

### Preserving Seeds.

In the first place, only the best specimens of each kind should be saved and all inferior ones rejected; this is easy enough with such plants as squashes, cucumbers, tomatoes, melons, etc., care being used to save only the earliest, fairest and most perfect specimens. The seed should be allowed to ripen thoroughly before taking it from the fruit, which will require some weeks with squashes, after gathering from the vine; tomatoes are placed in the sun for a few days, and melon seed may be taken directly when the melon is fit to eat; seeds of this nature having a fleshy pulp are usually cleaned by allowing them to ferment in water for a day or two, when the pulp will easily wash off, after which the seed is spread upon a sheet in the sunshine to dry. Sometimes the fermentation is allowed to go too far and the seed is spoiled, hence some care and experience are needed to clean seed in this way, and some persons prefer to wash the seed directly from the pulp without fermenting; this ensures good seed, but it is almost impossible to make it perfectly clean without fermenting.

The seeds of the squash and all vines easily mix with others of the same family in the neighborhood, so that when a variety is to be kept pure and true to name, it must be planted quite remote from any others of the same family. The mixing is done by the bees, who carry the pollen from flower to flower, often a quarter of a mile. It is quite difficult to grow good squash seed near a pumpkin field for this reason, and not more than one kind of melon or cucumber can be grown in the same field, and have the seed pure.

Tomatoes, corn and beans mix less readily, but should be kept separate by some rods when pure seed is required.

Seeds of vines keep longer if not allowed to freeze; they will preserve their vitality five or six years if kept in a warm dry place. A closet near a chimney is a good place, and since mice and rats are very fond of such tid bits as melon seeds, it will be advisable to lock them up in a tin chest or other rat proof arrangement; I know of nothing so provoking as to find some paper of choice seed all shelled out by the mice just at planting time, when it is often impossible to replace it, and when delay is always vexatious and expensive.

When saving seeds of beets, cabbage, turnip, etc., those who are most particular reject all but the seed grown on the leading stem. Beet seed is cleaned by threshing, sifting and picking over to get out the sticks; it varies much in size and should be separated by a sieve in order to have it run evenly through the seed drill, for it is the most troublesome of all seed to sow evenly.

When it is desirable to mix two sorts of corn, tomatoes, beans, etc., in order to get a new sort combining the good qualities of both, alternate rows of each kind are planted alongside, and the seed taken from either, will contain more or less of the character of both; it will not be a true new variety, however, until it has been grown by itself for some years; at first it will sport more or less, and breed back to the old stock of one side or the other. It is thus that our best varieties of new vegetables are produced.

Seeds of all kinds keep best in a dry, even temperature. When to be kept in large lots they may be put in bags and hung from the ceiling of the room, to keep them from the mice. Most seeds are good for two to five years if carefully kept; onion seed, however, is very inferior after the first year, and worthless after the second. When old seed is to be used, it should be previously tested by sowing a counted lot in a hot bed or other suitable place, and counting the number of plants that come up, and noting the vigor of the plants; the plants from old seed are usually less vigorous than from fresh seed, and sometimes are so weak as to be worthless. —W. D. Philbrick, in *New England Farmer*.

### Planning One's Work—Conveniences.

That house-keeper may justly be credited with ability, and even talent, who can keep the skein of house-keeping in smoothly-running order through those summer days, when the heat weakens and oppresses, when trivial tasks seem herculean, when washings accumulate so fast, and work of all kinds is inclined to drag and get behind. Whoever in the spring and early summer bore in mind the hot days coming, and made preparation for the same—who, before their advent, had her house cleaned and set in order, her summer's sewing and repairing well out of the way, and has now left on her hands only such tasks as are inseparable from the hot weather—fruit-canning, harvesting, etc.—may count herself fortunate, as well as a tolerably good manager of household affairs. Whoever, too, in her planning, left a goodly margin for unexpected tasks, for those things that cannot be set down in the regular routine, but are likely to befall—unexpected company, sickness, days of intense heat, and the languor and inertia consequent, as also a little margin for recreation and rest—will come out from the summer's labors comparatively well and strong; while those who, through inability or neglect to plan, have one task continually crowding another, a little more each day than the day is sufficient for, and are consequently obliged to keep up, day in and day out, without respite or rest, will be very likely at the end of the season to find themselves, if not absolutely ill, at least fagged, dispirited and unstrung.

That housekeeper may count herself fortunate who has, particularly through the heat of summer, suitable rooms and facilities for her work; who has a stove-

room apart from her kitchen; and whose kitchen or work-room is large and airy and well shaded, and as cool and comfortable as any room can be through the midsummer heats. This room should be furnished with shelves, cupboard, drawers, tables and all other needful appurtenances. It is marvelous how many kitchens or work-rooms there are which are utterly bare of these, and wholly inconvenient and unsuited to their use. It is nowise uncommon to see cook-rooms in which the house-keeper, in her hurry of dinner-getting or dishing up a meal, is unable to find so much as a spare foot of table or shelf whereon to set down a coffee-pot or cut up a loaf of bread. The only wonder is that she can manage her work at all with such a lack of facilities.

I have for some years had acquaintance with a housekeeper who is obliged to open and shut a trap-door every time she descends into her cellar, which through the hot weather is of course many times a day. Not only this, but the stairs are steep and crooked, and made in such manner as to compel her to bend her head and twist her body every time she goes down or comes up, to escape the timbers above, and this she has been obliged to put up with for the last fifteen or twenty years. I often think, when I see her in her home, that this inconvenience alone (and she has many others to contend with) has robbed her of months of time, and doubtless of life also; for she is broken and feeble, old and infirm, far beyond her years. The men of that household, as will be guessed, are of those who never think it worth their while to plan or buy anything for the saving of woman's time or strength; who meet with derision every word of discouragement or complaint, believing woman's work at its hardest a mere bagatelle in comparison with their own.

But very frequently a lack of facilities is more the woman's fault than the man's. Often the husband is willing and anxious to provide conveniences and apparatus, which the wife feels cannot be afforded, or prefers the money spent in some other way. Sometimes, when a girl is kept continually for the housework, the mistress does not fully know the need of these—does not realize how intolerable the work-room is, with the sun pouring down on the outside and the heat of the cook-stove within—nor understand how much time and strength go to the carrying and cleansing of water when the eaves-troughs are out of repair, or the cistern yet unbuild. Sometimes, too, even when the mistress is her own kitchen-girl, she does without this and that which would lighten and expedite her labors, from sheer indifference—a lack of genuine interest in her work, inability to plan better methods and arrangements, or from habit, treading by impulse the old and beaten track. Often she does not even avail herself of those simple methods of work or arrangement that require no outlay of money and little of thought, yet save many steps and much weariness in the course of the day.

Who but can call to mind housekeepers of this latter class, who cannot so much as mix up a tin of biscuits or make a batch of pies without several rods of travel—to one corner of the kitchen for bread pan, to another for kneading board, to another for rolling-pin and cake cutter, and to yet another for baking-dishes, and to still other shelves or places for flour, sugar, salt, soda, spices and other things, instead of having at least the most of these so arranged that few steps would be required to bring them all?—*Cor. Country Gentleman*.

### How Scarlet Fever is Carried.

A Miss Avery, a daughter of Frank Gallup, of Poquonoc, died at Cincinnati with scarlet fever of the most malignant type. A trunk containing her wearing apparel was sent home and the clothing distributed among relatives. Some of the dresses were altered by a dressmaker of the village, and one of her customers contracted the disease by visiting the house on business, and among the first victims of the fever were members of the Gallup family. The people, like those of most small communities, are social and friendly, and funerals have been attended by neighbors and friends, and articles of clothing loaned and borrowed, thus further disseminating the contagion. One afflicted mother, wild with grief at the loss of children, has taken the remainder of her family to visit friends at Essex, Conn., not thinking of the danger to which she exposed those who are willing to receive her. Should the scarlet fever become epidemic along the banks of the Connecticut, will the experts trace it to the oyster brush in that river?—*Hartford Courant*.

—Washing the Bark of Trees.—This practice is attended with an improved growth of trees, for two reasons: Those who take the trouble to perform it, take good care of the trees in other ways; and it removes moss, kills bark-lice, and destroys the hiding places for codling moths. But it is far less important than good cultivation of the soil. J. S. Woodward, of Lockport, finds caustic soda, or in its absence sal soda, the best for washing the bark. Potash is more apt to injure and burn the bark. When sal soda is used, it is heated in an iron kettle, with stirring, until it becomes reddish, when it is ready to apply. Annual whitewashing with lime has killed many young trees.

—Sylvanus H. Oakley, of Rochester, N. Y., claims to be an heir, under a will nearly one hundred years old, to a large tract of land in the neighborhood of Wall street, New York, now valued at \$20,000,000. It was a swamp when the will was made.

### Future Demands for Wool.

Before the war the proportion of woolen fabrics required to supply this country was, in pounds, four times greater than the number of people, whilst since that time it requires six times a greater number of pounds of wool to supply the population, thus making it necessary to have one-third more wool, and no man is so shortsighted as to suppose that our population is to remain stationary, or that it is to be augmented merely by the natural increase. This increase, together with immigration, is constantly at work. Our population is now over fifty millions, requiring three hundred million pounds of wool to supply it. Thirty years hence the population will probably reach 100,000,000 souls, requiring 600,000,000 pounds of wool to supply them; so that the sheep-shearing interest of this country has a bright prospect before it.

Now, put by the side of these facts one other, that when a flock of native ewes are crossed with a thoroughbred merino ram, the progeny will show an increase in the quantity of wool of from one-half to three quarters of a pound per head, and when we remember to what a great extent the demands of the sheep market must be supplied by the native or common sheep of the country, the future demands for thoroughbred merino rams is no longer a matter of doubt. Still there is one other point which should not be lost sight of in this connection. American wool can be made to compete with that of other countries even in their own markets. We should never, therefore, be satisfied with simply clothing ourselves. When the fertile prairies of the West, the immense domains of the great Northwest, with the great region of country stretching on the west of the Mississippi, including the plains of the Missouri, shall have become stocked with sheep, the United States will take the same rank as a wool-growing country that she has heretofore held in the production of cotton. No field is wider or richer in promise for the future than what is here opened for the intelligent American shepherd.—*Baltimore Sun*.

### "Saccharine Futurity."

She was a dainty blonde, and was robed in spotless white, relieved only by a cerulean blue knot at her throat and a double-barreled sunflower at her belt, and as she tripped into Ellis's she looked just too sweet to live. Harry Ellis smoothed down hair No. 79 as he came forward and asked: "What is it, miss?" The voice was as musical as an Eolian harp, and its dulcet tones vibrated upon his auditory nerve with frightful rapidity. She turned her heavenly blue eyes upon him and said: "Have you the song 'Saccharine Futurity'?"

"I beg pardon," said Ellis, "I didn't exactly catch the title."

"'Saccharine Futurity,'" repeated the beautiful vision, and as she uttered the words her lips looked so tempting that the young man immediately turned around and yanked down a folio marked S in great trepidation. He looked all through the list, but failed to find the song, and he ventured upon one more question: "Is it a solo or song and chorus?"

"Yes, I think it is," replied the dame, who seemed a little perplexed by the question. Just then Frank Rocker came in the back door and Ellis rushed up to him with the interrogatory: "What the dickens does she mean? She wants a song called 'Saccharine Futurity.'"

"What?" exclaimed Rocker, and then, as he gazed at the aesthetic appearance of the ethereal creature, he took it all in and said: "Go get her the 'Sweet By-and-By.'"

The familiar song was rolled up for her and smiling her thanks she passed out.—*Exchange*.

### Dyspepsia.

It is doubtful whether there is any country in the civilized world where this disease is as prevalent as it is in the United States. This affliction, so prevalent as almost, if not quite, to entitle us to the reputation of being "a Nation of dyspeptics," is the cause of many serious results. Not only does it yearly fill many a grave prematurely, but while life lasts it is a burden to its possessor, who, in consequence of being afflicted with this dread complaint, is incapable of appreciating or enjoying the many beauties and blessings of life's journey. As already intimated it is, if not peculiar to, at least far more prevalent among Americans than among the denizens of any other country. The writer has been induced to investigate the matter to a considerable extent, and the result confirms the opinion that dyspepsia is peculiarly an American disease.

It is a rare thing to see a German or an Irishman afflicted with it, unless they have contracted it since their emigration to this country. The question then arises, what cause produces it here, more than in other parts of the world? Is it our peculiar climate? No. Is it to be attributed to the water that is used as a beverage? No. Is it from any peculiarity of, or difference in, the properties of the articles used for food—our beef, pork and other meats—our cereals, vegetables, or fruit? No. Then to what can it properly be attributed? We answer, to our habits.

We are too fast a people for our own good; for our health and longevity. We do everything, or almost everything we accomplish, in too much of a hurry. We are born in a hurry—we live in a continual hurry—and, alas! too many are buried in too much of a hurry. One great cause of dyspepsia, among those who make use of animal food as a part of their diet, is that the

meat is cooked too much, especially when it is prepared by the process of frying. The tissues are hardened, thus rendering the process of digestion more difficult, and overtaxing the powers of the stomach. Both Americans and Englishmen are fond of beef-steak, and it is an article of food that is grateful to the palate, and affords no little gustatory pleasure while being eaten, and likewise is of great value in its nutritive and healthful properties, when properly cooked. We fry ours to a crisp in a large amount of lard, rendering it difficult of sufficient mastication, requiring a far greater amount of labor on the part of the stomach to digest it so that it can be assimilated; and by being over-cooked it is robbed of a large share of its nutritive properties. On the other hand the English send it to the table rare, cooked through, indeed, but not so thoroughly saturated and impregnated with grease—soft, juicy, easily masticated, and far more easily digested. To the difference here indicated, in the manner of cooking this article of diet, to a great extent doubtless, may be attributed the difference in the corpulence, rotundity, freshness of countenance, and general indications of health, between our English cousins and ourselves.

We eat too fast. Our food should be thoroughly masticated and completely incorporated with the secretions of the glands of the mouth—the saliva—before it is swallowed. Is this done by the average American? By no means. Much of our food is swallowed when not half sufficiently masticated and insalivated. So that it is reduced to a condition of sufficient meanness as not to produce strangulation when we attempt to swallow it, down to the stomach it goes, for that organ to complete what was only commenced, and ought to have been thoroughly finished, in the mouth. What is the result? So soon as food is taken into the stomach that organ is stimulated to a motion, termed the "peristaltic motion of the stomach," by which the food is subjected to a churning operation, passed from one part of the stomach to another until it is reduced by this action and the solvent power of the gastric juice, to a semi-fluid state, which as fast as formed passes out of the stomach through its lower orifice, the pyloric, into the lower stomach or duodenum. Now the more thoroughly the food is masticated and insalivated in the mouth, the more readily does the gastric juice act upon it, and dissolve it to the condition of chyme. If it is swallowed half masticated, in lumps just small enough to pass through the esophagus into the stomach without choking us, it requires a much longer "churning" operation in the stomach to reduce it to the condition that it can be acted upon by the gastric juice. The hard lumps excoriate the tender, sensitive mucous lining of the stomach, which becomes irritated and ulcerated. This condition of the stomach causes indigestion—as it is a matter of impossibility for it to perform its functions properly—the food taken into it lies there undigested, causing painful, disagreeable sensations in the gastric region, often headache, eructations of acid gas, loss of appetite. The food, not being properly digested and assimilated, of course the strength of the entire system lessens. The victim becomes gloomy, often morose, and life, which might have been all sunshine and enjoyment, becomes a burden and unenjoyable. Eating bread too recently baked is another cause of this affection. In that condition it forms a dough in the stomach, combining with the fluid of the stomach and what is drank while eating. In this condition the gastric juice cannot so easily exert its solvent powers—it remains a longer time in the stomach, and the results are the same as in the instance just cited.

In Germany, the Government wisely places a safeguard around its subjects in this particular. It is a penal offense for a public baker to offer for sale, or vend, raised bread within twenty-four hours after it is baked.—*J. B. Hoag, M. D., in Western Rural*.

### A Snake as a Teething-Ring.

Mr. Robert James, who arrived in this city yesterday from Chicot County, tells of a horrifying incident which, he stated, had just taken place in that county. A farmer, returning at noon from the field, while passing through the yard, discovered his little boy, about one year old, sitting near the fence with one end of what appeared to be a leather strap in his mouth, while with both hands he held the strap near the middle. Approaching, the father was horrified to find that the child held a snake, and the snake squirmed, but the little fellow pulled and closed his mouth as tight as though he were trying to bite off the serpent's head. The father seized the child and tore the snake from his hands. The snake was of the black species, and, though not poisonous, might have wound its body around the boy and choked him to death. This would seem to settle the old dispute as to whether or not a human being's fear of a snake is innate or the result of education. It may have been that the child was teething and wanted something to bite, and in the absence of rubber or a painted stick, adopted the snake as a substitute.—*Memphis Appeal*.

—Farmers along the Carson River are said to be troubled with porcupines. These intelligent animals are said to dig up the potatoes, and roll on them until they can walk off to the hills with a peck or so of the tubers on their quills. Melons disappear in the same way.

—The tobacco crop of Virginia will be short this year.

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