

The French method for preserving grapes the year round is by picking the bunches just before they are thoroughly ripe, and dipping them in lime-water having the consistency of thin cream. The lime coating keeps out the air and checks any tendency to decay. When grapes thus prepared are wanted for the table they are placed for a moment in hot water, and the lime will be removed.—*Farmer (Scottish)*.

GRAFTING GRAPE VINES.—Cut your grafts in the fall, put them in a cellar or any place they will keep fresh until wanted. If one has a grape house, the eyes of the vines begin to swell in the first week in April; by the last of May or the first week in June the vines will be in full leaf; then is the time to engraft, as they will not bleed. Then head down the vines you want to engraft, and perform the operation the same as on the apple or pear. This is the whole secret.—*Correspondent Gardener's Monthly*.

A NEW GRAPE.—*Hovey's Magazine* says that at the late Exhibition of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, clusters of a new seedling white grape were exhibited, which originated in Hartford, Ct., eight years ago; a handsome sprightly grape, having the good qualities of the Hartford Prolific, including its earliness, and hardly distinguishable from the Rebecca when in its best condition. If this character is maintained we shall certainly hear from this grape again; but if not it will easily fall back into its natural position in the niche of oblivion.

LEMON FRUIT TREES.—F. K. Phoenix, Bloomington, Ill., writes to *The Horticulturist* as follows:—"A neighbour amateur has this year grown about a bushel of most delicious Imperial Gage Plums on one tree, passed to him some three years since by a brother, who said, 'No use for him to try to grow plums!' After it was planted out one year the family wood-pile was corded up under and about it, and after the fruit had set, and so long as any fears of curculio were entertained, a plentiful supply of air-slacked lime dust was scattered over the top every week, or twice a week. Last year it had a peck, and this year a bushel or so, and here you have the whole story."

The writer says he is a profound believer in the efficacy of a similar course of treatment, so far as dusting with lime, &c., not merely for curculio, but for the whole herd of insects, mildew, and fungi generally.

PLANT EVERGREENS.—A young planter was once ridiculed by his neighbours for setting out what they chose to call a "Cedar Swamp" around his residence. They changed their sentiments a few years afterwards when they discovered that nearly one-half of the fuel, otherwise required, was saved by the shelter from bleak winds which these evergreens afforded in winter, and that they were something more than "only good to look at." Country residents may do much towards comfort and economy by planting strong growing evergreens on the windward side of their houses. Another important use is the shelter which may be given to cattle yards; and still another is to furnish a supply of evergreen boughs for the various purposes of protection, to be used early in winter. Every farm should have a small plantation for this purpose, of which the limbs may be cut at regular intervals. These boughs are not only useful for covering ornamental shrubs and plants, but strawberry beds and prostrated grape-vines and raspberries. They also make an excellent covering for cabbages, placed in heaps and with about six or eight inches of the boughs laid compactly over them, with the tops downward so as to throw off the water. This will prevent the rotting so often caused by burying cabbages in the common way.—*Country Gentleman*.

AN ELEPHANT SMELLING A BOUQUET.—The elephant is known to be endowed with an exquisite sense of smell. The interior of its trunk is lined with an immense olfactory nerve, by which the animal is able to detect the faintest odors at a great distance. An English exchange contains the following illustration of the huge animal's fondness for sweet smells, and we may add its considerate politeness: "The large elephant at the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, was as usual occupied on Wednesday in taking up with that appendage the pieces of bread and cakes offered to him by the public, when all of a sudden he drew in his trunk, and continued to follow along the railings of his enclosure, with evident pleasure, a lady who was carrying in her hand a bouquet of orange flowers. That person, having remarked the movements of the elephant, held the bouquet within its reach, and the animal immediately seized the flowers, and having inspired with great avidity the perfume for a few moments, again put forth its trunk, and restored the bouquet to the lady. To the elephant the orange flower is the most delicious of all odors, and travelers state that in Japan these animals may be frequently seen to bury their trunks in the foliage of those trees to enjoy the perfume."

The Household.

Dishes From the Remains of Pork.

The following directions, from an admirable work by Alexis Soyer, will no doubt be acceptable in the farmer's household during the pig-killing season, and may help the good wife to furnish a palatable dish from scraps of pork that would otherwise come to table in less inviting form, and give a little variety in the usual round of winter diet.—Put two spoonfuls of chopped onions into a stewpan, with a wine glass of vinegar, two cloves and a blade of mace; reduce to half, take out the spice, add half a pint of broth or water, cut some pork previously cooked into thin small slices, season well upon a dish with pepper and salt, shake a good teaspoonful of flour over, mix all together, and put into the stewpan; let simmer gently ten minutes, pour out upon your dish, and serve with slices of gherkins in it; a little mustard may be added, if approved of.

The remains of salt pork, though very palatable cold, if required hot may be cut into large thin slices, and placed in a buttered frying-pan, with a little broth, or merely fried in the butter, and served with a purée of winter peas, made by boiling half a pint of peas until tender (tied up in a cloth); when done, put them into a stewpan with two ounces of butter; season with pepper and salt, add a gill of milk or cream, pour into the dish and lay the pork over.

It may also be cut in thin slices and put into a soup plate, and pour some catsup or Harvey's sauce over it, and let it remain for half an hour; butter the inside of a pudding basin, and lay some of the remains of peas pudding round it, then place in the pork, cover it with some of the pudding, put it in a saucepan with a little water to get hot, for about half an hour, and then turn it out and serve. Should you not have quite pork enough, you may make it up with a little sausage meat, or any other kind of meat.

Miss Jumpidge says that cream may be frozen by simply putting it into a glass vessel, and then putting the whole in an old bachelor's bosom.

SEASONING FOR SAUSAGES.—The following will be found palatable and good.

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| 5 | Tablespoonfuls of | sifted sage. |
| 3 | " " | salt. |
| 2 | " " | black pepper; |

This will season ten pounds of chopped meat.

POTATOE PIE.—Cut up your meat and potatoe into slices, season with pepper and salt, fill the dish and pour water in fat-gravy. For the paste, a pound of lard or suet to two of flour, rub them together, mix into a paste with water, stirring with a fork; roll the paste half an inch thick, bake it moderately quickly for an hour and a half.

THE VIRTUES OF BORAX.—The excellent washer-women of Holland and Belgium, who "get up" their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as a washing powder, instead of soda, in the proportion of one large handful of powder to about ten gallons of boiling water. They save in soap nearly one-half. All the large washing establishments adopt the same mode. For laces, cambrics, &c., an extra quantity of the powder is used; for crinolines, requiring to be made stiff, a strong solution is necessary. Borax being a neutral salt, does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen. Its effect is to soften the hardest water, and, therefore, it should be kept on every toilet table. To the taste it is rather sweet; it is used for cleaning the hair, is an excellent dentrifice, and in hot countries it is used, in combination with tartaric acid and bi-carbonate of soda, as a cooling beverage. Good tea cannot be made with hard water. All water may be made soft by adding a teaspoonful of borax powder to an ordinary-sized kettle of water, in which it should boil. The saving in the quantity of tea used will be at least one-fifth. *Druggists' Circular*.

Miscellaneous.

An Anti-Book Farmer.

The following sharp thrusts and plain truths are from Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's "Plain Talks to Farmers":

"He plows three inches deep, lest he should turn up the poison that, in his estimation, lies below; his wheat land is ploughed so as to keep as much water on it as possible; he sows two bushels to the acre, and reaps ten, so that it takes a fifth of his crop to seed his ground; his corn land never has any help from him, but bears just what it pleases, which is from thirty to thirty-five bushels per acre by measurement, though he brags that it is fifty or sixty. His hogs, if not remarkable for fattening qualities, would beat old Eclipse at a quarter-race; and were the man not prejudiced against deep plowing, his hogs would work his ground with their big snouts better than he does with his jack-knife plow. His meadow lands yield him from three-quarters of a ton to a whole ton of hay, which is regularly spoiled in curing, regularly left out for a month, and very irregularly stacked up, and left for the cattle to pull out at their pleasure, and half eat and half trample under foot. His horses would excite the avarice of an anatomist in search of osteological specimens; and returning from their pasture, they are walking herbariums, bearing specimens in their mane and tail of every weed that bears a burr or cockle. But, O, the cows! If held up on a bright day to the sun, don't you think they would be semi-transparent? But he tells us that good milkers are always poor! His cows get what Providence sends them, and very little beside; except in winter—then they have half a peck of corn on ears thrown to them, and they afford lively specimens of animated corn and cob crushers—but never mind, they yield on an average, three quarts of milk a day! and that yields varieties of butter quite astonishing.

His farm never grows any better; in many respects it gets annually worse. After ten year's work on a good soil, while his neighbours have grown rich, he is just where he started, only his house is dirtier, his fences more tottering, his soil poorer, his pride and ignorance greater.

Unquestionably, there are two sides to this question, and both of them extreme, and therefore both of them deficient in science and in common sense. If men were made according to our notions, there should not be a silly one alive, but it is otherwise ordered, and there is no department of human life in which we do not find the weak and foolish men. This is true of farming as of any other calling.

WHAT AN AXE DID.—The other day I was holding a man by the hand—a hand as firm in its outer texture as leather, and his sunburnt face was as inflexible as parchment; he was pouring forth a tirade of contempt on those who complain that they get nothing to do, as an excuse for becoming loafers. Said I, "Jeff, what do you work at?" "Why," said he, "I bought me an axe three years ago that cost me two dollars. That was all the money I had. I went to chopping wood by the cord. I have done nothing else, and have earned more than \$600; drank no grog, paid no doctor, have bought me a little farm, and shall be married next week to a girl who has earned \$200 since she was eighteen. My old axe I shall keep in the drawer, and buy me a new one to cut my wood with." After I left him, I thought to myself, "that axe and no grog." These are two things that make a man in the world. How small a capital that axe—how sure of success with the motto, "No grog." And then a farm and a wife, the best of all.—*Western Rural*.

THE WILTSHIRE DIALECT.—The following dialogue actually took place a short time since, between a visiting examiner and a pupil in a school near Salisbury:—"Now, then, the first boy of the grammar-class." First boy: "Here I be, zir." Examiner: "Well, my good boy, can you tell me what vowels are?" First boy: "Vowls, zir? Ees, of course I can." Examiner: "Tell me, then, what are vowels." First boy: "Vowls, zir! Why, vowels be chickens!"

A PUZZLE.—Archbishop Whately once puzzled a number of clever men in whose company he was by asking them this question, "How is it that white sheep eat more than black?" Some were not aware of the curious fact; others set to work and tried to give learned and long reasons; but all were anxious to know the real cause. After keeping them wondering for some time he said, "The reason is, because there are more of them."