

## RAISING HOGS FOR MARKET.

Writing in American Cultivator on his method of raising hogs for market, J. P. Fletcher, the New York breeder, says:

"I always raise my own feeders. I get better bred pigs. No one can afford to buy pure breeds for market, and yet no pig will fatten as profitably as one that is well bred from mature stock. I am more sure of healthy stock with pigs that have been raised in my own pens. Then, too, it is cheaper to raise the pigs than to buy."

The feeding should be begun as soon as the pigs will eat if it is to be done for the largest profit. Keep the pigs growing from the very start. They have good sized pasture with excellent grass. I keep them on this until about six or eight weeks before selling. All this time I feed them well with slop and dry corn, so when I turn them into the yards they are well started in the fattening process.

While they are in the yards I keep increasing the corn ration until the hogs are getting all they will eat. I supplement this with a slop made from some meal, such as ground corn, oats or rye. This is mixed with skim milk from thirty cows and what I can buy. I find that a mixture of cornmeal, rye and skim milk will make more growth and the meal and milk fatten the hogs faster, thus making pork cheaper than when grain is used without milk or milk without grain.

I regard skim milk as a valuable part of the hog ration, worth at least

## THE FARM TELEPHONE.

An Efficient Time Saver and a Means of Protection.

Many persons who use the telephone have all manner of mistaken ideas about central and her work. They often say, for instance, that they know better when central tells them the line is busy or that nobody answers. In fact, however, much the easiest thing for the operator to do is to give you the person called for if she can possibly get him. By the time she has found out that a line is busy, or that a subscriber does not answer, central's work is three-quarters done, and it is simpler to finish the connection whenever she can than turn the switch on your line and report to you, remarks a writer in American Cultivator. When central tells you a person does not answer, it is only after she has made several unsuccessful attempts to get him. Sometimes people forget to ring off when they are through talking, and that might keep a line waiting as apparently busy when it was really not in use.

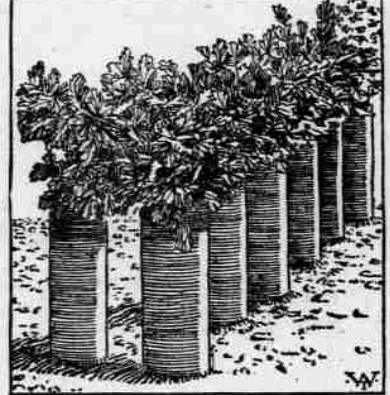
### Convenient in Many Ways.

Many stories are told of the ways in which the telephone saves money for the farmer, from protecting his crops by giving him the government's daily weather predictions to protecting his profits by keeping him posted on prices current. When some of the farm machinery breaks down, the damaged part can be replaced in a day by telephoning a supply house. If there is an accident or sudden illness, a word from the doctor over the wire may save a life which could not wait unaided for him to take a long drive. If fire threatens, the whole countryside is summoned in a few moments. Tramps and marauders notoriously avoid places to which the telephone wires lead.

## EARLY CELERY.

Good Method of Obtaining a Crisp and Tender Product.

Perhaps the most satisfactory way of blanching early celery on a small scale is by means of ordinary farm drain tiles of about four inches inside diameter, placed over the plants after they have become almost fully grown. To facilitate the work of placing the tiles over the plants some of the outside leaves should be pulled away and the main part of the plant loosely tied together by means of a soft string or, better, with what is known as paper twine, being a string made by twisting a strip of soft paper. This string will



CELERY IN DRAINTILES.

lose its strength as soon as it becomes wet and will offer no resistance to the further growth of the plant. The presence of the tiles will cause the leaves to draw up above the top of the tiles, thereby forming a screen over the top to shut out the light from the interior. If the common unglazed tiles are used the evaporation from their surface has a tendency to keep the plant cool during the heat of the day, and a very crisp and tender product is the result. This method of blanching is desirable also on account of its cleanliness, as celery treated in this way will need very little washing before marketing.—W. R. Beattie.

### The Codling Moth in Illinois.

While spraying for the first brood of the codling moth is a common practice among Illinois apple growers, very few have as yet attempted to control the second brood by spraying, and serious damage often results from the work of this late brood even in orchards which have been sprayed for the first brood. In central Illinois the first worms of the second brood enter the apples about July 20, and most of the codling moth injuries apparent upon winter apples at picking time are due to the work of this brood. A serious attack of the second brood is most disheartening to the grower, for the injury is done after the apples have attained considerable size and even commenced to color, so that after the crop is apparently made a large percentage of it may be ruined by the worms.

### Best Methods of Farming.

By the intelligent application of the best methods of farming the area of tillable and tilled land in the semiarid country is being rapidly enlarged. It means a great deal for the permanent prosperity of the country. It means a good deal more for the farmers and the landowners of the west.—Farm and Ranch.

### Diseases of Parsnips.

Parsnips are subject to about the same diseases as celery, especially the leaf blight. Parsnip webworm injures by eating; apply arsenical insecticide. Parsnip leaf miner larva mines the leaves; apply arsenical treatment early.—F. B. Symons.

### For Old Orchard Trees.

From now on liquid manure, when it can be spared, is of great assistance to old orchard trees, helping them to finish their fruit and produce plump buds for next season.—Gardening.

## PIGEON POINTERS.

Information Which Ought to Be Helpful to the Squab Raiser.

Take little stock in the dealer who tries to convince you that unmated birds are as good as mated ones. Stock purchased should be tolerably young and, above all, in thorough health and condition.

Undersized, delicate, weakly hens are the most disastrous scourge to the squab producer's loft. A squab makes great growth the first twelve hours and after the third day makes rapid progress. Reduce the corn and increase the quantity of wheat and peas, as these two grains are more nutritious and better for the growing of young birds.

The time to market the squabs is just when they are ready to leave the nest. They are then what pigeon men call ripe. The American Stock Keeper advises breeding from birds with a well developed breast and length of keel, for this is where the epicure looks for the meat. Breed also from light skinned birds, as the dark mated ones always sell at a lower figure.

Pigeons cannot thrive long without grit, and this is one of the chief reasons why people do not have success in rearing birds.

Always keep a sharp lookout for vermin, and promptly fight them. Canker and scrofulous diseases are more or less due to an impure state of the blood, in which cases there should be a thorough cleansing of the bowels. The sick should be placed in separate and dry coops, and salt added to the drinking water.

Fat squabs cannot be produced by overfeeding. This system induces the old birds to put on fat, resulting in lazy breeders and neglected youngsters.

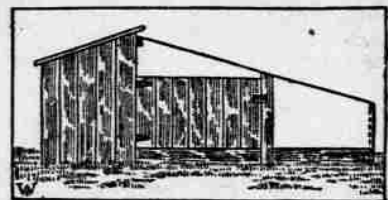
Two handfuls of hemp to fifty pigeons is about the right quantity in a day's ration. An English authority claims that a pair of pigeons consumes on an average a little more than a pint of grain per week.

If squabs are killed before they fly the flesh is white, but after that it darkens, reducing the price in market. Birds bred from good foundation stock will show their good qualities for several generations to come.

Small, delicate hen pigeons cannot produce squabs that weigh more than seven pounds to the dozen. "Going light" is a form of consumption. There are two kinds—the quick and the slow. For the first there is nothing to be done, but the latter case, if taken in time, may be cured. When mottling is the fault, merely pulling out the tail feathers will sometimes effect a cure.

Inbreeding is the cause of most cases of "going light" in the pigeon loft.

**Poultry House With Scratching Shed.** It requires no description to show the practical poultry raiser the value of the hen house one view of which is



given herewith. There may be a thousand modifications of this general plan for a home for poultry, but in the main, if the best results are desired, this scheme must be more or less closely adhered to.

### Treatment of Rousy Fowls.

For roup fill a pail nearly full of water, add a teaspoonful of kerosene oil and then dip the head of every ailing bird. Do not take much time to do this—just long enough to have the oil penetrate the nostrils and throat. Put the birds that have any discharge from nostrils or eyes by themselves. Keep sick and well birds apart. Add a few drops of kerosene to every drinking dish on the place and keep this up until no new cases appear. Then clean out every pen of dust, dirt and cobwebs. Whitewash everything in sight.

### Disease Among Pigeons.

In reading about the diseases that pigeon flesh is heir to, it is no wonder that a good many people are deterred from embarking in an enterprise where such a handicap is against them. Poultry Item truly observes. They would, however, think differently if they could be assured that pigeons naturally are most vigorous, hardy and strong birds. And when common sense and regular and intelligent management are given them the question of disease need be no stumbling block whatever.

### Preparing Fattening Food.

Where soft food is used extensively for fattening purposes the food is heated in large cast iron cook kettles holding from 100 to 150 gallons. These kettles are made specially for cooking food for stock and are supplied by all poultry supply and farm implement houses. A lot of food cooked in one of these covered kettles will keep hot from ten to twelve hours after the fire under the kettle is out.

### A Good, but Neglected Breed.

The New England Poultry Journal believes that the now neglected, though once pre-eminently popular, Light Brahma, when properly handled is one of our most profitable breeds of fowls. There are a lot of folks who agree with the New England Poultry Journal.

### No "Best Way" to Feed.

There is no best way to feed the different breeds. Feed anything that will produce results. Whole wheat, oats and barley are good feeds for all varieties of poultry.

## THE BREADFRUIT TREE.

Many Ways in Which This Strange Tropical Plant is Utilized.

The breadfruit tree is a native of southern Asia, the West Indies, the south Pacific islands and the Indian archipelago. In appearance it resembles somewhat the wild chestnut. It grows to the height of forty or fifty feet and has dark green leaves, many of them two feet in length, which are deeply divided into pointed lobes.

Hidden among the great leaves the breadfruit grows. It is nearly spherical, often weighs four or more pounds and has a thick yellow rind. This fruit is the chief food of the south sea islanders. They seldom eat a meal without it. The edible part lies between the rind and the core and when fully ripe is yellow and juicy. The fruit is better before it has fully matured, and the natives gather it while the pulp is white.

Before it is ready for table use it must be roasted, when it looks like wheat bread and is both palatable and nutritious. Usually the fruit is cut into three or four slices and roasted or baked in an oven.

Frequently the people of a village join in making a huge oven, in which several hundred breadfruits may be baked at one time. Thus they are all supplied with bread without its costing any of them much labor. Prepared in this way the bread will keep for weeks.

The breadfruit is in season eight months of the year. When the season finally draws to a close the last fruits are gathered and made into a sour paste, called "mabel." This paste will keep good for months and is made into balls, wrapped in leaves and baked just as needed.

Bread is not the only product of the breadfruit tree. From it cement, cloth, tinder and lumber are also obtained. A glutinous, milky juice oozes from the trunk of the tree, which makes an excellent cement when boiled with coconut oil. From the fibrous inner bark a kind of coarse cloth is made, and the big leaves make good towels. The lumber is used for building houses and many other purposes. Besides all this, the dried blossoms are used as tinder when fires are kindled.—Baltimore Sun.

### An Optical Experiment.

An interesting optical experiment may be made with the ordinary incandescent light. Gaze steadily at the light for a few seconds, then suddenly extinguish it. The experiment is best performed in a very dark room. In about half a minute you will see the perfect image of the light, with the fine strands of wire plainly visible. It will be red at first. In a few minutes it will turn purple and then a bright blue. Later it will apparently move to the right. As you turn your gaze it will continue moving to the right. If you keep your gaze fixed it will come back. It is surprising how long the illusion will last. It will be seen for fully five minutes, perhaps longer, and if you turn on the light and look away from it you will see the old image for several minutes, though more faintly than in the darkness.—Baltimore Sun.

### The Balloon Plant.

The balloon plant is one of the most curious devices of nature for scattering seeds. The fruit is yellow and a little larger than an egg. It has the appearance of an empty bag, but it contains a watery substance, which evaporates or dries up when the fruit matures, a sort of gas taking its place. This gas is lighter than air, and the fruit sways back and forth in the wind until it finally breaks loose from its slender stem, rises into the air to a height of from 75 to 100 feet and sails away to fall in some distant spot and thus extend the growth of its kind.

### Fooling the Janitor.

"I'll tell you a good way to get on the good side of your janitor," said the foxy woman. "Just get him to talking about the other people in the building. Every day when I go down in the elevator I say to him, 'Well, how're treating you?' 'My! If you could hear the line of talk he throws from his chest! I'll bet their ears burn. Then I keep saying, 'It's a shame,' or 'What an outrage!' First one and then the other, and he's awfully nice to me, that janitor."—New York Press.

### His Mind Still Clear.

Mr. Pnear had been run into by a street car. He was taken to the nearest drug store and a surgeon was hastily summoned.

"The thigh bone is dislocated," announced the surgeon after a brief examination. "Here, you!" he continued, turning to a muscular bystander and grasping the sufferer firmly around the body. "Pull his leg!"

"What! Already?" groaned Mr. Pnear, opening his eyes and placing his hand on his pocketbook.

## THEIR WEDDING DAY

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

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Her wedding gown was Mary's first pretty dress. All her little girl life she had worn the out-dated and pieced together garments of Lella and Margaret.

Lella and Margaret were the handsomest sisters. Mary was little and thin, her one beauty a thick tangle of red gold hair that she wound about her head like a coronet.

When she slipped the shining wedding dress over her shoulders and looked at herself in the glass she laughed a little.

"Why, I'm almost pretty," she said to her sisters.

Lella and Margaret were dressed in pink. They were to be her brides-



"I DIDN'T LOVE HER AS I DID YOU, MARY," Lella and they carried big bunches of carnations.

Mary's bouquet was of lilies of the valley and violets.

"Wasn't it nice that Walter remembered?" she said.

"Remembered what?" Margaret asked.

"That I liked violets."

"You aren't the first girl of Walter's that has liked violets," Lella told her.

Mary flushed.

"I don't think Walter has had so many girls that you need to say that, Lella," she said.

"Lella's eyes sparkled above the pink carnations."

"Oh, well, of course you aren't the first."

"Perhaps not the very first that he thought he liked," Mary said slowly, "but the first he really wanted to marry."

"Walter doesn't tell everything," Lella said meaningly.

Mary turned away from the glass.

"I guess they're waiting for us," she said, and then they went downstairs together.

Every one said it was a pretty wedding, but the bride was rather pale.

"But then Mary never did have much color," was the conclusion of the village folks, who pinned their faith in beauty to the rosy milkmaid variety and had little admiration for Mary's delicacy and pallor.

Walter spoke of it on the way to the station.

"You ought to have had red cheeks for me today, Mary," he said, and she trembled a little as he laid his hand over hers.

They went to the city, reaching there after dark. In their room at the quiet hotel they found flowers—violets and narcissus sent by one of Walter's business friends.

"I told him you liked violets," Walter said as he helped her off with her coat and kissed her.

Mary, with her hat still on, stood by the table and looked at the flowers. Suddenly she asked, "Who was the other girl who liked violets?"

"The other girl?"

He was on the opposite side of the table, smiling at her, his boyish face a little tremulous with the thought of the place and the hour. "There was never any other girl, Mary," he said.

"Lella said there was," she persisted, "and you used to send her violets."

"Lella?" he stammered.

"Yes, Lella," she said.

He came around the table and took her hands. "You will not let what Lella said spoil our wedding day, will you?"

"She said you hadn't told me everything," Mary said, "and I think I ought to know."

His eyes stopped before her steady glance.

"Lella shouldn't have said anything," "Who was the girl?" She laid her hand on his arm and shook it a little. "Who was the girl, Walter?"

He looked down at her, troubled. "It was Lella," he said finally, and his face was white.

"Oh! Mary gasped. "Oh, Walter!"

He thought she was going to cry. She dropped into a chair and sat there shaking and trembling, but she did not cry.

Walter knelt beside her. "I didn't love her as I did you, Mary," he whispered.

"But you loved her, and you would have married her, and she would have been here if you had had your way,"

Mary accused him, "here on your wedding day."

He tried to take her hand, but she drew back and hid her face in the cushions of the chair. "And Lella is so much prettier than I am, she said between quick breaths."

In another moment she was sobbing wildly. "You ought to have told me."

"Hush," he said, with his hands on her shoulders. "Hush!" And there was a man's masterfulness in his tone.

"Look at me, Mary." He drew her up out of the chair and held her hands so that she could not put them over her face. "Look at me."

"I ought not to have told you," he said, as she, still sobbing, lifted her heavy lids and met his glance. "You are wrong. I ought not to have told you. No one should have told you. I ought not to tell you now—no man has a right to talk of these things—but Lella has brought it on herself. I was nice to her, and I thought I loved her, and I told her so, and at last we were engaged."

"Oh!" Mary said and drew away, but he held her firmly.

"And I did send her violets, but after awhile I began to send her roses, big scentless ones, and she asked me why, but I did not like to tell her that it was because she reminded me of them; that I had not found any sweetness or fragrance in her, and that I dreaded the day when I must take her to my heart—and then, oh, Walter—you came."

He paused and went on, with a break in his voice: "The first time I saw you after you came home from teaching in the country I knew you were the girl I had been looking for all my life. And one day I told Lella. I don't suppose it was the thing that a man would do in a story book or in a play. They always marry the wrong ones, you know. But I felt that marriage without love would be as bad for Lella as for me, and I knew by that time that she did not really care for me."

"Lella didn't let any one know of the engagement, and so when it came to an end there wasn't any talk. But Lella couldn't forget me—and if she had left it alone you need never have known, you needn't have been unhappy, you needn't have distrusted me."

Mary's face was hidden against his coat.

"I've been unhappy all day," she whispered.

"On our wedding day? Mary?"

"I'm sorry," she whispered again.

Outside the night deepened and darkened. The house had grown quiet; the noise of the busy streets was stilled.

He lifted his head, with a little laugh that had in it a deeper ring than that of gaiety. "I'm not sorry," he said, "for now the last barrier of distrust is down, and you are mine and I am yours, and ahead of us is only happiness—Mary!"

### A Good Reason.

Manders is very severe on his little son. He says that the boy has got to grow up a sensible member of society, and he (Manders) will see that he does.

He had just spoken very sharply to the boy for asking questions without thinking what he was asking, and Tommy was sitting in the corner with his eyes fixed on the ceiling.

"Do you think you will get a prize for good conduct at school, Tommy?" asked mamma, anxious to create a diversion.

"I don't think so, ma," responded Tommy timidly.

"How's that?" asked Manders sternly before mamma could interpose. "Haven't you been behaving yourself? Why won't you get a prize for good conduct? Answer me at once."

"Cos they don't give any, father," answered the boy.

Father was caught himself, and when he saw his wife smile he went out and slammed the door after him.—Pearson's Weekly.

### Trials of the Unemployed.

Once there was a young Boetian who had money. One day he looked at his clothes, of which he had a great many, and he saw that they needed to be brushed and folded, so he told his servant to do it for him. Then he went downstairs and noticed that all his manuscripts were in disorder, so he hired a man to sort them out and to make a list of them. Next he went to the stable and found one of his horses sick, so he asked a man to get him another one. The other horse needed exercise, so he engaged a groom to exercise the horse.

He looked at a puppy which he had and said, "Why, it's time that puppy was trained to find birds," so he sent the puppy away to a man to be taught.

Then he went into the house and yawned. "Dear me," said he, "how dull it is with nothing to do! I wish I had something to do."

The Boetians were barbarians.—Puck.

### Smoking in Church.

The old time citizens smoked even in church. All such offenders were excommunicated by Urban VIII. in 1624 and again by Innocent XII. in 1690.

There was William Breedon, too, vicar of Thornton, England, of whom the astrologer Lilly says that "when he had no tobacco he would cut the bell ropes and smoke them."

Prohibitions of the customs were frequent. "Item, you shall not utter," enjoins an alous license of the time of James I., "nor willingly suffer to be uttered, drunk or taken, any tobacco within your house, cellar or other place thereunto belonging."

Charles II. sent a letter to the University of Cambridge forbidding the members to wear periwigs, smoke tobacco or read their sermons. A writer has recorded a visit to an Essex church about 1830 on which he saw pipes stowed ready for use on the following Sunday.—Chicago News.