

CLEANING THE OUTBUILDINGS.

Women "clean house;" why should not men clean the barn and other outbuildings? Why not apply the broom once or twice per annum to sweep down the dust and cobwebs from the joists, the ceiling and the sides of the buildings? When the windows of a barn, and especially of the stables, are literally covered with dust, chaff and cobwebs, why not remove the sashes and give the frames, sashes and glass a thorough cleansing with soap and water, so that the daylight and sunshine may not be intercepted? It is a common practice, even among professedly neat and thorough-going farmers, to neglect this cleansing of windows and ceilings, not even applying a broom once a year. We frequently go into outbuildings the windows of which are so completely covered with cobwebs and dust that one cannot see through the glass. Why not prepare a pailful of warm soap-suds and brush up and scour up annually at least? Why not also prepare a tubful of good whitewash, after having cleaned the stables with a broom and sponge, and give the joists, the floor-beams and sides of the stable a generous and thorough whitewashing? No time, eh? Nay, the friend at my elbow suggests, "No inclination to clean barn?" I happen to know how most farmers fritter away hours, days, and even weeks of time, of which they can give no satisfactory account. If a little forethought were exercised, and the idle hours were improved by way of sweeping and whitewashing barns and other outbuildings, the interior might be kept as neat and clean as a beehive without incurring any cash expense, except for the brooms and the lime. Now, then, the next stormy day, when there seems to be no manual employment, call out all the forces for an hour or two, and give the outbuildings such a sweeping, scrubbing and scouring as the apartments and windows of the house get when the women clean house.—

Since Time is not a person we can overtake when he is past, let us honor him with mirth and cheerfulness of heart while he is passing.

A wise man living in a country in a state of revolution should imitate the traveller who, in passing through a forest infested with robbers, makes as little noise as possible.

Life is a train of moods like a string of beads, and as we pass through them they prove to be many-colored lenses which paint the world their own hue, and each shows only what lies in its own forces.

The beginning of hardship is like the first taste of bitter food—it seems for a moment unbearable; yet if there is nothing else to satisfy our hunger, we take another bite and find it possible to go on.

"I KNOW WHAT those men are doing with the telegraph wires," said young knickerbockers, as he gazed upward with his hands in his pockets. "Well, my boy, what are they doing with them?" "Shaking the talk out of 'em."

PHYSICIAN TO GOVERNMENT CLERK: Well, what do you complain of?" G. C. "Sleeplessness, doctor." Physician: "At what time do you go to bed?" G. C. "Oh, I don't mean at night, but during office hours."

A VISITOR enters a French newspaper office, and is greeted politely by the office boy—"If Monsieur comes to fight a duel he will have to be kind enough to call again. All our editors are already engaged for to-day.

OCTOBER.—Good advice in this Almanac is cheap, perhaps therefore it may not be well received, and may be even resented. Nevertheless we give it, and this month it is about weeds—yes, weeds. This very month, a year ago, we passed along or through half a dozen farms, and in not one instance did we notice that any sort of care had been taken to remove some or all of the worst kind of weeds before maturity. There they are—their seeds dead ripe, ready to be scattered by the winds, preparing for a hundred fold crop another year. Out down and burn all the weeds about the fences, fields and barns. Persevere in this work of weed destruction for a few years, and we predict for you, all other things being equal, that you will get first prizes for many things—why not for having the cleanest farm?