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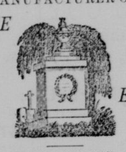

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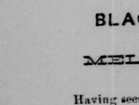

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WAKING FROM A DREAMLESS SLEEP.

I waked: the sun was in the sky,
The face of heaven was fair,
The silence all about me lay
Of morning in the air.

I said: Where hast thou been, my soul,
Since the moon set in the west?
I know not where thy feet have trod,
Nor what has been thy quest.

Where wert thou when Orion passed
Below the dark blue sea?
His glittering, silent stars are gone—
Didst follow them for me?

Where wert thou in that awful hour
When first the night wind heard
The faint breath of the coming dawn,
And fled before the word?

Where hast thou been, my spirit,
Since the long wave on the shore
Tenderly rocked my sense asleep
And I heard thee no more?

Thou hast shown me no fair cities,
No glories once I knew,
Nor those my fancy paints for me
Where skies are ever blue.

My limbs, like breathing marble,
Have lain in the warm down;
No heavenly chant, no earthly care,
Has wakened smile or frown.

I wake: thy kiss is on my lips;
Thou art my day, my sun;
But where, O spirit, were wert thou
While sands of night have run?

—Annie Fields in Harper's.

A MONSTER TOAD.

A Lieutenant in the Swiss Army Put to Flight by the Creature.

M. Charles Offredus, a lieutenant in the Swiss army, gives the following account of a gigantic toad he saw on the coast of Italy:

After having seen Rome, Naples and other principal cities of Italy, I returned through Venice. I had just left Aquapendente, a town situated upon an eminence, and passed down the mountain afoot to go to an inn that lies out of the town. M. Buschins, the companion of my journey, was a good ways before me, I having loitered by the way to examine some peculiar plants indigenous to those parts. I had not penetrated far when I heard a rustling in the thicket upon which I had my eyes fixed.

I looked down and saw at my feet an enormous toad, so prodigious that, without exaggeration, it seemed to be more than a foot and a half across the back. The ugly monster was so near me that it touched my left foot. Seized with horror, I quickly drew back my foot, having only strength enough left to run away as fast as I could. Recovering my wits when I had reached a safe distance from the horrid creature, I stopped a while, and at last made up my mind to return to the spot where I had seen the horrible beast.

Seeing it in the same spot I came to the conclusion that I could easily dispatch it with my sword. Uncertain, however, what weapon I should use in making the attack, and judging that distance would be more prudent than a close engagement, I laid hold of a large stone, which I could scarce lift with both hands, and with my naked sword under my arm I presented myself before the animal. His mouth was wide open, and his little black, wicked looking eyes were sparkling, his whole aspect betraying not the least sign of fear at sight of danger. On the contrary, he appeared anxious for the fray.

Having raised the stone as high as my strength would permit, I measured well its fall, covering the toad entirely, crushing it, so I thought, into a shapeless mass. "Horrible beast," I said to myself, "that is the last time ever you will frighten a tired soldier out of his wits;" and "here shall be your grave," I again said, as I piled a number of smaller stones upon the large one that had first crushed the monster. I had a great desire to examine the thing more closely, and if possible to dissect it, but had not the courage to touch even the stones under which it lay buried.

Standing gazing intently at the little rock mound which I had intended as a tomb for the unsightly creature, I noticed that the smaller of the stones had commenced to move. Soon the whole mound toppled over, and the beast walked out alive, seeming none the worse off from his late experience. Seeing that the creature had neither wound on his ugly skin nor broken bone in his body, I snatched my cloak and sword and passed out of the thicket, declaring that I would no longer make war against such a monster. Arriving at the inn I called for a glass of wine, but no sooner had I drank it than I felt feverish symptoms, which turned into a chill, lasting nearly two weeks.—St. Louis Republic.

Virus of Indian Snakes.

A communication concerning the physiological action of the poison of the venomous snakes of India, presented to the Royal society, is a paper of exceptional interest. It contains an account of numerous experiments made upon small birds, cats, dogs, fowls, frogs, guinea pigs, pigeons and rabbits, with the virus of the cobra and that of the almost equally deadly viperine snake known as the daboia. These experiments were made in England, with poison sent thither from Bengal in a gum like condition, which preserves its potency. The idea that the venom is effective only when conveyed into the system through the blood is a mistake; it also acts when introduced by means of the stomach, although it is not then so certainly fatal.

When carried directly to the heart, as by the jugular vein, the poison arrests its action and causes almost instantaneous death. Death is more commonly produced, however, by the paralyzing effect of the poison upon the muscular apparatus, and the consequent check of respiration. It is a remarkable fact that while this snake poison acts injuriously upon so many forms of animal life, and to some extent even upon plant life, it is practically harmless as against venomous snakes themselves.

An Anglomaniac from the Backwoods.

English Tourist (on a river steamer)—How much do you want for that dawg, me good fellah?

Native—He's worth a hundred dollars in money, stranger, but I tell yer what I'll do: I'll give yer the dawg if ye'll learn me to wear that there single eyeglass o' yourn the way you do.—Munsey's Weekly.

DAIRY AND CREAMERY.

HOW CHOICE CREAMERY BUTTER IS MADE IN KENTUCKY.

A Splendidly Plain and Simple Statement from Beginning to End—A Novice Can Understand and Act on the Advice Here Given—The Thermometer.

For making really good butter, the excellence of which can be depended upon week after week, through the ever changing temperature of successive seasons, we must learn to be guided not by our own feelings but by the right use of the dairy thermometer. That never varies, while personal contact is always a mere matter of comparison and guesswork.

We keep two "creamers," into one of which the morning's milk is strained, and into the other that brought in the evening, fresh well water at a temperature of 50 degs. being pumped into the tank of each creamer twice daily during the warm weather. To accelerate the separation of the cream from the milk cold water is put into the fresh milk, usually in the proportion of one pint to a gallon. After standing twenty-four hours the cream is removed and put into tin stands placed in ice water, the cream for one day's milk being sufficient for a churning. The temperature of the cream during the ripening period is not so arbitrary as during the process of churning; about 70 degs. or a little below that will answer, always remembering that the warmer the cream is kept the sooner will it be ready for the churn. When kept near 70 degs., when properly ripened, it will be slightly acid, but not very sour, and will possess the consistency of buttermilk. If allowed to stand after it has ripened until it becomes a sour, solid mass the yield of butter will be smaller and its flavor inferior. When put in the churn its temperature in summer should be about 62 degs. and in winter 64 degs.; this will allow for the changes naturally occasioned by the motion of the churn and the surrounding atmosphere and will permit the butter to register about 64 degs.

For a number of years we have used a Davis swing churn, and still like it too well to change it for any other. It does not get the butter as quickly as some others are said to do, but it is easily managed, easy to clean, and has no intricate machinery to get out of order. When the butter granules assume the size of small shot the rapid motion is stopped, and the churn is swung slowly back and forth for five or ten minutes, in order to allow all the butter to rise to the top of the milk, after which the milk is drawn off from below, and cold water is poured in and drawn off until it comes off clear. The butter is then lifted out with a cedar paddle in a wooden bowl, weighed and salted in the proportion of three-fourths of an ounce of salt to the pound; the salt being lightly worked in, as it is best at first not to attempt to get out all the water. A small quantity of fine white sugar, about one teaspoonful to the pound of butter, is worked in with the salt. This, without imparting to the butter any sweetish taste, gives it a rich, delicious flavor which many persons think very desirable. The fresh butter is then placed on ice, in a well glazed earthenware crock covered with Elliott's parchment paper, where it is allowed to stand until next morning, when it is carefully worked over and packed in tin buckets ready for shipping.

We find that the largest yield of butter is obtained when the milk is cooled quickly after being brought to the dairy, and when it is kept at an even temperature, cold enough to prevent its becoming sour, until after the cream has risen and been removed. Either extreme heat or extreme cold seems to cause some chemical change in the character of the milk that interferes with the right management of it afterward. Neither is it a good plan to mix very sour cream with that which is sweet, for although the mass may taste sufficiently acid and appear of the right consistency, yet the last cream added will not be of the requisite ripeness, while the first has begun to spoil; so that neither will yield as much or as fine a quality of butter as it otherwise would. Unless both cream and milk are kept on ice no cream in summer should be kept longer than thirty-six hours after the milk has been brought to the dairy, which would allow twenty-four hours for the cream to rise and twelve for it to ripen; but as this would necessitate churning the cream from each milking separately we may, by putting that first gathered on ice, keep it sweet for twelve hours before mixing it with the next, after which both may be allowed to ripen together. It is scarcely necessary to add that no butter should ever be allowed to become warm enough to be soft and oily; if once the little walls surrounding the butter granules are melted down they can never be built up again. To be in perfection, butter should be kept so cold that some effort will be required to slice it with a knife, or if it be broken it should present an appearance as though it were composed of irregular crystals.

If it could be so arranged, all butter should be shipped the next day after it has been churned, but as our customers want it either the first or the latter part of the week, we usually make two weekly shipments, and manage to keep it in excellent order between times by excluding the air with the parchment butter paper both while it is on the ice and while it is being shipped. Perfect cleanliness in every particular should be enforced in and around the dairy, all wash water should be emptied at some distance from the house and the skimmed milk and buttermilk carried off every morning and evening, for butter as well as sweet milk and cream is a ready absorbent of all noxious gases. All vessels immediately after being used should be washed in tepid water, then scalded and put out of doors for the sunshine and fresh air to purify them. The churn should be treated in the same manner, and if any sour smell be detected it may at once be removed by scalding it in strong soda water.—Hortense Dudley

Preparing Milk for Cheese.

Ripen the milk by application of heat before the rennet is put into it. The ripening should be allowed to proceed to such a degree that not more than three hours will be required between the addition of the rennet and the development of acid perceptible to the taste or discernible by the hot iron test. The use of sour whey to hasten the ripening should not be resorted to. Old milk which has become nearly sour to the taste may be added, but loppered or thick milk should never be used.

A Homecoming.

Mr. John Drew, the owner of a milk route, was an elderly widower who lived in Somerville, just out of Boston. His house was kept for him by his sister Betsey, a capable spinster whose gray hairs left her age no longer uncertain. One day Miss Betsey Drew saw the milk wagon which her brother himself drove return from Boston an hour earlier than usual in the forenoon, and by his side was a woman.

He drove up to the side door, unhitched the horse, put him into the stable and came into the house by means of the back door and through the kitchen into the sitting room where Miss Betsey was.

"Well, John Drew," she said severely, looking up from her knitting; "this is queer business! You, a man in good standing, a-driving home with your wagon so early and leaving it standing by the door, and girls a-sitting there like stoughton bottles!"

"Girls!" echoed John Drew. He had been plunged deep in thought, and had entered mechanically by the usual door. But that word roused him. He smiled a jovial smile. He seized his sister's wrist.

"Come, Betsey," said he, "come and see her! I declare I forgot all about her!"

They were at the side door by this time and he pushed it open.

"Jump out, Lucy!" he called cheerily to the girl in the milk wagon; and as she obediently climbed over the wheel John Drew stood beaming on the doorstep, performing an introduction:

"Betsey, this is my wife. Lucy, this is my sister that keeps house for us.

"You see, Betsey," he explained, as the girl drew near, "I got done going round in town a little earlier than usual this morning, so, as I had a little time on my hands, I went and got married. That's right, salute the bride!"—Youth's Companion.

Didn't Know the Prince.

While on a private visit some time ago to Lord Brooke at Easton Lodge, Dunmow, Essex, the Prince of Wales met with an amusing incident. The railway station usually used by visitors to the lodge is at the little village of Takeley. No notice whatever of the prince's expected arrival was given to the station master, who, it so happened, had only been recently appointed to the office. His royal highness was met by Lady Brooke, who preceded her royal guest to the phaeton waiting to convey them to the lodge.

Upon arriving at the barrier the prince was brought up all standing by the station master peremptorily demanding of him his ticket. Amused evidently at the official's behavior, and wishing to have a little fun at his expense, the prince said that he had lost it.

"Then you will have to pay the fare," said the station master determinedly.

At this point Lady Brooke returned, and taking in the situation said to the astounded official:

"The prince's ticket is all right."

The incident is a standing joke with Lord Brooke and his guests, and his royal highness never visits the estate without being asked:

"Where's your ticket?"

He mightily enjoys the fun, and thinks that the station master is a very faithful servant of the railway company.—London Tit-Bits.

Disraeli's Curious Episode.

The most curious episode in Mr. Disraeli's life occurred in the year of the great exhibition, when Mrs. Bridges Willyams, then living widowed at Torquay, wrote to him professing admiration and asking advice. He did not answer and she wrote again. Meeting a Devonshire man at Monckton Milnes, he asked him if he knew a mad woman at Torquay named Willyams, and was assured that Mrs. Willyams was not mad. Still he did not reply, and she wrote asking him to meet her near the fountain in the exhibition. He did not go, and she wrote again, naming another hour.

His friends advised him to keep the appointment and he did so. He found an old lady who might have sat for the figure of a fairy godmother. She told him a long story and gave him an envelope containing a statement on which she wanted an opinion. Disraeli put it in his pocket and forgot it. Weeks afterward he put on the same coat, and there was the envelope containing a bank note for a thousand pounds for his election expenses and the legal case, which was not absurd. He got a lawyer's opinion for her and sent it. That was the beginning of a long correspondence. When she died she left him her fortune and was buried at Hughenden.—London News.

Selling Soap.

Peddler—Madam, I am introducing a new kind of soap——

Madam—I don't want it.

Peddler—It costs but half as much as the old——

Madam—I don't want it, I tell you.

Peddler—And does twice the work of——

Madam—Don't wan't it. Get out.

Peddler—Of any other kind, and is excellent for the complexion.

Madam—How much is it?—New York Weekly.

A fact worth noting in photography has just been recorded. It appears that one of the essentials to a good photograph is a clean face—not a relatively but an absolutely clean one—and it is said that photographers have much trouble because they do not like to make a suggestion which might be resented by their sitters.

It often happens that wealthy amateur butter makers can secure better prices for their product than the professionals themselves. This is in nearly all cases because of the extra care and cleanliness bestowed on both the cows and the butter preparation, and also because of the superior methods of feeding pursued.

You cannot strain dust or minute particles of animal scruf or filth out of milk. The only way is not to let them get into the milk.

CREAMERY INTERESTS.

HOW A CO-OPERATIVE ICE HOUSE MAY BE CONSTRUCTED.

Ice No Longer a Luxury, but a Necessity, Even to the Farmer—Half a Dozen Persons May Club Together to Build an Ice House—Ice Pond.

We must be permitted to urge on creamerymen, dairymen and farmers the necessity of plenty of ice or ice cold water in summer. It is a good time of year now to think of this matter. The following suggestions will be useful:

The last summer's experience with the ice companies will serve as a warning to many in the country who have all the convenience and chances for keeping their own ice. There is no reason why a small ice house should not be attached to every farm house of any reasonable size. The need of ice for general farm purposes in the summer is so great now that one cannot well afford to buy all of the ice necessary for use. Ice houses can easily be constructed and at very little cost, and where much ice is consumed for dairy purposes the saving from such a convenience will soon pay for the cost. Ice houses have been looked upon too much in the light of luxuries, but the day is coming when they will be considered necessaries. The best plan of constructing ice houses is on the co-operative scheme. Half a dozen farmers of one locality should construct one on shares, and then fill it with ice in the same way. The outlay of money and time will then be very small, and the real cost of ice in the summer months practically nothing.

An ice house built on the co-operative plan would have the advantage of those built by single individuals in being better constructed and a better ice preservative for a less amount of money. Like all other co-operative enterprises of this nature, the individual would receive larger dividends for his invested capital than if put in an enterprise all by itself. Where ice is a necessary commodity in the summer time it would pay a small co-operative company of farmers to go to the extra expense of digging a pond for this purpose if no sheet of fresh water is in the locality. The outlay here will be somewhat heavy at first, but such a pond could be made to pay by utilizing the water in the summer time for irrigation purposes and in the winter for gathering ice.

The ice house should have double walls, packed with sawdust, and the outside wall should be light, and the building banked so that the air cannot have access to the ice from below. Good drainage should also be had. The final covering should not be put on after the house is filled until a very cold day arrives. The more cold that can be shut up in the ice house the better will the ice keep. The best covering for ice is the best non-conductor, and fleecy woollen blankets, if not so expensive, would be the best covering that could be obtained. Sawdust, however, is nearly as good, and much cheaper, and this should be put on from twelve to eighteen inches thick. The first layer of dust becomes saturated with water, and thus becomes a good conductor of heat, and so it is necessary to continue putting it on until there is a good layer of absolutely dry sawdust.—W. E. Farmer in American Cultivator.

Churning Every Day.

Cream should be ripened to a mild acidity so as to be ready for the churn in twenty-four hours after skimming by all butter makers who do not wish to make sweet cream butter. This can be done even in cold weather, if the cream is warmed to a temperature of about 70 degs. and kept at nearly that degree. Cream held more than one day before churning is held at the expense of finest flavor. There are but few perhaps who have the acute sense to define a difference between every day churning and every other day, if the cream of the first day is kept cold and then ripened with that of the second day; but there are some who have such tastes, and they are the men who are hired by large dealers to do the kind of smelling and tasting that is a preliminary to the classification of any given lot of butter. So it is better in the first place to have a dairy large enough to call for churning every day, and then heed the call.—Hoard's Dairyman.

Notes.

If you find oat hulls in the mill feed you buy for your cows you want to look out. The rascally dealers in mill feed are getting a habit of procuring oat hulls from the oat meal factories and mixing them with the mill feed, to delude purchasers into the belief that the stuff they are buying contains oats. Substance does not always go with shuck.

The Creamery Journal is opposed to the plan of taking milk every other day at the creamery in winter. It says the extra expense of gathering every day would be more than compensated by the gain. The cream can, when left over night at the farmer's, has sometimes a way of leaking to the amount of thirty or forty cents' worth. This is a very shocking insinuation.

You must no longer speak of sour cream for churning. You must say "ripened cream."

The Fairbank View declares three things necessary to the successful running of a co-operative creamery: First, a business manager who knows his business from the ground up, and whose word is law. Second, a board of directors chosen from the best and wisest of the stockholders. Third, the best cream and butter test that can be got, applied without fear or favor.

Use none but a shepherd or colly dog with your herd of cows. Have you ever noticed how the presence of a strange dog, or even sometimes one to which they are accustomed, drives cows frantic? It is perhaps a survival of the wild instinct in them from a time when dogs were wolves and followed herds of wild cattle to devour their calves.

Hang the man that waters his milk, and put the man who otherwise adulterates it into the penitentiary for life.

The relative value plan will be a success. It is the honest plan, says The Creamery Journal.

Mr. Rogers, of Travia county, Tex., has the only cheese factory in that state. He believes cheese can be made cheaper in Texas than anywhere else in the Union, and that this industry has a great future there. Various forage plants produce two crops a year in Texas.

The Musicians in Battle.

In connection with his army experience Col. Pat Gilmore, the famous musician, tells this story: "You see we musicians who march to battle are really the only ones who are unprotected. We, of course, can handle no weapons and are at the mercy of bullets. To our duty of furnishing the inspiring strains to the marching soldiers we have another one, that of carrying off the wounded from the field on stretchers. In one of the battles we were on our way to the scene of action when we met a soldier running away from the field.

"'What is the matter?' I inquired in chorus with several other of the musicians. The man hurriedly replied: 'Oh, nothing at all. I'm only wounded in one of the fingers of my left hand. I'm off to have it dressed and will return again.'

"But the light of inspiration had come to us. No unprotected march for us when our angels had thrown such a good chance in our way. We seized the man and said, 'Get on the stretcher.' 'No, no,' he answered; 'only one of my fingers is hurt. I can get on faster myself. Why should I be carried? Do I walk with my hand? Let me go.'

"We merely repeated the order, 'Get on the stretcher.' He didn't heed us and again we said more emphatically, 'Get on the stretcher.' Seeing he was obdurate, we made a bodily seizure of him and put him forcibly on the waiting stretcher.

"Then we beat a hasty retreat with our burden. We carried him down a long hill to a place of safety, and we took good care to place our wounded soldier in a distant place of security. How were we to help it if the battle was nearly over when we returned to the field? I always tell the generals with whom I fought that I was always in advance of them—in the rear."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Proposed Use of the Smokeball in War.

In the sham fight at Portsmouth in honor of the Emperor William an advancing column was so affected by the fumes of the smokeball, which was used to raise a cloud of impenetrable obscurity under which they could advance, that the men had to keep their hands to their noses to avoid suffocation. It is now proposed that the smokeball shall receive a further development. It has occurred to some military men that instead of half suffocating their own troops, it would be better to follow the example of the Chinese pirates with their stinkpots and asphyxiate the enemy.

A Vienna scientist has accordingly invented a bomb of such power and virulence that every one who is within a certain radius of it when it explodes is rendered unconscious. Devices such as these would soon modify the art of war, and probably the next development will be an anti-asphyxiating bomb, whose fumes will neutralize those of the other. It is said that many years ago a scheme based on the throwing of poisonous gases over a tract of country was put before the war office in England, for the purpose of devastating the country in the face of an invading army, but the agency employed was so terrible in its effects that it was not made public, and was consigned to the secret records of the war office.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Surnames and Their Origin.

Surnames in France began about 987, when barons used to designate themselves by the names of their estates; and that has been the general practice of deriving surnames, though by no means the origin of the names of all the nobility of Europe. Names were taken from badges, cognizances and nicknames applied to individuals. Among the commonalty surnames are said not to have been general before the reign of Edward II.

It will be found, upon examination, that many of them originated in the still older custom of adding to the son's Christian name that of the father; many more from the names of trades, and many from accidental distinction in size and color, probably originally applied to the founder of the family. Many who display crests and arms nowadays would be reluctant to emblazon them upon linen and silver, carriage door and livery, if they knew the true origin of their now vaunted display.—New York Ledger.

Where They Pinched.

There are a good many people who prefer old things to new things, sometimes, perhaps, without as good reason for the preference as an old beggar once showed in the matter of shoes.

This man called at the house of a lady and begged for a pair of shoes. She gave him a nearly new pair of her husband's which he had laid aside for some reason. A day or two afterward the beggar returned.

"Mum," he said, "can't you give me a pair of shoes—some old ragged ones?"

"But," said the lady, "I have just given you an entirely new pair; you have them on now."

"Yes'm," he said, "but there's the trouble. They're so new, ye see, that they hurt my business."—Youth's Companion.

Good for Elocutionists.

Here are some sentences which test the agility of the tongue:

Gaze on the gay gray brigade.

The sea ceaseth and it sufficeth us.

Say, should such a shapely sash shabby stitches show?

Strange strategic statistics.

Give Grimes Jim's gilt gig whip.

Sarah in a shawl shoveled soft snow softly.

She sells seashells.

Smith's spirit flask split Philip's sixth sister's fifth squirrel's skull.—New York Ledger.

A unique but useful present to a lady who writes many letters is this. A little silver tray, upon which should stand a cut glass bottle filled with water, and by its side a silver handled brush like those used for mucilage. This obviates the necessity of moistening the gummed flap of envelopes with the tongue.

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