

I have lately taken quite an interest in the "Jersey" and love to read of them and their unsurpassed butter yielding qualities, and although my experience so far with them is very limited, it is perhaps not wise to take everything for granted. Still, when we get well authenticated information of tests made and given to the world by gentlemen who have experience in such matters we have no right to doubt them.

In the year 1876 the butter yield of 5 cows belonging to Mr. Thomas Falla of Lea Butter, Jersey, "Brown Fanny," No. 594; "Cherry," 702; "Dairy Maid," 1147; "Cowslip," 24, and "Pretty Maid," 208, amounted to 1629 lbs. of butter, giving an average of 306 lbs. each, or 6 lbs. a week all the year through. This was butter actually sold and it was the produce of the herd for the whole year, milking and dry, old and young.

Within the last four years three Jersey cows have become famous here in America. "Alpha" (171), American Jersey herd book, to her credit stands 4 lbs. of butter per day when fresh in milk.

"Eurotas" (2454) a grand-daughter of "Alpha," produced during five months, ending April 9th, 1880, 364 lbs. of butter. In May 10th, her milk of two days milking gave 5 lbs. of butter. Her highest yield in one week was 22 lbs. 7 oz., and up to within 18 days of calving she gave 2 lbs. of butter per day on grass alone.

But even Eurotas can be beaten, for queen of them all stands "Belle of Scituate" (No. 7,828) to whose credit stands 705 lbs. of butter separately churned within the year ending March 4th, 1878, and 22 lbs. 13 oz. in one week. These figures have been proved to the satisfaction of the State Board of Agriculture, Massachusetts, and some of the weekly lists were made under their special supervision. While writing I have before me a photo of this celebrated cow, and I only wish I could produce it in your paper for the benefit of your readers for she is a wonderful animal, and one of the kind from which is made that highly colored butter so many thought colored at our late County Exhibition.

Before closing this rambling discourse of mine, I would like to say a few words about thoroughbreds and their owners in our own county, first introducing to you Mr. James Kitchen, of River John, a gentleman of means which he does not spare in his selections of thoroughbreds. And he is no niggard in caring for them afterwards. His stables are a credit to himself and the whole county. The Short Horns, Ayrshires and Jerseys to be found in them would stand a fair comparison with any in the Maritime Provinces.

King Humbert, an Ayrshire, and winner of 1st prize in the 3 year old class (now owned by the New Glasgow Agricultural Society) at the Dominion Exhibition, Halifax, was bred by Mr. Kitchen. His thoroughbreds took with them from the Dominion Exhibition a fair share of prizes to their home in River John. Mr. K. added some valuable animals to his stock last fall, among them "Century Belle," a beautiful Jersey cow that her former owner held her at \$450. What amount took her to her new quarters I know not, but this much I do know that Mr. Kitchen is doing much for the good of his county, and long may he continue an example that might be followed by more of our rich men, with profit to themselves and untold good to their fellow countrymen.

The Cook brothers, Mount Pleasant, East River, are breeders of Ayrshires, and have some very fine animals of

that breed. They took one 2nd prize last year at the Dominion Exhibition under strong competition, having to compete against such veterans as Blanchard, Col. Starrit, McCurdy and some of the New Brunswick herders, winning second on his young bull "Lord Comford," and some prizes on his other stock.

At Union Centre, Mr. John McDonald breeds Ayrshires and good ones. To Mr. McDonald belongs the honor of exhibiting the first herd of thoroughbred animals ever shown in Pictou County, and taking 1st prize with them too.

Mr. Vaux, of Sea View Farm, breeds Short Horns and Shropshire Down Sheep, and good ones.

Mr. Townsend, Brookside Farm, breeds Ayrshires and Jerseys, Leicester Sheep, &c.

Who can say that our county is not making some progress in their stock. The late importation of Polled Angus Cattle, a bull and cow, by the N. G. Agricultural Society, will no doubt be of great benefit to us, improving our beef stock, and I believe they are better for us than the Durham, until we learn how to prepare pastures upon which the Short Horn can feed to advantage.—FARMER JOHN, in *Eastern Chronicle*, N. S.

LADIES' DEPT.

FASHION NOTES.

Pale pink roses as large as peonies are sold at \$2 each.

Japanese sleeves are on the new silk and satin wraps.

Embroidered balayuses are preferred to those of lace.

India shawls are made into mantles without being cut.

Elder, sycamore, and lichen green are stylish spring shades.

Satin foulard and chene silks make watering costumes.

A big pouf bow with wide ends trims the back of new mantles.

Lace and passementeries have taken the place of fur trimmings.

Satin merveilleux dresses have flounces of cream mull embroidery.

American Easter cards this season excel those brought from England.

"Flats" and shepherdess straw hats will be worn by little girls this season.

Pineapple cloth fabrics are imported by oriental merchants for ladies' dresses.

Last year's dresses need only slight changes of drapery to make them stylish.

Long, undraped redingotes appear beside tunched-up Watteau polonaises.

Handsome evening dresses are of the finest white wool, embroidered in silver threads.

LOWELL MILL-GIRLS A GENERATION AGO.

The home-life of the mill-girls, as I knew it in my mother's family, was nearly like this:—

Work began at five o'clock on summer mornings, and at daylight in the winter. Breakfast was eaten by lamplight during the cold weather; in summer an interval of half an hour was allowed for it, between seven and eight o'clock. The time given for the noon meal was from a half to three-quarters of an hour. The only hours of leisure were from half-past seven or eight to ten in the evening, the mills closing a little earlier on Saturdays. It was an imperative regulation that lights should be out at ten. During those two evening hours, when it was too cold for the girls to sit in their own

rooms, the dining-room was used as a sitting-room, where they gathered around the tables and sewed, and read, and wrote, and studied. It seems a wonder, to look back upon it, how they accomplished so much as they did, in their limited allowance of time. They made and mended their own clothing, often doing a good deal of unnecessary fancy-work besides. They subscribed for periodicals; took books from the libraries; went to singing-schools, conference meetings, concerts and lectures; watched by night by a sick girl's bedside, and did double work for her in the mill, if necessary; and on Sundays they were at church, not differing in appearance from other well-dressed and decorous young women. Strangers who had been sitting beside them in a house of worship were often heard to ask, on coming out, "But where were the factory-girls?"

Lowell was eminently a church-going place, and the hush of the old-fashioned Sabbath had there a peculiar charm, by contrast with the week-day noise. The mill-girls not only cheerfully paid their pew-rents, but gave their earnings to be built into the walls of new churches, as the population increased. Their contributions to social and foreign charities, also, were noticeably liberal. What they did for their own families—keeping a little sister at school, sending a brother to college, lifting a burden of a homestead debt from a parent's old age—was done so frequently and so quietly as to pass without comment. Their independence was as marked as their generosity. While they were ready with sisterly help for one another whenever it was needed, nothing would have been more intolerable to most of them than the pauper spirit into which women who look to relatives or friends for support so easily subside. Perhaps, they erred in the direction of a too resolute self-reliance. That trait, however, is a part of the common New England inheritance; and there was, indeed, nothing peculiar about the Lowell mill-girls, except that they were New England girls of the older and harder stock.—*Atlantic*.

FACETIÆ.

A young shaver of five or six years was reading at school, when one day, he came upon the passage. Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from guile. Master Hopeful, drawled out: Keep-thy-tongue-from-evil-and-thy-lips-from-girls.

No, Mollie, were we in your place we would not pay \$9 for one of those big fuzzy hats. Just take an old government blanket and stretch it over a large hoghead hoop—the larger the better. You will notice the letters U. S. upon the blanket. That means under side.

A Philadelphia lady was about engaging a servant—a waitress. "What wages do you ask?" she inquired. "Well," responded the girl, meditatively, "three dollars and a half a week, if I'm expected to pass round the dishes, and three dollars if the family 'stretch for themselves.'"

THEY ALL DO IT.—Everybody uses "TEADERRY" for the teeth and breath, the newest, brightest, costliest little toilet gem extant. Try a 5 cent sample.

"The candles you sold me last week were very bad," said Jerrard, to a tallow chandler. "Indeed, sir, I am very sorry for that." "Yes, sir; do you know they burnt to the middle, and then would burn no longer?" "You surprise me! Did they go out?" "No; they burnt shorter!"

One night at one of the Paris theatres some odds and ends of the scenery took fire, and a very perceptible odor of burning alarmed the spectators. A panic seemed imminent, when Arnal appeared on the stage. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "compose yourselves. There is no danger. I give you my word of honor there is now danger." The audience did not seem reassured. "Ladies and gentlemen continued the author, raising the necessities of the occasion, 'confound your stupid souls, do you think if there was any danger I'd be here.'" The panic collapsed.

A Boston man, on a rainy day, seeing a man ahead of him whom he thought a friend, with a silk umbrella hoisted over his head, rushed up to him, clapped his hands on his shoulder, and shouted, by way of a joke: "I'll take that umbrella, if you please." The individual addressed looked around, and disclosed an entire stranger, but before the other could apologize he said, hurriedly: "Oh! its yours, is it? Well, I didn't know that. Here, you can have it," and broke away leaving the umbrella in his hand.

VIRTUE ITS OWN REWARD.

There is nothing so noble and touching as a really spontaneous act of generosity, after all. The other day a rough, careless-looking stranger was walking up Mission Street near Sixth, when he observed a lot of hoodlums clustered around the gate of a small frame-house, in front of which a poor woman was weeping bitterly, surrounded by her terrified children. A scanty array of household goods on the pavement showed that it was a case of ejection.

"What are you abusing that woman for?" demanded the man from below, addressing an ill-favored individual who was carrying out the furniture.

"I ain't abusing her," growled the landlord; "she can't pay her rent, and I'm going to bounce the whole outfit, that's all."

"I've a good mind to bounce you," said the stranger indignantly. "What's the amount she owes you?"

"Twenty-two dollars."

"Here, take it out of that," and the angry man took out his wallet and handed over a \$100 greenback.

The evictor respectfully turned over a receipt and the change. Forcing an additional "V" on the happy woman, the stranger walked rapidly away.

"Centric case, that," said the house owner looking after the philanthropist musingly.

But the philanthropist said nothing until he turned the corner, when he murmured softly to himself, as he put on a little more pedestrian speed:

"It's no use talking—virtue is its own reward. I couldn't have got another such a chance to work off that counterfeit in a year.—San Francisco Post.

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