

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

A LITTLE GIRL'S VALENTINE.

If Not Quite True, It Ought to Be.
Valentine's Day is on its way;
I'll be here to see you,
For I heard sister Sue say so
To tell this afternoon.
But I'm afraid nobody'll think
To send me even one.
Cause I was only seven years old
When the new year began;
And so I'll write one to myself
(I couldn't bear to be
Without a single valentine),
And play 'twas sent to me.

"Dear Gracie"—that's how I'll begin—
You are a lovely child;
You never drive your mother or
Your grandma nearly wild;
You never tease the baby, nor
Refuse with him to play;
You study hard, and know by heart
Your lessons every day;
You keep your dress and apron neat,
Your hair is always curled,
And you are just as nice a girl
As any in the world."

There! that sounds very pretty, and
I think that it will do.
But 'pears to me it isn't quite
Exactly truly true.
But then it ought to be, and that's
Almost, I think, the same.
And so down in the corner here
I'll sign a make-b'lieve name.
—Margaret Elyings, in Harper's Young People.

A YOUNG HERO.

History of the Work of Hiram Dudley Buck in the Saving of Human Lives.

In the long and honorable roll of those who have saved the lives of others at the imminent risk of their own, it is doubtful if you will find another record to match that of young Hiram Dudley Buck. There are men whose occupations give them peculiar opportunities for imperiling their own lives for those of their fellow men; and there are women too—for who can forget the noble work of the English Grace Darling and her American counterpart, Ida Lewis?—whose names have been added to the roll of honor while they have been yet young; but seldom, if ever, has it been given to a lad to save four persons from death by drowning, before completing his sixteenth year, as has been the case with the subject of this sketch.

Hiram Dudley Buck was born at Crown Point, Essex County, New York, in 1853. It was when he was only ten years old that he was called upon to perform the first of the brave deeds which are to be recorded here. His sister Effie, a girl a few years older than himself, was bathing in Putnam's creek, near their home in Essex County, in company with some friends. In order to keep afloat in deep water she had fastened a rubber life-preserver under her arms, and this treacherous aid slipped from its place, and becoming entangled with her feet, threw her head under water. Dudley, the ten-year-old boy, was attracted from a distance by the frantic cries of his sister's playmates, and running up, he plunged into the deep water, and despite the drowning girl's greater size and weight, succeeded in bringing her ashore.

The following summer Dudley and a number of young friends were fishing off a high dam at Crown Point Centre. A careless action on the part of one of the boys threw Freddie B— into the seething waters below the dam; and though there were perhaps a dozen boys present, only one of them had the courage to leap in to Freddie's assistance. As soon as he realized his friend's peril—for he knew that the boy could not swim—Dudley unhesitatingly sprang into the water, caught the struggling boy as he rose to the surface, and at length brought him ashore, though not until his strength was almost exhausted.

In August, 1831, a party of young people were bathing in Schron Lake, among whom were Sam and Kate R—and Dudley Buck. Sam could swim a little, but his sister was more daring than prudent, and declaring that she could go where her brother went, she followed him into deeper water. In a few moments she was in distress, and clutching Sam, who had turned to assist her, she dragged him down with her. Dudley was resting on the bank, but as soon as he saw the peril his friends were in he dived after them, and found them actually at the bottom of the lake. With great difficulty he disengaged the girl's arms from her brother's neck, and brought the two to the surface. Kate's instinct of self-preservation, which but for Dudley had drowned both her brother and herself, now endangered the life of their gallant rescuer, and it was only with extreme difficulty that Dudley could control her sufficiently to bring himself and her safely into shallow water.

Such acts of gallantry as have been here recited, all performed by a lad under sixteen years of age, are worthy of whatever public recognition it is in the power of a grateful government to bestow. It is pleasant, therefore, to be able to record the fact that the Congress of the United States of America has awarded to young Dudley Buck its silver life-saving medal. The silver medal which Dudley thus received is the highest honor that the Government can bestow, the gold medal provided for under the acts of Congress being awarded only for saving life in salt-water. The medal awarded is of sterling silver, and about twice the size of a silver dollar. Hiram Dudley Buck wears another medal which he must value highly. It is a five-pointed star surrounded by a wreath, all in solid gold, and bears this inscription: "Life-saving medal presented to Hiram Dudley Buck for heroism in rescuing from drowning Effie—Fred—Sam—Kate."

It was presented to him by the four friends who owe their lives to his "courage, heroism, and humanity." The other medals on his breast are for supremacy in athletic sports, one of

them, quite naturally, for swimming—Harper's Young People.

Two Little Girls.

It was a blowing, blustering St. Valentine's Day, fifty years ago. Mrs. Bly was making ginger-bread—"muster ginger-bread," she called it, and Nellie was watching her. She was a wee chubby girl in a linsay-woolsey gown that was long enough to reach the tops of her laced-up leather shoes, and a dark tier that was almost as long as her gown. I am afraid if you had seen her you would have said she looked just like a little old woman. She wore a cap, too—I forgot to mention that—a tiny linen cap, trimmed with lace.

She looked on and wondered a long time before she spoke, thinking over and over what she should say.

"If you please, mother," said she, at last, "I would like to know what makes you call it muster ginger-bread. Is there mustard in it?" Her mother laughed. "Oh no, my child, there's no mustard in it," she said, kindly. "And I don't know why it's called muster ginger-bread, unless because it is the kind that is most always sold on the muster-ground."

Well, it smells very nice, I think," said Nellie. Pretty soon, her mother rolled her dough again, and taking a knife, cut out a heart-shaped piece, which she put in to bake with the rest. And when it was done to a nice brown, she gave it to Nellie.

"There's a valentine heart for you," she said.

"Oh, thank you, ma'am!" cried Nellie, eagerly.

She was so happy! She couldn't have been better pleased with a real golden heart, such as I saw on a valentine today, with a pretty verse beneath it, and roses and lilies all around.

Only a little while ago I heard this same Nellie telling this story to a little maid in a white pinafore, whose cashmere frock doesn't reach anywhere near the tops of her dainty kid boots, and who had been crying for as much as ten minutes because she only had five lovely valentines, all silver and gold, and cobwebby lace and flowers.

"When I 'spected six!" she wailed, with a finger in each eye.

Then grandmamma, that was Nellie Bly, told her this story.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Queer Little House.

An ant's house is a very queer little dwelling. It is made of earth, with a great many chambers and galleries, and all done by these busy little creatures. If a bit of one of these houses gets broken such a scene as there is! Some rush hither and thither; some seize the eggs and hurry with them to a place of safety; others go to work at once and repair the broken part. While all this is going on, the ants as they meet—for you know they are very wise insects, if they are so small—touch each other with their feelers, just as if they were telling all they felt about the matter; and no doubt they are!

Ants have a very keen sense of smell. This sense seems to lie in these antennae, or feelers. Their hearing is not so good, for the loudest noises can be made very near them and they do not seem to hear them. Their sight, too, is not very good, if they have got three queer little eyes on the top of their heads, and a larger one on either side, making five eyes in all! One would think they could see better than we with so many, but they don't.—*Mrs. G. Hall, in Our Little Ones.*

SHARP HORSE-TRADING.

An Amusing Story Which Has the Simon-Pure Irish Flavor.

The following story was told to a clerical friend by a countryman named Dinny Cooley: "Good-morrow, Dinny; where did you get the horse?" "Well, I'll tell your reverence. Some time ago I went to the fair of Ross, not with this horse, but another horse. Well, sorra a wan said to me: 'Dinny, do you come from the Aist or do you come from the West?' and when I left the fair there wasn't a wan to say: 'Dinny, are you going to the Aist or are you going to the West?' Well, your reverence, I rode home, and was near Killnagross, when I met a man riding along the road forinst me. 'Good evening, friend,' said he. 'Good evening, friend,' said I. 'Were you at the fair of Ross?' says he. 'I was,' sez I. 'Did you sell?' says he. 'No,' sez I. 'Would you sell?' sez he. 'Would you buy?' says I. 'Would you make a clane swop?' sez he; 'horse bridle and saddle, and all?' sez he. 'Done!' says I. Well, your reverence, I got down off my horse, not this horse, but the other horse, and the man got down off his horse, that's this horse, not the other horse, and he swapped and rode away. But when I had gone about twenty yards he turned round and called after me. 'There niver was a man from Ross,' sez he. 'but could put his finger in the eye of a man from Killnagross,' sez he; 'and that horse,' sez he, 'that I swapped with you,' sez he, 'is blind of an eye, and about the size of a silver dollar. Hiram Dudley Buck wears another medal which he must value highly. It is a five-pointed star surrounded by a wreath, all in solid gold, and bears this inscription: "Life-saving medal presented to Hiram Dudley Buck for heroism in rescuing from drowning Effie—Fred—Sam—Kate."

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DIAMOND MINING.

The Process by which the Sparkling Gems Are Obtained in South Africa.

In an interview with a reporter, J. G. Doolittle, of Colorado Springs, who has spent many years in the diamond fields of Africa, said: "The process of mining for diamonds is much different to the ideas the people of America have of mining. It is not carried on as similar work would probably be done in this country. They don't sink shafts and honey-comb the bowels of the earth into long tunnels and little chambers. Diamond claims are most generally about three hundred yards square, and every inch of the dirt in that space is dug up, carefully looked through and then carted away. The richest stones are found in a bed of clay about two hundred feet below the surface, but the earth from the top down to the clay is studded more or less with clusters, consequently that is the reason miners excavate their entire claim instead of sinking shafts. The industry is very expensive, therefore the men who do the digging make very little money out of it as compared to the diamond merchants and traders. They are the men who make the fortunes. In answer to a question he admitted that natives were hired to do the work, but as a general rule they are so indolent and unreliable that operations proceed very slowly. "Does it get hot in the mines? Well, I should say. It would roast the life out of a white man." When the fields near Kimberley, in Griqualand West, were first discovered, an attempt was made to work them with white men, but it soon proved disastrous, and the operators were compelled to employ native negroes, Zulus and Basutos. They stood the heat all right, but became such consummate thieves that the claim owners lost considerable money through them for a long time, at first. They would conceal the stones about their person and at night carry them out. Finally a law was adopted and put into force compelling the diggers to work without clothing of any kind on them. This for a time proved to be of little benefit, and the bosses were puzzled to find some scheme that they could use that would prevent the robberies. It was discovered, after depriving the diggers of their clothing, that they could conceal stones between their toes, keep them there all day and get away with them at night. Now every man's feet are carefully examined when he leaves the mines of an evening, and no more robberies are perpetrated."

When asked how miners judged the value of a diamond in the rough, Mr. Doolittle replied that every firm kept a supply of alum on hand, and all specimens are compared with lumps of that material, and the closer a stone resembles the color of alum the more valuable it is considered. The stones, however, always have a peculiar shape. They are either eight or ten-sided, run to a point, and one side of the point is invariably flat. Nowadays the product of these particular mines is sold at Kimberley, a town that has sprung up near there, where many London merchants have located. A few diamond cutters have also opened shops there and do a good business. The market there is generally active, and miners receive their own price; but that is regulated by the customary opinion of those who claim to be judges. But the diamond cutter is the only man who can judge the real value of a stone. The miners go to the dealers with their products divided into two classes, and then they sell at 60 to 125 and as high as 150 shillings a stone. The dealer who buys divides his purchases into four classes, and generally puts the price up on the very best stones, so that he realizes about double what he paid. By the time a stone goes through the cutter's hands, it is mounted and placed on the market, it has reached a figure six or eight times larger than the miner realized. Mr. Doolittle said that he was in Kimberley when the great Rhode stone was found, and a dealer there offered Mr. Rhodes £125,000 for a half interest in it, but he refused to accept the offer. The stone would not bring that amount now, but its owner has made a great deal of money off of it exhibiting it through Europe. The stone is said to be about the size of a hen's egg. Very often specimens that have every appearance of being diamonds of the first water prove to be entirely worthless and crumble to pieces in a very short time after being exposed to the air.—*Omaha Republican.*

WELL-FED BIRDS.

The Easy Familiarity of the Pigeons of St. Mark's, Venice.

Within twenty paces of St. Mark's on the piazza stands the famous Campanella, a venerable time-worn tower more than ten centuries old, still raising its head cloudwards as proudly and defiantly as in those checkered days long since gone by when it floated its lights on the shores of the Adriatic, and announced to the incoming seamen and travelers in the offing that they were in sighting distance of the capital of the glorious republic of Venice. Equally old and equally venerable are the figures of the two majestic lions crouching near one of the lateral wings of St. Mark's—their fangs drawn and their faces disfigured by the wear and tear of ages—singularly interesting-looking pieces of sculpture, which are in themselves so many links that bind the Venetian decay of the present with the Venetian splendor and gorgeousness of the past. While I was giving full rein to my fancy on the wonderful things that could have been seen by these leonine eyes, if they had only been living ones, I received a tap on the shoulder, and, turning around, saw a tall, athletic Hibernian friend of mine

wielding a six-ou loaf of bread in one hand and gesticulating in a rather eccentric style. To say the least of it, I thought his conduct slightly irreverent—romping about as he was in such close proximity to the cathedral. Mr. E. the Hibernian in question, was, however, playing his part in a little comedy meant to surprise me. After attracting the notice of the pigeons on the piazza, he covered his own shoulders and mine with fresh white crumbs, and when, lo! in the twinkling of an eye the whole square seemed to disappear from my gaze, and I could see nothing around me or over me save one whirling mass of pigeons. They perched on my hat, fastened themselves to the panels of my overcoat and clustered in legion numbers all over my person. These birds are very tame—the tamest, I fancy, in Europe. Tradition and custom have made them so, for from time immemorial the Piazza San Marco has been their abiding place, and well tended they have been and are by the burghers and dames of the city. There must be over a thousand of these pigeons hovering over the piazza. There is always somebody about throwing them their crumbs, or a little polenta, but if you want to have a swarm of them swooping down upon you, you must do as my Hibernian chum and treat them to what Sam Lover would style the "lashins and lavins."—*Venice Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

THE BEST BEVERAGE.

An Enthusiast's Opinion of the Merits of Unadulterated Coffee.

With our tea a comparative failure, our coffee is, of course, almost past praying for. Our very pretensions go no further than tea. We lose a good deal by the meanness of our ambition. Good coffee is the finest drink in the world, and it would surely defeat half the intoxicants on their own ground. It is the most generous of stimulants, and it induces activity and alertness of brain without the faintest trace of elevation. Should any further recommendation be wanted, we may add that, like pure water, it will kill, if you take enough of it, or, rather, too much. Murgier died of excessive coffee—not unflavored with cognac—but far more people have to thank it for the prolongation of their lives. It is far beyond tea as a dietetic, though perhaps nobody but Merlati could wisely venture to make it his sole support. Indeed, high authorities say that it should never be taken without something solid, as an accompaniment. Any thing will do, a piece of bread, or, failing that, even a waistcoat button, according to the Oriental proverb quoted in an admirable lecture on the subject at the Parkes Museum. It improves with age like the other generous drinks, though not of course when it is in the state of infusion. The green berry may be kept for fifteen or twenty years, and it will gain in flavor every day. Brown Java, which leaves Mocha far in the shade, is supposed to owe a good deal to its long sojourn on the island before exportation. It lies in store sometimes for seven years. The roasting should always be deferred to the very last moment. Roast, and brew at once, is the golden rule. First get your Brown Java—for that matter, one of half a dozen other kinds will do. Then make a smokeless fire, of coal, or spirit, or gas; toss your green berries into an earthenware pipkin; if you have nothing better at hand, and there need be nothing better; hold it over the flame for fifteen or twenty minutes, to dry it merely, not to burn it, stirring it all the time, and your task is done. Grind or pound in a mortar—pounding, they say, is better. The Turks find that the pestles improve with use, as the coffee improves with age, and they sell the old ones at a high figure. Two ounces of coffee to the pint of water is the happy mean, and those who want it weaker had better weaken it after the brew. A common jug and a strainer are all you need for the final rite, but people who like to part with their money often insist on more.—*London News.*

METROPOLITAN LIFE.

New York Women Who Are Compelled to Perform Unfeminine Labor.

One of the most painful features in metropolitan life is the degradation of women. I do not here refer to any thing of a vicious nature, but simply to the effect of extreme poverty. It is always pitiable to see the sex forced to unfeminine employments, but it is a common thing here. I have seen a woman cutting grass with a sickle in an up-town lot in order to make hay for the winter support of a goat. I have seen a woman bring home a board from some demolished building and then try to break it up for fuel by pounding it on the sidewalk with a stone. I saw another woman carrying coal in a pail up three pairs of stairs to her room in a tenement house. She had bought a small load of this article, and was thus storing it away. A large part of the chiffoniers or rag and waste-paper pickers are women, and what horrid-looking creatures they are!

On the other hand, a dealer in fashions told me that there are hundreds and even thousands of women who spend \$25,000 annually on dress. It may be difficult to imagine the feelings of this fashion-worshipping crowd, but how much more to imagine those of a woman so degraded that a rag picked from the street is a prize. Taking a general view, New York life is not favorable to women. Among the rich the idleness of luxury wastes its victims into helplessness, while among the poor one notices that disproportionate degree of hardship which so often stamps the countenance with fearful ugliness.—*N. Y. Cor. Utes Herald.*

NERVY LITTLE JIM.

Remarkable Conduct of a Diligent Secret-Service Detective.

We had in the Secret-Service Bureau in 1866 a detective named James Redfield, who was known to all of us by the sobriquet of "Little Jim." He was only five feet one inch high, weighed ninety-seven pounds, and every body who looked at him made a mental calculation that he would die of consumption inside of six weeks. Notwithstanding his appearance of ill health he was tough as a hickory knot, and a man with more nerve never lived.

After the close of the war a lot of desperate fellows had their headquarters in Arkansas and the Indian Territory, and when complaints of counterfeiting began to come in three of us were sent out there to work up a case. We got on to the gang at Van Buren, and in the course of a fortnight visited Fort Smith, Muscogee, Shawneetown and Tahlequah. We picked up a couple of counterfeiters and sent them to Fort Smith, and then ran across a couple of Pinkerton men who were in pursuit of a fellow known as Bloody Jim Baker. He was a man-killer, stage robber, horse-thief and all else that was bad, and the officers had followed him from the neighborhood of Clinton, Mo., where he had committed robbery and murder. If I remember aright, however, he was wanted on a charge back of that—an attempt to rob an express car near Hannibal, and the murdering of the messenger.

When we met the Pinkerton men they had located Baker in a lone cabin in the mountains, near Shawneetown, and had been lying in wait for him for a week. He was well-armed, known to be desperate, and the probability is that they had not recklessly exposed themselves. They were in hopes he would visit the town, but he had plenty of provisions, and refused to come out. It was not for us to mix up in the affair, and we should never have even heard the particulars but for a quarrel between Little Jim and one of the Pinkerton men. Both had been drinking, and Jim charged the man with cowardice in not making the arrest. Words were leading to blows when we separated them, and I recall how the Pinkerton man, his face flushed and his fist in the air, exclaimed:

"The whole secret-service force of sap-suckers couldn't arrest one side of such a man as Bloody Baker!"

The row occurred in the evening. At daylight next morning, before any of us were astir, little Jim mounted a mule and rode to within half a mile of Baker's cabin. What followed I heard from Baker's own lips, and he would have no reason to lie about it. Having nothing in his hand but a switch, our little man walked straight up the path to the house. Baker saw him coming, and showed a rifle out of a loop-hole and ordered him to halt.

"Halt be hanged!" replied Redfield, as he kept on his way, and his display of recklessness prevented the outlaw from shooting. He walked straight up to the door, pounded on it with his fist and called out:

"You, Baker, open this door. I've come for you!"

"Who are you?"

"A detective come to arrest you!"

"Skip, or I'll kill you!"

"You darren't kill anybody. Open the door and stop this fooling, as I have no time to lose!"

"Well, sir," said Baker to me, "I fell into a tremble, lost my sand and the first thing I opened the door. He came in, sat down, told me to go ahead with the breakfast, and I'll be hanged if I didn't do it and if we didn't eat together. When we were through he handcuffed me to his left wrist, and like a fool I walked into town with him and was turned over to the Pinkerton men."

"You could have killed him!" I observed.

"Why, I could have picked him up and squeezed the life out of him with one hand, but the infernal coolness of the little rat unnerved me."

When Little Jim brought him into Shawneetown we were all at the post-office. He walked straight up to the Pinkerton men, who were rubbing their eyes in amazement, and, unlocking the handcuff from his wrist, placidly remarked:

"Here's your Bloody Jim, and you'd better be a little careful of him. He might bite a Pinkerton man!"—*Cor. Detroit Free Press.*

Lack of Confidence.

Colonel Yergler was dancing his little son on his knee, when the boy, looking up into his father's face, said:

"Pa, do you know what I want next Christmas?"

"No, my son, I don't know what you want next Christmas."

"Well, I'll tell you, pa, but you mustn't let it go any further, I want another mamma."

"Why, Tommy, why do you want another mother?"

"Why, you see this one never leaves the key in the pantry door, and if I had a new one perhaps she would have more confidence in me."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Question of Economy.

"Get married, Charlie, get married. One never knows how cheaply he can live with a good, economical wife until he tries it. Why, when I was married, I couldn't even support myself, while now—"

"Well?"

"Now my wife supports me. It is cheaper for me than being single."

—*Chicago Rambler.*

The next Ecumenical Conference of the Methodist churches is to meet in America in 1891.

IMPROVED DAIRYING.

The Necessity of a Closer Sympathy Between Farmers and Manufacturers.

Progress among Western farmers has few if any more interesting features than the improvement manifest in the dairy industry. Butter-making was formerly confined to the farmer's kitchen, where the milk from a few roaming cows was set in poorly-selected situations in wide crocks or shallow pans. A dash churn served to make the butter; the finger was the only thermometer. A wooden bowl and ladle were the instruments to further lift the grain and quality of the butter. Common coarse salt was added to the much abused article, and the greasy rolls were done up in nice clean cloths. At the store of the country merchant, these rolls were tumbled into an indiscriminate mass of all shades of white and yellow. From them they took a long ride in wagons, cars and boats, with the temperature at the melting point. Last but not least, the suffering consumer was reached, and his tastes were so uneducated that the article was taken along with other necessities.

With combined dairying came in better practices. Fine, uniform butter, coming from these places in considerable bulk, began to educate, not only the taste of consumers, but the eye and methods of the dairy trade. Associated dairying has now spread to nearly all parts of the Northwest, and markets are furnished with great quantities of creamery, factory and dairy products of high and uniform quality. More and better goods are furnished the markets than could have been produced under the old system. Practical experience, with much aid from science, has enabled associated butter and cheese making to be carried to a higher degree of perfection. The work inside many of these establishments is carried on with system and accuracy, which, aided by marvelous improvements in methods of transportation, enables them to lay down prime goods in New York or Boston. The patrons who furnish the cream have only a partial connection with the process of the manufacture, and, in too many cases, are not abreast with the times in progressive dairying. The cattle are not improved to produce more milk or butter. The milk or butter-producing capacity is very often lessened, rather than increased, by breeding for looks. The average creamery has very little influence over the breeding toward the dairy type.

Feeding for milk and butter is not attended to, as it would if farmers and manufacturers were in more close sympathy. The questions of water, shelter and pasture do not receive attention as they would if advanced dairying was universally appreciated.

The new generation of Western farmers is growing up without fully keeping pace with the great improvements in dairying. They do not appreciate the necessity of painstaking care. While there is improvement in the butter supplied in the markets, the farmers are comparatively slow in improving the small part they manufacture for their own tables. Improved churns, thermometers, small lever butter workers and refrigerators are very slow in finding their way into the farmer's home. Books and newspapers aid, but more interest should be taken, that farmers learn how to produce finer milk and cream, and to make gilt-edged butter for use in their own families.—*Prairie Farmer.*

THE HOG IN WINTER.

Conditions Which Should Be Taken Into Consideration by Pork-Balers.

The hog has digestive organs that are particularly well calculated for the digestion of fibrous food. This, in a state of nature, was his main food; in fact, leaving out nuts and grubs, pretty much his entire source of living. When the hog is shut away from pasture and put into winter quarters, the change from a variety of food to the customary ration of corn, and nothing but corn, is not always conducive to health. In fact, indigestion—for even the hog may have this—affects many hogs that are thus changed from grass and other fibrous food to corn alone or corn mainly. It should be borne in mind that the animal has no power to change the elements in the food given to it. He can only appropriate what is given him. In his native condition the hog had, as he now has when on pasture, food containing a nutritive ratio of about 1 of albuminoids to 4½ of carbohydrates, while the usual winter feed, corn, contains a nutritive ratio of 1 to 8.6, establishing the fact that the hog in his native condition, and in modern times, when on pasture, is furnished with food far more conducive to growth of muscle and frame than when he is confined to corn alone. Before the improvement made upon the pig during the past one hundred years, he had a much larger proportion of lean flesh as compared to the fat than now. The feeding of corn during winter is proper enough in view of its adaptability to the condition imposed by a low temperature, as fat is one of the best shields against cold. But the plan adopted by many of allowing the hog no exercise, and no food except corn, during the winter, is, in both directions, bad practice. In the absence of grass it is an excellent plan to cut up hay, mixing this with ground feed, composed of oats, bran and oil-cake meal. By feeding this wet, moist hogs, but not all, will eat it with avidity, and an improved condition will at once follow. A noticeable improvement in the evacuations will be observed, as compared to what was seen when corn alone was fed, and soon afterwards a change in the general thrift of the hog will be manifest.—*National Live-Stock Journal.*