

GOSSES.

Some are better adapted for showing their full strength under the direction of others than where they have the full responsibility. Others can only do their best when measuring their strength against all the difficulties and problems of management.

It is not always greed of gain that drives men to work on and on after they have gained more than enough—it is the law that he who tries to merely provide for his own selfish and lazy wants is apt to lose the power of even doing that much.—[Live-stock World.]

Sheep shearing is at an end in all the early districts in England, and has been preceded by less sheep washing than ever before, says the London Meat Trades' Journal. At present prices of wool farmers prefer to shear in the grease, and unless the times alter, sheep washing is likely before many years have passed to become obsolete as a farm practice. Sheep dipping, however, as a check to parasitic attacks beneath the fleece is bound to continue, and is at present—owing to the action of the Board of Agriculture—seriously engaging attention.

Patagonia, that country of far-famed giants in South America, it is reported, is about to enter the world markets for a share of the business in frozen meat. Sheep averaging fifty pounds each have been shipped to England recently, to the extent of several thousands, and many thousands of lambs have also been exported by the Punta Arenas Freezing Works. All of this is reported to be but a starter in the Patagonian invasion of Europe, but if the stature of the famed giants of that country may be accepted as an indication of what may be expected of this new venture the rest of the nations may well form a protective alliance among themselves.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

That the tongue is not steel, yet it cuts.
That cheerfulness is the weather of the heart.
That sleep is the best stimulant, a nerve safe for all to take.
That it is better to be able to say "no" than to be able to read Latin.
That cold air is not necessarily pure, nor warm air necessarily impure.
That a cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather.
That there are men whose friends are more to be pitied than their enemies.
That advice is like castor oil, easy enough to give but hard enough to take.

ABSORBINE.—Mr. J. W. Hamilton, liveryman, of Delhi, N. Y., had a seven-year-old gelding with a trial of 2.15. This horse would have been a valuable animal but for one thing, he had thickened wind, causing a severe "whistling," noticeable from the wagon or sidewalk. Mr. Hamilton was on the point of having an operation on this horse, when he wrote to W. F. Young, P. D. F., Springfield, Mass., for advice. The treatment suggested to him by Mr. Young, of Absorbine used externally and Fattening and Condition Drops internally, effected a cure, so that Mr. Hamilton found a ready sale for the horse.

The late John W. Mackay was attending to business at the great Comstock mine one day when a party of tourists approached, and asked if he knew of a guide who would take them around. Evidently none of them knew him. Mackay offered to escort them, and did so, explaining the whole mystery of gold and silver quartz mining. When they emerged the visitors clubbed together and made up a small sum for the guide. Among them was Andrew D. White, recently ambassador to Germany, and at that time president of Cornell University. "Here, my man, take this," he said. "Your explanation of the working of the mine has been singularly clear and informing." "Well, it ought to be," replied the guide, as he slipped the half dollar in his overalls pocket. "I dug 'em, and I own 'em."

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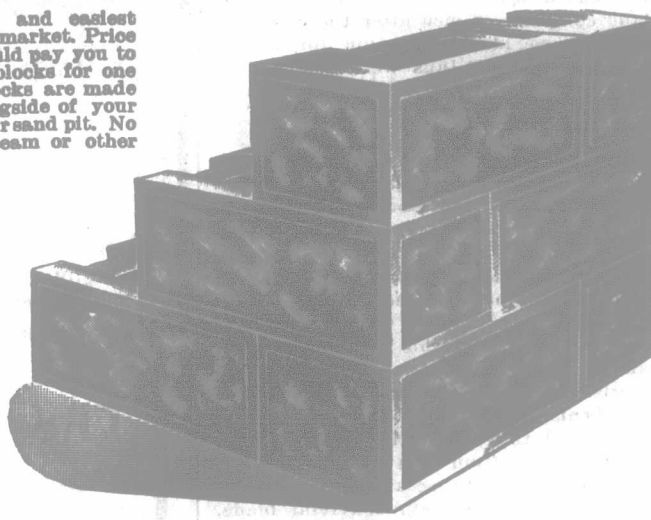
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"Will somebody please chase the cow down this way?" said the funny boarder, who wanted some milk for his coffee.

"Here, Jane," said the landlady ironically, "take the milk down where the calf is bawling."

I can give a sure preventive against corn pulling by crows. I had tried all sorts of devices and was rigging a scarecrow, when a gawky came along and said, "Tie ears of corn to the tops of poles around your field, and the crows won't stay nigh it." I said, "They will eat the corn, and you and they will both laugh at me." I tried the plan, however, and sure enough they looked at those poles and went away. I suppose it was on the same principle as that of the Trojan warrior who said, "I most fear the Greeks when offering gifts."—Powell.

WHY HE FAILED WITH HOGS.

Because his pigs lacked vigor.
Bred from worn-out stock.
Failed to provide ample range for the sows.

Had some litters arrive early in the winter.

His sows furnished scanty nourishment for their offspring.

His pigs took the scours from sleeping in cold, damp beds.

He did not attempt to provide natural conditions for his pigs.

Did not know that 70 per cent. of the pig's live weight is water.

Did not go after the vermin until the pigs were completely lousy.

Did not get the pigs out and compel them to exercise every day.

He had no method of ascertaining how much feed he was turning into pork.

He could not understand why half a dozen of his best pigs perished from sunstroke.

Did not know that the pig's stomach is small and needs constant replenishing.

Never took the trouble to study the movements of the market throughout the year.

Boasted that his hogs could be grown on less water than any others in the neighborhood.

Here are a few verses from "Yankee Families," a poem in which Dr. W. H. Drummond, the author, conveys some of the thoughts on one of the problems that worry our neighbors over the line, and from which Johnnie Courteau is happily and conspicuously free:

"You s'pose God love de Yankee,
An' de Yankee woman too,
Lak he love de folk at home on Can-
adaw?
I dunno, 'cos if He do,
W'at's de reason He don't geev' em
families?
Is dere enybody hangin' roun' can an-
swer me,
W'ile I wait an' smoke dis pipe of good
tabac?"

"An' now I'll tole you somet'ing,
Mebbe help you bimeby,
And dere's no mistak', it's wa't dey
call sure sign—
W'en you miss de baby's cry
As you're goin' mak' some visit on
de State
Dat's enough—you needn't ax if de
train's on tam or late,
You can bet you're on de Yankee side
de line.

"Unless dere's oder folk dere,
Mebbe wan or two or t'ree,
Canayen is comin' workin' on de
State—
Den you see petite Marie,
Leetle Joe an' Angelique, Hormisdas
an' Dieudonne,
But you can't tole half de nam'—it
don't matter anyway—
'Sides de fader he don't tink it's not'ing
great.

"W'at's use of all de money,
If dere ain't some boy an' girl
Mak' it pleasant for de Yankee an'
hees wife
W'en dey travel on de worl'?
For me an' Eugenie dere's not'ing we
lak bes'
Dan gader up de children an' get dem
nicely dress—
W'y, it's more dan half de pleasure of
our life."

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