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Select Poetry.

THE DYING BOY.

BY T. C. M.

Come, sister! lay your tender hand,
Upon my burning brow,
For in my breast "the silver chord"
Is slowly breaking now.
Entwine thine arm about my neck,
And fold me to thy heart;
Here has my spirit loved to rest,
And faint would thence depart.
Thy tears flow fast as summer's rain—
Thy bosom heaves with woe;
Thy fond and clinging kisses say,
"I cannot let thee go!"
Thy lips would breathe the new life in mine,
Thy love would chain me here;
Thy walking tones of anguish'd prayer,
And mingled sighs I hear.
Nay, do not wildly clasp me thus—
Thy grief doth pain my heart;
And every sigh new tortures add,
To barb the victor's dart.
Now fade appear the joys of earth—
How soon its pleasures fly!
Its brightest hopes quick fade away,
Like rainbows in the sky,
But still thy love, unclouded, shines
With pure and brilliant ray,
In life—in death—in everlast
A halo of glory way.
I go! but Death can ne'er divide
The ties that bind us here;
On angel wings I'll leave the skies,
And by thee linger near.
And when the scenes of life shall fade,
And vanish from thy sight,
My hand will guide thee thro' the vale,
To fields of living light.
Then, sister, dry those gushing tears
That dim thy radiant eye,
Kiss me once more, and on thy breast
I'll lay me down and die.

Tales and Sketches.

OYSTERS;

Or a Fashionable "Take In."

Quite an amusing affair, came off at one of our fashionable hotels a few days since. A dashing young merchant, who had long been a resident of the hotel, and who is noted for his whole souled hospitality, had been teased for some weeks by a number of female acquaintances to give an oyster supper to his friends of both sexes. He did not relish the idea much, particularly as he believed it was with the oysters and not him that the ladies were so overly anxious to spend the evening. He at last, however, consented to give the fête, resolving in his own mind to test the friendship of his guests.
He is one of those dashing fellows who never do things by halves, and as soon as his decision was known, there was no little anxiety among his female acquaintances to receive a *billet doux*, or in more common parlance, "an invite to the fandango." "Dick," for that is the familiar name by which he is known, invited about forty couples, and made every arrangement to do the thing up brown. The largest parlors, and most extensive hall in the house were engaged expressly for the occasion. Those who were invited considered themselves particularly fortunate, and Dick's oyster supper was for many days the main topic of conversation in certain circles of *bon ton*. Ladies invited to an oyster supper! How romantic, *how chic*!
The evening came. Carriage after carriage, equipage after equipage, drove up to the private entrance of the B— Hotel, and emptied at the door precious loads of silks and stauding collars, diamonds and kids, laces and gossams, braced up beaux and powdered belles. Dick was at his post and received his guests with all the politeness of a D'Arcy.
The ladies were in an exceeding happy humor, caused no doubt by bright anticipations of myriads of oysters—fried, stewed, a la mode, souped, and scolloped, *a la mode*. The gents with the prospect of the enjoyment of a good supper directly before them, and surrounded with the choice of dashing Dick's lady friends, could not possibly prevent being elated into the most joyful mood. Not an invited guest was absent, so anxious were the ladies to partake of Dick's oysters, and the gents to accommodate the ladies.
The parlors were brilliantly illuminated, and at a given signal delicious music from a choice band charmed the ears of his guests, and sent them wizzing and skipping through the graceful polka and the rapturous mazurkas. Dick's magnificent hospitality was loudly praised, so charmed were all with his grand preparations for their enjoyment.
"Really, Mr. —," said a young lady to the host, whom he had just led through the mazy waltz, "really I did not anticipate such a bril-

liant evening. I presumed that you merely intended a social gathering, that we might be permitted to enjoy your company, and —"
"Oysters," interrupted Dick, with a smile.
"Oh! fie, Mr. —," I have scarcely thought of oysters during the evening. To be sure the gathering of ladies to an oyster supper is a novelty, but then the novelty is lost in the pleasure of meeting so hospitable a friend as our host on this occasion."
"You would flatter me, Miss —, and have me believe that I am indebted to your company this evening, solely from the pure promptings of friendship."
"Indeed you are, Mr. —, and I warrant if oysters had not been mentioned, not one of us would have been absent this evening."
"You compliment me highly, indeed," replied the host.
At that moment supper was announced, by the bands playing the *Hesperian* March. With precise step and military exactness, the gay and happy company proceeded to the supper room.
How their delicate hearts throbbled as they beheld the table filled with covered dishes, all no doubt full of oysters. How the ladies almost danced with joy as they beheld the mammoth vases with tall and graceful stalks of celery—the indispensable accompaniment to the savory contents of Baltimore shells. They were about to realize the long wished for privilege of partaking of an out and out oyster supper; and as most of them had not eaten anything for twelve hours, (their anticipations were strong,) it may be imagined that they almost greedily took their seats. That his guests might not suffer any "vegetarian delays," mine host had been careful to have a servant at every seat, and no sooner were the company seated, with Dick at the head of the table, than the regular drilled waiters commenced their fashionable manipulations.
"One!" cried the steward, and every servant stood erect. "Two!" and each extended a hand across the table. "Three!" and forty hands from as many waiters, touched the cover of a dish upon the table. The anxiety of the ladies to look upon the dainty eastern luxuries which had been prepared for their dainty appetites, was now intense, and for once they seemed to think that the useless table ceremonies of fashion might be dispensed with. "Four!" shouted the steward, and away flew the covers quick as lightning, displaying to the longing eyes of the guests forty carefully prepared dishes of *crackers* and *cheese*.
"There was every variety—old cheese and new cheese, crumbled cheese and sliced cheese, mild cheese and biting cheese; Boston butter, soda, pilot, sugar, and forty other kinds of crackers; yet the guests looked bewildered. To the polite question of the servant, "will do lady hab de crumbled or de sliced cheese?" no answer was given; while, "what crackers will de gentlemen prefer?" was asked in vain. The guests looked at the dishes, at each other and at the head of the table.
"Above the rest,"
"In the shape and gesture proudly eminent,"
Dick pretended not to observe the confusion of his guests, but in the most happy manner ordered two slices of cheese with a Boston cracker well buttered. While the servant was filling the order, Dick talked pleasantly to those on his right and left, and urged all present to make themselves at home. With the hope that oysters would appear in the second course, some who had almost starved themselves to give the oyster room, called for a cracker or a bit of cheese. Dick ate heartily, and having satisfied his appetite and none of his guests appearing willing to indulge in his magnificent repast, he invited them again to the parlors to resume the merry dance. But the services of musicians were no longer needed. Some of the ladies were suddenly seized with a dreadful headache, others announced that they were suffering bad colds, and others again were very much fatigued. In fact, finding that no oysters were to be had, the ladies soon excused themselves and left for home. It is said that some were in such a hurry that they would not wait for carriages.
After the ladies were gone, Dick, with a few friends, indulged in the oysters which had been prepared, but were kept back for a second supper. The hurry of the ladies to get away after the first supper satisfied him of their strong attachment to his suppers—and while enjoying, after the departure, the oysters and champagne with his male friends he avowed himself a devoted disciple of tachoism.
How the affair got out we don't know, but certain it is, that no lady can be found who will acknowledge that she attended Dick's oyster supper at B— Hotel.
CURIOS HISTORICAL FACT.—During the troubles in the reign of Charles I, a country girl came to London in search of a place as a servant maid, but not succeeding, she hired herself to carry out beer from a warehouse, and was one of those called tub-women. The brewer observing a good looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant, and after a short time married her. He died while she was yet a young woman, and left her the bulk of his fortune. The business of brewing dropped, and Mr. Hyde was recommended to the young woman as a skillful lawyer, to arrange her husband's affairs. Hyde, who was afterwards Earl of Clarendon, finding the widow's fortune considerable, married her. By this marriage, there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James the II, and mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England.

A Kentuckian's Story.
In the neighborhood of a small town situated in — county, Kentucky, and right at the junction of a cross-road which boasted of a grocery and a blacksmith shop, and "very" small store, there lives a character whom we recently met, and whose greatest boast was, that he "was one of the five hundred men who killed Pakenham, at Orleans."
His person was decidedly "unique," entertaining, as he expressed it, "an honest passion for fighting." In the course of his knockdowns all the fingers of the left hand had been either it, cut, or *cracked off*, with the exception of his fore one, which was a long, lank member, with a nail on the end of it.
Although deprived of the use of one fist, this finger served him a very useful purpose.
It may be proper to state, that in this section of the country, fighting is regarded as a mere matter of amusement, especially when "red" is about, and neighbors knock down and "go" each other in a friendly manner. The subject of our story had a peculiar fashion for fighting by right rather, short, and not very heavy, he led to take, as he said, all the little advantages to keep even. His grand point was to walk up to his man, and by a sudden thrust which long practice had rendered him perfect in, poke his long lony finger with unerring precision in his opponent's eye, and hit him at the same time "under the belt." It was at one of those domestic watering places where families congregate to pass a few weeks during the summer season, that we first met him.
He was dressed in the most approved hunting fashion, having on buckskin pantaloons, and a coon skin cap, with a fox's tail in it. His face was particularly striking, from the fact, probably, of it having been repeatedly "struck," as it was covered with scars.
To complete his description, he had only one eye, and that lovely orb, when we saw his, gave evidence of a recent mss.
A crowd of some four or five visitors had assembled at the spring, which gushed out of the side of a hill, and were sitting on some wide benches, listening to his marvellous adventures "by flood and field," and the innumerable "ten he 'fought' and 'licked'."
One of the party present, at the risk of being considered impertinent, ventured to ask him "how he lost his eye."
The old fellow immediately brightened up, and sitting upon an empty keg, drew a huge fist of the native leaf from his buckskin, and said:
"Gentlemen, you won't hardly believe this story—some folk 'don't'—but it's a fact, and no mistake.
"Some forty years ago, things was 'nvent to skeer game and set foreigners in."
"Well, about that time I 'hoop-pole' my cabin, on the side of one of the Licking hills 'prejions' to my going to agriculture. There was a powerful lot of game then, and a fellow could pick, and choose.
"One day I started out on a still hunt to trap bucks! and admire nature. I went about three miles without seeing a deer fat, enough to waste powder on. When I came to a precipice on the Brushy Fork of Licking, I stopped, and commenced thinking about 'Pilgrim's Progress' and 'Robinson Crusoe,' when presently I seen a big buck lying at the foot of a precipice, which were about four ramrods deep. I tell you, religion and literature flitted immediately, and I just concluded to 'harness' that specimen in natural history and take him alive.
"I laid down Sweet Betsey—that's what I call my rifle—and shed my flannel for a regular tussle. He was a laying in the sun at the bottom, and never know'd 't danger he war in. I made one jump and lit right across his back and grabbed both his horns; they war horns, and no mistake, and looked like young black-jacks sprouting out of the side of his head. The deer was a little surprised, and run like hell straight up the hollow, through the thickest sort of woods. I hung on to the horns, for I tell you, if I had let loose the way he war running, I'd a lit on the side of Licking and no mistake.
"I know'd I war in for the race, and was making it a heap under two-foxy. On we went, like the devil beating tan bark, through the thicket.
"I commenced to get tired by and by, and thought I would 'case' myself off by grabbing some sapling. I seen a small black-jack tree and snatched it with my left hand, holding on with the other to the horn of the buck had slipped, but 'by gum' the horn of the buck had slipped, and I thought I was a goner. His head must have ached awful, for he run ahead faster; and then big antlers of his', as he rushed through the bushes, rattled agin his skull like shelled corn in a gourd.
"All at wunt's something keen hit me in the left eye, but it got mighty dark of a sudden on that side of my head.
"I 'spose he run about four miles, when he 'fainted,' and I got off, and after I rested, tied all four of his legs together before the 'influence' left him. The blood was running down the left side of my face, and I shut my other eye, and d—n me if I didn't see nothing. I went back to the trail we had run, when I sent a bush move, I straddled stock still and 'waded' the other eye on it."
Here he paused and took another quid.
"Gentlemen," he resumed, "it's a fact and no mistake, ifi warn't my left eye hanging on a bush and winking at me."
Every body was silent—surprise was too deep for utterance, when one of the party, drawing a flask from his pocket, handed it to the man, with a request that he "would wash the story down."
He smelt it to be sure that it was whiskey, and looking round at the party, said, "Whiskey,

here's to all humbugs and temperance lectures—may they have an everlasting 'itchin' without the privilege of 'scratching.' And calling his dog, bade us good by and left.—*St. Louis Republic.*
A Dog Story Extraordinary.
Some Alabama correspondent of the "Spirit of the Times," tells the richest yarn we have heard for some time. He says:
A few weeks since, your correspondent was a candidate before the Legislature, for the office of Solicitor, in which race it is matter of record, that he got a "demition" thrashing. He had divers friends in the good city of Montgomery, and among them was Mac, (who thought himself politically damned because he raised a big fellow, three consecutive shots, with a first rate revolver. Mac was "dead in" for "our ticket," and proposed to do some "trading" of rather a novel sort. Said he to the candidate—"Your pointer, *Lola*, will have puppies shortly, eh?" "Yes." "Well, leave the disposing of them to me—don't promise one away; the litter must bring you votes enough to elect you."
So, Mac—*they say*—went to work, promising *Lola's* puppies to young members who seemed to be "favorable." His description of the bitch abounded in superlatives—and as to that, they were all deserved. The shooting men, and some that wanted to be shooting men, were "all alive" to get specimens of stock of such transcendent qualities.
When the candidate was referred to about his dogs, he gently waived the matter, saying that his friend Mac had somehow got control of all that, and so forth and so on.
Things progressed gloriously; Mac reported his successes daily, only once remarking, slyly, that he was afraid it would strain *Lola*, sadly, to comply with all his engagements; and at last, the day set apart for the election arrived.
"Our ticket's" candidate was in the rotunda, doing its best, an hour before the two Houses met in convention. Presently a very young member, stepped up, slapped him on the shoulder, said he was for "our ticket," and wound up with, "don't forget my puppy!" Several others came up, about this time, all "for our ticket," and each anxious to know when his puppy would reach the metropolis. The candidate grew uneasy; the crowd still thickened—and nearly every one was saying something about the fine pointer puppy he was about to receive. The candidate mentally counted the claimants, and when he neared the figure 12—and saw others approaching who looked as if they were "in," too, he incautiously left for his hotel.
Two hours afterwards, there was a solemn meeting of two friends, in a small room, on the fourth floor of the Exchange.
"Well," said Mac, "they've beat you, old fellow, couldn't be helped! After you left, the fellows I had promised the pups to, got to cross-questioning one another, and then they got to cross-questioning me; and the upshot was, they found out I had engaged a rather large litter; and so the best one of 'em tolled! Ah, old fellow, if that spoke hadn't broke you'd better believe you'd have made Shell-road time!"
"Now, Mac, on honor, how many puppies did you promise, and when and where did you promise to deliver them?"
Mac scratched his head, thoughtfully, and remarked—
"I pledged about as many as generally come at one time—to be delivered here, within ten days; thirty-seven of 'em and all dogs, at that!"
"Poor *Lola*! No wonder Mac thought it would strain her to comply."
His Birth.
Abbott, in his "Life of Napoleon," thus speaks of the birth of the "King of Rome," the son of Napoleon. By Maria Louisa:
"It had previously been announced that the cannon of the Invalides should proclaim the advent of the expected heir to the throne. If the child were a princess, twenty-one guns were to be fired, if a prince, one hundred. At six o'clock on the morning of the 20th of March, all Paris was aroused by the deep booming of those heavy guns, in announcement of the arrival of the welcome stranger. Every car was on the alert. The slumberers were aroused from their pillows, and silence pervaded all the streets of the busy metropolis, as the vast throngs stood motionless to count the tidings which those explosions were thundering in their ears.
The twenty-first gun was fired. The interest was now intense beyond conception. For a moment the air was hushed, and the next charge, and Paris stood waiting in breathless suspense. The heavily loaded guns then with redoubled voice, pealed forth the announcement. From the entire city, one universal roar of acclamation rose and blended with their thunders. Never was a monarch saluted with a more affecting demonstration of a nation's love and homage. The birth of the King of Rome! how illustrious! The youthful mind will pause and muse upon the striking contrast furnished by his death. Who would then have imagined that his Imperial father or would have died a prisoner in a dilapidated stable at St. Helena; and that this child the object of a nation's love and expectation, would linger through a few short years of neglect and sorrow, and then sink into a forgotten grave."
ROBBERY OF WASHINGTON MONUMENT MONEY.
The rooms of the Mercantile Library Association, of Boston, were broken into during the night of Saturday last, and numerous papers scattered over the floor, and the box containing the contributions of the members towards the Washington Monument fund was opened and the contents carried off. The amount is not known. The robber left a letter, stating that he regretted to be obliged to steal the money intended to be used for such a purpose, but could not help it.

A Sheriff Dreaming to Some Purpose.
The Highland Eagle, (Westchester county, N. Y.) relates the following curious story:
A few days since, Mr. George F. Sherman, of Cold Spring, while on his way home from his place of business, missed his pocket book, containing about \$372 in bank bills, and a number of drafts, notes and valuable papers. Whether it was dropped from his pocket accidentally, or feloniously abstracted therefrom, Mr. S. was not able to determine. The fact was communicated to Daniel Dykeman, Deputy Sheriff of Putnam county. He dreamed that night that the money in possession of Geo. McNary, a clerk in the hardware store of Messrs. H. & E. Pelton, that a part of it was fastened in the inner lining of his vest, and a part in the crown of his cap, and that among the bills was a ten dollar note on the Putnam County Bank. Mr. Dykeman communicated this singular dream, they kept an eye upon McNary, and on Saturday night last, as he was on his way to the cars, with the intention of leaving the place—he was arrested.
On searching him the money to the amount of \$323 was found as indicated in Dykeman's dream, and the \$10 note was especially recognized. McNary confessed that he found the pocket-book in his employer's store while making a fire early on the morning of the 21st ult., that he slipped out the package of bills and flung the wallet, with whatever it contained, into the stove, and it was consumed by the flames. Having disbursed a part of the money, he promised the Sheriff that he would restore the balance if they would take him to a relation of his in Orange county. He was conveyed to the place pointed out, and was permitted to enter the house, unaccompanied by the officer, thro' which he escaped and was not perceived until over half a mile in the distance. Dykeman pursued him about six miles; when darkness coming on, the felon plunged into a swamp and was hid from view. In his valise was found a valuable patent spring trunk lock, and some other things taken from the hardware store of Messrs. E. & H. Pelton.
Poland and Greece.
Despotism and liberty had their punishment and reward among nations, as do charity and nigardness among individuals. About twenty years since, says the New York Journal of Commerce, the sympathies of England and America were largely enlisted in behalf of the Greeks and Poles. Both it was feared would be crushed—the one by the Sultan, the other by the Czar—Yielding to irresistible numbers, Poland fell. Her existence as a nation was blotted out; her wealth confiscated; her churches burned; and her young men draughted into the armies of the Russian Emperor. Aided by Western Europe, Greece compounded for freedom. Part of her inhabitants have since been ruled by an independent sovereign, part have been attached to the dominions of the Ottoman Porte. But under the beneficent reigns of Mahmoud and Abdul Medjid, they have been enjoying un molested possession of their property, civil privileges, and religious freedom.
"Well," said Mac, "they've beat you, old fellow, couldn't be helped! After you left, the fellows I had promised the pups to, got to cross-questioning one another, and then they got to cross-questioning me; and the upshot was, they found out I had engaged a rather large litter; and so the best one of 'em tolled! Ah, old fellow, if that spoke hadn't broke you'd better believe you'd have made Shell-road time!"
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"Poor *Lola*! No wonder Mac thought it would strain her to comply."
Wasn't She Spunky?
A couple who had tied together for some years in seeming contentment, one day went a fishing, and tied their boat by a rope to a post in the water. All of a sudden the boat went floating down the stream, and a contest of words immediately arose as to the real cause of the parting of the rope. The wife said it must have been out with the scissiors, but the husband, an unfeeling old fogey, stoutly maintained that it was a knife that did the business. "Scissiors!" said the wife. "Knife!" said the husband. "Knife," said both; but at last the husband, losing his temper, cried out—
"If you say scissiors again, I'll duck you."
"Scissiors!" said the wife, determined to hold out to the last.
Away went the old woman into the water, and as she came up the first time, she belched a good deal, and the next time she belched a good deal more. The old man pushed her down again.
"Scissiors!" spluttered she, in fainter tones, as she rose again; but the old fellow laid her by the head, and plump she went down for the third time. Now she rose more slowly, and as her water-logged form neared the surface, having lost the power of articulation, yet determined never to give in, she thrust her hand out of the water, and imitated with the first and second fingers, the opening and shutting of a pair of scissiors.
The old man was then convinced that it was useless to try to fetter a woman's speech.

Old Farms.
Mr. George W. Cummins, of Scuyler, Delaware, purchased a farm near that place, containing about 200 acres. The land had been under cultivation for half a century or more, and its soil completely exhausted as not to be capable of compensating for the labor and seed expended upon crops. It had, nevertheless, been rented up to the time of the purchase, and one of the conditions was the annual payment of two-fifths of the corn crop. From an 80 acre field the rent paid last year was only about 80 bushels! Clover refused to grow upon this, and wheat would not yield much more than the seed sown. The soil was a sandy loam.
The first step taken by Mr. Cummins, for the restoration of his land to fertility, was to sow one bushel of ground plaster to the acre, flush it up in the spring, and spread upon it seventy bushels of slacked lime to the acre. Oats were then sown at the rate of two or three bushels to the acre, and in July, when nearly fit for harvest, the straw being partly yellow and partly green, they were plowed under, an ox chain having been rigged in front of the coulter, so as to turn them down before the plow. Previous to this plowing, one and a quarter bushels more of ground plaster of paris was sprinkled on the ground. A second crop of oats sprung up in a thick mat from those plowed under, and about the first of October these were turned down by the plow like the first growth. Wheat was now sown, about one and a half bushels to the acre and harrowed in, followed by clover in the spring. The crop of wheat averaged about eight bushels to the acre, and this it will be observed, without a shovel full of stable or other kind of animal manure. The clover had a bushel of ground plaster sprinkled upon it in the spring, and yielded, the second season of its growth, about a ton per acre the first mowing. This land, from which the vegetable mould had been cut away, was, in a comparatively short time, and without the assistance of the barn-yard, or any other kind of animal manure, brought into a condition to yield compensating crops of wheat, corn, and vigorous clover. By the assistance of the ordinary quantity of barn-yard manure, the produce of wheat would average about twenty-five bushels, and of corn forty or fifty bushels to the acre. The ground was very light and easy to work, and Mr. Cummins estimated the actual expenses incurred per acre, in the improving course, as follows:
First plowing, \$0.50
70 bus. of slacked lime, at 12 cts. a bu. 8.50
Two and a half bus. oats, sown, 3 1/2 cts. 8 1/2
Sowing and harrowing, do. 3 1/2
Various plaster applications, 6 1/2
Second plowing under of oats, 1.00
One and a half bushels of wheat sown, 1.50
Harrowing and sowing, do. 3 1/2
Total expense per acre, \$13.75
Thus the whole expenses incurred preparatory to the wheat and clover crops, amounted to \$13.75, and as the wheat raised about eight bushels, and sold for \$1.50, and the clover mown about one ton to the acre, worth about eight or ten dollars per ton, the expenses were abundantly repaid by the first crops, and the land left in good heart for future profitable tillage.
Sheep in Winter.—In the first place, sheep should be provided with ample and warm accommodations for shelter. Therefore, if you have not one already, build a shed of sufficient dimensions to accommodate the number of sheep you have to winter. If the number of sheep be large, have a shed for every fifty or sixty head. Each shed must communicate with a tightly enclosed yard. Access to each shed must be through an opening at one of the ends; ventilation other than the doorway must be provided. The floor of the shed should be covered in the first instance with three or four inches in depth of clean straw, when three or four inches of sheep dung and discharge of urine the straw becomes dirty, the surface must be covered with fresh straw. Plaster should be strewn over the floor at least once a week.
For convenience of feeding grain or roots a trough ranging round the shed should be provided. The sheep should have salt always accessible to them. The best plan to secure this would be to have a trough in which rock-salt should be constantly kept. The sheep should have access to the yard at all times.
Three pounds of hay, or fodder, or its equivalent in roots or roots per day will sustain each head of sheep, which should be given them thrice a day, viz—early in the morning, at noon, and at an hour before sunset. Occasional feeds of roots, say twice or thrice a week, are conducive to health—potatoes, or rutabaga, or common turnips, will answer. Water should be given to the sheep twice a day, to wit, in the morning and in the evening.
Sheep can be kept housed during the winter, altogether to advantage—by a little extra care, as above—letting them out in fine weather for airing and exercise.—*Amer. Farmer.*
How to Keep Smoked Hams.—A writer in the *Farmer's Companion*, published at Detroit, states that he has for many years preserved his hams through the summer, in the most perfect condition, by packing them in barrels, with layers of corn-cobs between them, so that the hams would not come in contact with each other. They should be taken out and rubbed dry once during the summer. The cask should be placed on a bench or tassel, in a cool, dry cellar.
The Farmer in some of the southern counties of Iowa have been obliged to have recourse to poison to destroy the wild geese which have become destructive to the wheat fields.