

about 120,000 tons, worth at least a million of dollars. A barn that in ordinary years contains 50 tons of hay will have its complement this year in 40 tons. It is not to be expected, however, that this deficiency will cause serious anxiety to many farmers, as it is probable that it will be amply made up from other sources. At the commencement of the summer there was a stock of unused hay in many barns sufficient to balance the deficiency of the present crop. Not less satisfactory is it to learn that in the Western Counties, and wherever the grass was cut early, the hay has been cured and got into the barns in excellent order, the only exception being in Victoria County, where, in one district, about five per cent. was saved in inferior condition. Some correspondents also refer to the grass as unusually solid and nutritious. The state of the crop, however, in the principal hay-producing Counties of the Province is sufficient to foreshadow the probability of higher prices for hay than have obtained for some time; owners of live stock will do well to make such provision for winter keep as circumstances suggest, in order to eke out the scant supply of hay. A Truro correspondent mentions the significant fact that hay off the field brings \$10.00 per ton this year, whereas in former years when the crop has been abundant, it has sold as low as \$6.00; it was never known to sell so high before so early in the season. In some districts fewer calves are being misad, so that less stock may be wintered. The deficiency in hay will also be made up, to some extent, by the increasing attention to ensilage, fodder and root crops, and the excellent fall-feed that is promised by the vigorous growth of pastures and aftermath at the present time.

PASTURAGE—GRAZING.

There is probably no country in America that affords greater facilities for summer grazing than Nova Scotia. Pastures are readily formed from wild forest land, by chopping, burning, and seeding with suitable grasses,—the best being Timothy, Dutch White, Largo Red, and Alsike Clovers, Cocksfoot and the Fescues. Several wild grasses, such as June grass, the native Fescues, and Couch, come in naturally to supplement the grasses sown. Whilst the country is so well adapted for grazing, there is no department of agriculture so much neglected as the improvement of pastures. Grazing begins in Yarmouth at beginning of April; in other districts mostly in May, and continues till October or November; the pastures proper are supplemented by the aftermath or second growth on the hay fields.

LIVE STOCK.—CATTLE.

The returns from the several districts show that the different kinds of Live Stock of the Province are, in general, in good condition, healthy and thriving. Nova Scotia has been long noted for the exceptionally healthy and vigorous character of its Live Stock, and it is hoped that its character, in this respect, will be maintained. The Provincial Veterinary Surgeon makes periodical visits, at advertised times and places, where he can be consulted by stock-owners, and his advice obtained. His principal work this summer has been to attend to casual cases of slight ailments common to cattle, and to the performing of surgical operations. The strictest vigilance is maintained in regard to the symptomatic appearance of any disease apt to spread.

HORSES.

The number of thoroughbred Horses imported into the Province during the last few years is by no means inconsiderable, the heavier horses having been encouraged by liberal premiums from the Provincial funds,—and these importations, chiefly of Clydesdales and Percherons, cannot fail to tell powerfully in raising the standard and style of our horses. But it is in the future that the improvement will be perceived.

SHEEP.

The raising of Sheep is an industry for which the Province is peculiarly well adapted, there being excellent summer pasturage all over the country, and winter pasturage, as well, along the shores and Islands of the Atlantic Coast, in the south western part of the Peninsula. Yet our flocks do not increase as might be expected. There is an increase in the following Counties: Annapolis, Antigonish, Cape Breton, Hants, Inverness.

The following Counties show an apparent decrease: Colchester, Digby, Guysborough, Halifax, Queen's, Richmond. In Victoria the decrease in number is made up for by the better quality.

Southdowns have been found to thrive remarkably well, and to be easily maintained in high condition, but they lack size, and the larger Downs, especially the Shropshire and Hampshire Downs, are preferred. Leicester were introduced at an early period and served to improve the flocks, especially in Hants County; subsequently Cotswold Rams were imported.

The dry season has been a favorable one for Sheep as they thrive well on the short, rich grass, and the Lambs are in good condition.

IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA.

AN INTERESTING ADVENTURE RELATED BY EXPLORER TISDEL.

Mr. W. P. Tisdel, the well-known African explorer, has had adventures enough in the Dark Continent to fill half a dozen books like "The Arabian Nights," says the *New York Mail and Express*. The fact that he has lived through so much danger, survived fevers, that carried poor Livingstone and hundreds of other men off, and wandered for days through "angles so high the sun never penetrated them, are proofs that he is a man of great courage and wonderful vitality. He speaks five languages, besides a number of dialects. With the elephant rifle, pistol and sword, he is an expert, and also an adept with that powerful weapon, the pon. He left on the steamer *Trave*, Wednesday, for Dresden, where his family is located. He related, just before he departed, an incident in his varied career.

"Some time ago," he said "I was making a voyage on a French steamer on the western coast of Africa. It expected to go to a certain point, make up a caravan and penetrate into the interior of Africa. All of my accoutrements, such as beads, money and brass trinkets for the trading and making presents, were on board. The steamer was bowling along one hot day off the coast of Senegal. No one dreamed of danger. Suddenly the vessel gave a great lurch, and considerable excitement followed. It was soon ascertained that the shaft was broken, and that we were at the mercy of the winds and waves. We drifted towards Goree Island, which is four miles from the mainland. In a few hours the vessel stranded and left us no alternative but to take the two boats. By careful managing we landed safely, and I saved my outfit. Goree Island is south of Cape de-Verde, in north latitude 14.39, west longitude 17.26, and three miles in circumference. The town of that name occupies two thirds of the island, and has a population of 5,000. It is an entrepot for Senegal gum, ivory, gold dust, and other productions of the coast. On the northeast side, where we landed, there was a sandy bay, the only one to the little island. The native Negroes are black, but not so fierce and treacherous as those on the mainland. The town is a tough place, and I made immediate arrangements to depart. I mustered a small caravan, and resolved to go into the interior. I engaged a lot of canoes to carry us across the four mile channel to Dakar, a town on the coast. I did not know before I started what was the status of Dakar—whether the inhabitants, who number some 3,500 souls, were peaceable or warlike. When we set foot upon land a body of warriors, nearly naked, came rushing towards us. They uttered loud cries, and the rings through the noses of some and the elephants' tusks rattling around their necks made a hideous and revolting spectacle. They were armed with spears and assegais. I ordered my men not to fire until I advanced and endeavored to hold a parley. I suppose I had taken half dozen steps when a big negro ran forward and cried out:

'Boss, does you speak English?'

I was surprised and quickly exclaimed:

'Where in — did you come from?'

'I came from Baltimore, boss.'

I demanded an explanation, and he informed me he had been sent out from Baltimore to Liberia by the American Colonization Society. He found on arrival in Liberia that it was not a land flowing with milk and honey, and that he had to work. It was not what he had bargained for. He went to the interior and joined a tribe inhabiting the Kong Mountains. He was as much of a native as though born and reared among them; had no aspirations above the lowest, and could speak their dialect fluently. I gave him presents, and he became my guide. He pacified the fierce-looking tribe and satisfied them we were friends. That night we spent in Dakar. The inhabitants turned out en masse, naked, to gaze upon us. If Emilio Zola desires to depict revolting realism, I advise him to visit Dakar and study the native citizen in his primitive state. It was a moonlight night, and the natives held one of their infernal fetich dances. It was a weird and unearthly scene—the incarnation of the idea of pandemonium let loose. The belle of the occasion was a tall Kong negress, who was attired in a costume that peculiarly displayed her muscular physical charms. An empty metallic cartridge shell hung suspended from the centro cartilage of her nose, and highly polished charms made from the ivory of the hippopotamus were strung around her gladiatorial neck. Around her massive loins a double row of glass beads jingled as she sprang about like a wild dervish, and huge brass rings slipped from the lobes of her ears. When I left the scene the Kong belle was executing a fantastic pirouette and howling a rasping dirge, not nearly as melodious as a whistling buoy.

KILLING AN ELEPHANT.

Bright and early, with the Baltimore negro as one of my guides, I started for the interior. He called me 'boss,' and convinced me that I could trust him as far as personal safety was concerned. I loaned him a rifle and put him in front of the van. He started off whistling 'Yankee Doodle,' the only evidence he gave of kindly remembrance of the land he was reared in. For two or three days we made good progress, and then our journey became somewhat dangerous from meeting roving bands of nomads, who wished us to pay tribute for the privilege of passing. Sometimes a few trinkets would satisfy them, and if that failed, a few drops of gin, which they prize more than all money. After weeks of constant travelling and encountering all kinds of difficulties we discovered elephant tracks. It raised a commotion among the guides and the native carriers in the van. They wanted to see an elephant killed. I hoped that the elephants would keep out of sight, as I did not want to shoot, and perhaps only wound one. At the close of a long day's journey the guides in front set up a cry, and came running back. I heard a heavy crackling as if some ponderous animal was rushing through the forest, breaking the bushes and twigs. They shouted 'elephant!' My idea was that the elephant was trying to escape, and I concluded not to interfere. The trail suddenly turned, and coming down upon us was a huge male elephant. The animal was trying to get away, but got mixed up as to the proper direction to take. His speed was so great I knew he could scarcely turn before he reached us. The natives yelled and fled. The Baltimore negro threw down his rifle, but when he saw me bringing my gun into position he came back. I fired quickly, and the elephant roared with pain and turned. I took deliberate aim then, and sent a ball into his side. This must have penetrated a vital part, for the animal came near falling. Four more shots in rapid succession were fatal in their result. The elephant ran a hundred yards and fell upon a knoll, where he soon died. The natives in the caravan came up and danced around the fallen king of the forest in great joy. A village not far off heard that an elephant had been slain, and turned out to eat him up. They looked like vultures descending upon a carcass. The sight was revolting. The women had ravenous appetites as well as the men, and gorged to their hearts' con-