Farm and Household.

The Fruit Garden.—In selecting a spot for a fruit garden, choose a warm place, and as near the house as possible, that it may be both convenient for gathering, and more secure from trespassers. The soil should be well drained, deep, mellow, and enriched with well rotted manure. The importance of a good selection of varieties cannot be too strongly insisted upon. Let the bulk of the planting be of old, and thoroughly tested varieties, rather that of new and untried kinds.

FODDER CROPS.—It has been proved repeatedly, that one acre of good green fodder will feed two cows through the summer. Fodder crops must be put in early. A mixture of oats and peas is the best for early cutting, to come in after the first clover, which follows the rye. The two sown together, will yield, on one acre, about as much as if sown separately on two acres. This may be doubted, but it is true. Tall growing leafy oats, and tall peas, yield the most fodder; the "Black-eye Marrowfat" pea, grown in Canada as a field crop, is the best for our use, the seed being free from weevil. For a second crop, the earliest small "Canada Gray" pea may be sown. The fodder is in the best condition for cutting, when the peas are in full blossom.

Corn for Horses.—Is it or is it not economy to feed horses corn in the ear? We have practiced it for a number of years, believing that the portion that was not masticated, and so passed out of the horse without being digested, was not equal to the miller's toll. The toll is every tenth, and this with the waste and time spent in going to the mill will make it fully equal to every eighth. Another thing farmers do not think enough about. Suppose every tenth is not masticated and assimilated by the horse, it is kept on the farm, whereas, if it is left at the mill the farm is so much depleted of plant-food. We throw the whole ears into the manger, and let the work horses bite the kernels off as they like. As soon as horses get used to eating corn there is no danger of its producing any colic or other derangement of the bowels, but care must be taken not to begin too strong at first. Three or four ears of corn are all a horse should have to begin a diet of this food. The Southern and Western corn is lighter, and is not so apt to produce colic. In the South, corn is almost always fed in the ear, and so it is in the West, when fed at all. Corn is excellent food for horses to work on, but not so good for fast driving.—They are more quiet and tractable on corn than with any other grain, and will do more hard pulling and drudgery with less loss in condition. Oats makes a horse sprightly and active, and hence should be fed sparingly to a colt. Oats have helped to make a great many balky, spavined and runaway horses. Corn makes them dull and slow, but strong.—Corn is the best for colts while being broken. It may be made lighter and not so heating by having wheat bran mixed with it.

In cooking cabbage change the water when the cabbage is half boiled, and it will emit a pleasanter odor.

Be careful to keep your cellar aired if you wish milk and butter free from bad tastes. Air in the morning.

Blowing out a candle: There is a correct way to do everything. If this be done in an upward direction the wick will not smolder away, and the next time it is wanted it will be in good condition.

Musty books may be made sweet by applying oil of lavender mixed with alcohol. If this application is made to new books they will never become musty or moldy.

Indian Pudding.—One quart boiling milk poured on to three tablespoonfuls of meal, let the milk curd, add three eggs, sugar, spice, and salt to taste.

Nice Tea Cake.—One cupful of sugar, a cupful of butter, three eggs, a cupful and a half of flour, three tablespoonfuls of milk, one teaspoonful of cream-tartar, a half-teaspoonful of salt, spice with lemon; bake in a sheet.

Salt Mackerel.—Soak salt mackerel over night, after washing them carefully in plenty of cold water; lay them in a dripping-pan, cover with hot water, and bake till tender; drain them from the water, and serve hot with butter gravy.

Mrs. Morse's Pancakes.—A half cupful each of sugar and molasses, two-thirds cupful of milk, a half teaspoonful of mixed cinnamon and cloves, two beaten eggs, flour to make a batter that will just drop from the spoon, a little salt; fry in hot lard.

Lemon Cake.—Two and a half cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of butter, one cupful of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda sifted in four cupfuls of flour, three eggs well beaten, the grated rind and juice of one lemon; two loves.

To brighten a copper boiler use a coarse cloth; have a pail of very hot water; soap the cloth a little; sprinkle on plenty of pulverized borax and rub the boiler well, rinse off with hot water and dry with a soft cloth. The boiler can be brightened in this way as quickly as with acid.

Beef and Potato Pie.—Take a deep dish, butter it and put in it a layer of mashed potatoes, season with butter, salt and minced onions. Take slices of beef, season them with pieces of salt pork over the potatoes, then fill the dish with alternate layers of potatoes and meat, having the upper ones potatoes. Bake about an hour and fifteen minutes.

Table Salt in Milk for Children.—Dr. Q. C. Smith, in the Pacific Medical Journal, gives the following useful hint, which, by the way, is confirmed by other excellent authority: "When cow's milk is found to disagree with hand fed babies or small children, it may in many cases be rendered entirely wholesome to them, by adding to it a small portion of table salt, just enough to be perceptible to the taste. I have for years directed the practice of this expedient among our people, and know it to be of real value."

Select Poetry.

Of the Case and Cure of the Despaired of Mr. C. Cornwallis Brown.

[From the New York Sunday World.]

I.

The beauteous damozel asked the way
Of the janitor, and thanked him,
And climbed eleven flights of stairs
To the editorial sanctum;
And she asked of the office boy,
When she did an entrance win,
"Tell me, thou little office boy
If the Editor is in.
He is, but for the nonce engaged?
Thank heaven!" (beneath her breath)
"Go tell him I would see him on
Affairs of life and death.
I have no illustrated books
By subscription sold to show him,
No speech on female sufferage bring
Nor yet the smallest poem;
So hasten to the editor
And say my errand is
No commonplace affair, but just
The businessest kind of biz."

II.

"Madame," exclaimed the Editor,
Who, handing her a chair,
Beheld beneath her heavy veil
Her face surpassing fair—
"Madame, be good enough to state
What I can do for you,
And, in the words of Shakespeare, please
To state it p. d. q.
I on my distaff have much tow,
Have many fish to fry,
Have many irons in the fire—
None's busier than I.
Before the paper goes to press,
Long ere the day doth break,
I have ten Presidents to kill off,
One President to make,
Half the world to set right side up,
Half to turn upside down,
So if you've anything to say,
Mrs. C. Cornwallis Brown—
Such is the name upon your card—
Pray give it briefest mention,
Nor the rest of the universe
Defraud of my attention."

III.

"Being that sways the fates of men,
From 'Bis.' and 'Becky' down,
Take pity on the hapless spouse
Of C. Cornwallis Brown.
The comprehensive press to me,
In deep misfortune sunk,
Seems like the elephant's—I mean
The Saratoga trunk,
Which you can an uprooted tree
Pack, if you're at all sharp, in,
And will contain impartially
The tiniest sort of hairpin.
My husband, C. Cornwallis Brown,
Lies at the point of death;
Almost the last the doctors think
His every laboring breath.
Therefore I come of you to ask
A favor extraordinary—
That you will have put into type
This here obituary.
What he hath in his lifetime done
Is told with praises strong—
De mortuis nil nisi—and
'Tis about ten columns long."

IV.

Then answered her the Editor,
With a portentous frown,
"With all respect, ma'am, who on earth
Is C. Cornwallis Brown?
What part hath he ta'en in th' affairs
Of country, State or town?
He's not of Knickerbocker blood,
No merchant prince is he;
No university I know
Made him an LL. D.;
He never practised medicine,
He never studied law,
And so his claim to deathless fame
Is a *je ne sais quoi*.
On such an errand to come to me
Is drawing it rather fine;
Take it to the City Editor—
And he won't use a line."

V.

"Forbear, forbear, thy righteous wrath,
And listen while I say
I do not want it published, and
Will liberally pay.
Set thou up this obituary,
Each galley, stick and line,
And $1,000 in good greenbacks
(Which here behold) are thine.
And keep the article in type
Until I send thee word—
No, I am not mad nor drunk with wine,
Nor is the thing absurd.
This subject it hath been the theme
Of many anxious thoughts;
There dwells more good in galleys of type
Than doth in gallipots.
Tell me if any editor
That scribbles any land in,
E'er knew an individual die
Whose obituary was standing?

VI.

"Doctors gave our noblest lawyer up,
And said that there was nary
A hope; the papers put in type
His long obituary.
He lives, moves and his being has
As brisk as any fairy.
The Prince of Wales was very sick,
Forlorn was his condition,
His death announced was in the *Times*,
Next day he went a-fishing.
'I still live,' Daniel Webster said,
To death he would not give in;
Had papers then had enterprise,
Black Dan had still been living.
Vainly the Nihilists attempt
The life of Alexander,
He harmless moves amid the flames
As any salamander;
But if by any accident
The obituaries were pied
Long before they could be reset
The Emperor would have died.
The fabled phœnix thus oppressed
By centuries would get up,
Hie to a newspaper and have
A full obituary set up,
And rising from his proof-sheets he
Aloft would gladly soar,
Assured thus of a lease of life
For several centuries more.

VII.

"Farewell, farewell, good editor,
Thou that hast saved the life
Of C. Cornelius Brown and soothed
The sorrows of his wife.
I ne'er thy kindness shall forget—
Sore was my grief, alack!
For I love my C. Cornwallis dear,
And don't look well in black."
* * * It was precisely 9:23
In a mansion far up town
When a doctor felt the feeble pulse
Of C. Cornwallis Brown;
"If she comes not soon she will be too late,"
He muttered with a frown.
It was exactly 9:24
When the foreman gave out the
First take of C. Cornwallis Brown,
Esquire's obituary;
It was to a second 9:25—
Never was transition stranger!—
When the doctors of C. Cornwallis Brown
Pronounced him out of danger.
And never a doctor of them all
The cause could tell for sure,
To his wife alone was the remedy known—
The Obituary Cure.

FULL many a rose is born to blush unseen, and waste its fragrance on the desert air; full many a nip is taken behind the screen, and cloves and coffee, too, are eaten there.

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER

A PURELY VEGETABLE REMEDY
FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE,

Is a sure cure for all the diseases for which it is recommended, and is always PERFECTLY SAFE in the hands of even the most inexperienced persons.

It is a sure and quick remedy for COUGHS, SORE THROAT, CHILLS, and similar troubles; affords instant relief in the most malignant forms of DIPHTHERIA, and is the best known remedy for Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

The Oldest, Best, and Most Widely Known Family Medicine in the World.

It has been used with such wonderful success in all parts of the world for CRAMPS, CHOLERA, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, and all BOWEL COMPLAINTS that it is considered an unfailing cure for these diseases.

Has stood the test of Forty Years' Constant Use in all Countries and Climates.

It is RECOMMENDED by Physicians, Missionaries, Ministers, Managers of Plantations, Work-Shops, and Factories, Nurses in Hospitals—in short by Everybody, Everywhere, who has ever given it a trial.

IT IS WITHOUT A RIVAL AS A LINIMENT.

It should always be used for Pain in the Back and Side, and brings speedy and permanent relief in all cases of Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, Severe Burns, Scalds, etc.

No family can safely be without it. It will annually save many times its cost in doctors' bills, and its price brings it within the reach of all. It is sold at 25c., 50c., and $1 per bottle, and can be obtained from all druggists.

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