

was gone, the bride retired, the family gone to bed, and I was left with the old man. 'John,' says he, you take that candle; you will find your room just over this. Good night, John, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul,' and with a mischevious twinkle in his eve the old man left the room. When I heard him close a distant door, I staggered to my feet, and seized the candle with a nervous grip. 1 knew that it could not be avoided, struck me. I hastily climbed the stairs, marked the position of the landing and the door of the bridal chamber. I would have died before I would have disrobed in that bridal chamber, where awaited me a trembling and beautiful girl. I would make the usual preperations without, blow out the light, open the door, and friendly darkness would at least mitigate the horror ot the situation. It was soon done. Preparations for retiring were few and simple in their character in Hickman, altogether consisting of disrobing. The dreadful moment had come; I was ready, I blew out the light, grasped the door knob with a deathly grip and a nervous clutch; one moment and it would be over. I leaped within, and there,

atound a hickory fire, with candles brightly burning on the bureau, was the blushing bride, surrounded

Best Breed of Sheep.

We are often asked by those who are contemplating the purchase of a few good sheep to raise a flock from -which is the best breed of sheep, that is one of the questions that has not yet been settled in the west-if it has in any section of the country. A writer in the Farm and Garden

Which is the best breed of sheep? Is it the Cotswold, with their noble presence, great antiguity, thorough pedigree, their health, hardiness, longevity, and heavy fleeces and heavy carcasses, their prolificacy or good nursing qualities? Is it the Lei-

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study and determine for themselves and they are points that underlie all success in sheep husbandry. All are best where best adapted. All are worse where worse conditioned. We need each and all. We have diversity enough to accommodate all.

A correspondent of the London Agricultural Gazette, who is a breeder of Shorthorns, thinks that a man must have something besides cattle and a herd-book to attain much eminance or real success as a breeder. and remarks that successful Shorthorn breeding is an instinct. Though the herd book may assist the man who has the natural gift, insomuch as it is a check upon fraud, it never can give what nature has denied, and furthermore has a prenicious effect in inducing those who know nothing whatever about Shorthorns, to go