

Todd's ideas of what constitute a good pair are correct

Houdans belong to the French class, and, in common with all this class as known in America, are celebrated for their fine qualities as table fowl, rivaling the Dorkings and Games in this particular. Were the epicurean tastes of Americans as fine as those of the French people, this variety would be much more highly valued than it is. With Americans and Canadians generally, the few moments devoted to meals are looked upon as so much time lost to business; but the Frenchman settles down to enjoy to the fullest what is set before him, and critically tests the quality of each dish; fowl being one of his favorites it is not to be wondered at that his principal object in breeding has been to secure fine flavor, with the greatest amount of flesh in proportion to offal, and the Houdan fowl is an evidence of the success of his efforts, as none excell them in this particular.

Many regard the Houdan as a tender fowl, and unsuited for our rigorous climate, but this is an error. Crested fowls are generally more subject to colds and roup than those without this appendage, but beyond this they will be found very vigorous through all stages of growth and at maturity. Some claim that they will make more rapid growth during the first three months than any other variety.

In the show pen, with the non-fancier, they do not draw the attention so much as many others; there is something about the head, probably the cavernous nostrils, that is not attractive on close inspection; but the fancier will see much to admire in the full, broad breast, noble carriage, and the glossy black and pure white of their plumage.

They cannot be counted on as good winter layers, but when spring fairly opens up they will generally lay steadily until moulting season. They are non-sitters. Cocks at maturity will weigh eight to nine pounds, and hens from six to seven pounds.

At Canadian shows this class is usually represented by many good specimens, and they are great favorites with nearly all who have bred them long enough to be able to appreciate their many good qualities.

### Sockery's Setting Hen.

NEW MODUS OPERANDI FOR RAISING POULTRY, OR THE LATEST STYLE OF OVERSKIRTS.

MEESTER VERNIS:—I see dot mosd efferpoty wrides someding for de shicken bapers nowtays, und I tought praps mepee I can do dot too, so I wrides all apout vot dook blace mit me lasht summer; you know or ut you dond know, den I dells you—dot Katrine (dot is mine vrow, und me, ve keep some shickens for a long dime ago, un von tay she

sait to me, "Sockery," (dot is mien name) "vy dond you put some aigs under dot olt pluc hen shickens, I dink she wants to sate." "Vell," I sait, "mepee I guess I vill," so I bicked oud some uf te best aigs und dook um oud do de parn fere de olt hen make her nesht in de side uf de hay-mow, poud fife six veet up. Now you see I nefer vas ferry pig up und town, but I vas booty pig all de vay arout in de mittle, so I koodn't reach up dill I vent und got a parrel, und ven my hed rise up py de nesht, dot olt hen she gif me such a bick dot my nose runs all ofter my face mit plood, und ven I todge pack dot plasted olt parrel het preak, und I vent town kershlam. Py cholly, I didn't tink I kood go insite a parrel pefore, put dere I vos, und I fit so dite dot I koodn't git me oud efferway, my fest (vest) vas bushed vay up unter my arm-holes; ven I fount I vos dide shtuck, I holler "Katrina! Katrina!" und ven she koom and see me shtuck in te parrel up to my arm-holes, mit my face all plood and aigs, py cholly, she chust lait town on te hay und laft und laft, till I got so mat I said, "vot you lay dare und laf like a olt vool, eh? vy dond you koom bull me oud? und den she sat up und sait, "Oh, vipe off your chin, und bull your fest town," den she lait back und laft like she vood shblit hersel more as ever. Mat as I vas I tought to myself, Katrina, she speak English booty goot, but I only sait, mit my biggest dignitude, "Katrina, will you bull me oud dis parrel?" und she see dot I look booty red, so she sait, "of course I vill, Sockery," den she lait me und de parrel town on our site, und I dook holt de door-sill ond Katrina she bull on de parrel, but de first bull she mate I yellet, "donner und blitzen, shtop dat, py golly; ders is nails in de parrel! you see te nails town ven I vent in, but ven I koom oud dey shtick in me all de vay rount. Vell, to make a short shtory long, I tell Katarina to go und dell naypor Hansman to pring a saw und saw me dis barrel off. Vell, he koom und he like to shblit himself mit laf, too, but he roll me ofer und saw de parrel all de vay around off, und I git up mit half a parrel arout my vaist, den Katrina she say, "Sockery, vate leetle till I get a battern of dot new ofer-skirt you haf on," but I didn't sait a vort, I shust got a nife und vittle de hoops off und shling dot confountet olt parrel in de voot-pile.

Pimepy ven I koom in de house, Katrina she sait, so soft like, "Sockery, dond you going to but some aigs unter dot olt pluc hen?" den I sait in my deepest voice, "Katrina, uf you effer say dot to me again I'll git a pill from you, help me chiminy cracious," I dell you, she didn't say dot any more. Vell, Mr Edidor, ven I step on a parrel now, I dond step on it, I get a pox.

Very drooly yours,

SOCKERY KADACHUT.