St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor. COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1891. VOL. XVI.—NO. 14.

THE LOST DIME.

A Conductor's Unenviable Position and a Happy Denouement.

I WAS sitting in the parlor of a New York friend, indulging in an after-dinner chat, when the subject of horse-car strikes was mentioned and my friend remarked: "I believe I understand both sides of the story pretty well, for I was conductor on the —— avenue line for nearly a year."

"You a conductor!" I said in surprise, "I never knew that before."

"I came to New York about four years ago with the promise of a situation in the office of the —— Avenue Horse Railroad Company, but as there was no vacancy at that time, and as nothing better offered, I accepted a place as conductor while waiting.

"You'd be surprised at all the ingenious devices to beat a conductor out of a fare, from the well-dressed gentlemen who have left their pocket-books in the other trousers' pockets, to the half drunken bummer who never has another pair of trousers to leave a nickel in, but who rides as far as he can, and when put off for non-payment of fare hails the next car and so keeps on until he reaches his destination. But the toughest of all is when a woman claims to have lost her purse, or something of the kind, and her helplessness appeals to a fellow's gallantry. I used to ring in a fare out of my own pocket at such times until I caught some of the schemers laughing at my softness, then I decided I wasn't so green as to get sold that way again. The company was very strict, it was all a fellow's place was worth to let any one ride without paying fare, no matter what the circumstances; our orders were to compel women, as well as men, to leave the car unless they paid. If we felt in the least lenient in enforcing this order we could never tell which passenger might be a 'spotter,' or how soon we might get called into the office and discharged. I'll never forget one case of the kind. It was a cold day in December and the president of the road was on the car; what he was there for I never knew, but he occasionally rode up and down, for inspection, I suppose. At Grand street two nicely-dressed ladies got on, who paid their fare out of well-filled purses.

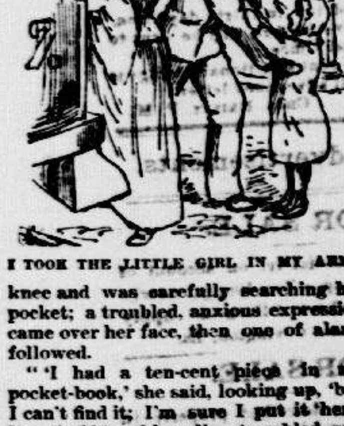
"I shouldn't have noticed these so particularly only for what followed. At the next crossing a woman was waiting. I saw that she was young, was dressed in black and had a very sad expression. She had a large bundle and a feeble-looking baby in her arms, while holding to her dress was a three-year-old toddler with round, rosy cheeks and bright blue eyes. I stepped off to help the woman on and took the little girl in my arms. I always had a soft spot in my heart for children of the genuine sort, not little old men and women. My friends used to chaff me on liking pretty little girls better than I did the big ones, and I think they were about right.

"'I yikes to wide!' the little puss said, looking up into my face all smiles and dimples, and showing her pretty white teeth between her rosy lips. 'It makes my tootsies told to walk,' holding up a plump little foot poorly protected from the cold pavement by a well-worn shoe.

"'Well, you shall get them all nice and warm,' I said, making room for her beside the stove. The mother dropped into a seat with a sigh of weariness, and placing her bundle on the floor shifted the baby to her lap to relieve her tired arms. I was called away to attend to other passengers, and returning held out my hand for the mother's fare. The little girl was holding out her poor little worn shoes toward the fire.

"'It's dood and warm here,' she said, with a face all smiles and dimples as I stopped beside her.

"'That's right, get all warmed through,' I said, patting her on the head, then turned to the mother again. She had shifted the baby to her left



I TOOK THE LITTLE GIRL IN MY ARMS.

knee and was carefully searching her pocket; a troubled, anxious expression came over her face, then one of alarm followed.

"'I had a ten-cent piece in my pocket-book,' she said, looking up, 'but I can't find it; I'm sure I put it here; I'm afraid,' and her lips trembled and her eyes began to fill with tears, 'I'm afraid I've lost it.'

"Her distress was so evidently genuine I could not believe she was playing off as so many had done before, and I said, pleasantly: 'Look again, madam, you will probably find it somewhere,' and I turned, catching the eyes of the president watching me sharply.

"The woman turned her pocket inside out, got up and shook her dress, then looked carefully over the floor, as did several who sat near her. I stopped the car to help on and off several passengers, then came back to the woman. She looked greatly troubled, and I could see only restrained tears by great effort.

"'I can not find it,' she said, looking up at me with trembling lips, 'I saved it out on purpose for this ride, and put it in my pocket-book just as I started, but it's gone, and I must have lost it.'

"What was I to do? The woman seemed honest enough, yet I have seen others equally so who proved to be impostors; then there were the sharp eyes of the president upon me, and if I faltered in my duty off would go my head, with no chance of the promotion I was hoping for.

"'The rules are to put off all who do not pay,' I managed to say with assumed firmness, while all the time I felt as if I would like to pitch the president off neck and heels instead of the woman. 'I'm sorry, madam, but the rules must be obeyed.' 'I know it, I know it,' she said, piteously, 'but if you would let me ride up I could pay you when I come back; I shall have money then,' pointing to her bundle of work to prove her statement; 'it's such a long way, and I'm so tired,' she pleaded, and there was the chubby, dimpled face of the little girl smiling up at me all the time.

"I felt as if I would like to kick myself as I turned away; if I only dared appeal to the president, but no! none of the men were supposed to know him,

I STOOPED TO PICK IT UP.

and I felt as if his cold eyes were piercing me through and through as if he delighted in the test I was passing through.

"'I'm sorry, madam,' I tried to say firmly, but the sad, pleading look almost broke me down, 'the rules must be obeyed,' and I reached up to pull the bell rope; but in an instant the younger of the two women, of whom I have before spoken, caught my arm.

"'No, no!' she cried, with flushed cheeks and indignant eyes, and before I knew what she intended, she emptied her purse into the woman's lap and passed quickly out of the car. A perfect shower of coin—several dollars at least, fell rattling down, a part falling on the floor. I stooped to pick it up, when the elder lady dropped several more pieces into the woman's lap and followed her companion. The poor woman looked up, dumb with amazement, then covering the money with one hand, dropped her face on the baby's head and sobbed so she shook from head to foot. The little girl, seeing her mother's distress, crept up close beside her, and with her little arms about her neck, and her cheek nestled against hers, tried to comfort her.

"'Don't kwy, mamma,' she pleaded. 'I'll be so dood, don't kwy.'

"At the next street the president got out, and as he passed the little girl he stopped and patted her rosy cheeks, with some pleasant word, and slipped something into her hand. A moment later, when I had occasion to pass through the car again, the little puss held out her chubby hand: 'See!' she cried, with her pretty face fairly radiant with delight, 'O see my bright, new penny!' I looked; it was a five dollar gold piece.

"The mother noticed it for the first time.

"'Where did you get it?' she asked, in astonishment.

"''E big man div it to me,' the little one answered.

"'O sir, do you know who it was?' the mother said, appealing to me. 'It must be a mistake.'

"'Not a bit of it,' I answered, almost as delighted as the child herself, 'it was the president of this road; he could give her a thousand such pieces and never feel it.'"

My friend's little Elsie had been sitting very quietly in his lap listening attentively to his story, and now as he paused said eagerly:

"And the little girl—did you ever see her again, papa?"

"Yes, Pussie, I think I've seen her several times since then," he said, with a merry twinkle in his eyes and a peculiar smile under his heavy moustache. "I think I see her now," catching up Elsie and giving her a hug and a kiss, "you're the little girl, yourself, Puss!"

"Me, papa!" she cried, bounding to her feet and catching her father by the shoulders, "and was the lady my mamma?"

"Just your mamma and no one else," was the reply, with a smile at the child's amazement. "She used to ride frequently on my car after that, and I always carried a pocket full of bonbons for you, Pussie; we soon got to be the best of friends, and of course mamma had to get acquainted a little with me on your account. Then I learned she had been a widow for a year and was trying to support herself and two children by doing plain sewing, which hardly gave her enough to keep soul and body together. At last the baby died and mamma had a long illness from the grief and over-work; just then I received my appointment to the office with twice my old salary, and I finally persuaded mamma to let me take care of both of you; though mamma says I courted you instead of her, and only married her so as to get you."

I caught the quick interchange of glances, the look of pride and affection which took in wife and baby, and the happy content in the face of the wife, and felt sure there was room in my friend's heart for all he treasured.

"Well, now, that's a nice little story," Elsie cried, delightedly, putting her plump hands on either cheek and drawing her father's face down until she could kiss it, "and you're the darlingest old papa in the whole world."—Jennie Porter Arnold, in N. Y. Post.

HOW TO MANAGE A HUSBAND

An Elderly Matron Gives Some Advice to a Young Wife.

"Why is it," asked the young wife, "that a man will never take his wife's advice?"

"He will," said the more experienced wife.

"Mine won't," replied the other. "I advised him yesterday to give up the house and take a smaller and less expensive one, in which, with the servants we are able to keep, we could be more comfortable, and he just looked at me over the top of his paper and said he guessed he knew what he could afford to do and what he couldn't. But I know he is running behind."

"Suppose," said the elderly matron, "you had drawn your chair up beside his and said, as sweetly as you could: 'George, can you spare me a moment?' What would he have done?"

"Why, he'd have laid aside his paper and said: 'Certainly, my dear; what is it?'"

"Exactly. Now, suppose you had told him that his judgment was always so true that you wanted to ask his advice about something. What would he have done?"

"I think he would have kissed me and asked me what worried me. He is always considerate when I'm troubled."

"Quite right. Next, suppose you had asked his advice about letting one of the servants go. What then?"

"W-e-l-l, I think he'd have asked if I could run the house with only one servant."

"Then suppose you had said: 'Well, the house is pretty large and it would be pretty hard, but if you advise it I'll try. When I picked out the house I did not think——'"

"But I didn't pick out the house."

"Of course not, but suppose you had made the error of judgment yours, nevertheless, and said that you hadn't realized how hard it would be to run it in proper style. Would he have suggested a smaller house?"

"He might have. Yes, I think he would. He's grumbled once about getting lost in it. He'd probably have asked if I could manage with one servant in a smaller house."

"And then suppose you had clapped your hands and exclaimed: 'Just the thing! How clever of you to think of it. Why, we can afford to keep both servants in a smaller house, too, and we can be as comfortable as with six here.' Then suppose you had kissed him and said that he always did know just what to do. What would have happened next?"

"Why, we'd be looking for another house now."

"On his advice or yours?"

"His, I suppose."

"Really?"

"Well, I don't know. He'd think so, anyway."

"Precisely, my darling, precisely. Your idea, his advice. Always let him put the advice in words. There's nothing like understanding man. Now run home, dear, and let him advise you what to do."—Chicago Tribune.

CRAZY CRIMINALS IN CHINA.

How Lunatics Who Commit Murder Are Punished.

In China acts of homicide or murder committed by lunatics are rare. In that country the iron hand of Justice works inexorably, and the plea of insanity is not admitted as a mitigation of punishment. In the last Imperial Gazette a laborer was sentenced to death in the usual manner appointed for the crime of parricide, while the relatives, who had neglected to inform the district authorities that the man was insane, were each sentenced to receive one hundred blows with a stick.

According to Western ideas, this punishment of a lunatic is cruel, but there can be little doubt that the severity adds largely to the protection of the public, as is evidenced by the rarity of crime by lunatics in China.

There are few lunatics so mad as to be altogether deficient of self-control, and the knowledge possessed by all Chinese that, whether mad or sane, they will be punished for any crime they may commit, acts upon all alike as a deterrent. In England, says the Standard, we have gone to the other extreme, and the slightest evidence showing that a man or woman's mind is unhinged upon certain points is considered sufficient to shield them from the consequences of any crime they may commit, even when that crime is perpetrated with an amount of cunning and forethought sufficient to show, beyond doubt that the person committing it was perfectly aware of wrong-doing, and was sane enough to adopt every precaution against discovery.—N. Y. Journal.

An Indian's Joke.

Two young women were alone one day, when a young Indian brave whom they knew came to see the man of the house. The man was away and the Indian sat down to wait for him. During this interval the girls, being of a lively turn, began asking him questions about his former mode of life. Among other things they asked him to give a war-whoop and show them how he scalped people, but he gave no answer. Some time after, when they were talking of other subjects and had forgotten all about him, he sprang up suddenly, gave a war-whoop that made the housetop ring, then snatching a big knife that lay on the table with one hand, he took the top-knot of one of the girls in the other, and ran the back of the knife around her scalp. They were each scalped in this manner and were nearly frightened out of their wits, but he sat down and began to laugh and told them he had only done what they had asked him to do. They soon recovered from the shock and laughed heartily at the Indian's joke.—Springfield Republican.

—Waiter—Beg pardon, sir, if you can't give me your name and address, how am I to send you home? Guest (considerably under the weather)—Do you know, I've forgotten everything? But say, I tell you, waiter, just read the directory through to me and when you come to my name I'll tell you.—Fliegende Blaetter.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—A soothing application for burns is to cover them with the white of an egg. It forms a coating over the injured part and protects it from the external air.

—Tin pans and buckets would not rust and wear out so soon if they were thoroughly dried after washing. Set them on the back of the range for a few moments before putting them away.

—Potatoe Patties: Beat one egg fine, and thoroughly mix, with cold mashed potatoes; with the hand, shape them in small thin cakes and fry brown in butter or lard. If eggs are scarce they are very nice without.

—Instead of using tea and coffee, I make coffee of burnt crusts and serve it with cream. Sometimes I add a tablespoonful of ground coffee. It is very good and the children can drink it without harm.—Cor. Housekeeper.

—Coffee Cake: One-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of coffee, one teaspoonful of all kinds of spices, one cup of chopped raisins, one-half teaspoonful of soda. Flour to thicken.—Boston Budget.

—Broiled Partridge: Cut open down the back, season with salt and pepper, lay on a well-greased broiling-iron and broil, turn until done on both sides. Put on a hot dish and pour melted butter over.—Ladies' Home Companion.

—Custard Blanc-mange: Make a custard with one quart of milk, four eggs, one teacup sugar. Stir into it, while boiling, half a box of gelatine after it has soaked ten minutes. Season with vanilla and pour in molds. Eat with whipped cream.—Detroit Free Press.

—When making light bread, if you will set your pans of bread in a tub of boiling water with something under them to lift them a little above the water, then cover the tub with a quilt to prevent the steam from escaping, your bread will rise quickly and be very nice.

—In using gold or any of the bronzes never mix the medium with the powder if you wish to obtain the best effect. In painting dip your brush first into the liquid then into the powder kept in separate saucers, and the "dull, tarnished look," of which you complain, will not annoy you."—N. Y. World.

—To Fry Beef Kidney: Take a beef kidney; cut it into thin slices and let them soak in warm water two hours, changing the water twice; drain them well from the water; season with pepper and salt and dredge with flour; fry in hot fat until nicely browned; arrange the slices in a circle on a platter; make about half a pint of gravy in the spider; add one tablespoonful of piquante sauce and one small lump of sugar; pour this gravy into the center of the dish; serve with fried sweet potatoes and stewed tomatoes.

—Jerusalem Artichokes a la Chetput: Boil two pounds of Jerusalem artichokes in milk until tender, mash them through a hair seive; add half a pint of cream, beating it in well; beat up three eggs, put salt and pepper enough to season the whole, add the eggs to the rest, stirring all well. Put the mixture into a buttered mold, and steam for an hour, tying a buttered paper over the mold. Turn it out, pour heated-tomato puree round, and send to table, with fried toast on another dish to be served with it. If preferred, the mold may be iced, and served with rich mayonnaise sauce.

—Chicken Consomme: Cut up a chicken, reserve one-half of the breast. Add two quarts cold water, heat slowly and simmer four hours, strain. When cold remove the fat. Add the white and shell of one egg, the breast chopped fine, one sliced onion, one salt spoonful celery salt, one-half teaspoonful salt and one salt spoonful pepper. Heat slowly to the boiling point, simmer twenty minutes. Strain through a napkin; add one cup peas and serve. Boil the stock down to one quart. The secret of clearing this stock well is to have it very cold when the white and shell of the egg are added. Then put on the stove and let it warm slowly, stirring all the time. The shreds of egg in cooking will catch all the impurities in the stock.—Boston Globe.

SERVICEABLE DRESSES.

Good Material, Preferable to Profuse Trimming.

When selecting a dress for real service, it is best to avoid any special novelty. Some novelties are pretty, but in spite of this they are novelties, and will not retain lasting favor. Tall women should avoid stripes, for they only increase the apparent height of the wearer, while short women should taboo plaids, because such weaves accentuate their shortness, and seem to increase their width. Unless one can afford to replace old with new, whenever one tires of a gown, large plaids are not desirable, for one soon tires of them. Indeed, it hardly seems as though the woman of good taste choose them at all. If plaids are used, it is generally in combination with plain goods of a harmonizing color. A dress of good material, neatly and plainly made, is in far better taste than one of poorer material and ample trimming. The fit of a bodice, the hang of a skirt, give an air to the plainest costume. It is far better to spend what little extra cash you have in having a dress fitted by a good modiste, than to use it for tawdry trimmings, or even good ones, that can never make up for or cover the defects of a poorly-fitted and hung gown.—The Housekeeper.

Fur as Embroidery.

Fine ladies' cloth in the most beautiful evening colors is a Parisian craze of the hour that has not reached this country, though a few such dresses have been ordered. Such cloths are made up in Muscovite fashion, elaborately embroidered in metals, trimmed with fur and combined with light satins or sheer muslins or even laces. Thus a deep rose-colored cloth embroidered in silver is made with a bodice of black net finished low in the neck and finished with very full demi-sleeves of lace. A band of black fur trims the dress around the edge and surrounds the train.—Chicago Times.

OUTWITTING THE FACULTY.

Various Devices of Students to Pass Examination Without Study.

At a recent meeting of a number of college men in Hartford, conversation happened to drift to the trials and struggles of examination days. It was led that way by the story-teller, who said that, having been at one examination where each student drew a separate slip of questions, he met a classmate who had to go in with the next division. "The thing is not likely to be a chance," he said to his friend, "but in case you should draw the paper I had I'll tell you what each question was." So he did. The fellow looked them up, went in, and drew that very paper, and came out triumphant.

But that proved a very mild case when the others came up. It seems that in one examination at Yale some years ago in Latin one fellow, who was very shaky, put his own interlined text-book into his overcoat pocket and entered the room. He was called to the desk and the tutor gave him a text-book, of course not interlined. He shoved it into his other pocket, walked slowly back to his seat, drew out his own book from his pocket, and was all prepared. After reciting, before the tutor could call for the book, he absent-mindedly thrust it back into his pocket and turned away. Being asked for the book he apologized, hauled out the other one, and retired.

Once in alumni hall at Yale a shaky student who couldn't bear to part with his class discovered in advance a knot-hole in the floor. He secured the desk by that hole. Pretty soon he had the misfortune to drop his pencil. Bending over he shoved his examination paper down through this knot-hole. Fellows in waiting in the cellar ran off with it, filled out papers for him, not too well, but well enough to save him, for a perfectly-correct examination was not consistent with his record, and on returning signaled to him. This time he had the misfortune to knock a lot of paper off his table and litter the floor. He got down and concientiously picked every thing up, including the relief papers that came up through the knot-hole.

At another time, where papers were drawn, one fellow drew two by sleight-of-hand process, passed on one, surrendered it, and went out. Then he gave the extra one to a lame friend, who at once "crammed" that paper. Then he went in, drew his paper, and calmly substituted the one he knew, passing well on it, and carrying away, for what might be termed outdoor relief, the paper that he drew. This was kept going all day.

Another fellow, illustrating alike the sharpness of the boy and the laziness of the professor, having practically no knowledge of one heavy subject that had been a study for the term, went to the records and learned by heart the answers to each of the twelve questions asked in each of the previous years, discovering the while that instead of being thirty-six questions, there was a good deal of repetition. Knowing these questions thoroughly, and not a word outside of them, he went in, and sure enough, the professor had drawn sufficiently on his earlier papers to enable this fellow to answer more than enough to pass him. As for the rest, his paper was a blank.—Hartford Courant.

A SUCCESSFUL SCHEME.

The Theater Hat Again—A Put-Up Job on the Ladies.

The theater was crowded. The curtain had just risen. Jewels flashed, gay plumes on wondrous headdresses fluttered in the heated air, costly fans waved slowly to and fro, and the fashionable audience turned its eyes and opera-glasses toward the stage and settled into the hush of expectation that preceeds the opening of the play when the experienced stage-manager has waited considerably for all the late-comers to be seated before the bell taps for the curtain to rise.

In a conspicuous location about half-way between the orchestra and the front seats of the parquet circle were three ladies who had come in unattended about five minutes before. They were noticeable for the wide, flaring, umbrageous hats they wore. Directly behind them sat a nervous-looking despairing man who was making wild but fruitless efforts to see the stage. The wide hats with their wealth of tropical bird foliage hid every thing he wanted to see from his view. In vain he wriggled and squirmed and craned his neck from side to side. The hats were too large, too close together, and too richly upholstered. Apparently unconscious that he was attracting the attention of every body in the neighborhood and bringing the ladies in front of him into unpleasant prominence, he persevered till sounds of ill-suppressed laughter were heard on all sides of him. Then he settled himself back in his chair with a world-weary sigh, but the next moment took advantage of the lull in the performance on the stage to lean forward and address one of the ladies—the one who sat in the middle.

"Madam," he said in a loud whisper, "I beg pardon, but it is utterly impossible for me to see through your hat, and the Lord made me too small to see over it. If you will kindly remove it you will make a wretched man happy for a whole evening."

The forty or fifty persons who were looking on saw the lady remove her hat at once, turn around, and smilingly beg his pardon. They saw the other two ladies take off their hats also, and the example became instantly contagious. Ten or a dozen other enormous hats came off within the next half minute, much to the relief of the sufferers directly behind them. Then the star of the evening stepped on the stage, and the attention of the audience was attracted to the performance again.

The details of this pleasing little incident are given in full for the purpose of explaining to those who witnessed it that the whole affair was a put-up job. The lady whom that man addressed was his wife, and the other two were his sisters.—Chicago Tribune.

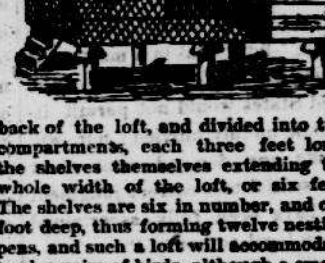
AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

GOOD PIGEON LOFT.

The Plan for Its Construction Presented in Detail.

A comfortable and inexpensive pigeon loft can be constructed on the following plan: Procure six locust or cedar blocks, two feet high, and having inverted tin pans upon them to exclude rats, place them in two rows, three on a side, making the rows sixteen feet long and six feet apart, and upon this foundation place the building. The sills are 3x4-inch scantling; the side sills sixteen feet long; the end sills six feet long. Place one end of the frame towards the north, and erect upon the sills fourteen studs of 2x3-inch scantling. Five of these studs stand upon each of the side sills, one in the center of the north end sill, and two on the south end sill for door posts. On these studs, fasten 2x4-inch plates, and with 2x3-inch rafters, five feet long, to allow twelve-inch projection of roof, we have the frame complete. The roof can be made of boards cut five feet long, and nailed perpendicularly, or it can be covered horizontally by planks sixteen feet long.

The floor is laid the entire length of the loft, and the south end and the sides are inclosed with galvanized wire netting, except next to the north end, which is boarded up solidly from the floor to the ridge of the roof. Next to this end the sides are also boarded up six feet on the east and west sides to shelter the nesting places. These are built by shelves fastened to the



back of the loft, and divided into two compartments, each three feet long; the shelves themselves extending the whole width of the loft, or six feet. The shelves are six in number, and one foot deep, thus forming twelve nesting pens, and such a loft will accommodate twelve pairs of birds, although a smaller number would be preferable. In the accompanying cut, one side of the boarding is partly left off to show more plainly the appearance of the shelves in the sheltered recess of the loft. The front of the pens are not nailed, but secured by buttons to admit of their removal for the purpose of cleaning.

In the foregoing plan for the construction of loft, with necessary dimensions given, we need only add that in the southern gable a hinged shelf, 26x12 inches, may form an exit for the birds, if full liberty is desired, and we will proceed to the consideration of the loft furniture. This shelf is hinged at the bottom, and is closed by a rope running over a pulley at the top of the aperture, which is just the size of the shelf. Thus, when the rope is drawn, the shelf closes upward, and when the rope is relaxed, the shelf opens downward, and resting upon its supports, forms an alighting board for the birds.

For feed a hopper may be used, but it is preferable to feed by scattering the grain upon the floor of the cage twice daily, and never more than the pigeons will eat entirely at a meal. An earthenware dish covered with a wooden board nailed to an inch strip, which rests upon the edges of the bowl, forms a convenient drinking vessel. The birds can insert their heads under the edge of the board and drink without fouling the water. The bottom of the cage, or the aviary part of the loft, should be strewed with sand and fine gravel, and it will be very conducive to the health of the birds to supply them in one corner of the aviary with a box of salt cat. This compound may be manufactured by mixing clay and old mortar together and wetting the mixture with brine until it is about the consistency of mortar prepared for plastering. It can then be put into a box perforated with holes large enough for the insertion of a bird's beak, and here it will soon become hard and dry.—P. S. Hunter, in Poultry Monthly.

DAIRY SUGGESTIONS.

[National Stockman.]

TRY to have the cows calve in succession; if you have a large herd then have two or three or more calve about the same date.

DON'T let the milk freeze until after the cream is skimmed off. And be sure to keep the cream from freezing. It injures butter if it gets frozen. Good butter will "stand up" in a higher temperature than poor butter.

ON cold, sunny days the cows like to be out in the yard eating "roughness," second quality corn-fodder, weedy hay, wheat or oat straw. It doesn't count much as feed, but it helps and the cows will eat their night's ration just as usual.

IN a cold stable much more feed is required than in a warm one. It is cheaper to warm the cows with a tight stable than with extra feed. And a comfortable stable will be comfortable for the milker. He will take more pains to get all the milk, and will not be cross to the cows.

CHANGE the feed often—if you can give better feed each time. But if the feed is good, no change is needed. Don't forget the salt, and let the cows judge as to the quantity they want. That is, give them access to salt every day instead of putting a fixed amount in their feed.

IF you have no wooden paddles to handle the butter with make some, and don't touch the butter with your hands again. It makes no difference even though you are a woman. Women make better butter than men because they can see or smell any thing that is wrong quicker. And they will take more pains to right it. Men say, they "guess that will do;" women say: "That won't do." But a woman always insists that her hands are clean.

PASTURE FOR HOGS.

Almost a Necessity to an Economical Growth of Pork.

A good pasture is almost a necessity to an economical growth of the hogs during the spring and summer. In some cases it may pay to cut off grass, clover, oats or some other given feed and give it in feeding lots, but in a majority of cases the better plan is to provide a good pasture, well supplied with grass or clover, with good water and a comfortable shelter. These being supplied very little grain will be needed to keep the hogs growing steadily all through the growing season.

Clover, all things considered, makes the very best pasture for hogs. Blue grass is good, but they will make a better growth on clover than on any thing else. Rye and oats are also good. Where they will thrive oats and field-pease make splendid green feed for growing hogs. Almost any kind of grass or green feed is better than attempting to feed on dry feed alone. It is best to arrange for this in advance. In some cases, where sufficiently well established, the orchard can be seeded down to clover and be converted into a good pasture with benefit both to the trees and to the hogs. If the seed is obtained in good season and sown early a considerable amount of feed can be made reasonably early. When intended for a hog pasture plenty of seed should be used, and in many cases it will pay to sow one bushel of oats with the clover, letting all get a good start before turning in the hogs. If a good profit is realized it is very essential to maintain a steady growth during the summer. With spring pigs a good growth can be maintained with the addition of very little grain if they are given the run of a good clover pasture.

With pigs that have been wintered over in good condition it is much easier to fatten if they can be given a good pasture than if they must depend upon dry feed alone. Good clover reduces the cost of fattening pigs that have been wintered over ready for late spring or early summer market or of maintaining a steady growth with early spring pigs. With all classes of stock grass is a cheaper feed during growth than grain or in fact any kind of dry feed; and good care should be taken to supply it for the hogs, as well as for other kinds of stock.—St. Louis Republic.

SKUNKS EAT GRUBS.

A Fact That Many Otherwise Sensible Men Seem to Forget.

Recently wandering in the famous Forest Hill Cemetery near Boston, I essayed to view the "grotto," a mass of artificial rock work constructed in the side of a conglomerate ledge and suitably planted with ferns and underbrush. I was prevented from critical examination by an overpowering odor of skunk. An employe explained that some of the water pools in the grotto leak, and, becoming dry, form traps into which skunks fall and can not get out, and when thus imprisoned they are killed, sometimes two or three a week. "Why do you kill them?" "Because they root and dig little holes in the grass"—and he showed me a slope full of the places where the sharp noses had prodded for grubs. The grass was dead for several square yards and could easily have been rolled up like a blanket, the roots having all been severed by white grubs, and it was these enemies of the lawn that the skunks were after. I was surprised that in intelligent Boston such ignorance of the value of the skunk should prevail, and advised the man to destroy his skunk-traps and thus get rid of the grubs as well as the job of killing the skunks, with the attending drawback of unwelcome perfumery.—L. B. Pierce, in N. Y. Tribune.

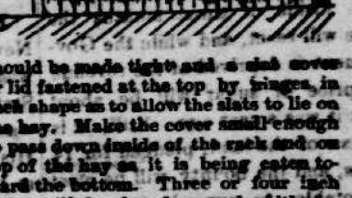
PAPER HORSESHOE.

It Is to Take the Place of the Iron Shoe in Germany.

It is stated that the German Government is to substitute for the iron horseshoe a compressed paper shoe, for which it is claimed that, in addition to elasticity, it has the valuable property of being insensible to the action of water and stable liquids. The following are some details of the new system of shoeing: The new shoe consists of leaves of parchmented paper, rendered impermeable by means of oil of turpentine, strongly stuck together by a special mixture (mixture of Venice turpentine, whiting, lacquer and litharged linseed oil). These leaves of paper are then shaped by means of a stamp. The shoe is afterwards subjected to strong hydraulic pressure, and, when dry, is finished with the file. Use is also made of a paper paste, mixed with sand, turpentine, lacquer, linseed oil and litharge, which is pressed into molds, so as to obtain, after drying, a perfectly homogeneous and impermeable mass. But experience has proved that the horseshoe thus prepared is less tenacious and less elastic than that made with superimposed leaves of paper. Both, however, may be put on either with nails or by means of a paste made of mineral tar or India rubber.—Rural New Yorker.

Economical Hay Rack.

B. M. Goodwin sends to the Orange Judd Farmer the following plan for constructing a rack for feeding loose hay without waste: The ends and sides



should be made tight and a slat cover or lid fastened at the top by hinges, in such shape as to allow the slats to lie on the hay. Make the cover small enough to pass down inside of the rack and on top of the hay as it is being eaten toward the bottom. Three or four inch strips will be found a good width for the slats and they may be made any distance apart, depending on the quality of hay, age and kind of stock.