

'bumpety-bump,' and so they must go, until you dress your legs and feet in such a way that they shall get their share of blood. In the coldest season of the year, I leave Boston for a bit of a tour before the Iycums—going as far as Philadelphia, and riding much in the night without an overcoat; but I give my legs two or three times their usual dress. During the coldest weather, men may wear in addition to their usual drawers, a pair of chamois skin drawers with great advantage. When we ride in a sleigh, or in the cars, where do we suffer? In our legs, of course. Give me warm legs and feet, and I'll hardly thank you for an overcoat.

"My dear madam, have you a headache, a sore throat, palpitation of the heart, congestion of the liver, or indigestion? Wear one, two or three pairs of warm woollen drawers, two pairs of warm woollen stockings, and thick warm shoes, with more or less reduction in the amount of dress about your body, and you will obtain the same relief permanently that you derive temporarily from a warm foot-bath."

I must not forget to say that a thin layer of India-rubber cemented upon the boot sole will do much to keep the bottom of our feet dry and warm. Dr. Dio Lewis, in the *Independent*.

ONION PICKLE.—In November, take well dried onions, of a good shape, small and round, peel them and throw them into salt and water. Let them remain there a few days; drain them, put them in a jar and pour over them spiced vinegar.

TO WARM POTATOES.—Potatoes are nicely done in the following way: Par-boil as many potatoes as are needed; let them lie till the next morning, then cut them in small squares; add to them cream or milk, enough to make them more than moist, with a little butter, and pepper and salt. Place on the fire, cover them, and stir gently at times.

INDIAN LOAF-CAKE.—One pint of Indian-meal; 1 do. of flour; 1 do. sour milk; half teacup molasses; half cup shortening; a tablespoonful soda; a little salt. Put in a two-quart basin, set in a steamer over a kettle of boiling water; let it steam an hour, take out, place in the oven, bake half or three-quarters of an hour, eat hot.

DIABETES.—The cure of this disease is now effected in a very simple manner. It is this: Taking of fresh bran or yeast three or four times a day, at the same time meeting the waste produced by the disease on the system by the free use of Dublin porter, and all the solid nourishing food the patient can take. Cardinal Wiseman has been cured of an attack by this method.

TO TAKE LEAF IMPRESSIONS.—Hold oiled paper in the smoke of a lamp, or of pitch, until it becomes coated with the smoke; to this paper apply the leaf of which you wish an impression, having previously warmed it between your hands, that it may be pliable; place the lower surface of the leaf upon the blackened surface of the oiled paper, that the numerous veins that are so prominent on this side may receive from the paper a portion of the smoke; lay a paper over the leaf, and then press it gently upon the smoked paper, with the fingers or a small roller, (covered with woollen cloth, or some like soft material,) so that every part of the leaf may come in contact with the sooted oil paper. A coating of the smoke will adhere to the leaf. Then remove the leaf carefully, and place the blackened surface on a piece of white paper, not ruled; or in a book prepared for the purpose, covering the leaf with a clean slip of paper, and pressing upon it with the fingers or roller as before. Thus may be obtained the impression of a leaf, showing the perfect outlines, together with an accurate exhibition of the veins, which extend in every direction through it, more correctly than the finest drawing. And this process is so simple that any person, with a little practice to enable him to apply the right quantity of smoke to the oil paper and give the leaf the proper pressure, can prepare beautiful leaf impressions, such as a naturalist would be proud to possess. Specimens thus prepared can be neatly preserved in book form, interleaving the impressions with tissue paper.—*Art Recreations*.

RUSTIC HANGING BASKET.—Hanging baskets, whether in the greenhouse or the window, if nicely filled with living plants, are always admired. They are also quite fashionable, and why should not that have something to do with the matter as well as with fine clothes? The potters make pots to hang up, out of clay, the same as ordinary flower pots. These, with plants gracefully depending from their sides, are very pretty. Some use large sea shells, others the half of a coconut shell, while the more costly are

many kinds of terra cotta ware and endless patterns of rustic work. These last are what we started to speak of. We have seen some very elaborate styles of rustic baskets, imported from New York, mostly made of knotty and gnarly pieces of roots and bark of trees on a wooden frame work, most likely turned for the purpose. Now these, when nicely done, and varnished, are exceedingly pretty; so too are those made from the cones of pine and fir trees. These usually cannot be so readily varnished. There is yet another material plentiful in the west, and nothing is better or looks nicer; these are acorns. Acorn baskets, either with or without the cups, if equal sized acorns are selected and nicely put on (which any handy man can do) and then coated with two coats of the best coach varnish, are very much admired.

To obtain one without much trouble, get a small sized wooden bowl of the grocer, some brads, and acorns. These are all the materials required. For suspension cords, take copper wire, and run through the acorns to cover it. To be just right, the bowls require to be deeper than ordinary butter or wooden bowls, hence it is best to have them turned, where it is convenient to do so.—I. S., in *Prairie Farmer*.

Miscellaneous.

Nathan and the Chemist.

A SHREWD chemist, devoting himself to the missionary work of building up farming by the aid of his science, pays a parochial visit to one of the backsliders whom he counts most needful of reformation. The backslider, —I will call him Nathan,—is breaking up a field, and is applying the manure in an unfermented and unctious state;—the very act of sinning, according to the particular theory of our chemist, perhaps, who urges that manures should be applied only after thorough fermentation.

He approaches our ploughing farmer with a "Good morning."

"Morning," returns Nathan (who never wastes words in compliment.)

"I see you use your manure unfermented."

"Waal, I d'n'know—guess it's all right; smells pooty good, doan't it?"

"Yes, but don't you lose something in the smell?"

"Waal, d'n'know;—kinder hard to bottle much of a smell, ain't it?"

"But why don't you compost it; pack up your long manure with turf and muck, so that they will absorb the ammonia?"

"The what?—(Gee, Bright!)"

"Ammonia; precisely what makes the guano act so quickly."

"Ammony, is it? Waal,—guanner has a pooty good smell tew; my opinion is, that manure ought to have a pooty strong smell, or 'tain't good for nuthin'."

Scientific gentleman a little on the hip; but receives under the pungency of the manure.

"But if you were to incorporate your long manure with turf and other material, you would make the turf good manure, and put all in a better state for plant food."

"Waal—(considering)—I've made compo's afore now; dooz pooty well for garden sass and sich like, but it seems to me kinder like puttin' water to half a glass o' sperit; it'll make a drink a plaguey sight stronger'n water, no doubt o' that; but after all's said and dun,—'tain't so strong as the rum. (Haw, Buck; why don't ye haw!)"

Scientific gentleman wipes his spectacles, but follows after the plough.

"Do you think, neighbour, you're ploughing this sod as deeply as it should be?"

"Waal—(Gee, Bright!) it's as folks think, I doan't like myself to turn up much o' the yaller, it's a kind o' cold sile."

"Yes, but if you exposed it to the air and light wouldn't it change character, and so add to the depth of your land?"

"Doan't know but it might; but I ha'n't much opinion o' yaller dirt, nohow; I kinder like to put my corn and potatoes into a good black sile, if I can get it."

"But colour is a mere accidental circumstance, and has no relation to the quality of the soil."

"(Gee, Bright! gee!)"

"There are a great many mineral elements of food lying below, which plants seek after; don't you find your clover roots running down into the yellow soil?"

"Waal, clover's a kind of a tap-rooted thine"

nateral for it to run down; but if it runs down after the yaller, what's the use o' bringin' on it up?"

The scientific gentleman sees his chance for a dig.

"But if you can make the progress of the roots easier by loo-ening the sub-soil, or incorporating a portion of it with the upper soil, you increase the facilities for growth and enlarge your crops."

"Waal, that's kinder rash'nal; and ef I could find a man that would undertake to do a little of the stirrin' of the yaller, without bringin' much on't up, and hord himself, I'd furnish half the team and let him go ahead."

"But wouldn't the increased product pay for all the additional labour?"

"Doan't b'lieve it would, nohow, between you and I. You see, you gentlemen with your pockets full o' money (scientific gentleman coughs—slightly), talk about diggin' here and diggin' there, and turnin' up the yaller, and making compo's, but all that takes a thunderin' sight o' work. (Gee, Bright! g'lang, Buck!)"

The scientific gentleman wipes his spectacles, and tries a new entering wedge.

"How do you feed your cattle, neighbour?"

"Waal, good English hay; now and then a bite o' oats, 'cordin' as the work is."

"But do you make no beeves?"

"Heh?"

"Do you fatten no cattle?"

"Yaas, long in the fall o' year I put up four or five head, about the time turnips are comin' in."

"And have you ever paid any attention to their food with reference to its fat-producing qualities, or its albuminoids?"

"(Gee, Bright!)—bumy—what?"

"Albuminoids—name given to flesh producers, in distinction from oily food."

"Oh,—never used 'em. Much of a feed? (G'lang, Buck!)"

"They are constituent parts of a good many varieties of food; but they go only to make musculo; it isn't desirable you know to lay on too much fatty matter."

"Heh?—keep off the fat do they? (Gee, Bright!)"

Pooty poor feed, then, in my opinion."

By this time the end of the trow is reached, and the scientific gentleman walks pensively towards the fence, while Nathan's dog that has been sleeping under a tree, wakes up, and sniffs sharply at the bottom of the stranger's pantaloons.

I have written thus much, in this vein, to show the defensible position of many of the old style farmers, crusted over with their prejudices—many of them well based, it must be admitted—and armed with an inextinguishable shrewdness. The only way to prick through the rind is to show them a big crop grown at small cost, and an orderly and profitable method, gradually out ranking their slatternly husbandry.—*My Farm of Edgwood*.

Tobacco Culture.

We have received from a friend and subscriber in Cornville, a letter, in which, after complimentary remarks in regard to us personally, he expresses his grief on account of the directions given in the *Farmer* on tobacco raising, and wishes us to publish the following. We are willing that every man should have his "say," for or against tobacco, in public or in private. This we do, not because we are friendly to the weed. We were born and brought up where it was used. Were taught, when a boy, how to raise it on a small scale, and how to "cure it," as it is called; and yet we never have used it in any way, shape or manner, except for killing lice on cattle or ticks on sheep, which we think the very best use that can be made of it. We think the use of it is a physical evil, and yet there are wiser and better men than we are, who think differently, and have as good right to enjoy their opinions as we have:

The California *Farmer* asks: "Why not plant tobacco, which pays better than any other crop?" To this Dr. Trall replies with his accustomed force, to all of which we respond, amen!

"Why not plant tobacco?" If the devil ever half kills himself laughing, it must be over such newspaper editors that say tobacco pays better than any other crop! Could his satanic majesty himself address a more devilish motive to selfish and erring humanity? "If our farmers would only raise tobacco enough, there would be no croaking about hard times." Did ever fiend or demon present a meaner motive to frail humanity? And yet the *Farmer* may not seriously intend any wrong. It may be thoughtless, heedless, stupid, on this particular subject, while it is intelligent on most others. But we cannot acquit ourselves to our conscience and our God, without entering our protest against such infernal teachings. Every editor of an agricultural journal in the United States knows full well that tobacco using is rapidly