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MARY'S LITTLE PIG.

Mary had a little pig,
His tail was short and crooked;
He managed in the ground to dig,
With snout so long and hooked.

One day into the garden green,
This piggy bold did wander;
And straightway with a hoggish mien,
Cucumbers he did squander.

Alas! Poor piggy ne'er had known,
Of fierce cucumber colic;
He gave a loud, terrific groan—
His pains were diabolic.

One hour later he was dead—
A stiff and lifeless corpus;
He lay benumbed from tail to head,
Just like a frozen porpoise.

Then Mary scooped a shallow grave,
Quite near the railroad station,
And piggy, who was once so brave,
Lies in that excavation.

Now let all pigs this warning heed,
And ne'er in gardens frolic;
The end of such unseemly greed
Is—cold cucumber colic.

—*Dollar Weekly Sun and the Drovers Journal.*

IN THE WRONG CORN-CRIB.

"Well, Uncle Ben, it is your turn for a story!" cried a group of jolly story-tellers, as they sat around an old-fashioned stove, on one cold, blustering night in December, to a venerable gentleman of three score years, who had in days gone by been a farmer, and as such experienced all that agriculturists required, but as old age had come upon him he had given up the useful tillage of the earth, and settled himself snugly in a small inn, situated in a beautiful little village in Massachusetts, and where many a rainy evening was soon passed away pleasantly in story telling.

"Well," said the aged gentleman, "since you all seem auxious to hear a story from me, I'll just tell you how I cured Tom Jones from taking things that be had no business with, or in other words, how I cured him from stealing, and any one that knew him will agree with me when I say he was as mean a thief as ever ran on two legs:

"It is just two years from to-day," said the narrator, "since I gave up farming, and a little more than two since Tommy Jones was in the habit of visiting other people's corn-cribs. One of these happened to be mine, and as I didn't care much about having my corn carried off, I came to the conclusion that I must either capture the thief or move the corn crib. We all had our suspicions on Jones, but as we had never seen him on our premises we had only to take it out in thinking. One morning I happened to go to the crib and could plainly see that some one had been there before me, and relieved me of about three bushels. I now thought it about time to do something toward catching the thief, let him be who he might. Having a large steel trap, and as I didn't care much about injuring the one I had intended to set it for, I wrapped around its teeth a few old rags, so that in case of it snapping or springing together, it would only hold him fast. I then placed it in the crib, near a hole which the thief had made to get the corn, and carefully covered it over with a few ears, so that it would be out of the sight of any one who felt disposed to stick his hand in it. I knew very well if anyone did he wouldn't be able to get it out again without at least some help.

"After having things all properly fixed, I went to the house, and after taking a good night's rest, I arose about five in the morning and came to the conclusion that a little walk wouldn't hurt me, and might perhaps improve my health. So I just took a short cut toward the corn-crib, and there sure enough was Mr. Jones. A more pitiful knave I have never seen. He was held so tightly within the iron jaws of the trap, and as though I was entirely ignorant of his critical condition I came within twenty feet of him and bade him good-morning. The poor scallion hung his head, but said nothing

"Well, Tommy," says I again, "a very fine morning, ain't it?"

"Oh, yes," uttered Tommy, with something like a groan.

"Have you seen any pigs around here, Tommy?"

"Oh, no, sir, I haven't."

"Haven't you, Tommy? Didn't you see any around here this morning?"

"No, I say, I didn't, didn't, see, see, a, a, pig, pig."

"Well, Tommy, if you didn't see any pigs; didn't you see any chickens?"

"Oh, no, dear me sir, I didn't see, see, any, any, chick-chickens. Ye, ye, got, got, me, me——"

"It was impossible for me to catch his last sentence, for he kept up such a yawning, so I put the question to him again:

"Tommy, I ask you, whether you saw any chickens around here?"

"Oh, no!" Don't bother me, me, I, I, didn't see a chick-chick-en. Ye got me, me, in——"

"How long have you been here, Tommy?"

"Oh, dear, nearly eight hours," he cried.

"Well, if you have been here nearly eight hours, I suppose you must be very dry, and need a little something to slake your thirst. What say you then to going up to the house and take a drink?"

"You know I can, ca-ca, cum, you got me, me in a trap."

"Have I, you thieving scoundrel? I'll show you whose corn you steal," said I, and at the same time displaying a pistol, and gave him to understand that I would let him out of the trap, but if he attempted to make his escape from me I'd blow his cussed brains out. I then tore off a slat from the crib, and managed to remove his arm from the trap, ordered him to fill a three bushel bag, which he had to carry away my corn, and carry it to my house, which was at least a quarter of a mile from the crib. He up with the bag and after carrying it a hundred yards was about to drop it, when I gave him to understand that if he did he might expect to receive the contents of my pistol.

"He managed to get it to my house, however, and I believe it was about as hard a job as he or any one else would undertake to perform, without being compelled to, especially after watching a corn-crib for eight hours on a cold, frosty night.

"Well, Tommy, you worked very hard to get that bag of corn to my house; suppose you come in and take a smile at the bottle?" which he seemed to relish, but when he saw me mix his drink with on ounce of cayenne pepper, he begged hard to be excused. But it was no use to talk, drink he must, and drink he did, and it came near being his last drink on this earth, for he commenced to dance like a puppet, and I thought he would go crazy, but he soon revived.

"Well, Tommy," said I, "you are pretty well punished, and you can go, but when you go to take anything that don't belong to you, think of the corn crib and the trap."

Feed for Laying Hens.

American Agriculturist.

A correspondent asks: "Can hens be made too fat to lay?" Yes indeed. Fat hens rarely lay. If hens are fed so much or so often that they begin to fatten rapidly they will soon stop laying. He asks again: "Is there anything better than corn to make hens lay?" No food is better than Indian corn or ground corn (Indian meal) to fatten hens, and, of course, it should be fed sparingly to laying hens. If hens do not lay and are fat, feed them but once a day—at evening, just before they go to roost, giving wheat screenings, buckwheat and oats, in such proportions as you judge best. Throw the feed upon upon clean ground only as fast as they pick it up. Stop just as soon as you see any of the flock begin to wander away. Let them forage all day for weed seeds, grass, insects, etc. They must have warm quarters, well ventilated at night, and a sunny run by day in winter. After a while begin to feed them sparingly a little meat scrap chopped fine, broken bones, oyster shells, etc., and they will probably soon begin to lay.

The saddest romances are those that ar read by the actors only.

Electricity in Agriculture.

Southern World.

This is an age of electricity—one in which very many things are done not only with lightning speed but with lightning itself. Look at the wonderful nature of our present transatlantic communication. Think of the quickness and ease with which we talk from one city to another both by signs and sounds with the electric telegraph and by the voice in the telephone. The world thought no greater achievement could be made, when steam was harnessed and made the servant of man; but the past few years has led to still greater triumphs over the material world, and that subtile force we call electricity is now a messenger of swiftness and a gigantic factor in a progressive civilization.

What we may hope for from electricity as a helper for the farmer no one is ready to state. It does not seem reasonable that the earliest of all arts and the most essential of all human occupations should not in time come on for its large share of benefits from the subjugation of electric force. Even now we hear from across the water that plowing has been successfully done by electricity in the fields. The French farmers have harnessed lightning to the plow and with good results. If this force can turn the furrow it is reasonable to suppose that it can reap the grain, bind it into sheaves, thresh the same and carry it to mill. It is truly hard to guess how great may be the progress in this direction within the next twenty years.

But electricity as it is now employed has much more for the farmer than he may at first think. It is the almost universally adopted means of quick transportation of news, and by it the coming of a storm may be sent forward in advance so that the farmer may know the fact and make the necessary preparations that the storm may not be a source of loss. The farmer should avail himself of this swift-footed messenger more than he has done in the past. The signal service could do very little without the telegraph, and without the farmer uses the information that is thus collected and disseminated the service can only partly accomplish the work it has been established to perform.

There are very few things that do more damage to the farmer than heavy storms in haying and harvesting time, and millions of dollars might be saved if the farmers would only avail themselves of the information which is brought as near to them as the telegraph will allow.

We therefore urge upon all agricultural districts to do something to put the farmers in closer communication with the signal service. Electricity is already within the reach of the great mass of farmers. Some one says: "If I only knew that it would not rain today I would cut a field of clover." The signal service can tell him in nine cases out of ten what the weather is to be for the next twenty-four hours with good and valuable predictions of what it will be for a day or more after. Let the good work of forewarning and therefore forearming the farming classes be pushed forward and by all means let electricity be a swift hand-maid in this scheme of economy.

There is another aspect to our subject. The untamed electricity of the clouds has its influence upon the farmer. In its wild swiftness it strikes destruction upon buildings and other property. If we cannot conveniently yoke the lightning to the plow or make it the messenger of good and saving news we should at least do our best to prevent its doing serious damage.

Much has been said for and against conductors of electricity, or in other words against lightning rods. There is no doubt but what many farmers and others have been severely humbugged by "lightning-rod peddlers." The man who goes around putting up poor rods in a slipshod manner at an exorbitant manner is the humbug, and not the principle of electric conduction It is a well known fact in physics or natural philosophy, that some substances are better conductors of electricity than others, and as in a thunder storm a certain amount of electricity is to pass from the cloud to the earth it will take the easiest passage. Metals are good conductors and when rods of them are put on buildings of the proper size and in the right way the building is rendered comparatively safe. A rod of iron three-fourths of an inch in diameter is large enough to conduct a heavy bolt of electricity The form of the rod is of very little account and glass insulators are entirely unnecessary. It is to be remembered that the electricity will take the easiest channel, or road to the earth therefore have the rod run as direct as possible from the top of the building to the wet earth. It was formerly thought that the tip of the rod should be of some bright metal and very sharp pointed; this is not required and the rod may be painted without injuring it.

There is nothing about a lightning rod that a blacksmith cannot make—any fancy twists are foolishness and when made the rods can be put up by the farmer at a small fraction of the price demanded by the rod peddler. If the rods are for the house the upper end may project above they chimney and pass as direct as possible to deep earth or better into the well. Strong bolts should hold the rod in place, and above all see that no joint ever gets separated from which the descending lightning must make a leap in its passage and enter the building as the easiest way to the earth.

The number of rods will depend upon the area of surface to be protected. As a general rule a rod will protect a space around the point equal to twice its height, though generally rods are placed nearer than this. There is no object to any number of rods on a building except expense. It should be fixed in mind that a badly erected rod is worse than no rod; and it is from this that rods have fallen in favor with many. The rod attracts the electricity and if it is not able to conduct it safely away the building is more apt to be struck. Good rods, which may be very simple, are protection, and every farmer should diminish the risks of his farm property by erecting them on his buildings, thus overcoming one of the evil relations of electricity to agriculture.

The Behavior of Audiences.

New York Ledger.

One test of a nation's civilization is the behavior of its audiences. An audience is master of the situation, and hence it can play the tyrant and the boor if it will. It is strong enough to break the interior of a room all to pieces, and hurl performers into the street. Nay, it has been known, within the memory of living men, to do such things.

Usually an American audience is perfectly decorous and very good-natured. Sometimes, indeed, it is rather tolerant, and even applauds what it knows to be inferior, for fear of wounding the feelings of the performer. We would not have it throw its opera-glass at a careless singer, as was done in Paris lately. Nevertheless, it is occasionally a duty to manifest disapproval, and this duty should be performed with firmness and decency. As a rule, our audiences regard too much the momentary happiness of those who minister to them.

In one particular they are sadly at fault: They do not remain quiet and attentive during the last moments of a performance. That is disrespectful to those who are instructing or entertaining us, and should be "reformed altogether."

A fashionable but ignorant lady wanted a costly camel's hair shawl, but her husband bought her a cheap imitation article. On examining it she found the name of the manufacturer on one corner, and wanted to know what that was. "That?" said the husband: "oh, that's the name of the camel of whose hair the shawl was made!" The wife takes great pride in her shawl, and has no doubt of its genuineness.

Impatience gives adversity its sharpest sting.