

will be that your butter is washed, or the butter-milk all rinsed out of the butter, without breaking, marring or injuring a single grain. When it sufficiently hardens in the water take it out for salting, using the ladle to get out the most of it, and then the sieve. Now comes the salting and working. I prefer for a butter worker an inclined plain in the shape of a letter A, with a round lever. Spread the butter upon the worker, then put one half the quantity of salt that you may desire to put on, roll it in, then with a small, flat, wooden shovel, turn one half of it over on to the top of the other half. Put one half of the remaining, roll it back, do the other half the same, and then put on the balance of the salt; then work the salt in somewhat, taking particular care not to let the lever go down on the butter in a rolling motion. If you allow the lever to slip on the butter it will destroy the grain and make it shiney. Set the butter away in a cool place; at night put it on the worker; work it a little, then let the mass stand until morning.

Worms and Weeds

There are two enemies of the farmer which at this season of the year make desperate attacks on his premises, and, if they once gain a foothold, are not easily routed. These are worms and weeds. The worms deserve the first attention. Indeed, it is already late to commence the campaign against the tent caterpillar, which does much damage in our cherry and apple orchards. It is a good military doctrine to fight the enemy on his own ground. When he is fairly entrenched on your territory, and is thriving on your forage, he is not easily dispossessed. The time to destroy caterpillars is before they are hatched. A practised eye can easily detect the waxy protuberance that surrounds little twigs, looking very much like a warty excrescence, and containing the eggs, often 200, of the tent caterpillar. This waxy covering of the eggs is always placed near the extremity of the twig, so that the young caterpillars may easily find the tender leaves, which they begin to devour as soon as hatched. Cut the twig just below this excrescence and sacrifice it, eggs and all, to Moloch. This is Scipio's plan of carrying the war into the enemy's country.

The time for fighting the tent caterpillar in his own home has now passed. His tents may be seen pitched in all our orchards, and the worms are feasting and fattening on the young leaves. We see some young wild cherry trees by the wayside, on which there is not a green leaf remaining. But it is not too late to prevent these worms from passing into their perfect or the butterfly state, in which they mate, lay their eggs and die. The trees, also, if relieved now of these disgusting harpies, will send out new leaves and breathe in new vitality; and the sooner this is attended to the better. The best mode of destroying tent caterpillars is to handle them without gloves. We have tried opening their tents, putting in a little gunpowder, and exploding them powder-mill fashion. This does up the work effectually, but sometimes causes a cancerous wound on the tree. We have also burned them with a sponge or rag tied to the end of a pole and saturated with kerosene, but this method is liable to the same objection as that of gunpowder. Squelching them by means of a rag simply on the end of a pole is apt to leave a few stragglers, who will repair the tent and live to

multiply the race. We, therefore, prefer to give them a good hearty squeeze with the hand. It requires a little nerve to do it; but there is nothing like being accustomed to it, as the old goose said when plucked of her feathers for the tenth time. The operation is not so bad as one might suppose. The tent is made of silk, and crushing the worms inside is simply crushing them with a silk kerchief in your hand. If any one prefers to handle them with gloves, all right; but squelch them utterly.

In this worm business there should be no license. Prohibition is the only safety. It is expected of every man that he should do his duty on his own premises, and there should be a law compelling the officials of a town to destroy them on the trees by the highway. As it now is every one laments seeing them multiply by the wayside, but no one stops to destroy them. What is everybody's business is nobody's, and they are allowed to destroy the trees and increase some sixty and some a hundred fold. The wild cheery leaf is the favorite food of the tent caterpillar, and as the fruit of this tree is little valued, the worms are often allowed free

we will explain the great labor required to produce a cauliflower and the ease with which pig-weeds grow. The cases are very analogous. The cauliflower was originally a weed, but by judicious culture and selection of seed, has become a delicate and delicious vegetable. The same is true of all our table vegetables. Asparagus was once a tiny woody shrub growing on the sand of the sea-shore. Celery was simply smellege, a rank weed, thriving under the leeway of stone walls. The improved plants cannot live on the same food as skunk's cabbage and hardhacks, any more than a cultivated man can thrive on the food of the Hottentot. The weeds must be eradicated or the vegetables stand a poor chance; much such a chance as the white man surrounded by a band of marauding Indians. The sooner the extermination of the weeds is effected the better for the crop. If they are neglected and left to grow together for weeks the vegetable becomes stunted, and cannot recover its vigour.—*N. Y. Times.*

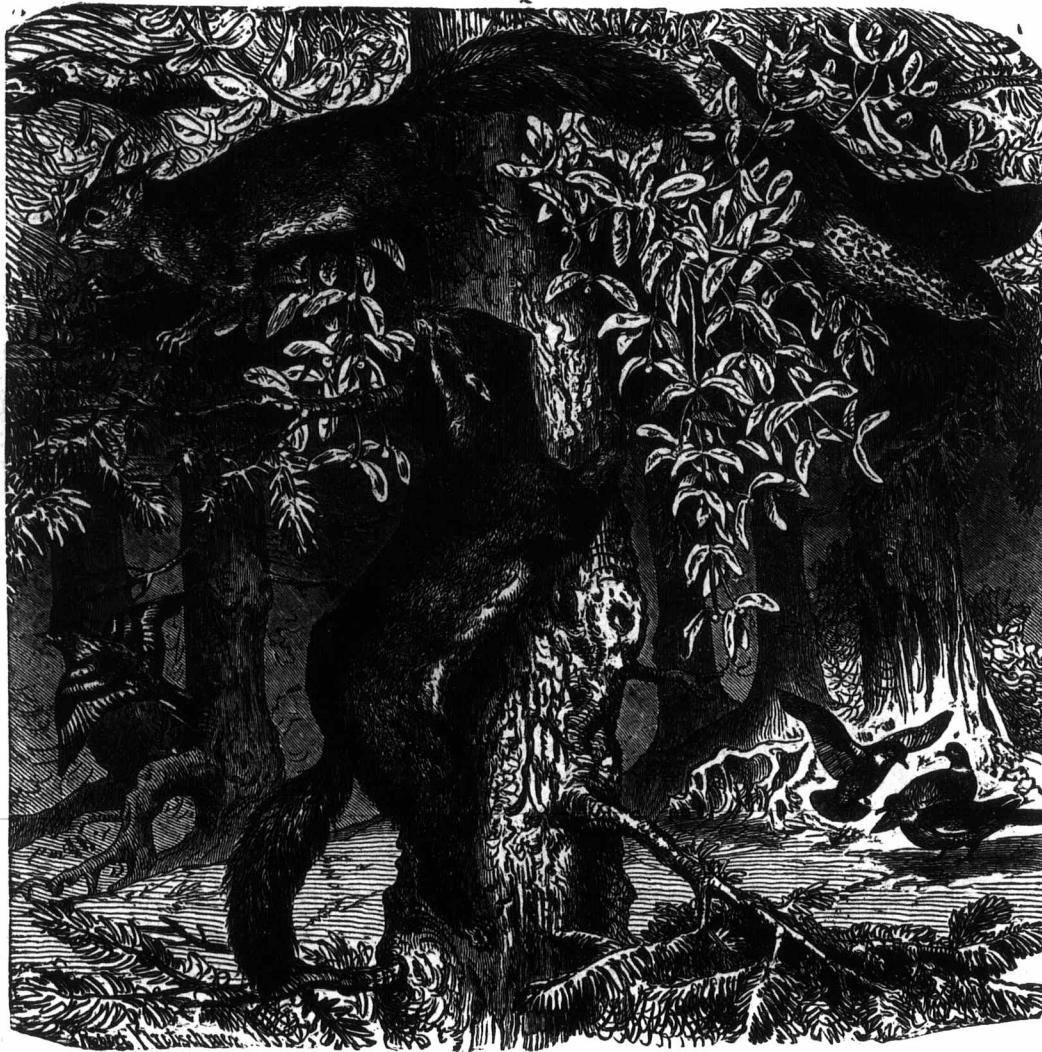
Reducing Bones.

If bones are cracked into fragments by means of a sledge hammer, on a broad, heavy, flat stone—surrounded with a broad hoop to keep them from flying—they may be reduced with ashes in two ways. They may be placed in a hogshead or barrel with alternative layers of wood ashes and a little fresh lime, so as to form a solid mass, the ashes being just sufficient to fill the interstices, and keep moist with water, but not enough to leach or run down. In a few months the bones will be softened, and may be worked over with the ashes and mixed with loam, road-dust or dry peat, into a compost. Or the work may be more rapidly performed by boiling the cracked bones in a large kettle, with as much ashes as will give the mass a semi-liquid consistency, and about a peck of lime to each barrel of bones to make the ashes caustic. Most of them will be softened, and by continuing the process a few hours longer on the larger and harder pieces, the rest will be reduced, when the whole will be mixed with absorbents as before. Or, if the bones are first ground, they will make a good compost in a few weeks if placed in alternating

layers with fermenting manure in compost. Their will be nearly equal value to superphosphate, varying with modes of treatment, and may be applied at the rate of 400 or 500 lbs. per acre.—“Country Gentleman.”

Scene in the Woods.

Our illustration, so pleasant and cheery, needs no descriptive words;—it speaks for itself. We all like to see the capers of the squirrels, and seldom they present themselves to the same advantage as here exhibited. How delightful it is to ramble among scenes like these, breathing in the delicious fragrance, and rejoicing in the glad music of “those noble choristers of nature's great cathedral.” How many there are penned inside city walls and town noises, who would like to spend the summer in the country, far from the din of the crowded cities. No doubt the sight of the picture in your *Advocate* will please many of you, when you are too tired to go to the woods and give relief to the eye and mind.



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