

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, AUGUST 12, 1884.

THE HOUSEHOLD--Supplement.

THE BUTTER BUSINESS.

I have thought that I would keep silence on this butter question, since I am out of the business myself, and cannot try any new methods or make any experiments. But it is a subject I am interested in, for at least the selfish reason that I so seldom see any on a city table that meets with the approval of my palate.

I know that, as a lady in Grand Blanc has suggested, butter which is good when sent to the country store, is not fit for a Polack to eat when it leaves that store cellar. I know that a good many city people do not know enough to take care of a crock of butter, so as to have it eatable to the last. And I know too that there is a mighty sight of miserable stuff which under the name of soapgrease would smell as sweet, manufactured in the country and called butter. Thousands—yes, hundreds of thousands of dollars are lost to farmers every year, in this one item of butter, the loss arising from ignorance of the right way of making in the first instance, and want of care and method in the second.

The best agricultural and dairy papers of the country are laid upon the FARMER exchange table every week. I read everything pertaining to butter making which is published in them. I find the same disagreements in methods that must always exist among "many men of many minds," but I also find a certain correspondence of opinion in regard to some points. And as information has been requested on some of these very points, I propose to tell what I know about butter-making, the result of reading the opinions and practice of the best butter makers in the country; but warning every Householder that if I am accused of making butter "on paper" I shall hereafter be dumb as an oyster.

Nobody seems to care whether the cows are Jersey, Dutch-Friesian or Short-horn, but everybody agrees on certain essentials, which begin at the barn. The stables must be clean, the food wholesome and varied, the water pure and abundant. There should be no stagnant water nor coarse marsh grass in the pasture; the cows must not be worried by dogs, or hard driven by boys. The temperature of the cellar or milk room must be such as to raise the cream within twenty-four hours. The cream should be taken off when the milk is slightly sour; if left till the milk is "loppered" it is thin and watery. The cellar must not be

so cool that the milk stands too long; bitter cream is the result. The cream must be churned before it sours much, every other day in summer, and should be thoroughly stirred from the bottom at every skimming. It is waste to skim the morning's cream into the churn, when you churn immediately after. A cabinet creamery saves work, makes better butter and more of it than the old way of setting milk in pans. That it saves work ought to be enough to commend it to farmers' wives. The washing of from twenty-five to fifty milkpans twice a day is no inconsiderable item in a woman's work. With a creamery there are only the cans to wash.

The weight of evidence seems against the old fashioned dash churn, and in favor of more improved methods. In the FARMER of August 5th, on the second page, is an account of a test of the dash and barrel churns before an Ohio Agricultural Society; the result in that case has been confirmed by other trials of which I have read.

There seems to be but one opinion about washing butter among our best dairy authorities. All the best butter, the "truly gilt edge," is washed. The famous Darlington butter, which brings the highest prices in the Philadelphia market, and is renowned even at the "Hub," where Culture (with a cap C) pays a dollar per pound for the privilege of eating it, is washed. The most approved method of washing butter is quite contrary to the usual custom prevailing among farmers' wives of gathering the butter into a solid lump, taking it into the butter-bowl and working it in water till it is more or less free from buttermilk. The best plan is to stop the churn when the butter has formed in granules about the size of wheat kernels, draw off the buttermilk, add weak brine or clear water several degrees cooler than the temperature of the butter, agitate till well mixed, draw off, add more, and continue till the water comes off clear. There will be left in the churn pure butter, free from buttermilk. The butter is then lifted into the bowl, the proper quantity of salt added and then pressed into solid form. It is easy to see that since we have no buttermilk to work out, the grain of the butter is not destroyed by too much working. And I would here say that the buttermilk which remains in the butter under the old process, is the cause of its quick deterioration. Buttermilk contains particles of

cream, caseine, sugar, and a membranous or fleshy matter which very quickly decays and destroys the flavor of the butter unless removed. To "work" it out is only to unite it by pressure more firmly to the butter. If the cream was sour the caseine ferments all the more quickly; such butter will not keep. It is easy to see that washing in the manner recommended above is the easiest, safest and best, if not the only way to expel these foreign substances; it is also easy to see that it cannot be satisfactorily done with the old fashioned dash churn.

A good authority tells us butter must be kept from the air; washing or not washing is less than important than that. Danish butter was exhibited at the Centennial Exposition which had been made three years previous, and was *unsalted*. It was in perfect preservation, and the secret was that it had been entirely excluded from the air, and was absolutely free from buttermilk when put up. Even salt won't save butter unless it is free from buttermilk; and if our butter makers would remember this, fewer city consumers would believe that country butter consists largely of sections of "the pillar of salt in the wilderness."

BEATRIX.

LIFE INFLUENCES.

The other day while passing a house in the suburbs of the city, I heard the most heart-piercing screams and cries from a child which was being beaten by its mother. I could see her chase her little girl about the room, raining down blows in her anger. I thought of an enraged beast; I thought of the "furies,"—the sweet word mother was undeserved and inappropriate there.

I could not but denounce severe corporal punishment as brutal and savage, employed only by animal natures. Like the heart of our Creator, a mother's heart should be love. The pain of maternity should sanctify her life and beautify it.

My heart swelled with pity and indignation for the shrinking child; I longed to take her from that cruel grasp, but as I could not I thought of the privileges of a mother, her power to hold and mould her child. There came close about me a painful sense of that atmosphere where child-life is dwarfed and crushed, trust shaken and reverence killed; where the opening life-bud is stung by fear, and perfect unfolding made an impossibility. I thought of the glory of the creative power bestow-

ed upon the mother; of the joy or anger which filled her heart when she knew it was given her to sustain and mould a new life. I thought of this period when the forces were gathered to give being and character to her child, the time when her eyes saw, her ears heard for a soul yet to be; when the influences flowing through her blood, through the magnetic and spiritual currents of her life wrought upon the throbbing life beneath her heart, determining its future character, the tendency and energy of desire and actions.

Do mothers know and think of this? Do they feel the sacredness of their duties? Do they realize that they may thrill into being life beautiful in its harmony and helpfulness, or perpetuate evil passions? Do they rejoice that they may create goodness and strength in the lives of their children, which were a longing need of their own, by earnestly desiring and striving to impress those attributes upon these sensitive human growths?

Child-life is a continual unfolding of impressions and influences, and with the right tendencies and motives implanted in the heart we can trust everything to growth. Do parents not see in the faults of their children the reproduction of their own errors? Can they not recognize the truth of the great laws of heredity?

The fathers of the children, what of them? Many of them have little care beyond providing for their families. They love their children, but think the training of them the mother's duty. The mother knows more of the inner life, the father of the external. This is natural, for he has the power of imparting principally an influence over the physical being, while to the mother is given the power of moulding prenatally, as well as guiding during the years of childhood. Fathers owe far more to their wives and children than half of them dream of performing. The heart has its needs as well as the body. Fathers are bound by every right of kindness and justice to give unselfish love and tenderness to their children through the mother for the sake of both. Woman is called the "weaker vessel." It seems to me she is physically weaker but to rise to grander spiritual strength and fortitude. During this time when nature is taxed to sustain the double life, when pain and responsibility press upon her, she should have in her anxiety the tendered care and sympathy of him whom she has chosen from all others. With this aid she can endure any suffering, but God pity those mothers upon whom maternity is thrust, unwelcomed and hated. For such a crime no condemnation is too severe; but the children—judge them with pity and charity. Can a sweet, sunny nature develop when the mother despises the burden of the growing life? Can harmonious being spring from a source of strife? These children, too, must grow to manhood with the malignant influence upon them, to in turn propagate those of their disposition. Creation in the soul-realm is eternal, it cannot be obliterated.

To arrest error we must seek the fountain head. Children may be so born that growth, mentally and morally, will be

natural to them. Fathers and mothers should be able to feel that they have done nobly in giving their children life. This they cannot do until they correct the errors and impurities of their own lives. They must acquire knowledge of the laws of life and heredity, must think upon those subjects, and seek those things which are pure and lovely. They must lead chaste lives physically, and upright lives morally.

Let children be the fruition of love and harmony. Make childhood beautiful, allow life freedom and brightness; do not dwarf or fetter its free expansion by iron rule or creeds,—let it grow naturally and sweetly. Exercise the beneficent power of love, gentleness, and hope over the opening human flower, and it will yield rich and beautiful fruitage, the outgrowth of good influences, just as the forces rising through the roots of the plant produce the fragrant blossom.

STRONG MINDED GIRL.

LESLIE, July 29th.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

My eye fell upon a little paragraph in a newspaper this week which interested me, and set my thoughts flowing in that channel. A young man was arrested for breaking into a house in Philadelphia, and stealing a sum of money. By some means, his mother, living in Baltimore, became apprised of the fact, and taking all the money she possessed, she journeyed thither, hoping that she, by replacing the sum stolen, might in a measure expiate the sin. The judge informed her that it would do no good; he must receive the sentence that the court saw fit to administer; "the law must be vindicated." With tears streaming down her wrinkled face, she insisted upon replacing the amount stolen, saying "Justice is justice." I wondered what thoughts arose in that young man's brain? If thoughts of his boyhood came rushing over him when he remembered that mother who now stood before him, how she guided his little feet lest he should step in dangerous places and fall, taught him his first words, and when able to talk, knelt with him by the little bed and clasping his baby hands, heard him lisp "Now I lay me down to sleep," and later "Our Father," bearing with all his faults and ignorances and mistakes, never failing in patience or forbearance, always looking forward to a bright future for her darling. If any childish grief caused the tears to flow, a finger was cut, a foot hurt, where was another such a nice place to cry it all away as mother's lap! just rubbing the bumped head helped it, while a kiss was a sure cure. And when he was nearing manhood and had that terrible fever, what face bent tenderly over him? Certainly not this one, furrowed with care and trouble, crowned with snow white hair; that was before Time had left its rude mark. The hand which is old and hard and rough, was smooth and soft then, and cooled his aching head. Who prayed that life might be spared and her boy given back to health, and when the fever turned and the doctor said "he

will live," whose heart was lifted in thankfulness to God? Has she been repaid for all that anxious care and labor? The good Father spared him, but were it not better to weep over a grassy mound in the graveyard than to see her son standing in the prisoner's box? It is a blessed thing that between our eyes and the future hangs a veil. I would not know what is before me; I am content to live from day to day, taking the bitter with the sweet, waiting patiently the consummation. We hear it said that the mother moulds the character of her children. There must be a discrepancy somewhere, for some of the worst men we know of have had good praying mothers. We let our children wander away from us. It is well while they are little, and around us, but some way the influence is not strong enough to encircle them and keep them when they go out into life. The influence of home and maternal tenderness moulds them in youth, and if strong enough will follow them into manhood and old age. There is no barrier so strong that a mother's love will not break it down, no height that it will not scale, no depths it will not descend. A mother's name carries us back to the old homestead, and the winter evenings spent at the fireside; we can almost hear her voice as she read to us from the old Bible, admonishing us to be good children, so that we shall be good men and women. As our feet wander far from home, and we have our own aims and pursuits in life, how many times we think of this. It may be in active business or in the still of night, mother's words and looks come back to us, and we know that though her sun has gone down behind the western hills, and her place in the home circle is vacant, her memory is not forgotten, nor her councils unheeded; we feel her silent influence, and a man is no less a man for having a tender spot in his heart for his mother.

EVANGALINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

A TALK ABOUT CHILDREN.

I too have been wishing that the Household was larger, and taking the advice in this week's paper to "come one and all" I come. I have just read the last paper through, and want to applaud May on what she says about bringing up children. The younger you begin the easier it will be to conquer them, and all know, that a child that does not mind is no pleasure to itself or anybody else, no matter how pretty the face or dress. I think there is no use of relying on whipping to make a child obey, as we are too apt to whip when we are angry, and in consequence do not use good judgment, thereby setting a bad example. When we lose control of ourselves we lose control of our children. If a whipping has been promised, give it by all means, as I never believe in breaking a promise with a child; but wait until you are perfectly cool. The waiting will also do them good, as the dread many times is as bad as the hurt; and never use the hand as you are apt to injure a child; a sprout from a

peach tree, applied right around their limbs, will not injure them but they will remember it a good while. I think a good way to punish children is to put them to bed and not allow them to talk. When at the table they should be helped as carefully and politely as if they were guests, and we may teach them to use a napkin by using them on the table every day. I hear some one say, "Oh, that makes too much work," but I say, have napkin rings for all if they are nothing but Japanese ware. These can be bought for ten cents apiece. Use red napkins for every day wear; if nothing befalls them, you can use one a week before washing. I take them a little damp from the line and fold them smoothly, and dry and they are ready for use. Keep one under the child's plate, as it is easier changed and washed than a tablecloth. If this plan is followed you will never see any wiping of the mouth on the sleeve. I dislike to see any one leave their napkin by the side of their plate and use their handkerchief instead, as though they were more for ornament than use. I claim that if any one is properly trained at their mother's table, the habits there learned will follow them through life, even if they are some one's hired man or girl. I, for my part, would like to have Mertie and all others send any useful information they may have, as the same things do not suit all of us.

Will some one please give pretty ways for arranging dried grasses, also what kind of tidies are most in use and how to make them.

X. Y. Z.

BATTLE CREEK.

MENDING.

In a private letter to the Household Editor "One of the Girls" suggests the above as a theme which needs consideration by other girls. But her own ideas on the subject are so good that we give them, just as she penned them, with all her own earnest emphasis:

"I want you to go for the girls on the subject of mending. The need of it was brought to mind by noticing lately a young man trying to sew up a rent in his coat lining, and he did look so forlorn I did it for him, and when he thanked me he said he did not believe girls as a rule knew much about mending.

"I can mend nicely but not like mother; her work is a science. Nicer I think than embroidery, and it does seem such a pity that now when needle-work is so popular, there is not something said about learning to darn beautifully, beginning on common things, and from forming the habit of being neat learn the best manner in which to repair a nice dress so as to save it, and still look well to observers. It can be done, for I have seen mothers mend a place in their grown daughters' dress so it would scarcely show, and yet be so finely done that I wanted to show it, as a specimen of a lost art.

"I despise a girl who will go with her buttonholes torn out, or bands pinned out, and rents drawn together, and all because she is too lazy to learn how to mend properly. I once saw a rich girl,

when she had torn a splendid black silk in the middle of the front breadth, stick a sheet of black courtplaster on the back of the cloth, and by carefully uniting the edges, made it to not show; that was a new idea to me because you cannot darn silk without its showing. But don't recommend that remedy for the heels of stockings, these should be carefully darned back and forth with strong thread closely as possible wherever they are most likely to break, before ever putting them on.

"And when they have gone through their own wardrobes, tell them to put new pockets in the boys' coats, new backs in their vests, sew on their coat buttons with linen thread as soon as they come from the store; thus taking time by the foretop. And when they are proficient in these they can put a velvet collar in place of the soiled one, on the coat too good to throw away, and bind the edges of the overcoat so as to make a good second best, and thus when their brothers go away from home to teach, they need not be ashamed to have their clothes seen if they board 'round."

SOUNDS OF A SUMMER NIGHT NO. 2, COUNTRY.

The noise of the farm has gradually given place to silence; even the young calf bereft of its mother and refusing to be comforted, has blated itself to rest; and we are fast drifting to the land of dreams, when a terrible rattling and rumbling comes down the road and stops before the house. There is a loud rough call for "Him," and after much confusion the threshing machine is settled in the yard, and the threshers in their beds, while we listen to the mental chorus of "twelve or fourteen men to feed to-morrow," until it grows so monotonous that we begin to see unreal images, when we are suddenly roused by the far off strains of a brass band. It comes nearer and proves to be a musquito, noisy with declarations of the bloody deeds he is about to commit; long, alert pauses, heavy misdirected slaps, and final success in slaying him follow. We almost dream again when a tumult is heard at the chicken coop. Something is after those beautiful Hamburgs, and we must to the rescue. After stubbing that toe with a corn on it against chairs and stools, and stepping upon a carpet tack or two, we reach the yard where the silvery moonlight is trying to cast a halo around a dignified scare-crow, a broken wagon, an old cutter over which is spread a hide to dry, and numerous other things too familiar to attract our attention now. We arm ourselves with a stick of stove-wood, and warily approach the coop. We hear a crunching of bones, and presently the enemy moves away, carrying the remains of his feast, and we charge to the rear rather than the front, and do not cast our stick at him until he is far beyond a woman's reach—it is a skunk. A cooning party follows soon after, suggesting all sorts of tragedies by their unearthly yells, and then the cats begin a serenade and we again leave our bed to expend upon

them the valor brought back from the coop.

After this comes an hour or two of sleep, from which we are roused by groans and vomiting in the boys' room. We hasten there; sickness; cause, green fruit; antidote, salt and water. Towards morning Peace folds her wings about us, and we wake at 4 A. M. to a hasty toilette, a hastier glance at the dew laden beauty of the landscape, and a stern realization of what it is to have "twelve or fourteen men to feed to-day."

A. H. J.

THOMAS, Aug. 6th.

A FEW STRAY THOUGHTS.

Seeing the urgent invitation for all to come to the front, and become members of the Household, I cannot keep still any longer. When one is in great pain, the suffering is borne by keeping silent, closing the lips firmly, and thinking "I will not allow myself to utter one sound," but when one is receiving so much benefit, so much comfort, taking such delight in reading these little Households, how can they keep still, and not let such writers as Evangeline, Strong Minded Girl, Bruneille and the rest, know how much good their words bring to others. How true they picture thousands of farmers' wives' lives! To-night after a long hard day's work I sat down to rest, the first time since five A. M., and my eye caught sight of the Household lying on the table; it seemed to say it would be good medicine for a tired woman. I was deeply interested in Bruneille's article, "Expecting too Much;" how true it is, and where shall we lay the blame? We ask our sisters what shall we do; perhaps the question is brought up to the "lords of creation" only to get such an answer as to crush every feeling of hope of our life ever being any different, and at last we give up to agree to disagree. To me it seems as though this question, and also the one of who shall carry the pocket-book if there is to be only one, and thousands of similar ones, should be talked over before marriage, and with true love to attend the married life, I think it would be a remedy. It is my honest conviction that a perfect understanding on all points of difference before marriage would make many lives happier. After their marriage many realize it is too late, and then we see the heart-broken, pale-faced women, living only to fill up the time until they are called from these troubles.

SARACENECE.

COURTLAND CENTRE, Aug. 2nd.

A TALK ON DOMESTIC MATTERS.

I think that peas cannot be canned so they will keep by farmers' wives. I tried it last year, cooking the same way as I did my corn, and it was an entire failure. String beans and peas are good dried; cook the beans till slightly tender, skim out of the water and dry; also cook the peas slightly.

I can tell how to fix pork so it won't be very "bad to take." Freshen in cold wa-

