

ing. No, no, gentlemen, I want my birds to tumble to my own taste.

Where have I been Mr. Editor? I have been digressing have I not? It was my intention when starting out to dwell somewhat upon common Tumblers or Rollers. I was about saying, when Mr. Walton drew away my attention, that in reading Fulton's work a few years ago, I was interested in what the writer of the Tumbler department of this work said about common Tumblers. A friend of mine asked to be recommended some pigeons that would I suppose give a picturesque effect to the lawn. The writer advised his friend to get some common Tumblers. A year or two after this, when the writer visited his friend, he was surprised to see the multiplicity of colors and markings, etc., of the flock which were bred from these birds. It is so long since I read this work that I have forgotten whether the flock were bred from a single pair. I think they were.

Why I refer to this, is to ask attention to the somewhat erratic, and I may say unexpected, surprises which arise in the breeding with this branch of the Tumbler family. My experience leads me to say that one is not sure of the markings, and even the coloring, that any given pair may breed. There has been such a mixing up among flying Tumblers and Rollers that one is as likely to breed nice looking birds from common looking parents, and vice versa, nice looking parents may breed you unbecoming looking youngsters. Notwithstanding unpleasant looking youngsters may be bred from good birds, I don't believe in destroying them for the pot before they have time to show indications of what they will be in other working qualifications. It seems to me to kill the young of working Tumblers or Rollers because their muffs or color are not to our liking that there is an evidence of preferment of the showy qualification. Four seasons ago I bred a dirty solid blue hen from a pair from which I expected a different looking bird. I did not kill her when young because of her looks. I let her live to see what she was made of. Well, that hen became my pet and I greatly regretted parting with her, but a customer wanted her and I had to let her go. Ask Mr. Casperson what her young are like. For quite a youngster to fly five hours is what I call good work, and especially when it is considered that this youngster is of long Roller breeding. I may say here that it is a mistake that short Rollers can outfly long Rollers. It may appear so from the difference in their rolling work. I have, and have had, long Rollers when in for a flying spell, fly four hours and over, and I have reason to be-

lieve that one of my long Rollers flew near twelve hours. Of course such flying requires the birds to be in the proper working condition and having their regular flies.

I am not surprised at Mr. Lienhard being disappointed in getting certain head markings from his birds from which he expected different results. To kill five out of seven through faults not expected, is an evidence of the breeding from his class. It does not matter which of the so-called long faced variety, outside of the solid colors, you are not certain of the marking of your birds. I will not say that in-and-in breeding will defeat entirely your calculations. But I will say that there is an happy-go-lucky sort of pairing sometimes that may save you years of anxious labor, and that will give you unexpected results. For I have experienced in the past five years results of which at first I never expected, but seemingly, years are required yet to perfect the ideal.

(To be Continued.)

HE GOT IT.

Mr. Smith a large pigeon speculator of British Columbia, whose account with a friendly fancier, Mr. Foxy, had been temporarily overdrawn, wanted to borrow \$200 once for a certain deal.

Foxy suggested that he should draw upon some party not too near B. C.

Smith said he did not know whom to draw upon.

"Oh, anyone," said Foxy, "as long as the party is far enough away, that will give you time to turn around."

Smith drew at sight for \$200 on the American Magpie Club. The draft was duly forwarded by Smith to Mr. Coons, who forwarded it to the Secretary of the American Magpie Club.

"Who is this John Smith?" asked the President of the A. M. C.

"Don't know" replied the Secretary.

"Do we owe him anything?"

"No," replied the other.

"Then we'll not pay it," replied the President.

"One moment, if I might advise," said the astute Secretary. "This draft comes through Coons with whom we are seeking a thousand dollar loan for our next show. Would it be safe, under the circumstances to dishonor it?"

"Pay it," said the President.

And it was paid, and no one was more astonished than John Smith and Mr. Foxy, of British Columbia.