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# The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor. -PERSEVERE- TERMS, \$2.00 a year in advance.  
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PROFESSIONAL & BUSINESS CARDS  
The name of this firm has been changed  
from SCOTT & BROWN to  
SCOTT, BROWN & BAILEY,  
under which name they will hereafter conduct their  
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Formerly of the Franklin Hotel, Chambersburg.  
TERMS LIBERAL.

THE JACKSON HOTEL,  
HUNTINGDON, PA.  
HENRY SMITH, PROPRIETOR,  
Huntingdon, Aug. 23, 1855.

Auctioneer.  
JOHN MEGAHAN  
I inform the public that he has taken out a license to  
sell real estate in the 17th Congressional district.  
Address him at the residence of his father, or at the  
store at James Creek, Huntingdon county. 1855-56.

R. ALLISON MILLER,  
DENTIST,  
Has removed to the Brick Row opposite the Court House,  
April 12, 1855.

J. E. GIBBENS,  
DENTIST,  
Office removed to the store of  
D. P. Miller, in the square, 21st Street, Huntingdon, Pa.  
April 13, 1855.

D. R. P. MILLER,  
DENTIST,  
Office opposite Jackson Hotel, offers his services  
to the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity. 1855-56.

D. R. JOHN McCULLOUGH, Offers his  
professional services to the citizens of Huntingdon  
and vicinity. Office on Hill Street, one door east of  
the Drug Store. Aug. 23, 1855.

S. S. SMITH, Dealer in Drugs, Medi-  
cines, Perfumery, Dry Goods, &c. Also—Gro-  
ceries, Confectioneries, &c., Huntingdon, Pa.

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Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware,  
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C. LONG & CO., Dealers in Candles,  
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Shoes, in the Diamond, Huntingdon, Pa.  
LEOPOLD BLOOM, Huntingdon, Pa.,  
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JOHN H. WESTBROOK, Dealer in  
Boots, Shoes, Hosiery, Confectionery, Huntingdon.

## The Globe.

HUNTINGDON, PA.

By request,  
"There's a Beautiful Land on High."

There's a beautiful land on high,  
To its glories I fain would fly—  
When by sorrows pressed down, I long for  
my crown,  
In that beautiful land on high.

In that beautiful land I'll be,  
From earth and its cares set free;  
My Jesus is there, he's gone to prepare  
A place in that land for me.  
There's a beautiful land on high,  
I shall enter it by and by;  
There, with friends, hand in hand, I shall  
walk on the strand,  
In that beautiful land on high.—Chorus.

There's a beautiful land on high,  
And my kindred its bliss enjoy; [mus.  
Methinks I now see how they're waiting for  
In that beautiful land on high.—Chorus.

There's a beautiful land on high,  
And though here I oft weep and sigh,  
My Jesus hath said that no tears shall be shed  
In that beautiful land on high.—Chorus.

There's a beautiful land on high,  
Where we never shall say, "good-bye!"  
When over the river we're happy forever,  
In that beautiful land on high.—Chorus.

## The Lost Child.

In the heat of the last French war, some forty years ago, we were under the necessity of removing to London. We took our passage in one of the old Scotch smacks from Leith, and wishing to settle down immediately on our arrival in the great metropolis, we took our servants and our furniture along with us. Contrary winds detained us long upon our passage. Although a mere child at the time, I well remember one eventful morning, when, to our horror and alarm, a French man of war was seen looming on the distant horizon, and evidently bearing down on us.

A calm had settled on the sea, and we made but little way, and at last we saw boats lowered from the Frenchman's deck, and speedily nearing us. This occurred shortly after the famous and heroic resistance made successfully by the crew of one of the vessels in the same trade to a French privateer. With this glorious antecedent before our eyes, both passengers and crew were disposed to make no tame resistance. Our guns were loaded to the muzzle, and every sailor was bared for action. Old cutlasses and rusty guns were handed round about, and piled upon the deck. Truly, we were a motley crew, more like a savage armament of lawless buccanniers than bloodless denizens of peace. But happily these warlike preparations were needless for a breeze sprung up, and, though we were pretty smartly chased, the favorable gale soon bore us far from danger, and eventually wafted us in safety to our destined port.

My mother was somewhat struck, during the period of our short alarm, by the fearless and heroic bearing of our servant Jane. A deeper feeling seemed to pervade her mind than common antipathy to a common foe. In fact, various times during the previous service, when any events connected with the French war formed, as they ever did, the all engrossing subject of discourse, Jane evinced an interest in the theme, equalled only by the intense hatred toward the nation which she now displayed. On the present occasion the appearance of the foe awakened in her bosom a thousand slumbering but bitter recollections of a deep domestic tragedy connected with herself, and so far from showing the natural timidity of her sex, she even endeavored to assist in the arrangement of our murderous preparations.

Even a shade of regret appeared upon her face as we bound over the sparkling waves, when our tardy foe seemed as a speck upon the distant sea. During the remainder of our voyage she sank into a dreamy melancholy. With her head almost continually resting on the bulwarks of the ship, she gazed upon the clear blue depths below; and, had we watched her closely, we might, perhaps, have seen some of the round tar drops which gathered on her eyelid, and fell silently to mingle with the waters. But we heeded not.

her mind was wrapt in some strange fancies, while her hands mechanically did her task. At last, after long solitation, she explained the mystery by telling us her history.

We must throw our story back some twenty years. Her family at that time occupied a respectable, if not a wealthy position in our northern metropolis. Her father was engaged in a lucrative business, had been married about six years, and was father of four children. His youngest daughter had been born about three months previous to this period of our tale. She was a singularly lovely child. A sister of his wife's who had made a wealthy marriage with an officer in the French army, was at this time on a short visit to the land of her birth. Madame de Bourblanc was childless, and her heart was yearning for those blessings of maternal love which Providence denied her. She was unhappy; no wonder, for her home in sunny France was desolate.

A little while soon passed away. Mrs. Wilson and her sister were seated at the parlor fire one cold November night—the one contemplating the blessings she possessed, the other brooding on her far different lot. The children prattled merrily beside them, and waited only for their father's evening kiss, before they went to childhood's innocent sleep. But their father came not. His usual time had long since passed, and his wife betrayed some symptoms of uneasiness at the unwonted delay. At last they heard a hurried knock, and Mr. Wilson entered the apartment. There were traces of anxiety and grief upon his countenance, but as he spoke not of the cause, his wife forbore inquiries in the presence of her sister. But Mr. Wilson was extremely unsocial, nay, even harsh; and when his wife held out her babe, and the unconscious infant seemed to put its little lips for its evening kiss, he pushed the child aside, and muttered something audibly about the cures of a married life and the inconvenience and expense of bringing up a large, increasing family.

The babe was sent to bed, and the mother spoke not, though a bitter tear might be seen rolling down her cheek. She was deeply hurt, and justly so. But Mr. Wilson had met with some heavy losses during the course of the day. These had soured his heart and embittered his words. Perhaps he meant not what he said; it might have been but the passing bitterness of a disappointed man. However the case might be, the words he uttered remained in the bosom of his wife, rooted and festering there; and many a bitter pang had she in after life, and the desolations and the sorrows which dispersed her family, some to their graves, others far asunder—that all could be ascribed to these few bitter words.

A week had scarcely elapsed since the occurrence of that unhappy evening, when an event took place which wrought a fearful revolution in that happy family. Surely the "evil eye" had looked upon that house.

Mrs. Wilson and her sister went to make a call upon a friend. As they expected to return almost immediately, they left the babe slumbering in its cradle, and sent the servant on some trifling errand. Circumstances retarded their return. The anxious mother hastened to the nursery to tend upon her babe. She looked into the room, but all was still. Surely the child was slumbering. She must rouse it from its peaceful dreams. But all continued still.

There was a death like silence in the room. She could not even hear her infant breathe. She sat awhile by the flickering light of the expiring fire, for the shades of evening had gathered over the darkening horizon. At length she rose; and went to look upon her child, she lifted up the coverlet. No child was there. An indescribable dread took possession of her soul; she rushed like a maniac from room to room. At last she heard a noise; she flew to the spot. Yes, three of her children were there, but the other, her babe, her newest born, the flower of her heart, was gone.

"My child! my child!" she screamed, and fell upon the floor. Her sister heard the fall and flew up stairs. She knelt beside the stricken woman, bathed her temples with cold water, and, with a start, Mrs. Wilson awoke from her swoon.

Her husband? "Send him to me."  
"John! John!" she cried, "where is my husband? Send him to me."  
"And they went to seek him, but he was not to be found. They told her so, and she was silent. There were evidently some frightful thoughts laboring within her breast—some terrible suspicions, which her spirit scarcely dared to entertain. For about an hour she sat, but never opened her lips. It was a fearful silence. At last his knock was heard; the stairs creaked beneath his well known tread; he entered. The mother sprang upon her feet.

"John! John!" she screamed, "give me my child! Where have you put her? Where is my child?"  
The husband started. "Woman, are you mad?" he cried.  
"Give me the child!"  
"Who, be calm."  
"I will not be calm! My child! You spoke so cruelly to me the other night for nothing, John. She was a burden on you, was she? But why did you take her from me? I would have worked for her—drugged—slaved to win her back! Oh, why did you kill my child?"

The man looked stupidly upon his wife, and sank into a chair. The room was filled with neighbors; they looked at him, and then to one another, and whispered.  
"Give me my child!" the mother screamed. He sat buried in thought, and covered his face with his hands.  
"Take him away!" she cried, and the people laid their hands upon him.

He started to his feet and dashed the forgotten to the ground. There was a look upon the man that terrified, and they quailed before him. He strode before his wife.  
"Woman," said he, "your lips accuse me. Bitterly, ay, bitterly, shall you rue this night's work! Come, neighbors, I am ready." And they took him to a magistrate.

"My child!" the wretched woman shrieked, and swooned away. Before a few hours had passed she was writhing in the agonies of a burning fever.  
And where was her husband then? Walking to and fro upon the cold flagstone of a felon's cell upon a charge of murdering his child, his own child—doomed thither by his own wife.

A close investigation of every matter connected with this mysterious affair was set on foot. No proof of Mr. Wilson's guilt could be obtained. He was arraigned before his country's laws, and, after patient trial, was discharged, without stain upon his character. Discharged, forsooth! To what? To meet the lions of a circus, or to tread the crowded world; to see the people turn and stare behind him as he passed along the streets; to see the children shrink from him, and flee as from some monster; and to dwell in a desolate home, his own offspring trembling if he touched them, and his wife—that wife who had accused him—looking with cold, suspicious, unhappy eyes upon the being she had sworn to love and cherish with her life.

Such was his fate. Who had wrought it? His wife recovered from her illness, and her sister went her way back to her home in France.

Seldom did the poor man over speak there was gloom about that desolate house. His trade fell off, and his credit declined—why? Because his heart was broken. Day after day he sat in his lone counting house; there was no bustle there. His books were covered with a thick coat of dust; and, as one by one of his customers stepped off, so poverty stepped in, until at last he found himself almost a beggar. He shut his office doors—what then for the last time, he wiped away a tear, the first he had shed for many a day. He went home, but not to the home he used to have.

His furniture had been sold to supply the common necessities of life; and poor indeed was their now humble abode. There was silence in that little house, save only a whisper. In the secret fontaines of his wife's heart, there was still a depth of love for him; but always when she would have breathed it forth the strange, horrid suspicion would flit across her brain—her child was not. He often looked at her, a long, earnest gaze, but she seldom spoke.

widow from her sister. Besides containing the usual remittance, the letter was unusually long. She requested Jane to read it to her while she sat and sewed.

What allied the girl, her mother thought, as Jane gazed upon the page with some indescribable emotions depicted on her face. "Mother," she cried, "my sister lives! your child is found! The widow tore the letter from her daughter's hand, and read it eagerly while her face grew paler every moment. She gasped for utterance; and the mystery was solved at last.

Yes, reader, at last was the mystery unveiled, and the criminal was her sister—she who had stood calmly by and seen the agony of the bereaved mother—who who had beheld the injured father dragged as a felon to prison, when a word from her would have cleared it all—she who that wretch, Madame de Bourblanc was childless and her heart yearned for some one she could love. She saw the little cherub of her sister, and she carried it. She knew that if she had asked for the child, the mother's heart would have spared the offer, so she laid her plans to steal the infant. She employed a woman from France, who as she prowled about the house, had seized the favorable moment, and snatched the infant from its cradle, and the child was safely housed in France, before the tardy law began its investigation. Madame de Bourblanc remained beside her sister for a time; then hurried off to France, to lavish all her love upon the stolen child. It is true she loved the child; but was it not a selfish love to see the bereaved mother mourn its loss, yet never so much as to see her sister's heart broken by the loss of a household broken up, affections desolated, and all to gratify a selfish whim of hers? It was worse than cruel—it was deeply criminal.

She brought up the infant as her own; she named it Amelia, and pretty she was. Did a pang ever strike into the heart of that cruel woman, as the child would lift its little eyes to hers, and lip, "my mother?" She must have thought of the true mother, broken hearted in another land. Yes, a pang did pierce her heart; but alas! it came too late; the misery was already wrought. She wrote to her injured sister, begging her forgiveness, and at the same time offering a considerable sum, if she would permit the child to remain with her, still ignorant of her parentage. But she was mistaken in her hope; for not only did the mother indignantly demand the restoration of her child, but she did more; she published the sister's letter, and triumphantly removed the stains that lingered on her dead husband's memory.

A few weeks after this she went to pay a visit to the green grave of her broken hearted husband; she knelt upon the vaulted mound, and watered it with her tears. All her unjust suspicions crowded on her mind; conscience reproached her bitterly. She knelt and supplicated her forgiveness, seeming to commune with his spirit on the spot where his poor form had reposed in its narrow bed. She felt a gentle touch upon her shoulder; it was her daughter Jane. One moment after, and she was clasped in the embrace of a stranger. Nature whispered to the mother's heart her child was there, her long lost child. She too had come to look upon that lowly grave—the grave of her father.

After the first transports of meeting were over, the widow found leisure to observe her child. But what a poor young delicate flower was she, to brave the rude blasts of poverty. She was a lovely girl; like a lily, fragile and pale, the storms of life would wither her. Her mother took her home, and the contract was gradually signed. Jane was to marry the man who had been reduced to poverty—Amelia wept. Poor Jane strove to comfort her; but she might only use the language of the eyes, for her foreign sister scarcely understood two words of English. Amelia struggled hard to love her own mother, and to reconcile her young heart to this sudden change; but the effort was too great, and she gradually sank. Early and late her mother and sister toiled to obtain her some of those luxuries to which she had been accustomed; but their efforts were vain—she was not long for earth. The widow had indignantly refused all offers of assistance from her cruel sister, though she felt that unless Providence should interpose, her strength must soon fail under its additional exertions.

A letter arrived from France; it was sealed with black. They opened it hastily and fearfully; and they had cause. Madame de Bourblanc was dead; she was suddenly cut off to render an account before her Creator. The shock was too severe for poor Amelia. Day by day she languished, pining in her heart for sunny France. Three months after she had reached England, Amelia died. Her last words were, "My mother!"

Soon after, her own mother followed her. Oh, that the purified spirits of them all may meet in Heaven, Jane as the sole survivor of this domestic tragedy. Even she who had departed to the haven of eternal rest, for she left my mother shortly after we were settled in London. We have never seen her since.

A NATIONAL CEMETERY is to be established in the Shenandoah Valley, so often passed over by our armies and the field of so many battles. The graves of Union soldiers are scattered through from Harper's Ferry to Stanton, but wherever found the bodies will be exhumed and removed to a common resting place, which is likely to be located in the vicinity of Winchester.

## Boring for Oil.

Boring for oil is a great bore at best, and under unfavorable circumstances is barely endurable. Although every body has heard about boring for oil, yet but few have a correct idea of the *modus operandi*. In order to give our readers some idea of the trouble endured in sinking for oil we make the following statement, which we clip from an exchange:

1st. *Preparing Land must be leased or bought.* Roads must be made through forests. Bridges must be built. A spot must be selected with reference to room for tanks, engine, &c. A sloping hillside where one tank can be placed below another without the trouble of excavation is best.

2d. *The Derrick.* A derrick must be constructed. This is a skeleton of timbers from sixteen to twenty feet wide at the base, and tapering upward to a diameter of four feet square at the top, about fifty feet high and four-square, well braced and supported.

3d. *Engine and House.* There must be a stout shed built to protect the engine and boilers from rain and snow. In this shed are generally placed blacksmith's bellows, anvils and other tools for sharpening the boring implements. This costs something, especially in a rough wooden country. But the great trouble is in getting the heavy engine and boilers into place.

4th. *The Entering Pipe.* Before boring commences a strong iron pipe six inches in diameter, is forced into the earth, to the depth of from ten to sixty feet, as the case may be. This is done by a pile driver, operated by steam. The pipe is cast in joints and fitted together. When this pipe is sunk, the earth is bored out of it and it is then pumped out clean. This pipe must be sunk as plumb as a line, because if it is not perpendicular the boring will not succeed well.

5th. *Boring.* A hemp cable is attached to a chisel three feet long, with an edge three and one half inches wide and of considerable weight, which can be made heavier by attaching other rods to it. The cable is carried up to the top of the derrick over a roller, and down again where it is temporarily fastened to a revolving wheel called the bull wheel, which is operated by steam. This chisel is lifted up to a certain height when it suddenly loosens and falls to the bottom of the hole. As this is repeated the chisel is turned so as to cut in every direction. After sinking the hole a certain depth, say a foot or two, the chisel is taken off the rope and a reamer put on. The reamer is something larger than the cutting drill, and perfectly round, smoothing and rounding the hole, to a diameter of four inches, less or more. The reamer is then taken out and the sand pump inserted.

6th. *The Sand Pump.* This pump is a hollow tube, made of hollow joints fitted together, with a valve at the lower end. This is dropped and raised by hand, sucking into the tube all the debris or fine cuttings which are thus taken out. Water can also be taken out by the sand pump. The sand pump, reamer, chisels, &c., are different sizes in different wells, but usually four inches in diameter.

7th. *Looking for Oil.* After continuing to bore in this way for a month or two, till several chisels, reamers, cables and pumps are worn out, the owners begin to smell for oil. The bits are closely examined, and if no smell of oil is discovered, the heats of the owners sink, like quicksilver in a thermometer of a cold day.

## Regularity in Feeding.

Every good farmer knows that any domestic animal is a good clock—that it knows, almost to a minute, when the regular feeding time has arrived. If it has been accustomed to be fed with accuracy at the appointed period; after which it becomes very restless and uneasy till its food comes. If it has been fed regularly, it will begin to fret when the earliest period arrives. Hence, this fretting may be entirely avoided, by strict punctuality; but it cannot be otherwise. The very moment the animal begins to worry, that moment it begins to lose flesh; but the rate of this loss has never been ascertained—it is certainly worthy an investigation—and can be only determined by trying the two modes, punctuality and irregularity side by side, under similar circumstances, and with the same amount of food, for some weeks or months together.

There is one precaution to be observed in connection with regular feeding, where *some judgment* is needed. Animals eat more in sharp or frosty, than warm and damp weather. Hence, if the same amount by weight is given at every feeding, they will not have enough when the weather is cold, and will be surfeited when it is warm and damp. Both of these evils must be avoided, while a little attention and observation will enable the farmer to do it.—*Tucker's Rural Affairs*

Young Stock.—Calves and lambs, well treated, will make better cows and sheep than if neglected and allowed to shift for themselves. We know that sheep improve a good deal both in wool and mutton on good keeping. The same is especially the case with calves. What you want is not to fatten, but to keep up a strong healthy growth. At this season, good tender grass and a little milk, no matter if it is not all sweet, and a little oat meal mixed in, will pay for itself in the thrift, growth which it will induce. A little extra care at this period of growth is sure to be rewarded at a later age. The treatment of calves which we have often seen, such as turning them out to grass before they are old enough, and requiring them to eat what they know little about or do, is cruel and wasteful in the extreme. They may live through it, but nature will demand her reckoning.

The same may be said of colts. Sweet, pure pasture grass is the best, but if this is short, a little oat meal is excellent for them. Oats make muscle rapidly; and this gives strength and power and growth, and this is what all young stock needs to thrive upon. It is a great mistake to keep any stock short of food, but especially young growing stock.—*Thoroughman*

WINTER SHELTER FOR SHEEP.—Have your friends provided winter shelter for their sheep? Or are they—many of them—neglecting it as usual—and, as usual, not having the best luck with their sheep. Depend upon it that cold, in addition to wet, is hurtful. You will see it more especially in the spring. Shelter is food saved; strength kept, which would otherwise be lost; and wool improved by the good condition of the sheep, to say nothing about one of the most important points of all—the lambs which are to follow. A suffering sheep will produce a weak lamb. Among weak lambs there is always mortality, and a stant growth in the future body of the sheep. A weak, sickly lamb will not make a first-class sheep, even under good treatment. Good treatment of sheep is profitably all round and shelter is one of the important points to be attended to. Build it and invite the sheep in it; feed them there; let their salt be there, and the little titbits they need. Now is a good time to see to this thing—to prepare for it.

Bees, says a farmer's wife, can be kept for two years by dipping them in a solution made of one pound of quick lime and one pound of salt to one gallon of water. Take an old pail and put in your lime and water, and then stir until it is all dissolved, then add salt as above (keep it in the cellar); when cool enough, it is ready for use. Dip in the eggs, and see that they are all covered with the solution, which must be stirred from the bottom occasionally. Pack them, small end downward, in bran or salt, or without anything. When wanted for use, or market, a little warm water will wash them clean. Some dip eggs in boiling water, some grease them and pack them in bran. I packed fifteen dozen (as I could gather them) in August in salt, and kept them until spring just as good as fresh. They must all be kept in a cool cellar a little moist, rather than dry.