

## THE DAIRY.

## A CHAPTER ON BUTTER-MAKING.

I set my milk in shallow crocks (as I prefer them to pans for various reasons) and when the milk is sour I skim the cream into a four-gallon jar which I use for a cream crock. I also save about one quart of strippings from each cow, which I strain in with the cream until I have the crock full or it is ready to churn, which it will be as soon as it becomes sour. Much depends on churning just at the right time. Don't wait until it foment and the whey eats up half the cream. We have only two cows this winter, and I churn two or three times a week; in the summer I churn nearly every day. I use a common churn with a revolving dasher, but have made just as good butter with a common up-and-down dash-churn.

When done churning, rinse down with salt water in the summer, and clear water in winter. Have your bowl and paddle (mine are wooden, and the paddle homemade at that) well scalded; then rinse with cold water; gather your butter, and take it out in your bowl, and wash with strong brine. Here, I suppose, some one will kick, but just let him kick, and go ahead with your butter. Pour the brine off, salt, and set away from ten to twelve hours in the winter, and from twenty to twenty-four hours in the summer, unless you have a winter temperature in your milk-house. Then work every particle of water out. Yes, and do it with a common wooden-paddle, and you will have double-extra, gilt-edged butter, good enough to set before any one who knows what good butter is.

Wash and scald your churn thoroughly as soon as done churning, then let it stand open where the air can circulate through it until you want to use it again. Keep crocks, pans (if you use any) and buckets well scalded and aired, and, if by following the few hints I have given, you don't get something nice, just let me know.

It is a lamentable fact that many farmers' wives don't make butter fit to eat, but they leave their crocks, buckets, and even the churn standing around dirty for the cats and dogs to lick out, until they want to use them; then perhaps wash them with a little cold water, and then expect to get sweet butter out of a dirty, stinking churn. As for creamery butter, I don't know anything about it, but am of the opinion that there are many persons eating creamery butter that never tasted as good butter as is made by many of our farmers' wives.—*Aunt Jennie, in Ohio Farmer.*

## WORKING BUTTER.

The most cultivated taste now demands butter so fresh that the delicate natural flavours are left the most prominent, and the quantity of salt varies from none at all in France, and often in England, to one-quarter of an ounce to the pound, by actual weight (not actual guess), in the American dairies that command the best prices. However safely the butter may have reached this point it is not out of danger. A rough, hasty hand may yet ruin it all, especially if a butter-worker is used that is gifted with the power of rapid compression. Buttermilk worked out is an improvement, but buttermilk worked in is destruction. If a groove is pressed with a lever-worker in a mass of butter it will soon fill with beads of milk and moisture; if this is allowed time to drain away, or is removed with a sponge covered with linen wet with brine, it is gone once for all, but, if a second movement of the lever reincloses it, it is pressed into the butter, and loss of dry grain results.

This is a common evil with labour-saving work-

ers that fail to give the moisture any chance to get away; as they roll and re-roll the butter until it is so soft that it gives oleomargarine a good start on the road to market. Perhaps at the end of this chapter it may be said that all this is lots of trouble; so it is; but if neatness, care and intelligence can double the value of all the dairy product and the labour of the farm, while elevating the business, is it not a reward for lots of trouble, if it be such to conduct a dairy with dainty hands?—*Breeder's Gazette.*

## PROMOTING MILK.

The following from the London *Live Stock Journal* is a good statement of some practical points, suggesting the extent to which milking qualities are dependent on treating and training:

A copious flow of milk, sustained through many months, is a quality which has been produced by art in domestication. Wild cattle will rarely provide more than enough milk to rear their offspring, and the flow of it is of comparatively short duration. Small in volume, the milk is rich in quality, but the lacteal organs soon dry off again. This, of course, is in harmony with the requirements of the young animals in a wild state, and is a correlation of the roving life and hap hazard feeding of the dams. More milk than the calf requires under such conditions would be a waste of material energy which nature does not encourage. It would moreover be an encumbrance to the mother. Wild cattle are neither good milkers nor good fatteners, and in parts of England where calves are allowed to run with their domesticated dams generation after generation, the breed of such animals is not famous for milk-giving. Like that of the mare and ewe, the milk is smaller in quantity, rich in quality and short of duration. The desultory and irregular sucking of a calf, or foal, or lamb is not conducive to the development of a large flow of milk. Hand milking of similar character has the same effect. Young people are allowed to learn on cows which are going dry for calving, not those which are still in full flow. New beginners soon dry up a cow's milk, and bad milkers do the same.

Heavy milking properties, then, are artificial in the sense that they have been developed under some domestication and by careful breeding for a given end; yet, like many other qualities, which are mere germs in nature, they become hereditary by long usage.

In the Southern States the dairy business is growing rapidly.

An experienced dairyman says: "In the case of an unusually large and well-developed heifer there is no objection to having her first calf before she is two years old, but when undersized or at all weakly, it is safer to let her reach the age of two and a half or three years. If thrifty heifers come in at an early age and are properly attended to, they usually make better milkers than when they come in late."

A WRITER in an American contemporary pays this tribute to the farmers' wives: "We take the ground that, other things being equal, the farmer's wife can make the best butter that can be made. Give her the improved method of setting milk, the improved churns, give her the knowledge the creamery man has, and with her twenty to fifty or a hundred cows, with the milk direct from the cows to the setting cans, and the cream direct from the cream cans to the churn, without it being carted about for hours in a summer sun and mixed with all sorts of other cream, and good sense dictates that such a woman, with her private dairy all under her own eye and immediate control, can beat the best creamery men."

## CREAM.

RELIC of Burns—Blisters.

FAST colours—The jockey's.

THE favourite air—The millionaire.

THE joint control—That of the cook.

A BOARD full of nails is the worst we ever saw.

PILL-MAKERS are among the most expert boxers.

AN epicurean—Surely one who goes in for epics.

A CHASM that often separates friends—Sarcasm.

RUDE remarks—Remarks that get you into trouble.

How to get out of a scrape—Let your beard grow.

To get up a dinner of great variety cooks should be allowed a wide range.

THE mosquito as a public singer draws well, but never gives satisfaction.

DID Richard III. exclaim "Give me another horse," because he was tired of the nightmare he had been riding?

"MAN, Jock, ye're an awfu' slow eater," said a farmer to his new herd-boy. "Maybe, maister," replied he, "but I'm an unco sure ane."

GEORGE WASHINGTON never allowed his temper to become ruffled; but he was very particular about having his shirt bosom frilled.

"AFTER all," said Mrs. Ramsbotham, "there's nothing like Sir Walter Scott for novels. I think his 'Tallyman' one of the best romances I ever read."

"I WISH to state," writes a provident minister, "that I have procured an alarm clock that will wake up the congregation as soon as the service is over."

A MODERN novel has this thrilling passage: "With one hand he held her beautiful golden head above the chilling wave, and with the other called loudly for assistance."

MEDICAL professor to a raw student: "Where is the glottis?" "I don't know, sir; I think you put it on the shelf in the dissecting room with the rest of your surgical instruments."

HERE is probably the hottest courtship on record. A miner in California fell in love with a girl at first sight. She was equally smitten with him, and the entire courtship was, "My pet," "You bet."

AN Irish gentleman, who had been spending the evening with a few friends, looked at his watch just after midnight, and said, "It is tomorrow morning; I must bid you good-night, gentlemen."

JOHN, a Scotchman, meeting James, was asked if he knew a certain Peter. "Ken Peter?" said he. "Hoots, man! fine dae I ken him. Him and me's sleepit thegither in the same kirk for the last twenty years."

RECTOR's wife (severely)—"Tommy Robinson, how is it you don't take off your hat when you meet me?" Tommy—"Well, marm, if I take off my hat to you, what be I to do when I meet the parson himself?"

AN illiterate millionaire visited the Continent. A travelled friend asked him what he had seen, mentioning all the noted sights. Among other places he enquired if he had seen the Dardanelles. "Oh yes," answered Old Money-bags, "they dined with us the last night we were in Paris."

HIGH art is indispensable. Lady—"But, Professor, how came you to offend Mrs. Smith?" Professor—"Ah, I will tell you. Madame Smit the come to me and she say I want my daughter so sing so high as Mees Brown, and she fly in one rage and say as dere is noising low in her family when I say Mees Smit sho haf a low voice."