

The matter which this page contains is carefully selected from various sources, and we guarantee that, to any intelligent farmer or housewife, the contents of this single page, from week to week during the year, will be worth several times the subscription price of the paper.

WINTER TREES.

The trees can talk, I know right well,
For they have talked to me
But what they said I may not tell—
I should a traitor be.
Ann's they whisper and low,
That I must list to hear,
Yet every one of them may know,
I do so plain appear.
And then they speak in tones more clear,
That cheer me on my way;
The passer-by can almost hear,
The words they say.
But now they accents all are sad,
To hushed I fain would weep;
Until again they make me glad,
I will their secret keep. —ZION'S HERALD.

THE HOME.

Simplified Housekeeping.

"It is so very different now from the time when I was young," said a lady recently, in speaking of the arts of house and home. "Then housekeeping was a burden, sometimes the thought of it a terror. But with the change, see how everything is lightened. There is no longer the need of such an immense retinue tumbling over each other below stairs and above; the work is better done and the whole thing simplified, and that merely by the help of a few young persons coming in from outside to do certain special things. Under this *fin de siècle* regime our parlors are full of bric-a-brac, you know, some of it immensely valuable in cost, some of it as precious from association.
"But now a young woman comes in on stated mornings, three or four times a week—a young woman of good breeding, often of good family, but who needs money—comes in with her paraphernalia of nice cloths and brushes, and goes to work quietly and softly, and the drawing-rooms and reception-rooms and library are in spotless order when she goes out to fill her next engagement, and everything is as it should be, and you have hardly been aware that she was there. The price paid her is trifling; but she receives the same price from so many houses that it amounts to a considerable sum in the course of the week, and makes her feel herself in a good business, when to you as a housekeeper, if you have one, the result is luxury.
"Then another young person comes in with her bag of appliances and attends to the lamps, which in these days of lovely lamps in numbers, and so small, matter, and she has them all in some closet and rubs the metal bright with oil, and polishes it dry and clean, and brushes out the burners closely, and wipes the crust of the wicks instead of cutting them, and cleans the chimneys with a few drops of alcohol or ammonia on a piece of flannel, and shakes the dust out of the silken shades and leaves them all ready and without a flaw for the housemaid to get in their places. But, perhaps, as great a help as the young lady who comes to pack, she is also a lady; she knows what pretty things are, and how they should be taken care of, and she does all the folding, laying away, stowing, stepping out, divvies for the packing of your trunks for a journey or the clearing of your home for the season, and she comes to in the city, or obeys your telegram summoning her down to the country or to the seashore, and saves you much weariness of soul and body."

An Ironing Aid.

It's strange how things come about, sometimes; how, if one only has his eyes and ears open, as the saying goes, a person can see or hear something that may be very helpful in the future, if it is only remembered.
I feel like telling of a call I made awhile ago, hoping that what I then learned may benefit someone else. My so-called "help" having left me with scarcely a word of warning, I had bread to bake, all of us preferring home-made bread above the baker's. As my six nice loaves were ready for the oven, I set my stove dampers right, added a little coal, pushed the dough into the warm oven and shut the door with a satisfied little bang, and thought, "There you are for one whole hour." Then I took some light work and ran across the street to sit and chat with one of my neighbors while my bread was baking. She was doing her starching, ironing, and I told her to keep right on and not stop; because I could stay only a few minutes, and I would sit down at the end of her ironing table, where I should be out of the way. She liked my plan and kept on with her work.
After a little, something about her motions attracted my attention, and I let my hands rest idly in my lap, while I watched her hands fly. Article after article was made smooth and shining and put by with very little effort, seemingly. At last she shook out and spread on the ironing table, a fine, white linen apron, for one of her little girls. It looked as though it might "stick" a little, as there was here and there a little starch sticking to it. I noticed, as she took her iron from the gasoline stove, she gave it a rub or two on a cloth, at her right hand. It was very much browned by usage, and sent up a terrible smoke. Then she ironed that apron as easy as possible.
Well, I was astonished, and said, "I would like to know why your flat-iron did not stick one bit?" She looked pleased and said, "Oh! don't you know? Why, I always, when I am getting ready to do my ironing, put some kerosene on that cloth and rub every iron on it, as I take it from the stove, and nothing ever sticks. I had rather iron the starched things than anything else."
I went home thinking it was wonderful how much good a little kerosene could do. I tried it the next time I ironed and have always used it since. Some may think I found my bread burnt, but it was beautifully baked.—Housekeeper.

—Angus McDonald, Westville, N. S., writes: "Was troubled with dyspepsia nine years. Two packages of K. D. C. made a complete cure."

Concerning Oatmeal.

OATMEAL BREAD.—Boil half a pint of oatmeal thoroughly in salted water and add to it three-fourths of a pint of milk; mix in carefully one and a half pints of sifted flour with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt. Grease the bread pan well, and bake in a modern oven.

OATMEAL GRUEL.—Mix with one and a half teaspoonfuls of finely ground oatmeal, half a teaspoonful of corn meal, one teaspoonful of flour and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Stir in one teaspoonful of butter, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of milk. Put into hot tins and bake in a quick oven.

OATMEAL BISCUIT.—Rub a rounded tablespoonful of butter or lard into one quart of oatmeal flour, and wet it with one quart of sour milk, in which has been dissolved one teaspoonful of soda and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Use enough flour to roll out to about one inch in thickness, and bake in a quick oven.

OATMEAL MUSH.—Into two quarts of boiling, salted water, add slowly one and one-half cups of oatmeal, and stir for a few minutes; then set in a kettle of boiling water and boil three hours. Serve with cream and sugar. Raisins added to the above make a delicious dish.

OATMEAL CRISPS.—One cupful of oatmeal, nearly half a teaspoonful of salt; mix together dry; cover with cold water and let stand half an hour. Drain off the water and dry by spoonfuls on a tin, spreading as thin as possible. Bake until brown and crisp; do not scorch.

OATMEAL BLANCMANGE.—A delicious blancmange is made by stirring two heaping tablespoonfuls of oatmeal into a little cold water; stir into a quart of boiling milk; flavor, and pour into molds to cool. Serve with cream and sugar.

OATMEAL CRACKERS.—Wet one pint of fine oatmeal with one gill of water; add a little salt; work it a few minutes with a spoon, until you can make it into a mass; place it on a board well covered with dry oatmeal; make as compact as possible, roll out carefully to one-eighth of an inch thick, and cut into squares with a knife. Bake in a very slow oven. A nice addition is two heaping spoonfuls of desiccated cocoanut.

OATMEAL MUFFINS.—Two cupsful of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, a little salt, and oatmeal flour to make a moderately thick batter. Stir the soda into the milk, and beat a few minutes before adding the other ingredients. Bake in hot, well-buttered gem pans. A well-beaten egg added to the batter improves it, but it is not needed.

OATMEAL CREAM PIE.—Make the crust dough after the recipe given for crackers. Roll thin. Cream Filling.—Beat together one tablespoonful of flour, one egg and half a cupful of sugar; add one cupful of rich milk; sprinkle with nutmeg over all, or flavor with lemon or vanilla. Bake with lower crust only. Any pie requiring but one crust may be made with oatmeal. Care must be taken not to scorch the crust while the contents of the pie are cooking.

ROLLED OATS.—One pint rolled oats, a little salt, and enough boiling water to cover. Cook in a custard kettle or in a small tin pot, set in a kettle of boiling water for half an hour. Stir often. Serve with cream and sugar. This is nice for breakfast, and the oatmeal, as it is so quickly cooked.

FRIED OATMEAL MUSH.—Cold oatmeal mush or rolled oats may be sliced and fried brown in butter, or drippings, as cornmeal mush, and it is nice.—Housekeeper.

Foreign Body in the Eye.

Never rub the eyeball if a speck of dust or cinder gets in it. Let the tears gather and flow—they will usually be sufficient to dislodge the dust particles and wash them out. If, however, they are not dislodged, raise first the upper eyelid and bring it down over and upon the outside of the lower one; if this fails, reverse the operation by the lifting the lower out and upon the upper eyelid.

Another good plan is to plunge the face into a basin of warm water, then wink the lids rapidly, and roll the eyeball until all the particles are washed out. But a celebrated oculist in Ureah recommends that if dirt, lime, or anything gritty gets into the eye, that the sufferer lie down and have pure olive oil poured in upon the eyeball and sockets until the particles of harmful nature are removed. This remedy is quite painless, and never fails to remove all foreign substances.—Selected.

—We are informed that six new diseases have come into existence with the styles of dress which require the wearing of several heavy skirts. "Indeed, I wonder that there are not sixty," says that vigorous writer, Elizabeth Stuart Ward. "No doctrine but the doctrine of the 'survival of the fittest' will touch the problem. We are of tougher stuff than our brothers, or we should have sunk in our shagreen long ago."

"Nothing always nervous irritation," quipped the judiciously administered bath, whether it be the invalid or the supposedly strong and healthy person that is made the subject," writes *Good Housekeeping*. "How often the fearful invalid, weary and worn by the simple friction of the nervous system, finds comfort and refreshment in a gentle sponge bath, and yields to that restful sleep which brings a strength no medical agent can supply."

—In his "Problems of Health," Dr. Grimes says that there is not the most correct or little inlet of the minute blood vessels of the human body that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsions occasioned by good, hearty laughter. The life principle of the central man is shaken to the innermost depths, sending new ideas of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the persons who indulge therein. The blood moves more rapidly and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body, as it visits them on the particular mystic journey when the man is laughing from what it does at other times.
Hackmore cures colds and coughs.

THE FARM.

Threshing Every Day.

In their occasional trips to town farmers' sons are very apt to receive the impression that young men in cities not only have a less monotonous life than they, but work neither as hard nor as many hours.

One who had very decided opinions in this respect came to town in August and secured a position in the fruit department of an extensive dealer in "family supplies." During the unprecedented rush of the past few weeks, when fifteen hours constituted an ordinary day's work, and two or three additional ones were not unusual, he evidently did considerable thinking before he said to the proprietor, one day: "Well, Mr. A., I have concluded to quit this Saturday night." "You have? What's the matter? Anything gone wrong?" "Oh, no! I suppose it's all right, but I ain't used to it. When I was at home, father always hired a steady threshing machine for two or three days every year, and just about worked the life out of everybody. Now, I've been here seven weeks, and you've threshed every day, and I've got enough of it."

Motherberries for Animals.

Mr. Andrew S. Fuller, your able and always interesting instructor in correspondence, failed to enumerate every good use of the mulberry, since birds and man are not the only consumers of this valuable fruit. On my farm a few acres of land, too much broken for cultivation, have been planted in mulberry trees as permanent pasture; for this several old mulberry trees are standing—the common black and the white varieties; have planted none of the Russian, thinking our natives much better. The fruit is eaten by our farm animals, producing flesh and giving tone to their health. I have seen my horses, young and old, eating the fruit for hours at a time, and they become fat during the season; they pick up the berries from the ground with the upper lip, the ground becoming bare of grass.

Sheep, also, are excessively fond of mulberries, run for them early in the morning after their night's rest; and the hogs take their rounds from tree to tree. We have few deer now, but from the house, our poultry use them and thrive well. In autumn, at the time the leaves are falling, the cattle will keep the mulberry leaves eaten clean while fresh, and I have thought that the flow of milk is thereby increased, as the sap in the leaf is of a milky color. A corner of the farm to be kept in permanent pasture may well be planted to several trees of the different varieties of the mulberry; care for them a few years, and all that reach of the crown are trees of quick growth, an ornament to the grounds, and the timber is as durable as the locust for fence posts, grown in the open ground.—Israel W. Putnam, in N. Y. Tribune.

Storage of Eggs.

The perfect way to preserve eggs for market has not been discovered—for when eggs are removed from their preservative medium, be it salt, bran, or oil, they are liable to become deteriorated. It would not be impracticable for agents, farmers and grocery men to sell eggs in their preservative medium, excepting in the case of cold storage. Customers should be buying packed eggs, be it of their preference, and that they must be used immediately or returned; a preservative like the one from which they were taken. With these precautions the reputation of packed eggs would improve. The thrifty farmer's wife does not find packed eggs a failure. She puts down a bountiful supply, then if so fortunate as to have fresh ones in the season of scarcity she sells them at a remunerative price, while she makes delicious omelets, lemon pie and angel food from her packed eggs.

For domestic use the lime-brine seems to give best satisfaction. Any one may have a jar of this mixture, in which eggs, if fresh and whole when packed, will keep for months in good condition for most culinary purposes. Two ways in which they may not be used always with perfect success are: boiling in the shell and poaching; in the first case the shell cracks, in the other the form is lost. A frequent cause of complaint against packed eggs is the unpleasant flavor they sometimes have when without a taint of decay. This usually comes from their surroundings, when in cold storage; eggs exposed to the atmosphere of a room containing odorous, rank smelling vegetables or other odorous things are sure to be injured; even the fragrance of grapes and apples is objectionable in eggs.

Market Garden Notes.

Much of the success in tomato culture depends upon the care and attention given to the plants while yet in the hot-bed or warm house. If neglected in any way, either by insufficient watering or by being allowed to remain too long before transplanting, they will not soon recover. The crop will be out short in yield and the date of ripening retarded. We hear much about sowing the seeds from the fruit which matures first. This is a mistake, for the seeds from a series of years, but it does not necessarily follow that because the seeds from the first ripe fruits this year are sown that tomatoes will ripen earlier next year. There are many accidental causes which enter into three problems. A foot of fresh horse manure under six inches of loam will make about the right condition. Don't sow seed too thickly; one ounce broadcast under two by six inch is about right. In about three weeks after sowing your plants will begin to crowd, when they should be transplanted to another hot-bed, pricking two hundred plants to a sash. In another four weeks they will again begin to crowd, when they should be again transplanted, fifty plants to a sash. If three inches of hot manure is placed under soil they will start to grow quicker. Many prick this last time on cold boards. This is not as satisfactory as with a little heat at their feet. Warm straw mats should cover the first two beds during nights and severe days. The plants from this first sowing will not cover the whole tomato season. The fruit will not compare favorably with some of your neighbors, who do not

strive for early fruit. The vines will have exhausted themselves producing quite small fruit. It is therefore advisable to sow about the 25th of March, when the weather will not be so severe, and hot manure is needed and your plants grow quicker and require but one transplanting.—New England Farmer.

Cleanings for Gardeners.

In garden crops it is not easy to guess which are in good demand and good prices, and of which there will be an over supply to be sold at low prices. About as much depends upon the season as on the acreage being planted. About as safe a way is to stick to the same lines as usual, without much regard to the prices or amounts of last year's crops or of what other people are doing. If one crop has to be sold cheap, another may make up for it. This will be found the safest way year after year.

To prevent trouble by squash bugs one of the best preventives is to cover the hills before the plants come up with bottomless boxes twelve inches square, covered with mosquito bar. Keep the boxes over the hills till the plants crowd against the sides and top, then dust them liberally with land plaster or coal ashes. They will have gained such a start they can keep ahead of the bugs.

Much of the success with the tomato plants depends upon their not getting stunted in the hotbed or greenhouse before transplanting. Too low a temperature, too scanty supply of water or getting roundabout may do this. If this happens the plants are later in coming to bearing, which may mean a difference between \$2 a bushel or \$1, and also a considerable difference in the total crop. The danger of low temperature is as bad unless it scorches the leaves badly, but it makes the plants long legged and liable to be broken down by the wind or by their weight of fruit. If the plants cannot be set into the open ground before they begin to get roundabout, take up a part of them and put them in boxes down cellar, where they will keep a week or more very well, and that will give room for the others to grow.—The American Cultivator.

Wee Folk in Cold Weather.

The late severe cold was very hard on the wee folk of the wood and winged creatures of the air, and I am happy to say that many fine friends hereabout. One family picked up fourteen rabbits in the fields, nearly perished, too numb to run, and another twenty; all of these are now in cellars, plentifully fed with warmer weather, when they will be released. One gentleman at Point Pleasant, N. J., has a dozen quail which come to him regularly every night and morning to be fed. A boy found a poor old crow so crippled with rheumatism that he became a prisoner, much against his will, and he pecked away viciously for his freedom.

Notting a bluejay on a tree so close to our window that he was peering in, I threw out crumbs, and soon had no less than four jays and a whole army of snowbirds. A redbird, too, has come for crumbs several times. The large bluejay of bringing guns and "popper" them over, but they shall not harm a feather if I can help it, as I tell them the birds have come to us for protection, and another thing, the beautiful visitors afford us excellent opportunity for study of their habits. The jays are now in cellars, plentifully fed with warmer weather, when they will be released. One gentleman at Point Pleasant, N. J., has a dozen quail which come to him regularly every night and morning to be fed. A boy found a poor old crow so crippled with rheumatism that he became a prisoner, much against his will, and he pecked away viciously for his freedom.

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Wolfville, N. S., July 20.

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Wolfville, N. S., July 20.

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