LIVE STOCK

LIGHT SHIPPING CRATE.

For Sending Pigs by Freight or Express the Device Here Given Is Adapted Especially.

J. A. Macdonald sends the Breeders' Gazette the description of a very satisfactory shipping crate. In the illustration part of the front side is cut away to show the inside arrangement. A good size for a pig three months old is: Length, 40 inches; depth, 23 inches; width, 11 inches. For a pig eight weeks old a length of 32 inches, a depth of 18 inches, and a width of 9 inches will be about right. Crates for ship-

SHIPPING CRATE FOR SWINE.

ping by express must be made as light as is safe from breakage.

It is not fair to make a purchaser of a pig two months old pay express rates on 30 or 40 pounds of crate when they can be sufficiently strong and weigh but half as much. For ends and bottoms take five-eighths inch seasoned spruce or other tough, light wood, one-half inch stuff for sides and cover, with space between slats. In front is a trough, T, for feed and water. Just above is a sloping board, P, running to the top, through which the feed in transit is given. The upper compartment is provided with a slide, S, on top, and inside is the bag, B, containing the meal and grain fare ample for the journey. In cold weather the sides may be boarded up almost tight. For pigs weighing 75 pounds a strip of one-half inch stuff nailed in the center of the sides. Shavings from a shingle mill make the best bedding.

BAD FEEDING OF HOGS.

Why a Lot of Pork Is Sold Every Year at an Actual Loss to the Owners.

In an address to Iowa farmers William Hoster said: A common mistake is in trying to raise hogs and produce pork under unfavorable conditions. I believe thousands of hogs are fattened and sold every year at an actual loss to their owners. This fact, if it is a fact, is brought about in many instances by a too exclusive corn diet. A litter of pigs [illegible] sow [illegible] Your [illegible] something different to enable her to rightly nourish her large family, but corn is cheap and handy and she gets corn. As the weeks go by she becomes [illegible] ish and restless, catches chickens, perhaps, if she can get at them. The pigs are half famished and early begin to eat. They eat corn. They are unthrifty; the sow is dry and is penned up in a small pen away from the pigs, to fatten on corn. The pigs are looking so badly and making so little growth their owners conclude they must have worms. Quite likely. Then they get their first change from corn, and that is copperas, and then corn again and so on ad infinitum. After a tedious while they at length reach a weight that will admit of marketing, and they are sold at a loss, having eaten their heads off.

NEW CORN FOR FEED.

Experienced Stockmen Are of the Opinion That It Is Deficient in Important Elements.

It cannot be said that corn is the cause of hog cholera, says a writer in Wallace's Farmer, for cholera is a germ disease. It is a dangerous practice, however, to feed new corn freely. The difference in the price of new and old corn makes the temptation great to feed the new.

An exclusive new corn diet is not fit for brood sows or growing pigs. It is deficient in muscle-forming elements, and should not be fed to any extent until the hog is fully matured and it is necessary to begin the fattening process. Then there is nothing to equal corn. Many times what is called cholera might be called the corn disease. A little corn in hard roasting ears furnishes a good variety, but if fed exclusively it is like throwing money away.

Pasture is plenty now, and with it feed oats, damaged wheat, screenings and other grains until your hogs are ready to fatten; then feed all the corn you like, giving oats, wheat or barley merely as a change of diet.

Export Demand for Cattle.

In war or peace, it seems, the world cannot get along without Uncle Sam, says the Indiana State Sentinel. Just at the time when the cessation of hostilities in South Africa knocks out the $25,000,000 a year exportation of horses and mules from American farms for British military purposes comes the news of the first cargo of Texas cattle being shipped for re-stocking the wasted veld, and this is only a starter, for it seems pretty certain that a large part of the $15,000,000 which England will appropriate specifically for that purpose will come here looking for live stock and farm machinery, not to mention the untold millions which England has promised to lend the Boers at three per cent. Therefore those who looked for a slump in the price of American horses and mules and beeves at the close of the war are likely to be disappointed.

Hope must be elastic. It springs eternal in the human breast.

When a man makes a monkey of himself, evolution must work both ways.

The bill for the construction of a government owned Pacific cable was rejected by congress last June; but the plans of the Commercial Pacific Cable company for constructing a line on its own account from San Francisco to Manila, by way of Honolulu, the Midway Island and Guam, are well matured, and the cable steamer Silvertown is already on her way from London to San Francisco to begin the laying of the cable. Under the conditions imposed by the president, subject to the action of congress, the United States will have almost as complete control over this cable as if the government owned it. It will have priority for its business at its own rates, full control of the cable in war time, and the right to buy the cable at any time at a fairly appraised valuation. The most important stipulation, says the Youth's Companion, is that the cable shall touch at no other than American territory, and that the company shall construct a line from the Philippines to China, and operate it independently of all foreign companies. At present there is no cable communication with Hawaii, and the only line which connects the Philippines with the outside world is one operated between Manila and Hong-Kong by a British company. Great Britain, with the aid of Canada and Australia, is already laying a Pacific cable which will be "all British," and have all its stations on British soil. Germany and Holland have arranged for the joint construction of a Pacific cable connecting them with their Asiatic possessions, independently of the British companies. An "all-American" cable is almost a necessity for the United States, for in time of war especially it is important that national business by cable shall not be subject to eavesdropping.

A Pacific Cable All Our Own.

Deaf mutes in the case of certain kinds of work appear to be helped rather than hindered by their infirmity. Besides the fact that they are naturally serious-minded persons, as a rule, their complete concentration on their work sometimes gives them a considerable advantage over artisans who have all their faculties about them. It is not generally known that one of the best-known manufacturers of artistic and decorative objects has taken deaf mutes into his employ from time to time, until now he has about a half-dozen. They have been put on the pay-roll in place of workmen who can speak and hear, not from charitable motives, but because they actually do the work in a more satisfactory manner. One of the foremen has had to go to the trouble of learning the sign language solely in order to give instructions to his modelers. The employment of deaf mutes, which, though frequent, has been hitherto the result of chance, is now likely to become a regular and systematic practice. When, according to the New York Post a few weeks ago, the firm in question needed to hire another boy to learn modeling from the beginning, none of the applicants who appeared at the factory showed any particular promise in the direction desired. After trying several, the superintendent took what he thought was the easiest way out of the difficulty by writing at once to the head of a deaf and dumb school. Telling exactly what was wanted, he asked to have the privilege of trying the best boy the school had in the line of manual work. The boy who appeared the next morning is still on trial, but everything seems to show that the superintendent's confidence in deaf mutes, as such, was justified.

Deaf Mutes as Artisans.

The radical evolution in business methods, the long strides in civilization, the multiplication of inventions and discoveries, along all lines, which the past half-century has witnessed, necessitate an infinitely broader and better training for men and women in every walk of life than was requisite 25 or even ten years ago. The watchword of this century is "Excelsior." Each successive year, for example, says O. S. Marden, in Success, in order that the best results may be obtained, demands a higher standard of education than before for the youth who would become a merchant. A knowledge of "the three R's," unless supplemented by unusual shrewdness and foresight, no longer suffices to enable a man to conduct a business successfully.

Before the invention of railways, people who traveled from Boston to Philadelphia went either by boat or by stage coach. Nowadays all the pleasure of a coaching trip between the two cities can be enjoyed with few of its inconveniences by traveling on the trolley cars.

A campaign is to be inaugurated against bird hunters from the city, because they shoot poultry; but why not, asks the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, inaugurate it against them because they shoot birds?

The American girls whose paintings are exhibited in the Paris salon this year have interested the art centers of the world.

A Nasty Smack.

Miss Primseed—So you're going to marry the curate, I hear. Well, I hope you'll be happy and all that sort of thing, but—you mustn't mind my speaking plainly—I wonder you didn't choose some one a little less meek and—er—timid, you know. I can tell you my dear, only a very brave man will wed me.

The Betrothed—Yes, I can quite believe that—but do you think you will ever find one with sufficient courage? —Ally Sloper.

Essential Principle Lacking.

"So I am the fourteenth man that has proposed to you this year, am I?" the young man said, pale with chagrin and mortification. "I suppose I ought to go and suggest to the others that we get up a lovers' trust. There certainly are enough of us."

"I don't see how you could do that, Harold," she said, softly. "The 'community of interests' idea would be wholly lacking."—Chicago Tribune.

Under False Scent.

Cholley Tenper—Heavens! old chappie, why do you persist in cleaning your clothes with gasoline? Everybody you pass can smell the dreadful odor.

Harold Hallroom—Is that a fact?

Cholly Tenper—Certainly.

Harold Hallroom—Just imagine how many people will think I own an automobile!—Town Topics.

More Talk for Less Money.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—They say that woman, by getting into different occupations formerly monopolized by men, are reducing the scale of wages.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Yes; that's right; and I see now we've got women lawyers. I'm glad of that.

"Why?"

"Well, they'll charge less and talk more."—Yonkers Statesman.

Continuous Performance.

The Doctor—The boy has evidently been eating too much between meals.

The Father—Nonsense! A boy can't eat in his sleep.

The Doctor—How do you mean?

The Father—I mean that each meal of his begins when he gets up in the morning and doesn't end till he goes to bed.—Philadelphia Press.

Quite a Difference.

Mr. Wallace—It seems to me that if ever a bachelor realizes his unhappy lot it must be when he is in bed ill.

Mrs. Wallace—Yes. There is a great difference between a hired nurse and a wife. If he goes to throwing the medicine bottles and things at the nurse when she happens to hurt his rheumatism she will leave.—Tit-Bits.

He Was an Angel.

"It's easy enough," remarked the melancholy man, "to make friends, but it's hard to keep them."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the other, who was jovial and wealthy, "all my friends consider me easy and are satisfied to let me keep them."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Woes of the Collector.

"Did you get anything out of her?" asked the business manager of the collector.

"Yes, she paid me a compliment. Said she wouldn't be afraid to trust me with the money if she had it."—N. Y. Times.

Thick.

Briggs—The electric light has gone out on the other side of the hotel piazza.

Griggs—Yes, I had to elbow my way through the lovers there just now.—