

THE ALMOND TUMBLER.

BY WREN.

WHAT bird occupies the throne of supremacy in the Pigeon kingdom? Who that has an eye for the beauty can look upon an Almond Tumbler without a tint of admiration even if he be not an ardent fancier? Can you find another bird so radiant in such magnificent feathering, of carriage so courtly, and manners so engaging, that tame and graceful creature with that lustre of amethyst bathed in emerald, quivering on its shining neck as he struts about with proud imperious carriage, who thus can observe it without making an exclamation of delight? It was the first domestic pigeon honored by having a book written all about itself, such literary attention was paid to it in the year 1802, by Mr. Windus, a London solicitor. In 1851 the homage was repeated by Mr. Eaton, since which the expenditure of much time and skill the bird has become wonderfully improved in fineness of qualities. The formation of the head much broader, the beak much shorter, the brow more beetling, the carriage more spirited and graceful. If there be room now left for improvement it is in the ground color of the plumage, which wants changing from the dusky red or mahogany brown to a rich toned yellow? There is also an art of rearing and perfecting this little bird, especially if one intends to win his laurels in the show pen. Every fancier has an ideal of his own and it is for that perfection he is striving, and like virtue it is his only reward. If he does not keenly relish the hobby, after a few disappointments he will abandon it, for it is not every time the egg breaks open that a prize comes forth. You will find many failures attaining your efforts. It requires hard and constant work and only the love of it compels the effort for many days, yes years, you will grope around in the dark striving to attain that which is the heights of one's ambition. Some fanciers are a little vain and think they have an ideal or perfection, such sometimes give vent to a little bragging, but competition generally brings them to grief.

There are two kinds of fanciers, "the head and beak" and the feather fancier, the former offers a bird that is mousy or pleasant faced, it must have the grand "stop" to it by fair means or foul. Fulton in his book of pigeons reveals the method of malpractice, there is no way of putting down this evil, but may the tireless clamor of the indignant public kill him by criticism, that which I refer to is the crushing in of the skull. The practice is cruel and outrageous and I trust will never be done in this country to the extent it is in England.

As photographing seems to be a great fad among fanciers let me tell you a good way in which it can be accomplished, tie a string in the ring or band, place the bird in your hand and draw the string down between the fingers and across the back of hand there make it fast to your sleeve button or button hole, after fluttering and trying to get away he will at last stand up, when a fine picture may be obtained.

Remember the best bird has yet to be bred.

Always purchase the best quarry for it is the cheapest in the end.

A besetting sin common to fanciers is overcrowding the loft.

Do not blame the food and water for sowing the seeds of disease look oftener to your defective ventilation.

Many diseases of your birds are through neglect, carelessness and ignorance.

Experience will teach you many a wrinkle.

Make your loft wind and water tight.

Ointment is the proper remedy for insects upon your birds.

All are good: millet, rice, wheat, darn, tare, canary seed, rape and small maple peas.

Do not let droppings accumulate, remove them often.

When the young are a fortnight old remove there old nest and give them a new one.

In looking over an old pigeon book published in 1851 I came across the weights of a few pigeons made Nov. 6th, 1849.

	Lbs.	Oz.
Pair Leghorn Runts.....	3	7
" Jacobins.....	1	7½
" Cinnamon Tumblers.....	1	5
" Archangels.....	1	10½
" Nuns.....	1	10
" Barbs.....	1	9
" Owls.....	1	6½
" Turbits.....	1	7
" Blue Antwerps.....	1	12½

PAPA IS QUITE SILENT NOW.

Eddie.—"Papa why is a woman like a pigeon?"

Papa.—"I don't know my boy, perhaps because they are dove-like."

Eddie.—"No, that's not it.—It's because they win men!"

Papa.—"You bad young rascal I'll take a stick to you."