

WINTER BUTTER MAKING.

Fertilizers in Cold Climates.

There are often serious difficulties to be overcome in making first class butter in winter with the conveniences (or inconveniences) at the command of the housewife. It requires skill to make a fine quality of butter at any season, but during the winter months a number of causes combine to render such an undertaking especially difficult upon the average farm.

It is, no doubt, true that a great deal of the poor butter found in the markets comes from the farm dairy. The home butter-maker is responsible for it. Sometimes the fault lies entirely with the butter-maker; but, could we see and understand what many farmers' wives have to contend with, we might wonder that they do as well as they do.

In the first place, but few cows are usually milked at this season of the year upon the average farm, and of these few probably nearly all have been giving milk for several months. This fact adds to the difficulty of producing finely flavored butter under any circumstances. Such animals give milk less easily divested of its cream, and the cream is less easily made to yield to the action of the churn. There should be some fresh cows at regular intervals during the year. This milk is needful to keep the quality of the whole in good condition for creaming and churning. Most of the trouble met with at this season in bringing the butter has its origin in the milk of one or more cows long in lactation. We frequently hear complaints about the cream not turning to butter in the churn. Sometimes it fails to come entirely, as a good many farmers' wives know to their sorrow. When there is difficulty of this kind the cause can usually be traced to one cow, and by discontinuing the use of her milk the trouble disappears.

How to separate the cream from the milk in winter in an acceptable manner is a question which puzzles many home butter-makers.

If a portable cabinet creamer is employed for this purpose in summer it may just as well be used all winter. It is far better to raise the cream in that way than to get the milk in pans upon the pantry shelves or about the kitchen stove, as is frequently done. Even when there is but little milk it is more satisfactory to use the creamer, and a much better quality of butter will result than from the pan system under any ordinary conditions.

Allowing milk set in pans to stand too long before it is skimmed results in the cream becoming bitter. Fine butter cannot be made from such cream, no matter how skillful its subsequent handling may be. Milk should never be allowed to stand longer than thirty-six hours. All the cream is then on the surface that will ever be.

Much depends upon the treatment which the cream receives in the process of ripening. Herein lies another stumbling block, which is a common source of failure on the part of the home butter-maker. The cream is often held too long before being churned. The quantity obtained may not be large enough to make a churning within a few days, and she yields to the temptation to wait until more has accumulated.

There is no danger of the cream becoming too sour in cold weather, so she "guesses" it will be all right to keep it a few days longer.

This mistake is fatal to the high quality of the butter. Although the cream may not sour a change takes place, and, when, finally, it is converted into butter, an off-flavor will be plainly perceptible.

Cream should never be held longer than three days before churning under ordinary circumstances. Even though the amount be small it should be churned regularly in order to ensure a fine product.

Ripening cream properly is a delicate process at any time. In winter, with the conditions surrounding the dairy work such as they are in most farm-houses, it becomes doubly so. Temperature controls the ripening, and the difficulty of holding the cream at the right point for the period necessary for its completion requires better facilities than are at the command of the average farmer's wife.

The cream must be warmed up to 60 to 65 degrees, and not allowed to go much, if any, below the former point until it begins to thicken. This may be in twenty-four hours; very likely it will be a little fresh butter milk from the last churning be stirred into the cream when the ripening process begins, and an even temperature maintained.

Churn when about as thick as paint. Do not wait until it gets too sour.

Use a dairy thermometer, and churn at about 62 degrees in winter. If your cows are Jerseys or Guernseys the churning may be done at a higher temperature, and I have made fine granular butter by having the cream put into the churn at 66 degrees. It is better to err on the safe side, however, and not go above 64 degrees.

A dairy thermometer should be in use in every farmhouse where butter is made, be the quantity much or little. Its cost is slight, but its value is untold. The possession of this little instrument robs butter making of half its labor, and its use ensures an evenness of product otherwise unattainable.

Nothing has here been said about the part which the care of the cows plays in determining the quality of the butter. It is fully as important that they be fed upon good food and well cared for in every respect as it is that the milk and cream be properly attended to and the churning done in the right way. The best butter maker in the world cannot take such

milk as is brought into some farm-houses and from it evolve a high-grade product. Filth of every description should be avoided in the stable and in handling the milk therein. Many milkers are careless and do not take sufficient pains to keep foreign particles out of the pail. Milk once tainted in this manner will carry stable odors to the churn and the butter tub.

There must be co-operation between the workers out of doors and those within if the butter is to rank as first quality upon the market.

There is a satisfaction which comes as a result of work well done in any direction. In nothing is this more true than in regard to making butter. Farm butter at present ranks as inferior to creamery; yet, were all farm butter made as it should be, and as it might be, this distinction would quickly disappear.—Mrs. E. R. Wood, in Farming.

GET RID OF FILTHY HOG-PENS.

Whoever would raise hogs without disease (and this is necessary to obtain the highest profit) must get rid of the notion that the hog is naturally a filthy animal; that filth is less distasteful and unhealthful to him than to the steer or horse, and that it is impossible because of the nature of the animal, to surround the hog with sanitary conditions. Filth is a prolific source of disease among all animals; and because the hog is brought into contact with the most filth there is the most disease among swine. Filth opposes the health and thrift of swine just as it opposes the health of growing man. The first step in growing hogs without disease is to keep filth away from them, to give them clean food, clean drink, clean quarters, clean shelter.

FERTILIZERS IN COLD CLIMATES.

It is well known that quick growing crops, or crops grown in countries which from their high latitudes or other causes have a comparatively short season of growth, require plant food in a form very readily assimilated by the plant. An important matter in relation to this point is that, with a shortened growing season, maturity closely follows actual growth.

If a crop of potatoes, for example, is grown in a northern latitude to be used as seed for more southern sections, it is very important that ample supplies of the mineral manures, potash and phosphate, should be assimilated early in the growing season. Only a fully matured potato gives satisfactory results as seed, and a dwindling supply of mineral fertilizer during the latter stages of growth is pretty sure to result in a crop of immature potatoes; of lessened value as food and of little value as seed.

Canada-grown seed potatoes have for a long time been used in the United States for early potatoes, but of late years have only too frequently failed to give satisfactory results. It is very common for the "eyes" to fail to germinate, though the tuber is fair and plump so far as outward appearance goes. This is very probably due to the exhaustion of potash in many of the Canadian soils, from constant cropping without adequate restitution.

Where wood ashes are used freely, the same result happens very commonly; wood ashes are a great source of fertilizer potash, but they also carry large quantities of lime which acts to liberate the supplies of potash existing naturally in the soil; as a consequence, the soil rapidly becomes deficient in potash.

In the United States farmers have a common "saying" to the effect that lime enriches the father at the expense of the son, meaning that the use of lime tends to exhaust potash quickly. If sufficient supplies of wood ashes were used to keep up the supply of potash, there could be no damage from the free use of lime, but to properly supply the potash needed yearly would require more wood ashes than the Dominion can supply in ten years.

Potatoes are an exhaustive crop. They are largely water and starch, it is true, but a good crop of potatoes remove from the soil 109 pounds of potash for every 20 pounds of phosphoric acid. Unlike most other annual crops, potatoes remove more potash than nitrogen. Wheat removes only a little more potash than phosphoric acid, but oats much more closely resemble potatoes. An acre of oats will require more than twice the potash of an acre of wheat. What has been said of the influence of an ample supply of fertilizer minerals for the proper maturity of potatoes applies with equal force to wheat and oats, or other crops. As seed their condition for use in the Dominion is just as important as it is in the United States.

To insure a supply of fertilizers at the proper time, use them early as well as in ample quantities. The mineral fertilizers, that is, phosphoric acid and potash, will lose little or nothing by being applied weeks or months before plant growth begins, so long as surface washing can be prevented. With nitrate of soda or sulphate of ammonia, the application must be made only shortly before seeding. With minerals, apply enough and apply it early is a safe maxim.—R. Garwood, in "Farming."

Evidences of the prehistoric peoples who inhabited the valleys of the Gila and the Salt Rivers are continually coming to light, and enough testimony has been found to reveal the fact that in these valleys once dwelt a mighty and prosperous people numbering not less than 1,000,000, 2,000,000, certainly, and probably reaching 3,000,000.

GUARDED A NOTED TOMB.

The Watcher of Washington's Mausoleum is Dead.

Edmund Parker, once a slave in the Washington family, and for almost half a century the guardian of the tomb of George Washington, at Mount Vernon, is dead, says a Washington correspondent of the New York World.

Parker had a small watch-box a few feet from the tomb, where he sat in bad weather, at other times occupying a chair in front of the tomb. He had shaken the hands of Presidents, princes and potentates on their pilgrimages to the tomb. One of his last talks before he became so weak that he could not speak connectedly was the story of his life.

"I was born a slave in 1827, in the family of Col. John Augustus Washington," he said. "My father and mother were both slaves in the family of his father, who bore the same name, and was a grandnephew of General George Washington. After the death of the father, in 1841, Col. Washington moved to the family seat, Mount Vernon, where I was taken with his other slaves and house servants.

"Prior to the time we moved to



EDMUND PARKER.

Mount Vernon the body of General Washington had rested in the old tomb on the place, from 1831 to 1837, when it was placed in the present tomb. The last body to be put in this tomb was that of Miss Jane Washington, in 1855, at which time the lock to the gates was sealed up and the key cast into the Potomac River.

"Before the outbreak of the war I had charge of the tomb, but left to go with the army, serving until the close. I then returned to Mount Vernon, was given a life-time position guarding the tomb, and was only one or two days absent from my post during the thirty years, until I became sick this summer.

"I was present when the Prince of Wales planted his tree near the tomb in 1860, and helped dig the hole for the tree planted by Don Pedro in 1876. I have been present at all of the notable events which have occurred before the tomb, but during my service have known but two Presidents to visit it during their terms of office. They were President Hayes and President Cleveland. I am quite certain that neither President Lincoln nor President Grant visited the tomb during their terms of office.

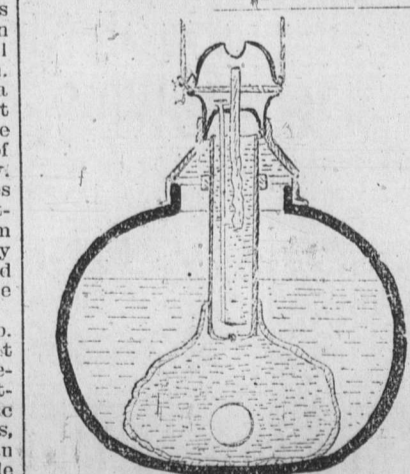
"The last notable visitor to the tomb was Li Hung Chang. His knowledge of the great Washington, and the way he did homage before his tomb, made a profound impression upon Parker.

"The faithful old servitor will probably be buried inside of the grounds at Mount Vernon.

A SAFE OIL LAMP.

A Device Which Prevents Disaster in Case of Accident.

The illustration shows a safety attachment for oil lamps which prevents the flame from setting fire to the oil when the lamp is overturned.



Safety Oil Lamp.

In the base of the reservoir is a collapsible bag to contain the oil, which is forced into the wick tube by the pressure of the water surrounding the bag. In the event of the lamp tipping over the water flows into the neck and extinguishes the flame.

Scientific Shavers.

Every barber who knows his business is, in these days, something of a scientist, and does his little best to oust the dreaded microbe. "Antiseptic shaves," "sterilized razors" and "hygienic" brushes are now advertised by some of the greatest in the profession. In many of the first-class shops, particularly on the continent, all the towels, shears, razors, combs, and brushes used on a customer are subjected first to a bath in an antiseptic fluid. The operator likewise washes his hands in a solution warranted to destroy germs. Every customer is furnished with a separate cup, which is kept for his individual use. It is claimed that by this method infection is impossible. Under the old system germs thrived and were transmitted from face to face by the barber's razor, brush, or scissors.

ODD WEDDING RINGS.

Some Curious Substitutions That Have Done Duty in Their Stead.

One of Chicago's leading clergymen, who has presided over charges in various parts of the country, was asked recently to relate personal experiences in connection with weddings and wedding rings. In answer to a question as to the influence of the gold band he said:

"Considering the smallness of its size and its comparatively insignificant intrinsic value, I suppose few products of the goldsmith's art exert greater influence than the plain gold wedding ring. Setting aside altogether the wiser questions of life-long weal or woe, of which it is so strikingly significant, it is remarkable how large a collection of ideas and incidents connected with the wedding ring one accumulates in the course of a lifetime spent in christening, marrying and burying the inhabitants of a populous parish.

"Did you ever have any experiences in wedding rings where the ring could not be found at the opportune moment, doctor?"

"Incidents in which the marriage service has to be temporarily suspended while bridegroom and best man tumble over one another and murmur strange nothings as they vainly search for a missing ring are by no means uncommon as you might imagine. This fiasco is usually brought about through an excess of caution. The groom, being afraid perhaps to trust to his own memory upon such a momentous occasion, hands over the precious circlet to the best man for safe custody. The latter, who, by the way, is no more in the habit of carrying loose wedding rings about than is the groom himself, places the ring for safety in an out-of-the-way place as he can possibly think in the brief time at his disposal. Before he has had time to properly commit the hiding place to memory he is seized by half a dozen importunate small fry and hurried off to attend to something else.

"The consequence is that the admonitory stage whisper of the officiating minister to 'have the ring handy' falls upon him like a bolt from the blue. Where the dickens did he put it? It was somewhere close, handy, he is sure of that. But where, oh, where?—and a cold perspiration breaks out all over him as he realizes that the service has stopped and the reproachful glances of the whole company are turned upon him the rascally culprit who has mislaid the ring.

"I remember a case which occurred in my church recently, which ended in a ludicrous manner. As usual, the best man was the culprit. But, although both he and the groom turned out their pockets several times over and groped along the foot of the altar railing on their hands and knees in a vain attempt to discover the missing trinket, the lady had finally to be wedded with a ring borrowed from an onlooker.

"No sooner, however, had the party reached the vestry than a sudden exclamation from the best man caused all eyes to be turned upon him. Then it was seen that, in order to keep the ring secure, he had carefully passed the folds of his white scarf through it. He had, in fact, ransacked his brains and pockets to discover an article which had all along reposed literally beneath his nose in the temporary capacity of a harmless, necessary scarf ring.

"In the above case the ceremony was performed with the conventional ring. Other brides, however, whom I have united in marriage, have not always been so fortunate. One couple in Connecticut when I was presiding over a small parish, had to be married with a curtain ring, while more recently, in Indiana, I married a couple with the ring of the church key. Even this case was capped by one which occurred right here in Chicago this winter.

"When the time came to produce the ring the article was nowhere to be found. The best man was equal to the emergency, however, took off his glove and out a ring of kid from it.

"I can also tell you several stories along the same line that I have heard from other ministers. One couple in New York State, who were at their wife's end what to do for a ring, were considerably relieved by an inspiration of the best man. Gallantly plucking forth a huge horseshoe scarf-pin from his tie of many colors he broke off the pin, bent the soft metal shoe round his finger, and with the air of an Angelo admiring his chief d'oeuvre, handed the brazen circlet to his pal. Another couple got over the difficulty by using a coin from which the centre had been removed, and which curiously enough the groom was carrying in his pocket at the time.

"The most curious ring of all, however, was that employed by a dock laborer in Baltimore, who, by some means or other, had mislaid the more conventional article on his way to church. Casting about in his perplexity for a suitable object wherewith to embellish the finger of his charmer, his eyes suddenly fell upon one of the quaits with which he and the best man were subsequently matched to play for the price of the dejeuner at a neighboring tavern. Despite the protests of the lady and the guffaws of his companions the groom insisted upon going through the ceremony with the aid of this ponderous plaything, and, since the only alternative was to indefinitely postpone the event, the lady put the best face on the matter by accepting the moiety—and the docker."

Flowers and Perfume.

Many people will be surprised to learn that most flowers have no perfume whatever. An Austrian chemist, who has been making researches into the subject, declared that out of 4,110 varieties known and cultivated in Europe scarcely 400 have any odor, and of these nearly fifty have an odor which is, if anything, disagreeable.

CAV. PIO CENTRA.

Gossip About His Holiness Pope Leo and His Valet.

That wonderful old man, Leo XIII, has really made another recovery. It was only this morning that, turning to his personal attendant, he said, with his sweet smile: "Well, Pio, I wonder what they will say now, those clever persons who have killed and buried me so often in the last twenty years?"

CAV. PIO CENTRA, the private servant of Leo XIII., hails from Carpineto, the birthplace of his master. He is more even than a faithful and privileged servant; he is a constant companion. This intimate connection with His Holiness dates back even before the ascension of Leo XIII. to the papal throne. Pio invariably sleeps in a small chamber next the bedroom of the Pope, and there is between the two so thin a partition that he can even hear the Pontiff's breathing. At all times he is able to keep surveillance by the aid of a little glass window, which is at the head of his bed. With the telephone he is put in constant communication with the Pope's doctor, Prof. Lapponi, who lives out of the Vatican. Besides this eminent physician, there are two assistant doctors, who live in the palace, and have the care of the health of the five hundred souls who comprise the population of the Vatican. In the days of Pius IX. there were many more who made their abode there.

Even now that the pontiff is so old, and far from feeling robust, he insists on rising early. About six o'clock, Cav. Pio Centra knocks at his door, enters, opens, the shutters and retires immediately, as His Holiness has never liked assistance in his ordinary dressing, but lately he has had to give way somewhat, and his valet returns to jinkle his shoes and tie the white shawl he wears with his white robes.

At night very little military watch is maintained. There is only a Swiss guard at the door of the papal apartments; the gardeners in the courtyard of San Damaso, at the foot of the staircase leading to Leo XIII's quarters; a detachment of firemen and a Swiss guard at the famous bronze door. The watch is perhaps more strictly maintained outside by the Italian police all along the Vatican walls.

By an arrangement between the police and the papal authorities, a window next the papal apartments is kept open during the day and closed at night, but with a lighted lamp behind it. The shutting of the window in the day or the putting out of the light at night means that something unusual has happened, and that help is needed. In case of the illness of the Pope this singular sign would mean that he is dead. An Italian sentinel is continually watching the window. However, this did not prevent the mistake of General Della Rocca, Under Secretary of State at the Home Office in the Crisp Cabinet in 1878, who announced in the House the death of Pius IX. five hours before it took place.—Pall Mall Gazette.

HOW TO CHOOSE YOUR COLOR.

Studies in Chromatic Effects Make Very Dramatic Costumes.

Any woman who studies effect will soon see that the color which intensifies the color of her eyes is the one which is the most becoming to her under all circumstances.

Brown is the color for a brown-eyed woman, as it will bring out the beauty of her eyes as no other color can, if she but chooses the right shade.

Gray is becoming to women with gray hair, and to young women who have gray eyes and lovely complexions.

White is becoming to almost every one, old or young, provided the wearer selects the right tint; the blond can wear the pure white without a tinge of yellow or pink in it, but the brunette must be careful to wear the soft cream shades; and if she wears black at all, it must be very glossy, while the pronounced blond can safely deck herself in the dull black which is used in mourning.

Green is the color which is pretty sure to be suitable to every complexion, providing one is fortunate enough to discover the particular shade which harmonizes best with her coloring.

Pink should be carefully avoided by women with red hair, as it exaggerates the natural coloring; but dark shades of brown will be becoming.

In Place of the Pompadour.



Like a human feather duster. This is to take the place of the present Pompadour roll. It is a wonderful and weird creation.

"What's the trouble, Colonel? You look a little put out." "I have reason to be, sul." Yet presented with a brand new pocket knife and rendered it useless—absolutely useless, sul—"before I'd had it an hour." "So?" "Yes. Why, would you believe it, sul, the blamed corkscrew busted on the very first bottle."

"There is nothing more uncertain than a horse race," exclaimed the man with a tendency to talk loud. And the melancholy friend responded: "You never worked in a weather bureau, did you?"