

a reading class." We, on our part, neither under-rate the importance of the scientific study of farming. The one is needful to the other, and science is futile if it does not help practice to do its work better and cheaper. But there is one great want in most of our farm-houses, and that is the almost entire absence of agricultural literature, both in book and periodical form. The volumes one most expects to see on a farmer's table are generally conspicuous by their absence; and, will it be believed, there is many a farmer who does not take in a agricultural newspaper. Boys and girls grow up on the farm, and spend those years which will so much influence their future lives without ever once being led to realise the momentousness of what is before them. They grow up, too, without a taste for reading, and so miss a never-failing source of happiness, not to speak of mental culture and refinement. For all this, the want of suitable books and papers on the farm-house table is to be blamed. The bodily toilers come in thoroughly wearied, and often with a longing for relaxation of some kind; but there is no paper, and no interesting volume that they can turn to, and so they live within themselves, as it were, and in too many cases, sleep away their existence.

But just let the young farmer think for a moment of the forces, the properties, principles, influences, the laws, — developed and undeveloped — with which he must come in contact and understand if he would succeed. So far from being less dependent upon the arts and sciences than those engaged in other occupations, the farmer stands in need of a far wider range of knowledge than is requisite in almost any other business. And farming need not prove the unvarying round and monotonous life it is often said to be; for every operation on the farm is an incentive to inquiry and a stimulant to thought. Men of one idea cannot succeed in farming, and those engaged in it, the young especially, should lose no opportunity of adding to their present stock of ideas by reading, by investigating for themselves, and through intercourse with others. *Ex.*

If farmers were to read more, they would also write more to farm papers. Every one should be ready to exchange ideas with others. This does good all round. There are numbers of farmers who could write good practical articles if they would only do so. Let them try. Our columns are open to all such, and welcome. Oh, if they only would try!

A. R. J. F.

A FAMOUS CHEESE-MAKER.

The little dainty, soft cream cheeses are the chief delight of all French dairy products. Having eaten them in Paris cafés, and admired the array of fromages de Brie, Neuchatel, Gruyère, &c., in the great city market, and secured from the genial director-general of agriculture, Monsieur Tisserand, her name and location, I was off, one bright morning in May, on a trip to visit the gold medalist of soft-cheese makers. We reach Coulommiers after a 55 mile ride from Paris, through a model farming country of market gardens, vineyards, green pastures, and luxuriant grain fields. Rapidly we pass chequered hillsides, pleasant valleys, white sandstone houses with red-tiled roofs, tidy cottages, substantial farmsteads, and well-kept wood-lands.

Madame Decauville, the gold-medalist, widow, little, agile, black-eyed, energetic, proudly and merrily showed us her establishment. Her cows numbered 27 of which 12 were the calm-eyed Swiss, and 15 the deep-milking Normandies. The stable was as neat as anything in Dutchland, the floor white sanded, with clean, bright straw spread for bedding,

curled and braided in the rear in the manner seen in horse palaces. For food these petted bovines are served in winter with good hay, wheat, bran, and beet-root. But the grass of summer makes the best cheese, it being then high-coloured, like butter.

Madame's cheese being the best of its class, of course her method equals the best. Her cheese-rooms are in the basement of the house, stone-walled, cool, and as dry as such places ever are when the earth is the floor and fire is unknown. Fromage Coulommiers, Madame's gold medal production, is her trade brand. This cheese is of the Brie type, Brie being simply the name of the district. In shape the cakes are an inch thick, round, four, six, and twelve inches across. They are made of one-half milk and one-half cream, in this wise, though my plain recital has none of the charms of little Madame's formula, pointed with animation and enthusiasm. The milk is set for 12 hours, then skimmed; 12 hours later the skimmed milk is curdled with rennet; 24 hours after curdling, the curd and cream, in equal parts, are put together in the moulds (not mixed, spoonful by spoonful. The tin mould, topless and bottomless, rests on a straw mat—single straws laid side by side to cover a surface 12 or 16 inches, and held together by a woof of two or three threads. This mat is on a thin board, all resting on an inclined shelf to drain off the whey that escapes. When it has been two days in this mould, it is turned out upon another straw mat, which rests on a mat of osier, and lightly sprinkled with salt. It is turned every day till cured, which takes two weeks in summer and three to four in winter. It never feels the heat of fire. As soon as cured, this cheese of Coulommiers (the name of the town), the delight of epicures, is ready for use and will keep a year. Some prefer the more mature article for its piquancy, just as many think that women improve with age. Madame sends her cheeses to market, each wrapped in paper and in a little wooden box. To keep these soft cheeses, they should be imprisoned separately, under glass dishes, in a moist room, and turned daily; or if for but a few weeks, the papers may be frequently changed and the cheese kept in a cool, moist place. The ordinary cheese of Brie is made of whole milk, *i. e.*, about one-fourth part cream.

Madame Decauville's most toothsome product is cream cheese, also called white cheese, and fromage à la crème. For this the milk is set 12 hours, then skimmed, the skimmed milk curdled, then mixed with fresh cream by stirring in, equal parts, for the best grade. It is quickly moulded in any neat form, and enclosed in white muslin for marketing. Each "cheese" is about the size of a hen's egg, and sells for two to six cents, according to quality. These are very profitable, and would speedily make Madame rich, were it not that these delicacies must be eaten fresh, like strawberries. With an after-dinner coffee, no cheese can surpass this in fineness of flavour.

Madame Decauville is at least the perfecter of her system. She closely superintends the business in every part, from the growing of food-crops, her cows, and the care of the stables to the making and marketing of the finished product. By her skill, energy, and the use of business methods she has won an enviable success, independence, and the respect of the whole dairy world.—E. H. LIBBY, in *Philadelphia Weekly Press*.

Charles A. Green, editor of "Green's Fruit Grower," says "We are always glad to recommend the "ACME" "Pulverizer Harrow, Clod Crusher & Leveler. We use it more than any other tool on the farm, and we use no other "Harrow."

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