

who is President of his County Agricultural Society, or where the fair was held last year, I "unanimously" come to the conclusion that the poor soul has got a crack in his hog trough.

When I see a farmer buying guano, but wasting ashes and hen manure, trying all sorts of experiments except intelligent hard work and economy, getting the choicest of seeds regardless of cost, and then planting them regardless of cultivation, growing the variety of fruit called Sour Tart Seedling, and sweetening it with sugar, pound for pound, keeping the front fields rich while the back lots are growing up with thistles, briars and elders, contributing to the Choctaw Indian fund and never giving a cent to any agricultural society:—such a man, I will give a written guarantee, has got a crack in his hog trough, and in his head also.

When I see a farmer allowing loose boards all over his yard, fences down, hinges off the gate, manure in the barn-yard, I come to the conclusion that he has got a large crack in his hog trough.

When I see a farmer spending his time traveling in a carriage, when he has to sell all his corn to pay the hired help, and his hogs are so lean that they have to lean against the fence to squeal, I rather lean to the conclusion that somebody that stays at home will have a lien on the farm, and that some day the bottom will come entirely out of his hog trough.

DRESSING POULTRY FOR MARKET.

We should have the lasting gratitude of commission merchants if we could persuade all our readers to follow some such sensible rules as the following in this matter. It would make the bruised, half skinned, bloody, slow-selling poultry that is to be seen too often in the market, more slow of sale than ever:

First let the birds fast twelve hours. Foolish people often let them eat their fill of corn before killing them, with the idea that they will weigh more. A fasted bird will keep a week fresh and plump if well handled, while one that has been fed within a few hours will be sure to spoil or become more or less tainted. One tainted bird in a case will cut the price on the whole down several cents per pound. So will one that is scrawny and looks blue and skinny, and as if it had been sick. Second, kill without dislocating the neck or making a hole in the skin. The operation is simple. When the fowls are caught, with a lad to hold, tie the legs of all, and lay them down. When ready, hang them by the legs, a few at a time, on long pins or nails; then with a sharp knife passed into the throat, cut once or twice across, letting the knife bear on each side against the back bone. This will sever the great veins of the neck, and the bird will bleed without wetting its feathers at all. Third, pick without scalding, and while the fowls are still warm. Take great care not

to tear or to bruise the flesh in spots by too hard fingering to get all the pin feathers out. These may be removed with a pair of pinchers, if great pains is taken. Draw out the tail and wing feathers first, and those of the back last. Fourth, hang all in a cool, airy place over night, and pack in clean, strong cases of a size easily handled by one man, putting one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds in one case. Take the cords from the legs and lay the birds in uniform rows, heads towards the sides of the box and breasts up. A very little clean wheat straw may separate the layers, but it is best to use nothing. Fill the boxes so full that it will require a little pressure to force the covers down. Address to a trusty agent or commission dealer. It would pay any one who markets much poultry to have a modest stencil plate made to mark his boxes, and to read thus: "Poultry from A. B., well fattened, fasted twelve hours, and not scalded."

STEEPLE CHASES.

Gamblers and horse-jockeys—are gradually coming to grief, or, at all events, coming to light in their true character, even in England, where racing and dangerous hunting have had so many admirers. The *London Review* says:

What excuse can be made for modern steeple-chasing? It has totally failed in its declared purpose of improving the breed of hunters, and there does not seem to be a redeeming feature about it. It is unquestionably cruel. The horses themselves dread it, and after a little while are said to grow cunning, which means that they prefer to refuse at the first fence, take the requisite amount of whip and spur at once and be done with it, rather than go through the prolonged punishment and exhaustion of the race. No one who has seen a poor brute with broken back trying to drag its powerless hindquarters, and heard its screams of agony at each renewed attempt, will easily forget the miserable scene. The knacker's cart is a regular attendant on the course, and it seldom goes away empty. Moreover, the steeplechase is dangerous to the riders—and herein perhaps lies its charm. The chance of seeing a man killed, either from a horse or from a trapeze, will always bring shillings to the getter-up of the entertainment; and it is these shillings, together with the opportunity of fleecing that large portion of the British public which indulges in betting, that keep this wretched caricature of sport in existence. Let any unprejudiced person go to one of the metropolitan steeplechase meetings and look carefully at the class of people attending them, listen to their talk, and watch their manners and customs, and then let him say what proportion of the actors and spectators he considers are decent, respectable people, who earn their living honestly, and are good citizens. The percentage will be very small.