

Poultry Yard.

Sex of Eggs.

The Poultry World for April has a letter from Mr. H. A. March, Washington Territory, relating to experiments upon the sex of eggs, which seem to have been carefully conducted, and hence are interesting. They are as follows:—

First Sitting—Eggs taken as they came from the nest; fifty-three chickens gave twenty-eight cocks and twenty-five pullets; marked—split inside web of right foot.

Second trial—Eggs picked with the air-sack more on the side than on the end. Result, thirty-five chicks—twenty-four pullets, eleven cocks, marked.

Third trial—Eggs picked with great care, the position of the air-sack marked with a pencil by lamp-light, and none set but those which had the air-sack well past the centre of the top of the egg. Result, thirty-one chickens—twenty-seven pullets, four cocks, marked.

Fourth trial—Eggs picked with the air-sack on top of the egg. Result, sixteen chickens—fourteen cocks, two pullets, marked.

Fifth trial—Eggs taken as they came from the nest. Result, thirty-eight chickens—seventeen cocks, twenty-one pullets.

My breeding-stock were White Leghorns. Hens, two years old; cocks, ten months.

Now, Mr. Editor, was it all chance, or is there something in the position of the air-sack that indicates the sex? I have been in hopes that others would try it and report.

Another fact I wish to mention. The cocks from the eggs with the sack on the side were all lop-combed, feminine looking, not one fit to breed from; while the fourteen from eggs with the air-sack on top were all fine, well-shaped birds.

In examining the eggs I find there are nearly one-third where it is impossible to determine the air-bubble, being neither on the top or sides, but about half way between. Those I discarded. I have so much faith in it that I shall try it this year on a large scale. I intend to raise one thousand pullets.

Value of Poultry.

If farmers who think poultry does not pay would give their feathered stock to their sons and daughters, with permission to enjoy and own any profit that might accrue from keeping them, they would soon be convinced that "there is something in it." There certainly is no more health-promoting exercise than that afforded by caring for, or having the management of a flock of poultry, and if the flock is one of any of the pure breeds, there is in addition to the exhilarating influence, an enthusiasm that causes what might otherwise be considered a task to become pleasure—and therefore profit and pleasure are combined. A young lady in Bethel, Pa., during the year 1874, kept a strict account of all expenditures for feed, etc., for her yard of fowls, and the regular market prices for eggs and chickens, and she cleared above all expenses \$360, besides having more stock on hand than she started with. Is not this an incentive sufficient to awaken an interest among our numerous fair readers in favor of gallinaceous stock? It is certainly worthy of emulation.—Maryland Farmer.

To Prevent and Destroy Vermin on Poultry.

Many fanciers use the carbolic (or carbolated) powder in order to rid their fowls of lice and mites. With some it seems to be considered the very best of remedies. My plan is one which, I think, is used by no other breeder, and, while I have given the treatment of others repeated and thorough trials, and found all to be deficient—not infallible—mine has never failed me in completely ridding my fowls of every insect, and has demonstrated to me its infallibility. My treatment is simply the use of oil of sassafras mixed with sweet oil. Apply a small quantity to different parts of the body of the fowl, selecting those points where the vermin would be most apt to hide.

In applying the preparation, I fill with it a small oil can, so that I can force out as much or little of the oil as I wish. A very small bit can be made to go a great ways, for one drop can be rubbed over two or three inches of space, and is no more trouble to apply than the various insect powders. I use

sweet oil because of its curative powers, but any kind of grease, no matter what, will do to mix with the oil of sassafras. The oil of sassafras is the eradicator, the other oil merely the vehicle. I believe common sassafras tea would be wonderfully efficacious. Make it in a large pot, then after allowing it to cool dip the fowls in bodily. In one second the lice will be dead, and in ten seconds the fowl will be perfectly dry, if placed in the sunshine. It is hard to form an idea of the magical effect produced by the oil of sassafras. I have never tried the remedy in greater attenuation than that mentioned (1 part to 5 or 6), but believe it would be equally good if composed of one ounce of oil of sassafras to ten or twelve of any other oil or grease.—John E. Roberts, in Southern Poultry Journal.

Brown Leghorn.

The Leghorn have a high reputation as layers. Of these Italian fowls, the brown variety have recently become very popular. They are yellow skinned, and excellent table fowls; are extremely hardy, and enormous layers. Pullets often begin to lay before they are five months old, and continue laying during the whole winter. They are gay plumaged birds, and have become very popular of late amongst fanciers, as they must also soon become amongst farmers, if they have not become so already. The Brown Leghorns are described as having the comb of the Black Spanish fowl, with its head and body, and the plumage or color of the Black-red Game. The Brown Leghorn cock is black-breasted, with hackles of orange-red, striped with black; the ear-lobes are white. The hen is salmon-color on the breast, with the rest of the plumage similar to that of the partridge, or brown, finely penciled with dark markings. A prominent English poultry fancier is of the decided opinion that this breed is the best of all our American breeds, when size and product of eggs are taken into consideration. They are non-sitters, which is a great advantage, when eggs are the product mainly desired.

There is scarcely any stock of the farm which is so poorly managed as the poultry; yet there is none that may be made more productive. A yfled of two or three dozen eggs, and a brood of three or four chickens, is generally considered a fair season's production for a hen. This is the consequence of keeping poor stock, or neglecting that which is better, and capable of doing better with proper treatment. Poultry may be improved by careful breeding, as well as a pig or a cow. An infusion of new blood should be procured every year or two, and a bird of undoubted excellence should be bought.

Push Along the Chicks.

Force along the young chicks now with the best of care and food, if you expect to exhibit at the fall shows. It will be well to pick out a few trios of the kinds to be exhibited and place them separate, that they may receive the very best care and attention. Choosing birds for exhibition is of no little importance. Many a premium has been lost by carelessness in mating up pens of birds for exhibition, as also many premiums have been withheld on account of a few ounces in weight, which might have been added in a few days by a little judicious feeding just before showing.—Am. Poultry Journal.

The Story.

Scenes from my School Life.

BY HENRY FRITH.

At length the auspicious day arrived, and we had a whole holiday, of course. Early in the morning we were all astir, and had a little gentle exercise on the bank and a good plunge in the stream before breakfast. We had some few miles to drive to the starting-place, and as the hour appointed for the race was noon punctually, we got off in good time. We were warmly cheered as we drove through Howden, although we learned afterwards that Dormer's were the favorites. We at once proceeded to the dressing-room courteously provided for us by our opponents, and here a note was brought to me by Mr. Cunningham. It was from Lillie, and ran thus:—

"Mind you win, for I shall be at the post to welcome you all. If you lose this race I shall die of shame." "LILLIE." I thanked the surgeon, and then read the note aloud. I wished she had not written "all." I would fain have believed she waited to welcome me. But the crew were braced up to winning point, and fortunately the town clock just then struck twelve.

"With commendable punctuality," as the Howden Herald said next day, we embarked, and paddled gently to the starting-place.

The banks on each side were crowded, the inhabitants of all the neighboring villages and of the county town having turned out to see the event. "I remember but little of the pre-

liminary business. I have a vague recollection of a question, "Are you ready?" to which I did not reply. My mouth seemed to close involuntarily, and there was an unsteadiness in my wrists as I grasped my oar. Our coxswain seemed quite collected as he glanced round and whispered something to Fleming, our "stroke." There was a dead silence, which was suddenly broken by the sound of a pistol-shot, and "off" was the cry. Simultaneously the oars dipped, and away Dormer's leaped with the lead. For about twenty strokes I had no idea that I was racing. I felt the gaze of the crowd on the banks; I was dimly conscious of a chorus of "Well pulled," or "Go ahead, Dormer," but to connect it at the moment with myself or friends never entered my head.

But soon I settled down and grew collected. I then began really to pull hard. Fleming, at a nod from our coxswain, quickened the stroke, and we seemed to fly through the water.

"Hurrah for Cameron's!" said some one, and the cry was as distinct then as if the speaker was beside me. I pulled, and clenched my teeth. Fleming eased the stroke again, and still we went on. Now the cheering became tremendous, and I judged the winning-post was in sight. I raised my eyes for a second, and there on horseback, attended by Mr. Cunningham, was Lillie, waving her pocket-handkerchief.

"Pull!" she cried (I never shall forget the tone of her voice), "you are winning!"

I glanced at the coxswain; not a feature moved as he gazed steadily ahead. All of a sudden his head lit up, and he smiled. "Go!" said he to Fleming.

That was all. Fleming quickened up the stroke, and sent the boat through the water, trembling. A roar—a cheer—a waving of handkerchiefs, and a vision of Lillie. Then a gun, and Fleming stopped pulling.

"Who has won?" I gasped.

"We!" replied the coxswain (Peters, his name is), "and by half a length. By Jove, it was a near thing."

It was a very near thing for me, for I nearly fainted when I ceased pulling, but on landing speedily recovered.

We had a grand dinner given by the schools jointly, and we were much congratulated. In the midst of Mr. Dormer's speech, perceiving Lillie alone near the entrance of the tent, I made my way to her, sure of a welcome. I received a kind smile and a warm hand-greet.

"I am so glad we won," she said. "Are you much fatigued?"

"No, Lillie," I said. "But now tell me, dear, are you still going to be cruel to me?"

"I don't understand," she said, her sweet grey eyes turned wonderingly on mine, "I have never been willingly cruel to any one."

"Lillie, you know what I mean. I am much older, in truth, than I was two months ago. May I hope that you will try to love me?"

"Frank," she said, very seriously this time, "you must not speak of this again. I shall always be your firm friend, but you must not talk to me of love—it is impossible!"

"Impossible!" I echoed. "Why, Lillie?" An unpleasant chill-feeling came over me as she looked at me, so pityingly, I thought.

"Because, Frank, I am engaged to be married to Mr. Cunningham."

I know I left the tent, and walked all the way home that afternoon. I know I was in the highest spirits all the evening, but oh! so miserable. I remember being excessively cordial to Mr. Cunningham, and in a week I left Dr. Cameron's, and did not return until I received a piece of bridal cake and a silver-edged envelope, with two cards, and on the flap of the envelope the words—LILLIE CAMERON.

TOM URQUHART'S "TREASURE TROVE."

I never did quite believe Tom Urquhart, when he used to tell us about the treasure hidden in his father's castle. This scepticism arose from the idea which possessed us all at that time—viz., that Tom's parents did not inhabit a castle. We could have believed in the treasure, I think, could we have seized the castle. I never breathed this suspicion to my chum, merely arguing that, if the treasure had existed, it must surely have been discovered in those "hundreds of years" (the chronology was Tom's) during which it had lain concealed. However, be this as it may, I know I hailed with delight the invitation I received to accompany my friend to Castle Urquhart for the approaching Christmas holidays, and it was with somewhat of the importance of an ambassador that I undertook to enlighten the school on my return, for the treasure was to be unearthed at last.

Having obtained permission and the not less necessary remittance from home, Tom and I started on our long journey in tip-top spirits. My ideas of Scotland were misty, being chiefly derived from Sir Walter Scott's and Mr. James Grant's stirring novels, but I was not disappointed.

On the second afternoon of our journey, as we topped a somewhat steep ascent, Tom called my attention to a light which was burning steadily in the gorge beneath us.

"That is our beacon light," he continued, "and it is burning on the summit of the Watch Tower, where the treasure is hidden."

I was converted at once, and could have begged pardon on the spot had not other objects demanded my attention; and, while we were still discussing the merits of "curling," the driver whipped his horses, and dashing along a paved road, pulled up suddenly beneath a massive archway. Tom sprang out of the chaise, I followed his example, and found myself in a paved courtyard; this, and a frowning battlement above, dissipated my remaining scruples, and the castle was avenged! A formidable hound rather disturbed my meditations, till Tom's noisy summons, rung out by a deep-toned bell, quickly brought his parents and sister, with several domestics, to our assistance. My friend disappeared in the loving arms of his relatives for a few moments, and then I was presented and most heartily welcomed. We retired after an early supper, and the delicious sensation of Feudalism, drawbridges, portcullis, and "retainers," which took possession of me, prepared me to discover any amount of treasure. I was conducted to a chamber situated at the end of two passages divided by five stairs (three to descend and two to be mounted). A feeling of wandering spiders down my back did not prevent my sleeping soundly, nor did I wake till James summoned me to breakfast at nine o'clock next morning. Descending, I found Jessie Urquhart superintending the breakfast-table, and waiting for her brother and myself. Tom soon appeared, and during the meal the subject of the treasure was broached. He gave his father to understand that I had come down solely to unearth the hidden deposit, craving assistance to explore the "tapestry chamber" in the Watch Tower, where the legend declared the prize to be.

"He knows all about the pirate who hid it," said Tom nod-