USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—In setting out apple trees keep them away from the wells, as the apple tree will push its roots a long distance to get water, and seems to delight, whenever possible, in sending an extra root down a well.—*Denver Tribune.*

—Ducklings are as liable to die of chills and cramps as young turkeys, and for that reason must be kept from exposure to cold rains and heavy dews and away from the streams and ponds until they are a month or six weeks old.—*Indiana State Journal.*

—Weeds are continually appearing on our lawns and causing trouble. Many disappear after a time, as the constant cutting prevents seeding, and eventually causes their destruction. A few, like the narrow-leaved plantain, it may be necessary to dig out. This is conveniently done with a narrow instrument, something like a chisel. A pinch of salt placed on a tenacious weed causes its death.

—Painted Floors: For kitchen and pantry floors there is nothing better than a coat of hard paint. The cracks should be filled with putty before it is applied, and the paint allowed to dry at least two weeks before using; and then it is easily kept clean by washing—not scrubbing—with milk and water. Soap should never be allowed to touch it. Red lead and yellow ochre are good for coloring; the former makes a hard paint that wears well.—*The Household.*

—Fried Cabbage: Wash and slice a medium-sized white cabbage and lay it in cold salted water for an hour. Put two heaping teaspoonfuls of lard in a large frying-pan, and when the lard is melted take the cabbage from the water, put it into the frying-pan with the lard, and a palatable seasoning of salt and pepper; put a cover on the frying-pan and place it on the stove where the cabbage will cook slowly without burning; stir and turn it occasionally so that all parts of the cabbage may cook equally. When the cabbage is quite tender pour in two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and it will be ready to serve. Young, tender cabbage will cook tender in from twenty to thirty minutes.—*N. Y. Times.*

—An experienced farmer writes concerning the most suitable weather for sowing grass seeds that a fine day should be chosen, when the land is tolerably dry, but when there are indications of approaching rain. Such conditions are much more favorable for sowing seeds than during rainy or showery weather, for, in the first instance, the seeds are more likely to be evenly covered, and will be gradually absorbing moisture from the soil previous to the next fall of rain, which they will be in a condition to receive with benefit. Whereas, if sown after a shower, as is too frequently done, the above advantages are not obtained, but after the seeds have been saturated with moisture the dry weather returns, and they become "malted."

The Farm-Yard.

As the frost leaves the ground in the spring there is a special reason why intelligent farmers should actively engage in cleaning up their premises. There is always at this time of the year more or less decaying matter about the barns and out-houses of every farm, and to prevent malaria and disease in the family or among herds and flocks these premises should be thoroughly cleaned pending the commencement of actual field work. The use of disinfectants often prevents great loss, for upon the farm, as in the crowded city, there is more or less necessity for their use. The boys and girls can be busied in assisting in gathering and burning the accumulated rubbish of the winter, and there is no farmer, be he never so careful, who will not find more or less of this kind of work to do. Nothing more clearly indicates thrift and carefulness than a farm where all the tools, machinery and fences are systematically cared for. The sight of a farm-yard strewn with pieces of board, broken crockery, old tin cans and other rubbish, is at once repulsive and a sure sign of neglect, while a clean, tidy yard and surroundings indicate that the farmer knows how to use the resources given him, and to make his home pleasant and agreeable. Cleanliness, it is said, is next to godliness, and the truth of the axiom can be now here more clearly shown than upon the farm.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Mrs. Job.

The world has been sympathizing with Job for two thousand years, and pitying his sufferings and tribulations, but hardly a thought seems to have been taken of Mrs. Job and her trials, which must have been of no ordinary nature. True, she didn't have any boils, her husband, with true masculine selfishness, appropriating them all to himself, but she had to wait on him and listen to his complainings day and night. It would have tried the patience of a saint to have been compelled to live in the same house with a man burdened with such a wealth of afflictions as Job was, and it is hardly to be wondered at that, goaded to desperation, his wife one day advised him to throw up the game, and pass in his checks. Almost any woman would have done the same thing under the circumstances. There seems to have been a constant stream of people coming to see Job, to condole with him. Not only did the neighbors drop in continually to see how he was getting along, each one with a different remedy for boils, but relatives came from long distances, and of course they had to be entertained and fed. This made a great deal of work for Mrs. Job, who, on account of her husband's extraordinary losses, couldn't afford to keep a hired girl. Had she not been a remarkable woman, she never could have gone through with it.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Weak Horses.

"My horses do not seem to have their natural strength, and are unable to work hard without apparent exhaustion," writes an Indiana correspondent. This complaint can generally be made with truthfulness, as spring time approaches, and we usually take occasion to refer to the matter about this time every year, or a little later. The system of the horse, like that of the man, is in low condition in the spring, owing to the influence of imperfect exercise during the winter months, and the sluggishness of the blood. During the winter the majority of horses upon the farm do but a small portion of the hard work which they are accustomed to do at other seasons of the year. As a natural result the muscles become soft, and a little additional work produces weariness and sometimes exhaustion. A man who is but little accustomed to exercise can neither walk very far or labor very hard without becoming exceedingly tired, while one who is accustomed to walk or labor scarcely knows what exhaustion means, however severe the test may be to which his endurance is put. In the one case the muscles are soft and flabby, while in the other they are hard and strong. This same thing is true of the horse.

This lack of exercise and the general manner of living in the winter, also thickens the blood, loads it with impurities and produces actual disease to a greater or less degree. The skin, which is a very important excretory organ, but imperfectly performs its office when the animal is kept without considerable exercise. There is a vast deal of escape from it all the time, it is true, but not near so much as there is when there is free perspiration, the usual result of active exercise. Consequently the work of removing from the system the effete matter, is thrown in a very much larger measure upon the internal organs in winter, and these grow weary under the additional burdens, and very likely imperfectly do the work. If so, there is effete matter remaining in the system, thickening and poisoning the blood, causing a sluggishness of circulation which produces something of a fever and languor. The animal consequently is weak and is not fit to labor hard until some remedies have been given to restore the system to its normal condition, or until it has been restored to that condition by gradually increased exercise. With ourselves, the treatment is likely to be "spring medicine," but it is doubtful if that is better than judicious exercise, and indeed it is doubtful if it is as good. Intelligent exercise and intelligent diet are no doubt the best medicine; and that is also true in our treatment of the horse. He needs to be worked gently at first, the bowels a little loosened if he is costive, and he will soon come out all right. Nothing can be more reckless than to take a horse out of his winter quarters and put him at once to hard work. The result may be very serious and under any circumstances it will be injurious, for we cannot force nature without paying the penalty sooner or later. One of the most difficult things for men to learn is that if an animal is compelled to do more than it is abundantly able to do, it must mortgage its future strength and life to do it. It may not show the ill-effect at first, and when it does show it, it may be so long after the happening of the cause that is forgotten by us, but it is nevertheless a fact that the cause has produced the effect. Nature keeps very accurate accounts, and she will have her "pound of flesh." Thousands of horses do not live as long as they would, if this fact was remembered, and if we realized how much pecuniary injury we do ourselves in the course of a life time, through the inconsiderate treatment of our horses, we would be astonished. But we do not often realize it. Nature is sometimes so long in striking her balance that we forget all about working the animal four or five springs ago, beyond his strength, or driving it almost beyond the powers of its endurance two or three years since. Nature does not forget it, however.—*Western Rural.*

Too Many Varieties.

The desire to produce a large number of varieties causes many persons to fail in raising a supply of fruit for their families and prevents them from having any to sell. If they set out an orchard they first look over the catalogue of a nurseryman and select about as many varieties of apples, pears, cherries and plums as it contains. Inexperienced persons sometimes set out an orchard that contains as many varieties as it does trees. Such an orchard is never profitable, for the reason that it is not productive. Only a small proportion of the trees ever produce any fruit, and of these many are shy bearers. Commercial orchardists plant but few varieties, and the longer they continue in the business the more they are inclined to reduce the number of varieties they cultivate. Experience and observation show the kind of trees that are profitable. Few persons can afford to support a horticultural museum. They want an orchard that will produce fruit. Nurserymen keep a large number of fruit trees on their lists chiefly for show. They are glad to sell varieties that are not in favor with professional orchardists as there is little demand for them. If their opinion is asked, however, they will, if they are conscientious, recommend the planting of but few varieties. The owner of the largest orchard in this State recommends but three varieties for general cultivation. He finds that no kinds of trees are profitable that are not in the highest degree hardy and productive. The most extensive pear-raiser in the country now limits the varieties to six, though he commenced with sixty. In most localities two varieties of cherries and two of plums are as many as will prove to be profitable.

What is true of the orchard is also true of the vineyard and the plantation of small fruit. A few good varieties are preferable to a large number of doubtful character. In this latitude only a few varieties of grapes are hardy enough to live without winter protection, or productive enough to be profitable. Two varieties of currants, gooseberries, raspberries and blackberries are enough to afford a change, and as many as will be found highly profitable. One may raise several kinds of strawberries for home consumption, but only a few varieties of grapes and berries. Only an amateur who has plenty of time and money can afford to experiment with a large number of varieties of doubtful character. The more varieties a person undertakes to cultivate the more time, trouble and expense will be required to take care of them. Experience gained in cultivating one kind will be of little service in the management of another. Each has different habits and modes of growth. One requires much pruning, another little and a third none at all. The like is true in regard to protection and the application of fertilizers. A person who raises but a few varieties can become an expert in the management, but constant care and study are required to manage a great many varieties. Persons who are engaged in general farming can not raise what are classed as "fancy fruits" without neglecting their field-crops, which they cannot afford to do. They should content themselves with a few varieties, and these should be the most hardy and productive. The lists furnished by State and local horticultural societies should serve as guides to persons of little or no experience. Persons who have had experience in other localities would also do well to consult them.

A large variety of corn, small grains, potatoes and garden vegetables is generally undesirable and unprofitable. It is better to raise one kind of field corn than several. If different kinds are planted on the same farm they will mix and the crop will not bring as high a price as could be obtained for corn of any one variety. Indeed, it is better to have all the corn planted in one neighborhood of the same variety, as it will be likely to be stored in the same elevator and shipped in the same cars. Fences between farms will not prevent the pollen of corn from passing from one farm to another. If corn is to be saved for seed it is essential that it be pure. Every farmer needs raise both early and late potatoes, but one variety of each will generally be found more profitable than several. Potatoes will not mix in the hill, as many persons believe they will, but they will get mixed in the bin and require labor to sort them for planting or the market. A mixed lot of potatoes will sell no better than a similar lot of corn. One variety of wheat, oats, rye, barley and buckwheat is easier managed than several, and generally gives better satisfaction. It is very difficult to raise several varieties of melons, pumpkins, squash and cucumbers on the same farm without having them mix so that the seed will produce fruit of mongrel character. One early and one late variety of cucumber and squash can be raised with advantage without much danger of mixing, as the time of blossoming is different. The like is true of a late and early variety of cabbage. It is desirable to raise several varieties of beans, peas, radishes and lettuce, as the season for any one of them lasts but a short time, and the seed of pure stock can be obtained for a small sum.—*Chicago Times.*

Longfellow—Dead, but Living.

If to escape the troubles and limitations of earthly life and yet leave behind all of personality that is of benefit to humanity and honor to one's self is a blessing, then the good old poet who died yesterday is blessed above the generality of men. Among modern poets there is none whose lines are in this country more widely read and fondly remembered than Longfellow's, nor is there any who in reaching the hearts of the noblest men and women speaks only in forms that children can comprehend. Although some of his lines were penned a long half century ago, in the heyday of his youth, not one of them contains the faintest indication of a juvenile versifier's usual blunder—the mistaking of sensuous or sensual excitement for poetic inspiration. Essentially of a literary temperament and by profession a student of the forms of language he never for an instant became a mere word-builder, as do many of the men who now will aspire to his vacant place. On rare occasions the muse seemed to hold aloof from him, but in truth she was abashed by an influence higher than her own, for his lines which are least poetical are those which best survive the terrible test of time. The versified prose of his "Psalm of Life" is to the mass of readers of English a moral incentive second only to the Sermon on the Mount. His was one of the rare natures that could express strong feeling without stirring up strife. His poems on slavery are the only ones on the subject that never aroused personal animosity toward their author. His pen drew many a picture of woman, but among them all was not one whom it did not ennoble. His books may not be nearest to hand in the libraries of men who imagine they love literature because they are connoisseurs in literary form, but in countless homes they are often thumbed by man and woman, by old and young, and are, and long will be, as the poet's friend, Lowell, wrote about "Evangeline:"

——a shrine of retreat from life's hurry and strife,
As quiet and chaste as the author's own life.

—*N. Y. Herald.*

Meat as a Food.

She would not touch a bit of meat,
But oft she'd sit and weep
To think that sweet broiled chop was once
Part of a baby sheep:
"And oh," she'd mourn, "those tender steaks,
So full of gravy now
(This was a slight *mis*take I think)
Once wandered o'er the fields and meads,
Attached to a cow,
A gentle, loving cow!"

"Variety alone gives joy,
The sweetest meats the soonest cloy."

Ordinary people average in eating meat about once a day. While in China the natives subsist upon vegetable food almost wholly, and the Scotch people thrive upon oatmeal, the English, Germans and Americans must have meat from the lowest to the highest, and the Irish are endowed with a penalty if they do not abstain from it on certain days, as a penance exacted by their church. There is much in habit and in climatic influences, and though people would not literally starve on a vegetable diet, or might indeed become healthier and hardier when accustomed to it, there is a strong desire among all civilized nations to eat the flesh of animals which are raised and killed for this very purpose. During the very hot days of summer it is wise to eat lightly of animal food. Fruits, being then in season, offer a pleasant substitute and the system is better to be kept on a light diet; but the autumn, spring and winter seasons demand it, and it is much more provocative of good health and digestion than sweets and pastry, especially if cooked as meats are cooked in England, with all the juices in them, a plain solid method which does not find favor in the land of small fancy roasts and dry broils. We have not invented a single name for any of our meats either, but borrow from the Scotch or English. The French are like ourselves in making up small, fussy dishes. A family roast of beef as sold in our markets would give an Englishman a famine. Two whole sirloins roasted and brought to table undivided used to be a common dish in England, where it is called a bacon of beef. It is still a great festival dish. Charles II. is said to have knighted a loin of beef he was feasted on, and history commemorates it in this epigram:

"Our second Charles of fame facete,
On loin of meat did dine;
He held his sword pleased o'er the meat—
Rise up thou famed Sir Loin."

That would seem a fair explanation of the value of the sirloin as well as of the origin of its name. There is a saying, "Living on short commons," which had its being in the days when the college boys had their meals furnished to them in the college halls; there were "boiling days," and "roasting days," and the method of living was called "in commons." That all old dishes are not to be recommended might be inferred from the fact given us in history that the butter of the commons was so bad that the farmers would not use it to grease their wagon wheels. Broiled and fried dishes were almost unknown in olden days. Everything was cooked on a spit, and a celebrated French lord had a spit that turned 130 different roasts at once, so that as beef came down, venison went up, and a leg of mutton chased a fowl a la Flamande, and so on. A dog was used to turn these spits, on the same principle that he now does the churning for families, and usually the piece of meat he turned was several times his own weight. To illustrate the difference between the French and English method of cooking, an anecdote is given of a French officer who laid a wager with some friends that a soldier of his company would eat a whole calf at one meal. The day and hour came and the service was laid. The cook was an artist, and served up the whole calf in various small highly-seasoned dishes of the most delicious flavors. The soldier ate with a light heart; dish after dish vanished and he talked gaily while his backer was delighted, but when more than half the dishes were eaten, he laid his knife and fork down to the dismay of the officer and the delight of the other party. But he soon routed his opponents. Smiling good humoredly he looked at the various dishes left and said: "Mon Capitaine, I am still hungry, these entrements are delicious, but if I eat any more of these seductive dishes, I shall have no appetite for the calf." The historian adds: "In England the unfortunate man would have sat down to the same quantity in loins and fillets, and would have either broken down before those mountains of solid flesh or died of indigestion."

But the English get immense satisfaction out of their "solid flesh" roasts, with an accompaniment of good dish gravy and browned potatoes, and they would scorn the little "fist roasts" which go into an American family of eight or ten members for a dinner course. "Joints" are almost unknown here, but there they have a national reputation. It is the cooking that has made the roast beef and the London chops famous, as well as the quality of the highly-bred sheep and oxen of Devonshire and Yorkshire and Lancashire.

Pork is not a classic or historic dish, although the luxurious Greeks and Romans ate roasted pig which was stuffed with spiced thrushes and swans' eggs. The Scotch despised it until very recently, but the Germans are fond of it. The real pork eaters have a prejudice against little sucking pigs for food, but epicures delight in it, especially if it is what Charles Lamb described: "A young and tender suckling under a moon old, guiltless as yet of the sty, a weakling, a flower!" Roast pig has age to recommend it in theory at least, and is thus embalmed in the "Comedy of Errors:"

"The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
The clock hath struck twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek;
She is so hot because the meat is cold,
The meat is cold because you came not home."

—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*