JUST WISDOM FROM MAINE.

Description of Perfect Butter and Silver-Lined Improving Dairy Cows.

At a dairyman's meeting was planned by Secretary Gilbert recently, at the Hotel Ponce de Leon, Orange. The meeting was held in the new dairy building and contained practical instruction as well as theoretical. Professor Chase Ogden, of Rome, Oneida, has charge of the new dairy school.

The first speaker was the college farm superintendent, Mr. O. M. Orcutt, who gave a lecture on "Good Butter." He said it was mainly confined to sanitary matters. Cleanliness was a main point of the lecture. Only in the perfection of a better article of butter than had yet to be furnished could it be made to do so. One of the important factors in good butter is flavor, and butter is not never good if salty. The much working spoils butter by making from the grain. Butter is spoiled, sudden when broken apart could break with a distinct fracture. It will not. This kind of butter is too soft and is too hard or tallow, or too crumbled butter. There is too much water and in butter. Ten per cent of water is the lowest practicable amount, which is just one-half the amount. Much more than this is not desirable. Much more and than the market contains 24 to 26 per cent. of water.

He dwelt upon the following scale of points for perfect butter: Flavor—sweet, nutty, sweet cream, pure, no taste working, churning and packing, in solidity—firmness, not readily soft, in texture—compact, closeness of grain, breaking with a distinct fracture, in color—such as the market calls for, a summer—perfection not over 30 per cent, 6 all—variation not a defect unless quality used, in excessive, usual perfection, 100.

Professor L. F. Roberts, of Cornell university, New York, spoke on "Milk Production." Professor Roberts thought it was no use here about the right breed. In certain lines in dairying great gains have been made, but in others all breeds are needed. It is not likely and are fools for cattle which will be equal to Guernsey in the will be found, where everything has been tried and now have been almost immeasurable milch cows. Also general success, for cows produce over 2,000 pounds of milk per year, or over 200 pounds of milk. There are cows which are produce more than four times the milch and have not the right stock of the right standards to which all must go. The middle ground is the safest. Aim is to diminished cost and increased productive.

Improvements should first of all, be in what you use. The first and great idea is better food and more of it, second, environment—everything in her surroundings, stable air, light, litter, and attention. Fourth, breeding, and the best cows in the herd—these will come nearer to the ideal of the cow to breed.

The yearly record of the cow should be kept accurately. The quality of the milk should be tested. Weigh the better and breeding, a farmer makes a big mistake the keeps a cow over three years that wags in a balance on the wrong side. Sales and the better are going to well of the pedigree. Pedigree is good, but performance is better.

To select cow will be the animal of letting a pedigree, can show a better root than breeding, as she is turn above a cow proved blood has greatness. The cow is to which the greatest amount of energy in milk production. Comfort of bed are more than pedigree. The no pedigree should be the recorded representative made through several generations. The failure to make dairying very profitable is due to the failure of the dairyman to bring all the factors together.—Cor. American Cultivator.

Tea Pickers.

While a few miles of this office is a tater cultivator at work. The milk tests at the top. There is a stick and a wind and the vitamin cows sent at no just and the butter drops away at noted. It is all done "while you wait." Within a mile distance of the creamery a food man brings his milk into the barn in a pail. A still more old woman strains it into pans and puts the pans carefully away. Later on he pans are skimmed by hand, the cream is poured into a cream pot and then that into a churn. Then the time when "between times" life about the barrel weight on the churn dasher is taking the butter "come"—with working and pan washing to follow. What a contrast! How it illustrates the wonderful forces that are at work changing every factor of our industrial life. The man who will not grow, who refuses to modify his practices as the conditions change and adapt himself to more and more advanced ideas must stand still. He must get out of the race or stand and be crushed.—Rural New Yorker.

Close Counting.

A Mr. Smith keeps twelve cows on the twelve acreage, small pasture, corals, boots, etc., that grow on his twelve acre garden, and besides this he feeds quite a herd of Berkshire pigs, partly on some of the prepared food he would not feed to cows or that the cows would not eat. To those he feeds some of the food he buys. The cows and hogs on his farm, it may be said, from the sale of the $2,000 or $10,000 worth of "garden truck" he sells that are grown on his and forty-five acres of land.

How many farmers are there in Wisconsin who are feeding twelve cows on forty-five acres of land, even if they feed everything the land raises? Very few we fear.—Hoard's Dairyman.

Cheese is made up of fat, casein, a little salt and the water that is not pressed out of it.

A bill has already been introduced into the United States of representatives for the admission of Indian Territory as a state. Sooner or later we shall have conferences adopting the American bills and holding conferences as to which of the bills shall go to the United States. And by the end of the century we shall have twenty-fifty states in this great big Union.

Time the London Daily News states up the Louisiana lottery: "The whole country suffering and corruption. In some parts of the United States it will take either the cooperative power of entire commerce."

A White Dinner.

It was a white dinner and was given in honor of the bride's home-coming. The snowy tablecloth of exquisite fineness was a mass of delicate beautifulness and silken tracery. The long white satin scarf was exceedingly ornate with its heavily embroidered and fringed ends and its center piece of universe, forms and white lilies, representing a miniature lake upon which two swans, lesson peacefully, reposed two majestic white swans. The table service of purest white china, most delicately frost of silver and finest Venetian glassware, together with the snowy flowers, gleamed in the so-enhanced light above like the moon silvered crystals of a winter's night.

The menu, prepared by a celebrated French chef, was as nearly white as the incurmighty of certain colors could be made to submit to gastronomic necessity. The soup ladle were fairly dreams of white and silver, and night have been designed for that memorable night when Lucullus dined with Lucullus. The bride wore the crowning venture of her bridal—a Pelham breakfast of rich ivory satin, with fairy clouds of rare old lace and gems time of almost priceless peals. In deference to the artistic idea of the dinner the younger ladies were gowned in white and the elder in silver grays and pale lavenders. The color line was only drawn at the chevalieresses of the gentlemen and the complexions of the sheny fiend waiters.

But why these soks a Pelhidus. Since to be on right one must have everything match, why not clothe the gentlemen in white satin and silverdine the waiters? It would really and to have one false note in the harmony.—Chicago Herald.

A Trade for Boys.

If I had my way I would insist that every boy should learn a trade. The man who has a trade is a thousand times better equipped than the man who has none. Let every boy select the trade that best suits his ability and promises the highest honors and remuneration. When he has mastered his trade if he dislikes it or it is not profitable, he can begin to study a profession or enter upon a successful career. If he should fail in both of these he is still master of a good trade—something that no one can take away from him, no matter what exigencies may arise. The man who is master of a good trade is independent as a millionaire. He need never want. He can find profitable work in any corner of the world.

I do not say one word against a professional career. But I do say emphatically that the man who has a trade and a profession as well need have no fear of the future. The boy who wants to can master a trade between the years of sixteen and twenty, and if he dislikes it he still has time to study medicine, the law or any other of the learned professions. But if he waits until he is twenty or over he may not have an opportunity or feel inclined to learn either.—Peter Coates in Ladies' Home Journal.

Cost of Some Cable Messages.

A glance through the code of instructions issued by one of the big cable companies shows that there are a number of places which rarely appear upon the map that may be reached by wire from this town. For $2.25 per word one may communicate with the hottie town of Pozo Prim upon the west coast of Africa, while a connection can be established with the lively hamlet of Grand Bassam in the same region at $1.01 for every ten letters. For $1.17 per word you may address your long lost relatives or business partners in Djebila, Moora and all Dedjaz, while the rate to Bunder Abbas, Bassilow and Lingah is 44 cents in addition to the best lines from Jask, Persia, where the messages is delivered.

Every word sent to New Zealand via Northern Siberia costs the sender just $3.24, which is the highest rate on the list. It costs sixty cents a word to reach Remangrangrana and Agonda de Panagoros, shown in Cuba, and $1.80 to the old Dutch fortress in Sungie Ujung, on the Malay peninsula, hence you're living.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Terrible Life of the Epileptic.

Sufferers from epilepsy must be accounted among the most miserable of human beings. An early development of the malady darkens all the patient's prospects in life. Moreover domestic his disposition be cause anticipate a lessen of his over. He is largely shut out from ordinary occupations. He is not nervous enough for the social circle, and his own sensitiveness leads him to shrink from joining it.

If he ventures upon the street he is liable at any moment to be thrown violently to the ground, if he remains at home he is in the same danger of falling down a chair or against the sharp corners of the furniture or upon a hot stove. He lives in perpetual dread.—Youth's Companion.

Substitute for Leather.

A new material is being made by an English company which resembles leather and India rubber, and will be made into boots and shoes, waterproof clothing and other similar products. It is known as blandyte, but the composition is not made public.—New York Journal.

Secretary Foster recommends that United States inspection agents be stationed in Europe to the ports from which most of our immigrants ship to America. A bill will be introduced into congress authorizing such inspectors. Every year Europe pours more and more of its dregs upon us and it is time to close the door with Canada, meanwhile, is offering bounties to immigrants.

SEVEN SCENES IN A WOMAN'S LIFE.

A Tinge of Care and Sorrow Seems to Rise to Each Stage of Her Career.

A woman's life is carefully pieced together from seven scenes. With Cupid who holds the carefully woven each dainty fabric and throws on the rose-colored glass, then she is the maiden, the young wife, the mother, the middle aged woman, the matron, the grandmother and the aged woman. Then, with a final kiss, the Angel Death takes her hand and places it in his little mitt. After passing through the vapor of the room he has twilight dining and sleeping.

A boy stands beside her looking about adding the last touches to her toilet. Her hair will soon be done. Her eyes are full of tender sympathy. We know a maiden by her rosebud lips, by her eyes, by the glow, there is a tinge of care in the rosebud, and in the eyes there is a tinge of care. The eyes are a little deeper, and in the mouth and cheeks, and the shadows lengthen into deepened shade.

A young man is waiting for her to come. He looks at her anxiously while they go to the church to know why the maiden is so pale. Is she sick and the aged shadow has crept over her face yet? There is a tinge of care in the rosebud, and in the eyes there is a tinge of care. Is it sickness or care? Is it sickness or care? Is it sickness or care?