

When morning o'er the grassy hill  
Looks with her golden eyes,  
And winds that through the night are still,  
Are breathing softest sighs.

Then do I think of one, to me  
The noblest and the best,  
And bid my wandering thoughts and feet  
Fly to my heart's love-nest.

When the moon is in the azure sea  
With all its magic lights,  
I think of hours I've passed with thee  
In just such lovely nights.

But now thou art so far, so far away  
Thy care is not for me;  
Yet ever will my spirit stray  
And sweetly rest with thee.

**A Night in New Orleans.**

**A JOURNEMAN PRINTER'S STORY.**

Printers tell many queer, quaint, quizzical, and sometimes startling stories; and while they do a great deal in that way for the mere fun of the thing, it is not to be supposed that they are always joking—always jibing it, merely for the sake of raising a laugh or creating wonder. In their numerous tramps they meet with many strange sights, and often encounter perils which to many would appear incredible.

We will relate a little story which we heard from the lips of a poor fellow, who has long since "shuffled off this mortal coil."

In the year 18—, we were assisting in the publication of a daily paper in one of the small towns of the State of New York. One night—or rather morning—for printers, above all others of the human race, are compelled to keep all sorts of hours, after the "forms" were "looked up," and everything was ready for a final adjournment to our respective boarding houses, a proposition was made to visit a restaurant for the double purpose of having a smoke and refreshing the inner man with a little of something good and pleasant to the palate. Accordingly we repaired to the eating saloon, and while discussing the good things before us, entertained each other by relating our adventures both by sea and land.

"Did I ever tell you of that adventure I had in New Orleans?" said Charley Rodman, a gay, dashing, good-looking, and really gifted young man.

"Guess not," was the universal response.

"Well, will you hear it now?"

"Certainly," fell from half a dozen lips.

"Well, then, here's at it."

I was working on a morning paper in New Orleans, during the winter of 18—, and as I was going to my boarding-house one night about twelve o'clock I was suddenly startled by the abrupt and unexpected appearance of a female, who rushed before me and threw herself down in my path. I was just in the light of the street lamp at the time, and as the woman turned her face up to mine I noticed that she was both young and beautiful.

"Save me, sir! save me!" she cried, clasping my legs frantically.

"Save you from what?" I demanded, as I raised her to her feet. "I do not see anything."

"Oh sir! a brutal looking man was pursuing me, threatening my life and honor. My mother was taken sick and I was forced to go for medicine, and that's the way I came in the street at so late an hour. It couldn't be helped, sir; though I never was out so late before without company."

"Where do you live?" I enquired, fairly fascinated by the girl's beautiful face and soft voice.

"Not far from here, sir—only round in the next street," said the girl, "but I am so afraid I shall meet that man again. Oh sir, if you would only see me safely home, I shall be so much indebted to you."

"Certainly I will," was the response; "but still there don't appear to be anybody in pursuit of you now."

At that moment I heard the clatter of feet down the street, and turning my face in that direction, I saw a man approaching the spot where we were standing at a rapid run.

The girl looked in the same direction, at the same time as I did.

"There he comes now," she exclaimed in a deep fearful whisper, at the same time tightly clutching me by the arm.

Suddenly turning away from me the girl darted up the street.

"Stop, young lady!" I cried; "I will protect you—you need not fear."

"That was rather a loud promise, under the circumstance, but I did not stop to consider what I said."

The girl did not heed me, but dashed on, and involuntarily I followed her steps. After running a couple of blocks she stopped and looked back at me. In a few moments I reached her side, and by that time the man was not far behind me.

"You had better come in, sir," she said nervously; "for I am sure that man is evil designing, and may do you some harm."

As she spoke she mounted the steps of a very ancient looking dwelling, and violently rang the bell. I followed her, not exactly from prudential motives, but because I wanted to see more of her, and because I was fond of adventure of any kind.

Almost instantly the door was opened, when I followed the young girl inside. An old, hideous looking negro woman stood in the hall just beyond the door, holding a lamp in her hand.

"Why, what's de matter, Caroline?" demanded the hag.

"Shut the door, quick! I've been waylaid by a ruffian!" responded the girl excitedly.

"This way, sir!" she remarked, at the same time addressing me, opening the parlor door and pointing me into the room.

I bowed and passed in; immediately after I heard the front door closed and locked.

"Excuse me for a moment, sir, while I speak to my mother," pursued the young girl. Before I had time to reply, the door closed and I was left alone.

I walked to a sofa—a light was burning in the room—and I sat down. Then I took a survey of the apartment. The furniture had been good in its day, but was then much worn and battered.

A few minutes afterwards the satanic looking negress opened the parlor door, and poked her hideous looking face into the room.

"Miss Caroline 'quests the gentleman to walk upstairs," said she.

I began to think the proceedings rather strange, but still my reckless spirit induced me to follow the negress.

Up two flights of stairs and to the door of a back room she led me. She knocked and the door opened.

"Walk in sar, if you please," she said, very deferentially.

I stepped into an apartment that had no windows in it, and was confronted by a huge, burly negro man. At the same moment I heard the door closed and looked, and for the first time began to think seriously of danger.

"Fork ober, sar!" exclaimed the negro abruptly and threateningly.

I carried quite a valuable watch, and had considerable money about me, for that night I had been paid off at the office, and a really clever sum was standing to my account. I knew I had been drawn into a den of thieves, but I internally resolved not to lose my property, let the consequences be what they might.

"Do you mean to rob me?" I demanded resolutely.

"Spec I do," was the unmistakable reply.

"I warn you," said I, my blood boiling up, "that I shall not patiently submit to any such outrage."

"Don't spes you will, sar!" responded the negro, as he displayed a murderous looking knife; "but we nebbur do things by halves. We nebbur let no one that comes here go 'way agin—'cause they might tell tales."

"Would you murder me, you black thief?" I cried passionately.

"Spec I would," rejoined the out-throat with a broad grin. "I've used to dat sort of bis'ness, an' don't mind it a bit."

I was now fully alive to the fact that I was in a very dangerous situation, and to tell the real truth, I felt dreadful nervous over it. What to do I knew not. That the girl I had encountered was a quodron, and certainly a decoy—and that I had been led to the house to be plundered, and perhaps murdered, I had every reason to believe.

"Come, sar, fork over, and den jump down dar!"

The rascal must have touched a spring somewhere, for as he spoke, a trap-door flew open in the centre of the floor.

I looked at the trap and then at the negro, in doubt as to whether I had heard aright.

"If ye jumb down dar, ye'll save me the trouble of trown yer down!" he added sardoniously.

"You infernal rascal!" I cried madly, "do you think I'll deprive myself of life just to gratify you?"

"You won't do nuffin, hey," cried the negro, springing at me like a wild beast, "den take dat."

The villain made a slashing cut at me, but with a single bound I sprang clear to the other side of the trap and escaped the deadly blow.

Boiling over with diabolical rage, the scoundrel cut throat again sprang at me, bounding across the pit with the spring of madness. As his feet touched the edge upon which I was standing, I involuntarily put out my hand towards him and shoved him back. I hardly intended to throw him down the pit, but down he went, in a moment disappearing out of sight.

I did not stop to learn the villain's fate, for I judged that I should have more such work on my hands before I got out of the house, if, indeed, I ever succeeded in making my escape from the den of infamy.

Instantly after the fall of the negro, I ran round the pit and sprang towards the door. Just as I reached it, however, and was about taking hold of the knob, some one turned it on the other side. I sprang up against the wall in a way that would keep me out of sight of any one who might enter. The next moment the door opened, and a head was thrust into the room. Without waiting to see who it was, and taking it for granted that all in the house were arrayed against me, I doubled up my fist, and with all my strength instantly dealt a blow at the head that brought the person full length upon the floor. The same moment showed me that it was the negress.

The hag was entirely insensible, and I forthwith dragged her into the room and shut the door. At length my attentive ear caught the sound of light footsteps outside, and a moment afterward the door again opened. This time it was my beautiful decoy who appeared. The first thing her eye seemed to encounter was the prostrate form of the negress, and with an exclamation of astonishment she darted into the room.

Quick as lightning I placed my back against the door. The movement at once attracted the girl's attention to me.

"Now my lady," I hissed out—for I was intensely excited—"you and I must have an understanding. You led me into this infernal den with your tricks, and you have got to show me the way out of it, or by all my hopes, yonder black pit shall be your grave. Any way I may lose my life; and I am desperate as man can be. You see that old hag cannot help you just now!" I added, pointing to the still insensible negress; "and the villain who was here, and would have taken my life, lies at the bottom of that pit."

The girl looked bewildered, and exclaimed "I could not help it, sir. Indeed, I am forced to do so."

"That matters not to me," I added, incredulously; "can you conduct me out of this house?"

"Yes sir, I can," was the eager reply.

"Will you do so?" I demanded inflexibly.

"I will, sir," she responded earnestly.

"Then, lead on," I added, pointing to the door. "But mark you, if I see a sign of treachery, or notice the least offer to create an alarm, I'll tear you limb from limb!"

I was strong and wild, and meant what I said, and the girl saw it.

"There is no one else in the house, sir, I assure you," she responded.

"Lead the way," I said, hardly crediting her words.

The girl passed from the room, when I looked the door, put the key in my pocket and followed close behind her.

No lights were visible anywhere, except in the room we had just left; but keeping the girl right before me, and within reach of my hands, I stepped along. In a few moments we reached the front door. The girl stopped a moment, and I judged, took a key from some hiding place. The next instant, however, she opened the door and I sprang outside, thanking God for my deliverance.

Without a word, even without looking behind me, I started away, hardly conscious of the way I pursued. I found my way to my boarding house, however, and at the earliest hour practicable, laid the whole matter before the authorities. Finally I led a party of police to the house. Not being able to obtain admittance in the usual way, the doors were forced. Everything in the house remained undisturbed, but a soul was to be found high or low. The trap, however, was soon discovered, and found, upon examination, that there was a succession of traps which conducted to a deep, damp, mucky pit in the cellar. The house

had evidently been the haunt of robbers for some time.

At the bottom of the long pit we found the mangled and mutilated remains of the negro, and a heap of fleshless bones. I shuddered to think what might have been my fate, and congratulated myself on my fortunate escape. I had evidently been more fortunate than others. That is all, gentlemen."

"A very good story, very well told," said I, as Rodman concluded.

"And true, gentlemen, whether you believe it or not."

**Reciprocity of Trade with Canada.**  
To the Editor of the Commercial Bulletin:  
Seeing your interesting articles on the above topic frequently quoted by Canadian journals, I have just called on Mr. S. S. Cox, whose Bill, introduced into the last Congress, for the purpose of initiating a practical measure, has been much discussed in Canada, to ascertain what were his purposes and hopes for the future. I found Mr. Cox very much engrossed in matters connected with the organization of the new House and its committees; and finding he would leave for Washington to-morrow morning, I rushed into the subject without circumlocution. Not being a professional interviewer, I will state in brief his response to my interrogatories, which may be inferred from his replies.

"It is my purpose," said Mr. C., "to follow up the subject vigorously on all occasions when opportunity is afforded. My views are well expressed in my speech published in the *Congressional Record* of the 24th February. I am not acting with any party, either here or in Canada, but desire to perfect and tender to the people of Canada such a measure as those who advocate revenue tariff reform in this country will sanction as being founded on the true principles of international trade. It is always for the interests of nations to act on those principles. As to the prospect of getting such a Bill through Congress, I regard it as good. It has not yet been discussed in that body, and but few members of the present Congress are aware of the magnitude of the trade between the two countries, built up in spite of our exorbitant and unwise tariff. If the party now in control of both Houses at Washington is true to its pledges, as well as the interest of the whole country, there should be no difficulty in passing such a measure as I propose, and I shall introduce it into the new House as soon as it is organized. The party with which I act stands pledged by its last National Convention to a large measure of revenue reform. It is part of our national platform, and no true Democrat can go back on that pledge. Besides, our opponents are not a unit against the principle, and I hope the question of Canadian reciprocity will meet with a large and generous support from members of both Houses without regard to party lines. It is not, and ought not, to be made a party question. How far influential men in Canada may co-operate with the friends of the measure at Washington in maturing the proposed measure, I am at present unable to say. Of this I feel assured, that the overtore I desire the United States to make to the people of Canada will not be wantonly rejected. It will not be without a party ready to accept it."

These are not the identical words of Mr. Cox, but the substance of his rapidly expressed views. As Mr. C. claims to represent the sentiments of the business men of New York more fully than any other representative from the city on matters relating to international trade, the views of leading merchants on this subject will be invoked, and a full and free discussion in leading journals will disclose the condition of public sentiment on the subject in this commercial centre.

Efforts are being made by influential bodies to improve our commercial relations with Mexico, Brazil, France and other foreign countries, and there are those who think that something should be done to open up a trade with Africa, while little is said about relieving ourselves from the obstructions to an enlarged trade with Canada. But few seem to be aware of the fact that next to our trade with Great Britain is that with our next door neighbors. With a tax on her products all but prohibitory, we nevertheless exchange goods of greater value in the aggregate with Canada than with France, Brazil and Mexico, all put together, and these exchanges could, under a more liberal system, be doubled.

**A RESIDENT CANADIAN.**  
New York, March 10, 1879.

**Wise Sayings from Don Quixote.**  
Beauty in a modest woman is like a fire or sharp sword at a distance—neither doth the one burn nor the other wound those that come not too close to them.

Keep your mouth shut and your eyes open.

The absent feel and fear every ill.

Self-praise depreciates.

The dead to the bier, the living to good cheer.

All women, let them be ever so homely, are pleased to hear themselves celebrated for their beauty.

Squires and knights errant are subject to much hunger and ill luck.

Liberality may be carried too far in those who have children to inherit from them.

Virtue is always more persecuted by the wicked than beloved by the righteous.

Every one is the son of his own works.

Honey is not for the mouth of an ass.

No padlocks, bolts or bars can secure a maiden so well as her own reserve.

Wit and humor belong to genius alone.

The wittiest person in a comedy is he who plays the fool.

There is no book so bad but something good may be found in it.

We are all as God made us and oftentimes a great deal worse.

Let a hen live, though it be with a pip.

We cannot all be friars, and various are the paths by which God conducts the good to heaven.

Covetousness bursts the bag.

It is easy to undertake, but more difficult to finish the thing.

The term is equally applicable to all ranks, whoever is ignorant and vulgar.

By the streets of "By-and-by" one arrives at the home of "Never."

Between the "Yes" and "No" of a woman I would not undertake to thrust the point of a pin.

Patience and shuffle the cards.

A soldier had better smell gunpowder than musk.

Other men's pains are easily borne.

A bad cloak often covers a good drinker.

Pray devoutly and hammer on stoutly.

When a thing is once begun it is almost half finished.

Lay a bridge of silver for a flying enemy.

**PISTOL LAW.**

**Desperate Encounter in the G. S. State House—Colonel Robert A. Alston Killed—His Assistant, Edward Cox, Probably Fatally Wounded.**

ATLANTA, Ga., March 11.—A fatal encounter took place in the Treasurer's office of the Capitol to-day between Mr. Edward Cox and Colonel Robert A. Alston, in which Colonel Alston was mortally wounded and Mr. Cox severely, if not fatally. Colonel Alston was one of the most prominent men in Georgia and well-known throughout the country, especially in Washington. He came of the fighting Alstons, of Carolina, a family of duellists, every one of whom died with his boots on. The difficulty was as follows: Mr. Cox and General Gordon are partners in the lease of the convicts of Georgia, but General Gordon was very anxious to get out of the partnership and sent Alston to Atlanta with authority to dispose of his interest to any one that would take it. Cox, who is a pestering, bullying man, with a dangerous temper, met Alston here and insisted on his selling Gordon's interest to J. W. Walters, who had agreed to take Cox's if he could get Gordon's. Colonel Alston said that he could serve General Gordon better by selling to Mr. Charles Howard. Cox then got enraged and told Alston if he did not sell as he directed he would kill him. Alston, who, although a thoroughly brave man, had always had a horror of dying a violent death, as had all his ancestors, drew away and left. Cox followed him, and finally drew a knife on him, telling him he would kill him if he did not trade with Walters. Alston said: "I am unarmed; you would not kill a defenseless man." Cox told him to go and arm himself. Alston went to the Capitol, where the Treasurer persuaded him to stay. The Governor came in, and asked Alston to step into the Treasurer's office and stay there while he would send for Cox.

**KILL OR BE KILLED.**

Alston says:—"I know him well, gentlemen, and I ought to take a shot gun and kill him, else he will kill me. As Alston went into the Treasurer's office Cox came down a side corridor. He looked in the Governor's office as he passed, and seeing a man who resembled Alston sitting there, drew his pistol. He saw Alston just then entering the Treasurer's office, and followed him. Alston in the meantime had procured a pistol. He turned and said:—"I want to have no trouble with you, Cox; I've sold that interest to Howard already, so we needn't have a fuss." Cox says:—"I must have one. I'm going to kill you." Alston expostulated, and the Treasurer and Captain Nelms, the penitentiary keeper, started to interfere. Cox advanced angrily, having first shut the door.

**PISTOLS AT SHORT RANGE.**

Alston then says:—"Well, we'll have it now; are you armed?" Alston waited for an answer, but Cox, without replying, drew his pistol, uttering a cry of rage. Alston whipped out his pistol at the same moment. Captain Nelms jumped between them and caught at both men. The two pistols flashed simultaneously and the close room was filled with smoke. There were several successive flashes, interference being impossible. Alston's first ball struck Cox in the mouth and apparently blinded him, as he wasted several shots. Alston stood perfectly cool. His second shot tore through Cox's uplifted hand, and his third was buried in Cox's throat. By this time Cox had staggered up to Alston, and putting his pistol almost to his head fired. Alston fell forward instantly, the ball having entered his temple. Cox threw up his hands and said, "We are both killed." The men were both carried out and attention given to them.

**ALSTON DEAD.**

Alston lingered unconscious until half-past six this evening, his condition exciting the intensest public interest. Immense crowds hung about the doors begging for news as to his condition as long as he lived, and the whole city is borne down with sorrow. He failed to recognize his wife or friends and died without any appearance of pain.

Cox is in a critical condition and the public indignation is very high against him.

**"Funch," March 1.**

**MISPLACED CHARITY.**—On coming out of church, General Sir Talbot de la Poer Sangarazul is so struck by the beauty of the afternoon sky that he forgets to put on his hat, and Lady Jones (who is rather near-sighted) drops a penny into it!

**The Great Loan Land—Turkey.**

**"BRATTI POSSIDENTES."**—Cavasser (to thrifty rustic, who has recently taken a little farm.)—"Well, Thomas, you'll give your vote to Squire Shoddy at the next election?"

Thomas.—"No, I shan't—I ha' got 'un, and I mean to keep 'un myself—I bean't a goin' to gi' 'un to nobody!"

**INSCRIPTION AND DESCRIPTION (For Parliament).—Satis eloquentia, sapientia parum.**

**The Jester Club.**

Before the introduction of moullage nearly all letter writers were wastering people.

They got into a sweat about electing a Bishop, and consequently elected a SWATMAN.

**MR. HAY CONDEMNS MR. PATTERSON'S** appointment. In this case a straw shows which way the wind blows.

From the Finance Minister's delay in bringing down the Tariff he has fairly earned the name of Mr. TILLYER SLOWBOR.

The *Globe* calls Mr. HAY of Centre Toronto a political baby. It will next be insinuating that the Hon. gentleman is feeding at the public crib.

M. P.—"I tell you we never have vocations."

**OFFICE SEEKER.**—"What, Never?"

M. P.—"No, Never!"

**OFFICE SEEKER.**—"What, Never?"

M. P.—(Who does not go to the theatre)—"I think I told you two or three times that we didn't"

A rich American has just invented artificial piano hands. With them one no longer needs to learn to play the piano and craze the neighbors with the scales. You place these hands on the key-board and they begin to play. They can be fitted over your own hands before you go into company so as to deceive the sharpest eyes. When placed on the piano they will at once take the most graceful and striking positions, and when you play, everybody will applaud. You can remain an hour at the piano before they run down, and they are arranged to play several tunes. There is one kind made especially for the Wagnerites, which begin by breaking the piano.

**The Victoria Cross.**

Of all prizes that men in the army navy covet, there is none more eagerly sought more jealously guarded, or more dearly loved than the simple cross in gun-metal bearing the inscription "For Valor." The Victoria Cross was instituted by Royal Warrant January 19, 1856, as a reward for individual instances of merit and valor in the army navy. Although many acts of heroism have been performed in both services in the part of our Gracious Majesty's reign, it is not deemed advisable to make the action the warrant retrospective, and the heroes of the Crimea were therefore the first who received the much coveted decoration. The cross itself is a simple piece of gun-metal bronze-colored, with the royal crest in the middle, and below the words "For Valor" in the centre of the reverse the date of act of heroism is inscribed and on the bar which the ribbon is attached, the name of individual and of the corps to which belongs. On the bar is engraved a sprig laurel, and the bar is attached to the cross by the letter V on a red or blue ribbon according to the service in the army and navy recipient. It is not to soldiers and sailors only, however, that the Victoria Cross is awarded, and many civilians who have distinguished themselves by acts of conspicuous bravery have been enrolled among the bands. The actual money value of the cross is only a few shillings, but the laurel cross of the Romans cost even less, and decorations are of course altogether valueless from the point of view. Thank God the day has come yet when Ohivraly lies dead, or a bravery sells itself for cash! Many a brave knight has gone into the clash of arms has fought bloody battles for the sake of a flower from the hair of his mistress, or scarf which has encircled the fair neck; in these later times, many a man has gone into the deadly breach, and through tempers of fiery missiles for the love of country honor, sustained in the midst of dangers the hope that some day that simple Maltese Cross devised by the Queen, and always with practicable conferred by her own hand, should rest upon his breast. The Victoria Cross carries with it £10 a year pension for non-commissioned officers and private, and an additional annuity of £5 for every additional bar, such bar being added upon a fresh act of bravery equal to the first—*roses of Britain in Peace and War.*

**"Mayflower" 230000000.**

**"READER."**—Eva, in another column, refers to your idea. As she puts it, "My husband stands by while the wife tramps the wine-press," which, I suppose, means taking in washing for a living, her man being too mean to buy a washing machine.

**"SPOONEY."**—This is a young man who receives the magnificent stipend of \$4 a week as a cross between a clerk and an errand boy. He loves, oh so fondly. She is a vivacious little creature, whose pa is also a clerk something like \$1,000 or \$1,500 a year. "Spooney" wants to know if he "warranted in marrying and trusting to his wife's widdance?" "Spooney" is a fool. It is obvious that there are more fools already in the world than can get a decent living in it. Why do "Spooney" wish to add to the stock of fools on hand? There are five hundred paupers in the Halifax Poor Asylum.

Some wicked wretch suggests that deacons be compelled to use a bell-punch that take up collections in church. *O tempora O mores!*

"Do you allow your salesman to lie?" is an infuriated customer of a pious merchant. "Certainly not, sir. If you can prove to that one of my young men willfully represents any article of merchandise to you he forfeits his place at once." The customer explains his dissatisfaction, and points to the salesman. "Did you tell this gentleman these paper collars would wash, Mr. M— said the merchant, in a severe tone, to an anxious salesman. "Yes, sir," readily answered the offender; "but I did not tell him how they would look after washing." He hired over again at an increased salary.

**The Farm.**

To save the posts from decay, dip them to be set in the ground into petroleum or pitch to char them.

To make hens lay the whole year, each hen half an ounce of fresh meat every day, and mix a small amount of red pepper with their feed in the winter. Give them plenty of grain, water, gravel and lime, allow no cocks to run with them.

No investment pays so well as money judiciously spent upon the farm in reasonable improvements. Draining wet land will from fifty to one hundred per cent. on cost every year. Good stock pays vastly better than poor; good fences, neat laws, selected fruit trees, all pay large profits as well as adding to comfort and self respect.

Small bones in animals are an indication of good feeding quality, early maturity, superior, fine-grained flesh; while coarse large bones, with prominent joints and an arched projection of the skeleton, indicate feeding quality, late maturity, and coarse flesh, in connection with a large proportion of offal and cheap pieces in the carcass, which reaching its final destination at the slaughter house.

**MELRODIOUS MOTION.**—Ayrton and Perry a paper read to the London Physical Society have called attention to the well known fact that emotion is excited by moving bodies, and have predicted the creation upon this basis of a new emotional art capable of high development. Among Eastern nations, for example, entertainments consisting of motions and dumb show are common, which although incomprehensible and even ludicrous to the European, powerfully affect the feelings of a native audience. In Japan the authors had seen whole operas "melodious motion" performed in theatres, the emotions being expressed movements of the body affecting to the diene, but quite strange to them. To carry out this idea the authors have devised instrument for effecting changes in the period, amplitude, and phase of the harmonic motions given to a moving body, which they claim is the first musical instrument of visual art in question. By its means numberless combinations of graceful motions producing emotional effects on the beholder can be given to a visible body, the influence being lightened by the use of colors properly blended together. —*Harper's Magazine.*

Red clover hay safely housed and well cured is the best article for sheep. With a supply of this, and an occasional sprinkling of corn, sheep prosper as fat and as well on good pasture.