

**A Practical Farmer's Hog.**

The farmer is called upon now-a-days to examine no less than ten different varieties or breeds of swine, the advocates and propagators of each particular breed claiming superiority over the rest.

First of all, we have the Poland-China, who on account of his American origin, it is claimed should stand first in the estimation of all American and Canadian farmers. Then, too, the Poland-China is a very excellent hog and will meet the requirements of most of the farmers. We have the Red hogs, coming along with strong claims to public favor; much improvement has been made in this variety; the great awkward coarse hogs of the past, is rapidly being displaced by finer boned animals. Another breed that is floating high on the tide of practical appreciation is the Victoria, a handsome and useful breed of white hogs. But what makes these various breeds popular? Is there anything about them that should make them preferable to the Berkshire? I think nothing but novelty. It is well known that Americans like something new, and when they can get a new thing that will answer their requirements as well as the old, at no increase in price, they almost invariably try the new. Now, it is a well-known fact that no one wanted Poland-Chinas when they were great, coarse, slow-maturing, living corn cribs, as they were in their incipiency, but as soon as they approached the model of the Berkshire then they became popular. The cause of the popularity of the Victoria is their nearness to the Berkshire model, the fact being that if these Victorias were black, with a white strip in the face, they would be first-class Berkshires. Now, that the breeders of red hogs can see the necessity of decreasing the size of the bone and bringing their hogs to a finer standard, we see their pens empty of sale animals long before the sale season is over.

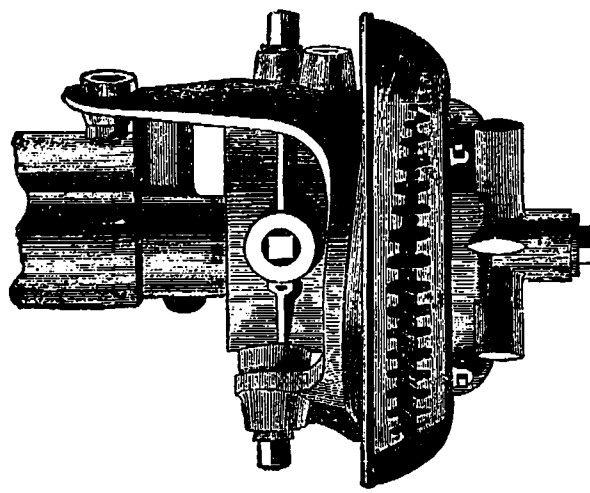
The following are the points desirable in a practical farmer's hog. Fine short nose, dished face, fine ears, good width between the eyes, eyes not too prominent, a straight broad back of uniform width from shoulders to ham, short legs and fine bone. He should stand well up on his pins, fat at any age, and if well reared, make a weight of 250 to 350 pounds at 11 months. Now, does not the foregoing description of a model farm hog, fully describe the well-bred Berkshire? I think all will agree with me that it does, and I am satisfied that if the reader will notice the character of all the various breeds of swine, he will find that the most popular ones are those which come nearest to the model of a farmer's hog presented above.

**Artificial Eggs.**

The funny man of the *Detroit Free Press*, lately published a sober account of a manufactory of artificial eggs, said to be doing an extensive business, with detailed description of the processes of manufacture, the composition of the product, etc., as if the whole thing actually existed. It is copied into the *London Mark Lane Express* simply as a burlesque, but other English papers seem to have been completely hoaxed, if we may infer from the following paragraph which appears in the *London Farmer*, and is probably going the rounds, and in which we see no symptom of the faintest perception of a joke—scarcely even in the concluding sentence:

The manufacture of artificial eggs across the Atlantic is largely increasing, and one establishment alone turns out upwards of one thousand every hour. The yolks are formed of a paste composed of corn flour, starch and other materials. The whites are made of albumen, and are chemically identical with the whites of real eggs; the inner skin is a film of gelatine, and the shell is of plaster of Paris, and is somewhat thicker than the original. The yolk is first rolled into a ball and frozen hard, then it is enclosed in the albumen and submitted to a rapid rotary motion which makes it a proper ovoid form, and again it is frozen. It is then dipped into the gelatine, and after that into the plaster, which while drying rapidly retains the form after the contents have melted. It is said that, in point of taste, the eggs cannot be distinguished from the real article, while they will keep good for years, and are not so easily broken. They can be flavored to resemble ducks' eggs, but up to the present it is stated that "even the most assiduous hen had failed to produce chicks from these compounds."

**CALIFORNIA SHEPHERDS.**—The sheep ranches are usually desolate places—a great stretch of seemingly bare lands, with a few fenced corals, blackened and foul-smelling; the home and out-buildings clustered together in a hollow or on a hill-side where there is water; the less human the neighborhood the better. The loneliness of the life is, of itself, a salient objection to the industry. Of this the great owners need know nothing; they can live where they like. But for the small sheepmen, the shepherds, and above all the herders, it is a terrible life—how terrible is shown by the frequency of insanity among herders. Sometimes, after a few months of the life, a herder goes suddenly mad. After learning this fact, it is no longer possible to see the picturesque side of the effective groups one so often comes on suddenly in the wilderness—sheep peacefully grazing, and the shepherd lying on the ground watching them, or the whole flock racing in a solid, fleecy, billowy scamper up or down a steep hill-side, with the dogs leaping and barking on all sides at once. One scans the shepherd's face alone, with pitying fear lest he may be losing his wits.—*Century*.



**The New Mechanical Gear used only on the Toronto Mower.**

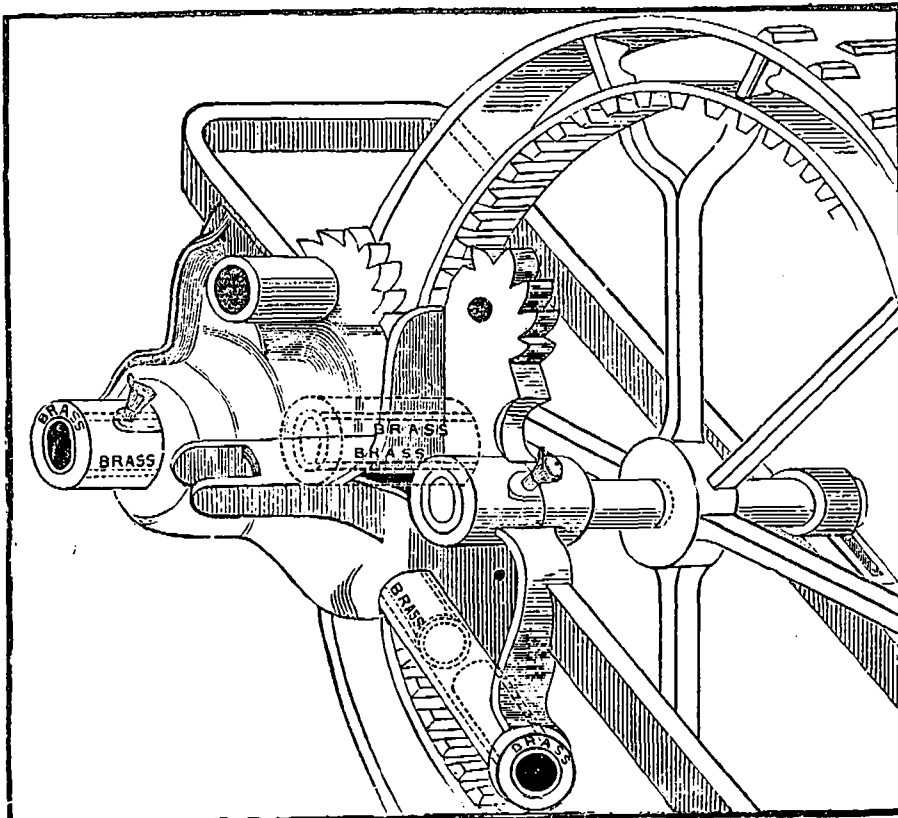
**Training Vicious Horses.**

A very simple method and an improvement upon the Rarey system of training vicious horses was exhibited at West Philadelphia recently, and the manner in which some of the wildest horses were subdued was astonishing. The first trial was that of a kicking or "balking" mare, which her owner said had allowed no rider on her back for a period of at least five years. She became tame in about so many minutes, and allowed herself to be ridden about without a sign of her former wildness. The means by which the result was accomplished was a piece of light rope, which was passed around the front jaw of the mare just above the upper teeth, crossed in her mouth, thence secured back of her neck. It was claimed that no horse will kick or jump when thus secured, and that a horse after receiving the treatment a few times, will abandon his vicious ways forever. A very simple method was also shown by which a kicking horse could be shod. It consisted in connecting the animal's head and tail by means of a rope fastened to the tail and then to the bit, and then drawn tightly enough to incline the animal's head to one side. This, it is claimed, makes it absolutely impossible for a horse to kick on the side of the rope. At the same exhibition a horse, which for many years had to be bound on the ground to be shod, suffered the blacksmith to operate on him without attempting to kick while secured in the manner described.

**Some more names.**

There's a region called Manitoba'  
Which to us sounds quite lar-da-da;  
But its people would look very sober  
To hear it pronounced Manito'ba,  
This far-away Manitoba'

A State in the West passed a law  
To pronounce its own name Arkansaw';  
But we know that many a man' says,  
'I'll continue to call it Arkan'sas—  
Pooh, pooh, to the word Arkansaw'!



**The Principal Bearings of the Massey Harvester.**

In the first part of his existence, Adam always looked upon the advancing cold weather with considerable apprehension.

He came home the other night in the drizzling rain, soaked inside as well as out. "What excuse have you to offer," said his better half, "for coming home in such a beery condition?" "None, my dear, 'cept 'twas a very muggy day."

**A Yorkshire Egg Farm.**

"Henwife" supplies to the *London Live Stock Journal*, an account of a visit she has recently paid to a farm where the staple return is from hens:

In the middle of Yorkshire, at the picturesque village of —, surrounded by a beautiful scenery of heather, moor, hill and rushing brown stream, lies the farm to which I refer. Mr. and Mrs. — are the only occupants of the cosy little stone farmhouse, and preferring to perform all the work of the dairy and poultry yard themselves, are therefore satisfied that it is well done. I should mention that the exceptional size and beauty of the eggs which I saw in a grocer's windows in the market town led me to inquire whether they were a specimen basketful or no, and being much struck with the reply that these were "only a part of a consignment received that day," I begged permission to visit the farm which supplied them.

A short journey of half an hour brought me to the village, where I was most kindly received; and Mrs. W. at once gave me full particulars as to her method of feeding and managing the hens. In the morning about six, they receive a good meal of small round maize. Directly afterwards they go roaming all over the grass fields, always returning punctually at noon for their dinner. This second feed consists of the best Indian meal, mixed with a fourth part of very superior Scotch oatmeal, sweet and fresh; a sprinkling of spice is added, and the mixture made with boiling water. They eat ravenously, and then rush off again to the fields. About five o'clock a duplicate meal is given them, after which they go to roost.

Mr. W. has not more than 200 hens. The breeds are mixed. In some I could see Andalusian blood; in others the nodding tuft and speckled plumage of the Houdan were apparent; Cochin and Brahma, as well as Dorking characteristics might be observed in others. From these 200 hens Mr. W. has obtained, from May 1st to September 1st, £60 worth of eggs, the highest price obtained being 1s. for seven, and the lowest 1s. for seventeen. In April and May he several times collected 1,000 eggs per week. The average yield during May and June was 100 to 130 eggs per day. At this moment he is bringing to market from 350 to 420 eggs weekly, the hens laying daily from 50 to 60 eggs.

Fifty eggs daily in September from 200 hens in deep molt, is a most extraordinary return; of course a very large proportion are not laying at all at this moment. The eggs are quite over the usual size; six of them when selected turning the scale at a pound; but they average seven to the pound, picked up haphazard from the nest.

Mrs. W. insists upon the food given to the birds being of the best quality, and distributed most punctually. She occasionally, in the winter, makes a pailful of sour barley quite hot, by baking slowly for an hour, and considers it to be a great stimulus to laying. The hens are many of them in their fourth year, at the commencement of which they are killed. Mr. W.'s experience satisfies him that birds bred from laying strains do not reach the height of their powers till the completion of their second year. Green corn he considers the worst of food for laying hens, and has observed that, if allowed access to the ricks at this season, they cease laying. He thinks it (being sweet and new) fattens, but lacks the stimulant contained in sound and thoroughly dried corn.

Referring to the ravages hens are supposed to commit in their ranging, Mr. W. spoke highly of the benefit conferred by poultry on grass lands, by devouring insects and manuring the soil. He informed me that when he

began to farm his present tenement, thirteen years ago—consisting of sixteen acres—he could not make enough hay to winter three cows, but that now he keeps ten with ease. It is evident that in this case the "eye of the master fattens the steed," as the old proverb has it; but Mr. W. gives much of the credit to the poultry. Buttermilk forms another article of diet in the chicken yard; this or sweet milk is given in troughs, and especially in the autumn and winter months forms a valuable heat-producer. On inquiring as to what method Mr. W. pursued in breeding his laying birds, he replied, "Whenever I see a good layer I buy her, and set a few clutches of her eggs, and always, when setting from my own birds, select the eggs of those which lay the largest ones, and that most frequently." The cocks are of the same mixed breeds as the hens. I think I saw about twenty in all. The soil is dry—a mixture of loam and sand, while here and there a good deal of limestone. The fowls' houses are of the most simple description, and they have free run over the grass fields. I left Mr. W.'s farm with a feeling of real pleasure. It is delightful to have found even one English farmer, who allows that poultry will pay, and who demonstrates it so practically. All around his neighbors echo the old cry, "Fowls don't pay," and have given them up in despair. Great cleanliness, great care and punctuality in feeding, personal attention, and a simple and practical rule in breeding have brought about these excellent results. Why are there not many more such cases? I have often urged upon farmers and cottagers to establish a profitable breed of poultry. Perhaps this instance of a well-earned and paying return may encourage them to go and do likewise.

Actions speak more forcibly than words; they are the test of character. Like fruit upon the tree, they show the nature of the man; while motives, like the sap, are hidden from our view.