



THOSE STREETS OF OURS.

Departing Visitor from the States—Well, how do you like Toronto, now that you have had a good look at it?

His Wife—O, I think it's lovely! I don't see what they want to do it all over again for.

CONCERNING HENS.

THE career of this bird in its triumphal rise from the coop to the dinner table is full of picturesque situations. There is nothing more engaging than to watch a thorough-bred hen obeying the promptings of the ovarious instinct. She searches for the birthplace of her egg with all the coyness of a red-haired girl with a cast in her eye selecting her trousseau. She will stand behind a barrel, and peer suspiciously around the corner for an hour and twenty-three minutes. It is really pathetic. Weep, Rutherford, patron-saint of all hen-kind, for the daughter of Gallus hath not where to lay her egg! Acting on the advice of her medical adviser, the rooster, she generally deposits the succulent fruit in the churn or your wife's new poke bonnet. It is then put away in cotton in an extra-box for three weeks—to ripen, after which time you may discuss it—chiefly through the olfactory sense. This is the way the hen retaliates for burning sulphur in the hen-house. The vocal demonstration of the hen and the burst of applause with which sister-hens congratulate her on the performance of her diurnal duty constitute an

ovation (for that another egg, *ovum*) is born, and has no political significance whatever. Personally, the hen is a beautiful and graceful creature. She has an eye of exquisite emerald or topaz hue,—often of an opal shade, particularly if she has been struck with a corn-cob. Her head-gear is perfection. She has a magnificent, natural, fluted head-comb, which prevents her from unravelling, and is also serviceable for hostile hens to get their grip on. A hen's lips are not red, because all the blood rushes to her comb, very frequently producing vertigo. So beautiful was the hen comb considered by the ancients that they always represented Minerva with a hen comb on her head. The hen's profile is Grecian, and her gills compensate for lack of chin. She has poor teeth. She never compresses her toes in tight shoes. Her caudal configuration naturally resembles a bustle, so she never has to improvise one out of the *Weekly Globe*. She has a good voice, and, unlike other musical persons, has no objections to singing between meals. She can sing "Consider the Lilies," with variations, and all the "damned iteration" of that musical gem. It is sad to hear her sing in the minor key. In Cochin China hens often sing in choirs. The hen has no masculine pluck about her. Two hens will ruffle their neck feathers at each other, each will get her comb raked; they will then put their bills down close together, and pause in the fray for half a minute to look side-long at a couple of cherry-stones in the offing. At this supreme moment their past lives float in dim phantasmagoria before their clouded vision, and then each hen, awaking from her brown study, remembers she was just on her way to lay, and must go right off. The patience of a hen is enough to make the mule look well to his laurels, and far surpasses that of Job. A long-suffering hen *will sit*, no matter how often you break her up. It is true that Job, after his easy chairs had been auctioned off, sat on an ash-pile, but he was not patient enough to wait till he hatched. A

hen, however, will sit on a big white rock all summer, and consider the prospect of hatching very bright. The only thing a hen refuses to sit on is a basket of kittens. When urged to do this, the hen sees the necessity of drawing the line somewhere.

After unnatural excitement, hens forget to put any shellson their eggs. Such eggs should be handled with a spoon, and the hen should be treated for softening of the brain. An egg laid by a hen with no flaw in her constitution will keep indefinitely. My grandmother possessed such an egg. It was laid during her childhood, and she used to put it in the toe of my socks when she darned them. Quail-on-toast is manufactured from superannuated hens. To make chicken soup: Bathe a hen in a pot of tepid water, being careful to strain off the feathers that drop in. We thus obtain the gallinaceous perspiration without sacrificing the hen's life. EUREKA BENDALL.

THE difference between a poor bass-ball player and black measels is that one strikes out and the other strikes in.—*Philadelphia Call*.