

breeds will, at six or eight months, dress five pounds each. This will give us two hundred and fifty pounds of nutritious food flesh. A flock of fifteen turkeys, at killing time, through the first winter months, will dress, if of the improved varieties, twelve pounds easily. This will give one hundred and eighty pounds of food. Now, allowing seventy pounds for geese, guineas and quail, we have six hundred pounds of the very best of meat, and not one hundred head of poultry need be raised.

The children and mother could attend to these easily, and would do so if they only had a little encouragement and funds to procure breeding stock with from the husband. They should be allowed a fair price for all the fowls that are used on the family table, and all the proceeds of sales of poultry and eggs. In this way you can teach them the value of money, and to be industrious and independent.—*American Poultry Journal*.

A GOOD CHICKEN STORY.

An irascible sea captain settled down to Portland life by the side of a well-tempered man, and the two got along very well until the hen question came up. Said the captain:

"I like you as a neighbour, but I don't like your hens, and if they trouble me any more I'll shoot them."

The mild-mannered neighbour studied over the matter some, but knowing the captain's reputation well by report, he replied:

"Well, if we can't get along any other way, shoot the hens, but I'll take it as a favour if you will throw them when dead over into our yard and yell to my wife."

"All right," said the captain.

The next day the captain's gun was heard, and a dead hen fell in the quiet man's yard. The next day another hen was thrown over, the next two, and the day after three.

"Say," said the quiet man, "couldn't you scatter them along a little? We really can't dispose of the number you are killing."

"Give 'em to your poor relations," replied the captain gruffly.

And the quiet man did. He kept his neighbours well supplied with chickens for some weeks.

One day the captain said to the quiet man:

"I have half a dozen nice hens I'm going to give you if you'll keep quiet about this affair."

"How is that?" said the quiet man. "Are you sorry because you killed my hens?"

"Your hens!" said the captain. "Why, sir, those hens belonged to my wife! I didn't know she had any until I fed you and your neighbours all summer out of her flock."

WASTED SWEETNESS.

Mr. W. Z. Hutchinson, in the *Rural New Yorker*, says:

"There is, probably, enough honey that goes to waste for want of bees to gather, to sweeten all the pies, cakes and cookies that are baked. Upon nearly every eighty-acre farm there is enough honey secreted by the flowers each year to furnish its owner with sweetening power from honey-harvest to honey-harvest. It is admitted by our best apiarists that a few colonies in a place give better results than a large number; therefore if the bees were scattered about, a few colonies at each farm, there would not be so much sweetness wasted. To be sure there are, and probably always will be, people who make a specialty of bee-keeping, owning their hundreds of colonies; and that is all right; it is to such persons as these that we are indebted for the improvements that have made bee culture the safe, pleasant and profitable pursuit it is; but this need not deter any farmer

from keeping a few colonies that will supply his table with that most delicious and healthful of sweets, pure honey. They will probably find bee-keeping to be one of the most fascinating occupations in which they were ever engaged."

TOULOUSE GEES.

Toulouse geese, when not inordinately forced for exhibition, are hardy, early layers, and reasonably prolific, often raising two broods of goslings a year. The young early take care of themselves on good pasture, and grow with astonishing rapidity. It is not well to let them depend wholly upon grass, but at first to give a little wet-up oatmeal daily, and afterwards a few oats or handfuls of barley, thrown into a trough or shallow pool, to which they have access. Geese bear, with little danger, any degree of pampering and stuffing, but in our experience this is likely to produce such accumulations of internal fat as to prevent fecundity. These fine fowls attain, on a good grass range, nearly double the weight of common geese, and, forced by high feeding, a pair have been known to reach the weight of sixty pounds. Twenty-pound geese are not rare. Early goslings, if well fed, will attain that weight at Christmas, and even a ten-pound "green gosling" is a delicacy which might well suggest the devout proverb of the Germans that a "Good roast goose is a good gift of God." The fact is, that common geese make a poor show upon the table unless they are very fat. This is distasteful to many persons, and they can hardly be very fat before the late autumn, because we need grain to fatten them. With this variety, however, and the Embden, which matures early and attains a great weight also, it is different; the goslings are heavy before they are fat, carry a good deal of flesh, and are tender and delicious early in the season, when simply grass fed, or having had but little grain.—*American Agriculturist*.

FEEDING YOUNG CHICKENS.

Fully nine-tenths of the mortality amongst poultry, from sickness or disease, occurs while the chicks are still in the "downy" state, and the majority of this loss occurs from improper food, and careless or ignorant feeding. Corn meal, which is far too generally used, is unfit for young chicks, being too heating for their tender and immature digestive organs. Corn meal has killed more young chicks than rats. The best food we have ever found for young birds is stale bread either crumbled up and fed dry, scalded and fed when cool, or else merely moistened in fresh milk. Where milk is abundant, it should always be used, and if the young birds get plenty of milk, in some form, they will grow so rapidly as to astonish those who have never given milk liberally to their poultry. We know of one breeder, a large dairyman in Chester county, Pennsylvania, who feeds the principal part of his refuse milk to his poultry, old and young, and his birds are not only singularly free from disease, but large, and finely developed in body and feathering. This breeder gives milk the credit of it all, but it may be due in part to excellent care.—*American Agriculturist*.

FUMIGATING A HEN-HOUSE.

During the day, when the hens are all out of the house, close the doors and windows, and touch a burning match to a small quantity of sulphur, which may be placed in a saucer or any other convenient dish. When you are sure it will burn, go out and close the door. You need have no fear of a conflagration, as I never heard of any danger attending the operation, providing no material like straw is allowed to come in contact with the burning sulphur. But let us tell you, sister fan-

cier, although fumigation is very good in its way, it will not impart the delightful odour of cleanliness, that a thorough whitewashing, with a little carbolic acid added, will; also, nothing will so speedily "nip in the bud" any infectious poultry malady as an immediate and thorough application of the above.

TO EXTERMINATE HEN LICE.

If in a house that is close, get an iron pot, in which put a pound of brimstone. Heat a piece of iron three or four inches in diameter red hot, and put on the brimstone; then shut the house closely, and let the fumes have possession for two or three hours. Then, after sweeping and dusting the house clean, give it a thorough painting with strong lye, afterward another with kerosene. If the house is not close enough to be fumigated (and the fumes will usually do some good, even if the house is quite open), do not omit the washing. Get dust baths for the fowls, in which put sulphur, and line the nests with tansy.

BUMBLE FOOT.

Bumble foot is a wart corn, a lump on the bottom of the foot, and is usually caused by jumping from a high perch on to a hard floor. When the lump appears to contain matter, cut it open; press the matter out, wash the foot with warm Castile soapsuds, and keep the fowl in a separate coop on a bed of straw until the foot is well. To prevent this disease, put the roosting perches nearer the floor, or cover the floor with four or five inches of dry earth, or else make a ladder for the use of the fowls.

Dio Lewis says that raw turnips will sustain human life and strength far beyond corn or potatoes; if you are a spring chicken don't be afraid of going out of fashion for all he says.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Eggs can be preserved in the best and most effective manner in common lime water at a low temperature, and there is no necessity for trying experiments. When the eggs are kept in a liquid they lose no moisture by evaporation, but when kept dry they lose some of their water, and their quality is thereby deteriorated.

Dry earth is unquestionably the best thing in the world for the dusting bin. It may be procured with a very little trouble during a dry spell in summer. But if not attended to at the proper time, or if the supply gives out, then coal ashes are a very good substitute. One great merit which they possess is that, as taken from the stove or furnace, they are so very dry. The dust bin in the fowl-house should be so arranged as not to gather dampness from the ground, for the drier its contents can be kept the better.

The coarse, rough scales on the legs of poultry are caused by a small louse which burrows under them, and produces irritation of the skin and the discharge of matter which forms scabs. These insects cannot easily be reached unless by some penetrating application which is forced under the scabs. An excellent method is to stir a tablespoonful of kerosene oil in hot water, to fill three or four inches in a pail, and then to put the fowls into this bath, one after another, until the legs are well soaked. This should be repeated until the scales are softened, when a mixture of sweet oil and kerosene in equal parts may be brushed well into the scabs with a brush.

NATHAN BRISCOE, a farmer living in Ernestown, near Napanee, while handling bees on Sunday, the 2nd inst., was stung on the forehead by one, and died in fifteen minutes. Briscoe was 78 years old.