

dissolving together, over a slow fire, three ounces of turpentine, two ounces of white wax; then add one ounce of ivory black and one drachm of indigo, to be well pulverized and mixed together; when the wax and turpentine are dissolved, and the ivory black and indigo, stir till cold. Apply very thin, and brush afterwards.—*Scientific American*.

HOW TO MAKE GRAFTING WAX.—Take good, clean bees-wax, one-third; rosin, two-thirds; melt together; boil one hour, then pour it into cold water. When cold enough, work it with the hands until you think it well mixed. If not soft enough to spread easy, add a little more wax. N. B.—Bud your peaches into plum sprouts. In budding take the double buds. Graft your grapes into wild grape roots; you will have grapes the next year without fail. One is worth a dozen of those you get out of the nurseries. I have had them to grow ten and a half feet long the first year.—*Ex.*

Hearth and Home.

FARMING FOR BOYS.

CHAPTER VI.

BUILDING A PIG-PEN.—HOW TO KEEP PIGS.—A GREAT INCREASE—TWO ACRES OF CORN.—LIQUID MANURE THE LIFE OF A PLANT.

This important part of the general future being thus successfully under way, the next thing was to fit up a pig-pen, for the new queen in the boys' affections would very soon be brought home. As there was a scarcity of materials on the farm for constructing a fashionable modern pen, with brick walls, shingle roof, plank floor, and costly iron feeding-trough, Uncle Benny directed them to use a large old molasses-hogshead, that happened to be lying idle. One of the boys got into it and removed all the projecting nails from the inside, then, placing it on its side, and blocking it so that it could not roll over, they put into it an abundant supply of straw for a bed. They then built a fence of old posts, broken rails, pieces of board, sticks from the wood-pile, and other waste stuff they could find. In fact, there was nothing else to be had. It was a tottering, decrepit sort of affair, although strong enough to keep the pig in, but it enclosed sufficient room to give her a fine range, while the great hogshead would be sure to afford a retreat always dry and warm,—in fact, just such a shelter as a pig must have, if one expects him to keep himself clean and in thriving condition.

Though Uncle Benny had himself superintended the erection of a structure which was destined to be the theatre for very important events, yet, when finished, he gazed upon it with a sort of architectural dismay. He had a nice eye for the beautiful; but here was a collection of all the crippled boards and half-rotten posts and rails that such a farm as

Spangler's generally contains in wasteful abundance. "It must be whitewashed," he exclaimed. "I am ashamed of it. Your pig will be ashamed of it too, and the neighbors will laugh at it. The hogshead will do, but the fence must be whitewashed."

Mr. Spangler, coming up at that moment, and hearing the old man's remark, joined in by saying, "Yes! It beats me all hollow! There's no worm-fence on the farm like it."

The uneducated eyes of the boys being unable to appreciate the squalled features of the structure, they were surprised at these disparaging estimates of the results of their labor, but, on promising that they would supply the whitewash as soon as the weather became warmer, the subject was dropped.

In due time the expected and long-desired pig was brought to her future home, and she went cheerfully into it, giving no critical attention to the fence, but making directly for the feed-trough, which had been crammed, with boyish generosity, as evidence of a hearty welcome. She was a sleek, demure, and very motherly-looking pig, and her white skin was so much cleaner than any of the dirty razor-backed animals in Spangler's pen that everybody remarked it. Mrs. Spangler herself, with all the girls, could not resist the temptation of coming over to see what they had heard described at every meal since Christmas. Even they observed the difference; but one of them, whose name was Nancy, rather spitefully remarked that it wouldn't last; she'd soon be as dirty-looking as the others. This so nettled Joe, that he said the pig should be called after her; and the boys falling in with the idea, they formally adopted the name. Even Uncle Benny always used it when speaking of her.

The advent of this animal created even more interest among the boys than that of the pigeons.—The latter were away up in the loft, out of reach, and not proper subjects for handling or talking to, besides being shy and unsociable, except among themselves. But Nancy was down upon the ground, always accessible, ever desirous of seeing company, and with so quick an ear that the lightest approaching footfall would bring her out of her wain hogshead to see what was coming. Whether it was company she wanted, or a bucket of swill, was of little apparent consequence. She turned out regularly when any one came near, and drew up to him with amusing familiarity.

The fact was that Bill Spangler had become as attentive to her as if she had been his sweetheart, and he seemed to live, and move, and have his being in hanging around the pen, or in getting over the fence to give her a grateful scratching with the curry-comb. After a very brief practice under this rough shampooing, Nancy took to lying down on her side the moment Bill put his foot over the fence, and