russian citizen," Krig Ivan, who speaks English fluently and acts as interpreter for his companion. They send their baggage by express from one horseback, mounted, and make their way on their object is to become closely acquainted with the localities and the people on their road, and reaching the Crimea, they propose to visit every town and hamlet of the peninsula.

A Russian woman dressed like a Turk and speaking the Turkish language fluently, recently arrived in Tiflis from Reezah. Several years ago she had been deceived from her home in Kertchinsk and sold to a Turk. She was kept in a harem in Reezah since then, and no chance was given her to communicate with any one outside. At last she Russian Consul at Reezah, through whom she was enabled to escape from the harem and to return to her native land. She says that there are many Russian women kept in harems of Reezah, and that the Turks seem to have a predilection for them. None of them feels happy in her position. Unfortunately for them, they are watched with such vigilance that they have no opportunity to communicate with the outside world or to effect their liberation.

Telegraphic advices from Athens announce that a disastrous fire on the celebrated Mount Athos has destroyed the largest part of its wonderful forests. Of the 20 Greek and Russian monasteries and 190 hermitages which have been located on the mountains for centuries, many have been destroyed, the damage being estimated at five million francs. Twenty monks and hermits perished in the flames.

The government of Minsk, Russia, is overrun by wolves, which have become so bold as to enter the villages and attack the children in the street, four little ones having been killed and eaten in the village of Rudnia in open daylight. The Governor has declined to lend military aid to exterminate the pest on the ground that the peasants are quite able to help themselves.

An Exchange Company's telegram from Paris states that the *Dix Neufieme Siecle* nihilist plot against the Czar has been discovered in St. Petersburg, where numerous arrests, including that of Professor Korolowski of the university, have been made. The *Figaro* has received a despatch confirming the above, and adds that many arrests have also been made in Moscow. Two superior officers compromised in the plot have committed suicide.

A bee keeper living near a large hotel being built at Kingston, in Jamaica, recently found his hives being about exhausted or dead. The electric light was used at the hotel to carry on the building operations by night, so the bees mistook the light for daylight, and went out to collect pollen round the neighbourhood thus illuminated. When they came home the day was dawning, and they flew off again without any rest till they worked themselves to death.

July 18th was the 475th anniversary of the death of the great Bohemian reformer, John Huss. He was burned at the stake because of his doctrines of Wycliff. The Russian papers did not allow this anniversary to pass without reminding the Bohemians that they were Slavonians and that in their national character as well as in the spirit of Huss's religious teachings they were nearer related to Russia than to Austria. *Kuhochestvennoye Obozreniye*, an illustrated weekly of St. Petersburg, points to the fact that the Bohemians never allowed themselves to be Germanized, despite the influences brought to bear upon them for five centuries, and that the Hussites in Russia are treated with the same consideration as the members of the "orthodox" (Greek-Catholic) Church.

A Paris correspondent describes a notable present made by the town of Ratisbon to the Archduchess Margerita, daughter of the Archduke Joseph, on her recent marriage to the Prince of Thurn and Taxis. This is a palatial railway carriage, in which every need of a lady of rank in travelling is anticipated. Even a safe is provided for her jewels, and there are folding mirrors in which, when she leaves the hands of her dressers, she may see herself all round and from the feather of her bonnet to the tip of her toe. These mirrors were supplied by a firm of cabinet-makers in Paris.

A Daily News Athens telegram says:—A few days ago the Turkish authorities seized about twenty Christian natives of Siatista in order to compel them to reveal the names of those who were supposed to harbour brigands. They were taken bound to the town of Servia, and beaten unmercifully by the gendarmes who accompanied them. Some special act of cruelty is mentioned. Some gendarmes, with a refinement of cruelty quite new, thrust a red-hot bayonet into the nose of Nicholas Donkas, a notable who is dying from the effects of their brutality.

In Australia there grows a species of acacia commonly called the "angry tree." It reaches the height of 90 feet after a rapid growth, and in outward appearance somewhat resembles a gigantic century plant. One of these curious plants was brought from Australia and set out in Virginia, Nev., where it has been seen by many persons. When the sun sets the leaves fold up, and the tender twigs coil tightly, like a little pig's tail. If the shoots are handled the leaves rustle and move uneasily for a time. If this curious plant is removed from one pot to another it seems angry, and the leaves stand out in all directions, like quills on a porcupine. A most pungent and sickening odour, said to resemble that given off by rattlesnakes when annoyed, fills the air, and it is only after an hour or so that the leaves fold in the natural way.

A young French officer on the staff of the Minister of War, named M. de Sirotko, lost his life on Saturday in the course of some pyrotechnical experiments at Versailles. M. de Sirotko and several other officers were upon the shooting grounds witnessing a discharge of rockets, when one of them burst upon his head, cleaving the skull. M. de Sirotko died as he was being removed to the hospital.

Attempts have been made to graft nearly all the different tissues of the body. Skin, bone, teeth, muscles, nerves, glands, eyes, mucous membrane, etc., have all been grafted with more or less success, but successful brain grafting has heretofore been performed. It occurred to Dr. Thompson recently, while studying cerebral localization in the lower animals, that it would be interesting to graft a piece of brain tissue from one side of a dog's brain to the other, and study its vitality. He secured a large dog and performed his experiment. A half inch trephine was used, and a button of bone was cut nearly through over the left occipital region, leaving a small attached margin so that the button could be elevated and then depressed like a trap door.

Through the opening the brain tissue was removed. A cat was similarly treated, and in eight seconds a portion of its brain tissue was transferred to the opening in the dog's brain. The results of the experiment favor the assumption that brain tissue has sufficient vitality to survive for seven weeks the losing its identity as brain substance, and a most interesting field for further research is suggested.

Duplicity. Husband (after a week's absence)—Say I'm no fisherman after that! Forty lovely trout. Gaze at them! Wife (sweetly)—So glad, dear. Where did you buy them? A week later. Wife—See that lovely lot of jelly I aren't you proud of your little wife's ability? Husband—Well—rather. By the way, there is one glass you forgot to tear the label off when you bought the lot. Don't cry, dear. I shan't mention jelly if you keep quiet on trout.

The Pipes at Lucknow. Sir David Baird, in a letter says—It has been often doubted whether the pipes of the Highlanders had been heard at the Residency at the time the relief of Lucknow was being carried out. I can state that on the night before the "Mess-house" affair, immediately after we had got possession of the Shah-Nu-Adrian Hope (Brigadier), Robert Hope Johnson, Dawson (93), and others, I came across a pipe of the aforesaid regiment. I said to myself "Play up," which he immediately commenced to do. I was told after that the time he played was "The Campbell's Coming." As the Residency was, I should think, not more than three quarters of a mile away, this might easily have been heard there. I have often been asked to write of this before.

Although the Mormon settlements in the Canadian Northwest are small compared with those of Utah and some other of the Western Territories, complaints are frequent of their corrupting influence upon the Indians and of the general evil effect of their practice that it inevitably degrades those who follow it and all who are brought into close contact with them. It is a matter of congratulation that the United States has taken vigorous steps towards crushing out this organized offense against law, morality, and civilization, and that its efforts seem likely to be crowned with success. Canada must do likewise.

Stoney Lake. Air—"Scots Wha Hae." (All rights reserved.)

Where "Chernong" his waters pours Past the "Blackhorns" sheltered shores, Down through where the "Barleigh" roars Into Stoney Lake, All the changing scene miles,— Shores and bays and footed isles, Wealth'd in summer's happiest smiles, Rapturous joys awake.

There the laurel'd hills appear Mirror'd in the waters clear, While the fir-crown'd islands roar, Tassel'd brows below; Cloud and rack and rock and pine Binding at the water line,— In a harmony divine, Bright and glorious glow.

But where "Barleigh" greets the sun Nature's gifts are but begun; Far o'er high and bay they run,— Ford and ferry brake; Shores, that echo back the swell,— Isles, wherein a god might dwell; Not St. Lawrence can excel Lovely Stoney Lake.

"Julien's" terraced heights reveal All that soul's poetic feel When sublime displays appeal Unto sense and soul; What a vision wins the eyes! Green-robed myriad isles arise— Round whose base in sweet surprise Laughing waters roll.

Yonder, by the sunbeams kiss'd, Methuen's mountain cleaves the mist, Like a royal anemist; Set in mid-way east and west, — Sacred guardian of the rest— "Eagle Mountain's" granite crest Over all is seen.

Lavish glories crown "Bo-shink" Where'er eluding islands link Past each other, till they shrink,— Seen from far above— Into gems of rarest sizen, Press in frills of azure green, Where the sky-tint waves between, Sing of peace and love.

Who may tell of Dummer's shore? Sing her fountain life in store! Laid her beauty evermore! (Who, if not her son?) There, the gently away call Soft and ethereal unto all— And the evening shadows fall And the day is done.

See, from where "Wabu-so" stands, Reaching out in silver bands, Laving countless strands,— All the waters flow; Here, they kiss fair "Grassy Isle,"— There, by crooning "Eicharst" smile,— On and on for many a mile,— Till they—far below—

Wash "Mt. Eosee's" rugged beach— Sing their hymns in runic speech Past the "Katchee-wa-mook's" reach— Where—in sparkling spray— Our "O-ton-a-bee's" fair head Presses they—by her luring led; Sh—adown her shady bed— Bears them far away. LEBEYLN A. MORRISON. S. ONY LAKE, JULY 21, 1890.

At Last. When on my day of life the night is falling, And in the wind from unkind spaces blown, I hear far voices out of darkness calling, My feet to paths unknown.

Then who has made my home so of life pleasant; Leave not its tenant when its walls decay; O love divine, O Helper ever present, Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting, Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade and shine, And kindly faces to mine own uplifting, The love which answers mine.

I have but thee, O Father, let Thy Spirit Be with me then to comfort and uplift; No gate of pearl, no branch of pain I merit, Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned, And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace, I find myself by hands familiar beckoned Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions, Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease, And flows forever through heaven's green expansions The river of Thy peace.

There from the music round about me stealing, I feel would learn the new and holy song, And find at last beneath Thy trees of healing, The life for which I long. JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Powerful Lord Arthur Cecil. "With reference to your statement that the new Westphalian strong man, 'Coliath,' once laid a cow upon its back by its horns, it may interest your readers," writes a correspondent, "to know that Lord Arthur Cecil, a half-brother of Lord Salisbury, once told me a similar incident in connection with himself. Lord Arthur, though a short man, is of giant physique and enormous strength. He was one day walking through a field on his farm at Inzerlethen, when a young bull rushed at him. Instead of turning tail, Lord Arthur coolly seized the animal by his horns and pushed him back, wriggling and struggling inch by inch, till he had got him into his stall, where he left him cowering and trembling all over. 'This,' continues our correspondent, 'is not a cock-and-bull story. It was Lord Arthur who on one occasion when traveling by rail had his new man-servant get the tickets and seating himself in the same carriage with his master. Lord Arthur said bought the tickets himself, one first-class, one third, and left giving the man the first-class ticket, he traveled third himself.' Our correspondent seems to think that herein Lord Arthur finally scored. But really, to round off the tale, it ought to be added that on the next occasion the servant, being again entrusted with the task, took two third-class tickets.

To Bleach a Tanned Face. The callow youth who goes to the seaside for a day or two and lets the sun and wind play upon his skin is painfully burned and his complexion becomes a flaming red turns up around town nowadays in large numbers. One young man so afflicted got this bit of advice from an old fisherman: "Get to a drug store as soon as you can and buy two ounces of the best olive oil mixed with one ounce of lime water and a drop or two of rose water, just to scent it. Then rub it on your burned face and it will take all the inflammation out in next to no time."

Emperor William's declaration that the incorporation of Heigoland has completed the German Empire has produced an excellent effect in Russian official circles, as it was suspected that Germany had a hungry eye on the Baltic provinces.