

FARMERS' CORNER.

Bacon Breeds of Hogs.

Several years ago considerable was being written about the Tamworths as the only breed that would make good bacon hogs. It is doubtless true that this particular strain is best suited for the purpose, but, on the other hand, it is a question if it ever paid any farmer to raise them exclusively. True, there are specialists who have made money in catering to the fancy bacon market, but they found it profitable only after long years of experimenting and fully learning the secret of feeding to produce certain results. With the average farmer, who raises what pork he needs for home consumption and perhaps a dozen head besides, it is doubtful if it pays him to experiment much with breeds, beyond getting some strain that will give him the best returns in weight at the smallest expense for feed. If one is raising swine when young to other farmers, then considerable care should be taken to secure a breed for which there is a demand, and then to breed the animals on the plan that will give strong, healthy and purebred young, and in this way work up a reputation. It must be admitted, however, that there is a demand for fancy

the United States live on farms, and more than a third of all the people engaged in gainful occupations work on farms. In one year the products of American farms have reached an aggregate value of nearly \$5,000,000,000.

How to Treat Heaves.

In answer to an inquiry as to the treatment of heaves, a correspondent of the National Stockman writes as follows: "To answer you in relation to what you particularly wish to know, I would have to know the age of your horse and manner of breathing, that I might locate the trouble which produces his irregular breathing. I will say, however, that all forms of heaves are incurable. The best that can be done is to alleviate. In old chronic cases of so-called bilious heaves the first thing to do will be to regulate the feeding by feeding hay very sparingly and oats plentifully. Wet all hay with lime water and give Fowler's solution of arsenic in tablespoonful doses three times per day. This is best given by mixing with a half pint of water and use to wet the grain feed. So-called bronchial heaves can be relieved by feeding as above recommended and giving in the grain feed a tablespoon of a mixture of powdered elecampane root 3 ounces, ginger 2 ounces, powdered squills 2 ounces, powdered lobelia 3 ounces, fenugrec 2 ounces, chloride of potash 4 ounces.

Green Food for Poultry.

If you doubt the importance of green feed for fowls in winter, hand them a sample and see the voracity with which it is devoured. When in doubt as to chicken feed, ask the hens about

Women's Doings.

A Woman's Aspirations.

What can I be to show my gratitude? Sincere at least down to the very core, Gracious and quiet ever in my mood, With kindness speaking—feeling it much more:

A woman truly worthy to be loved, A woman by no sickly motive moved, But guided by a brave integrity, At whose approach all evil thoughts must flee.

No words or acts of love shall be too small:

For hands and heart with power like mine to do,

No task imposed by love shall e'er appall;

But cheerfully I will the end pursue, Knowing that help will come, tho' I am weak,

To do my duty—that is what I seek, I care not whether it be great or small—

Small things done well are greatest all.

No human brother, fallen howe'er low, Shall ever look to me in vain for aid Within the power of man, but he shall go,

Revived and cheered, his pathway clearer made.

Whene'er I may, I will a hand extend Of friendship true. Each word I speak shall tend

To rouse, encourage, strengthen and inspire,

And make my hearers seek for something higher.

Love, not ambition, be my guide through life,

Not selfish love that only seeks to find

A place of shelter in a world of strife; But self-forgetful love for all mankind, To counsel strong, yet stronger still to aid;

A woman fit to live; a lifetime made—

By thought and deed, thro' guidance of the soul—

Though not a perfect, yet a noble whole.

—Elizabeth P. Miller.

Do Men Prefer Brunettes?

The popular heroine in a story book is usually blonde. She has hair of the color of ripe corn, eyes blue as a violet, the complexion of a wild rose, and lips of ruby red. If a dark woman appears at all, she is merely introduced as the enemy of the golden-haired one, and is quickly disposed of.

In real life things are very different; the heroine of most love stories is dark, the yellow-haired girl is at a discount, nine out of ten men preferring her brown-tressed sister.

Why? Well, in the first place hair of corn-ripe gold is one of the things one often reads about, and very seldom sees, and the ordinary flaxen nondescript which are summed up in the term blonde are apt to strike a man as insipid. Then, too, he has a feeling—quite absurd, I dare say—that a fair woman does not possess as much depth of nature as a dark one. As a matter of fact, the golden-haired girl may be as capable of passionate extremes as a black-haired one, but somehow the idea is fixed in the minds of most men that a fair woman is placid by nature, amiable, indolent, and sure to become portly in middle life.

"They may be prettier, perhaps they are," a young fellow confessed the other day, "but there's no fire in them." Certainly, as a general rule, dark girls are vivacious, more spirited, more full of vigor, and decidedly less inclined to be anemic.

The man who wants a good chum, an intelligent companion and a sweetheart capable of intense emotion, has a better chance of finding her among the dark-haired portion of his acquaintance than in the ranks of the light-haired.—New York News.

Home-Made Velvet.

As panne velvet is used so much for belts, bodice trimmings, hats, crush collars and the like, it is a joy to the economical housewife to realize that in her scrap bag she can undoubtedly find material enough to help out her winter costumes.

The directions for transforming pin-

pricked, shabby velvet into the more fashionable textile are: Use for the purpose a good steel-faced iron, perfectly clean and smooth on both sides and face. Have the iron only moderately hot. Spread the velvet face upward on a clean ironing board and smooth it with the iron, taking great pains to press the right way of the pile faces best. Keep the iron moving all the time, for if allowed to stand at all it leaves a mark that you cannot get out.

After going all over the surface of the dry velvet, ironing always in the same direction, steam the velvet thoroughly and then go over it a second time. You cannot press too much, provided you always keep the iron running with a heavy, even stroke. This soon transforms it into the fashionable, shimmering panne.

Successful Women.

It has been wisely suggested by an exchange that the women who succeed are those who go to their work with a determination born of courage and positive convictions, and whose energies are absolutely tireless.

It is true they are often not so well paid for the same work as men, but that is one of the mistakes of the day that will soon be rectified. We are growing wiser, and one of the things that is most important for every one to know is that there is no sex in brains.

Those who fail are usually those who expect too much and presume on account of their being women. There is plenty of work and the best rations.

They know what they want and what they need. Everybody who raises fowls should make provision for some green stuff for the winter. A little patch of winter grain, alfalfa, rescue grass, turnips, beets, cabbage or any root or vegetable that fowls will eat is good for them and will encourage them to lay. Hens have no almanac, and the only way they have for distinguishing the seasons is by the sort of stuff they have to eat. Feed spring victuals and give physical comfort, and you will have eggs to eat if not to sell.

Oiling Harness.

Unbuckle every strap, and wash carefully with water, castile soap, and sponge or cloth. Allow to dry for five or ten minutes. Then oil, rubbing every part of the harness, except the patent leather, with a cloth well soaked in neat's foot oil, or pour out two or three quarts of oil into a pan and draw each piece through it slowly, bending and rubbing the strap. The buckle holes should have a little extra oil, also the bellybands, breeching and the straps that buckle to the bits. To give the leather new look, add to one pint of oil a large teaspoonful of lampblack and an ounce or two of beeswax.—Field and Farm.

Farm Notes.

To have clean, smooth-barked trees, whitewash them.

A lighted lantern under the lap robe on a very cold day will help to keep you warm.

If you did not cut out the borers from peach, quince or apple in the summer or fall, do it now.

Equal parts sifted coal-ashes, salt and clay moistened with a very little water will cement cracks in stoves.

Do not let the apples freeze either in bins, or on the way to market. They may tell you it will do no harm, but it will.

Small apertures in the walls of buildings often admit draughts of air sufficient to cause great injury to stock, especially the dairy cow.

Some people study how to get along with but very little feed in the dairy barn. It is far better to study how much can be given to good cows and have them assimilate it. The more feed digested the more butter.

Give geese a dry shed from dampness and drafts. They will stand almost any amount of cold if their quarters are dry. Whole oats and corn, some cabbage or boiled vegetables and plenty of pure water make the best rations.

A woolen rag moistened with castor oil rubbed over the harness will keep mice and rats from gnawing them.

Be sure the colts have strong, well-fitted halters. If the halters are not well-fitted, they will soon learn to rub them off, and a habit is formed that is almost impossible to cure.

Billions in Agriculture.

In the industrial progress made by the United States during recent years there has been no more conspicuous feature than the growth of agriculture. The amount of fixed capital invested in agriculture is about \$20,000,000,000, or four times that invested in manufacture. More than half of the people of

Boys And Girls.

Dorry's Fire Alarm.

A head of fluffy yellow curls, two big blue eyes, a turned-up nose, buttonhole for a mouth,—that was Dorry. The very sunniest little fellow in all the world.

Always ready to drop his playthings to run of errands that was the reason he was asked so many times a day by papa, mamma and aunts.

A new aunt had come to visit them,

and Dorry was not surprised to see her approach him with a letter in her hand.

"Dear little Thistledown, will you take this to the mail-box for me?"

Dorry tossed aside his spade, took the letter, and ran to the corner. But, when he got there, he was puzzled; for there were two iron boxes instead of one. Which was the letter-box?

One had a door, so he opened it, put the letter in very hard, so it would stay, and shut the door.

Hark! What was that noise? Away down the street came the sound of bell and gong. Nearer and nearer, until up dashed a fire-engine, the smoke pouring from it, and the firemen in their great hats ready for work.

Dorry was surprised. Where was the fire? Around the corner came a hose-cart followed by another. The firemen ran from house to house, looking for the fire. The neighbors wondered if it could be in the house next to theirs.

"I should like to put my hands on the boy who sounded the alarm!" said the fire-chief; and all the little boys trembled in their shoes at the sound of his voice.

"I have found what the trouble is," said the fireman, holding up a letter. "I knew it would be the way when those new boxes that could be opened without keys were put up."

"Why, that's my letter!" cried Aunt Fan.

Dorry's heart gave a great throb. It was the very letter he had taken to the corner a few moments before. He had put it in the fire-alarm box instead of the letter-box.

"Will they put me in jail?" he whispered, creeping close to Aunt Fan.

"Not this time," said the chief, "because you made a mistake; but, if you should ever do it again, I cannot say what would be done."

But Dorry never did it again.—Our Little Ones.

The Brave Soldier Boy.

Wee Bobby is a soldier boy, As brave as he can be; He wears a soldier's uniform With buckles at the knee.

He carries both a sword and gun, Which makes him very proud; He marches up and down the street And blows a whistle loud.

The people stop and look around When he goes marching by.



But Bobby looks right straight in front, And holds his head up high.

Wee Bobby takes his sword and gun To bed with him each night; "For you can never tell," he says, "When soldiers have to fight."

A Novel Agriculturist.

Among the many curious insects found in Texas is the "agriculturist." It is truly an agriculturist, planting, tending and harvesting crops as regularly as any farmer in the land.

When getting ready to do its planting, this queer little farmer makes a circular clearing, from ten to twelve feet in diameter, sometimes in the very heart of a cotton field or a corn field, sometimes in rough, wild pasture land.

The work it accomplishes, considering its size, is really marvelous, for with its teeth it cuts through tough, thick stems, and by twisting, pulling and biting, finally clears away everything that would be a hindrance to its crop.

If a fruit tree is near and shades the ant farm too much, the ant sets to work and strips the tree of its leaves. Its farm is kept clear of all weeds and other growth, until the crop is ready to harvest, which is in the latter part of June, and consists of tall, yellowish grass. With great care the ant cuts the seed from the stalks and stores them for its future sustenance. The harvesting done, the dry stubble is cut, and the weeds once more take possession of the ground.

Agricultural ants frequently injure fields and destroy many an acre of produce, for, when making their clearings they ruthlessly cut down corn, cotton, wheat, or anything else that chances to be in the way. When once they take possession of a piece of ground they absolutely refuse to be driven away until they have harvested a crop of "ant-corn."

Poultry Raising.

There is no kind of stock that can be housed as cheaply as can poultry.

A comfortable poultry-house can be

Little Stories and Incidents that Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers

made out of refuse boards. It can be simply a square box covered on the outside with cheap building paper held in place with plaster lathes nailed up and down about six inches apart. A house 8 by 20 feet could be made for less than \$10. Instead of glass for a window stout muslin can be used. Such a house was built in the spring by two boys and used until winter. Then the boys tacked newspapers up all over the inside, putting on several thicknesses and tacking them so as to make a complete covering over sides and top. The fowls were kept in this house for two years and were never touched by the frost.

The Robber Artist.
Old Jack Frost is a robber bold, He frightens the Sun and steals his gold, He scatters it over the autumn trees, The Sunbeams try, but they cannot seize The gold again for their Father Sun, So well is Jack Frost's painting done. He steals from the glowing sunset sky Radiant colors to mix in his dye. He paints the world with such wondrous skill, We do not arrest him. He's stealing still.—New York Tribune.

Incriminating Evidence.
Sometimes a little colored boy, who is quite rough, comes over to play with Bennie. During their play one day Bennie struck the colored boy in the mouth with a decayed apple, which, of course, thoroughly besmeared his face. Blowing and sputtering, he cried out:

"Benny Smif, Ise gwine to tek dis countenance right in to your mother."

Had Not the Tools.
One day papa went to the city and, not returning until late, mamma took the pail to the pasture to milk, taking with her little 5-year-old Milburn.

One of the cows becoming restless, mamma said: "So, Bossy, so!" Instantly Milburn exclaimed:

"Why, mamma, Bossy can't sew, she hasn't any needle and thread."

Moderate Temperature.
Little Edith was out walking with her mother one lovely day in September.

"Mamma," she said, "isn't to-day a pretty day. It's not velvety (very) hot or velvety cold. It's just middle-sized."

A Novel Diagnosis.
A little girl was once taken to a hospital for the insane. When she got back one of her friends asked her where she had been and she said she had been to a big hotel where all the people were dizzy in their minds.

A LITTLE THING TO DO.

But It Was the Kind that Tests a Man's Breeding.

"There are some lovely men in the world, even if they are scarce."

It was a pretty girl who thus philosophically mingled optimism and pessimism in her view of the less assuring half of humanity. She proceeded to illustrate her position as follows to the New York Times:

"The other day I had to go downtown by myself. I am not so very used to going downtown, and there is a preponderance of masculinity down there that always scares me a little. This time I went on the elevated and got off at Rector street. It was about 10 in the morning, and the train station were black with men.

"There was not a woman, a sister woman, to be seen when the lace of my skirt caught in something just as I was leaving the car, and with a loud, triumphant zipp ripped off to the extent of about two yards. There was all this white stuff