

## Agricultural.

## TEN RULES FOR MAKING BUTTER.

In making good butter there are several nice operations to be gone through with which require an eye to cleanliness, forethought and some little experience:

1. On milking clean, fast, yet gently, regularly twice a day, depends upon the success of the dairyman. Bad milkers should not be tolerated in a herd, better pay double price for good ones.

2. Straining is quite simple, but it should be borne in mind that two pans, about half full each, will produce a greater amount of cream than the same milk in but one pan; the reason of this is the greater surface.

3. Scalding is quite an important feature in the way of making butter in cool weather; the cream rises much quicker, the milk keeps much longer, the butter is of a better color and churns in one-half the time.

4. Skimming should always be done before the milk becomes loppered, otherwise much of the cream turns into whey and is lost.

5. Churning, whether by hand or otherwise, should occupy forty or fifty minutes.

6. Washing in cold soft water is one of its preserving qualities, and should be continued until it shows no color of the milk by the use of the ladle. Very hard water is highly charged with lime, and must in a measure impart to it alkaline properties.

7. Salting is necessarily done with the best kind of ground salt; the quantity varies according to the state it is taken from the churn—if soft, more; if hard, less; always taking the taste for the surest guide.

8. First working, after about twenty-four hours, is for the purpose of giving it greater compactness.

9. Second working takes place at time of packing, and when the butter has dissolved the salt, that the brine may be worked out.

10. Packing is done with the hands, or with a butter mall; and when butter is put into wooden vessels they should be soaked two or three days in a strong brine before using. After each packing cover the butter with a wet cloth, and put a layer of salt upon it; in this way the salt can easily be removed at any time by simply taking hold of the edges of the cloth.

Butter made in this way will keep any length of time required.—[*Maryland Farmer*.]

## CORN SMUT POISONOUS TO CATTLE.

EDITORS COUNTRY GENTLEMEN.—Please find inclosed a slip cut from the *American Farmer*, about smut on corn. I consider it a poisonous fungus somewhat similar to ergot in rye, which also is found in various other grasses, and to the presence of which, in part, I attribute the fact that cattle will not thrive some seasons as at others, even with the greatest abundance of hay.

T. S. GOLD.

West Cornwall, Conn.

IS CORN SMUT POISONOUS TO CATTLE?—Mr. E. Wood, of Lester, Iowa, says the *Prairie Farmer*, lost three oxen, three cows and three calves last winter, he supposed from eating the snouts of cornstalks. He raised one and a half acre of King Philip corn, which was very smutty, "not only many ears with smut upon them, but occasionally bunches of clear smut—all left on the stalks, bound and stacked." When cold weather came on the cattle were fed plentifully on these stalks. On the morning of the third day he found one dead; the eight died within two days. They were supplied with water daily. "The first symptoms were weakness; would reel in walking. If lying down, would lie apparently easy for two hours; then begin to twitch or jerk in the shoulder, breathe hard, roll on the side occasionally and groan. For one or two hours before dying, would lie continually on the side, with legs stretched out, and manifest extreme pain; would die within six or eight hours after showing the first symptoms of the disease." All masses of smut grown on cornstalks, or any other part of the ears of this grain, should be carefully removed, so as not to taint the fodder or seed of the plant consumed by man or beast. —[*Country Gentlemen*.]

THE ORIGINAL SECKEL.—The tree from which all the Seckels have been derived by a succession of buds and grafts, is a chance seedling, first discovered by a hunter, in a meadow upon

the banks of the Schuylkill, while Philadelphia was still young. We copy the following account of its present appearance from the *Gardener's Monthly* of that city:

Would you find it, reader mine, with a tithe of the bother and time it cost me—then drive straight to the Point Breeze Park race course (any sporting friend or fast man can tell you where that is), follow the narrow lane which skirts it on the east, till a pair of bars obstruct your further progress; then inquire of the inmates of the humble farmhouse, just over the fence, and they will kindly point you to the object of your journey.

It stands in an open grass meadow, reclaimed long years since from the passing waters, surrounded by a plain substantial fence of post and rail, erected at the thoughtful instance of the late Dr. W. D. Brinckle, as a protection against the depredation of cattle and the rude root-pruning of the plow.

Like most great historic personages, the tree is of small stature, being only about twenty-five feet high, compact in form, and giving no signs in limb or branch of decrepitude or decay. Yet the trunk, which would measure six feet in circumference, if sound and entire, is now reduced to a mere shell of about two inches in thickness, and encircling only the south easterly half; yet, such is the inherent vigor of this little monarch among pears, that he has survived many a prop put up to sustain his declining years. A stout oaken scantling, the last of all his supports, has long since gone the way of all departed timber, and still the hearty little tree lives on, in a green and hale old age. From his crown there have sprung up two thrifty vigorous shoots, about eight feet each in height, which, mayhap, shall hand down his lineage to human generations yet unborn.

## TALK ABOUT MARRIAGE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Two maidens, in youthful bloom and beauty, sat earnestly talking. Their thought was reaching away into the future; their theme was marriage.

"I like him well enough," said one of them, "but—"

She paused, the objection unspoken.

"What is the impediment, Alice?"

"His income is too small."

"What is it?"

"Eight hundred dollars a year."

"You might live on that."

"Live! Bah! What kind of living?"

"Not in princely style, I will admit."

"Nor scarcely in plebian, Fanny?"

Eight hundred dollars! Why! father pays six hundred dollars rent, and I'm sure our style of living is plain enough.

Eight hundred! Oh, no. I like Harry better than any young man I have met.

I could love him, no doubt. But he can't support a wife in any decent kind of style."

"Did your father, and mother begin their married life on a larger income than Harry Pleasants now receives?"

Mine did not, as I have often heard them relate."

"Father and mother! Oh, according to their story, Job's famous turkey was scarcely poorer than they were in the beginning. Mother did all her own work, even to the washing and ironing, I believe. Father's income was not over three or four hundred dollars a year."

"And they were happy together, I am sure."

"No doubt. In fact, I've heard mother say that the first hard struggling years of their life, were among the happiest she had known. But that doesn't signify for me. That is no reason why her daughter should elect to go into the kitchen, and spend her years in washing, ironing and cooking."

If a man isn't able to support a wife genteely, and in the style to which she has been accustomed, let him marry some Irish cook, sewing-girl or washerwoman, who will manage his household with the needed economy. Young men who can't earn more than eight hundred or a thousand dollars a year, should not look into our circle for wives."

"I don't like to hear you talk in this way, Alice said her companion. "We are not superior beings, but only the equals of the men."

"Did I say we were superior?"

"One might infer from your language that you thought so."

"I don't see how the inference can fairly be drawn."

"Our circle for wives, you just said now."

"Yes."

"What do you mean by it?"

"A circle of intelligence, refinement, taste and cultivation," said Alice.

"You don't say wealth."

"No, My father, though living in

good style, is not rich. I have heard him say, more than once that we were living up to our income."

"Then we have our own sweet selves with which to endow our husbands. No houses or lands; nothing substantial on which to claim the right of being supported in costly idleness. We must be rich indeed as to personal attractions."

"We are educated and accomplished, and—and"

Alice was a little bewildered in thought, and did not finish the sentence.

"Not better educated, or accomplished, as girls, than are most of the young men, who, as clerks, earn only from seven hundred to a thousand dollars a year. In this regard we are simply their equals. But it strikes me, that in another view of the case, we cannot claim even an equality. They are our superiors."

"Not by any means," replied Alice.

"We shall see, Here is Harry Pleasants, for instance. What is his income? I think you mentioned the sum just now."

"Eight hundred dollars a year."

"That is the interest on—how much?—let me see—about twelve thousand dollars. To be equal, as a match for Harry, then you should be worth twelve thousand dollars."

"How you talk, Fanny!"

"To the point, don't I? If we are not superior to the young men who visit us, superior simply in virtue to our sex, then our only claim to be handsomely supported in idle self-indulgence, must lie in the fact that we endow our husbands with sufficient worldly goods to warrant the condition."

"You are ingenious."

"No matter of fact. What have you to say against my position, Alice? Are we better than young men of equal intelligence and education?"

"No I cannot say that we are."

"If we marry, we must look upon these for husbands. Rich men, as a general thing, select their wives from rich men's daughters. Our chances in that direction are not very encouraging."

Your father has no dowry for his child; nor has mine. Their families are large and expensive, and little or nothing of the year's income is left at the year's close. The best they can do for us is to give us homes; and I feel that it is not much to our credit that we are content to lean on our fathers, already stopping under the burdens of years, care and toil, instead of supporting ourselves. The thought has troubled me of late."

A sober hue came over the face of Alice, as she sat looking into the eyes of her friend. She did not reply, and Fanny went on.

"There is wrong in this. On what ground of reason are we to be exempt from the common lot of useful work? We expect to become wives and mothers. Is this our preparation? Can you bake a loaf of sweet light bread?"

"No."

"Nor can I! Or roast a sirloin?"

"No."

"Or broil a steak? Just think of it Alice! We can manage a little useless embroidery, or fancy knitting; can sing and play, dance and chatter—but as to the real and substantial things of life, we are ignorant and helpless. And with all this, forsooth, we cannot think of letting ourselves down to the level and condition of virtuous, intelligent young men, who, in daily useful work, are earning a fair independence! We are so superior that we must have husbands able to support us in luxurious idleness, or we will have none! We are willing to pass the man to whom love would unite us in the tenderest bonds, because his income is small, and marry for position one from whom the soul turns with instinctive aversion. Can we wonder that so many are unhappy?"

"But eight hundred dollars, Fanny! How is it possible for a married couple to live in any decent style, in this city, on eight hundred dollars a year?"

"They may live in a very comfortable style, if the wife is willing to perform her part."

"What do you mean by her part Fanny?"

"We will take it for granted that she is no better than her husband. That, having brought him no fortune beyond her dear self, she cannot claim superior privileges."

"Well?"

"He has to work through all the day."

"Well?"

"Under what equitable rule is she exempt?"

"None. She must do her part, of course, if there is anything to do with."

She must keep his house, if he can afford a house. But if he have only eight hundred dollars a year? Why, rent alone would consume half or more than half of that. There would be no

house-keeping in the case. They must board."

"And the wife sit in idleness all the day long."

"She would have nothing to do."

"Could she not teach? or by aid of a sewing machine earn a few dollars every week? or engage in useful work that would yield an income, and so do her part?"

"Yes, she might do something of the kind—but if marriage is to make 'workies' of us, it were better to remain single."

"And live in unwomanly dependence on our parents and relatives. No, Alice; there is a false sentiment prevailing on this subject, and as I think and talk, I see it more and more clearly. Our parents have been weak in their love for us, and society, as constituted, has given us wrong estimates of things. We should have been required to do useful work in the household from the beginning; and should have been taught that idleness and self-indulgence were discreditable. Our brothers are put to trades and professions, and made to comprehend, from the beginning, that industry is honorable, and that the way of useful work is the way by which the world's brightest places are to be reached."

But we are raised daintily and uselessly, and so unfitted for our duties as wives and mothers. Our pride and self-esteem are fostered; and we come to think of ourselves as future queens, who are to be ministered to in all things, instead of being a ministrant, in loving self-forgetfulness, to others. No wonder that anti-marriage sentiment is beginning to prevail among young men of moderate incomes, in all our large cities. The fault is in us, Alice. The sin lies at our door. We demand too much in this copartnership. We are not willing to do our share of work. Our husbands must bear all the burdens."

Alice sighed heavily.

Her friend continued:—"I have read somewhere that the delight of Heaven is the delight of being useful. And it seems to me, as I dwell upon the thought, that the nearest approach to heavenly delight here, must be in that state into which a wife comes when she stands by her husband's side, and, out of love for him, removes one burden and another from his shoulders, and so lightens his work, that smiles take the place of weariness and the shadowings of care. If he be rich, she can hardly have so great a privilege; but if they are alike poor, and know how to moderate their desires, their home may become an image of Paradise. Eight hundred dollars! Alice, if you were really fitted to become Harry's wife, you might live with him, doing your part, happier than a Queen."

"That is, I must take in work, and earn money, if we board; or—but house-keeping is out of the question."

"No, it should never be out of the question in marriage, I think."

"But house rent alone would take half of our income."

"That does not follow."

"It does for any house I would consent to live in."

"So pride is stronger than love. But pride has its wages as well as love; and the one is bitter while the other is sweet. It is this pride of appearances, this living for the eyes of other people who do not care a penny for us, that is marring the fair fabric of our social life. Fine houses, fine furniture, fine dresses, parties, shows and costly luxuries of all kinds, are consuming domestic happiness, and burdening fathers and husbands in all grades of society, with embarrassment and wretchedness. Alice, we must be wiser in our generation."

"That is, coop ourselves up in two or three little rooms, with our eight hundred dollar a year husbands, and do our own cooking and housework. Is it that, my pretty one?"

"Alice! You do not deserve a good man. You are not worthy to wed Harry Pleasants, and I trust you will pass him by, should he be weak enough to offer you his hand. He can't afford to marry a girl of your expectations; he must content himself with one who, like himself, regards life as real, life as earnest; and the way of use and duty, the way to true honor and the highest happiness."

—The *Missionary Herald* for April, illustrating the progress of events in India, says:—"A Parsee has given £6,500 for a college at Surat; another Parsee, £5,000 to send five Indians home to study for university degrees, with a view to the Indian bar; a Hindoo has given \$20,000 to establish a library in the University of Bombay; and a Musulman has left £25,000 to found a high school in that city."