

Tail—Clear rich metallic black. **Tail coverts**—Black edged with brown. **Legs**—Yellow.

Color of Hen.

Head—Dark brown, the feathers slightly striped with black. **Neck**—yellowish brown, feathers minutely pencilled with black, leaving golden fringe-like margin of one-third the width of the web; the shaft of the feather white. **Comb, face and wattles**—bright red. **Beak**—yellow. **Ear-lobe**—opaque white. **Back and shoulder coverts**—brown, irregularly pencilled with black; the finer and more minute the markings the better. **Wing primaries**—Dull black, the outside web edged with brown. **Wing secondary**—inside web black, outside a rich brown, minutely and irregularly pencilled with black. **Tail**—black. **Tail coverts**—black, pencilled with brown. **Breast**—Salmon-brown, the shaft of each feather white, the color shading into lighter tint under the body. **Thighs**—Ashy brown, finely pencilled. **Legs**—yellow.

An Inexpensive Incubator.

Mrs. Smith writes as follows to the *Poultry Bulletin*: "The idea having suggested itself to me during the past spring, that the eggs of most domestic fowls might be hatched by some simple and inexpensive process of artificial incubation, I determined to make the experiment; and having succeeded, even beyond my own expectations, I have concluded to send you a brief account of my method, which is not a patented affair, and which any one can easily understand and construct for himself, if so disposed. Before proceeding to give an account of my simple incubator, it may not be amiss to say that at one time I placed within it twenty eggs, and got therefrom eighty-five chicks. At another time I deposited within it forty eggs and got thirty chicks; and at another, eighteen turkey eggs, which produced fourteen turkeys, the most of which are now thriving and doing well. Indeed, my incubator has produced for me a rather larger per centum of chicks than my hens have—but it required to be very regularly and carefully looked after and tended; for here, as in almost every other human pursuit, success is the reward of patient industry and watchfulness.

"Well, now for my simple contrivance: I took an old cane seat chair, from which the back was removed and made even with the seat. After removing the cane bottom, I took a large tin pan (such as housekeepers use for washing dishes), and passed it down into the seat of the chair. I then placed four round pebbles, about the size of a large walnut, on the bottom of the pan, and then upon these I placed a round tin pie pan, inverted, the pan being almost exactly the same size as the bottom of the large dish-pan, and resting steadily upon the little pebbles. Upon this inverted pie-plate I made a bed of a dozen or more thicknesses of old muslin sheeting, cut round to fit the pan, and laid smoothly upon the bottom. On this bed I placed the eggs for hatching, and among them I placed a thermometer. Over the top of the large pan I spread an old woollen blanket, several times folded. I then lighted a small kerosene lamp and placed it on the floor, immediately under the centre of the large pan. I next turned up the flame gradually until the mercury in the thermometer rose to 105°; and at this point I strove to keep the temperature for three weeks, and generally succeeded. But at one time, owing to a defective burner, the temperature rose to 120°, and destroyed vitality in almost all the eggs. At other times it fell as low as 90° and 95° degrees, but the eggs generally hatched at the accustomed season. This fluctuation in the heat generally occurred at night, and was attributable either to depression in the atmosphere, or irregularity of combustion in the lamps, which generated the heat for my incubator. My eggs were sprinkled occasionally from about the seventh day after being placed in the incubator till the period of hatching."

GENEROUS HEN.—Somebody says the hog is a Peabody amongst animals alongside of the hen. Throw a handful of corn into a ten-acre lot and every hen in the enclosure will get a dab at it. The last hen on the spot may not secure more than two kernels, but nothing in the hen's appearance will indicate that. It will step around with as much precision and gratitude as any in the flock, and wear the most pensive smile you ever saw. A hen will not eat everything it sees, but it will try to, and there isn't one of them on the face of the earth but that can tell you the taste of everything it has seen within the radius of half a mile of its home.

Miscellaneous.

Papering.

It is a matter of doubt why housekeepers, as a general rule, do most of the house papering in the spring, rather than in the fall of the year. There does not seem to be any good reason why such a course should be adopted. In the first place, rooms are newly papered to give them a more tidy appearance. In the spring there is enough out of doors to attract the eye; the windows are almost invariably open, and if one sits down in the house in preference to taking a seat on the lawn, or piazza, it is usually by the window, to get a view of the green fields, flowers, trees, or something outside of the house. The paper on the wall attracts little attention, and deserves little. In the fall and winter, everything outside is dreary, and bleak, and this should be made up by making the living rooms of the house as cozy and pleasant as possible. The paper that was put on in the spring has lost its attractions for the eye now, however much it may have been admired when it was first laid. It has become soiled in spots, and these untidy places are the first to catch the eye. If the paper had been put on in the fall, its brightness would have remained until spring, and in the summer it is not essential. Paper in a room adds a great deal to its comfort. It is a poor conductor of heat, and will more than pay its cost in the saving of fuel. The paste fills many of the cracks in the wall, through which the cold air of winter would drive, and prevents drafts, from which colds, and sore throats arise. In fall papering, we have no appearance of the mosquito corpses, slain by a sleepless victim in a fit of desperation, nor are we constantly reminded of those pests, the flies. The wall remains brightest and freshest when we most wish to see bright and fresh things. Now, a word about paper. Cheap paper is always the dearest. Those cheap kinds costing from fifteen to twenty-five cents per roll, are always a yard or two short, so that in reality nothing is gained in purchasing those poor grades; and a paper that is worth less than thirty-five, or forty cents hardly repays laying. If you wish to be frugal as possible, select a paper with a stripe, with "no match" to it, and in place of a border, take the remnants, cut in the stripe and mitre it at the top and bottom of the room. It gives a neat appearance, and looks like panel work. In this way your room is more ornamental—you save the border, and use up the waste pieces, that are of no value for anything else.

Now, about putting on the paper. The first essential, is a good paste, and the following rule for making that article is the best, and far the cheapest we have ever seen used:—Take eighteen pounds of bole, finely powdered, and softened in water. Then boil a pound and a quarter of glue, until it is thoroughly dissolved, and stir in the bole, with two pounds of gypsum. The whole mass is then to be forced through a sieve. This may then be diluted with water, to the consistency of a thin paste. It is not only better, and cheaper than ordinary flour paste, but will adhere to walls that have been whitewashed. Cut enough of paper the desired length to cover the entire room. Take boards the length of the paper, and place them upon stools the right height, to enable you to reach across the boards easily. Place the cut paper on these boards, face down, and with a soft brush apply the paste. When a strip has been pasted, fold the lower end over about one-third the way up, to prevent its sticking to the wall at the bottom. Take the strips by the two upper corners and place them against the wall. The paper will hang to the wall, but will not stick at the bottom, and you can sight down the inner edge, and see when you have it true with the casing, or last piece laid. Then fasten it at the top. For working it against the wall, don't use a cloth; take a whitewash brush, and carefully brush the paper to its place. These directions may be old to some of our readers, but it cost the writer a vast amount of trouble, and, possibly some scolding, before they were found out and put in practice. By following these directions, especially the one in regard to folding the lower end of the paper over, and letting it adhere to the body of the paper, one can do the otherwise unpleasant job of papering alone, and all help is superfluous. By using the brush in place of the cloth, air places will be avoided, and the paper will not be soiled by paste that sticks to a cloth.—*American Farm Journal*.

Home-Made Perfumery.

The ordinary method of obtaining the perfume of flowers, and one that has been employed for ages, is by distillation. Shakspeare tells us that

"—flowers distilled, though they with winter meet,
Lose but their show; their substance still lives sweet;"

or, in plain prose, that by distilling flowers we may possess their sweetness in winter, when their beauty has passed away.

The odor of flowers is due to a minute portion of volatile oil, which is continually generated and given off by the plant. When the flowers are distilled with water, the essential oil rises with the steam, and is condensed with it in the receiver. But the fragrant principle may be obtained in another way, which, as it requires no apparatus, may furnish an agreeable recreation to some of our readers who have flower gardens and plenty of leisure. The sweetness that would be otherwise wasted on the summer air, may be saved to delight the sense long after the blossoms that have exhaled it have perished.

Gather the flowers, with as little of the stalk as possible, and put them in a jar three-quarters full of olive or almond oil. After they have soaked in the oil for twenty-four hours, the whole must be put into a coarse cloth bag, and the oil squeezed out; then fresh flowers are to be added, and the process repeated for twenty days or more, according to the strength of the perfume desired. When the odor of only one species is wanted, an immense number of the flowers are necessary to produce a scented oil, and special cultivation would be required to furnish them; but the amateur may use almost any sweet-scented flowers that come to hand, and get a mixed perfume, or *millefleurs* ("thousand flowers"), as the French call it. The smaller kinds are to be preferred for the purpose, such as sweet pea, muguet, stocks, clove pink, etc. The larger blossoms are not adapted for use by the novice, as the odor they impart does not compensate for the space they take up. The oil, when thoroughly perfumed, is to be mixed with an equal quantity of strong "deodorized" alcohol, and shaken every day for a fortnight; after which the spirit may be poured off quite clear and bright, and will be found highly charged with the odoriferous principle that was collected in the oil. Flowers that are going out of bloom are as good for this purpose as those in their prime, so that the garden need not be spoiled of its beauty for the experiment. To quote Shakspeare again:—

"Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made."

We presume that most persons would prefer to buy their perfumes rather than to manufacture them in this way; but some may enjoy the work for its own sake, and consider that the fragrant product is worth all the time and trouble it has cost.—*Journal of Chemistry*.

Sleeping in a Cold Room.

Halls Journal of Health says that cold bed-chambers always imperil health, and invite fatal disease. Robust persons may safely sleep in a temperature of forty degrees, or under, but the old, the infant, and the frail, should never sleep in a room where the atmosphere is much under fifty degrees Fahrenheit.

All know the danger of going direct into the cold from a very warm room. Very few rooms, churches, theatres and the like are ever warmer than seventy degrees. If it is freezing out of doors it is thirty degrees—the difference being forty degrees more. Persons will be chilled by such a change in ten minutes, although they may be actively walking. But to lie still in bed, nothing to promote the circulation, and breathe for hours the atmosphere of forty, or even fifty degrees, when the lungs are always ninety-eight, is too great a change. Many persons wake up in the morning with inflammation of the lungs who went to bed well, and are surprised that this should be the case. The cause may often be found in sleeping in a room, the window of which has been foolishly hoisted for ventilation. The water-cure journals of the country have done an incalculable injury by the blind and indiscriminate advice of hoisting the window at night.

The rule should be everywhere during the part of the year when fires are kept burning, to avoid hoisting outside windows. It is safer, and better to leave the chamber-door open, as also the fireplace—then there is a draft up the chimney, while the room is not so likely to become cold. If there is some fire in the room all night, the window may be opened an inch. It is better to sleep in a bad air all night with a temperature over fifty, than in a pure air with a temperature under forty. The bad air may sicken you, but cannot kill you; the cold air can, and does kill very often.