

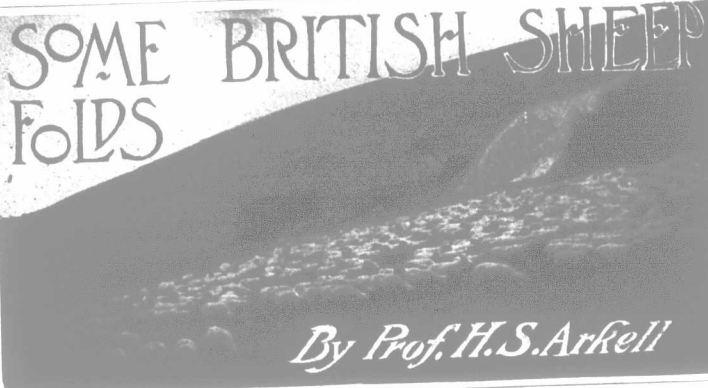
The hills of Scotland hold the secret of many lonely scenes. The coach road from Inverness to Stronochlachner, between Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, passes through the midst of the Highlands, and reveals but passing glimpses of human habitation. The ascent from the lake lies through bordering woods, while

on the one side descends a steep precipice, at the bottom of which we heard the gurgle of a stream. We were told that a drowned lamb had been taken from its waters that morning. On reaching the highest upland, the country widened out somewhat into a plain, but on either side rose up brown, rugged summits of rocks, the crests of the near-by hills. To the right, at the foot of one of these, tradition points to the low ruins of a cottage as marking all that remains of the home from which Rob Roy took his wife. To the left, and a little further on, we stumbled upon a picture that an artist might well have painted. My camera was ready at the focus, but for some reason the bulb was never pressed, and the scene remains now as nothing but a delightful memory. It was only an old tumbled-down log building, alone amongst the wilds of the hills. The roof had been thatched, but it had fallen through in the center; the doors were off, and the logs had settled away from the portals. The ruin had been altogether desolate, except for a scattered score of Highland sheep that had gathered on the bit of green before it. Shaggy, unempt, untended, they yet had a native grace about them that gave them a peculiar charm. Creatures of their surroundings, they were unafraid, and seemed part of the great loneliness of the landscape scene. From behind us the sun shone out upon them over the edge of the hills, and ewes and lambs and ruin nestled into the background of a glorious isolation. We had seen the Highland sheep at home.

It is scarcely possible to conceive of the numbers of sheep through this upland country. They wander about much at will, and are scattered in wandering groups all over the hills. The little long-tailed lambs, following at their mothers' sides, convey to us, in part, an idea of what shepherding is like in its natural state. There is nothing here other than nature's grass and heather, but they seem to lack for neither water nor food. Amongst the mists that continually come and go upon this high altitude, these sheep seem to thrive, and grow mutton that is held in the highest esteem in London, second only, perhaps, to that of the Welsh Mountain breed. Scotch mutton commands about the highest price at Smithfield, and is noted particularly for its fine flavor. Blackface Highland sheep are now frequently crossed with Leicester rams. Cross-bred ewes from such a mating are also used for breeding purposes, and are usually put to a Down ram, either an Oxford or a Suffolk. Lambs bred in this way are favorites with both feeders and butchers. For the last year or two the bracken fern has been spreading widely over the hill country, and is smothering out the heather. Shepherds are much concerned about it, and probably in the future sheep will be raised in this north country more under domestic conditions.

In the border country, amongst the Cheviot Mountains, another race of sheep finds its home. The stone dykes that stretch out like great ribbons over the brown surface of the ground, encircling the hills, and parcelling out the land into huge fields, are here familiar sights. This, too, is upland country, and much of it waste, though farmsteadings and bits of cultivated soil are never far to seek. Gray stone, gray mists, gray hills, however, make a lonely landscape, but the little sure-footed Cheviots, with their bright faces, erect ears, and long tails, preserve life and vitality for us here, as did the Blackface Highlands in the North. Here and there upon the lower level, under the shadow of a hill, tiny, round pens, fenced with stone, evidence the care of the shepherd for his flock, and recall tales of winter storms in which Scotch lads, with their faithful Collies, have brought their ewes to shelter, and done many deeds of heroism in their search for lost sheep. The romance of all pastoral poetry knows no finer center than this, the hill home of the Cheviots.

In August and September these sheep gather into the markets, from almost all points on the compass, are sold to feeders, and drovers, and may be either taken back to good farms in the district, and put on grass, or they may be sent to London and held there in the parks, and placed upon the market as trade stock demand. At Carlisle, I remember seeing 16,000 in the yards in one day, and have a vivid recollection of the hawking and badgering as the flocks, in lots of from 20 to 100, went before the auctioneer. Many of them were native Cheviots, some were half-breeds, out of Cheviot ewes by Leicester rams, some cross-breds, some native Blackface Highlands, and some by Down sires and



his genial hospitality I would fain make acknowledgment.

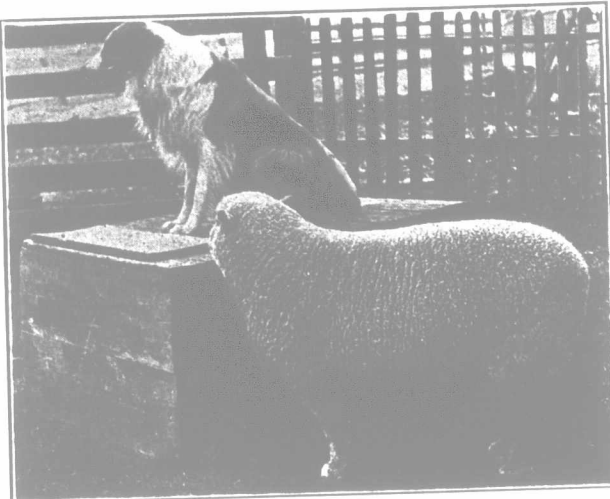
Farther to the east, about Kelso, is the native country of the Border Leicester. There is the estate of Lord Polwarth, of Mertoun, there the farms of Smith of Galalaw, of Templeton of Sandyknowe, and those of other prominent breed-

ers. Pure-bred flocks have rather a more comfortable existence than have those that find their living on the hills, though those in Scotland are kept much in the open, and under very natural conditions. The breeding ewes remain a great deal upon the pasture land. In the lambing season, however, they are given well-sheltered quarters, not always under roofs, but in yards, the fences of which, in some fashion or other are made windproof. Hurdles woven over with straw are very handy, and seem to serve the purpose well, though such were mostly used on gates. Turnips are widely grown for winter feed. On the farm of Mr. Templeton, the great top breeder, many cabbages and some acres of spring or autumn vetch are grown for summer feed. The young cabbage plants get three dressings of nitrate of soda, a fortnight intervening in each case, and at the rate of one-half teaspoonful to each plant. Spring vetches are sown at intervals in April and May, at about the rate of four bushels per acre. Winter vetches are sown in September and October. This summer feed is used largely in connection with the preparation of the ram lambs and shearlings for the great Kelso ram sales in the fall. A bunch of high-class Border Leicester shearlings, with their trim outlines and fine bold crests and heads, present a truly attractive, aristocratic appearance as they round up from the pasture in the evening to get their allowance of grain. These sheep, if good, uniformly bring high prices which will range from 20 to 100 guineas, and an exceptionally good one has been known to change hands occasionally under a 200-guinea bid. Buyers like a defiant, courageous attitude in the ring, and if a ram breaks bounds while being sold, the bidding becomes usually only the more active and spirited. Besides Border Leicesters, many rams from the South, mostly Down, are sold at these sales.

The country about the Thames valley has been a breeding-ground of sheep for a century and more. In the rich, level meadows is to be found some of the best soil in all England. It is farmed to as good advantage as that in any other part, and intensive methods of cultivation prevail throughout. Sheep-raising here is a different proposition to what it is in the North. The land is practically all arable, rents are high, and bigger returns must be made per acre. The raising of crops for sheep feed has become almost a science. Permanent pastures there are in plenty, but cattle and breeding ewes mostly get the run of these. The rams and lambs are raised and finished for the sale-ling largely on soiling and forage crops. These are much the same as are grown in the North. Vetches are frequently sown, however, in a mixture with grain, and less of the seed is sown per acre. Rape is used, though I think it is less popular than tares. Clover finds a value for the same purpose.

In the North, I think the soiling crops are usually cut for the sheep; in the South they are fed mainly on the land, the rams being hurdled on a section of a size such as they would eat over in a day. Every day the hurdles are moved and the sheep are given a fresh run. Sometimes racks are kept within the hurdles, and the shepherd, in addition, cuts a bite for them as they may need it. Grain is also fed here. The flock is graded as to size and quality into lots of from thirty to fifty in each, and a shepherd is always in charge. This method of hurdling seems to commend itself to all the best flock-owners of this locality, and meets with general favor. It has the value of yielding the largest advantage to the sheep, with the least amount of waste. As a second consideration, no finer method has been found of enriching land than that of feeding off the crop upon it in this way. Frequently, ewes follow after the hurdles and pick up whatever may remain. Shropshires, Oxfords and Hampshires are the breeds best known in this locality. If one would know the fine points of sheep husbandry, he would find them in the counties about the Thames.

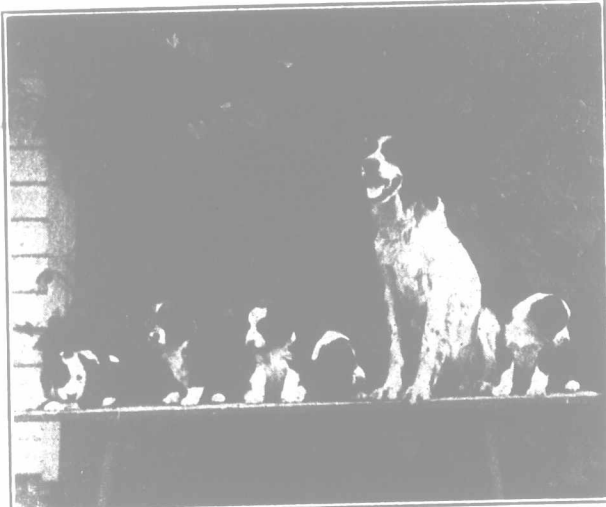
I set out to say something about "Some British Sheep Folds." There is much more to tell of the Southdowns upon the low, rolling hills of Sussex; of Shropshire upon the moors, of the home of some few well-bred native breeds, and of the management of flocks upon wealthy, landed estates. Southdowns and Blackface Highlands become true aristocrats upon the lawns around a rich man's home, but I like best to see them in the natural environment upon their native hills. One's fancy likes to dwell in the atmosphere of memories of the great sheep country, but it is time to say our good-bye to the fold as I could, to give, in some way, a glimpse into some of the sheep-raising homes of Great Britain.



On Friendly Terms.

of half-bred and cross-bred ewes. These latter usually fetch the best price, 31s. 6d. to 39s. 9d., each being paid for best lots the day I was there.

It was my good fortune to form the acquaintance of perhaps the largest sheep-drover in the South of Scotland, a man who, in his prime, gave shape to the whole sheep-trading business, and who now, with his two sons, sells more sheep in the London market than any other firm doing business there. "King" Vivers they call him, and he has earned his title in the trade. One of his sons buys in Scotland, from Aberdeen, in the North, to Carlisle, across the border, and sends thousands of sheep a week to the South. It was of interest to watch him buy, and to note the respect the people paid him. Another of his sons, Mr. Tom, handles the business in London. He has the use of hundreds of acres of park and pasture land in and about the city, where he can hold his sheep, and put them on the market at will. Being practically in partnership with a



English Setter and Puppies.

very large wholesale butcher business, he is able to reap the advantage of trade with it. Having spent some little time at the headquarters of the firm both in the North and in the South, I was able to gain an insight into the sheep business from a market point of view, in such a way as to obtain a fair understanding of it in its various details. Without being initiated, one would have little idea of the immense trade that is done. Tom Vivers has the reputation of being one of the shrewdest, as well as one of the most honorable, business men connected with the live-stock trade in London. His old father, also, is one of the characters of the border country, even where men are as individual in their types as the peaks of the hills about them. Many experiences he related of his younger days, and told many short stories of an interesting career. But I relate a recollection, perhaps, chiefly as two flock-owners, who, in the course of his business, were brought into contact with him, and who, in the course of their business, were brought into contact with him, and who, in the course of their business, were brought into contact with him.