

T. C. Peters writes to the *Hearth and Home* that the long-wooled sheep can only be perfected where herbage in Summer is plenty and of easy access, and plenty of forage or grain in Winter. He says the value of this species is in its size and early maturity, and the facility wherewith it lays on fat. He calls the Merino the sheep of the distant plains.

"Do you see that off leader there, sir?" said a coachman to a gentleman who sat with him on the box. "Yes, what of him?" "He always shies, sir, when he comes to that gate. *I must give him something to think of.*" No sooner said than up went the whip. The horse felt the lash, and flew past the spot, thinking little about the gate. That coachman was a philosopher.

"Stonehenge," in his work on the horse, thinks putting a lump of rock-salt in the manger for the horse to lick, is the only safe and useful way of giving salt to horses. He thinks given in this way, the horse will thrive better for this seasoning. He says that generally a pound of rock-salt will last a horse nearly a month. He has not found that the use of salt increases the thirst, except when first given.

A correspondent of the *Western Farmer* describes his method of making a coop or house for the protection of early chickens or a few choice fowls. He puts a window sash in the front of a large dry goods box leaving an open space above the sash for ventilator, slopes the roof slightly, makes a partition so as to leave a feeding space about a foot wide at the back, puts the entrance at the side, and has no further trouble except to keep the coop clean.

A correspondent of the *Maine Farmer* says:—"Yesterday I hived a swarm of bees, and left them during the night with the bottom board resting on the ground; and this morning when visiting them, I discovered a large toad on the bottom board, in the act of gobbling up a bee. I said, 'Old fellow, you have the reputation of having a jewel in the head, but you certainly lack brains, and have caught a tartar this time; you won't hanker after any more food of that sort;' but he continued to catch all that made their egress, until a little persuasion from the end of my fishing pole caused him to beat a hasty retreat."

Dr. Nichols, the editor of the *Journal of Chemistry* says that he had one acre of grass, red top and clover, that was cut June 19, and the hay stored by itself. On the first of last March he put his herd of ten cows upon it, and the immediate increase in the flow of milk amounted to ten quarts per day. The hay fed them before was of the same variety, but cut after the middle of July. The early cut hay "spent" fully as well as the latter cut, no more of it was consumed, and Dr. Nichols estimates that the money value of the product from this hay, fed to ten cows, was greater by near a dollar a day than that from the other.

Bad odors from a sty or stable offend the nostrils and impoverish a farm. The richest manures are those that have been so treated as to emit little or no smell. Dried peat is the best deodorizer. Manure that has given off the most of its stench is like cider that has stood all day in an open pitcher.

"Get the best" is a capital rule in buying stock as well as in marrying. If you want a cow, hunt up one so good that the owner "won't sell nohow," and then bid up till he is willing to exchange it for your money. So with help. Get the smartest man to be found, even if you pay 50 per cent. higher wages.

WHIPPING OXEN.—It is a cruel and generally a useless act of barbarism, says *The People*, to whip oxen, yet many farmers are in the habit of continually keeping the whip a-going. Instead of inviting the animals to exertion by proper words, the first intimation the poor creatures have from their master that he desires them to start is a cut of the whip, or a prick from the goad. This is not only savage, but absolutely wicked and wholly unnecessary. Another practice often seen is that of pounding and threshing the oxen, because they don't readily back a load, when they have not learned to back an empty cart down hill. We have no doubt that the selling value of many a yoke of oxen is depreciated from \$75 to \$25 by being abused in this way. If animals are to work, they must first be taught to work, and when they understand what is wanted of them, they will cheerfully comply. But there is a better way to communicate your desires than through the whip. Kindness and skillful management are far better. Remember that "a merciful man is merciful to his beast."

WHICH IS THE BEST STOCK?—At the late annual meeting of the Ct. Board of Agriculture Samuel Bartlett said that some remarkable cows had originated in Windsor, from a cross of native cattle with the Short-Horns, and spoke favourably of the latter breed, stating that \$1175 had lately been received in New York for a pair of Short-horns. Mr. Webb said that for dairy, farming, and cattle breeding, there is nothing superior to Short-Horn grades. He admitted that the Devons made the best oxen, but did not think much of the Jerseys or Ayrshires. Mr. Collins, a successful dairyman, thought the Ayrshires hard to beat; they would pick up a living where Short-Horns would starve, some of which in his hilly sections would not produce milk enough to rear their calves. He preferred small cows, because they give a large quantity of milk for the feed they eat. The bulls also make a good team. Mr. Wells said his experience is that 2 Short-Horns eat as much as 3 Ayrshires, and 2 Ayrshires give as much milk as 3 Short-Horns. Mr. Ayres thought the Short-Horns are the best in the rich valleys, where grass is abundant, and the Devons best in hilly sections. If he kept only one or two cows, he would prefer the Jerseys. Mr. Barnes said that for beef, he always preferred the Short-Horns. Gov. Hyde found the Devons to be best for his section.