

AGRICULTURAL.

SWINE BREEDING AND FEEDING.

S. J. FELTON.

Swine breeding and feeding in the central and western portions of the United States have become a business of almost gigantic proportions. It is a common thing to meet with farmers who keep from 25 to 100 head on farms of 160 acres, where ten years ago only three or four were kept for family use.

The principal aim of the breeder should be to get healthy, vigorous pigs, that will come to maturity quickly, and furnish the most pounds from a given amount of food. The days of breeding sows to scab males are past; what we now want is careful selection of both male and female.

A little personal experience in breeding may not inappropriately be mentioned. In September, 1879, I purchased a pure-bred Berkshire boar, and crossed him on common stock; the results were very gratifying.

I prefer to have my pigs to come in March or even as early as January, and then keep them thriving till I am ready to sell. Pigs reared in this way should be kept in a warm stable or pen, with the sow, till two or three months old.

In many localities, where from 40 to 100 or more acres of corn are raised, the swine do their own feeding; they are turned into a portion of the field and allowed to husk for themselves. While this method is in favor with many, I still adhere to the good old way of saving the stalks for fodder, and feeding the corn by the basketful.

Keep your herd of swine respectable and clean; feed them clean and proper food and drink—breed well, feed well, and then sell well, and your efforts will be crowned with success and a good profit.

Cutting Corn for Fodder.

Corn will ripen and mature even if the stalk is cut while the grain is still in the milk so as to be practically as good for feeding purposes on the farm as that suffered to ripen in the ordinary way, although it might not be quite so acceptable in the markets.

BURN THE HASSOCKS.—At this season of the year time is well spent that is employed in cutting the hassocks on meadow land with a carpenter's adze. They can be thrown into the hog pen, although it takes some time to decompose, but the best way of getting rid of them is to pile them up, and when they get dry cart them to some gravelly knoll and burn them.

ashes are the very best fertilizer that can be applied, as they contain no weed seeds, and are, as it were, the essence of manure. It will not do to burn them in the meadow where they are cut, as the sulfur may take fire, and be burned down to the claypan.

HARRY ENGLISH'S CAREER.

A Once Noted Outlaw Again Arrested as He Stepped Out of the Penitentiary.

When Harry English stepped out of the penitentiary at Allegheny recently he was escorted by two tall men dressed in dark clothes, writes a correspondent from Bradford, Pa. They were detectives, and they wanted Harry English for forgery.

English has a remarkable story. Prior to 1880 he lived with his wife and three children on Washington street, in Bradford. He was for a time in the employ of Mayor Broder. In the spring of 1880 he removed his family to Caledonia, Elk county.

Detactives Morrill and Wilmoth, of Bradford, called at his home in the forest at Caledonia, but he was gone. After remaining in the vicinity several days, and finding no traces of their man, the detectives returned home. Postmaster Dixon kept them posted as to the whereabouts of English.

Although badly wounded in the leg, English left the house and made a dash for liberty. The posse and a number of armed citizens fired at the fleeing man, who was wounded in seven different places, but escaped to the woods. For three days he lay hidden under a bunch of willows within three miles of his house.

Afterward he went to Canada, and thence worked his way into the wilds of Michigan, where he engaged himself to a half breed Indian as a fisherman. Here he was discovered by one of his old Bradford friends, who, spurred on by the reward of \$2,200 offered by Elk and McKean counties for the outlaw's apprehension, gave his companion away.

He was brought to McKean county to answer to a charge of forgery preferred by O. D. Coleman, of Kane. The forged check, which was for \$112, was drawn on the First National bank of Olean, N. Y.

On London Bridge.

The sun fairly up, who shall describe the scene which immediately ensues upon a London bridge. The rattling and rumbling and thundering of teams, light and heavy, grows in volume and car-splitting din with every moment that passes.

NEWSPAPER FABLES.

While an Editor of an Afternoon Paper was Shearing four columns of Matter from a Newspaper Daily to be used in a "Special Column" in his own issue a Cockroach Climbed into the Paste-pot and Proceeded to Satisfy his Hunger.

MORAL: Two Steals don't make a Right, but you can't Blame the Cockroach for Feeling that his Conduct was Excusable under the circumstances.

THE INDIGNANT CITIZEN.

A Citizen who "had had his attention Called" to an Item in a Newspaper which seemed to Reflect on his Integrity of Character, made a Bee-Line for the office to Thrash the Editor.

MORAL: First Impulses are more apt to be Wrong than Right.

THE DISAPPOINTED REPORTER.

A Reporter who had Walked two miles on a Rumor of a Murder discovered the Supposed Victim alive and in the Best of Spirits, and in his great Disappointment he cried out:

"Alas! but I had hoped to find you with your Throat Cut, and I have had my tramp for Nothing!"

MORAL: Disappointment is sometimes the Forerunner of Luck.

THE PROOF-READER AND THE ORATOR.

An Orator who had Delivered a "little Offhand Address" at a Public Meeting carried the Manuscript down to his Favorite Newspaper to be published. Next morning when he came to read the Matter over he discovered that the sentence, "The Bulwarks of Liberty," had been changed to "The Bulrushes of Livonian."

MORAL: There's none in it. The Proof-Reader always manages to Wriggle Out, no matter how Small the Knot-Hole.

The French Hair Trade Affected by War with China.

The troubles in China are unfavorably affecting one of the most important minor industries of Marseilles, and may interfere with female heads all over Europe in a way their owners little expect.

An Honest Beggar.

A benevolent lady investigated the wants of some professional beggars the other day. "Where is the blind man?" she asked of a little girl she met at the door of the tenement house.

Prince Bismarck's Fish Preserves.

Prince Bismarck has been going in strongly for artificial pisciculture during the last three years at Friedriehsruhe, and every stream and lake on or near his estate is now well stocked with fish.

A Factious Father.

"Pa, can money talk?" "That's what betting men say, sometimes my son."

Man-Eating Tigers.

Forty People Killed by them in One Month in an Indian Province. Mr. H. G. Turner, acting agent to the governor of Vizagapatam, writes to the chief secretary to the Madras government, from Lathugedda, as follows:

"I have the honor to report that the neighborhood of this village, together with the adjoining villages belonging to Gangaraz Madgole, are infested with man-eating tigers to such an extent as to render some special measures being taken for their destruction a matter of urgent importance.

"The Rev. W. H. Murray, who five years ago was filling Music Hall, Boston, with his eloquence in the presence of vast audiences, is now the proprietor of the 'Snowshoe Cafe' in Montreal, last year he was in the lumber business in Texas.

Says the Baltimore American: "Mr. John W. Garrett was a citizen of Baltimore, one who loved his city, and who with wonderful success devoted all his best energies for the furtherance of her interests, dying while completing the self-imposed task. A movement inaugurated by prominent members of the commercial bodies for the erection by private subscription of a memorial would, we do not question, meet with ready response, and be crowned by deserved success.

A foreign correspondent writes that Thiers' handshake was brusque and dry, but not unpleasant; that Gambetta's contrasted with his apparent openness and heartiness, and did not express character; that Clemenceau's is nervous and rapid and with a friend very friendly; that Grevy scans your face in a good-humored way while holding your hand; and that Victor Hugo shakes hands after the manner of a grandiose statue into which, as into Galatea, the breath of life has been breathed.

Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt: "I am living a private life, and I am enjoying myself. My health is splendid and I enjoy the society of my family. I go for a walk in the morning and a ride in the afternoon, when circumstances will admit, and I find a quiet life all that I expected it to be. I think I have good reason to congratulate myself that I know when to retire. There are few who are satisfied to stop, and they keep on until the end stops them. I have retired from business, and if my name is mentioned in connection with railroad stocks, don't ask me. My sons Cornelius and William K. attend to all my affairs now."

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THE PANGS OF STARVATION.

Horrible Sufferings Caused by a Lack of Food and Water.

"When I look back to my own brief experience and that of my fellow fellows of the Greyl expedition, and the long and weary months they suffered in the Arctic regions, I think the mantle of charity and forgiveness should be thrown over their actions," says George W. Brower, an ex-officer of the navy, who had been attached to the ill-fated steamer Tallapoosa.

"On the following morning we began to feel the pangs of hunger and thirst, and finding an old barrel on the beach we broke it up and used the staves to dig for water, which we found so brackish that we could not drink it. Then we set up a pole on a cliff, with a shirt of one of the men fastened on it as a signal of distress. Our sufferings from thirst were indescribable. We passed the third night and day on the island without any change, excepting one incident. With a companion I started on a tour round the island, it being our practice to take turns to search for a passing vessel that we might signal, and going through a clump of woods saw a cormorant, a bird of carrion considered unfit to eat. I killed it with a club and we ravenously tore it in pieces and sucked its blood, which, in our condition, we found refreshing.

"In the afternoon one of the men who had been on his tour was observed running toward the camp, and we could just distinguish as he came nearer that he was crying a boat, a boat." These who were able started toward the end of the island where our distress signal was flying, and we distinguished a boat approaching us from the distance.

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