FOR THE FARM AND HOME.

Uncooked Food for Pigs.

I begin, says a Vermont farmer, to feed my pigs when small on uncooked food of all kinds, such as apples, potatoes, green grass and weeds, corn fodder, etc., with a little water and sour milk to drink. Sour milk is better for them than sweet, for it gives them an appetite and keeps them healthy, so that they will grow faster. When I am ready to begin fattening the animals I feed dry feed or corn, and a little while after they eat it I give them a little sour milk if I have it, and if not, a little clear, cold water. This method of feeding saves labor and food, and consequently saves expense. The dry meal will stay on the stomach until it is entirely digested, while sloppy food will pass through the animal more quickly, and before it has had time to do half service. I have tried a good many experiments in pig-feeding, and have finally settled down upon this as the best. You must begin the use of uncooked food when they are young.

Fruit Garden Hints.

The pruning of grape vines and training them upon their trellises, and the transplanting of blackberries, raspberries, and currants, should be attended to among the first warm days, says the *American Cultivator*. They start out their new shoots, which will bear the next year's fruit very early, and it is better for them to be placed where they are wanted to grow, before they do so. An abundance of these fruits for family use is one of the luxuries which every farmer should enjoy. A little land, a little manure, and a little labor will furnish them; and as the land may be in nooks hereofore occupied by unsightly hedges and weeds, and the labor will be but little more than a pleasure, taking up the half hours after supper, when one can stroll about the grounds, admiring the growth of the things in the garden, the chickens, the fowls, bees and other ornamental and useful appendages of the farm and dooryard, they will be enjoyed at a small cost.

How to Keep Clean Stables.

Every cow stable should have a broad gutter sixteen inches wide, by eight inches deep behind the cows to catch the droppings, and this should be kept full of litter to keep the cows' tails out of the water. Cows will urinate one or more times every night. The floor should slope two inches in the four and one-half or five feet of the stanchion floor to keep it dry. The stable should be made with short partitions, so that the cows are all made to stand straight and not be in up the other cow's others. Then every cow must be thoroughly curried and brushed before it is milked every time and made as clean as a grazing horse is. A man that will not keep his cows as clean as the horses he drives to church on Sundays is not a fit man to own them. The cows should be kept well littered, and the gutter cleared out every morning without fail and littered freshly every night with leaves, straw, or chaff. If this method is practiced there will be no dust, no cow hairs, no filth, and if the milker will wash his hands before he milks, the milk will be clean enough to set in dishes without straining. The milker and feeder should be waited with a clean cloth the last thing before milking.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Feed or Breed.

It is a very popular subject just now for discussion whether feed or breed is paramount in the productive value of an animal, more especially in regard to the yield of butter. Our enthusiastic believer in breed asks why any ordinary cow cannot be made to give two pounds of butter a day as a pure-bred Jersey does. Anyone can ask questions which will puzzle a wise man to answer. But this question is no puzzle, and would be harder to answer if it were true that a Jersey cow as a rule gave two pounds of butter a day. So far, there are about [illegible] aristocrats among, perhaps, [illegible] Jersey cows in the country, all pure-bred, but not all recorded. But what of the others? It has been said that the average yield of the 30,000 pedigree Jerseys is about three pounds per week. How much does breed for these? On the other hand, native "scrub" cows have been known that, owing nothing to breed at all, have just doubled their yield of butter when fed as well as a Jersey cow is fed, and it is these native cows which have made the dairy so profitable as it is. Also, one might ask, was it breed or feed that made a noted Jersey cow die of milk fever after having been fed daily a bushel of crushed oats and 12 pounds of corn-meal and bran, besides other feed, to force her to give three pounds of butter a day? Perhaps it may be said most truly, that if our native cows had been fed and cultivated with as much care as the Jerseys have been, they might have outdone them in regard to their product. As it is, they have an excellent record, not in any book, but in the enormous aggregate yield of milk, cheese, and butter which has made dairying the most prosperous branch of farming.—*New York Times.*

Receipts.

Strawberry Jam.—Cap the berries and mash them completely; weigh them, and to every pound of berries take one of white sugar; mix together thoroughly, and boil for twenty or thirty minutes.

Strawberry Jelly.—Mash the berries and extract the juice; strain through a flanned jelly bag; to each pint of juice take one pound of crushed sugar; put all in the kettle together and boil for fifteen or twenty minutes; put it in the glasses before it is cold and let it set until the next day; then cover with paper and tie closely.

Potato Pudding.—Bruise with a wooden spoon, through a colander, six large or twelve middle-sized potatoes; beat four eggs, mix with a pint of good milk, stir in the potatoes six ounces of sugar and flavoring. This receipt is simple and economical, as cold potatoes may be used and may be kept two or three days until a sufficient quantity is collected.

Boiled Ham.—Cut liberal slices of cold ham, and fry in their own fat. When they are done take out of the pan and arrange on a hot dish. Keep warm while you add to the gravy a teaspoonful of made mustard, a good pinch of pepper, a salt-spoonful of white sugar, and three table-spoonfuls of vinegar. Mix these well together before stirring into the gravy; heat all to a sharp boil, pour over the ham, and let it stand, covered, for a minute before sending to the table.

Calling on the Pope.

A letter from Rome to the Baltimore *Sun* has the following: "There is not a ruler in all Christendom that is as easily approached as Leo XIII. To be presented to his Holiness a gentleman must go in evening full dress, without gloves. A lady goes dressed in black, wearing a black lace veil over head and shoulders, after the early Italian court style, or the modern Spanish mode. The presentations are of two orders, public and private, and generally in the morning. A public audience sometimes embraces the papal hears and afterward the personal introduction. I was presented by Mgr. Macchi, the chief chamberlain. The Pope was seated. He wore a cash mere silk, made from the chosen lambs' wool on each St. Agnes' day, fitting his body closely, it presented the outlines of a little and somewhat [illegible] figure. Around his waist was a broad, richly watered white silk sash, the falling ends terminating with gold bullion fringe. On his hands were white woolen knit mittens. Upon and around his neck hung a heavy gold chain, pendant to which was his enjoyable creation, the cross. Thrown partly around him, and forming a sling for his [illegible], hung and was a rude casket of a wooden facing. The casket was lined with purple and gold, and opened edges trimmed with a very tender [illegible] bullion lace. On his head was a little white scull cap. His feet were encased in gold thread. These slippers are so made that they are really ankle covering shoes, the upper parts being of white satin lined with wool and fitting closely. Thus a heavy expression is given to the feet. Approaching his Holiness, you kneel and kiss the ring on his extended hand. He smilingly requests you to rise, and then enters into an easy style of conversation in the French language. At first he dwells on your native, not if he has heard it before he surely remembers it, as memory of persons, names and events is a strong feature of Pope Leo XIII.

A New Method of Instruction.

An institution, known as the Correspondence University, has been recently established, wherein any one whose circumstances preclude the higher education by attending a university will be enabled to gain the same through the medium of correspondence. The faculty is made up of professors, mostly specialists, of different institutions of this country and Europe who have leisure for doing outside work. The headquarters of the faculty are at Cornell University, Professor Lucian A. Wait of that institution being the secretary. To illustrate the proposed method of instruction we quote the following from the *Cornell Era*: "Suppose a student receiving instruction in mathematics. His lesson is assigned, and at the same time a list of questions and problems, based upon the lesson, is mailed to him. The student answers the questions and solves the problems, making notes of all difficulties, which he forwards to the instructor. At such times as seem best an examination paper is forwarded that will refer to the difficulties which the student's notes have made known to the instructor." The examinations will be conducted under the eye of some competent person in the town where the student lives, in order to insure fairness, and who will be empowered to send the papers to the examining committee for correction. The student will be advised as to what text-books are necessary, and these will be farther supplemented by special notes and commentaries of instructors which will be hektographed or printed. The advantage of such a course of instruction, which indicates the various fields of science, philosophy, history, literature and language, will be apparent to one who cannot gain that instruction by other means, and it affords an additional advantage to the pupil by giving him the benefit of the personal attention of the professors, of which regular collegiates are deprived.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Rear-Admiral Ammen says that the Panama Canal will cost $300,000,000 instead of $100,000,000, as estimated and that when finished it will constantly require the most formidable and expensive repairs. The earth of the isthmus, it seems, is without the requisite properties of firmness and stability.

In a recent number of the New York *Independent*, the Rev. Dr. Dorchester publishes statistics that, while the consumption of alcoholic drinks in the United States sixty years ago was five gallons per capita, it is now only two gallons per capita. They show also that the average quantity of spirits drunk in 1870-1-2 was 67,117,000 gallons and in 1880-1-2, 71,221,000 gallons. This is an increase of only five per cent. instead of thirty per cent. to correspond with the increase of population.

The German military authorities are about to make some experiments in the way of aerial torpedoes. An ordinary war balloon is to be dispatched, fitted with a machinery resembling that of torpedo boats, by means of which the charge could be projected on the troops beneath. The project is considered feasible, and the day may not be very far distant when we shall have navies fighting in the air. There seems to be no limit to the invention and production of instruments of death and destruction.

Justice Day, of the English bench, while visiting a model show prison in the provinces recently, noticed a treadmill, and his curiosity being excited, he determined to try the labor to which in his time he had sentenced so many prisoners. So stepping on to the machine he told the gently remonstrating warder to set it going. After about one and a half minutes' experience his lordship's curiosity was quite satisfied, and he ordered the mill to be stopped. Then he found that although the mill was set to do the shortest possible spell, it could not be stopped until that time was finished, so the Judge had to go on grinding until twenty minutes had expired.

The great flooding at Salt Lake, which the Mormon saints have been twenty-eight years in constructing, is approaching completion. The main walls are done. It is built of granite, which is hauled from the mountains back of Salt Lake on great wagons or trucks with wheels twelve feet high. The walls are ten feet in thickness, and eighty-one feet in height. It has cost so far about $4,000,000, which has been collected by the tithing tax. It will require six years more to finish the work. Probably no other church in Christendom in the United States has been constructed in a way to secure such durability as is possible to this. Some of those who predict the early ruin of the Mormon hierarchy are wondering what use they can make of this temple.

Justices who desire to rule according to a strict construction of the law have no easy time of it in Bavaria. According to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, there are no less than seven different codes in force in that country, namely, the Bavarian code applying to 2,500,000 inhabitants of the kingdom; the French code in the Palatinate applying to 1,000,000; the sovereign laws of the Hohenzollern Wurtzburg to 1,000,000; the prerogatory code of the principality of Bayreuth to 450,000; the Austrian code Bodwitz in Upper Franconia to 2,000; the Salms statutes to as few as 200, and finally the Coburg code applying to only 100 inhabitants. To make matters still worse, the different districts are far from being defined, and lapse into one another in a most complicated fashion; their boundaries in some instances being so sharply drawn that one half of one house is under one and the other under another code. A complete list of all the codes in force throughout Germany would be a pretty long and highly interesting document.

The silo is in great favor just now in England. A correspondent of the London *Standard* says it may be interesting to know that in the Netherlands the farmer's wife has her silo. This is an earthenware jar about two feet high. Into one such in summer-time she shreds kidney beans; into another she puts shelled peas; into another broad beans, say; and having thus formed a six-inch layer, she sprinkles on the top a little salt and presses the whole firmly down. Then comes another layer with another sprinkling, and so on until she has come to the end of her vegetables. Leaving a light weight on top, which serves to keep all firmly pressed and exclude the air, when more vegetables are ripe she repeats the process until the jar is filled. A good substantial weight is then placed on the top, and the opening is covered with brown paper, and her object is attained—viz.: ensilage for her family; i. e., vegetables preserved green for winter use, more or less good according to taste when brought to the table.

Capt. T. H. Dozier, who lives near Winterville, Ga., has 15,000 cigars that his father made 30 years ago. The captain smokes only one a day and they are expected to last him several years.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Rain and dew invariably contain chloride of sodium, or common salt. This is due to the fact that most of the water which falls from the sky has been evaporated from the sea.

At the Hungarian Exhibition, which will open May, 1885, there will be a department for all kinds of implements, machinery, and patented inventions, in which America may be advantageously represented.

The earthquake wave of August 27, 1883, resulting from the terrible Krakatoa disaster, has been ascertained to have crossed the Indian Ocean at the tremendous speed of 250 miles a second, or 15,000 miles an hour.

To purify the air of a cellar, and to destroy parasitical growth, a German authority says: "Put some roll brimstone into a pan, set fire to it, close the doors and windows as tight as possible for two or three hours; repeat this inexpensive operation every three months.

A thousand years ago glass was formed into ewers by some Asiatic people; iron could be hammered into the most beautiful and thinnest of bowls, and the Persians made metal peacocks with spreading tails; wood carving was as well understood in Japan 1,200 years since as at almost any later period; sculptures in marble were as perfect then as now; and the manufacture of porcelain was as thoroughly understood and as successfully practised then as recently.

The dugong, a species of whale taken in large numbers at Queensland, has probably furnished the slender basis of fact upon which the mermaid and merman stories have been founded. It is about eight to twenty feet in length, lives upon submarine beds of sea-weed, breathes by means of lungs, has a human-like head, with hair resembling a man's beard. The flesh of this animal is eaten, and is said to have the flavor of beef, veal, or bacon according to the part of the body from which the meat is taken. Its oil has all the medicinal properties of cod-liver oil, without the disagreeable taste and smell of the latter.

Worthless.

While ploughing out in my field one day, Uncle Johnny Farmer came along the road, and socially stopped at the end to chat with me a bit. At one side of the piece I was plowing, were some rows of stunted corn, which thinking worthless, I had skipped in plowing.

"What's your idea in not plowing these rows?" asked Uncle Johnny, as his critical eye fell upon the slighted rows.

"Oh! well, because I didn't think that they would make anything," I answered, "they're actually stunted."

"Well, the more reason you should work them, my son," answered the old farmer. "See how they reach up their blades, struggling with the hard ground and hoping even about them, to make something of themselves. Lend them a helping hand, give them a chance."

Acting upon his advice, I gave them a thorough plowing, following with a careful hoeing and before corn gathering, I found the once despised and dwarfed rows, the best corn I had in my field.

As with these rows of corn, thought I, so it is among people. The greatest of the worthlessness—a nothingness is due more to the neglect of their fellow beings and the want of opportunities, than to any latent worthlessness of themselves. Let a person get down in the world, be it financially or socially, and no one is ready to extend to him the generous hand of unselfish aid. Rather instead, to our shame be it said, is every hand upraised against him, pressing him into the ditch, like the conscienceless brutes below us, let one of our number get down, and every one is ready to give him a look or a kick to complete his misfortune.

"Oh, he's no good; let him alone; he never will amount to anything."

How often have I heard these cruel words applied to a poor unfortunate, who struggling valiantly to better himself, would have succeeded with a mite of assistance, or if let alone, and unimpeded in his endeavors. But not granted this, they fail. Our words prove true; our superior discernment is vindicated, and we hug ourselves with complacent self-satisfaction. That too, in the teeth of the fact, that, as a result, our land swarms with tramps, our prisons are overcrowded with culprits, and our gallows groan with strangling felons. And further, when it costs a hundred fold more to suppress the one, and try and convict and execute the others, than it would to help these unfortunates at first to help themselves.—*St. Louis Magazine.*

From His Own Pen.

"Come over and take dinner with me to-morrow," said Farmer Crimson-beak to his neighbor Yeast.

"I don't think I can come, very well, was Yeast's reply; "You see I'm busy reading Shakespeare's works."

"Shakespeare be blowed!" was the intelligent response of Crimsonbeak. "Shakespeare is played out. Come over and I will give you something from my own pen!" Yeast went and his friend kept his word by setting before him a nice plum shote.—*Statesman.*

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

"In Mother's Place."

"If you want to go and see granny, mother dear, you start off by the first train to-morrow morning," said Ted; "I have a holiday, and I'll stay at home and take care of baby and the house."

"Could you manage?" asked his mother, doubtfully.

"Manage? Yes, splendidly; why there's nothing to do!"

Ted's mother smiled, but she accepted her boy's kind offer, and started off early the following morning.

"Now I'm in mother's place," said Ted to himself, "I shall soon get all the work; "why, there's baby awake already!"

"Yes; master baby was awake and insisted upon being taken up and dressed at once. When that performance was over he screamed with indignation because his breakfast was not ready for him.

"Ah, I remember," said Ted, "mother told me she always had his bread and milk waiting for him; it seems to me there's a lot of things to remember about a house and a baby." A great number of things poor Ted found to attend to; the beds to make; the rooms to sweep and dust; the fire to attend to; the meals meals to prepare and master baby to amuse.

"It's not so easy as I thought, being in mother's place," he said to himself that night, as he sat and listened for his mother's welcome foot-step.

"Ah, there comes mother!" he added, "and very glad I am to see her."

Duke.

"Stop crying, Johnny," said Fanny Dare, "and I'll tell you about a dog I know who won't eat a bit of cake if his master says it isn't paid for."

"O, what a funny dog!" said Johnny, stopping right off.

"One day," continued Fanny, "I gave him a bit of cake. He opened his mouth and was just going to take a bite, when his master said, 'Duke, that isn't paid for.' Duke dropped the cake instantly and turned away. He seemed to say, 'Nobody shall persuade me to eat anything that isn't paid for.' I asked his master to go out of the room and then I tried to coax Duke. I held the cake to his nose. But he could not be coaxed.

"When his master came back, he broke the cake into seven bits. Then as he put them on the floor, he said, 'Duke, this piece is paid for, this piece is not paid for,' till he had scattered all the cake on the floor.

"'Now,' he said, 'you can eat all the pieces that are paid for.' And Duke just picked out the three pieces his master said were paid for, and he wouldn't touch the others.

"Afterward he gave Duke three of the four pieces to eat. Then he took the fourth in his hand and said, 'Duke, this is the last piece. It is paid for it. You may take it if you want it. But I have not had any, and I like cake as well as you do.'

"Duke eyed the dainty morsel. He smelt it, then slowly turned his head away as if to say, 'You may have it, dear master.'

"Then his master ate a bit and said 'Here, old fellow, I've had enough; you eat the rest.'"—*Little Men and Women.*

The Wonderful Secret.

Once on a time there was a king who had a little boy whom he loved very much. So he took a great deal of pains to make him happy.

He gave him beautiful rooms to live in, and pictures and toys and books without number. He gave him a graceful, gentle pony, that he might ride when he pleased, and a row-boat on a lovely lake, and servants to wait upon him wherever he went. He also provided teachers who were to give him the knowledge of things that would make him good and great.

But for all this the young prince was not happy. He wore a frown wherever he went, and was always wishing for something that he did not have.

At length, one day a magician came to the court. He saw the scowl on the boy's face, and he said to the king:

"I can make your son happy, and turn his frowns into smiles. But you must pay me a great price for telling him the secret."

"All right," said the king, "whatever you ask I will give."

So the price was agreed upon and paid, and then the magician took the boy into a private room. He wrote something with a white substance upon a piece of white paper. Next he gave the boy a candle, and told him to light it and hold it under the paper, and then see what he could read. Then he went away.

The boy did as he had been told, and the white letters on the paper turned into a beautiful blue.

They formed these words:

"Do a kindness to some one every day."

The prince made use of the secret, and he became the happiest man in the realm.

Not a Defect.

Gentleman to horse dealer:

"You fooled me in that horse."

"What, I? Never!"

"Yes; you said that he had no defects, and I find that he is blind of an eye."

"Why, that's not a defect; that's a misfortune."

Office Seekers in the White House.

An anecdotal paper on "The White House," by E. V. Smalley, is the opening illustrated paper of the April *Century*. Of office seekers he says in part: "The late President Garfield once said that he was obliged to see an average of about thirty persons for every office to be filled. If the question was one of removal, the number was much greater, including the friends of the incumbent as well as the candidates for the place. There is an amusing story, not a new one by any means, of the method Mr. Lincoln adopted to settle a contest over a postmastership which had greatly annoyed him. There were three candidates in the field, and petition after petition had poured in upon the weary President, and delegation after delegation had rushed to the White House to argue the claims of the rival aspirants. Finally after he had been bored for half an hour by a fresh delegation, Mr. Lincoln said to his secretary, "This matter has got to end somehow. Bring a pair of scales." The scales were brought. Now put in all the petitions and letters in favor of one man, and see how much they weigh, and then weigh the other candidate's papers." It was found that one bundle was three-quarters of a pound heavier than the other. "Make out the appointment at once for the man who has the heaviest papers," ordered the President, and it was done.

A Wonderfully Rich Strike.

The Helena, Montana, *Enterprise* says that John Flaherty, of Deadwood, has struck, near the mouth of Butte creek, in Coeur d'Alene mines, a quartz vein unparalled in history for its richness. Solid chunks of gold are found in the quartz, some as big as a man's thumb. A big rush, of course, ensued, and the ground is rapidly being taken up and men going to work. Good judges predict for this camp the most wonderful quartz ledges ever known in America. The ground on Butte creek, putting into Pritchard, about five miles above Eagle city, pays from $15 to $22 per day to the man's labor prospected. All the quartz so far discovered is in that vicinity, and two or three towns have been laid off there.

Unsafe.

The man who puts off marriage until he has earned or acquired sufficient property to maintain a style of life that pride and worldly ambition suggest is in great danger of missing both happiness and honor in the relation. He is likely to become the victim of craft and design on the part of those who court his money and position rather than himself.

In the delirium of fever, and in its sleepless hours, there is no such remedy as Swaim's Anodyne. Mr. R. D. Anderson, of Egypt, Tex., writes: "Your Anodyne cured my daughter of fits."

Camphor Milk cures aches and pains. 25c.

"Rough on Coughs."

A A for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Troche 25c.

The Indian of fabulous grandeur and lion bearing, the theme of the hunting ballad, is gone; but the petroleum they discovered, now made into Carboline, the natural Hair Restorer, will live forever.

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Mother Swan's Worm Syrup.

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Decline of Man.

Weakness, Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility, Cured by Wells' Health Renewer $1.

After Three Days.

Mr. CHARLES W. MORSE, "Eagle" office, Pittsfield, Mass., writes, May 28, 1883: "For several months my wife's mother (Mrs. Amy Boyce) had been in a very precarious condition with dropsy, Bright's disease of the kidneys, and having used all methods and measures for her restoration in the line of treatment by our leading physicians, and having faded to benefit her, her family despaired of seeing her relieved, and gave her up to die. Happening to run across the testimony of a Mrs. Dawley, who had been cured of similar sickness by using Hunt's Remedy, we at once procured a bottle of it, and commenced giving it as directed. After using it three days she was so far improved that she could get from her bed to her chair without assistance, a circumstance that had not happened for months. Previous to taking it she was troubled more or less with short breath, requiring a continuous fanning to keep her alive. This gradually improved as we continued the use of Hunt's Remedy, and on the fourth bottle she was able to set up all day. She was bloated terribly in both limbs and body up hard to the lungs. The tenth day the bloating left her bowels, and now she is not swollen above the knees. Her kidneys were very bad at the time, discharges being of a bloody character and emitting a sickening odor. I can say that the change in her case has been wonderful, and Hunt's Remedy has worked a miracle in her."

The Doctor's Indorsement.

Dr. W. O. Wright, Cincinnati, O., sends the subjoined professional indorsement: "I have prescribed Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs in a great number of cases and always with success. One case in particular was given up by several physicians who had been called in for consultation with myself. The patient had all the symptoms of confirmed consumption—cold night sweats, hectic fever, harassing coughs, etc. He commenced immediately to get better, and was soon restored to his usual health. I also found Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs the most valuable expectorant for breaking up stubborn coughs and colds."

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"I feel it my duty to recommend it." Dr. D. F. Lancelin, Cuba, Kansas.

"It cured where physicians failed." Rev. J. A. Tate, Beaver, Pa.

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