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CORVALLIS, BENTON COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, JULY 22, 1902.

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AN OLD SAW.

A dear little maid came skipping out In the glad new day, with a merry shout; With dancing feet and flying hair, She sang with joy in the morning air.

"Don't sing before breakfast; you'll cry before night!" What a croak to darken the child's delight!

And the stupid old nurse, again and again, Repeated the ancient, dull refrain.

"The child passed, trying to understand, But her eyes saw the great world rainbow-spangled; Her light little feet hardly touched the earth, And her soul brimmed over with innocent mirth.

"Never mind; don't listen, O sweet little maid! Make sure of your morning song," I said; "And if pain must meet you, why, all the more

Be glad of the rapture that came before. "Oh, tears and sorrow are plenty enough! Storms may be bitter and paths be rough, But our tears should fall like the dear Earth's showers, That help to ripen the fruits and flowers.

"So gladden the day with your blissful song! Sing on while you may, dear, sweet and strong! Make sure of your moments of pure delight, No matter what trials may come before night."

-Celia Thaxter, in The Standard.

HARRIET'S HUCKLEBERRIES.

HATTIE, you fly around like a bit of scandal in a country village. What was this morning?" cried Polly Fanning, as her elder sister banged the tins about the butternut with an apparently unnecessary clatter.

Harriet poked her head around the door. Her thin cheeks were flushed with excitement and exertion, and her thoughtful brown eyes were unnaturally large and bright.

"I'm looking for palls," she replied. "We used to have a lot of them."

"Palls!" echoed Polly, in amazement. "What do you want with palls? The big eight-quart is up in the garret. I filled it with water and put it there for a fire extinguisher. The six-quart is down in the cellar, full of tomatoes."

A few moments later a loud swash of water from the attic was followed by a howl of indignation underneath the parlor window, and a small boy, wrathful and dripping, tore into the kitchen.

"Who done it?" he yelled, jumping up and down before his astonished aunt. "Who done it, I say?"

"I didn't, Ellis; it must have been your Aunt Hattie—she poured my pail of water on you by mistake, I guess. It's too bad. Come, I'll help you change your things. Why, you are not very wet after all. It sort of spattered you."

"I'm soaked through and through," protested the boy, bitterly. "I'm most drowned. Oh, ain't she mean, though?"

"She didn't intend to, Ellis. Don't be gin to cry now. Get a doughnut and run out in the sun—you'll dry off in a few minutes."

"I'll take two doughnuts to dry me off," said the eight-year-old, looking more cheerful. "Three, maybe," he added, rather doubtfully.

"Well, you may have two small ones. Remember, I'll trust you to pick them out, Ellis."

The abused one presently sneaked out of the woodshed, tightly clutching the two largest cakes the pan had contained. "I wasn't goin' to pick 'em over to find the little ones," he remarked to his easily soothed conscience.

"What is the matter with that boy?" asked Harriet, descending. "I certainly heard him scream."

"You doused him, that's all. He is all right now. Do sit down and tell me what is going on—a plectic?"

"Plectic! No! Business! Huckleberries!" ejaculated the other, sitting on the dresser and breathing fast. "There's no time to lose, either! The pasture lot is full of them—just right to pick, and nobody knows it. I found it out this morning coming back from Savage's. I want you and Ellis and 'Gal' right away. We can get oceans of them by night."

Polly's mild blue eyes, so like her mother's, opened wide as she looked searchingly at her sister.

"You crazy thing!" she said. "Go up yourself, and get two or three quarts—that's all we can eat."

"Eat!" burst out Harriet. "I'm not going to eat them. I'm going to sell them, Polly."

"Sell them!" gasped her companion, in consternation. "Oh, Hattie, you can't peddle berries."

Harriet hopped off the dresser. "I can!" she said, decidedly. "And what's more, I'm going to! You are going with me, too. We need every cent we can pick up—you know that, Polly Fanning. Think of mother, and what she needs. Think of all we can get for a few dollars. Put your pride in your pocket, the same as I have, and start right in. If I am willing to do it, you should be. Goodness knows—" she stopped and allowed, with tears in her eyes.

"I'll go," said her sister, quickly. "You are a better woman than I am, Harriet." She stepped over and kissed the now streaming cheeks. "I'll get Mrs. Dabney to stay with mother, and hunt up 'Gal.' He is over in the meadow hay, but he can leave it. We can be ready in half an hour.

Harriet tossed her head and felt for her handkerchief. "I'm a fool to cry—but I hate it just as much as you do. Mother needn't know. She would be so upset. Let's bang right along and not mind. We can pretend it's fun. It will

be easier." She held her sister close for a moment. "Come," she said; "let's get started."

"Berryin', hey?" queried old Gamaliel Hooker. "Goin' ter sell 'em, hey? Course I'll go. I use ter be the best picker ever was. Goin' ter hitch up and drive ter town with 'em, yer say?"

He eyed Polly narrowly with a queer look blended with curiosity and affection. "Ye're two good gals," he said, with a sort of cluck, "an' I'm proud on ye. Does Mis' Fannin' know what ye're up ter?"

"No; we thought we wouldn't tell her, Gal."

"I wouldn't," said the old man; "might upset her, bein' so weakly an'—an' notional. Run along, now. I'll be right up to the house."

"He understands," thought the girl, as she went back. "Bless his heart! He may be only our hired man, but he is a gentleman, all the same. I honestly think he really loves us. Why, I don't believe anything would induce him to leave. I don't see how he does so much."

Never were huckleberries so fit for picking as those fat, black, shining fellows loading the low bushes in the mountain pasture that pleasant afternoon in the early days of August. Never did nimble fingers work more industriously to fill the big tin pails with the wholesome spoil. To be sure, the collection of Ellis Wells had to be kept apart, being motley and full of sticks. The lips of the youthful Ellis were badly stained and his round countenance somewhat streaked with purple long before the sun sinking in the west warned his absorbed elders that their work must cease.

The tongue of Gamaliel Hooker had wagged cheerfully and with hearty encouragement, keeping the two women in a state of constant merriment as his drollery and tales of the berry-pickin's of his long ago lightened their hearts and lit their eyes.

The light, drifting clouds had given them comfortable alternations of sun and shade, and the dreaded afternoon in the heat had passed as a grateful relief from the humdrum household duties of the day.

"It's lucky we brought a big lunch," remarked Polly, as they prepared to start homeward. "I think Ellis has refreshed himself very regularly ever since he got on his feet."

"Somehow they were a long time adjusting the harness on the off side. Polly peered around at them, then looked away quickly, and drove a little distance down the road.

"He certainly kissed her, and she let him," she thought, excitedly. "They have made up at last! Oh, isn't it splendid!"

Ten minutes later the Fanning sisters went on their way to Prattville, and a tall man, with three pails of huckleberries and a pair of broilers in the back of his buggy, drove slowly to his home with a happy face.

Polly held something in her hand—something that crisped and crackled as she squeezed it. "He said it was to get things for mother, Hattie," she whispered, apologetically. "Was it all right to take it?"

"I—I guess so," replied Harriet, in a far-away voice. "I guess everything's all right."

"Them gals went an' sold palls an' all," wondered Gamaliel Hooker, as he rubbed Jason down late that afternoon. "They must hev done well, though, from the stuff they fetched back. Didn't fergit the old man, neither," he added, taking a new pipe from his pocket and gazing at it rapturously.

"Hello! If there ain't Andrew Cutter drivin' inter the yard. What's he comin' fer, I wonder know."—Farm and Fireside.

the faded cheeks, and bade her good-night.

"She doesn't realize it," said Harriet, solemnly. "She lives so much in the past now that her present existence is like a dream. How will it end, Polly?" Her sister shook her head. "We can only wait," she replied.

The morning dawned bright and cool, and the start was made long before their prospective customers thought of leaving their beds.

Gal had carefully covered the pails from view, and there was nothing to indicate the object of their expedition.

"I slipped in a couple of broilers," whispered the old man, just as Harriet took up the reins. "Ye kin git fifty cents apiece fer 'em."

The two drove away with forced smiles and mirthless farewells, and traversed a mile before either spoke.

"Berries!" observed the elder sister at last, with a hard little ring in her voice.

"Broilers!" replied Polly, mournfully. Then they both laughed. It was not a joyful sound, though, but the sort of laugh one gives when a joke is not understood, and appreciation is expected.

As they turned a bend in the road, a man driving a spirited horse approached them.

"Mercy!" cried Polly; "it's Andrew Cutter!" She glanced anxiously at her sister. Harriet's face was set as if carved in stone, her eyes staring straight at her horse's ears. Then the seldom-used whip fell sharply on Jason's flanks.

"Don't notice him, Polly," whispered the elder girl.

It was always a mistake to let the lash fall upon Jason. His proud spirit and ancient legs alike rebelled. Giving a snort of wrath, he jumped, reared up, and his driver, pulling hard in his excitement, lost her balance and fell ingloriously in the dust. There was a shock, a clatter, an exclamation of horror, and from the wagon-box a stream of huckleberries rolled into the road.

Polly never knew just how it happened, but a minute afterward she was holding Andrew Cutter's horse, while that gentleman and Harriet assisted the entangled Jason to his feet.

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"Hello! If there ain't Andrew Cutter drivin' inter the yard. What's he comin' fer, I wonder know."—Farm and Fireside.

England's Queen.

Alexandra Is Nearly 61 Years Old, but Appears Young.

Queen Alexandra is 60 years old, and nearly 61, yet she does not look a day over 45, and in certain lights and in certain shades she would pass for 38.

There are very few women who can cheat Father Time out of his due by as much as five years, let alone twenty-five. Her daughter Louise, who is under 40, looks older than she. Her unmarried daughter, Victoria, who is 34, looks no younger. Her "baby," the Princess Carl of Denmark, aged 32, is about the same age in looks.

When Alexandra, the daughter of the Sea King, as old King Christian is called, was born, she came into the world the first daughter of a family that was destined to have many daughters and sons. Christian, then an insignificant prince, reared a large family, and his wife Louise looked after their virtues and education. They grew up beautiful, every one of them, from Frederick, the Crown Prince, to the three daughters and the younger sons, George and Waldemar.

And they were accomplished, wonderfully accomplished. Have you ever known a Dane? If you have, you have known one who could work and who was willing to do so; one who could be industrious, accomplished and pretty all at once. The three daughters of the Sea King sewed and painted, sang and worked in the garden. They lived not so much a rural as a town life, though they spent their spare time off at a little Danish castle where the city ways never crept. Their mother taught them all the pretty arts of the world, and at 18 they were ready to make a debut into the courts of Europe.

The bride came to England thirty-nine years ago, and England went wild over her. She rode through London in the royal carriage, and Englishmen wept at sight of her. So much loveliness brought to their shores! Alfred Tennyson, then poet laureate, wrote an ode to her, and she found herself welcome in an English home.—Baltimore American.

Big River.

When free from ice the Yukon River is navigable for large steamers 1,905 miles.



The Bugs' Revenge. "When I grow up," said Willie Bewise, "I think that I shall be a noted entomologist, Exalting my family."

So he commenced with implements, Including the pins and net; For never an entomologist Had done without them yet.

From early morning till late at night He ran and crept and dug, Returning at night, his knapsack filled With every kind of bug.

Comprising the beetle, the lantern-fly, Cantharis, the flea, The gooseberry worm, the bottle fly, The soldier bug and bee.

He stuck them on the wall, he did, With pins right through their backs;



Putting in cases the fragile winged, Others he placed in sacks.

Then, smiling, he viewed that bright array Before to bed he went, Though nary a wink of sleep got he, His mind so bug intent.

He tried to doze, but vain attempt, It wouldn't succeed at all, For all at once the pins dropped out, And the bugs crawled down the wall.

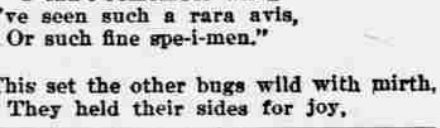
Willie Bewise's poor eyes popped out His blood froze at the thought Of the silent horde of punctured things Creeping around his cot.

Then lo, behold! as quick as a wink They swarmed upon the bed, While Willie Bewise had scarcely time To hide his throbbing head.

They tackled him through the counterpane, They pinched him through his gown; Procuring a pin they spitted him, Which firmly held him down.

The soldier bug then said to the bee "I can't remember when I've seen such a rare avis, Or such fine spee-men."

This set the other bugs wild with mirth, They held their sides for joy,



As they wandered 'round and 'round the bed Viewing the struggling boy.

The squirming entomologist did Nothing but plead and groan, Vowing he'd leave all butterflies And other poor bugs alone.

The lantern fly then said to the bee: "All right, we'll take his word, So loosing the pin they all crept down So soft that none was heard."

The sun was up four hours or more, When Willie woke up to find A doctor standing by his bed And mother just behind.

The doctor smiled and said, said he, "He's overstrained, that's all," Then Willie Bewise was glad to find The bugs still on the wall.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The King and the Peasant.

Here is a little story about the young king of Italy which is being printed in the Italian papers, and which is worth reproducing. The king was staying in the country at his place in Raccorigli. He is little known to the people there, for in his walks about the neighborhood he always strives to preserve his incognito. Hence come some curious adventures. One day, while out tramping, he got very thirsty, and seeing a woman milking a cow in a field near by, he went up to her and asked her for a glass of milk.

"I can't give you any of this," said the woman, "but if you'll mind the cow I'll go to the house and get you some."

So the king minded the cow till the woman returned with a glass of cool milk. Then he asked her where all the farm hands had gone.

"Oh, they're always running away

now to try to see the king," answered the woman.

"And why do you not go? Don't you want to see the king?"

"Some one must stay and look after things."

"Well, little mother," smiled the guest, "you see the king without running away from your work."

"You're joking!" exclaimed the woman, who could not believe that a monarch could be so quietly dressed. But when the king put a gold coin into her hand she fell on her knees, while he continued to walk, laughing over the incident.—Woman's Home Companion.

Trick of Mesmerized Hat.

Provide yourself with an old hat and an ordinary black pin bent in the shape of the letter C. Put the hat on a table, crown upward, and secrete the pin in your right hand. You will borrow the hat from somebody in the audience.

On receiving it, take it in your left hand, and while talking to the table place the right hand inside and quickly push the point of the pin up through the crown and stand the hat on the table. You make a few passes over the hat as if you were mesmerizing it. Lay your left hand on the hat. Slip your second finger in the hook and slowly lift the hat from the table. After this bring the hat to the table, remove the hand and in returning the hat you can easily withdraw the pin.

Fruit of One Coffee Plant.

It is said that the first coffee plant in British Central Africa was taken there from Kew by missionaries, and that, though others have been introduced, the bulk of the coffee produced has sprung from that one plant. Blantyre coffee is the finest in the world, and commands the highest price. The export is gradually increasing, last season's output having been about 100 tons. It is expected to be 10 to 12 per cent greater this year.

Young Boy Traveler.

A New York paper tells of a boy 11 years of age who has traveled 63,000 miles. The boy was born in Shanghai, and has crossed the Pacific Ocean and the American continent seven times. He spent last summer with his uncle in Syracuse, and entered a school at Arden City, L. I., in the fall. He speaks and writes Chinese, French and English, and his knowledge of geography and history is remarkable.

WOMEN FEAR TO TREAD.

Two Places in the United States that Are Eveless Edens.

London Tit-Bits accuses the United States of a lack of gallantry. In the last number the following appears:

"Our American cousins claim to be particularly indulgent to their women-folk, but there is more than one place in the United States where the presence of the fair sex is not only unwelcome, but absolutely forbidden. Perhaps the most remarkable instance of this rigorous boycotting of the daughters of Eve is that related of Cramp's great industrial concern.

"It appears that the firm find it necessary to exclude women altogether from their shipyard, because their presence would distract the attention of the men from their work. Some time ago a friend of one of the officials of the concern pleaded for the admission of a gentleman of his acquaintance, but all in vain.

"Your friend outside," said the official, "is accompanied by two ladies. We have 7,000 workmen in the yards, and all of them are busy. If we permitted the ladies inside the gates, every one of the 7,000 workmen would lose a couple of minutes in looking the party over, and you can easily figure up what such a loss of time would amount to. I am sorry for the ladies, but the rule cannot be broken. Every minute lost by the 7,000 workmen means the loss of several days' time."

"In Sunnyside, in the State of Utah, the great American Republic boasts a whole town which no woman is allowed to enter. The inhabitants comprise some five or six hundred men, who are all engaged in either coal or iron mining pursuits. They all have to do their own cooking, washing and other household duties; and any married man among them who desires to see his wife and family has to take a day off at his own expense to pay them a visit.

"The town, together with upward of 2,000 acres of land, is the property of a mining company, whose title requires a certain period of undisputed possession to make it absolutely unassailable. The workmen are prohibited from bringing their wives on the property to exclude the possibility of their acquiring proprietary rights which might have to be fought or bought out."

What Scott Did for Scotland.

"The people of Scotland," said John O. Miller, of Edinburgh, "never cease to bless the memory of Sir Walter Scott. To the 'Wizard of the North' is due mainly the credit of spreading his country's fame to all parts of the world, and that is the reason that with each recurring summer vast numbers of American tourists pour into our country. The best part of their visitation, from a practical point of view, is the good American dollars they dispense with no niggardly hand. If it hadn't been for Sir Walter, they would have probably never thought to come our way, and that is why we revere his name."—Washington Post.

The Latest.

"Is the manager up to date?" "Sure. He's just introduced a game of ping-pong in the balcony scene in 'Romeo and Juliet.'"—Yonkers Statesman.

Young man, if you can't marry a girl with dollars you are lucky to marry one with sense.



Value of Apple Pomace.

Apple pomace is usually held in light esteem. Many think it not worth the hauling. It is sometimes used as a fertilizer, occasionally as a feed for pigs or cows, but it frequently goes to waste behind the cider mill. A minor experiment made in 1889 at the Vermont Experiment Station indicated that its feeding value was about equal to that of good sludge. Inasmuch as the methods of that test were open to criticism, it seemed worth while to repeat the trial upon a more extended scale.

Accordingly several tons of pomace were obtained from a near-by cider mill and ensiled for preservation. The results secured were as follows: 1. From one to three per cent less milk and butter was made when the pomace was fed than when corn silage was eaten. 2. The cows gave somewhat better milk on pomace than on silage. The difference amounted to about 0.20 per cent. 3. From three to four per cent more product was made on the unit of dry matter of the pomace ration than that of the silage ration. There seemed to be no ill effects arising from the feeding of fifteen pounds or less daily. It is but fair to say, however, that the milk of these seven cows was merged with that of the entire herd. Had pomace been fed to the entire herd in these quantities, it might have affected the quality of the milk or the butter. The present experiment does not afford data upon this point. It is expected to make observations thereon during the coming year.—New England Farmer.

Grindstone Water Drip.

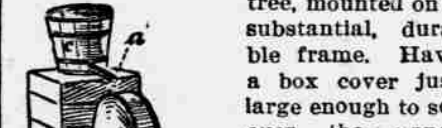
A grindstone water drip is convenient at this season when the stone is so much in use. Place it under a shady tree, mounted on a substantial, durable frame. Have a box cover just large enough to set over the upper half of the stone when not in use.

A crank handle may be on one side the axle; a foot pedal on the other. For a water drip, place a box on one end, as shown at b, and on it set a pail or keg, c. In the lower part of keg, bore a hole and insert a goose quill. A drip may be regulated by plugging the end of the quill with a small pine stick, that is made to slip easily in and out, as at a. By drawing the stick out sufficiently the drip of the water may be regulated to suit, while the grindstone is being turned either by hand or foot. The quill should extend out so water will drip on the center of the stone, low down, near to the box.—C. H. Potter in Farm and Home.

Summer Soil Cultivation.

The method of summer soil cultivation for conserving the moisture in the soil brings results that are profitable. As a rule, such cultivation should be of the surface soil only, rarely more than two inches deep; but it should be remembered that this applies only to soils that have been well worked and plowed to a good depth before the seed was sown. A shallow plowed soil, or a field that is inclined to bake after heavy rains, needs more than the shallow soil cultivation, at least for a number of times after each rain. This plan may destroy some of the roots of the plants growing near the surface, but this is better than to permit the soil to remain hard for any considerable depth. Whenever the soil has been sufficiently loosened after it has become hard, then the shallow cultivation should be put in practice again. On the other hand, as first stated, the deeper cultivation should not be done unless the condition of the soil requires it.

Abner Roach of Wayne County, Ind., sends Iowa Homestead a sketch of a wool-tying box and table he has been using for a number of years. It is self explanatory and any man who has tied up fleeces will readily observe how it is operated. The illustration shows



one of the end pieces partly elevated to show how it raises when the tying is being performed. The whole table can rest on a barrel or anything handy for that purpose, and a tie stick is shown resting on one corner of the table which holds the sides up while tying is being done.

The Ohio Experiment Station reports that the chinch bug is especially fond of millet and similar grasses, and where wheat fields are infested, it will be well to sow a narrow strip of millet between them and other crops. A strip of millet two or three yards wide may be sown by the side of the corn field

next to infested wheat or oats, and when the bugs have taken possession of it the millet may be plowed under with a jointer plow and the ground harrowed and rolled, thus burying the bugs. Another method is to plow a deep furrow across their tracks, as they travel from field to field; the bugs in this furrow will have difficulty in getting out, and may then be killed by sprinkling them with kerosene emulsion. This may also be used where the bugs have attacked the outer rows of corn, using a spray pump and throwing it with sufficient force to wash them off the corn.

Varieties of Garden Plants.

In the year book for 1901, issued by the Department of Agriculture, it is stated that there were catalogued in 1900 no less than 685 nominal varieties of cabbage, 530 of lettuce, 500 of bush beans, 340 of sweet corn, 320 each of cucumbers and table beets, 255 of pole beans and almost as many others of other vegetables. Of course this includes many varieties which differ from others only by having the addition of a grower's name or some designation intended to be descriptive, as "improved," "early," "late," "large," or other addition which is intended to show a difference from the others under the old name. The department lately issued as a bulletin "A List of American Peppers," which enumerates 124 varieties. Among so many how may one learn to choose the best? Undoubtedly many of them differ in name only, and perhaps some growers use more care in selecting the seed stock or in keeping varieties pure than do others, and by the use of their name may desire to gain a reputation, but the above list might well be divided by ten, and still show all the different types, and probably all really desirable varieties.—American Cultivator.

Corn and Sorghum Crops.

While various crops are grown as catch crops in seasons when other food crops are short, it is generally considered that corn or sorghum or both are the most satisfactory. Both the ordinary field corn and sweet corn are sown crops, as a rule, for the seed may be sown even as late as this date and furnish much good feed before frost even in latitudes where it will not mature. Farmers should especially look into the merits of sweet corn as a catch crop. It develops more rapidly than field corn and all stock are immensely fond of it, particularly if they have been used to field corn. Sorghum may be sown at this time and will be found generally satisfactory as a catch crop both in the matter of growth and in the resulting crop. Of course if one is more familiar with the growing of rye, millet or other grains as catch crops these will answer very well, but, under ordinary conditions, the chief reliance should be placed on corn.

United States First in Agriculture.

The fruit growing and gardening, pure domestic matters a hundred years ago, have now come to be great business enterprises, commanding millions of dollars of capital. Already North America is the greatest fruit-growing country in the world, practicing the most scientific and progressive methods. The flower-growing interest is itself an important source of national wealth. Where once we grew tomatoes in an amateurish way as a garden product we now grow them in blocks of hundreds of acres. So great have become the horticultural interests in this country that departments of horticulture have been established even in many small as well as the large schools. The generation to come will see the different branches of horticulture each in itself a department of the institution. The extent to which these special industries are singled out and emphasized measures the increasing importance of agriculture as a whole.—Country Life in America.

Chairs Choice Peach.

One of the newer peaches of real promise is Chairs Choice, shown in the illustration from the Rural New Yorker. It is large and handsome, deep, rich yellow in color, with a red cheek, and appears to be a regular and abundant bearer. Chairs Choice is now being planted freely in many peach growing districts and is regarded by those who know it best as well adapted to follow the indispensable Elberta. It is a better and handsomer peach and does not conflict with it in season. The trees are generally vigorous and healthy.

Pasture for Growing Hogs.

On every farm there is usually a small piece of grass land which may be fenced at small expense, and if it can be shaded in some manner such a plot will be just the place for the growing pigs. A portion of an old orchard may often be fixed in the manner suggested, and the pigs will thrive in such a place. If the grass growth is scanty try the plan of cutting grass from other portions and throwing it to the pigs. Keep them mainly on the usual summer rations given when in the pen and furnish all the fresh clean water placed in such a manner that they cannot get into it and wallow. This plan is a simple one, and easily carried out, and will result in more thrifty pigs than if kept in the pens during the warm weather.