

but careless in getting into her nest, jumping in instead of stepping, breaks one or two eggs by the operation; sitting down on them, all of the eggs in the nest get stuck to each other, to the straw of the nest, and to her feathers, so that when she gets off again she carries one or more with her to be dropped on the floor and broken. 'This is impossible with the incubator.

Another hen. She is wild. As soon as she sees you coming to give her food or water, off she goes, flying about the pen, bounding on her eggs, and smashing things generally. If you look for chicks from that hen you are sold. The incubator will not use you like this.

Take another hen. She does everything very nicely up to the time her chicks begin to sing in the shell. She does not know what this means; she has been setting for nearly three weeks on these eggs and never heard them make any noise before. She seems to be under the impression that they are possessed of an evil spirit; she digs down in the nest, shows the talking egg down, and covers it up so she will not hear it. Will you get a chick from that egg? No, never! The incubator is quite indifferent to all sounds, and has no feet or beak to bury eggs.

Take another hen. She is a good steady one, but she takes sick and dies on the nest. Where are your chicks? Gone! No die to the incubator.

Reader, not one of these illustrations are over-drawn, but are facts, which all who have had much experience know. If you say they are exceptions and not the rule, I am sorry to say that all with whom I have talked on the subject admit that the above faults are the *rule*, the exception being when the hen hatched out every fertile egg placed under her, and does not either eat or crush them under her feet.

Now in my last I told you about fast time, in hatching chicks in eighteen days and five hours. Well, last week I hatched out turkeys in twenty-four days and seventeen hours. I challenge all the hens on the globe to beat that time. I could not get geese eggs to test or I would give you the time in them.

You shall hear from me again on another subject, that is, the Brooder vs. Hens as Mothers.

Oh! I almost forgot to tell you that I am still running 100 per cent. on every fertile egg. Further than that the *rule* and not the exception of the "Baby" is to send out the chick from twenty-four to forty-eight hours ahead of time.

My yards are covered with chicks of all kinds. Will soon have to send you an ad. to sell off the stock, as I have not room for it all.

Yours truly,
J. H. Rowe.

King P. O., Ont., May 29th, 1882.

Spoopendyke's Hen Coop.

"My dear," said Mr. Snoopendyke, as he appeared before his wife with a broad grin on his face, "say my dear, I've brought some chickens so we can have fresh laid eggs. Look?" and he held out a couple of pair of fowls tied by the legs, for Mrs. Snoopendyke's contemplation.

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed Mrs. Snoopendyke. "Of all things? chickens! Ever since we've been married I've wanted chickens!" and she approached the birds cautiously and with a look of misgiving that belied her words, "Where can we keep them?"

"In a coop, Mrs. Snoopendyke, in a coop!" retorted her husband, laying the chickens on the bed while he divested himself of his coat and vest. "We might keep them up the chimney or in the clock, but we probably won't. We'll just keep 'em in a hen-coop, and I've got the laths and nails down stairs to build it with. Come down in the yard," and Mr. Snoopendyke grabbed his new acquisition by the legs and started off, followed by his wife.

"Do you know how to build a coop?" asked Mrs. Snoopendyke, as she watched her husband dig a post hole in the corner she had reserved for a geranium bed.

"If I don't you probably do," snorted Mr. Snoopendyke, kicking away at the spade until he loosened his leg. "Now I put this post here and that one there, then the two fences make the rest, and I only lath up these two—dod gast the post?" he concluded, as it toppled over on his ear. "Can't you keep it up? What'er you sitting around there like a cork in a jug for? Hold it up, will ye?"

Mrs. Snoopendyke grasped the post firmly with both hands and held it at an angle of thirty degrees.

"Now hold it perfectly still while I dig the other hole," and Mr. Snoopendyke hacked away at the ground again and set his second post.

"I see how you mean," giggled Mrs. Snoopendyke. "You slat it up from one post to the other and then put the chickens in. My! how nice that'll be!"

Mr. Snoopendyke glared at her a moment and then began putting up his laths, standing between the post and the fence corner and whistling as he worked.

"Now," said he, as he finished, "what do you think of that?"

Mrs. Snoopendyke examined the job critically. "It's a perfect palace!" she exclaimed. "But say, dear, how are you going to get out?"

"Yah-h-h!" roared Mr. Snoopendyke, bounding into the air. "Why didn't ye tell me? What'd ye want to let me build myself in like a mummy