

turning their attention to the old love again—a new span of life with brighter hopes will dawn on this once highly popular variety.

The Standard now demands that the face all over, even above the eyes and extending deep down into the wattles be a "pure opaque white." This being in strong contrast to their rich red combs makes them very attractive. In fact a fine group of carefully bred Black Spanish fowls are sure to command and attract the attention of the most careless beholder. We trust it is not destined to keep such a poor place among the poultry of to-day. It only takes judicious breeding to bring about a change in its favor. The eggs are among the very best for flavor and unequalled for size.

#### Going Into the Chicken Business.

*Continued.*

FOR we are likely to find the man who tells his brother fancier that "the only way to be a successful breeder of high scoring birds, is to breed and give all his attention to one variety." Of course we used naturally to turn to the advs. to see what breed had made fame for the writer of this gratuitous advice; but the advertising page affords no proof of the idea entertained by the writer of "one breed being the sure road to success," it looks more like the reverse. For here are at least six or seven kinds all being bred by the advocate of "one breed." Still for the beginner one is enough; as an old friend remarked to us, he "only tried one variety and that possessed enough cussedness to put any man in an asylum." There is yet another source of trouble the amateur makes for himself. Being proud of his new hobby, he is anxious that the birds shall have a pretty house to dwell and raise their high-born families in. Especially if he has a little genius for artistic work, he desires it shall possess some specimens of his own handiwork. The result being that what was intended for an ornament to the building becomes a dwelling place for the enemy—lice. The fixings are just the very place where these pests can lie in ambush undetected and even unsuspected.

Then again the pen was built to accommodate perhaps ten birds, and

these had abundance of room to be sure, but the next season the surprising fact comes home to him that he had forgot about a place to put the sitters, and the chicks too. Well, he thinks over it and then asks neighbor Brown what he shall do. "Why, you have lots of room here, just put a partition across the corners, and let your hens sit there." Well, now, he thinks Brown pretty smart for thinking of that; it is so very simple too. And there if his sitters are "old regulars," they may, in spite of the distraction of the other birds who are not sitting, get off a decent hatch for him. So far so good, and why not let Bidly stop there for a week or two, while the coops are building. After the chicks are a few days old he misses two or three, and finally finds one dead and mangled corpse in the pen, and vows vengeance on the whole feline race forthwith. Cats! Of course it was cats. But going in one morning early he finds that the other birds object to the presence of crying babies, just as old maids and bachelors object to the crying human specimen. He gets in just a second too late to save one he has taken much pride in, from being disembowelled by an unnatural old hen that may possibly be its own mother. Now he longs to wring her neck. He may possibly try to catch her, just to try what a little gentle suasion will do, but after he has trod on two or three more chicks, and broken a window and the drinking fountain, he gives it up. He thinks he will "let her go this time," as he sees he can't catch her unless he becomes a hen himself, with equal chances to hers. Brown's idea does not seem so good now, but who would think the hens would be so spiteful, he can't get over that thought. And so our novice becomes gradually acquainted with the ins and out of keeping chickens. If he has been so foolish as to buy out old Jones' stock he will likely be tired before the end of the season, but if he has invested in a few good birds it is a source of delight to watch their growth, till they begin to show symptoms of looking like their parents; or, nearly matured he can trace the very character of "Prince" who is so great a favorite with his master that even that name seems hardly good enough for him.