A DUCK FARM.

THREE DENSELY POPULATED ACRES IN NEW JERSEY.

Raising Ducks and Geese for the New York Market--Feeding, Killing and Picking the Fowls.

Thus far the only "duck farm" of any size or importance in the vicinity of New York is that near Little Falls, N. J., on the Greenwood Lake Division of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad. The farm has been used for its present purpose just one year and a half. Its proprietor is a Bostonian, who acquired and practised the art of alternately increasing and diminishing the "quack" tribe at the Hub many years before he removed his base of operations to Jersey. In Boston, it seems, duck and goose flesh is even more in demand than in New York.

The "duck farm," as it is known in the little settlement of Little Falls, contains sixteen acres, three of which are kept densely populated with waddling, squawking, quacking birds nearly all the year round. The largest demands upon the rank and file of the birds are made during the season when they are most in vogue. This covers a period of five months, beginning in October and closing in February. Constant sales prevent the noisy army from ever increasing to a number much greater than 6,000 at one time, and, with the demand consequent upon the holiday season just ended, the present tally of birds at the farm is about 4,000. Still, even this number is sufficiently large to make itself distinctly heard within a radius of a quarter of a mile.

In fact, there is a tradition which says that the mill hands at Little Falls awake with the first matutinal warning from the ducks and geese, and seek slumber at the same time the birds do. One thing is certain—all distance among the inhabitants of Little Falls is computed from the "duck farm."

Here is consumed nearly all the cornmeal produced by the water-power mills of that section. Two carloads, or 150 bags, vanish each week down the insatiable maws of the farm's feathered denizens.

Of the three acres occupied by the fowls, two are set apart for the ducks, which are most in request in New York. These two acres are kept in a marsh-like state all the time for the greater enjoyment of the unconscious victims. Rough wooden sheds under which the birds may cuddle in wet weather are also placed about the fields, which, for the sake of convenience in catching the fowls, are divided into three sections with high wire nets. The birds are brought to Little Falls from the West, principally from Indiana. They come over the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad in large stock cars carrying several thousand fowls each. Only a small proportion of them dies on the road.

The birds are arranged in tiers, by which method the ducks and geese are kept separate. The railroad runs alongside the farm, and the fowls emerge from the cars, tier by tier, down a trough-like gangplank. They are then driven in squads into the quarters prepared for them at the farm through a sort of alleyway which runs along one side of the three-acre division. Here they are kept for weeks on a nourishing cornmeal diet, which makes them so fat that they can scarcely walk.

This provender also makes their flesh white and tender and vastly superior to the yellowish meat of the ordinary farmyard fowl. Ducks so treated are preferred by judges of poultry to the Southern variety, and even to canvasbacks and brants.

Most of the stock is shipped alive to New York and sold through commission merchants. A few hundreds in every thousand are killed. This is done in a division of the packing-house on the premises. The operator forces open the bird's beak. Then he dips down its throat a long, sharp knife, which he moves about until the principal blood vessels are severed and the victim is nearly dead from strangulation. Then he knocks the bird's head against a post, and without more ado turns the carcass over to another operator, who proceeds at once to pluck the feathers from it. These are thrown into a box and compressed and a ready sale.

The plucked birds are piled on a shelf, whence they are taken and packed in barrels for shipment—heads, necks and all. Thin layers of ice are sprinkled over each lot to insure their delivery in a marketable condition.—[New York World.

FORGOT EVEN HIS MOTHER.

Oakman's Memory Gone as the Result of an Operation.

George C. Hunter, of Oakland, has lost his memory as completely as if he had never had a brain, says the San Francisco Examiner. He is alive and well, goes about just like any ordinary person, but can recall nothing of his past life. His mind is a blank. He cannot remember his wife nor mother. Though he looks upon [illegible] he has forgotten that he is a wife, and the [illegible] fled into regions [illegible]

He cannot recall it. He remembers that a face is familiar, but that is all. The name of anything about the person he cannot recall. The accident bringing such consequences occurred on the 15th of October. Young Hunter was working on a locomotive in the railroad roundhouse in West Oakland when an iron plug was blown from a steampipe and struck him on the head, fracturing the brain. He was removed to Dr. Woolsey's hospital in an unconscious condition and placed under the care of Dr. Dunn. A large part of the skull, where the iron struck it, was splintered and pressed in against the brain. So serious was the case that it seemed almost hopeless to attempt to save the man's life. Nevertheless the attempt was made, and from the surgeon's standpoint it was a most successful operation. Hunter lived. The splintered portion of the skull measuring about two inches in width by four inches in length, was carefully removed and the pressure upon the brain relieved. It was then seen that the splintered bone had lacerated the membrane of the brain. The doctors then began to cultivate the injured brain and its coverings. The process of granulation had gone on day by day until the entire membrane had been restored. The gap in the scalp will now be repaired by the difficult operation which involves the use of skin grafts taken in long strips from some other portions of Hunter's body.

For a period of four weeks after the accident Hunter lay in his cot in the hospital unconscious. He gave no sign of life save that he breathed. Suddenly one morning consciousness returned and memory was gone. All his past was a blank. Dr. Woolsey asked him his name, but Hunter only shook his head and looked at him wonderingly. Paper and pencil were given him and he wrote the letter "g," but could go no further and gave the paper back. When his mother and his wife visited him he looked at them for awhile and then said that the faces seemed familiar, but who they were he could not say. Hunter is now able to walk about and is to all appearances well. He remembers what is told him, talks intelligently about everything that has happened since his return to consciousness, but back of that he can not go.

Even Animals Were Embalmed.

Recent discoveries show that the ancient Egyptians not only embalmed the bodies of their human dead, but performed a like operation upon the remains of animals, which, according to their ideas, were sacred. The list of animals embalmed includes dogs, cats, monkeys, lions, wolves, jackals, foxes, hyenas, bears, ichneumons, shrew mice, bulls, deer, goats, sheep, hippopotami, vultures, eagles, falcons, hawks, owls, ibis, geese, swallows, crocodiles, toads, lizards, serpents, fish of various kinds, rats, mice, beetles and even insects and flies. As a rule, with the large animals, the head only was mummied, the body being represented by pieces of wood. Some of the ancient customs regarding the sacred animals are very quaint. If a cat died, the owner of the house shaved off his eyebrows; but if a dog died, he shaved his whole head, which would appear to denote that dogs were held in greater veneration than cats. The greatest grief was shown, the people beating themselves and uttering doleful cries. The animal was then delivered to the embalmer to be prepared and deposited in the proper tomb. There have been more mummies of the ibis found in Egypt than of any other bird or animal, but very few in a perfect state. At Memphis there are thousands of them in pots of common stone or blue ware, or of hard polished stone of a lengthened conical figure; even the eggs of the ibis have been found preserved. Hardly ever have mummied animals been discovered in the human tombs, and never by any chance were amulets put with animals. Crocodiles were embalmed and deposited in catacombs purposely excavated for them.

Hard and Soft Wood.

One who knocks about among Maine men often hears interesting points brought up in queer ways. One of these presented itself recently in a transaction which involved the question: "Where is the legal line to be drawn between 'hard' and 'soft' wood?" A very sharp Penobscot County man made a contract to deliver to the other party some hundreds of cords of "hard" wood, and then proceeded to deliver white birch and poplar wood to the required amount. To this the purchaser, who expected to receive either maple, beech or yellow birch, demurred, claiming it was not according to contract. A high judicial authority is quoted as ruling that white birch and poplar are "hard" wood, because they bear a leaf, the line being drawn between the evergreen and leaf-bearing trees.—[Lewiston Journal.

The world's sugar plantations produce every year 6,000,000 tons of sugar.

Over 2,000 tons of snails are annually eaten in Paris.

Carrying Molasses in Bulk.

Almost all the molasses which comes from Cuba to the United States is brought in the same tanks in steamships that are used to carry petroleum as a return cargo. The ships' tanks are about sixteen feet deep and have a neck seven feet deep. They are pumped full of oil at Brooklyn or Philadelphia, then taken to Havana, and the oil is pumped out into the tanks of the refining plants there. Molasses is brought from the interior of the island in huge hogsheads, which are emptied into the storage tanks. A suction pump drawing about 10,000 gallons an hour fills each ship's tanks to within about two feet of the top, that amount of space being required for the expansion of the molasses. It might be supposed that the petroleum would have a bad effect on the molasses, but it has been shown that the contrary is the case, and as nearly one-half the importation is made into rum and the balance refined into sugar, a little oil is not of much account. The tanks are cleaned after the molasses has been pumped out by turning in a powerful steam jet, which washes down the sides and liquefies whatever molasses may be left in the bottom of the tank, and the suction pump finishes the work.

A cargo of molasses, which formerly required ten or twelve days, can now be unloaded in forty-eight hours, while the difference in the cost of handling, to say nothing of the saving of time, amounts to a large sum.

The first attempt at handling molasses in bulk was made by the brig Novelty in 1877. She was fitted with a lining and her whole hold was used without partitions. She made several trips between Matanzas and Boston, but was not successful as a dividend earner. Since the present system of dividing a vessel's hold into tanks was devised and put in practice on steamers the profits of the trade and the steamship companies have largely increased.—New York Tribune.

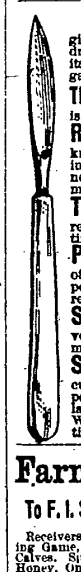
The Cannibal Tree.

No list of curious and out-of-the-way things is complete without an attempted description of that botanical monster, the "cannibal tree," of Australia. It grows in the form of a gigantic pineapple, seldom reaching a height exceeding ten or twelve feet. Its height, however, is not a criterion to its diameter, as the reader will imagine when told that one eight feet in height may be five feet through the base. The "leaves" resemble broad planks and are frequently fifteen feet long, twenty inches broad and a foot and a half thick at the base.

These broadlike leaves all put out at the top and hang down so as to form a sort of an umbrella around the stem. Upon the apex of the cone around which these leaves concentrate are two concave figures resembling dinner plates, one above the other. These are constantly filled with an intoxicating honey. A bird may light upon the edge of these or a man or an animal may walk up to the leaves to indulge in stolen sweets, but death is the penalty for such rashness. The instant the honey receptacles are touched the leaves close like a trap and squeeze the life out of the meddler. After a while the leaves will relax their vice-like grasp, the horrid tentacles will slowly unfold and nature has set her trap for another victim.—[Philadelphia Press.

St. Joseph, Mo., makes its own electric light for fourteen cents per lamp.

A SURGEON'S KNIFE



gives you a feeling of horror and dread. There is no longer necessity for its use in many diseases formerly regarded as incurable without cutting.

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is well illustrated by the fact that **RUPTURE** or Breach, is now *radically* cured without the knife and without pain. Clumsy, chafing trusses can be thrown away! They never cure but often induce inflammation, strangulation and death.

TUMORS Ovarian, Fibroid (Uterine) and many others, are now removed without the perils of cutting operations.

PILE TUMORS, however large, **Fistula** and other diseases of the lower bowel, are permanently cured without pain or, resort to the knife.

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STRICTURE of Urinary Passage is also removed without cutting in hundreds of cases. For pamphlet, references and all particulars, send 10 cents (in stamps) to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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In every tribe there are hundreds of original songs which are its heritage. Many of them have been handed down through generations, and embody not only the feeling of the composer, but record some past event or experience; they are treasured by the people, and care is taken to transmit them accurately. People who possess written music have some mechanical device by which a tone may be uniformly produced, as by the vibrations of a chord of given length and tension, the tone becoming the standard by which all others can be regulated; and a succession of tones can be recorded and accurately repeated at long intervals of time, and by different persons. The Indians have no mechanism for determining a pitch; there is no uniform key for a song; it can be started on any note suitable to the singer's voice. This absence of a standard pitch, and the Indians' management of the voice, which is similar in singing and in speaking, make Indian music seem to be out of tune to our ears, conventionally trained as they are to distinguish between the singing and the speaking tone of voice. Although the Indians have no fixed pitch, yet, given a starting note, graduated intervals are observed. Not that any Indian can sing a scale, but he repeats his songs without tany material variation. Men with good voices take pride in accuracy of singing, and often have in their memories several hundred songs, including many from tribes with the members of which they have exchanged visits.

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A Queen's Dietary.

Queen Victoria has evidently pondered well on the saying that man must eat to live. At Balmoral, where she lives in the simplest possible way, she begins her day at 8 o'clock with tea, chocolate or coffee and dry toast. At 9:30 she has breakfast, small trout freshly caught from the River Doe, being an invariable dish. At 12:30, after her morning outing, she has a little refreshment—an egg beaten up in milk, some soup and a little fruit. She lunches at 2. Later in the afternoon there is the invariable afternoon tea, and between 8 and 9 dinner is served. Thus on six meals a day does her majesty manage to sustain nature.—[Chicago Herald.

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Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

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