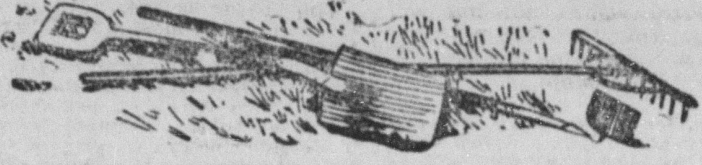


FARM AND GARDEN



PUMPKINS FOR PIGS.

Farmers who grow pumpkins in plenty will be interested in what the "Rural New Yorker's" Hope Farm man has to say about them. The Gleason has a notion that the objection to feeding the seeds is equally applicable to other stock than hogs, but that is entirely a matter of opinion, never having experimented along this line. Here is the Hope Farm opinion in replying to a query:—

I have found pumpkins good for pigs, but I would scrape out the seeds before feeding. We had trouble one year when we fed seeds and all. A number of pigs had trouble with their kidneys, and lost the use of their hind legs. I could not find any cause for this, but the pumpkin seeds, though we had fed them before without damage. While I am not sure they are dangerous I would not feed them. We pile the pumpkins by the fence, cut them open with a corn knife or ax—throw them into the pasture and the hogs do the rest. They gnaw and scrap down to the rind. This is the easiest way to feed them, but you must remember that they do not furnish a full ration for a fattening hog. Feed corn or meal in addition. As for cooking we have found that a question of the cost of labor and fuel. By cutting the pumpkins up and boiling them thoroughly with small potatoes, turnips or other refuse, you make a good mash and probably increase the food value of the pumpkin by 20 per cent. We would use plenty of water for boiling and thicken the mash with equal parts of cornmeal and wheat bran. Make it about as thick as you like oatmeal for your breakfast after you add milk. We would rather cook such food, but we cannot always do so, for it is quite a job to run a cooker and handle the cooked food. On a farm where few hands must do many chores we cannot always do the puttering jobs even when we know that they pay. As for the best food for the fattening pigs—when, like ours, they have run in pasture and made good frames, we feed equal parts of cornmeal and middlings. In addition our pigs get soft ears of sweet corn and other refuse. If they had not had this exercise I should feed equal parts of cornmeal, middlings and wheat bran in a mash or slop. I regard pure wheat bran as the best grain for growing stock though most animals do not like it as well as cornmeal.

MONEY IN SHEEP.

These notes have all along advocated adding a flock of sheep to the farm stock, believing that if rightly managed they will pay a greater per cent. profit for the outlay and care than almost any other live stock. Apart from other considerations, are most useful as wood killers, orchard-removers, and land-improvers, are the chief hindrance to embarking in the industry, but with the modern fences these scavengers have pretty hard sledding. It costs to fence a large pasture but once properly done it lasts indefinitely—and the incident feeling of security that is thereby inspired in the owner minimizes the expense. An idea of the increase in values of sheep, lambs and wool are gained from a Cheyenne dispatch. Even, if, as predicted, prices do not continue to appreciate, there is good margin for profit. Try a small flock and note results. The dispatch follows:—

"Practical sheepmen who have been in the business for twenty years or more say that never in their experience was the sheep industry as profitable as it is today. W. W. Gleason, of the Warron Live Stock Company, who has felt the ebb and flow of sheep and wool prices almost since frontier days says: "In 1893, we shipped 5,000 head of sheep to Aurora, Ill., some of which netted us but 75 cents each. The average was about a dollar a head. Good ewes are now bringing \$5 and up, while lambs are in demand at \$2."

"In 1869 I think it was Wyoming wool was bringing as low as 5 cents. We simply could not afford to sell it at such a figure, and we could hardly afford to hold it, but we did until the following year, and sold it for 8 cents a pound."

Thomas A. Cosgriff, of Cosgriff Brothers, perhaps the largest sheepmen in Wyoming, said: "The sheepmen have had their ups and downs during the last twenty years, but the present is about all we could ask, and the future brighter still. In 1896 we sold wool as low as 4 1/2 cents a pound. This year we got 24 cents, nearly a five-fold increase. In 1892-1894, good stock sheep brought about \$2 each. The same grades are now marketed at \$5 a head, and the price is still rising. In 1893 and 1894, extra good lamb brought \$1.25. They are now worth \$3 per head."

IMPROVING THE FLOCK.

Guy E. Mitchell gives this wholesome advice to "Cultivator" readers: The chicken crop is looked upon by most farmers as a small issue which is hardly worth much consideration or attention. Look at the crop in the aggregate and see if it does not amount to something. Leaving out the question of eggs, if the

stock of hens number forty, two hundred chickens should be easily raised during the season. The scrub flock will average four pounds each; this makes eight hundred pounds of live weight high-class meat, which can be raised at a comparatively small cost, and entirely independent of Packingtown. How many farmers who have a good-sized flock of fowls realize that they are raising as much meat as they would in a steer, and meats worth several times as much per pound? Now, having reached this step, does it not occur that it will pay to increase that gross weight as much as possible? If those forty scrub hens are mated in the spring to a pair of blooded cocks of some good, large breed their two hundred chickens will weigh one thousand pounds instead of eight hundred. Then there will be so much better a chance to select forty fine, large pullets of half full-blood. The following year the cocks can be sold or traded off and other full-blooded cocks procured to prevent in-breeding. This will be a very practical way of building up the flock in an inexpensive manner, and the following year the two hundred chickens should add another hundred pounds, gross weight. The one thousand or 1,100 pounds of chicken flesh will cost no more to keep than the eight hundred pounds. The most worthless scrub eats as much as the prize bird.

MOVING LARGE TREES.

A Florida man describes in the "Rural New Yorker" his method of transplanting large trees. It seems to have been eminently successful in his case and would seem to be worth trying when for any reason it is desired to change the location of a matured tree. His letter was prompted by the discussion as to the best means of thinning an overstocked orchard. He says:—

The second year (He had tried another plan the previous year) we got a stump puller (differential pulley) and bored holes right through the stem—size according to size of tree, some 10-inch diameter trees took 1 1/2-inch rod—put steel rod through and hooked on each side and started pulling, and as we felt rod lifting drove chisel down and cut that root. We had chisel made six inches wide with long handle. As tree lifted we worked the dirt off roots, and so filled holes as tree came out. We got all the roots we were willing to cover, and using force pump and plenty of water to pack the dirt, we got a rapid first-class job and at less cost per tree. We moved more than 1,500 trees the second year without loosening a tree, and it was very satisfactory to see how rapidly the new tops came on. We had some fruit second year. Moved this way I believe "Maine Reader" would the fourth year get as much fruit as those trees bear now.

CROPS WITHOUT CULTIVATION.

The "Drovers' Journal" tells of a Chicago city farmer who is managing a half acre plot in the southern part of the city evidently with the intention of producing the quickest return with least labor. The reference to the work evidently was written several weeks ago, but the facts are pertinent as showing what can be done. The paper says:—

Several rows of corn planted June 20 were matured. Potatoes are ready to be gathered after 90 days instead of the usual 110. Tomatoes are ready in 90 days, squashes in 110. His plants are neither cultivated nor irrigated. In the fall an 18-inch mulch of horse manure is placed on the soil and allowed to settle during the winter. This lasts for four years, and prevents evaporation of moisture. Lettuce and radishes are planted on the surface, corn, potatoes and tomatoes in the earth beneath the mulch. When a small piece of the mulched earth was scraped bare and left so, the stunting effect on the nearest vegetable was plainly visible.

NORSEMAN CARE FOR HORSES.

"You never see a broken-winded horse in Norway," said a horse doctor. "That is because the horses are allowed to drink while they eat, the same as mankind. Our horses, let them be as thirsty as get out, must still eat their dry fodder, their dry hay and oats and corn, with nothing to wash them down. But in Norway every horse has a bucket of water beside his manger, and as he eats he drinks also. It is interesting to see how the Norwegian horses relish their water with their meals. Now they sip a little from the bucket, now they eat a mouthful, just like rational human beings. You never see a broken-winded horse in Norway, and the natives say it is because they serve water to the animals with their feed.—New Orleans Times-Democrat."

NOTES.

Miss Mary Clark, of Gallen, Mich., enjoys the distinction of being the only woman in the world who has made a success of peppermint growing. She manages her distillery as well as a farm of eighty acres.

What "Central" Does When You Call

By John Vaughn.

TODAY instead of working a crank to get "Central's" attention, you simply put the receiver to your ear. Lifting the receiver off the hook lights a tiny electric lamp in the exchange. The light goes out when the switchboard operator thrusts into your line's answering jack a metal plug, the tip of the answering cord, one of a pair of thread-covered wire cords associated with your line. The calling cord's tip, plugged into the multiple jack of the number you give to "Central," lights another small lamp, termed a visory lamp. Pressing a key rings the bell of the given number—that is, of the subscriber with whom you desire to talk. When he takes up his receiver his supervisory lamp goes out. Hence there is no lamp alight while the conversation is in progress. The return of your receiver to its hook lights your supervisory lamp. When the other subscriber hangs up his receiver, his supervisory lamp lights again. Both lamps aglow apprise the operator that the conversation is closed. She pulls the cords out of the jacks, thus extinguishing and disconnecting the lines. Not a word of your conversation has been overheard, not a second of time has been wasted. What a change from the telephoning of pioneer days—the days of Edison's battery crank ringing, hollering for "Central," bad language, and the twenty-mile limit.

American hurry and nervousness have influenced the telephone's line of advance. In the old days people would forget to plug off, and then "Central" had no means of determining when conversation was closed and the line was released, except by sending questions along the wires of the telephone users. Now, if after you have put down your receiver, the other subscriber still holds his own visory lamp alight, his little supervisory lamp tells that fact to "Central." Comparison of the complicated and expensive apparatus in use now with the apparatus of twenty years ago would prove that telephone engineers have spared no pains to minimize the work required of the subscriber. Today he does absolutely nothing, unless lifting the receiver to his ear is accounted something.—From "The Thirtieth Anniversary of a Great 'Invention,'" in Scribner.

Charms of Washington.

By Sydney Brooks.

IF I were an American, with all the cities of the continent to choose from, it is there that I would pitch my tent from November to May. There is a flavor and distinction about Washington society that no other American city approaches. It surpasses New York and Boston and Philadelphia and Chicago, in that quality that separates French literature from the literature of all other lands—the quality, above all things, of agreeableness. It is an American community, doing un-American things, leading an un-American life. It impresses one as a casual pause in the galloping existence of the country, a restful hiatus in the interminable rush. There is serenity, at the most benignly, in its ordering of the routine of life. It has its own standard of values. The ideals of Chicago are the assumed foundations, or the considered trifles of Washington. It neither talks about business nor thinks it; it conveys no more than a remote and abstract meaning to its mind. Command conveys no more than a remote and abstract meaning to its mind. Nor is so much parade; you meet it only by invitation; it has neither the wish nor the chance to display itself in public.

Society life in Washington, like the best social life anywhere, is an affair of private entertainments. And Washington, which lives for society and studies conversation as an art with a zest beyond that of Boston, knows so pre-eminently well how to entertain. Its houses are built to that end, and the best of them, following the Colonial style, are models of that rich simplicity which, after a wild debauch in all possible architectural fantasies, American taste is now happily on the return. I found in some of them a disposition of the dining and drawing rooms on the same floor, with a spacious landing in between, it becomes easy and natural for the men to escort the women after dinner back to the drawing room. In France and Germany I have encountered the same practice, but never in England or America outside of Washington. One habit it has as a social advance, a step up in civilization, a delicate emphasis of compliment to a womanhood. Crashing down his base passion for a clear, the hero offers his arm to his partner, takes her to the drawing room, and there stands genially chatting with her as though tobacco, port liquors and the after dinner demi-tasse did not exist for him—returning finally, to the dining room, on his host's initiative, to find it pleasantly cleared of the debris of the meal.—Harper's Weekly.

Turning the Forests Into Paper

By Professor R. K. Duncan.

IF one asked "the man in the street" what paper was made of, he would almost certainly say "rags," and for the fair white sheet upon which I write this would be true, but for paper in general the answer would be absurdly inadequate, for there exists not one one-thousandth part of "rags" that would be necessary. Our civilization exists largely on a paper basis, and in England alone it requires 650 mills, producing some 30,000 tons a week, to fulfill our needs. To feed these mills science laid her hand on cellulose, which we cannot make, but can only take from plants. In the plant the cellulose of the cell walls, with the exception of cotton, which is unique does not stand up pure and free and uncombined, but exists always encrusted chemically with some other substance. The substance of woody fibre is thus always cellulose X, and the problem for science was either to manufacture paper direct out of cellulose X (ligno cellulose of wood fibre), or to devise some practical method of extracting the X substance from the cellulose, and thus obtain it pure and free for paper. Both methods are practised today. Paper boxes, wrapping paper, and almost all the newspapers of the land, are made out of rags, but simply of disintegrated deal boards pounded and mashed and amalgamated into paper. Any one of the large London or American daily papers consumes each day fully ten acres of an average forest. Such paper does not last. The wood fibre out of which it is made is, unlike pure cellulose, acted upon by light and air and water and the organisms of decay. This is bad, but not wholly bad, for most of the literature appearing on this paper is made as mechanically as the paper itself, and it is fitting that it should be as ephemeral in fact as it is in nature. But sometimes literature (with a capital L) appears on this wooden foundation—and that is a tragedy. Had Mr. Pepps written his admirable diary upon what we call "scribbling paper," we would, today, have no Mr. Pepps. England alone, every year, imports some 350,000 tons of this mechanical wood pulp to turn it into paper. She imports also some 200,000 tons of what is called "chemical wood pulp,"—i. e., wood from which the encrusting impurities have been chemically removed, and which consists of cellulose almost pure.—Harper's Magazine.

Idle Thoughts of a Busy Fellow

By Jed Scarborough.

THE man who finds fun in his work doesn't have to work for fun. On the contrary, his work is at a premium, because, by getting pleasure out of it, he puts more merit into it.

Most men are happiest while bustling. The rust of idleness is what breeds the microbes of misery in a man's mind, but a busy man even forgets his dyspepsia and his debts.

If you're going to lead the procession, you'd better be sure of your step in the saddle.

Wishes without work do not pay any better than dream dollars invested in rainbows.

Ambition without energy brings about as much satisfaction as a course dinner eaten in a dream.

Procrastination not only steals time; it is worse than a thief—it is a murderer, killing decision, poisoning ambition and destroying possibilities.

The man who takes himself too seriously is the funniest thing that ever happened, because he doesn't know it.

The man who is selfish with \$1,000 will be a hog when he gets \$1,000,000. A generous man is as generous with \$10 as he could be with \$10,000,000. The quality of generosity is located higher up than the pants pockets.

When you crack a nut that is empty, do you condemn all nuts? No; you simply criticize the bad one and try another. When you try one medium and find it a failure, do you condemn all other media? Does the one failure crush out your faith in advertising? If you take in a lead quarter, you do not lose confidence in all money because you've been "stuck" by a counterfeit. The farmer does not expect every seed he sows to sprout, grow and yield a crop.—Profitable Advertising.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN

THE TOO TALKATIVE MATINEE GIRL.

"It is a good thing there are enough of the typical 'matinee girls' to fill the theatres on Saturday afternoons," said the man in the box office, "otherwise there would be a good many vacant seats. Gradually the prejudice against the 'matinee girl' crowd is growing.

"Give me a ticket for any performance except Saturday afternoon," is the request that we hear more and more frequently. The jabbering and the giggling that seem to be an inevitable part of a Saturday afternoon performance mar the pleasure of the earnest theatregoer.

"The trouble is," said one woman who is a good judge of plays and actors, "that the Saturday matinee folks laugh, cry and applaud in the wrong places. There is one strong play on the boards now that illustrates this tendency perfectly. From the beginning the 'girls' of all ages who are not familiar with the story of the play make bets with each other as to which girl the vacillating hero will marry, and all allusions to the plight of the apparently forsaken sweetheart call forth an explosion of giggles, especially from the top balcony. At no other performance do the vital points in serious plays miss the mark."—New York Sun.

THE MERRY WHISTLER.

You have never met a man who was an inveterate whistler and yet a thorough scamp.

The whistler usually is a cheerful being, and when one is cheerful he cannot be thinking of bad things.

The cheat, the coward, the black-leg, are not addicted to the open heart and cheery whistle.

The man who will get up in the morning and make a fire, keeping warm with a merry strain of "Yankee Doodle Boy," hasn't a sour heart over his task.

The man who makes the coffee and flings out the front door for the bakery with "El Capitan" thrilling forth in one big whistle, is never the man of mean propensities, who is keeping tally on his service, to say later to his wife:

"I make the fires while you lie abed."

Have you ever seen a man whistle a restless baby asleep? If not, you have something to look forward to.

And then when the babe becomes the small son, have you ever observed this cheerful father teaching his craft to little Jimmie?

Through his fingers, and through his teeth, and then the intricacies of the liquid "double thrill."

Thus, when Jimmie gets at the kindling chopping age, he has acquired one of the first principles of a good and desirable man—he is a whistler like his dad, and the envy and emulation of every neighbor boy.—Florence Herald.

WISDOM FOR WIVES.

A country vicar was noted for his excellent fatherly advice to young couples he wedded. He had printed cards of advice, which he used to distribute besides giving guidance verbally. One of the cards was for the man and the other for the woman. That to the woman ran as follows:

When you marry him, love him.
After you marry him, study him.
If he is honest, honor him.
If he is generous, appreciate him.
When he is sad, cheer him.
When he is cross, amuse him.
When he is talkative, listen to him.

When he is quarrelsome, ignore him.
If he is slothful, spurn him.
If he is noble, praise him.
If he is confidential, encourage him.

If he is secretive, trust him.
If he is jealous, cure him.
If he cares naught for pleasure, coax him.
If he favors society, accompany him.

If he does you a favor, thank him.
When he deserves it, kiss him.
Let him think how well you understand him, but never let him know that you manage him, says Woman's Life.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN IN ENGLAND.

The day has been when the English-woman was called the worst-dressed woman in the world, while ever since the American woman "arrived" her position as the best-dressed woman in the world has never been disputed. She has already taught the world to desire American hair, American complexions, American teeth, American "style" of dress, American shoes, and especially American freedom of mind and manner.

And the Englishwoman has gone about remodeling herself along the approved lines, until, goodness knows, one has to admit sometimes that she is running the favorite a pretty close second. But it is only the occasional Englishwoman, who dresses really well, while a large majority of American women manage in some way to make themselves look—well, as only an American woman can look, which is something that no French or English word yet coined

can quite express.—Eleanor Franklin, in Leslie's Weekly.

MOST STRIKING WOMAN IN CAPITAL.

"Who is the most striking figure in the streets of Washington?" said a visitor a few days ago to a woman who knew the capital thoroughly. "You would guess many times before you'd guess right," was the answer. "None of your diplomats from quaint countries fills this bill. No, indeed; the individual is the nursemaid in the household of Mile. van Swinderen, wife of the Dutch Minister. This nurse wears the gay head dress and embroidered finery of the peasant class. Her young charge, a little girl just beginning to walk, is wheeled around in her lazier moments in a high and still-looking perambulator. Mme. van Swinderen has induced the nurse to discard her wooden shoes, but in all other respects she is uncompromising. Her stiff linen cap, with flying curtains, her necklaces of gold and silver beads and her bright yellow gown, which clears the ground by three inches, lend picturesqueness to the neighborhood of the Dutch legation.—New York Press.

BROWN IS QUEEN OF COLOR.

Brown, then, is the queen of colors, and exhibited its merits in the satiny broadcloths, the lustrous silks and shining satins and the luxurious velvets which were the fabrics employed in the most artistic gowns at the openings of the month.

Pomegranate reds, deepening to warm wine colors, aspire for attention. The becoming tints of these charming pigments permit the reds to set off the complexions of blondes and brunettes. Everyone cannot wear brown, but everyone may look well in red. Neither have the Russian greens, nor the Gobiell blues, nor smoke grays, nor prunes, departed.

Accepting the color idea of rich, luscious shades, one may enter an emporium of fashion and rejoice in the drapings of broadcloths which are first in fabrics, measurables first among the silks, ecollennes first among the wools and silks, and materials without end.—Chicago Post.

BOGUS GEMS IN VOGUE.

It is reported that New York jewelers are scared blue by the artificial gems—some new kind of emeralds and sapphires which have appeared in the wholesale district—for it is manifest that "jewels" are the desire of modern life, and real or false must be worn. Hence the traffic in artificial products. Importers and buyers have their troubles. It will also be hard telling what's what at the opera this winter. Women with the real million dollar article will have to wear a tag, certifying to the fact, while other women will say: "O, I can afford to wear reconstructed gems, because I have the real things in the safety vault. No one would accuse me of anything else."—Boston Herald.

GIRL LOOKS LIKE A WEeping WILLOW.

Hats trimmed with so many drooping plumes that the wearers look like weeping willows are among the new headgear. Miss Mathilde Townsend, just home from Paris, seems to have taken a violent fancy to the new style, and in less than a week she dazzled New York and Washington folk with five mountains of lace and flowers topped with feathers. Miss Townsend has returned to her native land with purple, lavender and gray gowns and with black ones to give a sombre cast, which she seems to like as a change.—New York Press.

FASHION NOTES.

Furs are charmingly mixed with velvet and lace. Lace medallions, mounted on button moulds decorate some of the dressy coats and wraps.

A touch of pink or yellow in vest or folds often relieves the soberness of the otherwise all gray costume. Fashion struck a sensible note when she set her approval upon the soft smoke gray that is having such a run this season.

Fancy black blouses are quite the vogue, the trimming consisting of lace and embroidery or silk folds.

Many will buy the shoes with cloth tops that are having a wide vogue this season, for they fit the instep and ankle snugly and give a trim, well set up appearance.

One of the richest of fur coats is of sable, long and loose, with deep band around the bottom, wide cuffs and turned-back collar of the fur showing the shaded lines running opposite to those in the coat.

The wreath of soft pink roses that entirely encircles the crown of an artistic hat is supplemented by a feathery paradise plume which springs from among the roses at the side.

A pink silk lining for a semi-transparent cloth gown of gray is a dainty expedient for furnishing this relieving note.

There is no more fashionable neckwear just now than the hand-embroidered stiff linen collars.