

the milk and gather quickly, without being too soft, and that I have fixed in my own mind, by my own experience, at sixty-five degrees. In the summer season, when the atmosphere is warmer than the cream, I want it to be at sixty-three degrees at the commencement of churning, and if the cream is in good condition it will bring butter in about twenty minutes. Cream that is warmer than sixty-five degrees will make butter too soft; and any temperature that is below sixty-three until it comes to sixty, will increase the time of churning about five minutes for each degree; and when it is below sixty, it will lengthen the time of churning about ten minutes for every degree until fifty-five, when I hardly believe it will come at all.

As for using my finger to determine the warmth, I would as leave depend on using my finger to tell when the atmosphere was below zero.

Low vs. High Roosts.—Hens always seek to place themselves upon the highest roosts—as a writer in the *N. E. Farmer* says, "It is the height of their ambition." Heavy hens, he says, often injure themselves in coming down—as they generally fly the whole distance at once, hitting hard upon the floor. By changing the height of the roosts from seven to four feet, his hens have become healthy, lay no more soft-shelled eggs, and come down readily and without injury.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A SMART FOX—OR A TOUGH STORY.—In a recent lecture upon the subject of his experience in Arctic life, Dr. Rea said: "On the journey I saw a very curious instance of the sagacity of the Arctic fox. Conscious that I was aiming at him, he tucked his tail under his legs, cocked up his ears, and endeavored to make himself look as much as possible like a hare, (which is an animal comparatively worthless.) Another fact of the kind occurred to me. Whilst being detained at a particular place, our favorite amusement was trapping wild animals. Our mode of doing this was by a spring gun connected with the bait, which, when touched produced the explosion. One instance shewed us that a fox, either from observation of a companion's fate, or from hard-earned experience, had gone up to the gun, bit off the cord connected with the bait, and, the danger being averted, went and ate the meat in undisturbed comfort. And it is a common occurrence for the fox to make a trench up to the bait, seize it, and calmly permit the charge to pass harmless over his head."

LARGE FAMILIES.—To the instances of unusually large numbers of children by one mother may be added that of a lady Elphinstone, who is said, by tradition, to have had not less than 36 children, of whom 27 were living at one time. There is a story told of this lady and her husband, Lord Elphinstone, which seems to corroborate the tradition: it is that they once asked a new and somewhat bashful acquaintance to visit them, telling him that he