



Select Poetry.

"OUR OWN."

SELECTED FOR THE TRANSCRIPT BY C. B. S.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we've "our own!"
With look and tone,
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night!
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometimes guest;
But oft for "our own!"
The bitter tone,
Though we love "our own" the best.
Ah! lips with the curve impatient;
Ah! brows with that look of scorn;
Were the night too late
To undo the work of morn.

Select Story.

KITTY'S FORTY.

BY EDWARD EGLESTON.

It doesn't do men any good to live apart from women and children. I never knew a boys' school in which there was not a tendency to roidism. And lumbermen, sailors, fishermen and other men that live only with men are proverbially a half-beat sort of people. Frontiersmen soften down when women and children come—but I forgot myself, it is the story you want.

Burton and Jones lived in a shanty by themselves. Jones was a married man, but finding it hard to support his wife in a down east village, he had emigrated to Northern Minnesota, leaving his wife under her father's roof until he should be able to "make a start." He and Burton had gone into partnership and had "pre-empted" a town site of 320 acres.

There were perhaps twenty families scattered sparsely over this town site at the time my story begins and ends, for it ends in the same week in which it begins.

The partners had disagreed, quarrelled, and divided their interests. The land was all shared between them except one valuable forty acre piece. Each of them claimed that piece of land, and the quarrel had grown so high between them that the neighbors expected them to "shoot at first sight." In fact, it was understood that Burton was on the forty acre piece, determined to shoot Jones if he came, and Jones had sworn to go out there and shoot Burton, when the fight was postponed by the unexpected arrival of Jones' wife and child.

Jones' shanty was not finished, and he was forced to forego the luxury of fighting his old partner, in his exertions to make wife and baby comfortable for the night. For the winter sun was surrounded by "sun dogs." Instead of one sun there was four, an occurrence not uncommon in this latitude but one which always bodes a terrible storm.

In his endeavor to care for wife and child Jones was mollified a little, and half regretted that he had been so violent about the piece of land. But he was determined not to be backed down and would certainly have to shoot Burton or be shot himself.

When he thought of the chance of being killed by his old partner, the prospect was not pleasant. He looked wistfully at Kitty, his two year old child, and dreaded that she should be left fatherless. Nevertheless he wouldn't be backed down.—He would shoot or be shot.

While the father was busy cutting wood and the mother was busy otherwise, little Kitty managed to get the shanty door open. There was no latch yet, and her prying little fingers easily swung it back. A gust of cold air almost took her breath away, but she caught sight of brown grass without and the new world seemed so big that the little feet were fain to try and explore it.

She pushed out through the door, caught her breath again, and started away down a path bordered by sere grass and the dead stalks of the wild flowers.

How often she had longed to escape from restraint and paddle out into the world alone! So out into the world she went, rejoicing in her liberty, in the blue sky above and the rusty prairie beneath. She would find out where the path went, and what there was at the end of the world! What did she care if her nose was blue with cold and her chubby hands red as beets. Now and then she paused to turn her head away from a rude blast, a forerunner of the storm, but, having gasped a moment, she quickly renewed her brave march in search of the great unknown.

The mother missed her, but supposed that Jones, who could not get enough of the child's society, had taken the little pet out with him.

Jones, poor fellow, sure that the darling was safe within, chopped away until that awful storm broke upon him, and at last drove him, half smothered by snow and half frozen with cold, into the house. When there was nothing left but retreat, he had seized an armful of wood and carried it into the house with him, to make

sure of having enough to keep his wife and Kitty from freezing in the coming awfulness of the night, which now settled down upon the stormbeaten and snow-blinded world.

It was the beginning of that horrible storm in which so many people were frozen to death, and Jones had fled none too soon.

When once the wood was stacked by the stove, Jones looked around for Kitty. He had no more than inquired for her when father and mother each read in the other's face the fact that she was lost in this wild, dashing storm of snow.

So fast did the snow fall and so dark was the night that Jones could not see three feet ahead of him. He endeavored to follow the path which he thought Kitty might have taken, but it was buried in snow drifts and he soon lost himself.

He stumbled through the drifts, calling out to Kitty in his distress, but not knowing whither he went. After an hour of despairing, wandering and shouting, he came upon a house, and having rapped on the door he found himself face to face with his wife.

He had returned to his own house in his bewilderment.

When we remember that Jones had not slept for two nights preceding this one, on account of his mortal quarrel with Burton, and had now been beating against an arctic hurricane, and tramping through treacherous billows of snow for an hour, we cannot wonder that he fell over his own threshold in a state of extreme exhaustion.

Happy for him that he did not fall bewildered on the prairie, as many another poor wayfarer did on that fatal night.

As it was his wife must needs give up the vain little searches she had been making in the neighborhood of the shanty. She had now a sick husband, with frozen hands and feet and face, to care for.—Every minute the thermometer fell lower and lower, and all the heat the little cook stove in Jones' shanty could give would hardly keep them from freezing.

Burton had stayed upon that forty acre lot all day, waiting for a chance to shoot his old partner, Jones. He had not heard of the arrival of Jones' wife and child, and so he concluded that his enemy had proved a coward and had left him in possession, or else that he meant to pay him some treacherous trick on his way home.

So Burton resolved to keep a sharp lookout. But he soon found that impossible, for the storm was upon him in all its blinding fury. He tried to follow the path, but he could not find it.

Had he been less of a frontiersman he must have perished there, within a furlong of his own house. But in endeavoring to keep the direction of the path he heard a smothered cry, and then saw something rise up covered with snow and then fall down again. He raised his gun to shoot it when the creature uttered another wailing cry so human, that he put down his gun and went cautiously forward.

It was a child!

He did not remember that there was such a child among all the settlers at Newton. But he did not stop to ask questions. He must, without delay, get himself and child, too, to a place of safety, or both would soon be frozen.

So he took the little thing in his arms and started through the drifts. And the child put its little icy fingers on Burton's rough cheek and muttered "Papa!" And Burton held her closer and fought the snow more courageously than ever.

He found the shanty at last, and rolled the child in a buffalo robe while he made a fire. Then when he got the room warm he took the little thing upon his knee dipped her aching fingers in cold water, and asked her what her name was.

"Kitty," she said.

"Kitty," he said, "and what else?"

"Kitty," she answered, "nor could he find out any more.

"Whose Kitty are you?"

"Whose Kitty," she said. For she had known her father but that one day, and now she believed that Burton was he.

Burton sat up all night and stuffed wood into his impotent little stove to keep the baby from freezing to death. Never having had anything to do with children, he firmly believed that Kitty, sleeping snugly under blankets and buffalo robes, would freeze if he should let the fire subside in the least.

As the storm prevailed with unabated fury the next day, and as he dared neither take Kitty out nor to leave her alone, he stayed by her all day and stuffed the stove with wood, and laughed at her droll baby talk, and fed her on biscuit, fried bacon and coffee.

On the morning of the second day the storm had subsided. It was forty degrees cold, but knowing somebody must be mourning Kitty for dead, he wrapped her in skins, and with much difficulty reached the nearest neighbor's house, suffering only a frost bite on his nose by the way.

"That child," said the woman to whose house he had gone, "is Jones'. I seed em take her outen the wagon day before yesterday."

Burton looked at Kitty a moment in perplexity. Then he rolled her up again and started out, "travelling like mad," the woman said, as she watched him.

When he reached Jones' he found Jones and his wife sitting in utter wretchedness by the fire. They were both sick from grief, and unable to move out of the house. Kitty they had given up for buried under some snow mound. They would find her when spring should come and melt the snow cover off.

When the exhausted Burton came in

with his bundle of buffalo skins, they looked at him with amazement. But when he opened it and let out little Kitty and said "Here, Jones, is this yer kitten?" Mrs. Jones couldn't think of anything better to do than to scream.

And Jones got up and took his old partner's hand and said, "Burton, ole fellow!" and then choked up and sat down, and cried helplessly.

And Burton said, "Jones, ole fellow, you may have that forty acre patch. It come mighty nigh makin' me the murderer of that little Kitty's father."

"No! you shall take it yourself," cried Jones, "if I have to go to law to make you."

And Jones actually deeded his interest in the forty acres to Burton. But Burton transferred it all to Kitty.

That is why this part of Newton is called to-day "Kitty's Forty."

Antiquity of the Scriptures.

Few of us ever stop to think how old the Bible is. Yet the scriptures are believed by candid critics to contain the most ancient forms of truth now known to man. With the aid of chronological tables, any one may easily make profitable comparisons between the antiquity of its books and that of other writings and events.

The Scriptures contain the only authentic history of the world before the flood. We find in the Pentateuch one or two stanzas of poetry composed in the antediluvian world. The Hebrew statutes were enacted a thousand years before Justinian reformed the Roman jurisprudence. In the Bible we have the record of chartered rights secured to the people more than two thousand years before the Magna Charta. What a sensation would be produced if the first chapter of Genesis should appear for the first time in one of the newspapers to-morrow! Yet there can be no doubt that that chapter contains the oldest writing, twenty-five hundred years before the invention of printing. Xenophon's record of the conversation of Socrates, in his Memorabilia, seems an old book to us, yet the books of the Old Testament are older than they. As to the book of Job, its age is beyond conjecture. Those who make it as modern as they can are compelled to place its origin at least one thousand years before Homer. When Priam was king of Troy, Job was in remote antiquity. The name of Alexander has no modern sound for us, yet when Alexander invaded Syria, the book of Job might have been read before him as the work of an author more time-honored than the name of Alexander is now. The writings of Confucius are modern when compared with most of the Bible; and the most that the Hindus can justly claim for their sacred books, the Vedas, is that they were written five hundred years after the death of Moses. The Koran is a book fresh from the press compared with the Scriptures.

"OKLAHOMA."—Oklahoma, the Indian Territory, contains an area of 70,000 square miles—which is larger than all New England—and is at present inhabited by about 58,000 Indians who are by courtesy classed as civilized, and some 20,000 who are unquestionably savage. Its queer-sounding name, by the way, is Choctaw, and signifies "The home of the red man." Among the large tribes of Choctaws and Chickasaws, who belong to the most civilized class, there are also about 5,000 negroes, formerly slaves to the Indians, but now free. In all, then, the new Territory can be started with a population of \$3,000 persons, which is quite enough for a good start. But if the experience of our country has conclusively demonstrated anything in particular, it has shown the utter impracticability of conducting elections without whiskey, and we cannot calmly contemplate the introduction of this necessary element among our red brethren amid the excitement of a political campaign without feeling that the combination of circumstances would be such as might well incite in the breasts of timid people an irrepressible longing to get away from Oklahoma.—San Francisco Chronicle.

When a minister in Scotland died it was found in his will that he had expressed a desire that any of the parishioners who wished might ask and receive from his wife some small token of remembrance after the funeral, an old farmer in the district called, when the widow, reminding him of the desire of her husband, asked John what he would like to have as a memento mori. "Weel, ma'am," replied John, stroking his chin, and scratching his head, "I hardly ken what sort o' memento mori, as ye ca' it, tae; but if ye hae na objection, I wad tak' that lump o' guano ye hae i' the back yard."

The King of Persia once ordered his vizier to make out a list of all the fools in his dominions. He did so, and put his majesty's name at the head. The King asked him why, to which he immediately answered: "Because you entrusted a lac of rupees to men you don't know, to buy horses for you a thousand miles off, and who'll never come back." "Ay; suppose they come back?" "Then I shall erase your name and insert theirs."

Terre Haute Express: "Gimme 3 cents worth of ginger-pop and a nickel's worth of ginger-bread," exclaimed a rural rooster from Lost Creek, yesterday, as he rushed into a confectionery. "Dad died last week, and since I've come into my tortoise, I'm kinder reckless."

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL.

An Old-Fashioned Gospel Good for the Ears of Modern Office Holders.

Sunday morning the Rev. William D. Mackey preached in White Clay Creek Church on the eighth commandment. He preached the same sermon in the same church early last spring, and the people were so much pleased with it that they requested him to repeat it. His text was Exodus xx, 15: "Thou shalt not steal."

It is very important, said the speaker, for the welfare of a community, that individuals be protected in the possession of their property. Wherever property is insecure, industry is discouraged. The right of individual possession is recognized by the law of God and is one of those foundation principles in morality against which no valid objection can be urged.—The extensive frauds and defalcations which have taken place throughout the country during the past few years have caused great distrust and alarm, and it seems necessary that this subject should be discussed, and every means employed to elevate the tone of public morals. Let crimes be called by their true names. Let condemnation be uttered in distinct terms; and wherever approbrium belongs, there let it be affixed.

The speaker defined the thief as one who takes property without the knowledge and consent of the owner and the robber as one who takes the property of another by force. Passing by the plain violations of this commandment, he proposed to dwell upon shortcomings which are more common and which evidently are to be classed under this precept.

1. This commandment is broken by those who borrow and do not return. It may be a great convenience to procure from your neighbor, for a time, the use of his money or other property. He may be able to spare it without any loss to himself, and it may afford him great pleasure to accommodate you, but when, failing to keep your promise, you retain his property, you are guilty of both lying and stealing, and you are giving your influence to render your neighbors more selfish, since your conduct tends to convince them that they cannot gratify their kind feelings towards others, without being imposed upon and injured.

The Bible uses plain language and tells us: "The wicked borroweth and payeth not again."

2. Those who buy and never pay are breakers of this commandment. Those who have good reason to believe that they will be able to meet their obligations and who afterwards encounter misfortunes which render this impossible, must be excepted from a sweeping condemnation, but those who are justly liable to the charge who have no intention of paying a debt when they incur it, or who do not make great effort to pay it. Proper views on this subject will cause great caution in regard to going into debt, and will promote industry in order that the means may be had to meet necessary expenditures.—Buying is, in some cases, only another name for stealing. Notes for value received have been drawn intentionally in an illegal manner and afterwards that illegality has been plead in bar of judgment. There are cases where men seem to aim to build up a reputation for the very purpose of gaining an opportunity to defraud.—Whist aiming at this object they will be very punctual as to their obligations, sometimes paying the cash, at other times meeting a small debt promptly, until, believing that they have established their credit and that the person with whom they have been dealing would very reluctantly deny them a favor, they make as large a bill as they can safely venture to ask, and return no more. It is not surprising that persons thus treated should consider themselves defrauded, and should regard the man who is guilty of such transactions as no better than a thief. Many varieties of fraud, and even boasted examples of shrewdness, in a moral point of view, are no more justifiable than to pick a neighbor's pocket, or creep in at his back window and carry off his property. No resort to bankrupt laws can release a man from his moral obligation. Bankrupt laws are not wrong in principle; a Christian may keep a clear conscience and avail himself of their provisions. He who pays his debts merely because he can be compelled to pay them is not an honest man.

We should not rashly pledge ourselves for the payment of the debts of others, and thus expose ourselves and those dependent upon us to the danger of being suddenly impoverished. When, however, security has been given, there is a moral as well as a legal responsibility.

3. The employer who unduly retains the hire of the laborer is a breaker of this commandment. Perhaps the man who has been working hard for you all day has a family to support, and you, with great difficulty, provide for them a scanty subsistence. If, when the evening comes, you disappoint him in his payment, you know not with how heavy a heart you send him home to those who may be suffering and pining for what they expect him to bring on his return. The Mosaic law enjoined, "The wages of him that is hired shall not abide with thee all night until morning." The sun was not to go down upon it. A man with a compassionate heart and with a true sense of justice will pay both fully and promptly for work done.

4. Those who make a living off the community without conferring a benefit in return, are breakers of this commandment. Here the speaker alluded to various vocations which afford a livelihood

to those who prosecute them, and are, at the same time, a benefit to the community, and then treated of others which are an injury, which just in the degree in which they succeed indicate an evil state of society, which promote idleness, beggar families, engender disease, multiply crime, and ruin the bodies and the souls of their victims.

5. There is another class of persons who may be surprised to be placed under this condemnation: Those who refuse to do their share of the work or to defray their share of the expense in accomplishing an important enterprise, and yet are eagerly watching and anxiously waiting to see it done, and who rush in to secure their full share of the profits. This is ungenerous and unjust. It is appropriating to ourselves the results of other people's labor, and drawing for our use the proceeds of their capital. Does not that come under the Eighth Commandment?

6. This Commandment is also broken by those who depend upon the charity of others, when they might earn their own living. There may be a constrained charity and a constrained hospitality.—Many Scripture precepts enjoin hospitality, and the principles of the Gospel lead to it. It is good to give and receive kindness. It is good to extend a friendly greeting. It is good for heart to speak to heart. It is good to visit the table and fireside of your neighbors, and to welcome them in return to your house. Yet there may be occasions when the proverb comes in point: "Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbor's house, lest he may be weary of thee, and so hate thee." When hospitality is extended of necessity, and by those who are perhaps under such stress of poverty that they can ill afford it, it is good neither to the giver nor to the receiver.

7. Gambling is a breach of this Commandment. It is injurious to society in many respects. It is a making haste to be rich. It gives those who engage in it a distaste for the ordinary and honest processes of life; they cannot endure the slow processes of daily toil. It plunges them into excitement, and, by blunting their moral sensibilities and withdrawing them from better influences, prepares them for the commission of flagrant and tragic crimes.

There is more gambling than the majority of persons suppose. Here is the true explanation of many unexpected failures and defalcations. Lottery dealers could not pay so much for their privilege, nor expend so much for the distribution of circulars if there were not many buyers of lottery tickets. On the very surface of the whole business there is evidence that it is conducted in a dishonest manner. He who addresses you the assurance—"an assurance which at the same time he gives to hundreds of others—that on the purchase of a ticket you shall have a large prize in order for effect in your neighborhood, professes himself to be a knave and intimates that you are a fool. Gambling in the sale of jewelry and other articles has become very common. An illegitimate mode of conducting business should not be encouraged. We should know what we purchase and be willing to pay a just and reasonable profit to the seller.—Churches ought to be careful to do no wrong in this respect. Wherever the church itself does wrong, it loses the power of restraining the world. As surely as there is a righteous Governor of the universe, neither corporation, community nor individuals need expect any permanent benefit from wrong doing. A celebrated editor of this country wrote, some years ago, to this effect: "It is a sad day in the life of a young man when he first entertains the purpose of making money in any other way than by honestly working for it."

After enumerating in a cursory manner many other violations of this commandment the speaker dwelt upon the motives which should cause obedience to it, and closed by saying that if there be any whom these considerations will not reach, there is a lower motive, selfish indeed, but of great power and not to be condemned unless it stand alone.—Honesty is the best policy." Integrity will have its reward. A very important element in success is the reputation that your truth and honesty are firm as a rock, and the only sure way of having this reputation is to deserve it.—Every Evening.

A SERMON IN A PARAGRAPH.—President Porter, of Yale College, gave the following advice to the students of that institution the other day:

"Young men, you are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely on your own strength of body and soul. Take for your guiding star self-reliance. Subscribe on your banner, 'Luck is a fool; Pluck is a hero.' Don't take too much advice—keep at your helm and steer your own ship, and remember that the great art of commandment is to take a fair share of the work.—Think well of yourself. Strike out.—Assume your own position. Put potatoes in a cart, over a rough road, and the small ones go to the bottom. Rise above the envious and jealous. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world. Don't drink. Don't chew. Don't smoke.—Don't swear. Don't deceive. Don't read novels. Don't marry until you can support a wife. Be in earnest. Be self-reliant. Be generous. Be civil. Read the papers. Advertise your business.—Make money and do good with it. Love your God and fellow men. Love truth and virtue. Love your country and obey its laws."

The Scotch King and His Minister.

Generally speaking, the Scotch enjoy perforce, and the Irish are apt to take fire at it. After a mess-dinner of the Twenty-first, (Royal North British Fusiliers,) always a gallant and gentlemanly corps, of a very national character, there had been a good deal of proud reflection upon the stern faith of the North Britons, in their treaties with other powers. A lively boy, who had recently joined, observed to some of the elders—that he had a legend in confirmation of the claim, and narrated it accordingly.

Few of our histories refer to a very sanguinary war that subsisted between an early Scotch king and a king of the Land's End. Scottish valor prevailed, and news was brought of the complete success of an expedition against the Cornish strongholds. The monarch was elated beyond measure, and sending for his principal adviser, Lord Alexander —, addressed him:

"Weel Sandy, is there any other king I can bring to submission the noo?"

"An' it please your majesty, there is but one king whom you can vanquish! An' who's he mon?"

"I mean, your majesty, the King of Heaven."

"Haven't Haven't whar's that, Sandy?"

His lordship pointed to the sky, and then bowed becomingly to his royal master, who did not quite comprehend what was meant, and feared to betray a geographical ignorance by inquiring more particularly than he had already done.

"Nae matter, Sandy; gang and tell the King o' Heaven that gin he does nae surrender his dominions at once, I'll come and bang him out of them. An' mind, my lord, you dinna show your face before us till you have done our bidding."

This was an embarrassing position for the noble favorite, who knew that expostulation, or even explanation, was too dangerous to be attempted at such a moment. He therefore retired submissively and consulted a priest. This progenitor of Loyola consoled him by the assurance that, on an occasion of the kind, it was quite allowable to tranquilize a monarch of weak understanding by putting an artificial construction on certain passages of scripture. Lord Alexander appeared, accordingly, in the royal presence, and was instantly observed by his gracious master.

"Weel, Sandy, and whar says the King o' Heaven?"

"Please your majesty, I have nae seen himsel', but I have conferred with ane o' his accredited ministers, and he solemnly engages that your majesty may have his kingdom for asking for."

"Monarch, he sae covvil?" inquired the monarch, warmed to magnanimity by the assurance; "then sen gang yer gait there once more, and tell the King o' Heaven that for his covvility nae Scotchman shall ever set foot in his kingdom."

THAT OLD WAGON AND ITS LOAD OF LUMBER.—The greatest curiosity in Hamburg, Berks county, Pa., is a wagon loaded with building lumber, standing in the wagon shed, on the premises of an old citizen named Baily. This object has been made one of comment and a target for curious eyes, because of its having held its present undisturbed location for a period of fifty years. The way it came about was this: Mr. Baily, a half a century ago took into his head an idea of improvement, and hauled this load of lumber home for the purpose of consummating his well-matured plans. Upon its arrival the women folks of his household offered some objections to the change which Mr. B. had in view, which made him "mad" and he then and there swore that the material might stand where it was until "dooms-day." Thus the wagon and lumber stands to-day, in the same place as on that particular "riled" occasion. All is in a good state of preservation.—Ee.

Mr. Baily recently died, and since then the wagon has been moved.

Sometimes, when we are not quiet as we should be, we are filled with fear on account of our soul poverty. What a poor thing I am; how little grace I have; how weak in prayer; how slow in service; how frequently depressed; how easily tossed to and fro. How shall I hope to hold on to the end. Here is the answer to it—"I shall be anointed with fresh oil." I am poor, but I shall receive my daily pension; I am weak, and I have no strength in reserve, but my strength is laid up in God.—Spurgeon.

Murmur at nothing; if our ills are irreparable, it is ungrateful; if remediable, it is vain; a Christian builds his fortitude on a better foundation than stoicism; he is pleased with everything that happens, because he knows it could not happen unless it had first pleased God, and that which pleases Him must be the best. He is assured that no new thing can befall him, and that he is in the hands of a Father who will prove him with no affliction that resignation cannot conquer, or that death cannot cure.—Colton.

Remember that the first spark burns down the house. Quench the first spark of passion, and all will be well. No good comes of wrath; it puts no money in the pocket and no joy in the heart. Anger begins with folly and ends with repentance.

"The Living Link."—Dog

Agricultural.

AN AGRICULTURAL ODE.

BY WM. C. BRYANT.

Far back in ages
The plow with wreaths was crowned,
The hands of kings and ages
Retained the chaplets round,
Till men of spoil
Dedained the toil
By which the world was nourished,
And blood and pillage were the soil
In which their laurels flourished.
Now the world her fault despairs—
The guilt that stains her story,
And weeps her crimes amid the cars
That form her earliest glory.

The thorn shall crumble,
The diadem shall wane,
The tribes of earth shall humble
The pride of those who reign;
And war shall lay
His pomp away;
The fane that heroes cherish,
The glory earned in deadly fray
Shall fade, decay and perish,
Honor waits o'er all the earth,
Through endless generations,
The art that calls the harrow forth,
And feeds the expectant nations.

MERINO SHEEP ELSEWHERE THAN IN MARYLAND.—The breeding of sheep has long attracted the attention of mankind in various parts of the earth. Abel appears to have been a keeper of sheep in the earlier stages of the world. In the patriarchal age, when Abram went out of Egypt, between Beth-el and Hai, as Lot had flocks of sheep, their herdsmen and shepherds were striving together, which caused Abram and Lot to separate, that each could have room and no strife.—Again, when Jacob went to Padan-aram he met Rachel, the shepherdess of her father's flocks. And again, after the birth of Joseph, Jacob proposed to Laban to send him away, that he might go into his own country; but Laban implored him to tarry, and Jacob said to him "appoint my wages."—Here seems to be the first history of a skillful breeder. Jacob proposes to remove all the brown sheep from the flocks, and these should be his hire as shepherd; and the man increased exceedingly. His wages were then changed with like results. I am aware that many attribute this to divine interference, and yet the entire history thereof shows the skill of a master shepherd. Here seems to be our first idea of the wonderful results of skillful handling of a flock of sheep. The want of attention to this is part of the failure of Spain to keep up with America in breeding Merino sheep.

SHORTEN AND DEEPEN THE FURROW.—At the present time the average crop of wheat per acre in Great Britain, on a soil cultivated for years, is about double that produced on comparatively new soil in Ohio. Why is this? Simply because the British are educated men, and apply their work wisely. They endeavor by every means in their power to enrich their land, and in return it enriches them. Why do not our American farmers do the same, instead of laboring to double the number of their acres, and thereby double their crops. Many farmers never think of digging ten inches into the soil, unless they are in search of a lump of gold. If every farmer would plow his land deeper, he would soon find that it would pay better than digging for gold.

It don't pay to farm unless you plow the ground deep and give it such manures as it requires; farmers had better sell off one-half of their farms and apply the proceeds thereof to the other half. They would thereby put the balance in a condition to produce large crops. This is better than buying double the number of acres they already have, paying large taxes on the same and getting nothing for their labor, as is generally the case on too large farms and with shallow plowing.

HINTS FOR STACKING HAY.—Make your stacks long and narrow, as the hay will cure better, and there is less danger of its becoming musty than when built in the usual circling form; besides it will be easier bailing. The press can be moved easier than you can pitch from the rear of a wide stack. In building, unload on different sections of the stack, which will allow the air to circulate through each load before it is settled down by another being placed upon it. About three gallons of salt thrown into a load of hay will preserve its sweetness. Three quarts are considered by some hay farmers to be sufficient for an ordinary load. It might be well for Colorado farmers to remember these small hints, as the time for hay cutting, curing and gathering, is near at hand. Fortunately, hay making in Colorado is not attended by so many perils as it is in the States, and with even ordinary care, it may be cured and placed in keeping order, either in barn or stack. Still, if a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well, and our farmers should, in all kinds of work, practice according to this rule, and thereby be the gainers.—Colorado Agriculturist.

WINDBOLLS.—A correspondent in the Live Stock Journal gives the following treatment: Give rest and apply bandages soaked in cold water; also give the parts plenty of hand rubbing for two or three weeks, and should this not effect a cure, apply an ointment composed of biniodide of mercury one part, lard three parts.—The hair should be clipped off before applying the ointment, which should be rubbed in for fifteen minutes. Apply sweet oil or lard on the third or fourth day.