AGRICULTURAL.

Swine Notes.

Chester Whites are the favorites in Pennsylvania, the farmers claiming that they are better adapted to their section.

The best hams are produced by the Berkshires, but the Essex is said to give a greater amount of side meat in proportion.

A clover field is the place to pasture hogs. They come up in the fall in good prime condition for getting hardened in with corn.

There are three classes of Yorkshires—the large, middle, and small. They are all good, and are long established breeds, pure white in color.

It is said that corn makes harder fat than when ground, and meal makes a difference from both. It seems curious, but hog raisers affirm it.

The Essex hog is coal black without any white. The Berkshire is also black, but has a spot on the forehead and on the end of the tail, with white feet.

Young pigs will drink cow's milk very soon after they find out where the feed trough is. It should be supplied to them in plenty when the litter is large.

If a good brood sow is rightly kept, the pigs from her will more than pay for her keeping by the sale of some over and above those intended to be kept.

A small, early maturing hog is much more valuable than a large one, as no more food will be required to raise two good, quick-growing ones, than it will for a large but slow, all lard.

Berkshire crossed on good common sows produce a hog better suited to the farm than either of the parents, but pure-bred males should always be used in breeding all kind of pigs.

Brood sows should be fed on slops containing plenty of vegetables. Rich food can be supplied, but it will not do to have it too concentrated. Give all the slop, rather watery, they will eat.

To prevent sows from crushing their young, nail a board about a foot wide to the side of the pen. The board is to be put on like a shelf, so that the little pigs can run under it to get out of the way.

Garden Farming—Stock Raising.

Elementary learning in farming incorporates other collateral sciences and bears comparison with divinity, which absorbs all other systems of knowledge, of which the magic staff of Moses was a type, in that it ate up all other subtleties. Every theory of experts is like a metaphor or a shadow until it is perfected in practice. Garden farming, with us, means the highest development of field culture, which has its full material outcome in perfect stock raising. The ancient practice of nomad or migratory herding now becomes matured in fancy stock raising. This is the outcome of hereditary education of times and ages of thousands of years. Farming in its normal simplicity, has always nursed commerce and refined civilization. We give some indulgence to the idiosyncracies of old associations in farming, the conservative medium shows prudence and sagacity worthy of consideration. There is a sympathetic harmony arising out of studies of ornithology, when we think of the song birds over the hedge row pastures, and the concerts of singing milkmaids and the whistling plow-boy with his team at the early dawn. Every phaze of light amalgamates into one harmony—unless it is disturbed by violence. Thus a schoolmate related his theory of insects, —a little bird lighted on a currant sprig to pick up a worm for its natural food; and the gardener struck it with his fatal shot, and boasted over his sport, "that's how I'll show birdies to eat up my fruit." The next result was that a progeny of worms had eaten up all his cabbage crop.

Hence every farmer needs to study well to know his friends from his pests; better spare a pest than risk the loss of a friend. We think the half-breed granger can paddle his own canoe, and some half breeds are the best kind for service and profit. We have tested this idea by crossing White Leghorns and Buff-Cochins, two-thirds Leghorn and one Cochin make best layers—only the half and half will set. The buffs are too slothful to hunt well after pure feeding, and by eating up every putrescent morsel they grow unhealthily fat; the mean-fleshed Leghorn is improved; the Buff gets more life and vigor, less fat and more eggs; nor yet are they so apt to eat their eggs when they set, they are half-breeds. These beat Cochins, Polands and Spanish fowls. Our chickens commenced laying in February at eight months old, equal to the Leghorn hens of last year. Our neighbors take our idea, and set their hens with our eggs, we having a handsome white rooster. We believe the same rule holds good by half-breed Devons and Jerseys or Guernseys; we think they will acclimatise better in this country, and endure more in hard seasons than the full breed Guernseys. For the same reason we would be apt to test half Cotswolds and Southdowns, for wool and meat market. We are too much Israelite to care much for swine anyhow. In every department of stock raising the culture of crops, to serve well every species in all seasons, must be an essential element of study and practice. Some examples in this line will fill up our space in another article.—[City and Country.

"Yes, judge," said a prisoner, "I admit that the back of my trousers were tangled in the dog's teeth, and that I dragged the animal away, but if you call that stealing a dog no man on earth is safe from committing crime."

A Terrible Initiation.

A French army officer in the reign of Napoleon having incurred the suspicion or resentment of the emperor, thought it expedient to abandon his country and take refuge in one of the Austrian provinces, and here he became advised of, and initiated into a society, the object of whose information was to hurl to the ground the Colossus whose arm smote and governed the whole of Europe with a sceptre of iron.

One day a letter was brought to him containing the usual signs and pass-words of the society, and requiring him to repair, on the following night, to a secluded spot in the forest, where he would meet some of his associates. He went, but found no one. The orders were repeated four times; the officer sought the appointed place with no better success than at first. On the fifth night of his appearance, after waiting some time, he was on the point of returning, when loud cries suddenly arrested his attention. Drawing his sword he hastened to the spot whence they seemed to proceed, and was fired upon by three men, who, on seeing that he remained unwounded, instantly took to flight; but at his feet lay a bleeding corpse, in which, by the feeble light of the moon, he in vain sought for tokens of returning animation. He was yet bending over the dead man, when a detachment of chasseurs, summoned apparently by the noise of the pistols that had been discharged at himself, came up suddenly and arrested him as the assassin. He was loaded with chains, tried the next day, and condemned to die for his supposed crime. His execution was to take place at midnight.

Surrounded by the ministers of justice he was led at a slow pace, by the light of torches, and the tolling of funeral bells, to a vast square in the centre of which was a scaffold, environed by horsemen. Beyond this was a group of spectators, who muttered impatiently and at times sent forth a cry of abhorrence. The victim mounted the scaffold, his sentence was read, and the first act of the tragedy was on the point of fulfillment, when an officer let fall a word of hope. An edict had just been promulgated by the government, offering a pardon to any condemned criminal who should disclose the members and secret tokens of a particular association, the existence of which the Frenchman, to whom these few words of hope were addressed, had lately become aware of, and of which he had now become a member. He was questioned, but so denied all knowledge; they urged him to confess with promises of additional reward. His only reply was a demand for immediate death—and his initiation was completed. All that passed was a terrible trial of fidelity. Those who surrounded him were members of the society.

In His Own Coin.

"Is this seat engaged?" he asked of the prettiest girl in the car, and, finding it wasn't he put his sample box in the rack and braced himself for solid enjoyment. "Pleasant day," said the girl, coming for him before he could get his tongue unkinked. "Most bewildering day, isn't it?" "Ye-yes, miss," stammered the drummer. He was in the habit of playing pitcher in this kind of a match, and the position of catcher didn't fit him as tight as his pantaloons. "Nice weather for traveling," continued the girl; "much nicer than when it was cold. Are you perfectly comfortable?" "Oh, yes; thanks!" murmured the drummer. "Glad of it," resumed the girl, cheerfully. "Let me put my shawl under your head, won't you? Hadn't you rather sit near the window and let me describe the landscape to you?" "No, please," he muttered; I—I'm doing well enough." "Can't I buy you some peanuts or a book? Let me do something to make the trip happy? Suppose I slip my arm around your waist? Just lean forward a trifle so I can?" "You'll—you'll have to excuse me!" gasped the wretched drummer; "I—I don't think you really mean it!" "You look so tired," she pleaded; "wouldn't you like to rest your head on my shoulder? No one will notice. Just lay your head right down, and I'll tell you stories." "No—no, thanks! I won't to-day! I'm very comfortable, thank you!" and the poor drummer looked around helplessly. "Your scarf-pin is coming out. Let me fix it. There!" and she arrayed it deftly; "at the next station I'll get you a cup of tea, and when we arrive at our destination you'll let me call on you?" and she smiled an anxious prayer right up into his pallid countenance. "I think I'll go away and smoke," said the drummer, and, hauling down his gripsack, he made for the door, knee deep in the grins showered around him by his fellow-passengers. "Strange" murmured the girl to the lady in front of her, "I only did with him just what he was making ready to do with me, and big and strong as he is, he couldn't stand it. I really think women have stronger stomachs than men, and, besides that, there isn't any smoking-car for them to fly to for refuge. I don't understand this thing." But she settled back contentedly all the same; and at a convention of drummers, held in the smoker that morning, it was unanimously resolved that her seat was engaged, so far as they were concerned, for the balance of the season.

Evangelist Barnes, under whose preaching many well-known Kentuckians have been coverted, including General Abe Buford, Governor Luke Blackburn, the Assistant State Auditor, the Assistant Secretary of State, a county Judge, an ex-Police Judge, an ex City Attorney and innumerable colonels and majors, made more than 800 converts during two weeks' preaching in Frankfort.

French Detective Methods.

The Paris detective service has displayed considerable acuteness in discovering and securing the man Delphin Grosjean, one of the four suspected of the murder of Mme. Galsterer, in the Rue Lalo. The police had arrived at the conviction that he had left Paris, and had reason to believe that his hiding place was a locality called La Chapelle. But there are in France about two hundred communes bearing that name, and it was no small task to search them all. A commencement was made with those in the neighborhood of Paris, and all the La Chapelles in the departments of the Eure, Seine-et-Oise and Seine-et-Marne were tried without success. On Saturday morning three detectives who had been sent into the department of the Oise informed M. Mace that they were on the track of the man, who they believed was working in a brickfield at Chapelle-au-Pots, about ten miles from Beauvais. Grosjean had arrived there five or six days before, and was busy at work, no doubt hoping that the police would never think of looking for him in such an obscure place. The officers, in order not to excite suspicion, dressed themselves in laborers' clothes, soiled with clay and brickdust, and applied for work, pretending that they had been employed in the trade. One of them even simulated a limp and related to the men that he had hurt his foot in charging a kiln. By that means they were able to loiter about the field without exciting suspicion. It was resolved to arrest him on Sunday, when the men were idle, and they would have a chance of finding him alone, as, in the event of their being mistaken, this would prevent disorder in the works. They had not to go far to seek for him, for they had no sooner started than they met the suspected man coming towards them on the high road; he approached, and asked one of the officers, who was smoking, for a light. The officer had the man's photograph in his pocket, and he was thus enabled to examine him well. When sure that he was not mistaken, he suddenly affected surprise, and, holding out his hand as if he had just recognized an acquaintance, he exclaimed,—

"Why, is it you, Delphin, old boy?"

"You are wrong," the man stammered; "that is not my name."

"I am right, and you are my prisoner," returned the officer, slipping the handcuffs over the man's wrists.

German Ladies.

They are housewives, every one of them, in whatever grade of life they may be found. In the richest German household, the mistress superintends the kitchen and lends a hand to the cook. There are certain dishes which she always makes with her own hands, because her Fritz likes them so. She may boast thirty-two quarterlings on her escutcheon and be terribly proud of her lineage, but she has no nonsensical ideas about its being degrading to put on a canvas apron, lard a piece of veal, make jams, or dole out with her own hands the prunes that are to be put into the potato stew. She keeps her best attire for Sundays, and makes it serve on a good many of these festal days, for she does not follow fashion blindly or in a hurry. On ordinary days she dresses with a plainness which would excite the contempt of a French women; but then her culinary pursuits do not prevent her from being by far the intellectual superior of her French or Belgian sister. She reads serious books that she may be able to converse as an equal with her well-taught sons; she practises music that she may remain on a level with her daughters, who are trained to be brilliant pianists, and she finds time to read the newspaper in order that she may understand what her Fritz has to say about the topics of the day. The wives of professional men follow this worthy example. These ladies keep no cooks; they perform most of the household labors with the assistance of a maid-of-all-work, and whenever practicable they do all the washing of the family linen at home, and make their own dresses. Withal they are very hospitable in a homely way. They delight in evening parties, at which *cafe au lait* is served with cakes and sausage sandwiches. A carpet dance, a little singing and music, round games, and a good deal of frank flirtation between the young people, furnish the diversions at these entertainments. In the winter several families club together to hire a large room, in which Dreistemache (literally make bold) assemblies are held once a week. Each family brings a certain quantum of the refreshments, as at old-fashioned picnics, and dancing is carried on within sensible hours, between seven and eleven in the evening. The object of these assemblies is to make young people "bold" to disport themselves at more ceremonious balls should they be called upon to do so; in fact, there are unceremonious dancing parties at which the guests appear in morning attire, and expect no costlier beverages at supper than lemonade and beer.

Miss Ward's Dog.

When Genevieve Ward came here just before sailing for Europe she brought with her a small black-and-tan dog, her constant companion. On the train the drawing-room conductor informed her that her dog must go into the baggage car. It did, and Miss Ward went with it, and the two sat upon the luggage until a compromise was effected and both came back to the parlor car. This dog always at the theatre lies upon some article of Miss Ward's clothing which he knows she is to wear when she goes away, and, except when she is acting, is scarcely ever out of her sight.

Street Sights of Para.

The Brazilian women are proud of their beautiful hair, and frequently arrange it in the open street. I have never yet seen a single shop-keeper with even a semblance of a coat on, and it is not common to see vests worn. Sometimes even the shirt is wanting, and the only visible apparel is pants and slippers. With servant women the usual costume is a long, trailing skirt, whose short waist is cut very low in the neck and made with short sleeves. Often this waist is simply an elegantly trimmed chemise (for these women make a very beautiful kind of lace, weaving it on cushions while they sit on the floor of their houses) and the skirt is of print or linen. They are fond of gay colors, and especially delight to make dresses out of the kind of calico designed to imitate patchwork. Children are not dressed at all, as a rule, though some are provided with a single long-sleeved, sacque-like, cotton garment, which reaches below the knee. Boys frequently are not dressed till twelve years old, but as a rule, girls begin to wear clothing before reaching that age. Most girls marry at fifteen years. There is but one express wagon with springs in the city of Para. Cartmen are at hand like hackmen, waiting to be hired for the delivery of merchandise. The common job wagon is a clumsy affair, without springs and but two wheels, the whole guiltless of paint. The harness found with this vehicle always consists of a little, square, wooden saddle resting on a cushion, traces of chain, collar and head-halter of leather and and no bits—the animal being guided by a long rope fastened to the head. As wells are not common in Para, water is drawn about the city in hogsheads mounted horizontally on wheels. There are no milk carts. Morning and evening the milkman puts on the cow's neck a leather collar to which are attached three musical bells of brass. A long rope is tastened to her horns, and she walks with her master through the streets to the various dwellings to be supplied. The proprietor carries several tin measures, into one of which he milks whatever quantity may be ordered by the women, servants or children who stand at the door or window to watch the process. Bread is sold on a similar plan. Instead of having bread wagons, the Brazilian roll is carried about the streets by the baker himself, or his employee. Sometimes the crisp, brown crusts rattle in a print bag which is slung carelessly over the shoulders of the slippered pedestrian, sometimes they jostle together in a basket on his head, but the most common thing is a little blue and gray handcart, whose motor calls out his customers by a low blast on his little tin horn. As stoves are almost unheard of here, the bread is invariably made by the baker, who often makes his morning visits before the family are out of the hammocks where they sleep at night, in which case he swings open a blind and ranges his wares on the window sill.

Certainly He Would.

The other evening as a muscular citizen was passing a house on Montcalm street, a lady who stood at the gate called out to him:

"Sir! I appeal to you for protection!"

"What's the trouble?" he asked as he stopped short.

"There's a man in the house, and he wouldn't go out doors when I ordered him to!"

"He wouldn't eh? We'll see about that!"

Thereupon the man gave the woman his coat to hold and sailed into the house spitting on his hands. He found a man down at the supper-table, and he took him by the neck and remarked:

"Nice style of a brute you are, eh? Come out o' this or I'll break every bone in your body!"

The man fought back and it was not until a chair had been broken and the table upset that he was hauled out doors by the legs, and given a fling through the gate. Then, as the muscular citizen placed his boot where it would do the most hurt, he remarked: "Now, then, you brass-faced old tramp, you move on or I'll finish you."

"Tramp! tramp!" shouted the victim, as he got up, "I'm no tramp! I own this property and live in this house!"

"You do?"

"Yes, and that's my wife holding your coat!"

"Thunder!" whispered the victim, as he gazed from one to the other, and realized that the wife had got square through him; and then he made a grab for his coat and slid into the darkness with his shirt bosom torn open, a finger badly bitten, and two front teeth ready to drop out.—[Free Press.

A Comical Southern Expression.

A native of the South says in some parts of Georgia and Florida they have a comical expression to indicate distance—"about a peep" or "a peep and a half," or "about a mile and a peep." I recollect riding in the autumn of 1877 through an immense yellow pine forest in Eastern Florida on the way to Jacksonville. We stopped at a miserable shanty some miles from any other habitation, all alone in the midst of that grand expanse of timber land and white sand, to inquire the way to the next river ford. An old "cracker," as the poor whites are contemptuously called, came to the door of his hut and bawled out, "You uns must go on for about a mile and a quarter, and then its only a peep or p'raps a peep an' a half furder!" Generally speaking, a "peep" means the distance one can see through the woods at a "clearing"—a place where the forest has been cut away and the road is laid open for some distance.

The Father of the Orphans.

An old man has just died in Vienna whose name deserves to be chronicled in all lands for the singular goodness of his life. Ferdinand Reidt has been known in his own city as the "father of the orphans" for nearly half a century. He was a man of considerable means and was happily married, but it was a great grief to him and his wife that they continued childless. He said to his wife;

"Since we are not to have children of our own, can we not be parents to some of those who are fatherless and motherless?"

He was a man of action, and began at once to put his idea into practice. He commenced by taking fatherly charge of two or three orphans, but his zeal and repute increased to such an extent that, at the time of his death, he was the legal guardian of more than one thousand children. Those whom he adopted in this manner were not fitfully taken up and then let drop, but he kept conscientious watch and ward over them from their early education until their marriage or their start in adult life at the close of their apprenticeship.

He never sought fame or publicity, and took no credit to himself for his devotion to those who had no natural claim upon him. Now that he is departed, however, every one speaks of his singular life, its quietness, and yet restless energy, its conscientiousness and severe fidelity to his self-imposed obligations. He began by asking as a favor to be accepted as the "honorary guardian" of two or three orphans, and the calling which he had thus taken up for his own satisfaction, as he put it, was in time regarded by many of his fellow citizens as a sort of official occupation.

Herr Reidt had an especial tenderness toward illegitimate children, who, from no fault of their own, started in life under a heavy shadow. His courage was equal to his tenderness. When he could discover the father of an illegitimate child, he would seek the man out and deal plainly with him as to the duty he had incurred by his sin. In this way he often compelled fathers to look after their own children, who would otherwise have fallen under the discipline of the official guardians of such unwelcome additions of the population.

A Love Affair Wound Up.

"I should smile."

As Bertha Raddingote spoke these words she lay coquettishly in a hammock that had been swung between two giant oaks that reared their tall heads aloft in the broad lawn, at the edge of which stood her father's stately residence. A little foot, enmeshed in a silken stocking, whose delicate texture displayed to advantage the trim ankle within, peeped out from beneath a fleecy-white dress, while the laughing eyes and fair forehead of the girl were surmounted by a coronal of sunnily-gold tresses of which any hair store might have been proud.

"So you like ice cream," said Harold McIntyre, bending over the hammock and looking tenderly into Bertha's blue eyes.

"I should smile," said the girl again, getting ready to put on her slipper and start.

"You are right," said Harold. "Ice cream is a good thing. Perhaps some day next week I will buy you some."

The look of happy expectancy faded from the girl's face. "What time is it?" she asked.

"Ten minutes to six," replied Harold.

"Then," said Bertha, "if you start right away you will get home in time for supper."

Horse Sense.

Recently a poor old horse whose master had neglected him, and who was suffering from a lame joint, hobbled into King & Brother's grocery store, in Rome, Ga., and discovering that he was in the wrong pew, as quick as his feeble strength would carry him went into the next door, Dabney & Fenner's drug store, and showed by his action and quiet waiting that he wanted something for his lame leg. Dr. Fenner, although taken somewhat by surprise, quickly saw the raised fore leg, and going to the gentle beast discovered his ailment and, applied to it suitable remedies. The horse nodded his head as a token of thankfulness and quietly went on his way.

Sadly Afflicted.

"My boy was badly afflicted with rheumatism," said Mr. Barton, of the great stove firm of Redway & Barton, of this city, to one of our reporters. "We doctored him a great deal, but could find no cure; I had heard so much of the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil that I finally determined to try it. Two bottles of the Oil fully cured him.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Florida has grown an onion as big as a No. 7 straw hat, and it is figured that it would scent the breath of 175 people for twenty-four hours. Might as well grow for a crowd as for a half dozen.

The local editor of the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, Mr. J. H. Mabbitt, says: "We have used St. Jacob's Oil in our family for rheumatism, and found it to be a first-class thing."—*Boston Herald.*

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We need more to revise our religion that it may keep step with progress than to revise the New Testament and throw it aside as unheeded.

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are treated with unusual success by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y. Send stamp for pamphlet.

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On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough—prompt measures for relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs; therefore use the great anti-scrofula, or blood-purifier and strength-restorer,—Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to Cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists the world over. For Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on Consumption, send two stamps to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

As stained linen is bleached white on grass, so an city [illegible] out in country life.

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"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c.

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[illegible]

"CROOKED HAELTEL."

[illegible] "Crooked Harry" [illegible]

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for human, fowl and animal flesh, was first prepared and introduced by Dr. Geo. W. Merchant, in Lockport N. Y., U. S. A., 1833, since which time it has steadily grown in public favor, and is now acknowledged and admitted by the trade to be the standard liniment of the country. When we make this announcement we do so without fear of contradiction, notwithstanding we are aware there are many who are more or less prejudiced against proprietary remedies especially on account of the many humbugs on the market; however, we are pleased to state that such prejudice does not exist against GARGLING OIL. We do not claim wonders or miracles for our liniment, but we do claim it is without an equal. It is put up in bottles of three sizes, and all we ask is that you give it a fair trial, remembering that the Oil put up with white wrapper (small) is for human and fowl flesh, and that with yellow wrapper (three sizes) for animal flesh. Try a bottle.

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