

To Salt Pork.
Cover the bottom of the barrel with pure salt to the depth of three inches. Pack the pork to be kept in pickle, the skin side next to the wood, as solidly as possible, and sprinkle each layer liberally with salt. Make a brine with salt and soft water to cover the meat. Boil and skim, adding salt until it lies undissolved at the bottom of the kettle. Stir frequently to prevent the salt from scorching on. When the water has dissolved all the salt it will, remove the kettle from the fire, and when perfectly cold pour the brine over the meat. Cut a board to fit inside the barrel, with a handle, so it will be convenient to lift; this with a weight will keep the meat under the brine. When a fresh supply is to be pickled take out the old pork, and pour off the brine, pack the new pork as at first, then the old. Boil and skim the brine, adding salt, if it will take it up, and pour it hot over the meat. Never put cold brine on old pork unless you are willing to take the risk of losing it.

Never leave pork floating, as it will run in a very short time. Keep it well under the brine and stir the brine every few days in summer.—S. E. W., in Farm and Home.

Fertility and Productive Power.

If there is one thing more than any other that enters this problem it is work. Work, study, think! Success depends on these. On this royal road thorough tillage is a prime factor, but my success has been made in dairying. Good cows and liberal feed are almost always followed by pleasant results. When I started in the business, began studying the feeding and also fertility and value of the different kinds of grain. I soon learned that for every ton of corn fed out I got \$6 worth of fertility to put to work in my soil, shorts double and cotton-seed meal more than three times as much. My butter paid all grain bills and also grocery bills. I knew I must be on the road to success, as the fertilizing power, although out of sight, was in the soil, to show itself in crops in due season. I can now manure 3 acres of corn where a few years ago could barely dress one. I use some phosphate, 500 lbs or so per acre. The corn mostly goes into the silo, as my experience has taught me it is worth more that way. In connection with the dairy I keep swine to take the milk and always feed some grain with it, as it pays. I can get a small profit on pork and pigs at the lowest price they have sold for. Use bedding freely to take up the liquid and for the comfort of the animals. I prefer straw for the fertility in it.—J. W. Sanders, in Farm and Home.

Treat Cows Like Horses.

Aim to keep the cows perfectly clean. Until you have tried it you don't know what an economical and paying policy it is. Clean, dry bedding for the milk cattle goes a long way, but it does not do all. Cows should be daily curried the same as horses, which not only removes all stable compost and dirt from their flanks and legs, but keeps the skin stimulated and conduces to the animal's health. And, as regards neatness and auxiliary to milk purity, the procedure goes without saying. Nothing looks so "penny wise and pound foolish" as to see a dairyman brush off the cow's udder preparatory to milking, while her flanks are covered with filth. Once get the cows' bodies clean, and it is a comparatively easy matter to keep them so. With a daily hange of bedding and a daily currying the feat is accomplished.—Geo. T. Newell.

Feeding Feed Away.

There are many ways of reducing the cost of milk, but the one that should receive the first consideration is the cow. Is she a good one? If she is not, then the problem of how to make cheaper milk is a hard one to solve. I believe that one first-class cow in a herd of scrubs would, if the owner were an observing man, soon be the means of lessening the cost of the milk in that dairy by replacing the scrubs with good cows. When an observing man notices the difference in yield between a good cow and a poor one it sets him to thinking, and he finds out that it does not pay to keep poor cows. When one good cow will yield as much as three poor ones it does not require much intelligence to see that the extra food taken to support three cows in stead of one is just that much feed thrown away.—V. M. Couth

The English Walnut.

Possibly few trees in the Old World are more profitable than the English walnut, which thrives in England and all over the northern part of the continent of Europe. The wood is especially useful for gun-stocks and is found profitable from trees of ten years of age and upward. There is always good demand for the nuts, so that there are two distinct lines of profit—by the timber and by the fruit. In our country they thrive in any portion of the Eastern States, although as they progress northwardly the tops of last year's shoots are destroyed by winter. The living portions push out again, however, and generally bear as abundantly as before.

In the vicinity of Philadelphia there are numerous trees, planted by the early German settlers, which bear every year. Single or isolated trees sometimes fall to bear fruit, on account of the pollen-bearing flower maturing and scattering pollen before the nut-bearing flower is in condition to receive it; and for this reason crops are more abundant when a number of trees are planted together. In this way some of the pollen-bearing catkins are conditioned so as to be in bloom before the time that the nut-bearing flowers make their appearance.

Every State in the Union, with the exception of ten, now has a state bank. List, New York and Connecticut having

Napoleon's Housekeeping-Book.

"The discredit that the tiara of Saitapharnes has brought on historical relics spoiled the sale of the account-book of Perron, 'maitre d'hotel' of Napoleon at St. Helena. This very suggestive and, I believe, authentic volume was put up to auction at 400 fr., and with difficulty worked up to 480 fr.," writes a Paris correspondent. "Napoleon went over it once a week, signed it, and made any observations that occurred to him on the margin. His hand, always illegible, became a fearful scrawl at Longwood. Montholon, his treasurer; however, re-wrote the observations in a legible hand, for Perron's direction. He often dined on kid or lamb or mutton in the early days of his captivity. He rejected fish on his doctor's advice. From the middle of 1820 he lived almost entirely on chicken and fruits, and occasionally had veal broth, with rice. The price of everything seems exorbitant. Perron's accounts began in January, 1810, and ended on May 2, 1821. He lived to an old age. After his death all his personal property was sold by his grandchildren. A M. Dublin, a well-known collector, who began by collecting letters of Queen Victoria to Louis Philippe, which an 1848 mob cast out of the windows of the Tuilleries, bought the Perron account-book. It enables those who have a little imagination to picture faithfully 'Napoleon at home, at St. Helena.'

"This account-book confirms me in an impression I have long had as to the jerkiness of Napoleon's mind. The more I learn of that mind the more wanting in balance it seems to me. It runs in a childish way from subject to subject, shows a childish impatience of contradiction, and of all that stands in the way of his desires. One sees this disposition in slave-owners and in persons who have, without long preparation, won great situations. Their caprices become their masters. Napoleon had for his agents in ministering to his behests the most brainy people in Europe, and in his time the least groovy and most spontaneous. The handwriting throughout his life may be taken as a sincere exponent of his defects of character and intellect. It looks like a drunkard's scrawl. Could his forebears have been deep drinkers of heady wines? Perhaps. But, whether or not, the handwriting is jerky, unconnected, utterly deficient in composure and mental dignity. I may even add that it betrays utter selfishness. The writer is entirely led by impulse and never studies the convenience of anyone else. Had he been considerate, he would have tried to write legibly, and his efforts would have been attended with some success."

He—Miss Workman, I'm going to propose to you—She—Really, Mr. Phoxy, I'm sorry, but—He—That we have some ice cream—She—O! I shall be delighted to—He—Some evening when the weather gets warmer.—Philadelphia "Press."

Proud Father—My baby girl has been learning to talk for six months now. Experienced Father—Well, it will take her longer than that to learn not to.

Watered Stock.

A woodsman, said the New York "Sun," was one day chopping a tree overhanging a stream, and, pausing in his work to flirt with a passing milkmaid, he dropped his axe into the river.

The woodsman sat down comfortably and proceeded to bemoan his fate. Mercury, hearing his lamentations, appeared before him, and upon being informed of the loss of the axe, he at once dived into the water and brought up a golden hatchet.

"Is that yours?" asked Mercury. "No," replied the man. Mercury thereupon plunged into the water for a second time and brought up a silver hatchet. Again the man denied that the axe was his.

For the third time Mercury disappeared under the water, and at last brought up the very axe that the man had lost, which the woodsman eagerly claimed as his.

The god, being pleased with the man's honesty, presented him with the gold and silver hatchets also.

The man told his friends about this and the Mercurial Gold and Silver Company was at once organized with a capital of a billion or so. They bought up all the rivers and ponds in the country and honest woodsmen were employed in double shifts to drop iron axes into the water and get gold and silver ones for their honesty. The stock paid very well.

That is the true derivation of the term "watered stock." As for the milkmaid (the cause of it all), the woodsman very properly married the girl.

"Did you give that woman two good eggs for her five cents?" asked the corner-grocer of the new boy. "I did, sir." "You're discharged. You should have sold her two bad eggs, so that she'd come back to kick, and give me a chance to sell her a porterhouse steak."—Baltimore "News."

A Question.

It is a question in the mind of the more thoughtful among us whether an eight-year-term for the President would eliminate the straw-vote fend, or merely make him twice as virulent.—Detroit Journal.

He'd Been There.

A.—You're very kind, old man, but why in the world are you wishing me good luck for the fifth time since I told you of my engagement?
B.—Because you'll need it.

LAST YEAR

We sold six of the American Separators. We have just ordered some more for customers who will have no other—

WHY?

Because I have been selling them four years, and not one has cost five cents for repairs yet.

Can this be said of any other?

JOS. HEARD.

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Feed it from the beginning.

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Herbageum prevents Scours and makes valuable food of whey.

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1. A postmaster is required to give notice by letter (returning the paper does not answer the law), when a subscriber does not take his paper out of the office and state the reasons for its not being taken. Any neglect to do so makes the postmaster responsible to the publisher for payment.
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5. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.