



MISS CROAD'S IDEA OF A LANGSHAN HEN.

.....The Ohio station conducts experiments in poultry lines. Recently the fertilization of eggs has been given considerable attention by the authorities there. The 18th of February, three pure-bred Leghorn males were put in pens with forty high-grade Leghorn females, twenty-eight of which were pullets that had never been with a male; the remaining twelve were old hens which had not been with a male for five months. The eggs were saved for nine days and tested for fertility each day as gathered. None of these gathered the day the males were introduced were fertile. The next day 11 per cent were fertile and the percentage increased until the ninth day 95 per cent were fertile.

.....More profit would be made from the poultry business if poultry men would hustle around and find special customers who would take their eggs

regularly, say two or three times to the week, so as to get them while they were perfectly fresh. Such customers are not hard to find in almost any town, or even in small villages, and they are usually willing to pay a little more than the regular price in order to get what they want.

.....Mr. W. T. Cooksley has a white Minorea hen of which he has good reason to be proud. During the present week this biddy has laid an egg every day, but on the 23rd and 25th its efforts in this direction were unusually ambitious. On the former date the egg laid weighed $3\frac{1}{4}$ ounces and measured $6 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ inches in circumference, and yesterday she produced another of the same size but weighing one-eighth of an ounce less. In the matter of hen fruit these specimens are hard to beat.—*Daily Columbian*.

TRIFLES.

They May be the Source of Very Much Profit—or Loss.

How many people there are who think poultry raising is too small a business for them to dabble in. A young farmer's wife asked him to take three dozen eggs to town with him.

"Me carry three dozen eggs to town!" said he contemptuously. "Not much!"

"Why, they're worth fifteen cents a dozen," said she.

"Ha, ha! forty-five cents worth!" he laughed. "I'm not running a five cent farm, girl! What do you take me for?" And he drove away.

"I'll get even with him soon," she murmured, and she sent the eggs up by an accommodating neighbor.

A few days afterward he said he was going to town again, and asked if she'd like to accompany him.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I want to get a new hat for Sundays. The spring styles are in now, and I must have one to look like anybody."

She called him into the millinery shop to look at the one she had selected.

"It's only six dollars," she whispered, "and ain't it lovely? There's some cheaper ones back there, but I told Miss Q. that I'm no five center. I want this!"

He winced, and groaned inwardly as he handed her the amount, because he had need of every cent he could raise. It cured him all right. He never objected to taking butter, eggs or chickens to town after that.

But I know farmers who are making \$500 at a cost of \$490, who would not for any consideration be seen fooling away their valuable time selling such small truck as butter, eggs, chickens, vegetables or small fruits. They affect a sneer at the man who thinks ten cents worth of profit received for eggs, butter or chickens is as good as ten cents worth received for wheat, corn, cattle or hogs. They boast that they deal in dollars, not cents. They are great big pop-guns. Generally good fellows, but slightly top light.—*Rural New Yorker*.

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.....Mr. John Gardner of Victoria, the well known Brown Leghorn breeder, has his yards well filled with young stock some of which is bound to make a high mark at the fall shows. Mr. Gardner is a careful and painstaking fancier, always ready to talk "hen" or entertain any of the "boys" at his bachelor quarters.