

THE OLD FARM-GATE.

BY SUSAN IL BLAISDELL.

The old farm-gate—a thousand years
Might slowly dwindle and decay,
Yet show no scene so fair as those
That childhood's season bore away.
A time of laughter and of song,
Where grief might never linger long;
As midnight yields its short-lived away,
And flies before the advancing day.

And this, the merriest scene of all,
An artist's hand hath bent to trace;
Portraying well the reigning thought
That beautified each happy face.
The careless look in every eye,
As staying for some loitering mate;
The children saunter tily by,
And gather round the old farm-gate.

Thick foliage shadowing either side,
A mossy carpet spread below;
And further on the smiling fields,
Thro' whose long grass the soft winds flow.
The range of hills along the west—
A very fairy land to gaze
The latest sunbeams lingered there,
While shadows crossed the lower plain.

Against each worm, yet sturdy post,
A little, graceful maiden leans,
With plans to pass their afternoon,
Debating on the ways and means;
One moment for the forest path,
Another for some far off glen,
Tall, half perplexed, their pleasant laugh
Makes the sweet echoes ring again.

And higher, on the topmost bar,
A silent, thoughtful urchin sits,
With jack-knife working in the wood,
As if to find his absent wits;
Perchance they are on mischief bent,
For round his mouth the dummies play;
And in his eye there lurks a smile—
The merriest it has known to-day.

And just beneath the sweeping elm
That overshades the old farm-gate,
A busy group discuss at length
Their miniature affairs of state,
Among them comes a look profound,
With now and then a knowing nod;
They tread, though with uneven pace,
The path that wiser ones have trod.

With shaggy coat of night-black hue,
Beside their feet the house-dog lies,
A look of almost human love
At rest within his large brown eyes,
That seek his master's kindly smile—
The gentle word, the dear caress,
The language of those loving hearts,
Their silent glances well express.

A pleasant group—a pleasant scene—
And well the passing eye may rest
One moment's space on what hath been
And is no more. With freshest zest
I turn me from the outer world,
To that sweet time undimmed by fate,
And, sweeping back the mists of years,
I stand beside the old farm-gate.

The Household.

BE ECONOMICAL.

Look most to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will always be poor. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it; little expenses, like mice in a large barn, when they are many, make great waste. Hair by hair, heads get bald; straw by straw, the thatch goes off the cottage; and drop by drop, the rain comes in the chamber. A barrel is soon empty if the tap leaks but a drop a minute. When you mean to save, begin with your mouth; if many thieves pass down the red lane, the ale jug is a great waste. In all other things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs further than the blanket will reach, or you will soon be cold. In clothes choose suitable and lasting stuff, and not tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing; never mind the looks. A fool may make money, but it takes a wise man to spend it. Remember that it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the savings bank. Fare hard and work hard while you are young, and you will have a chance to rest when you are old.

DO IT NOW.

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and go straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study—whatever it is—take hold at once and finish it up squarely and cleanly, and then to the next thing, without letting any moments drop between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make of a day; it is as if they picked up the moments that the drawers lost. And if ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know where to begin, let me tell you a secret—take hold of the first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest fall into file and all follow after like a company of well drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line. You may have often seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he had accomplished so much in life. "My father taught me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do to go and do it." There is the secret—the magic word, now.

The Granger is the only paper devoted to the interests of Patrons in Canada. Only 50 cents per annum. Full of Grange news. Every Patron should subscribe.

SALT RHEUM REMEDY.

Several years since I was very much afflicted with salt rheum. I procured such roots as dandelion, burdock, red clover—both root and tops, a little blood root, a very little mandrake, sarsaparilla, some black maple leaves and a little prickly ash bark. These were boiled until the strength was extracted, and then the liquor was boiled down so as to be quite a strong syrup. It was then sweetened with loaf sugar, and enough Bourbon whiskey added to keep it from getting sour.

This taken three times a day, a teaspoonful before each meal, effectually cured me, and I have never had salt rheum since. One need not have all the above named ingredients unless convenient; the sarsaparilla and red clover, with burdock and dandelion, would alone make a good syrup.—*Farmer's Wife, in Rural New Yorker.*

TO PURIFY THE HAIR.

An excellent means of keeping the hair sweet, clean, glossy and curly, is to brush it with a rather hard brush, dipped by the surface only in Eau de Portugal (Portugal water). In order to have it fresh and of fine quality, take a pint of orange flower water, a pint of rose water, and half a pint of myrtle water. To these put a quarter of an ounce of distilled spirit of musk, and an ounce of spirit of ambergris. Shake the whole well together, and the water will be ready for use. Only a little should be made at a time, as it keeps only in moderate weather, being apt to spoil either with cold or heat.

For the Granger

CHRISTMAS CAKE.

One pound of flour, one of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, two pounds of seeded raisins, two of currants, one of citron, a quarter of a pound of almonds, half an ounce of mace, a teaspoonful of rose water, a wine-glass of brandy, one of wine and two eggs. Stir the sugar and butter to a cream, then add the whites and yolks of the eggs, beaten separately to a froth. Stir in the flour gradually, then the wine and brandy and spice. Add the fruit just before it is put into the pans. It takes over two hours to bake.

NEW YEAR'S COOKIES.

Weigh out a pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, stir them to a cream. Then add three beaten eggs, a grated nutmeg, two tablespoonfuls of caraway seed, and a pint of flour. Dissolve a teaspoonful of soda in a cup of milk, and mix it with half a cup of cider; stir it into the cookies. Then add flour to make them stiff to roll out. Bake in a quick oven till a light brown.

A LADY CONTRIBUTOR.

TO COOK CORNED BEEF.

Don't boil it, for corned beef should never be boiled. It should only simmer, being placed on a part of the stove where it may simmer uninterruptedly from four to six hours, according to the size of the piece. Let the meat remain in the liquid until it is cold, if it is to be served cold, or, if you want the meat tender, let it remain in the liquid until next day, and then bring it to the boiling point just before serving.

BREAD AND BUTTER PUDDING.

Spread bread and butter, put a layer in a pudding dish, then a layer of apples, pared and cored, then another layer of bread, and so on till the dish is filled, having bread on the top. Prepare a custard with four eggs to a quart of milk and season to taste. Pour into your dish and bake. Beat the whites of two or three eggs to a stiff froth, sweeten and spread on the top before taking to the table.

FOR TAKING OUT GREASE SPOTS.

Take an ounce of ammonia and put it in a pail of clean water. Put the cloth in and let it soak five minutes, and then wash it in soapsuds and rinse. Iron it when damp. Another recipe is: Take magnita and sprinkle it on the cloth and put a piece of brown paper on it. Then put a warm iron on the paper, and let it stand a while.

DYSPEPSIA REMEDY.

Camomile flowers, one ounce, one quart cold water; put in at night and let it sit for use in the morning. Dose, one wine glass a day. When the bottle is about half used, fill it up again. The patient will be cured before he has used many bottles.—*Home and Health.*

STARCH POLISH.

White wax 1 oz., spermaceti 2 oz. melted together with a gentle heat. Prepare your starch in the usual way. Drop in a piece of the preparation about the size of a pea, say for a dozen articles, more or less.

To be a perfect farmer, a man should combine reading, observation and practice. A man may work in the fields all his life and be a poor farmer. We should gain knowledge by reading and study, and also by what we see around us, and then this knowledge must be put in practice. Our views, if they will not stand the test of actual experiments, are worthless. All sound theory is based upon practice, and all sensible practice is the result of well grounded information, whether learned by our own observation or from the experience of others. That theory which will not stand the test of experience is worthless, and that practice which is not based upon sound theory is equally worthless.

WHAT THE PRESS SAY OF US—WORDS OF WELCOME.

From the Woodstock Times.

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.—We have received the first number of a new paper, THE GRANGER, printed at London, and devoted to the interests of the Patrons of Husbandry throughout the Dominion. It is an eight-page, thirty-two column journal, neatly printed, and furnished at the very low price of fifty cents per year. We wish it every success.

From the Essex Record.

THE GRANGER.—We have received the initial number of a new eight-page paper bearing the above title, established for the purpose of supplying a means of communication between the 220 lodges, embracing 10,000 grangers, established in Canada and printed at Loudon (whom we thought a monthly or weekly, we failed to discover). Subscription price fifty cents per annum. Taking the single issue as a guide, we are disposed to say pleasant words of this enterprise in journalism, alike as to the contents and the letter press. Its motto, "In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity," foreshadows a policy that ought to mark the career of political and religious organs, as well as that of the champions of the peculiar interests of associations; but, alas, how few obey its requirements. If THE GRANGER does, no fear need be entertained for its future. We hope its publisher may realize that measure of warm support from the farmers that the enterprise merits.

From the Paris Star.

THE GRANGER is the title of a journal devoted to the interests of the Patrons of Husbandry in Canada. The first number, published in London, Ont., is before us. It is well got up, and promises to be a useful paper for agriculturists—more particularly for those who attach so much importance to the new institution. We wish it all success in its professed aim, "to bring producer and consumer, manufacturer and farmer, into more direct and friendly contact." The price is only 50 cents.

From the London Free Press.

THE GRANGER.—There is a new candidate for public favor issued in this city by W. L. Brown & Co. As its name imports, it will be devoted to the interests of the Patrons of Husbandry in Canada; will be the official organ of that rapidly increasing body, and form a medium of communication between its members. In addition to this special object, its columns will be provided with information, original and select, bearing upon agriculture and its kindred arts. The initial number, for November, gives promise of good things. The original matter is plain and to the point, while the Grangers find the objects of their association specially attended to. The selected matter is made with care and judgment, each department finding itself aptly attended to. The typography is bright and clear, and the material of the paper stout and good color. The price is but 50 cents per annum, including postage.

From the British Whig

THE GRANGER.—To-day we received the initial number of THE GRANGER, the character of which is implied by its title. It is a farmer's gazette, made up of markets, trade advices, farm hints, etc., and is issued as the official organ of the Grangers—that American order which has gained a foothold in Canada by the establishment, within a year past, of 230 lodges, composed of 10,000 members. It has a useful career before it.

From the Owen Sound Times.

We have received the first number of an eight-page monthly paper, just started in London, Ont., entitled THE GRANGER. It is devoted to the interests of Patrons of Husbandry, and is intended to be a means of communication between the various Granges composing that order. One of its objects will be to explain the Grange system, and clear up much misunderstanding which exists on the subject. To the members of Granges, and to farmers generally, it will be a valuable acquisition, treating, as it does, on subjects which cannot fail to be of interest to them.

From the Patron's Helper (U.S.)

THE GRANGER comes to hand from London, Canada, devoted to the interests of the Order in Canada, and well filled with interesting Grange matters. Stand up in the line, brother; you're welcome. Pull off your coat and get ready for a fight. We haven't done much yet; but we hope to by and by. Bear a hand.

From the London Evening Herald.

THE GRANGER—No 1 of this publication, devoted to the interests of Patrons of Husbandry in Canada, has been laid upon our table by Mr. W. L. Brown, the editor. It is an eight-page paper, and its "get up" reflects great credit upon its managers. The reading matter is very appropriate—such as to recommend it to all classes of the farming community. The Granger will no doubt eventually be the organ of the Patrons of Husbandry in Canada. At the recent meeting of the Dominion Grange it was unanimously approved of—recommended as a medium of communication between the various Granges and its members. Therefore, we hope to see all Patrons take kindly to it and make it a power among them.

HOW TO COUNT INTEREST.

Five per cent. Multiply by number of days and divide by seventy-two.
Six per cent. Multiply by number of days, separate right hand figure and divide by six.
Eight per cent. Multiply by number of days and divide by forty five.
Nine per cent. Multiply by number of days, separate right hand figure and divide by four.

JOSH BILLINGS' PHILOSOPHY.

KARAKTERISTIKS.

Job Pierson. Job Pierson was born in East Portland, Pa., on the 9th day of June, 1819, in a two-story wooden building, with a gambol roof to it, and brick chimney at least eight foot square, and a fire-place at the bottom of it big enuff to carry on a good old-fashioned sparking bee in each corner of it.

When a babe in swaddling, he put on airs, taking biz rashuns regular, and often, and no one supozed he would amount to much when he overtook manhood, and the fakt was a kredit to their judgment, for Job didn't pan out heavy.

The nearest he ever cum to being a grato man, and have biz name make a disturbance down amongst the det bones of posterity, waz to run for the legislature of Pa., and git badly beat.

This phenomena in Job Pierson's career waz lookt upon bi him, and hiz wife and children az a regular bonanza act bak, but the knowing ones all sed freely that it waz the luckyost thing that could happen to him.

Job wazn't fit for the legislaturo enny how, he couldn't play draw poker worth a cuss, he waz inkorruptable, and sutch a man couldn't hav made only one day wages, if he had gone tharo, and would hav been suspected by everybody besides.

But m' objekt in writing the obituary notiss of Job Pierson is not to untangle hiz political worth, but simply to portray, in an honest and limber way, the leading artiklo in hiz natral moral build.

Virtuously considered, Job waz az free from guilo az spring lamb and peas; in fakt, if i may be allowen the expreshun, he had almost too little devilry for profit.

If a man had struk Job on one ov hiz checks, and then refused to strike him on the other, Job would have felt unhappy about it, and probably would never hav forgiv the man for leaving the job half done.

Job followed farming for a living, and he followed it cluss too, for but very fu men of hiz day could coax more potatoze to grown on an aker than he could, or could seduce more oats into the haff bushell from a given piece of sile. Nuturing pigs waz also one ov Job's best holts, and when yu cum to bringing up a caff in the way he should go, Job Pierson waz a very missionary in the bizness.

But Job has settled up here belo, and gone, and if it shall turn out that he iz lost, it aint safe to brag on ennybody.

But the pertikular streak in Jop's karakter that i want to illuminate iz this—he waz one ov them kind ov fellows who allowss charged for time with all hiz bad luk, and giv himself kred-it for all hiz good luk.

If Job, when he waz in a grato hurry, and had left down a pair ov bars, or left a gate open, and the kattle had got into hiz yung oats and eat them down short, he would lay the damage down to fortune, and mourn copiously over hiz misfortune.

But if it happened, az it iz almost sure to do that the eating off ov the yung oats had been the very best thing that cud have happend to them, thickening them up, and giving them an immense yield, then Job would tell hiz naturs that the only sure way to git a big yield ov oats waz to leave a gate open, or the bars down, and let the kattle git in and eat the oats down.

He would tell hiz nabors that he tried it last year, and never had bigger oats.

Now Job didn't lie about this out ov enny mallice, he only forgot about it out ov his excessive vanity.

Job's vanity waz just like most other men's—too much for enny of hiz attributes, except perhaps hiz honesty, and would often give oven that a credful sharp punch in the ribs.

Joe fed a fine yung pig ov the berkshiro persuashun one fall, and the pig grew like a wea, and the nabors all sed az they lookt at the pig would wa full 300 pounds, and Job thought that it wud wa more than that even.

When the pig was l.led it wayd 238 pounds, and Job almost shed tears over hiz misfortune.

Job took the pig to market, and pork fell that day 2 dollars on a hundred, and when the innocent and terribly vain fellow came back home he undertook to prove to hiz nabors how much less he had lost on the pig than he should have lost if he had weighed 300.

The original Joe Pierson is now ded and gon, az i hinted before, but there iz a grato mcny the same breed lelt.

Frank Davis. Frank Davis iz a life-long intance of mine; i kant say he iz a friend, for he haz so much karakter, so volatile, so aqua kontradictory, and without being kriminal, so very treccerous, that he couldn't be a tru friend to enny man.

He iz what the world calls a clever fellow, and had managed to earn a very fair reputation, without having one positive virtue.

He has a good karakter for honesty, which he haz earned by simply borrowing munnay ov all ov acquaintances, and allowss promptly paying it when it waz due.

He iz a fellow ov the most exhaulted ambishun, and at the same time ov the greatest modesty, but his modesty iz simply the result ov having found out that he kant gratify hiz ambishun. Hiz charity iz ov that kind that iz redly to pity everybody, and help noboddy.

Without intending it, or even suspecting it, he iz the most errant hypykrnt, and haz so much vanity in hiz natur that rather than not brag on himself at all, he will tell you what a wick-ed cuss he haz allowss been.

Frank Davis haz got karakter enuff to make a dozen respectable saints and az menny clever devils, if it could only be sorted out.

Frank thinks he has got a grato deal ov moral, az well az fizikal currage, and i think he haz, too; but it iz ov that kind that must have plenty ov witnes—you kant bet on it in the dark.