

HINTS FOR THE FARMER.

FEEDING PIGS IN SUMMER.

Summer is the time to make pork. Making it in winter requires too much food to keep up the animal heat. If hogs have plenty of grass in summer and about half the corn they will eat, they will fatten rapidly and my belief is that three pounds can be made on less grain than one pound in cold weather with a hog in a close pen, writes J. L. Hersey. The grass is cooling and loosening and counteracts the feverish properties of the corn. Hogs will never melt in summer, however fat, if they can have access to water and mud to lie in. Mud is very bad for hogs in cool weather. It absorbs too much animal heat. Milk is cooling as a drink and almost indispensable in raising pigs.

But very little corn and no corn meal should be fed to young pigs before they are four months old. Corn and raw corn meal cause young pigs to become costive. Then they will soon scour. They will begin to rub against everything they can get at. Their skin will have a red and dry appearance. A dry, black scurf will begin to form, and the more corn and meal they eat the poorer they will become. The best thing to do for a pig in this condition is to give him a thorough washing in warm water or sour milk, the latter being the best. Coarse flour or middlings from rye or wheat

when made into a thin drinking slop with milk, is the best feed for young pigs, except bread and milk. Food has to be fermented before it will digest and if fed to young pigs before it is fermented in will overtask their stomach and spoil them. Lettuce is good for young pigs. It will stop the scours. The middlings should be put with milk at night after feeding has been done, and allowed to remain in the milk until morning. Never allow the swill tub to get quite empty. Always leave a little at the bottom to act as yeast. The swill should never be allowed to get stale. Slop feed should be given often and never more at a time than will be eaten up. Slops will make larger hogs than dry feed. After the hogs get to be three or four months old, their food can be made stronger, but a pig will not bear much stronger food until it begins to change from a pig to a hog. Many of our farmers do not know the value of grass as a feed for hogs. At least one would not think so, when their hogs of all ages may be seen during the whole summer in small yards or at best on very scanty pasture. Farmers who know the real value of such feed would as soon think of raising cattle and making milk and butter by feeding their stock grain alone during the whole summer as to raise hogs and make the business profitable without a good supply of grass. Some men make pork with little or no grass, but it costs much more and the hogs are not so healthy.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

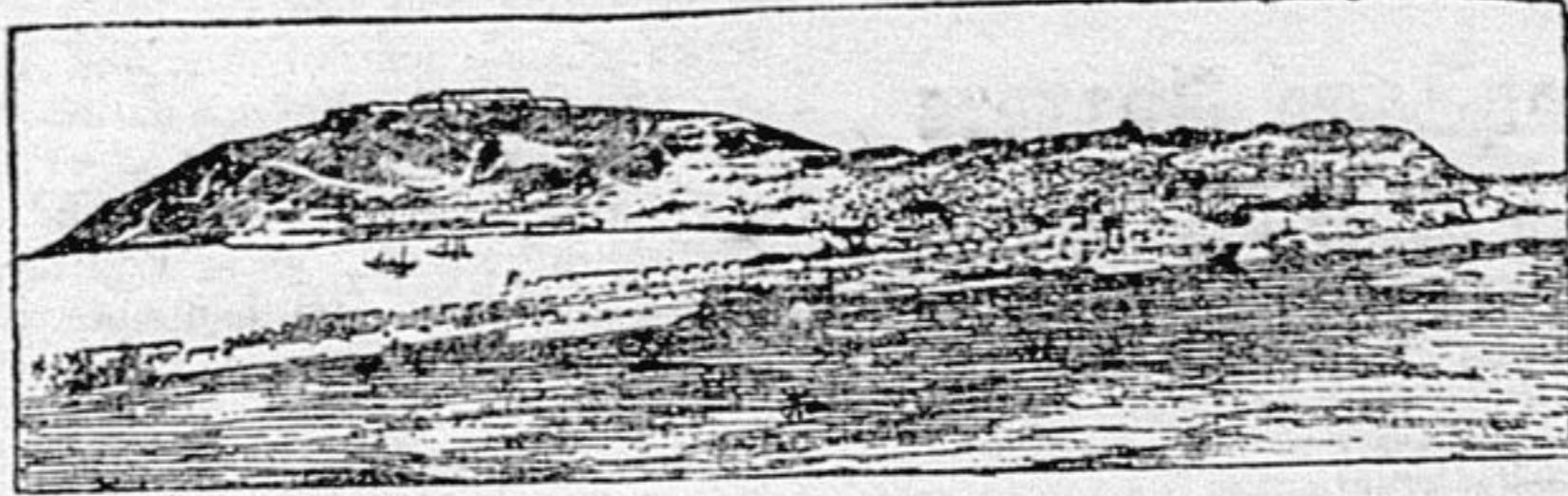
The idea that sheep in pasture need no water except what they get from feeding on grass wet with dew, is quite commonly prevalent among farmers. In June, when the grass is itself succulent, sheep at pasture may need nothing. But during the midsummer heats there are many nights when no dew falls, and when the grass is itself parched so that there is little succulence in it. At such times the excrement of sheep will be in round, hard lumps, just as it is in winter. When this condition shows itself, it means that the sheep need more water.

Horses hard at work in hot weather should be groomed fully as carefully as they are in winter. It is not quite so pleasant a task for the horseman as it is when the warmth from the animal and the labor in using the brush are pleasurable. But it is of even greater advantage to the horse to be relieved of the grime and dust which will accumulate in his hair after a hard day's work. Grooming is not only a relief to the agreeable glow it gives to the skin, but it is also an aid to digestion, making the groomed horse stronger and better fitted every way for hard labor.

The apple orchard after it gets old enough to bear is the best sheep pasture. One of the great advantages of pasturing sheep in the orchard is to destroy the fallen fruit. This they will do even better than hogs, which are usually recommended for this purpose. Pigs will only eat apples after they are nearly or quite ripe, unless they are starved to it. The small green apples are sometimes almost bitter. Sheep like this bitter taste, and will run to eat the fallen apples, most of which contain codling moths, which would escape into the ground, if left in the apple long after it falls.

The only advantage we could see from the practice of dumping manure in heaps, was the ease with which it could be done and the wagon unloaded for another load. The manure thus dumped is never so evenly spread as it can be from the wagon. To unload quickly always have two men on the load, spreading from each end of the wagon. Then there will be no heaps to lie on the ground, perhaps for weeks, and giving the field a "patchy" ap-

ISLAND OF CEUTA, WHICH MAY BE ADMIRAL WATSON'S BASE OF OPERATIONS.



Ceuta, Spain's pet island colony for convicts, which commands the approach to Gibraltar and the Mediterranean, is destined to become a base of supplies for Commodore John C. Watson and the squadron with which he is to attack the seacoast of Spain. The Canaries are all there is between him and this grim island, where, under the cover of forbidding walls and mountains, Spain has tortured her exiled prisoners for centuries past. Commodore Watson has been ordered to command a detachment of Admiral Sampson's fleet and to make of them a transatlantic squadron. The Canaries subjugated and the American flag hoisted over the islands, he is to proceed direct to the Island of Ceuta and establish a base of supplies. Once in possession of the self-fortified island and town of Ceuta, Commodore Watson should be able to run back for supplies of coal and ammunition almost as easily as though he were off the coast of Florida. Ceuta is a rock-ribbed, rock-bound island off the north-east coast of Fez, Morocco, and is twelve hours' sail from the entrance to the Straits of Gibraltar. It might as well be called the island of the sev-

en hills, for from these it derives its name. Of these most conspicuous is Monte del Hacho, which looks out toward Spain like a signal point set up to say, "All's well." Stretching back from the mountain a narrow peninsula connects the island with the main land of Africa. On this neck of land the town of Ceuta is built. All around are fortifications, the high hills put up their nature and the prison walls had moats built in succession by conquerors and remodeled and rebuilt by their successors and strengthened again by the Spaniards when they made of it a prison hell. The seven walls coiled about the town itself are thick and impassable, save here and there where arched bridges have been cut through. Between each wall there is a deep moat of sea water, set down like a seductive trap to catch any unfortunate convict who might escape the vigilant guards stationed all around the walls. Every one of the seven hills is fortified now. Up high on Monte del Hacho there is a strong citadel garrisoned by Spanish soldiers. Here and there the walls are pierced by the noses of cannon, but there is no evidence that they have ever been used except for signaling, and it is doubtful if they could be brought to much better use, owing to their immovability.

pearance in the larger growth of straw where the manure heaps have lain. Often this extra large growth rusts and yields less grain than where the straw was smaller.

POULTRY POINTS TO PONDER.

Sarah E. Wilcox gives the following points on poultry keeping that may set some thought moving and some poultry-keeper to acting:

Finely-powdered air-slaked lime dusted on the walls and floor of poultry houses is a better disinfectant than whitewash, and is one of the best preventives of roup, of which dampness is a prolific cause; and of this lime is an excellent absorbent.

Later feathering chickens of Brahma or Cochin blood are more hardy than Leghorns or Hamburgs. Lice are more apt to attack the latter. The quick appearing and rapid growth of the feathers weakens the chicks, and they often die from no apparent cause, while those with downy or nearly naked bodies will thrive.

Ventilation has become quite a fad among poultry raisers, just why it would be difficult to determine. The average hennery admits in cold weather sufficient outside air without special ventilation. Hens cannot with impunity encounter drafts or currents of air, and do not enjoy them any better than do people. Warmth is necessary to comfort, on which egg-producing largely depends.

The best remedy for lice which infest poultry is pyrethrum powder blown into the feathers. Lard rubbed on the head and under the wings once a week is a preventive. Scale on the legs can be cured by dipping the feet and legs into coal oil. A tin quart fruit can serve to contain the oil.

Hens take on fat more readily than pullets. If eggs are desired, they should be separated from the pullets which are being fattened. The less exercise the latter have the better, but laying hens should be compelled to scratch for a living.

Food imparts flavor to eggs as well as to butter. Hens fed on wheat, bran, shorts, oil meal and skim-milk will lay more eggs, but they will be smaller and of inferior quality, than when they are fed on whole corn or corn meal mash. Fowls fed exclusively on corn are likely to be sluggish and yield a small number of eggs, but the eggs will be large and of superior quality. Eggs laid by very fat hens are likely to produce inferior chicks or not to hatch.

Lack of green food, unfavorably affects the color of yolks, as lack of grass affects color of butter. To secure deep golden yolks in winter give plenty of green food, and a little corn only once a day. Clover hay cut fine and steamed is good food. Cabbage leaves, fresh and crisp, make a variety, and even results. Cut the roots lengthwise and the hens will pick at them greedily. Red pepper or mustard seed, mixed occasionally with soft food is stimulating.

A simple cure, and one the writer has found to be infallible for gaps in chickens, is to drop into the throat and windpipe a few drops of lamp oil. A sore and cankered throat in hens is cured by a more liberal application of the oil.

Fannie Field says, after trying the thousand and one modern methods of keeping eggs, that she finds the old-fashioned way of packing in salt the best. Cover the bottom of the package three inches deep with salt; on this place the eggs, end down, in such a way that they will not touch each other or the sides of the package; cover with salt; then put in another layer, cover with salt, and so on until the package is full to within two inches of the top; fill with salt, and keep in a cool cellar, on a platform raised above the ground.

YOUNG FOLKS.

DOLLY'S DISEASE.

Poor Dolly's face was crimson. With cranberry juice rubbed in. "She's got the 'sipelas fever,'" Explained Mamma Ethelind. "You can take her, Aunt Pamela. 'Less you're 'fraid you'll catch it, too. But she's fumerygated up so. I wouldn't be 'f I were you."

"The cranberry juice," said Auntie. "Has it helped a little bit?" "O my, no," said Dolly's mamma. "Why the cran'ry juice is it!"

AUNT DID'S BURGLAR.

We were gathered at grandpa's, cousins from many different homes, to spend the holidays. Those were jolly times for us young people; every day brought some fresh pleasure, and Aunt Did was the general supervisor of those good times. Aunt Did was grandpa's youngest child and had been married to a young lawyer, but in less than a year after their marriage he had died and his young widow had returned to her father's home.

By far the pleasantest hours of those pleasant holidays were the twilight hours we spent listening to Aunt Did's stories. We asked her one evening if she ever had any experience with burglars or robbers, and she laughed in a merry way and answered: "Yes, I suppose I was as thoroughly frightened as one could possibly be, by an intruder hidden under my bed." We were all attention now, for we felt sure if anything had really frightened Aunt Did it must have been very dreadful. So we gathered closer around her and prepared to listen.

"When we had been married a few weeks," she continued, "my husband had business which called him to the city for a few days, and I accompanied him to visit his sister, who resided there. Everything seemed so strange in the city I felt timid and nervous. My new sister-in-law I had never met before, and they lived very different from the plain ways we were accustomed to at home. But she was very kind and I began after a day or two to feel more at home with her.

"One thing that particularly pleased me was a very large Newfoundland dog called Lee. He and I became fast friends, and he often followed me from room to room, or lay on some soft mat at my feet. He had the freedom of the house and no one questioned his right.

"We usually spent our evenings alone, my sister-in-law and I, as business kept her husband and mine sometimes till a late hour. One evening I had a slight headache and retired to my room before their return. I seated myself before the fire, brushed and braided my hair, and read a few pages in a pleasant story book, and finally retired for the night. I turned low the light and prepared to sleep. I suddenly became aware I was not alone in the room, for I heard low breathing. The stillness of the room made the sound quite distinct. Thoughts of burglars and terrible murders came to me, and to say I was frightened would not in the least express my feelings.

"I held my breath to listen. The breathing had ceased to be audible, but once or twice I heard a slight movement under the bed. "My first thought was to suddenly spring from my bed and rush from the room. But if I undertook to escape I should be overpowered by the ruffian and perhaps killed. I must keep still and remain where I was until my husband's return, which might be in an hour or more.

"Oh, how I wished I had that faithful dog with me; he had often followed me to my room, and if he were only here now I should be safe. I turned over in bed and my gaze fell upon a large plate glass mirror which reflected the bed on which I lay. I looked at the shadows reflected under the bed, and slowly as my eyes became accustomed to the lights and shadows a dark form could be seen stretched on the floor under the bed. I lay silently and watched the glass and listened for my husband's steps at the door. I wondered as I lay there if I should be alive when he returned; or would that dark form under the bed slowly creep out and my life be over. "If I should still be spared until he came into the room, would not the robber, murderer, or what ever he might be, strike him down before I could give him warning?"

"The agony of that night I can never recall without feeling a thrill of sympathetic horror.

"It seemed ages must have passed before I heard the heavy front door close and heard steps in the hall. Then I knew my husband had returned. "The form moved several times and I felt each time that my hour had come. Then he would lie still and I knew he was becoming tired of his uncomfortable position; and I felt sure he was waiting for my husband. I could form no plan, so confused were my thoughts, how I could warn my husband and so perhaps save his life.

"I knew in the city it was easy to summon a policeman, but unless I could escape from the room I felt sure if all the police in the city were at the door below they could not save us. After what seemed hours, I heard my husband at the door and at the same time I saw that dreadful form begin to slowly move.

"As your uncle opened the door I sprang from my bed and rushed towards him, wildly screaming, and fell in a dead faint in his arms. When I regained consciousness, I was lying on the bed and my husband and all the inmates of the house were bending over me or standing around the bed. Something cold touched my hand and

the dog, Lee, had put his nose up for his usual caress.

"What was it, darling?" my husband asked, "what frightened you so?" "Where, oh where is that dreadful robber," I faintly asked.

"But it was some time before I could tell them of that burglar hidden under the bed, in a way they could understand.

"At last your uncle seemed to understand it and then he told me the dreadful, villainous murderer under my bed was only Lee. It seemed my bedroom door had been left open and he had come in and gone to sleep under my bed.

"Since that dreadful night with a burglar I never retire without first looking under my bed."

This is the story as Aunt Did told us and we were fully impressed with the horror of that night.

A GHOST STORY.

The Death of the Dissipated Lord Lyttleton a Century Ago.

Lord Lyttleton, in the winter of the year 1778, had retired from the metropolis, with a party of his dissipated companions, to profane the Christmas at his country house, Pit Place, near Epsom, in Surrey. They had not long abandoned themselves to the indulgence of their dissolute orgies, when a sudden and unexpected gloom was cast over the party by the extraordinary depression of spirits and dejection of countenance which were observed to take possession of their host. It was in vain that he attempted to silence the inquiries of the guests on the subject of his dejection. They were convinced that he was ill, or had met with loss at play, or was crossed in love; and his denial of all these imputations only excited a more eager curiosity to be informed of the origin of his depression. Thus urged, he at last determined to reveal the secret (that so painfully depressed him).

The night before, on his retiring to bed, after his servant was dismissed, and his light extinguished, he had heard a noise resembling the fluttering of a dove at his chamber window. This attracted his attention, to the spot, when, looking in the direction of the sound, he saw the figure of an unhappy female, whom he had seduced and deserted, and who, when deserted, had put a violent end to her own existence; she was standing in the aperture of the window from which the fluttering sound had proceeded. The form approached the foot of the bed—the room was supernaturally light, the objects of the chamber were distinctly visible. Raising her hand and pointing to a dial which stood on the mantelpiece of the chimney, the figure, with severe solemnity of voice and manner, announced to the appalled and conscience-stricken man that at that very hour on the third day after the visitation his life and his sins would be concluded and nothing but their punishment remain, if he availed himself not of the warning to repentance which he had received.

The eye of his lordship glanced on the dial, the hand was on the stroke of 12. Again the apartment was involved in total darkness, the warning spirit disappeared, and bore away at its departure all the lightness of heart and buoyancy of spirit which had formerly distinguished the unhappy being to whom the tremendous summons had been delivered.

On the succeeding day his lordship's guests, with the contrivance of his attendants, had provided that the clocks throughout the house should be advanced an hour, without the imposture being discovered. Ten o'clock struck—the nobleman was silent and depressed. Eleven struck—the depression deepened, and now not even a smile indicated him to be conscious of the efforts of his associates, as they attempted to dispel his gloom. Twelve struck. He returned to his chamber, convinced of his security, and believing that the hour of peril was now past.

Lord Lyttleton's guests remained together to await the completion of the time so ominously designated by the vision. A quarter of an hour had elapsed—they heard the valet descend from his master's room; it was just 12. His lordship's bell rang violently; the company ran in a body to the apartment; the clock struck 1 at their entrance, and the unhappy lord lay extended on the bed before them, pale and lifeless, and his countenance terribly convulsed.

YELLOW AND RED IN DISFAVOR.

Yellow and red will not this summer or any time in the future, as far as can be foreseen, be used as a floral combination for lawn or garden beds. It has just occurred to the horticultural mind that these are Spanish colors, none the less from being a traditional and innocent arrangement, started many years since.

To replace the brilliant yellow and red flower beds the gardener of the moment is now resorting to a scheme of pure, unrelieved yellow. His beds are to be yellow symphonies of tone, but without a suggestion of any other hue. This is a marked novelty in gardening, and promises to somewhat transform the lawns of the day. The flowers that will be mainly used are yellow daffodils, yellow roses and jonquils.

THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT.

He—Yes, it is a fine thing to own our own little home, but there is one thing I miss.

She—What is that?
He—Our periodical scraps with the landlord about the repairs which he never would make and which we never supposed he would.

WOMEN IN JAPAN.

The marvelous development and advancement of Japan within the last quarter century has been marked by most radical changes in the treatment and social status of women. The opponents of woman suffrage, will find Japan a fruitful field for their missionary labor, for in no part of the world is woman to-day making more rapid advancement toward equality of the sexes.

Visitors to Japan comparatively a few years ago found the gentlewomen of the island empire popularly regarded as mere toys, willing to be sold into virtual slavery for about \$6 a month. No stigma attached to this custom, and the daughter sold into slavery for the support of her parents often returned afterward to her grade of society and contracted an honorable marriage. At that time Japanese women of the higher grade, led gay and easy lives, and were taught that woman's chief jewel was ignorance, and a writer in the Criterion has fittingly described them as "mere glorified toys."

The magician's wand which is rapidly transferring a half-savage, semi-barbaric race into one of the most enlightened nations of the earth is also elevating the status of Japanese womanhood. No better evidence of that fact is needed than is shown by the announcement that a university for the higher education of women is shortly to be opened in Tokio. This institution, which will cost \$200,000, has the enthusiastic indorsement of the nobility and the heads of government, from the emperor and empress down to the petty officials of state. That Japanese sunrise seems destined to usher in a perfect day.

WOMAN'S WORK ABROAD.

In Norway a law has recently been passed which makes girls ineligible for matrimony until they obtain certificates of proficiency in knitting, baking and spinning.

Germany and Austria have about 150 cooking schools. A four years' course is necessary before the student obtains a diploma. Most of the hotel chefs have diplomas from these schools.

In some parts of China the young women wear their hair in a long single plait, with which is intertwined a bright scarlet thread. This style of ornamentation denotes that the young lady is marriageable.

A Peruvian heiress recently paid Worth \$5,000 for a gown trimmed with lace. Of this sum \$4,000 was for the lace. When M. Worth wishes to create a new fashion he does not make designs on paper, but takes the materials and drapes them around the models until he has either developed his idea or hit upon something new.

The opal is now fast losing its bad reputation as an unlucky stone, and the result is that opals are more popular now than ever before, and their price has risen, especially in the case of those that are distinguished for brilliant flame tints. A young lady, well known in the London society world, recently showed her superiority to common superstitious notions by accepting as an engagement ring an opal surrounded, by thirteen small diamonds, and thus setting at defiance two ancient superstitions.

SHE WOULDN'T TEMPT HIM.

Said an indignant mother to her little son: Why did you strike little Elsie you naughty boy?

Dick, indignant in his turn.—What does she want to cheat for, then?

How did she cheat? asked mamma more mildly.
Why, explained Dick, we were playing at Adam and Eve, and she had the apple to tempt me with, and she never tempted me, but went and ate it up herself.