

HIGHLAND AND LOWLAND CATTLE.

Two distinct varieties of neat cattle are indigenous to Scotland; and all breeders are familiar with the races, which, either pure bred or modified by cross-breeding, are to be found in all countries.

The lowland cattle are celebrated milkers, and the well known Ayrshire cow is probably a derivative from this stock. The beauty of this race, when thoroughly domesticated, is well known; and their value to the farmer and the dairyman is highly appreciated in this country, where also their graceful, sleek, good-conditioned appearance adds an ornament to our yards and pastures.

The mountain oxen (or kyloes, as called by the Scotch agriculturists) are generally black, red, or brindled in color; and from the earliest times they have been used to roaming the forests and the hills, holding no connection with tame cattle, and concealing their calves in fens and underwood. Their self-color (free from variegation, an infallible sign of domestication and servitude) still testifies to the purity and antiquity of the race. The animals are by no means large specimens of their genus, but their meat is excellent, and a large portion of the London supply is drawn from the neighborhood of Aberdeen, in Scotland.

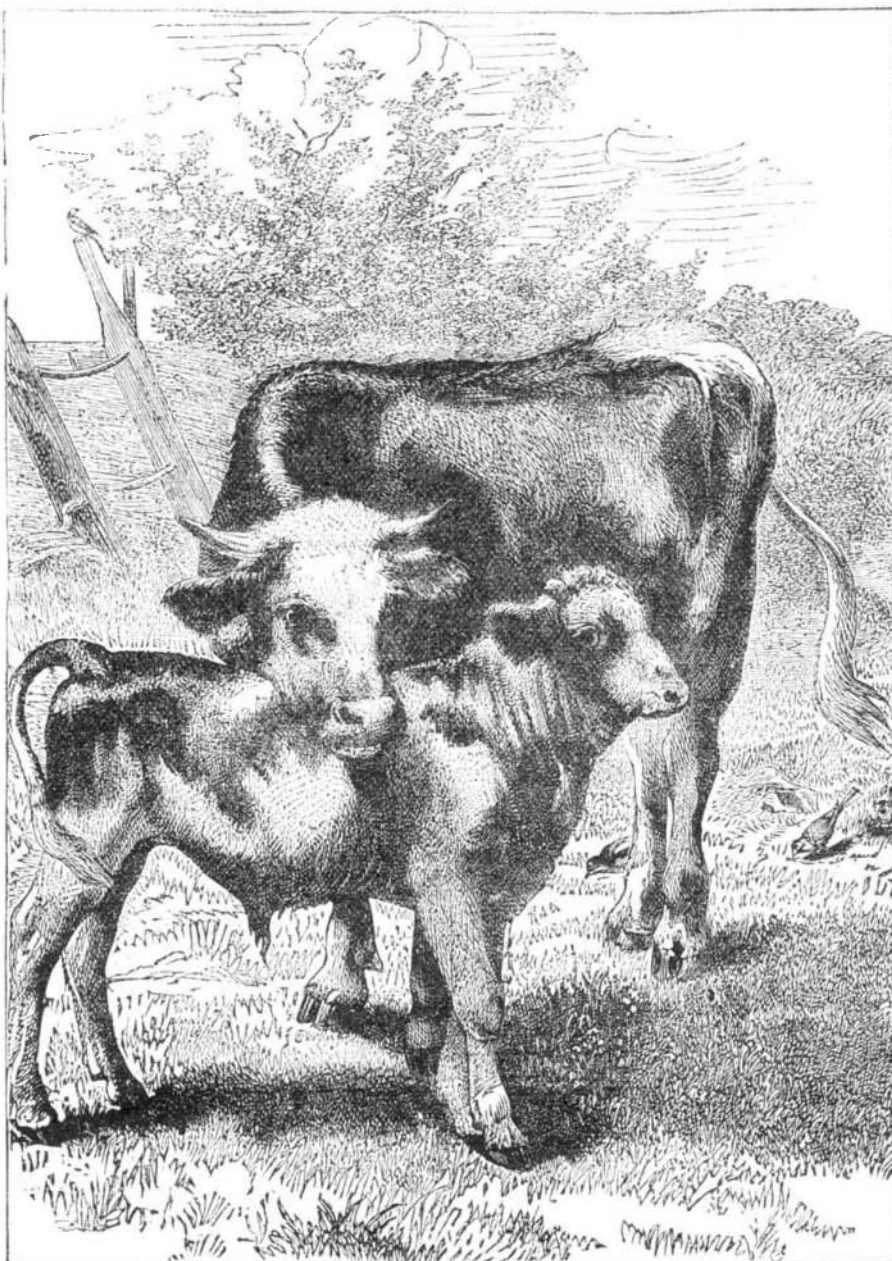
We illustrate both these breeds of cattle, the drawings being from the pencil of Mr. Harrison Weir, an English artist and naturalist, whose vivid and accurate pictures of animals are widely celebrated.

Many interesting anecdotes of the sagacity and intelligence of cattle have been related, among which are the following (selected from *The Leisure Hour*, from which we extract the engravings)

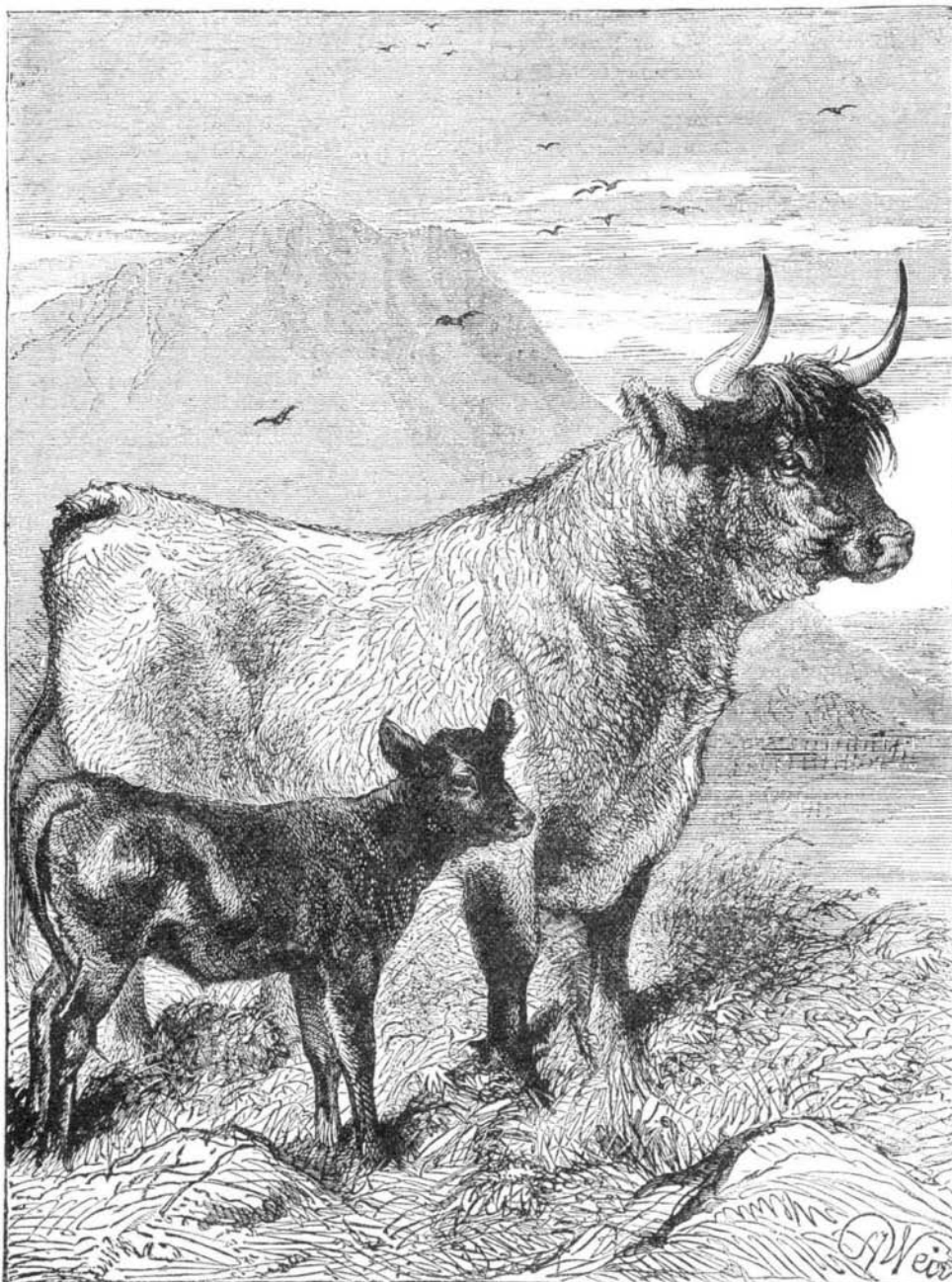
A cow once had an aversion to a certain milkmaid in a dairy. If ever she dared to attend, Colly would stand patiently till the process was finished, and then turn round and kick over the full pail with a movement too agile, albeit premeditated, to be forestalled. Another cow held herself the queen of her herd, and would never leave the field unless she went first; so obstinate was she in this matter that, if any or all of the other cows left first, she would refuse to move unless the dairymaid drove the whole of them back again into the field, when, with a graceful bow of the head, she would condescendingly take precedence and march home, the other ladies of her kind meekly following.

There was one cow which was very much attached to a little lass of some eight summers. This cow grazed in a large field with many others. When the child entered, if at the farther side, the cow would at once perceive her, and run to meet her, lowering its head with its formidable horns, in a manner which would have been frightening to a stranger. The little girl would hold out her dimpled arms and run as eagerly to meet her old friend in a warm embrace. It was a pretty sight to see the child's arms round the cow's great neck, while she kissed its brindled coat, and the gentle animal licked with its rough tongue the bairn's golden curls.

On Saturday evening, just after a heavy rainstorm (in Manor Township, Pa.), little Henry Goff was saved from a grave by a cow which he was driving home. A number of cows were pasturing on the farm of Thomas Seachrist, in Manor Township, and had crossed a small run which passed through the premises. The boy, who is very young, was sent for the cows, and he had to cross the run, which was very much swollen, on a small foot bridge. Two of the cows proceeded along quietly and passed through the run, but the third would not cross it, notwithstanding the little boy urged her on determinedly. Seeing that she refused to go across, the boy thought he would leave her where she was, and drive the other cows to the barn. He stepped upon the frail bridge; and just as he was near the middle, the structure snapped asunder, and precipitated him into the swiftly flowing waters below. The cow seemed to comprehend that the boy was in danger of being drowned, for she instantly plunged into the stream below the bridge; and as the little chap floated up to her, she appeared to



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wait for him, an advantage he was not slow to take. He clasped her round the neck, and was drawn hastily to shore, terribly frightened, but not much the worse off bodily by his experience.

Anointing with Cocoa Butter for Scarlet Fever.

Upon the recommendation of Schneeman, the anointing of the body with fat has been extensively practiced in Germany during the past ten years, with the view of lowering the temperature and hastening the desquamation. Dr. Bayles suggests, in this connection, the employment of cocoa butter, as producing a more cooling and refreshing effect upon the patient, and emitting a more agreeable odor in the sick chamber. This agent, on account of its solid consistence, is more readily applied than either fat or oil, and is more easily absorbed by the skin. Furthermore, it is thought to afford the system a certain amount of nourishment.

In severe fevers, the entire surface of the body should be rubbed with this substance every hour, or at least once every four hours. Its application is also recommended in typhoid fever, in cases where the patients manifest a dread of water, or where the application of water is impossible; likewise in other inflammatory diseases, especially the severer forms of inflammatory rheumatism and tuberculosis.—*Herald of Health.*

[Some years ago an acquaintance of ours had several children very sick with scarlet fever. After their recovery he communicated his recipe, which was published at the time in this paper; he had kept his little patients well anointed with the rind of smoked hams. He believed his treatment to have saved his children; and we remember to have received at the time a number of letters from persons who had practised the method after our publication, commending the ham remedy as important to the community.—Eds.]

The Bottom of the Sea.

Among scientific puzzles is one which has long perplexed geologists, namely, the existence of large areas of rock containing no sign of life, side by side with formations of the same period which are full of fossils—relics of primeval life. Why should one be so barren, and the other so prolific? There is now an answer to this important question, and readers who take interest in the exploring voyage of the Challenger will be glad to learn that the answer comes from that ship, in a paper written by Dr. Wyville Thomson, chief of the scientific staff on board. This paper was read last month at a meeting of the Royal Society. It contains the results of deep sea soundings which have revealed the existence of vast areas of barren clay at the bottom of the sea, in depths varying from two thousand two hundred to four thousand fathoms and more. In other parts, the bottom is composed of the so-called *globigerina*, which live near the surface, and sink to the bottom when dead. There they accumulate, building up chalk for ages to come, when land and sea shall once more change places. But it is remarkable that, at the depth of two thousand two hundred fathoms, the *globigerina* thin off and disappear, and the gray deposit merges into the barren clay above mentioned. The explanation is that, below two thousand fathoms, the tiny shells of the *globigerina* are dissolved by some action of the water, and that the minute quantity which they contain of alumina and iron goes to form the areas of barren clay. The extent of these areas is so great that it exceeds all others as yet known at the bottom of the sea, and it is the most devoid of life. In this respect, the red clay now forming resembles the schist which at present occupies so large a part of our earth's surface.

We are all more or less familiar with chalk and with rocks that show no sign of fossils; and to be thus, so to speak, made eye witnesses of the process by which chalk and rock were formed is unusually interesting. An eminent naturalist declares that this paper alone is worth all the cost of the Challenger expedition.—*Chambers' Journal*