

every editor to pay one cent before their papers are mailed. On the other hand, they allow their political papers to be mailed unpaid; also after agricultural papers have been pre paid, they have been allowed to lay one week in our Post Office before being forwarded, and the political papers must be first attended to. Farmers, we pay for all. We are used as mere machines to raise the funds. Our interest is only looked after as far as politics are concerned. The consequence is, that agricultural papers are fast dying out. The only agricultural paper in the Province of Quebec, the JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE failed to appear for some months past. The CANADA FARMER, in its last year's explanations, showed that it was losing money. The ONTARIO FARMER, we understand, is endeavoring to make another shift, so as to prolong its existence, and were it not for the liberal support we are getting from our agricultural friends in the Dominion, we would soon have to follow suit.

Horace Greely on Country Farming and City Editing.

At the press banquet in New York on Saturday evening, the Tribune philosopher, who, according to Mark Twain, once sowed a quantity of dried apples in the expectation that he could raise Shaker apple sauce therefrom, responded to the toast, "Country Farming and City Editing," in a manner which evoked considerable merriment. That city editing is as delightful as country farming he denied and laid down this proposition: "That all men or women who can get their work done by 8 o'clock at night need not consider their condition a hard one. When it stretches far into the night—to 11, 12, 1, 2, 3—it begins to be irksome. I find it so, some. I am not now so fond of sitting up with a newspaper all night—nor with anybody else. This, then, I can say for country farming, that while it has some rugged aspects, and does not promise any such brilliant and rapid advances to fortune as some of our friends like to achieve in Wall street, it is just about the safest and surest thing any one can engage in; and it is, moreover, a tranquil and certain delight to any human being—who can enjoy his own society. My little place while, it is nothing to brag of—[laughter]—there is this to be said about it: I have the most delightful barn full of corn, rich golden corn, that ever you saw in your lives. Now, that is something achieved, something to look at. I have been to work on the press for forty years; and this seems to be the hardship. You work for days and months and years, and what have you to show? Something, I hope, in mental growth; something in firmness of purpose; something in clearness of intention, but outwardly—nothing!

"Country farming will help also to develop one of the phases of the question of woman's rights—wherein I have not so full a part perhaps as some of our friends would wish. Country farming gives just the right field for the development of your energies. Lots of you are wanted to take your part in the country farming. You need not dispute nor clamor—there it is. 'The world is all before you where to choose.' If any lady wants her rights—I am a wood chopper my-

self—my axe is at her service. There are plenty of opportunities; so, then, why don't some of our friends who want their rights come out into the country and take them? I hope that some of this din and controversy will roll itself abroad in the world; and our excellent friend, 'the last best gift,' and so on will achieve her rights with her own right hand."

BROUGHT TO TERMS.—A good story is told of a couple of farmers who lived a few miles apart, one of them having called upon the other just at dinner time, one day, who, by the way, was rather a penurious old fellow, and who seemed to be enjoying the frugal repast very pleasantly. The visitor drew up to the stove, looking very wishfully towards the table, expecting the old farmer to invite him to dine, but he kept on eating, when presently he broke out with

"What's the news up your way, neighbor," said the old fellow, still eating, "no news, eh?"

"No; I believe not," replied the visitor; presently thinking of some news, he replied, "Well, yes, friend, I did hear of an item of news that's worth mentioning."

"Ha, what is that?"

"Neighbor John has a cow that has five calves."

"Is that so! Good gracious! What in thunder does the fifth calf do when the others are sucking?" asked the old farmer, not turning his head from his dinner.

"Why, he stands and looks on just as I do, like a dumb fool!" said the visitor.

"Mary, put on another plate!" ejaculated the farmer

Salt and Lime Mixture for Agricultural Purposes.

This mixture is made by dissolving one bushel of salt in the least water possible, and then slacking with this three bushels of lime hot from the kiln. This is all the salt that can be used by this method to slack the lime. The most valuable lime for agricultural purposes, is shell lime, or that made from oysters and clam shell. Another method recommended by C. W. Johnson, is to mix one bushel of salt with two of lime, dry under cover, and allow it gradually to decompose, and unite the chlorine of the salt with the lime. It may be turned occasionally for two or three months, by which time it will be well united together. And whatever way is taken to form the mixture, it should not be used immediately, but should remain incorporated at least six weeks, that the chemical union may be well formed. The chemical changes that take place are—the chlorine of the salt unites with the lime and forms a coarse chloride of lime—the soda of the salt is mostly set free, and probably slowly attracts carbonic acid from the air, and forms carbonate of soda. This mixture has a remarkable decomposing power, and if you mix three or four bushels of it with a cord of swamp muck, leaves or vegetable matter, it will soon be reduced to powder. It is most excellent to mix with coarse manure for the purpose of decomposing it and rendering it fine. After the sour muck from wet places is decomposed by the salt and lime, it is then in ripe condition to be composted with barn yard manure, and compost becomes as valuable as the barn yard manure alone. Almost every farm has a supply of muck which might be turned into valuable manure.—OHIO FARMER.

BREEDS OF SHEEP.

The following is condensed from a statement made by Mr. C. Howard of Bedford, England, before the London Farmers' Club:

1. Leicesters cut a good fleece of wool, upon an average of 7 pounds each, and weigh at 14 or 15 months old, from nine to ten stones each.
2. Cotswold average, when fit for the butcher, at 14 or 15 months old, from 12 to 13 stones; and the weight of wool of the whole flock approaches to 8 lbs. each.
3. Lincolns are not generally fit for the butcher at 14 or 15 months old, but they are kept until they are 22 to 28 months old, when their weight will be from thirty to 40 pounds per quarter; and they cut a second fleece, weighing from 10 to 14 pounds. The weight of wool of an entire flock, under fair average management, is about eight and a half pounds each.
4. Shropshires, as yearlings, cut from five and a half to seven pounds of wool, and if they have been well kept, will weigh from 16 to 18 pounds per quarter; but they are not calculated to come out as yearlings, and are more frequently run on until the following Christmas or second year's clip, when they can be made 25 or 30 pounds per quarter.
5. Oxford Downs (of which Mr. Howard has been for many years a distinguished breeder) generally drop their lambs in the month of February, and at 13 to 14 months old, they are ready for market, weighing upon an average, 10 stones each with a fleece varying from seven to ten pounds. The ewes are good mothers, and produce a great population of twins.

GAMBLING IN NEW YORK.

Exclusive of the very vilest and lowest dens of the metropolis, there are about two hundred gambling houses—public, and recognized as such—of which perhaps fifty are what may be termed first-class houses. The expenses of a fashionable gambling hell are enormous, amounting from \$25,000 to \$50,000 dollars per annum. The value of the furniture often exceeds \$20,000, while the amount of capital backing the game is from \$10,000 to \$50,000, while two or three establishments can command three to five times the latter amount. The entire amount of capital in this business in New York cannot be far from \$1,500,000, while it is estimated that the winnings of the game average \$50,000 per night throughout the year. The number of professional gamblers in New York, including those who sit in front of the table as well as those who sit behind it, all who follow no other vocation, is estimated at eight thousand. As for the professional gambler who makes a living by playing against games, or in plucking "greenies" at poker or short cards, they make, on an average, perhaps, \$2,000 per annum, and are generally as poor at the end of the year as at the beginning, and yet they certainly earn their money with as much expenditure of time and talent as though laboring in some regular trade or profession.—N. Y. REPUBLIC.

Lice on Calves.—Lard, or any kind of grease put on the parts where lice most congregate, will destroy them. Dry snuff will cause them to sneeze themselves to death. Fine, dry earth will get into their eyes and mouths, and annoy them so much that they will be glad to leave.