

A Fine Family.

HEROES AND HEROINES OF NEW JOURNALISM AND HOW THEY TURNED OUT.

"You have a fine family," said the visiting clergyman to an east side mother.

"Yes, sir," she answered, with a touch of pride, "and they have all made names for themselves, and in some ways have been a great help and comfort to us. There is little Johnnie. He has had his picture in the papers as 'The Boy Wonder' of the grammar school. Little Susie over there in the corner was known for several months as 'The Beautiful Cable Car Victim.' We got \$2,000 damages from the car company, and as she was young she has outgrown her hurts. Her brother Willie, who rescued her before she was killed, got a wide reputation as 'The Boy Hero,' but that was the cause of his death. Yes, we have lost poor Willie. You see, it was this way: He was ambitious, and after the papers stopped talking about him as 'The Boy Hero' he organized a gang and became known as 'The Boy Outlaw.' When the police got troublesome he reformed and did a lot of good work as 'The Boy Detective.' But his restless spirit could not be satisfied with anything very long, and after getting his name in the papers as 'The Boy Pugilist, and later as 'The Boy Missionary' he tried to be a 'Boy Murderer,' but the man he attacked thrashed him within an inch of his life. That broke his heart, and he did the only thing left to a boy of his spirit. He became a 'Boy Suicide.' Yes, Willie was the brightest of all our family, though I can't say, sir, that we have to complain of any of them."—*New York Sunday Journal.*

Tossed by the Hurricane.

THE SHORN "COLONEL" AND THE WRECKED "CAPTAIN" DINE TOGETHER.

Two men who had been chums in a western town before a financial hurricane hit it met for the first time in years in a Sixth avenue eating house the other day. In the days of their prosperity one of them was a political lever and was called colonel. He had been on the governor's staff. The other in some way had acquired the title of captain. Both had front seats in every event of the town in which they had lived. The governor's ornament is now a plain bookkeeper in Broad street. The other man is a dry goods clerk.

After greetings, explanations and a few mournful references to perished delights, they had a combination meal, and if you don't know what that is you have never had any trouble, and any one who casts a shadow is worse than a heathen. When the meal was over the two old friends walked out and stood under the splutter of an arc light. As they were parting the man who used to ride the big bay horse in the governor's parade, and who had commanded the populace of his town to stand back, said in a low, mournerlike tone:

"If you come to see me, don't call me colonel. Nobody knows me as colonel now. I am just an employee on salary."

The arc light spluttered again as the little man replied in a squeaky, half-bedroom voice:

"And if you come to see me just call me 'Say, you!' That's what everybody calls me in the store."

"Well, goodbye captain."

"So long, colonel."

It was the first time they had heard the titles in years, and each walked away with a lighter step and lighter heart.—*New York Sun.*

Mistook His Man.

Like many other public speakers, a well-known lecturer has a great dislike to being interrupted during his lecture, and if any one happens to come in late he has a habit of stopping short and watching the intruder to his seat, generally with the effect of making him look very sheepish and disconcerted.

Some time back, while lecturing at a large town, he was interrupted by a gentleman coming in late and making a great deal of noise with his creaking boots. The speaker stopped and stared as usual at the intruder, who seemed not to be in the least conscious that all eyes were upon him. At length, getting out of patience, the lecturer remarked icily:

"I am waiting for you, sir."

Apparently quite unmoved, the offender spent a few seconds in arranging his coat on the chair. Then, sitting down, he turned to the lecturer with a charming smile and said:

"Now, Mr. —, I am ready if you are."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

A boy being asked to describe a kitten said, "A kitten is remarkable for rushing like mad at nothing whatever and stopping before it gets there." It must have been the same boy who thus defined scandal: "It's when nobody ain't doing nothing and somebody goes and tells."

Black Javos.

We consider the Black Java the most neglected of American fowls when its merits are considered. We spoke recently of the great difficulty of breeding fine Silver Wyandottes, commending them to the ambition of fanciers on that account. The Javos are exactly the reverse. They breed almost as true as ducks. Just a little attention to the rejection of birds with poor combs and of birds inclined to "show the white feather," and you are quite likely to get 90 per cent. of birds that will score above 90 points. Almost the only objection that can be raised to the Black Javos is that they are black. This is a defect in the eyes of market purchasers, especially of young birds, because the pin feathers are more likely to show, but this objection diminishes as the bird grows older, and the deep yellow color of the skin and the large meaty carcass of the Java makes it a profitable bird to produce for sale dressed by the pound. The standard requirements as to size are ten pounds for males and eight pounds for females. The plumage is a glossy black, and fits the rectangular frame of the fowl almost as closely as does that of the game. They are hardy, fairly active birds, easily managed and able to rear their own young with but little assistance. We don't know of another breed that two years hence would show so large a number of standard birds were a cock and a half a dozen hens turned loose alone on an ordinary farm and allowed to shift for themselves.—*National Stockman and Farmer.*

Live Stock Points.

A mutton breeder who got \$4.85 for sheep eight months old describes his method of rearing them as follows: The lambs were born in April and May. They ran with the dams till Oct. 1st. Then for a month they were put on pasture away from the dams. After that, in addition to the pasture, they had oats once a day, mixed with a little oilmeal. As soon as they seemed able to get away with it, the mixture of oats and oilmeal was fed twice a day. This method of feeding was pursued a month and a half. Then corn was mixed with their feed, and they had all the hay they wanted. At the end of a month on the oats, oilmeal, corn and hay feed, they were ready for market and weighed on the average 110 pounds. Their breed was Shropshire, with a few Cotswolds. The gentleman thinks these young sheep paid him very well.

Professor Craig of the Wisconsin experiment station reports remarkably successful results from dipping lambs in the dead of winter, when the thermometer was 10 degrees below zero. The lambs were infested with ticks and were doing no good in fattening as it was, and it was decided as the least of two evils to dip them in December. A dip of the usual kind was prepared, the water was warmed—at least a steady attempt, not very successful, was made to keep it warm—and the animals were driven into the vat and held there till their fleeces were thoroughly soaked. They were then stood in the draining pens till the loose drops rained off them, when they were put into a shed where the temperature was 10 degrees higher than it was outside. The ticks were killed by this baptism at zero, but the lambs were not. On the contrary, they did remarkably well after their bath.

To Save Pigs in Cold Weather.

Saw a kerosene barrel through the middle and set one-half near the farrowing pen. A dry goods box will answer the same purpose. Cover with a piece of old carpet and place a jug filled with hot water in the centre. Slip a gunny sack over the jug, and as fast as the pigs come place them in the barrel. Leave them there until they are thoroughly dry. They will keep close to the jug and usually remain very quiet until they are hungry. Then I let them all out at once, giving each an equal chance. I saved a fine litter in February by this method and another in March, when the temperature was ten degrees below zero. Being a Poland-China breeder of several years experience, this practice has saved me many dollars. Early pigs usually bring the most money.

Yorkshire hogs, especially of the breeds known as the small and medium Yorks, are favorites in England, but the Tamworths are the most highly prized of all there. The Yorkshires are white, the Tamworths spotted. We should like to see men who have time and can afford it experiment with the Tamworths here. They are a breed little known in the United States. Perhaps they would be the hog whose meat would sell best in England. Danish government experts selected the English Tamworth as the foundation for improved pork in their country.

After a hog is six months old it fattens much more slowly than it did up to that time. It is best in these times to fatten and sell pigs at about 8 months old.

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