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The Brookhaven Ledger.

My Country—May She Ever Be Right; Be Right or Wrong—My Country!

VOL. 5.

BROOKHAVEN, MISS., THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1876.

NO. 49.

Arrive Penae.

He wraps me round with his riches, He covers me up with his care, And his love is the love of a manhood

And yet like an instrument precious, That playeth an olden tune, My heart in the midst of its blessings

Go back to a day in June— To a day when beneath the branches I stood by a silent stream,

And saw in its bosom an image, As one seeth a face in a dream.

I would not resign his devotion, No, not for a heart that lives, Nor change one jot of my condition

For the change that condition gives; I should mourn not more for another, Nor more for another's joys,

Than now when I meet at his absence, Or welcome his step and his voice.

And yet, like an instrument precious, That playeth an olden tune, My heart in the midst of its blessings

Go back to a day in June— To a day when beneath the branches I stood in the shadowy light,

And heard the low words of a whisper, As one heareth a voice in the night.

BODKIN'S CENTENNIAL SPEECH

They didn't go to the Centennial-birth-day-of-the-nation display at Philadelphia on the immortal Fourth, nor to the local celebration which a beneficent Congress recommended for the benefit of the can't-get-aways.

Twelve o'clock July 4th, 1876, found them—a half score of young fellows, with three or four old gray-beards as merry as the youngest—sitting on the grass near the meandering Bittahatchie, washing down their crackers and Bologna sausages with copious swigs from the big brown jug, which, from the scent that filled the circumambient air, contained something stronger than milk or water.

The meal over, and no one having thought to bring a copy of the Declaration along, Bodkins rose to his feet, and began his Centennial oration.

THE SPEECH. One hundred years ago! A pause of twelve seconds, followed by loud applause! One hundred years ago, this day!

Annihilate time and space; and let your minds go back to that solemn scene—the most memorable in the annals of time. [Applause.] To properly appreciate the grandeur of the great event, imagine yourself on the spot, and conceive the surroundings.

The glinting sunbeams radiate with glory the massive dome of our nation's capital. "Hold on there, Bodkins, the capital wasn't built at that time," said Ben Brister. "It wasn't till a quarter of a century after that Washington became a one-horse village." "You go to thunder," said Bodkins, "how's a fellow to speak, if you break the thread of his discourse, just as he begins to unwind it?"

As I remarked, fellow-citizens, the noonday sun pours down his golden beams, filling with light and glory, emblematic of her resplendent future, the first day in the life of the nation. [Applause.] Far out on the water rides a magnificent steamship.

"Steam hadn't been applied to navigation at that day," said Dick Jones. "The thunder it hadn't!" said Bodkins. "As I remarked, far out on the water there rides a magnificent iron-clad—"

"Ships were not iron clad at that time," remarked one of the gray-beards. "A lofty-turreted monitor, I intended to say," said Bodkins. "Monitors were invented during our civil war," remarked the gray-beards. "A sloop of war!" screamed Bodkins. "I guess a sloop of war is the next most ancient vessel to Noah's Ark, and I reckon you can't go back of that."

From the top-most peak of a huge sloop floats the glorious flag of our country, (loud applause) bearing on its ample folds thirteen stripes and thirty-seven stars. (A voice, "Add one for Colorado.")

Thirty-eight stars emblazoned on its ample folds, each emblematic of a sovereign State of our glorious Union. [Applause by the red-haired youth in the white slouched hat.]

"There were but thirteen States then, Bodkins, so there could have been no more than thirteen stars," remarked one who, from the wise look he put on, was evidently a school-master. "Give my imagination a little room, gentlemen," said Bodkins, entreatingly.

"Besides, the stars and stripes were not adopted as the flag of the Confederation till some years later," persisted the school-master. "Question!" shouted a big chested middle-aged man, who had apparently imbibed more than his share of the contents of the jug.

"Let's all hands liquor," suggested a ruddy-faced youth not out of his teens. This, like a motion to adjourn, being always in order, was acceded to, *nem. con.* Refreshments being over, Bodkins proceeded with his address.

— See those venerable men assembled around the table on which lies spread out the great charter of our liberties—the birth-register of a mighty nation—Consider the grandeur—the sublimity—of the stupendous event, to view which angels might well have been pardoned for hanging over the corseless battlements of heaven! [Great applause.] A nation about to be born—the magna charta of our liberties about to be signed! [Renewed applause, during which the big-chested fellow falls back on the grass.] Englishmen boast that they are the great-grand old barons—forced King John to sign magna charta—under the oak at Runnymede. But our

The Boy, the Beetle, and the Dog.

[A sketch from Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer." The minister gave out his text and dromed along monotonously through an argument which was so prosy that many a head by-and-by began to nod—and yet it was an argument that dealt in limitless fire and brimstone, and thinned the predestinated elect down to a company so small as to hardly be worth the saving. Tom counted the pages of the sermon; after church he always knew how many pages there had been, but he seldom knew anything else about the discourse. However, this time he was really interested for a little while. The minister made a grand and moving picture of the assembling together of the world's hosts at the millennium, when the lion and the lamb should lie down together and a little child should lead them. But the pathos, the lesson, the moral of the great spectacle were lost upon the boy; he only thought of the conspicuousness of the principal character before the unlooked-at, and he said to himself that he wished he could be that child, if it was a tame lion.

Now he lapsed into suffering again as the dry argument was resumed. Presently he brought himself to a treasure he had, and got it out. It was a large black beetle, with formidable jaws—a "pinch bug" he called it. The first thing the beetle did to take him by the finger. A natural flinch followed, the beetle went floundering into the aisle, and the hurt finger went into the boy's mouth. The beetle lay working his helpless legs, unable to turn over. Tom eyed it, and longed for it, but it was safe out of his reach. Other people, uninterested in the sermon, found relief in the beetle, and they eyed it too.

Presently a vagrant poodle dog came idling along, sad at heart, lazy with the summer's softness and the quiet, weary of captivity, sighing for a change. He spied the beetle, the drooping tail lifted and wagged. He surveyed the prize, walked around it, smelt it from a safe distance; walked around it again; grew bolder, and took a closer smell, then lifted his lip and made a gingerly snatch at it, but missed it, made another and another, began to enjoy the diversion, subsided to his stomach with the beetle between his jaws, and continued his experiments; grew wary at last, and then indifferent and absent-minded. His head nodded, and little by little his coat descended and touched the enemy, who seized it. There was a sharp yelp, a flit of the poodle's head, and the beetle fell a couple of yards away and lit on its back once more. The neighboring spectators shook with a gentle inward joy, several faces went behind fans and handkerchiefs, and Tom was entirely happy. The dog looked foolish, and probably felt so; but there was resentment in his heart, too; and a craving for revenge. So he went to the beetle and began a war attack on it again; jumping at it from every point of a circle, landing with his forepaws within an inch of the creature making even closer snatches at it with his teeth, and jerking his head until his eyes dropped again. But he grew tired one more, after awhile; tried to amuse himself with a fly, but found no relief; followed an ant around, with his nose close to the floor, and quickly weariest of that; yawned, sighed, forgot the beetle entirely, and sat down on it. Then there was a wild yelp of agony, and the poodle went sailing up the aisle; the yelps continued, and so did the dog; he crossed the house in front of the altar; he flew down the aisle; he crossed before the door; he elamored up the homestead; his anguish grew with his progress, till presently he was a woolly comet, moving in its orbit with the gleam and speed of light. At last the frantic sufferer sheered from its course and sprang into its master's lap; he flung it out of the window, and the voice of distress quickly thinned away and died in the distance. \* \* \*

Tom Sawyer went home quite cheerful, thinking to himself that there was some satisfaction about divine service when there was a bit of variety about it. He had but one varying thought; he was willing for the dog to play with his pinch-bug, but he did not think it was all right to eat it.

A Mighty Enterprise.

The great feat accomplished by the United States in connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, by a railroad across the United States, is stimulating enterprise in Europe; and it is now proposed—indeed, the plan is matured—to connect the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by a railroad through Central Asia.

At a conference of the geographers, recently held, Col. Bogdanowit explained some of the details of the road, which, it is expected, will overcome one of the greatest obstacles to the extension of civilization, namely, the separation of a large part of Asia from Europe by vast deserts, in which no means of transit but a railroad could be of any use. A railroad alone can develop the resources of the many lands through which it would pass; and as the mineral wealth of Siberia and the Ural Mountains is well known, the exploration and mining of these regions would be encouraged, and their resources developed.

It is proposed that the road shall start from Nijni Novgorod, in Russia, where is now the extreme eastern station in the net-work of European railroads; it will run along the Volga, the Kama, to Ekaterinbourg, on the Asiatic side of the Ural Mountains, then enter Asia, proceed in the direction of Troump and Onak to the Irish, cross the river, proceed by the way of Kainak to

Tom on the Tom, a branch of the

Ohio, had crossed that river. Tomak is the principal center of commerce of Western Siberia. The road that must run directly to Irkutsk, at Lake Baikal; the road is to pass to the frontier of China, and thence it is no longer an exclusively Russian, but an international undertaking.

And here, also, the only serious engineering difficulties commence, at the mountain range of Kioghan, which, in its northern part, is crossed by the Amoor River. This range is the greatest obstacle, and it will be necessary to pass by the Mantooria, and to lay the road from Baikal to Vorhounouk, through the valley of the Selenga. Then the best route by which to reach Pekin, the capital of China, near the Yellow Sea (a bay of the Northern Pacific Ocean) has been found to be that of Tehta and Dolourar. At the southern end the famous great wall will be crossed; it already lies in ruin in many places. The whole distance from Nijni Novgorod to Pekin will be four thousand five hundred miles, of which two thousand eight hundred run through Russian territory.

When this plan is closely examined, according to known topographical data, the apparent difficulties dwindle down to nothing, when compared to those encountered in the western section of our Pacific Railroad. The first section from Nijni Novgorod to Tomsk, runs on perfectly level land (the so-called steppes), similar to our prairies. In the second section from Tomsk to Lake Baikal, the country is rolling, and interspersed with rivers and streams; but the greatest height is only three thousand five hundred feet, and the largest rivers are but of very moderate width and depth. The only serious difficulties, as we have said, lie at the Chinese frontier, and they are inferior to those overcome in the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada by the American engineers.

Russia has raised in fifteen years more than one billion dollars with which to construct fifteen thousand miles of railroad, and can easily find three or four hundred millions to construct a line of such value to all the civilized world. —Scientific American.

Cremation in South Carolina.

MANON, S. C., July 17.—A strange and solemn event has recently occurred in this county, which carries the mind back to those ancient days when the remains of the dead were disposed of by incineration. The subject of this remarkable funeral ceremony was Mr. Heary Berry, an aged and highly respectable citizen of this county, whose rare tact, industry, and economy, honestly exercised, enabled him to amass a very large property. Many years ago, in attempting to remove the remains of a beloved relative from the spot they had lain for some time, he encountered a sight which created in his mind an unquenchable aversion to being buried and to such an extent did this prejudice possess him in his later life that he enjoined it upon his heirs, on pain of disinheriting them, to see that his body was burned after death. He was careful to designate the spot where the ceremony should take place, and the light-wood trees that should be used as fuel on the occasion.

The old gentleman, after lingering for many months, died on Saturday, the 9th inst., and on the following Tuesday his strange desire respecting the disposition of his remains was carried out to the letter. The funeral service of the church of which he had once been a member was read, and an appropriate discourse delivered by the pastor on the Monday evening previous. The next morning his remains, encased in nothing but a square box, which, by his directions, had been handsomely lined inside and encased outside with black velvet, and ornamented with trimmings, were borne to the spot which he himself had selected for the purpose. Here three large light-wood logs, each nearly two feet in diameter, cut from the very same tree he had indicated, were placed alongside on the ground, and upon these logs the box was deposited. Lightweight pieces of sufficient length and thickness were then piled upon the logs and around the coffin until the latter was hidden from view. The light-wood was then piled in cross layers until the pyre reached a height of seven or eight feet. A torch was then applied at different corners of the pile, and in few minutes the raging fire resembled the burning of a large building, the flames leaping many feet in the air, and sending hundreds of feet higher a vast cloud of pitch-black smoke that was seen for many miles around. It is said that the fire died out without entirely consuming the remains, and had to be replenished before the cremation was complete. It was the old gentleman's expressed desire that his ashes should disappear amid the flames and smoke, or be mingled with the soil underneath the pyre, and so no precautions were taken to preserve them. The burning began at eight o'clock in the morning, and was finished in six hours. It was witnessed by upward of a hundred persons. Mr. Berry resided at Berry's Cross Roads, a locality that took its name from him. It is about fourteen miles from this place.

This was the injunction, "Ashes to ashes," carried out under conditions that made it impossible to fulfil other precepts, "Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

DEAR HEARING, you ought not to cease from hearing or declaring the word of God, because you do not always live according to it, or keep it in mind. For inasmuch as you love it and have after it, it will assuredly be given unto you; and you shall enjoy it forever with God, according to the measure of your desire after it.

Jefferson Davis and Mississippi Repudiation.

We reprint from the New York Evening Post the following interesting letter in relation to a matter not generally understood, even in the State of Mississippi: MEMPHIS, TENN., Sept. 3, '76.

"My Dear Miss R: \* \* \* I had no more to do with the repudiation by Mississippi of the bonds issued than either of you had. I was sent to college when a boy; from college went to West Point, from West Point into the army, and served on the Indian frontier until 1835, when I married and left the army. I took up my residence in a very retired place, distant from the country in which I was a stranger in Mississippi, seldom leaving the cabin in which I lived, when, in 1838, the last of these notorious bonds were issued.

"It was seven years thereafter before I was brought into any political discussion, and then only in the country in which I resided. Before that time—1833—the famous Union Bank bonds had been repudiated, and though the question still entered party politics it had little more than a historical existence.

"Upon the question as a political reformer, I opposed the doctrine of repudiation, insisting that governments, like individuals when claims were made against them, had no right to make any other issue than one of fact. Is there a debt, or is there not?

"For that publicly declared opinion the party of repudiators made use of me in the beginning of my political life, using both stratagem and concentration of their forces to defeat my nomination for Congress in 1845. I was in full fellowship with the Democratic party of Mississippi, and though most of the repudiators were in it, they were still in a minority, and, sustained by the party, I was nominated.

"About this time the new phase of repudiation presented itself in a bill to cancel debts due to banks which had violated their charter. This was relied upon as a popular thing to control the Democratic party, and to check my political progress. Before the nominating convention met I wrote a letter and printed copies of it.

"These were distributed among the members when they met. The letter severely condemned the project as against good morals and integrity, even if it could be sustained at law. Some of my best friends strongly advised against the circulation of that letter, pronouncing it an act of political suicide, while admitting that it stated what every honest man must feel. I am glad to say that their fears were not realized; the honest instincts of my fellow-citizen sustained the right.

"I may here add that I never at any time held any civil office in the State of Mississippi.

"When the Federal Government sought to discredit the Confederacy in foreign markets, they sent—to England to present me as a repudiator. No man knew better than he the falsity of his representations, for he was an active politician in Mississippi when repudiation occurred, and it was years afterward before he knew of my existence.

"To his misrepresentations, and to my defense, in your father's paper, of the honor of Mississippi long after the act termed 'repudiation' had been done, is I suppose, to be attributed the current slander which has provoked our friend Mr. M.

"With tediousness of detail I have given you the facts as they bear upon myself connected with the question, and you can give Mrs. M. as much or as little as you please. \* \* \*

"As ever, truly your friend, "JEFFERSON DAVIS."

The Latest Wonder of Telegraphy.

The readers of the Telegraph have been made acquainted with the wonderful inventions of Prof. Bell, by which musical and vocal sounds can be and have been sent over the electric wires, but few, if any, are aware of the wonderful results which are sure to follow these improvements in telegraphy.

A few nights ago Prof. Bell was in communication with a telegraph operator in New York, and commenced experiments with one of his inventions pertaining to the transmission of musical organs and played the tune of "America," and asked the operator in New York what he heard.

"I hear the tune of 'America,'" replied New York. "Give us another." Prof. Bell then played "Auld Lang Syne."

"What do you hear now?" "I hear the tune of 'Auld Lang Syne,' with the full chorus, distinctly," replied New York.

Thus the astounding discovery has been made that a man can play upon musical instruments in New York, New Orleans, or London, or Paris, and be heard distinctly in Boston! If this can be done, why cannot distinguished performers execute the most artistic and beautiful music in Paris and an audience assembled in Music Hall, Boston, to listen? Prof. Bell's other improvement, namely, the transmission of the human voice, has become so far perfected that persons have conversed over a thousand miles of wire with perfect ease, although as yet the vocal sounds are not loud enough to be heard by more than one or two persons. But if the human voice can now be sent over the wire, and so distinctly that when two or three known parties are telegraphing the voices of each can be recognized, we may soon have distinguished men delivering speeches in Washington, New York, or London, and audiences assembled in Music Hall or Faneuil Hall to listen! —Boston Traveller.

Border Life, Present and Past.

The terrible fate of Custer and his gallant three hundred adds another tragic chapter to the great book of Border events, whose beginning dates from the earliest settlements of our country, whose end will be only when the Indians as a race shall have become extinct.

The horrors of the Modoc campaign are yet fresh in our memories. The historic Lava Beds, Indian cunning baffling the skill of our soldiers for so long a time, savage malignity and treachery culminating in the death of the brave Canby and others whose mission was honorably treaty and peace—all these are still remembered with a shudder. Their parallels in device and atrocity are only found in the deeds that compose the history of the "Dark and Bloody Ground," or among those which mark the bloody tracks of the treacherous Mingoes, descending from their Great Lake fastnesses upon the unsuspecting tribes and settlements of the Susquehanna and Allegheny.

So with this heart-rending story of Custer and his men, which has been sprung upon the country so suddenly, and which is being read amid tears of sorrow and calls for vengeance, from one end of the land to the other. Some may find its parallel in the history of Leontidas and his three hundred; some may seek for like sacrifices amid the annals of the Scottish Chiefs or Polish Patriots. But it is only when we turn to the thrilling chapters of our Old Border history that we read and re-read, in intensified form, the bloody story of Rose Bud and Big Horn Rivers. Custer and his three hundred, ambushed by a wily foe and met away in death before odds rendered doubly and terribly formidable by bewildering shrieks and stealthy mode of fighting, recall with vivid effect the tragedy of Braddock's Field, whose details are graphically and fully narrated in that wonderful book, "Our Western Border One Hundred Years Ago."

Or if other parallels be sought, they abound in the same brilliant, stirring and faithfully volume; for Custer and Lava Beds, Modoc and Sioux, are but repetition, now fainter, now fiercer, of Daboll and Bloody Run, Crawford and Battle Island, Harmer and the Miami Towns.

The new story, whether of victory or defeat, massacre or escape, cunning or retreat, is but an epitome of the old tale; with its quaint and primitive portraiture, haloed about by thrilling traditions, and sanctified by the facts that our fathers were a part of it and these our dwelling-places were scenes in the midst of it.

"Our Western Border One Hundred Years Ago. A new and rare historical volume of Border Life, Struggle and Adventure, by Charles McKnight, Esq., eight hundred pages, Price \$3.00. Published by J. C. McConrly & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Cincinnati, O., Chicago, Ill., and St. Louis, Mo., and sold by Agent. For terms and illustrated Circular address the Publisher.

About Hese.

For some time past it has been one of the duties of the police officers to go to the various houses on their respective beats and ascertain the size, etc., of the boots used in sprinkling the yards and streets. Out on Grand Avenue one of our sturdy peelers had watched a long time at the back yard of an aristocratic mansion to try and obtain the necessary information from the servant girl. But she didn't appear, and finally, in a fit of desperation, the officer walked round to the front door and rang. A moment later the lady of the house herself opened the door. This rather staggered the officer, and without a word of preliminary explanation he touched his hat and led off with "Good morning, madam; I called to inquire what kind of horse you use?"

"Sir," said the astonished lady, growing about a gaiter height taller. "Yes'm. Very disagreeable to trouble you, but we have to make these inquiries, mum. Duty, you know."

"Duty, indeed, sir. You miscreant! Beg pardon, madam. Perhaps you don't use any horse. I'm very sorry, but I don't know."

"Not use any horse. Oh, you villain!" "Well, perhaps it's a rubber horse, madam?" "Rubber horse!" she screamed. "You abominable wretch! What do you mean?"

"I mean what kind of horse—"

"Well, of all the impudence!" "I ask a thousand pardons, madam. I see you don't know—"

"I don't know—"

"But here comes the kitchen maid. She can tell me what I want to know."

"Susan, if you say one word to that miserable brute I'll discharge you. She can tell you, can she? I should like to see her."

And so the officer had to retreat finally without accomplishing his purpose. The lady told her husband, the husband flew in a rage to the sergeant, the sergeant explained the matter, and they both agreed that it was a great outrage that ought to be kept very quiet.—St. Louis Times.

Social Fittercourse.

What drives the farmer's children to cities? Simply the lack of social intercourse in the country. If you would keep your boys and girls at home, make agricultural society attractive. Fill the farm house with books and periodicals. Establish central reading rooms, or neighborhood clubs. Encourage the social meetings of the young. Have concerts, lectures, improvement associations. Establish a bright, active, social life, that shall give some significance to labor. Above all, build as much as possible in villages. It is better to go a mile to one's daily labor than to plod one's self a mile away from a neighbor. The isolation of American farm life is the great curse of that life, and it falls upon the young people—the girls, especially—with peculiar hardship, driving them, too often, away from comfortable homes into the perilous life of a crowded city.

The subject of the discourse of our young friend, E. H. Dial, upon the occasion of the exhibition of the Graduating class of Oxford, of which he was a worthy member, was: "The Relation existing between the Theosophical of the Radiolarians, and the Rhamphorhynchus of the Pterosauria." We have always thought that the relation which has existed between these parties ought to be better explained than it has been, and it is gratifying to us to know that there will be no difficulty in understanding it hereafter.—Ex.

Sleep Husbandry.

In England, where the owner of the land appropriates it out to his tenants, who in turn submit to tillage of the soil who cultivate crops with hired labor, everything is of necessity so reduced to system that the exact cost of a product is known before it is thrown upon the market. And constant inquiry is made, after the most minute investigation based upon experiments as to the profit or loss resulting from growing any animal or cultivating any crops.

The Royal Agricultural Society of England, in its recently issued half-yearly Journal, published a paper upon the relative profits to the farmer from breeding horses, cattle and sheep. This paper is a compilation from seventy-five reports received from as many sections of the United Kingdom, and gives in detail the experience of the best and most successful farmers in England.

The conclusion of the Society is, that with rare exceptions breeding thoroughbred saddles and carriage horses is more expensive and less profitable than breeding roasters. Breeding any kind of a horse less profitable than breeding cattle. "An ox with a bruised knee or swollen joint is none the less valuable to the butcher; but a colt with a broken knee or swollen knee is considerably reduced in value." But the bulk of the collected evidence was in favor of breeding sheep as profitable stock.

If this be true in a country where lands rent annually, for from twenty to fifty dollars per acre, how can it be otherwise than remunerative in the South where the choicest sheep walks can be bought and paid for at less than half of the above annuities? Surely some day we will see sheep husbandry practiced successfully where nature has done far more than her share of the work.

The paper to the Royal Society of England says: "The return from sheep is quicker than from cattle. They are more easily managed and require less labor and attention than cattle or horses. They also produce two sources of income in the year, one from a sale of a portion of the stock, and the other from the disposal of the wool. On dry farms, almost wholly arable, growing heavy root crops, they are the best stock to keep. The best sheep to maintain depends on the nature of the soil, and the climate of any district—just as the case of cattle."

Raising and Picking Geese.

We clip the following on the above subject from an agricultural exchange: In a late number of your valuable paper a young farmer wants the advice and experience of some person who has had experience in raising and picking geese. I am now nearly six years old, and have raised and picked geese ever since I was large enough to hold a goose in my lap. I will give you the results of my experience. In the first place I try to keep the flock as near equal as possible (as many ganders as geese), so they will mate equally in the spring. Geese are not like other fowls; every gander has his own mate, although some ganders will have two geese, and one goose will have two ganders. Geese are very easily raised, requiring but little attention. After the goslings are a week old, feed them on corn meal dough, with a little salt in it, until they can eat young grass. Care should be taken to give them shelter from hard rains, as they are easily drowned previous to the time they begin to feather. They want nothing but water in the summer. Feed grain in winter, and they are all right. In the picking process, I pick about every seven weeks, if the feathers are ripe, which can be told by catching one or two, and plucking a few feathers from it; if the quill of the feather is clear, they are ripe; if the quill is full of blood, they are not ripe. Pick nearly clear in warm weather, but in winter not so close. Care should be taken to give them warm shelter in winter after picking. Pick all the small feathers and leave the large ones except four or five under each wing, which should be plucked or the wings will droop. The yield of feathers will be about one-quarter of a pound to the goose each picking, when full feathered.