

ODD NEST EGGS.

A rooster owned by Mr. Cox, of Vineland, N. J., crowed when only nine days old. Next!

J. W. Jones, of Paris, Texas, has a Plymouth Rock which always sets fifteen or sixteen days before commencing to lay.

Don't fail to keep your fowls in a good supply of green food, such as cabbage, turnips, onions, etc. Some folks act as though they never knew what such things were made for. They remind me of Patrick and Bridget, who went into a railroad restaurant for dinner. At their table sat two young gentlemen, who, while waiting for their order, began eating the celery stalks from the glass dish. Bridget eyed them curiously, until, becoming disgusted at seeing the beautiful green stalks disappear so rapidly, turned to her husband and exclaimed: "Pat, Pat, d'ye mind the blackguards atein the bo-kay!"

THE PERVERSE HEN.

Once with an honest dutchman walking,
About his troubles he was talking—
The most of which seemed to arise
From friends' and wife's perversities,
When he took breath his pipe to fill,
I ventured to suggest that will
Was oft the cause of human ill;
That life was full of self denials,
And every man had his own trials:

"'Tis not the will," he quick replied,
"But it's the *won't* by which I'm tried.
When people will, I'm always glad;
'Tis only when they won't I'm mad!
Contrary folks, like mine old hen,
Who laid a dozen eggs, and then
Instead of sitting down to hatch,
Runs off into mine garden patch!
I goes and catches her and brings her,
And back into her nest I flings her;
But sit she won't, for all I say,
She's up again and runs away.
Then I was mad, as mad as fire,
But once again I thought I'd try her,
So after her I soon made chase,
And brings her back to the old place,
And then I snaps her a great deal,
And does my best to make her feel
That she must do as she was bid;
But not a bit of it she did.
She was the most contrariest bird
Of which I ever saw or heard;
Before I'd turn my back again,
Was running off, that wilful hen.
Thinks I, I'm now a 'used up' man;
I must adopt some other plan;
I'll fix her now, for if I don't,
My will is conquered by her *won't*!
So then I goes and gets some blocks,
And with them makes a little box,
And takes some straw, the very best,
And makes the nicest kind of nest;
Then in the nest the eggs I place,
And feel a smile upon my face

As I thinks, now at last I've got her,
When in the little box I've sot her;
For to this little box I did
Consider I must have a lid,
So that she couldn't get away,
But in it, still she hatched must say.
And then again once more I chase her,
And catch, and in the box I place her.
Again I snaps her on the head,
Until I fear she might be dead;
And then, when I had made her sit down,
Immediately I claps the lid on.
And now, thinks I, I've got her fast,
She'll have to do her work at last.
No longer shall I stand the brunt
Of this old hen's confounded won't!
So I goes in and tells mine folks,
And then I takes my pipe and smokes,
And walks about and feels so good
That 'wouldn't' yield at length to 'would'.
And as so oft I'd snapped the hen
I took some 'schnapps' myself, and then
I thought I'd see how the old creature
Was getting on where I had set her;
The lid, the box so nicely fits on,
I gently raised—dunder and blitzen!
(Give me more schnapps and fill the cup!)
There she wa: sitting—standing up!"

✦ QUERY * DEPARTMENT. ✦

WILL HELP US.

ALFRED GEDDES.—I shall only be too happy to do anything in my power to help your new Journal. Wishing the *POULTRY WEEKLY* every success.

Ottawa, April 26th, 1889.

JUST THE PAPER I WANT.

H. W. G. SIBBALD.—Your circular received and in reply yours is just the paper I want. I have been contemplating sending for the *BEE JOURNAL* for some time, but a "Poultry" and "Bee" journal combined suits me still better.

Brittania, April 16th, 1889.

GLAD OF THE NEW FEATURE.

J. F. DUNN.—And so, friend Jones, you are going to give us a good poultry paper to; well, I am one that will be interested in the addition to your Journal, as I am breeding fancy poultry. You are fortunate in getting Mr. W.C.G. Peter as Poultry Editor—the right man in the right place. I wish the new venture every success.

Ridgway, Ont., April 25th, 1889.

Plenty of judicious advertising in a well circulated poultry periodical will pay any breeder of fowl stock.

Fowls like newly-cut grass; give them all they want of it. The clippings from a lawn mower are just the thing for them.

Put the young chicks on new ground, where they have not been reared in former years, if you would avoid the gapes.