

The Points of a Short-Horn Cow.

The following features constitute, I trow, the beau-ideal of a shorthorn cow:
 are massive, round, deep-barrelled, and straight-backed;
 quarters level, lengthy, and well-packed;
 hough wide, fleshed inwards, plumb almost to hock;
 deep, conjoining thighs on one square block;
 broad and flat, thick-fleshed, and free from dip;
 ribs "well home," arched even with the hip;
 flush with back, soft-cushioned, not too wide;
 full and deep, well forward on the side;
 ribs well fleshed, and rounded like a drum;
 flanks that even with the elbow come;
 "barrelled," flush with shoulder and with side;
 large and round—not deep alone, but wide;
 shoulders sloped back, thick-covered, wide at chine;
 snug, well-fleshed, to dewlap tapering fine;
 vein filled up to well-clothed shoulder point;
 full above, turned in at elbow joint;
 short and straight, fine-boned 'neath hock and knee;
 cylindrical from drooping free;
 wide between the legs, with downward sweep;
 set round, massive, prominent, and deep;
 at head, fast thickening towards its base;
 small, scope wide, fine muzzle, and dished face;
 prominent and bright, yet soft and mild;
 waxy, clear, of medium size, *unfiled*;
 fine, neat hung, rectangular with back;
 soft, substantial, yielding, but not slack;
 furry, fine, thick-set, of color smart;
 well forward, with teats wide apart.
 points, proportioned well, delight the eye
 grazier, dairy-man, and passer-by,
 these to more fastidious minds convey
 garance stylish, feminine, and gay.—*Mr.*
of Stackhouse, in the "Highland So-
Journal."

SAND STORM IN CHINA.—Extract from a letter, dated, Tien-tsin, March 31, 1862:
 We had an awful dust, or sand storm, last night, which kept us in darkness or nearly so three days. It was the most fearful looking I ever saw; particularly so at its commencement, at about three o'clock in the afternoon. In five minutes it was pitch dark, and had to light candles. This lasted three days, when the wind increased. 'Tis almost impossible to describe it. The very smallest sand seemed drawn out of the earth by its intensity, and penetrated everywhere. We

all looked like red Indians, and once or twice during the first hours, when it was so intense, if the sun got a chance through a break, the world seemed on fire, then total darkness again; and so it continued more or less for three days. Very many of the Chinese who were at work in the fields perished, as they could not find their way home, and died for want of shelter. A party came in from Peking more dead than alive, and it is a wonder how they reached, for they scarcely knew what they did or how they escaped. Sand storms are not unusual here, but nothing like this has occurred for nearly half a century. At Taku the Chinese suffered severely, but Europeans seemed to have escaped most wonderfully everywhere.—The foreign shipping also, both inside and outside the bar, were but little damaged, whilst sad havoc took place among the Chinese, both as regards their lives and property."

THE SPARROW A SCAVENGER.—Nobody will deny that the city sparrow is a scavenger, ay, and a "regular dustmen" too. There is very little of the Adonis about him! Washing and bathing are unknown, uncared-for-luxuries. He glories in dirt. Plump as an alderman, he rather waddles than hops, and pays far more attention to his stomach than to his *personnel*.—This last shows sad negligence. Suiing himself to his company and his situation, he is rarely in a state of repose. Observation tells me that eating, drinking, bustle, noise and confusion are his strong points. His life is one continued round of dissipation. Early and late he may be seen slyly stealing into some "likely" place where he may discover something for his inside. Up to every move, deeply read in the physiognomy of butchers' boys, vagrants, and birds' enemies generally, he is never caught napping.—Wide-awake to them all, he cunningly watches his opportunity, slips in, commits theft, steals out, and is "gone" almost before he is seen.—And how thoroughly does he relish stolen property. Boys, girls, and birds, are all alike in this respect, I fear.

Stolen sweets are always sweeter,
 Stolen kisses much completer,
 Stolen looks are "nice" in chapels,
 Stolen, stolen be your apples!

So sings the poet. I have neither the wish nor the power to contradict him.—*WM. KIDD, in the Queen.*

HOGS AND CURCULIO.—It is the practice of many to allow their hogs to run in the orchard and gather up all the fruit as it falls. In this way the insect is not allowed to leave the fallen fruit and perpetuate its species in the ground. If no hogs are about, the fruit should all be picked up and destroyed before the insect leaves it.