UNCLE JAKE'S DUMBICRIT. TERS.

I' don't know much of languages such as the scholars tell,

But the language of dumb critters I understand quite well,

And I think, sir—yes, I think, that their voices reach the sky, And that their Maker understands

the pleading of their eye,

And I shouldn't be surprised, if in the judgment day, Some cruel, heartless human folks

should be as dumb as they. My house is not as elegant as many

are, I know; But my cattle are all sheltered from

the wintry winds and snow. And they're not kept on rations that leave nothing but the frame, Or in the spring returning to the dust

from whence they came. Ah! God had wisely ordered, sir.

that in a money way,

Starving, abusing critters are the things that will not pay. If any of my flock are sick or hurt

in any way,

I see that they are cared for, sir, by night as well as day. My letter's on their wool, sir-that's

all the brand I know My lambs-they are not tailless, for

God didn't make them so.

Some say sheep don't need water, but I tell you it's a lie! They're almost frantic for it sir, the

same as you or I.

My horses--you have seen them, sir; they are just what they seem ; And, if I do say it myself, they are

a splendid team.

They wear no foolish blinders, and from hitchup reins they're free; And they never had a hurt, sir, that

has been caused by me. The way they do my bidding now, 'tis really a surprise l

They know my very step, sir, and thank me with their eyes.

My pigpen, over yonder, I'd like, sir, to have shown;

My hogs—they never are the 'breed' that is but skin and bone; I know, sir, that to fatten them,

they need both food and drink, A shelter and a bed, sir, will help it on, I think.

I have a yard on purpose they can

root whene'er they chose-It seems to me like cruelty, so rings I nover use.

There's one thing more I want to

show, 'tis the hen house here-Our poultry always pay us well, and just now eggs are dear-

'Tis warm and clean and bright, you see, with gravel on the ground;

There's feed and water stand'g here all day the whole year round.

But maybe I have tired you, sir-Forgive an old man's pride; But somehow I love dumb critters,

and I want their wants supplied. :0:

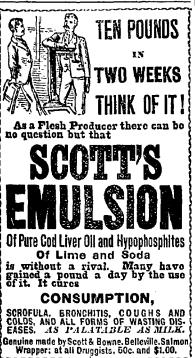
A HORSE TRAINED BY KIND-NESS.

Herbert Currier of Philadelphia, an agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, was favored some time ago by being presented with a horse and carriage, with which he has been able to cover more ground in the discharge of his duties. Ever since the

sagacious animal came into his possession he has been training it to perform numerous clever acts, and by gentle treatment has succeeded in accomplishing his object. The agent owns a snug little dwelling, with a good piece of ground, on Sharpknack street, Germantown, and he had a stable built on the premises for "Nellie" exclusively. She is a small animal, of dark color, and has a very intelligent look. An exhibition of what the animal could do took place recently at the stable. "Nellie" was starding in her

cosey stall and the stable door was shut. Her carriage and a number of people were on the outside. The agent in a quiet, soft tone of voice, called out, "Nellie, come out here and place yourself in the shafts of your carriage." Without a mo-ment's hesitation the intelligent ment's hesitation the intelligent beast turned herself around in the stall and, walking to the door, raised the latch with her mouth and walked out, backing up to the vehicle, where she was harnessed. "Nellie" was asked whether she would like to have a beating, and she replied in the negative by vigoronsly shaking her head. She was then asked by the agent if she loved him, and "Nellie" demonstrated that she did by walking up to her master and placing her head on his shoulder, where she re-mained some minutes.

To find a handkerchief in the officer's clothes was an easy matter for her, as at the word of command she relieved one of the pockets of his coat of the desired article. Turning and backing the carriage while harnessed was an easy task for her, which she did with much gracefulness. The agent then walked away some hundred yards or more and called for his pet to come to him, which command she instantly obeyed. Other minor tricks were shown which elicited the admiration and surprise of the gathered spectators, Agent Currier says he never was obliged to use the whip or have recourse to rough language while training "Nellie" to go through these tricks. He is fondly attached to the animal and would feel very lonesome without



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