

THE PASCAGOULA DEMOCRAT-STAR.

BY P. K. MAYERS & M. B. RICHMOND.

"PEACE, GOOD WILL AND PROSPERITY TO ALL MANKIND."

TERMS—\$2.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

Vol. XXVIII.

PASCAGOULA, JACKSON COUNTY, MISS., AUGUST 2, 1878.

No. 19.

PROFESSIONAL.

Dr. D. C. Case,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Having permanently located at Ocean Springs, offers his professional services to the people of the town and surrounding country. Thirty years extensive experience in the valley of the Mississippi and in the city of New Orleans, enables him to offer his professional services as a consulting physician to the members of the fraternity who are practicing at the town along the coast.

H. Bloomfield,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Hudson, Miss.
Will practice in all the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims. References—Hon. W. C. Henderson, Hudson, Miss., and Hon. Roderick Seal, Mississippi City.

A. M. Dahlgren,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
OFFICE AT
Hills and Bonheur, Harrison Co., Miss.
Will practice in all the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims. References—Gen. J. R. Davis, Hudson, Miss.; Hon. Roderick Seal, Mississippi City; Maj. W. T. Walthall, Beauvoir; Judge W. A. Champlin, Pass Christian, and others.

J. J. Harry, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Ocean Springs, Miss.
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Ocean Springs and surrounding country. Office—Opposite the Methodist Church.

W. A. Champlin, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Pass Christian, Miss.
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Pass Christian and surrounding country. Office—Opposite the Methodist Church.

W. A. Champlin, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Pass Christian, Miss.
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Pass Christian and surrounding country. Office—Opposite the Methodist Church.

R. Seal,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Mississippi City, Miss.
Practices in all the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District.

C. H. Wood,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Harrison, Hancock, Perry and Greene.
Practices in the Courts of Jackson, Harrison, Hancock, Perry and Greene.

J. P. Carter,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Augusta, Perry County, Miss.
Will practice in the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District.

Dr. A. K. Northrop,
DENTAL SURGEON,
Office at Pass Christian, Miss.
Will visit all points upon the Coast, giving notice whenever he moves, at present of Pass Christian.

S. Moore, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Pascagoula, Miss.
Office and residence near the Seashore Hotel, residence and post-office.

F. N. Blount, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Respectfully tenders his services to the citizens of Pascagoula, Scranton and Moss Point.

Office—On Pass Christian street, opposite the railroad crossing, Scranton. Hours—10 A. M. to 2 P. M., and 5 to 7 P. M. Residence at the Seashore.

MISCELLANEOUS.
BARNES HOTEL,
Mississippi City, Miss.

NEW ARRANGEMENTS.
We have leased the BARNES HOTEL for five years. It is the finest Hotel building on the Gulf Coast. Accommodations for five hundred persons. Never has been a case of Yellow Fever at this place. Bathing and Fishing arrangements. Billiards, Ten Pin and all other amusements for Ladies and Children. A full Brass and String Band. Magnificent Picnic and Entertainment grounds of fifteen acres. Live Oak Shadocks and Springs of Pure and Sulphur Water. Bathing and Fishing privileges free of charge. The Barnes Hotel will be first class in every respect. Terms reasonable in accordance with the times.

CHAS. E. SWEEDEN, Proprietor.
JNO. E. ROWLAND, J.
May 10, 1878. 7-3m

JOSEPH KOTZUM, MACHINIST,
OCEAN SPRINGS, MISS.

We will repair all kinds of Fire-arms, Sewing Machines, and general Blacksmith work done on short notice. Also pays the highest cash prices for WOOL, BEESWAX, HIDES, FURS, IRON, BRASS, COPPER, LEAD, ZINC AND OLD IRON.

Has on hand Cook Stoves, which he will sell at New Orleans prices. 5-6m
April 26, 1878.

DENTISTRY.
Dr. C. Chidsey has resumed the practice of DENTISTRY in all its branches. Particular attention paid to the inserting of ARTIFICIAL TEETH, from one to a full set.
May 24, 1878. 9-3m

JOHN V. TOULME & SONS.,
Bay St. Louis, Miss.
Tanners and Manufacturers OF ROOTS, SHOES and HARNESS.

Orders solicited and promptly filled. Entire satisfaction guaranteed.
May 3, 1878. 6-ly

CRESCENT HOTEL,
Bay St. Louis, Mississippi.
W. R. LIST, Proprietor.

Having leased the above well-known popular Hotel, and having renovated and rebuilt it, it is now open for the reception of boarders. No pains will be spared to satisfy all who patronize this Hotel. The beautiful grounds, the comfortable and hand-some outages attached to this Hotel, and the excellent cuisine, will give this Hotel a high reputation.
May 24, 1878. 6-6m

THE COURTS.

REGULAR TERMS.

CIRCUIT COURT—SEVENTH DISTRICT.
JAMES S. HAMM, Judge.
THOMAS S. FORB, District Attorney.

In the county of Lauderdale on the second Monday of February and August, and continue eighteen days.
In the county of Kemper, on the first Monday of March and September, and continue twelve days.

In the county of Clarke, on the third Monday of March and September, and continue twelve days.
In the county of Wayne, on the first Monday of April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Greene, on the second Monday of April and October, and continue six days.
In the county of Jackson on the fourth Monday after the fourth Monday of April and October, and continue twelve days.

In the county of Hancock, on the first Monday after the fourth Monday of April and October, and continue six days.
In the county of Hancock, on the first Monday after the fourth Monday of April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Perry, on the third Monday of April and October, and continue six days.
In the county of Marion, on the fourth Monday in April and October, and continue six days.

CHANCERY COURT—THIRD DISTRICT.
GEORGE WOOD, Chancellor.

In the county of Jackson, on the first Monday of March and September, and continue six days.
In the county of Harrison, on the second Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Hancock, on the third Monday of March and September, and continue six days.
In the county of Pearl, on the fourth Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Marion, on the fourth Monday in March and September, and continue six days.
In the county of Perry, on the first Monday in April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Greene, on the second Monday in April and October, and continue six days.
In the county of Wayne, on the fourth Monday after the fourth Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Clarke, on the first Monday in May and November, and continue six days.
In the county of Kemper, on the fourth Monday of May and November, and continue six days.

RED STORE

Pass Christian Miss.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT AND CHEAPEST PRICES ON THE SEA COAST.

Having moved into my new and commodious Store with the Largest and Best selected stock of

DRY GOODS,

Notions, Clothing, Saddlery, Shoes, Hats, Willow & Woodenware, Hardware, Tinware, and Cutlery,

COOK STOVES

Family Groceries

The Red Store will pay the CASH for Cotton, Wool, Hides, Tallow, Beeswax, etc., and if our prices for goods are not lower than they can be had elsewhere, we do not ask any one to buy of us.

Come and see for yourselves.

We have no branch store.

Try **JORDY'S RED STORE,**
May 31, 1878. 10-1y

MERINO SHEEP.
I have for sale a few Clavers, Pure Blooded Imported MERINO EWES, which will be disposed of at reasonable prices.

Apply to **W. R. STUART,**
Ocean Springs, Miss.
May 24, 1878. 9-2m

WHEN?

BY REV. A. J. RYAN.

Some day in Spring?
When earth is bright and glad,
When wild birds sing,
And fowls hearts are sad?
Shall I die then?

Ah, me! no matter when!
I know it will be sweet
To leave the home of men,
To rest beneath the sod—
To kneel and kiss thy feet,
In Thy home—oh! my God!

Some summer morn?
When all the winds sing songs,
And roses hide each thorn
And smiles—the spirit's wrongs?
Shall I die then?

Ah, me! no matter when!
I know I will rejoice
To leave the homes of men
To hear Thy tender voice
In Thy home—oh! my God!

Some autumn eve?
When shadows dim the sky—
When all things grieve,
And fairest things all die?
Shall I die then?

Ah, me! no matter when!
I know I will be glad
To leave the homes of men
To sleep beneath the sod—
No heart can ever be sad
In Thy home—oh! my God!

Some wintry day?
When all the sky is gloom,
And hoar-frosts May
Sleeps in December's tomb?
Shall I die then?

Ah, me! no matter when!
My heart shall throbb with joy
To leave the homes of men
To rest beneath the sod—
Ah, joy has no alloy
In Thy home—oh! my God!

Ah, me! I tell
The Rosary of my years;
And it is well
The beads are strung with tears!
Haste, Death, and come—
I pine—I pray for Home!
I know it will be sweet
To rest beneath the sod—
To kneel and kiss thy feet,
In Thy home—oh! my God!

OLD HICKORY.
A Story From Tennessee.

In the days of our fathers there lived in Virginia an old planter, Maj. Hanley, who was an oddity in his way. Some said that he was crazy, while others declared that only an inordinate love of fun gave rise to his quaint doings. He might be called a practical joker, and it was said he never allowed a stranger to come and go without playing upon him one or more of his ridiculous tricks.

One chilly, drizzling autumnal evening a horseman pulled up at the major's door and requested hospitality for the night. He had wandered from his way, and it was now too late to rectify his mistake.

He was warmly welcomed, and when his horse had been taken in charge by a competent servant, and his saddle-bags removed, he was ushered into the great living room, where a cheerful fire blazed in the enormous fireplace, and where candles were lighted.

The major was a large, strongly-built man, of middle age, bald-headed, rather red in the face, and with an eye deep-set and twinkling. The guest also was of middle age, tall and spare, but compact and muscular, with features of a decided leucocast, strongly marked, heavy brows, and a shock of thick, crisp hair, that stood up on his large head like the mane of a lion.

Supper was announced, and after that the evening passed on pleasantly. As the clock struck nine the host arose and excused himself for a few minutes. When he returned he was accompanied by a negro, who carried a fiddle and bow, and the major himself had a large horse-pistol in his hand.

"My dear friend," said the host, with a bow and a smile, "we must not let the evening pass without a little amusement. From your looks I know you can dance. I have one of the best fiddlers in the world; he learned to play in New Orleans, where music and dancing are cultivated. So, sir, you will take your place upon the floor, and dance us a reel. Let it be a Scotch reel; you look like a Scotchman. Come, make no delay—strike up, Pomp."

The guest protested that he could not dance. He had not done such a thing since his boyhood. But Maj. Hanley would not take no for an answer. He did not make many words. He cocked the pistol, and swore that he would shoot the guest if he did not dance. The negro had begun to tremble, and once or twice he seemed upon the point of crying out, but fear of his master withheld him.

The guest seemed to consider the matter. He looked at the major and at the pistol. The man might be really insane, though if he were there was much method in it. However, he was there alone—none to behold his discomfiture—and mayhap, he thought the tables might be turned.

"Come, come! Dance, or I fire!" The guest arose and stood in the middle of the room, and there began to dance to the negro's music; but the music was wretched—so wretched that the major more than once threatened to shoot the negro if he did not play better.

The poor wayfarer danced until he was fairly tired, and then stopped. The host was upon the point of urging him on, when a horse's tramp was heard at the door, and presently a servant put his head into the room and called the master out. Whether he forgot what he was doing, or he cared not to be seen outside with his pistol, we cannot say. But he left it on the table when he went out. As soon as the door was closed, the guest went to the table and took the pistol in his hand. As he had half suspected, it was not loaded; it was as innocent as a horse-shoe. But the traveler had his pistol ammunition in his pocket, and he quickly loaded the weapon with powder and ball, calling upon the darkey to witness.

Shortly the major returned, and his first movement was to look for his pistol, which he found missing. "My dear sir," said the guest, with a low bow, and one of the blandest of smiles—a smile, however, quickly followed by a look that might have made a hero quail, "I found your pistol sadly deficient; but I have rectified all that. You see I have my powder-flask and ball-pouch. The pistol is loaded, sir, *secundum artem*. We will continue the amusement by a dance executed by the master of the house; and let me assure you that I can use a pistol much better than I can dance a reel. Dance, sir, or, by the Eternal, I'll put a bullet through your legs, if not through your head!"

The major was startled. There was something in the man's words that always lifted him from his feet and took almost his breath, and if the look was a command he could no more have disobeyed than he could have hushed the throbbing of his own heart.

He danced. The negro played now with unctious—played in a manner to reflect credit upon his New Orleans teaching. More than once the dancer begged to be allowed to stop, but that pistol, held by an iron hand, kept him moving. Had the weapon been aimed at his head or heart he might have run a risk of the man's firing, but he really believed the irate traveler would as soon break his legs as not.

At length the visitor went to the fire-place and discharged the pistol up the chimney, and the major was suffered to sit down. As old Pompey passed him he stopped and bent over and whispered into his master's ear.

"For the Lor' a massy's sake, mas'r, don't ye go for to cut up no more. I tell ye, I knows de man! Whoah! who'd eber forget him? He's Gen'l' Jackson—der rale Ole Hickory, an' no mistake!"

Maj. Hanley opened his eyes wide. There is no knowing what he might have done, but as he was starting up, pale and affrighted, his visitor, who heard Pompey's revelation, put out his hand and said, with a smile: "Hold on, major. Not a word. If you can be satisfied, I can. Let us have a bit of repose—a bit of punch with it."

The punch was brought, and as soon as the host could regain his spirits jollily ruled the hour.

Of course the major had to tell the story of the coming of his illustrious visitor, and through the weakness of old Pompey the rest of the scene leaked out.

The following letter is selected from hundreds on file in the office of Messrs. Fenslow & Co., proprietors "Jurgiewicz's Anti-Rheumatic Mixture," P. O. box 1408, New Orleans.

Mr. C. L. St. Cyr, 207 Bourbon st., New Orleans, says:

I had been suffering with rheumatism for about four years, when my attention was called to the "Jurgiewicz Anti-Rheumatic Mixture," and it produced a most wonderful cure. When I commenced using the medicine, I had been prostrated with the disease three months, for two months of this period I had been unable to move. The attack was in my left side above and below the heart, and my physician said that as soon as it reached the heart, which it might do at any moment, it would kill me instantly. On the third day of using your medicine I went to church in the morning and took a ride in the afternoon. This is now two years since. I have had several attacks since they yield readily to the remedy and are getting further and further apart. I have had no attack for the last ten months; at least sixty sufferers with rheumatism have used your medicine upon my recommendation, and in every instance have they been relieved.

The national party is in full blast in Panola county. They are organizing for the next state and county elections. None will be supported for office who have not plenty money, and who, when they owe it, will not pay. We rather like this platform, and will go tooth and toe nail for it.—*Morgan'sville Leader.*

A High Reputation.
For years the firm of Steels & Price have deservedly had a high reputation for the excellence of their Dr. Price Cream Baking Powder and Special Flavoring Extracts. They have now added a line of strictly Unique Perfumes, rivaling in excellence the perfumes of this or any other country.

Sheep Raising near the Gulf Coast.

People are accustomed to associate sheep raising with hills and mountains, and with high latitudes. The true home of the sheep has usually been, in the minds of most people, located in such countries as Vermont, Scotland and Switzerland, while flat countries in low latitudes have not been considered suitable localities for sheep.

People of cold countries will have to unlearn a great deal of error which has crept into their minds in relation to Southern soil, climate and people. And their views of the South as a sheep-raising country will have to be revised, if they desire to obtain the truth.

Last week we took a trip to Ocean Springs, eighty-four miles east of New Orleans, on the Gulf coast, and called on Col. W. R. Stuart to obtain some fresh items on the progress of sheep raising on this coast.

We select Col. Stuart because he is an enthusiast in the sheep business. He studies the matter more than any man we know of on the coast except Col. A. E. Lewis, of Pascagoula, where we hope to visit next month, and from whom we expect to obtain more facts in regard to sheep raising in this country.

Col. Stuart has lately displayed great energy in bringing to this place pure blooded Merino bucks and ewes, as pure as can be found in America. He will pay special attention to the breeding of pure blooded merino sheep for sale, as well as for the wool and other considerations.

No sheep stands this climate better than pure Merinos. They are as healthy as they are in Vermont or Scotland, and their wool is as fine as that of the best Merino sheep anywhere. The best pine-land sheep along this coast usually produce 34 pounds of wool, which has usually sold, since the war, at from 23 to 28 cents a pound. These sheep have no shelter, winter or summer; and no food, except what nature furnishes in the woods. They are not salted, and receive no attention whatever, except to know their whereabouts, mark the lambs, shear the wool and sell the mutton.

The Merino half breed, with precisely the same attention, will produce from five to seven pounds of wool, which sells at much higher prices than the common wool—full blood Merino at 38 to 40 cents a pound. We are informed that one sheep raiser on this coast last year sold twenty-two thousand pounds of wool. There is no more healthy county for sheep and other animals, or for man, in the United States, than the portion of the State of Mississippi that fronts on the Gulf of Mexico.

The wool of the pine woods sheep brings a higher price than that of the common breeds in other portions of the South, and the half breed wool brings a much higher price than common wool—nearly as much as the wool of full bloods.

Col. Lewis, of Pascagoula, has purchased of Col. Stuart two full blooded Merino bucks, and writes to Col. Stuart thus: "Now let me congratulate you on your perseverance and your more than apparent success in changing the old ox wagon system of raising sheep on this Gulf coast. You have practically demonstrated, by your practice, that you have made more money on your fifty Merino sheep than your neighbor on 400 shorn and that with less care and expense with feed?" While we were at Col. Stuart's he shipped to Col. J. Wolkart, of Bay St. Louis, a full blooded Merino buck. Col. W. did not desire any but a full blood at any price.

Mr. G. W. Kendall, one of the founders of the *Piney*, writing from his great sheep ranch, in Texas, said "My object is to breed up until every sheep I own may be safely marked a thorough, full blood Merino; and in the course of a few years, should I live, I shall achieve this result."

Henry S. Randal, L. L. D., in his valuable work on sheep, says: "None but the full blood Merino ram should be used under any circumstances. A different course would at best lead to a retardation of the desired improvement of more than many times the cost of the necessary full blood rams; and the degree of improvement would become wholly a matter of uncertainty."

Such has been published for many years in the agricultural journals of the country in relation to the value of wood ashes. No farmer or gardener, of any intelligence, now permits his ashes to be wasted. They have not only an immediate, but a prospective value. Their good effects on almost all kinds of land, including clay and sand, can be seen in some instances for half a century.

Prof. S. W. Johnson, of Connecticut, in a late analysis, says that the average composition of wood ashes is, potash 81 per cent., lime 28 per cent., carbonic acid 254, oxide of iron, silica, sand and charcoal 144, soda 24, magnesia 43, phosphoric acid 23, sulphuric acid 1, water 2 per cent.

THE MISSISSIPPI GULF COAST.

There is more than the usual demand for houses at the Mississippi Gulf coast watering places this season. Several families have purchased new homes at Ocean Springs and other places. The increase of population at these watering places and along the coast generally will doubtless be a more healthy and substantial increase than ever before. The true merits of this coast as a resort for invalids and pleasure seekers from the South and North, summer and winter, are just beginning to be understood. As a fruit growing and sheep raising country, and as a general farm country, this portion of the State has always been underrated.

DANT DENNETT.

Sensational Suicide.

The *Times*' special from Capron, Ills., says that a dramatic suicide occurred there Tuesday night. Early last May, Geo. W. Burleigh, who is an old resident of Ohio, having lived in various parts of that State, came to that town ostensibly to start a tinsorial establishment. Burleigh was a man of varied accomplishments, fine education and versatile in conversation. While at Capron he was often in depressed spirits. Last Sunday he published a card, informing the citizens that in order to gratify an often expressed curiosity on the part of his townsmen to witness some such tragedy as the hanging of Sherry and Connolly in Chicago, he would on the evening of the 23d inst., deliver a lecture in Thornton hall, and at its conclusion gratify them by shooting himself through the forehead. The price of admission would be one dollar, and the amount realized should be used in his funeral expenses, and the remainder be invested in works of Huxley, Tyndall and Darwin, for the town library. His idea in ending his life was to secure eternal peace by annihilation. At the appointed time the hall was crowded, and after delivering an infidel lecture of wonderful power in manner and tone, which marked him as an adept, he suddenly drew the derringer, placed it to his forehead, and despite the attempts to prevent the rash deed, fired and fell into the arms of two friends, who were on the wings of the stage for the purpose of hindering the execution of the design. The large-sized ball literally tore his brain to pieces. He left a request that his body be forwarded to Cincinnati friends.

Too Much Kentucky Milk.

The Philadelphia Press is our authority for stating that Ben Butler will shortly write one of his fervent cards in pointed affirmation of Chapman Freeman's sobriety during the last hours of Congress. We think we can help Benjamin to some facts, which he naturally overlooked on an occasion when he was an interested participant. It was when Butler was denouncing the bribery appropriation with great vehemence that Freeman arose in sections and said:

"Wiz zheulemen shtetsh p'nit me tush quezzlin'?"

Gen. Butler—NO, sir.

Gen. Freeman—Best one quezzahn.

Gen. Butler—Mr. Speaker, I WILL NOT be interrupted.

Mr. Freeman—MIZZETTSPEAKER!! MIZZER SPEAKER! I must ash distush zheulemen one question; zshet are Mr. SpeakERRRR!

Mr. Butler appeals to the speaker for protection; speaker calls Mr. Freeman to order.

Mr. Freeman (with statesmanlike waves of his hand)—Mizzer Speaker, then I yield the floor to zheulemen from Mazazhustis.

This is a strictly phonographic report of the debate on the memorable occasion under discussion. We do not say that Mr. Freeman was drunk, but we should say that during the evening he must have decanted at least two quarts of the milk of Kentucky.

Still Happy.

For the past two weeks a Woodward Avenue druggist has put up a prescription of some kind or other about four times a day for a certain small boy, besides filling orders for a large variety of patent medicine and porous plasters. The sales were all cash, but the druggist's curiosity was at length aroused, and he said to the lad:

"Got sickness in the family?"

"Kinder" was the reply.

"Your father?"

"Yes, all but me. Ma is using the plaster for a lame side and taking the tonic for a rash which broke out on her elbows. Pa takes the troches for tickling in the throat, and uses the arnica on his shin. Louisa uses that catarrh snuff and the cough medicine. Bill wants the brandy for a sprained ankle, and the quills are for the baby. That's all but grandma, and this prescription is to relieve the pain in her chest and make her sleep harder."

"Rather unfortunate family," remarked the druggist.

"Well kinder; but pa says its cheaper than going to the seashore and so we plaster up and swallow down, and feel purty happy after all."—*Trotter Free Press.*

[Continued from last week.]

SHEEP RAISING IN TEXAS.

Extracts from an Article by Geo. W. Kendall, Esq.

NEW BRUNSWICK, TEX., Aug. 1, 1878.

In the Texas Almanac for 1859 I see that Thos. Decrow, Esq., after an interesting account of his own great success in sheep raising on Matagorda Bay, sees fit to disagree with me in my estimate of the necessity of breeding from no other than pure Merino bucks. Now, Mr. Decrow may be right, and I altogether in the wrong; yet, his argument does not convince me that a grade buck, which is perhaps just as apt to breed back as ahead, is as useful in a flock of Mexican ewes as a square-built, compact, stout, vigorous, thoroughbred Merino, an animal perfect in all those parts where the Mexican is naturally defective.

I this year sheared my grade sheep, three and four removes from Mexican ewes, which yielded 8, 8 1/2, and some of them 9 pounds of wool, and wool so fine that it would require a sharp sampler to distinguish it from pure Merino, while the animals were perfect in form, lusty and of most vigorous constitution; I could not have got along so fast with grade bucks, and I think Mr. Decrow was wrong when he says that he had made up his mind to "sell or exchange his thirteen pure Merino bucks, even at half price, and furnish his newly purchased Mexican ewes (600 in number) with rams of his own raising, from his own flock in preference." The flock master who breeds altogether from pure Merino bucks, knows always where he is, and when he will come out at the expiration of a certain time; but if he uses no other than grade rams, he is ever living in uncertainty, and will never reach any particular end.

My great object is to breed up until every sheep I may own may be safely marked a thorough, full-blood Merino, and in the course of a few years, should I live, I shall achieve this result.

But not in a century could I attain an end I deem so desirable were I to breed continually from grade rams. I do not wash my sheep at all, and for what I deem good reasons. About the middle of April, or at the time when one-half my eyes have young lambs at their sides, and the balance are about to drop, would be the only time I could wash in this region.

At this period I would not race or worry my eyes at all on my account; they should be annoyed as little as possible, and any advantage to the fleece from washing cannot make up for the injury to the animal. I might wash my bucks and wethers without injury, and my yearling lamb flock, made up of ewes and wethers, and I might possibly try the experiment, but my old ewes, never.

Could my lambs come the latter part of February, as Mr. Decrow deems best, I might then wash all; but in this high mountain region yearling time cannot punctually come before the latter part of March or April, the very period when we must commence washing or shearing. We are apt to have bad weather in February in this section; and even up to the 15th or 20th of March. Now, as my lambs come out the outlet at the rate of over one hundred a day, a single cold rainy or sleety norther would carry off one-half of those dropped during its continuance, and hence I say that in this parallel of latitude, and north of it, our yearling time cannot commence before the latter part of March, without running great risk of loss.

How to Make Cows Give Milk.

A writer in the *Southern Farmer* says that his cow gives all the milk that is wanted in a family of eight, and that from it, after taking all that is required for other purposes, two hundred and sixty pounds of butter were made this year. This is in part his treatment of the cow: It is your desire to get a large yield of rich milk, give your cow every day water slightly warm and slightly salted in which bran has been stirred at the rate of one quart to two gallons of water. You will find if you have not tried this daily practice, that your cow will give twenty-five per cent more milk immediately under the effects of it, and she will become so attached to the diet as to refuse to drink clear water unless very thirsty. But this mess she will drink almost any time, and ask for more. The amount of this drink necessary is an ordinary water pail full at a time, morning, noon and night.

"The hardest thing to do is to do nothing?" but the hardest thing for a mosquito to do is to get at a man who has gone to sleep in a steam boiler and plugged up the safety valve.

<