

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

MAKING PORK TOO FAT.

The evil of over-fattening pork is less common than it used to be. Two reasons have combined to make lean meat more popular. The doctors taught that it was more healthful and nutritious than the fat, and about the same time the use of other oils decreased the price of lard, so that excessive fat pork was neither profitable nor needed. The change in ways of feeding has also had something to do with making pork more wholesome. Corn is no longer the exclusive food even for fattening. The best practice now is to feed the rations that will make hogs grow and keep thrifty from the time it is born until it is killed. There may be exceptions to this in animals kept for breeders; but all others should be fat enough for use from the time they are the right size for roasting. By the liberal use of milk, oatmeal and peas growth is promoted, along with at all times enough fat to make delicious pork, far better than that made by starving the animal while young, and over-feeding with corn as they become older.

HOW TO SHIP GAME.

During cold weather game birds of all kinds should not be drawn. Before being packed they should be thoroughly cold and dry. Smooth the feathers down nicely and pack them in their natural shape as much as possible. Do not place the head under the wing, as it is quite apt to bleed and cause a bad spot on the side of the bird. Late in the season it is well to wrap in paper prairie chickens, partridge and quail. Buyers then give such the preference, but during the fore part of the season, when the weather is more changeable, the paper proves damaging to the keeping of the game. Barrels are favorable packages for prairie chickens, but partridge and quail should be packed in boxes, not over three to four dozen each for the farmer, and ten to fifteen dozen for the latter; avoid as far as possible putting more than one kind of game in a package. Pigeons, during the early part of the season, should be shipped with their feathers on; but when the weather becomes warm they should be plucked and packed in ice.—*American Cultivator.*

SUBSOIL PLOWING.

Very much has been said and written on the advantages to be derived from breaking up the hard, compact subsoil underlying the stratum cultivated. Commonly, subsoils will be found lacking in the elements of fertility, and bringing them to the surface will usually be found detrimental rather than otherwise. Where there has been a continuous shallow plowing of the surface soil for years a slightly deeper plowing will add to the feeding area of the plants, but unless the surface soil is itself rich it must be accompanied by liberal manuring. As the great bulk of the roots of our cultivated plants grow naturally near the surface, it seems to me that subsoiling for the purpose of increasing the feeding area is not of sufficient importance to pay the expense; we must look somewhere else for its benefits if it has enough to recommend it for general adoption. It is now coming to be pretty well understood that when a crop has carried off from a soil of moderate fertility the plant food that has been used up in its production it must be supplied from an outside source and cannot be obtained simply by deep plowing, whether the subsoil is brought to the surface or simply stirred up and left in its place. So far as my own observation and little experience go, the advantages of subsoiling mainly consist in affording additional storage for water that may be drawn upon by the roots of plants in seasons of drought, and in season of excessive moisture the subsoiling may itself be injurious.—*New York World.*

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

To cure scaly legs in fowls, rub with kerosene and lard.
Farm-dairymen has got to be as thoroughly systematized as we hope to make the manufacture of butter and cheese, before a perfect uniformity of dairy products can ever be looked for.
Whenever stock is ready for market they should be sold. After a certain stage is reached, every day they are fed increases the cost proportionately, and this without a corresponding profit.
While it is best to allow the stock to run out in the pastures as long as the weather will permit, they should not be allowed either in the fields or pastures after the ground gets soft from the fall rains.
To feed upon the ground is a waste, because more or less is tramped down under foot and lost. Tight boxes for grain and good racks or mangers for hay will be profitable, because they lessen the waste.
There is no economy in supplying more bedding than is necessary to make comfortable. Such a plan only increases the expense and the quantity of material to

be handled without a corresponding benefit.

Alfalfa hay is one of the best hog-feeds that can be used. Swine relish it, and if it is fed to them liberally they will take on flesh as rapidly as on corn diet. Besides hogs never suffer with cholera while feeding on alfalfa.

When it is remembered that a ton of corn is to be hauled to town, and for it less than a ton of coal hauled back, it will be apparent that corn is much the cheaper of the two on a farm a few miles out. This test of actual value and of cost should determine the course to pursue.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To Soften Shoes—Rub with castor oil.
To Remove Mildew—Rub the spots with green tomato juice and salt.
To Cure Earache—Roast a small onion until soft, dip in sweet oil and put in the ear.
For a Burn—Make an ointment of sulphur and lard, and cover, or wet soda and apply.
To Keep Moths Out of Carpet—Wash the floor with very hot water with a little turpentine mixed in it.
To Check Vomiting—Give a tablespoonful of whole, black mustard seed. Apply a spice plaster to the stomach.
To Take Out Fruit Stains—Pour boiling water over them, or rub soda and sea oil on the spots, and dry in the hot sun.
To Prevent Delicate Colors Fading—Dissolve a nickel's worth of sugar of lead in a pail of water, in which soak the clothes.
To Clean Greasy Kitchen Utensils—Soak five minutes in warm water, to which has been added a teaspoonful of ammonia; rinse and wipe dry.

A State Dinner at Washington.

The usual hour for a State dinner, says the *Washington Star*, is 8 p. m. As the guests arrive, which should be fifteen minutes before the hour set, they are shown to the rooms for the removal of wrappings and descend by the private stairway to the grand corridor and proceed direct to the East Room, where the President and lady await them. Each gentleman upon entering the room is handed by an usher a small envelope containing a card inscribed with the plan of the table and bearing the name of the lady he will escort. On the diagram the number of the seats he and the lady will occupy are marked. After being received by the President he examines the card and immediately joins the lady whom he will accompany to the State dining hall. The lady whom he has brought remains with him until her escort appears.

All the guests having arrived, at the appointed hour the steward announces that the dinner is in readiness. The President, with the first lady guest, leads the way to the State dining room, followed by the remaining guests. The presiding lady, escorted by the principal man, closes the line. The Marine band, meanwhile, performs a suitable march.

In the dining room the guests find their places and take the seats assigned to them by the plate cards, which correspond in location with the diagram handed them upon entering the East Room.

There are four services at all State dinners. The dishes, in their order, are served on silver salvers by waiters, the guests helping themselves. The chief waiter serves the President first and then proceeds toward the right, and the second waiter toward the left. The same course is observed on the opposite side of the table, beginning with the presiding lady. No one is ever served twice. The plates of one course are removed as soon as each guest is finished and the plate for the next is put in its place.

At the close of the dinner, which lasts about three hours, it has been the custom of late years for the gentlemen to leave the table with the ladies and not return. The custom during the earlier administrations was for the ladies to have their coffee served in the drawing room, and for the gentlemen to return to drink a single glass of wine to the health of the President. Gentlemen wishing to enjoy a cigar retire during the coffee to the corridor at the foot of the private stairway, but join the ladies when the presiding lady makes the motion to retire. After one promenade through the suite of parlors the gentlemen surrender the ladies to the gentlemen with whom they came, and with their own ladies take leave of the President and his lady. They should receive their wrappings and leave the building quietly and promptly. The last of the guests should have retired within thirty minutes after leaving the table.

A lad named Simons is the pride of Santa Cruz County, California. He is seventeen years old, stands 6 feet 3 1/2 inches high and weighs 200 pounds.

THE HUMAN NOSE.

GREAT IMPORTANCE OF A MAN'S PROBOSCIS.

How This Organ Marks the Peculiarity of the Different Races—Men Who Have Been Remarkable for Their Noses.

The nose forms one of the characteristic features of the human face, and the more one studies it the more he will appreciate its importance. There are fourteen bones in the nose and a mass of cartilages which are ossified into immovable rigidity. It is an unbending nose; it will dome; it will dictate; it will subdue. There are no two noses alike, but all noses have many things in common. For example, according to the *Troy Times*, all noses sneeze, snarl, snuff, snort, sneer, sniff, snuffle, snigger and snivel. Noses mark the peculiarities of races and the gradations of society. The noses of Australians, the Esquimaux and the negroes—broad, flat and weak—mark their mental and moral characteristics. The striking difference between the African negro and the North American Indian is sculptured on their noses. The Caucasian has a prominent and well defined nose, and he leads in subduing the world.

The Chinese have bad noses, and they are intellectually a superior race, but they are not really a proper exception, for they flatten the noses of their children in infancy. They have cultivated small and flat noses for generations upon some absurd notion that the eyes are the more important and should not be obscured by the nose. You can also see how the nose marks some of the gradations of society around you. Look at the concave faces of the low and ignorant, those whom you are sure to find of mornings in the police courts, and who adorn the cells of our prisons. You cannot for a moment associate beauty, valor, genius or intellectual power with such noses.

If you look at the progress of the individual life, the contour of the nose marks all its stages. Who ever saw a baby with a Roman or aquiline nose, or even a Grecian? The baby nose is a little snub, the nose of weakness and undevelopment. The child's nose keeps its inward curve; in youth it straightens, and then comes, in certain characters and races, the bold outward curve of the aquiline or the stronger prominence of the Roman. It may stop at any point in this march of progress and present a case of arrested development. And we all feel instinctively that a certain shaped nose is the proper index of a certain character.

Almost all great men have been remarkable for their noses, either as to shape, or size or color. Scipio Nascia derived his name from the prominent share of this feature possessed by him; the immortal Ovid, surnamed Naso, was Mr. Nosey, or bottle nose. Antiochus VIII. was an imposing prince. They called him "Grypus," because his nose was as big and hooked as a vulture's beak. But then the ancient Persians permitted only the owners of large noses to enjoy royal honors. Numa's nose was six inches in length, whence the second King of Rome obtained his surname of Pompilius, as being the owner of a superlative nose. Lycurgus and Solon, according to Plutarch, were distinguished in the same manner.

Mohammed's nose must have been a curiosity. It was so curved that the point seemed to be endeavoring to insert itself between his lips. At a later time a phenomenal nose must have been that of the Great Frederick. Lavater offered to wager his reputation that blindfolded he could tell it out of 10,000 other noses by simply taking it between his thumb and forefinger. The nose of the Emperor Rudolph, of Austria, saved his life in an odd kind of way. During one of his campaigns a troop of knights entered into a conspiracy to kill him. A peasant who was employed about the tents of the conspirators one evening overheard them say: "To-morrow we'll surprise old big nose and cut him to pieces." After his work was over the peasant started out to visit some friends in another part of the camp. The Emperor, who was going about with some of his knights, meeting the man, asked who he was and what was going on in his part of the camp. He innocently told that there would be fun next morning, as they were going to cut a big nose in pieces. But they had not even a chance to get out of bed "next morning."

The French and, indeed, all the other Latin races, are remarkably "nosey." Napoleon I.'s nose was exquisitely chiseled, sculpturesque in mold, form and expression. He was wont to say: "Give me a man with plenty of nose." He little dreamed that he was destined to be baffled by a people—the Russians—whose noses were well high level with their faces, and that his ultimate victor was to be a man with the most prominent nose in Europe—Arthur, Duke of Wellington. The Parisians called Na-

oleon III. "Grosbec" Nosey. Alexander the Great had a large nose; so had Richelieu and Cardinal Wolsey. Look at the portrait of Washington. All that is great in firmness, patience and heroism is stamped upon his nose, which is the true aquiline. Julius Cæsar's nose was of the same type, and he possessed the same characteristics of patient courage and heroic firmness that belonged to Washington.

The wide nostrilled nose betokens strong power of thought and love for serious meditation, and these you see in the portraits of Shakespeare, Bacon, Franklin and Dr. Johnson, and others of our great students and writers. Gibbon had hardly any nose at all. He had a wee, little protuberance in the middle of his face which, by courtesy, was called a nose, but it was hardly discernible, set in between two enormous cheeks. Tycho Brahe lost his nose in a duel and wore a golden one, which he attached to his face with a cement which he always carried about. Rameses II. used to cut off the nose of any subject accused of talking treason against him. Actisanes, another ruler of Egypt, had a novel way of punishing robbers. He cut off their noses and colonized them—the robbers—in a desert place, which he called Rhinocoon, from the nature of the punishment of its citizens. On the other hand, and more humane, perhaps, was his punishment of dishonest butchers. It was unique. A hook was put through their nose and a piece of meat was hung upon it.

In 1671 Charles II. had the nose of Lord Coventry, keeper of the seal of England, cut off because he dared to ask in Parliament an inquisitive question about some actresses of the day. Later, Frederick the Great had a nobleman's nose cut off because he protested openly that he had been enrolled in the army through fraud. Criminals have been known to cut off their noses to escape detection. Making a new nose has often been performed in America since Dr. J. Mason Warren, of Boston, made the first successful one in 1837.

Gladstone's Daily Life.

Mr. Gladstone lives a very regular life at his home, says a London letter to the *Philadelphia Press*. He breakfasts lightly about seven o'clock, and shortly before eight walks to the church for prayers. To the intelligent observer the sight of the great statesman walking to church at this early hour in the morning cannot fail to be interesting. Clad in a long coat, tightly buttoned, with a long shawl wrapped closely around his neck, wearing a soft felt hat, his appearance is decidedly picturesque. Upon his return to the castle from morning prayers, he retires to his study, when he reads and answers, with the aid of his secretary, his enormous mass of daily correspondence. There is no regular hour for luncheon at the castle and it is partaken of by those at home at various times. In the afternoon Mr. Gladstone takes a walk in the grounds, and if the weather is propitious usually engages in his favorite exercise of tree chopping. He dines at eight o'clock, afterward reads or writes, and at ten o'clock retires for the night. Though abstemious in his habits, he usually drinks bitter beer with his lunch and a glass or two of claret or port at dinner. Mr. Gladstone is not in any sense ascetic, is a generous liver and is a great believer in the virtues of a glass of good port wine. When engaged in speaking his fillip is a compound of sherry and egg, which is prepared by Mrs. Gladstone with as much anxiety and care as if it were the elixir of life. Mr. Gladstone never smoked. He acquired his habits at a period when tobacco smoking was generally regarded as somewhat vulgar among the better classes.

A Unique California County.

Yuma County is unique in many respects. It has no fleas nor bedbugs. Sunstroke and hydrophobia are unknown. Snow never falls. Grapes and citrus fruits ripen weeks before they do in California. Frosts are scarcer than feather's on a turtle's back. Butter is sometimes purchased by the bottle and eaten with a spoon, but only because we like it better that way. We are proud in possessing the richest land, largest river, finest valleys and prettiest girls to be found on the coast. Winter is conspicuous by its absence. Flowers thrive every month in the year. The people are hospitable to a fault. Pumpkins grow so large that the hired man takes chances on rupturing himself when turning them over. Alfalfa and babies grow faster than in any place we ever heard of.—*Yuma (Cal.) Times.*

A squirrel was killed recently on its way from a grain field in San Joaquin County, Cal., and on examination of its pouches they were found to contain 819 grains of wheat, which goes to show how much damage a few of these animals can do.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Aboriginal Australians have the smallest heads of any race.

A man has been held for trial at Johnstown, Penn., for stealing 84,000 shingles.

Three eggs of different sizes, one inside the other, were deposited by a hen in a Lehigh County (Penn.) barn.

In England and Wales the average duration of married life has been computed at about twenty-seven years.

It required an act of the Italian Parliament to permit the burial of the poet Browning beside his wife at Florence.

A thief stole a pair of shoes from a policeman at Sedalia, Mo., the other night. The guardian of the night was sound asleep.

In the Cape de la Hogue lighthouse in France a windmill is used to drive two dynamos, the current being stored up in accumulators.

A perfect penknife, which measures three-sixteenths of an inch in length, has been made by Dr. John Temple, of Marshallton, Penn.

At a fancy-dress ball in St. Petersburg a lady appeared as Miss Grippe, her costume consisting of a map of Europe, with the infected districts appropriately marked.

Phil Bauman, of Lancaster, Penn., sold for \$200 to parties in New York city a hog which is three years old and weighs 1215 pounds. The monster is in a museum.

A Salem (Ore.), man recently sold a three-quarter short-horn cow to a Portland butcher. It weighed 1630 pounds. The same farm owns a sheep that weighs 263 pounds.

Recent excavations in Rome show that the ancient plumbers of the Eternal City were obliged to be very particular with their work. There have been unearthed great quantities of lead water-pipe, each plainly stamped with the name of the owner of the house, the year of the plumbing, the name of the consuls for that year, and that of the reigning Emperor.

Astonishing the Cossacks.

A newspaper correspondent, David Ker, traveling in central Asia, came one evening upon a Cossack camp. Fires were blazing and round them stretched the men, resting after a hard day's march. The traveler had been long on the road, and with his white Russian forage cap and travel-stained clothing looked so much like the Cossacks themselves that he entered the camp quite unnoticed. Then he sat down on a stone and took out a colored map of the country, knowing well that the strange sight would bring the men about him immediately.

"So it proved. I suddenly became aware of a gaunt, sallow, gray-mustached visage—so criss-crossed with saber scars as to look like a railway map—peering over my shoulder. Then another and another came edging in, till I was completely surrounded by wild figures and grim faces.

"What's that picture, father? We can't quite make it out."

"It's not a picture at all, brothers—it's a plan that shows me the very way by which you have come here from holy Russia and all the places you have passed through."

"Then, seeming not to notice the looks of unbelief and the meaning grins with which my hearers received what they considered to be a most outrageous lie, I went on:

"Up here at Orenburg you passed the Ural River, and then marched eastward to Orsk, where you crossed the frontier and turned to the southeast."

"So we did, comrades," shouted half a dozen voices at once. "He speaks the truth—so we did."

"Then you passed Fort Kara Butak, crossed the Kara Koum desert, and halted here and here and here—naming and describing the various posts."

"The Cossacks listened open-mouthed to the familiar names, and the excited clamor was followed by a silence of utter amazement. Then one said:

"Father, can you show us the very place where we are now?"

"To be sure I can, my lad. See, that black spot is the village yonder; there's the river twisting and winding, and here is your camp."

"There was another pause of blank bewilderment, and then the scarred veteran with the gray moustache asked in an awe-stricken whisper:

"But, father, tell me for the love of heaven, if we've marched 1000 miles since leaving holy Russia, how can it all go into a little scrap of paper no bigger than an Easter cake?"

In his speech at the opening of the Legislature of the province of Quebec, the Lieutenant Governor announced, among other things, that during its session the Legislature will be asked to pass an act granting 100 acres of land to the father and mother of every family of twelve or more living children.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A LEARNED ELEPHANT.
There was a learned elephant,
As learned as could be:
Whatever book you gave to him
He'd read it easily.

French, German, English, Latin, Greek,
Dutch, Russian, or Chinese,
No language came amiss to him—
He read them all with ease.

At least his hearers thought he did,
But listen for a while—
I'll tell you of this elephant
A thing to make you smile:

Although by all accounted wise,
He didn't know a letter,
But just invented all he read,
And none knew any better!

—Little Folks.

THE AFRICAN AND HIS DOG.

When a missionary from Africa was lately in England, he told an amusing story of a poor African, who lived near one of the missionary settlements, and whose dog, by some accident, had got possession of a testament in the native language and tore it to pieces, devouring some of the leaves. This man came to the missionaries in great dismay, and laid his case before them. He said that the dog had been a very useful animal, and had helped to protect his property by guarding it from wild beasts, and also in hunting and destroying them; but he feared it would be useless for the time to come.

The missionaries asked him how was this, and why should not his dog be as useful as formerly. As for the injury done, that was but an accident, and the Testament could be replaced by another copy.

"That is true," said the poor man; "but still I am afraid the dog will be of no further use to me. The words of the New Testament are full of love and gentleness, and after the dog has eaten them it is not likely that he will hunt or fight for me any more."

A COURTEOUS PRINCE.

"Do not be afraid, Louis," said the Empress Eugenie, holding her son in her arms.

"I am not, mamma," answered the boy of eleven, "I have not forgotten that my name is Napoleon."

The cutter in which the empress and her son were being conveyed at night from a steamer had struck a rock and the waves were dashing over it at the time this conversation took place.

The young prince, who afterward lost his life in the war between the English and the Zulus, had one trait not common to children,—he treated his playmates and all who served him with marked courtesy. The favorite companion of his sports was Louis Conneau, the son of the emperor's physician. They were daily together, and many storms ruffled their intercourse.

One day, when there was to be a state dinner at the Tuilleries, at which the prince was not to appear, he invited Louis Conneau to dine with him. Both lads were very fond of strawberry cream, and the prince, in order to give an agreeable surprise to his playmate, requested that dish to be prepared for the dessert.

During the morning the two boys quarrelled, and Louis Conneau returned home. The prince, too proud to show any emotion at his playmate's departure, took his seat at the dinner-table and tried to eat. But when the strawberry cream appeared his self-control gave way. The tears rolled down his cheeks, as he said to a servant:

"Take the cream to Conneau, and tell him I haven't the heart to eat it without him!"

A HUMAN ROPE.

A number of boys were skating and sliding in Yorkshire, England. On a sudden the ice gave way a most in the middle of the lake and one poor little fellow fell in. There was no house near where they could run for help; no ropes which they could throw to their struggling companion. The boys stood on the bank with pale, sorrowful faces, afraid to try to reach their friend, in case the ice should give way and swallow them all up.

But one boy suddenly remembered that although you cannot stand a board upright on thin ice without its going through, yet if you lay the same board flat on the ice it will be quite safe. Not only that, but he knew that he could run along the board without fear of cracking the ice.

"I will lie down flat on the ice near the edge; then one of you must come to my feet and push me along till you too can lie down. If you all lie down in that way, and push the boy in front of you, we shall make a line long enough to reach poor Reuben."

Thus, taking the post of danger himself, the brave boy was able by his living rope to reach his friend. He pulled him out, though he was not one moment too soon, for he was so exhausted with his efforts to keep his head above water that he would very soon have sunk.