

operations, is carried out on an old-fashioned and patriarchal plan. To make butter a small sheepskin is filled with milk and tied in a ring on the wall. The woman then sits flat on the floor and rocks it to and fro till little balls of butter begin to form within. These grow larger and larger and accumulate at the bottom, and are brought out as one big lump. The remaining milk is then boiled on the fire with bits of meat. The male members of the family then come together; a large dish of cooked rice is placed before them, and the boiled milk then poured over. Then, making balls of the mixture with their hands, each member quickly swallows his share and rises to wash.—N. Y. Produce Review.

#### Some Facts About Milk

Milk is composed of water, fat, casein, milk sugar, albumen and ash. From the fat, better known as butter fat, butter is made; from the fat in combination with milk casein, cheese is made. Fat and casein constitute the solids.

Do not keep pickles, vinegar, molasses or in fact anything at all but milk in the milk bottle.

Flies must be kept out of the milk. They convey dirt to it, and as we have repeatedly said, any dirt in the milk causes the bacteria to grow and makes the milk sour.

The main point in the care and preservation of milk and cream, is to keep them as fresh as possible and prevent their souring. The two great factors in accomplishing these ends are cleanliness at a low temperature.

The colder the cream is kept by the housekeeper the thicker and richer it will be at the time of use.

Passing milk through the separator will remove all solid filth, but will not remove liquid filth. If absolute cleanliness is practised in the production of milk, there is no necessity for passing it through a separator.

All cans in which milk is delivered should be cleaned immediately after they are emptied.

The average consumption of milk per capita is less in this country than in almost any other. When the food value of milk is considered, it is strange that its consumption is not very much greater.

A new churn imparts a woody flavor to the butter in the first churning, unless it is properly prepared.

A new churn should be soaked for twenty-four hours with cold water, changing it often. Then put in hot water and unleached wood ashes, and churn for half an hour. Then rinse with hot water. Soak with sour buttermilk, rinse with cold water, half fill with hot water, turn churn for several minutes and then rinse with cold water. Vent churn repeatedly.

Feeding cows with cotton seed meal, not to exceed two pounds a day, will cause the butter to be firmer and it will stand shipment better.

The cream from cows fed linseed oil meal will produce a butter which is softer than when cotton-seed meal is fed.

## Some Irish and Other Wit

It is said that an Irishman has never been known to commit suicide. His sturdy, strong nature and his ready fund of wit and humor must be proof against it. Here are some Irish jokes and stories that are worth reading:

O'Lafferty—"Huligan be sufferin' with a horrible toothache."

O'Leary—"Phyw don't he hiv it pooded?"

O'Lafferty—"Huligan sez that of the tooth kin stand it, so kin he, begob."

There was some excitement among the crowd. McDoogan had been hit by somebody. One of those little spunky chaps bristled in and yelled: "Where is the man that hit McDoogan?" "I did," said a big, strapping six-footer. The little spunky chap felt different. He said more gently: "Well, all I wanted to say was you gave him a devil of a good smack."

An Irishman but a short time in this country and unaccustomed to the names of the various articles put forth by the average restaurant, ordered "Hash." When it was brought in he carefully surveyed it and said to the waiter: "Here, take this and let the fellow who chewed it, eat it. I won't."

Pat and Mike were commenting on the modern precaution against microbes and unsanitary conditions generally, and the attention given nowadays to hygienic living.

"Ah, I don't believe in all this fuss and bother about yer hilt," said Pat. "Sure, our ancestors didn't have no board of hilt, and they got along just as well."

Mike thought for a moment. "Oi don't know about that, Pat," he said at last, shaking his head dubiously; "mebbe it wasn't hilt, for, ye see, they all died!"

"An' did yez br-ek th' news iv Ca-asey's death to th' widdy, Terrence?"

"I did, an' I did ut gently. I said, 'Good mornin', Mrs. Ca-asey; it's good luck ye're aft'er havin' to-day,' sez I."

"An' phwat's the good luck?" sez she.

"'Ye come into a tidy sum iv money,' sez I."

"'Th' saints be praised!' sez she. 'On' where's th' money comin' from, Terrence?"

"'From yer husband's life insurance,' sez I. 'Sure he was kilt be th' blast this mornin'!" — Cleveland Leader.

"Bridget, didn't I hear you quarrelling with the milkman this morning?"

"Sure not. His hiur'd gyurl's sick, an' I was inquirin' after her. But she's an onpolite divil."

"How's that?"

"Says I, 'How's your milkmaid?' An' he looked mad, an' says, 'That's a thrade secret!' — Cleveland Leader.

An old woman who persisted in bowing during church service whenever the name of Satan was mentioned, was reprimanded by the minister for so unseemly a habit. The reproof had, however, no effect, and the minister asked her finally, in exasperation, why she thought it necessary to bow.

"Well," she replied, "civilty costs nothing, and you never know what will happen."—Harper's Weekly.

District Visitor—"I've just had a letter from my son Reggie saying he has won a scholarship. I can't tell you how delighted I am. I—" Rustic Party—"I can understand yer feelings, mun. I felt just the same when our pig won a medal at the agricultural show!"—Punch.

#### He Said No More

A braggadocio of a visitor from another province or country is always uncalled for and is properly resented by the natives, who in nine cases out of ten, not knowing the visitor's own country are unable to reply effectively. Sometimes, however, the critic gets taken down. An American crank was riding over a short new line in Ontario and while openly proclaiming his nationality was superciliously denouncing the line he rode over and the Canadian transportation in general.

Turning to his fellow passenger he asked: "Is this a sample of Ontario's railroads?"

"No," was the quiet reply, while the man's eye twinkled as though he had anticipated the question. "We have several first-class roads in Canada but this is the only one controlled by American capital."

#### A Lesson in Punctuation

A Philadelphia schoolgirl said to her father the other night:

"Daddy, I've got a sentence I'd like to have you punctuate. You know something about punctuation, don't you?"

"Yes, a little," said the cautious parent, as he took the slip of paper she handed him.

"This is what he read:

"A \$5 bill flew around the corner" He studied it carefully, and finally said:

"Well, I'd simply put a period after it, like this."

"I wouldn't," said the High School girl. "I'd make a dash after it!"—Public Ledger.

#### A Good Salesman

"Let me see some of your black kid gloves," said a lady to a shopman.

"These are not the latest style, are they?" she asked, when the gloves were produced.

"Yes, madam," replied the shopman; "we have had them in stock only two days."

"I didn't think they were, because the fashion paper says black kids have tan stitches, and vice versa. I see the tan stitches, but not the vice versa."

The shopman explained that vice versa was French for seven buttons, so she bought three pairs.—London Tit-Bits.

#### Needed the Money

One morning an old negro who had been working for a cotton planter time out of mind came to his employer and said:

"Ise gwinter quit, boss."

"What's the matter, Mose?"

"Well, sah, yer manager, Mister Wintter, he klicked me in de last free mums."

"I ordered him not to klick you any more. I don't want anything like that around my place. I don't like any one to hurt your feelings, Mose."

"Ef I don't git any more kicks I'se goin' to quit. Ebery time Mistah Wintters used ter klick and cuff me when he was mad he always git 'shamed of hisself and gimme a quarter. I've done los' enuff money I've ar'd widdy dis heah foolishness 'bout hurtin' ma feelin's."