

"What will you *take* for those two fowls?"

"One hundred dollars, sir," I replied.

"I guess you will—when you can get it," he added.—"Name your lowest price, now, for those two. I want good ones if any."

"I prefer to keep them, rather than part with them at *any* price," I insisted. "If, however, a gentleman like yourself, who evidently knows what good fowls are, desires to procure the choice best specimens in the country, why, I confess to you that those are the persons into whose hands I prefer that my best stock should fall. But I will show you some at a lower figure," I continued, driving this pair from the fence.

"Don't you! Don't drive 'em away!" said the gentleman;—"let's see. That's the cock?"

"Yes, sir."

"And this is the hen?"

"Yes."

"One hundred dollars! You don't mean this, of course," he persisted.

"No, I mean that I would rather keep them, sir."

"Well—I'll——*take them*," said the stranger. "It's cruel. But I'll take them," and he paid me five twenty dollar gold pieces down on the spot, for two ten-months-old chickens, from my "splendid" Royal Cochins-China fowls.

He had a tender spot *somewhere*, that I had hit, during the conversation I presume. He took the two chickens into his carriage, and I have never seen or heard from him from that day to this. I trust, however, if "these few lines" should ever meet his eye, that his poultry turned out well, and that he himself is in good health and spirits!

I called this gallant young cock "Frank Pierce," in honor of my valiant friend now of the White House, at Washington. It will be seen that I sold Frank for fifty dollars; a sum which the majority of the people of this country have since most emphatically determined was a good deal more than he ever was worth!—*Burnham's History of the Hen FEVER.*

"Chicken Culture," from a Farmer's Stand-point.

Editor Review,

DEAR SIR,

According to promise, I will give you a short sketch of my experience on "chicken culture," from a farmer's stand point.

It is now some twelve years since I commenced raising first-class poultry, and it happened thus: I advertised my South-down sheep and Berkshire pigs in the *Country Gentleman*, and I had several offers to trade pigs for fancy fowls; one from a Mr. Lloyd, Cold Springs Poultry Yards, Baltimore, Md. I sent my pig by express, and Mr. L. sent me two pairs of as fine Light and Dark Brahmas

as you want to look at. He was satisfied and so was I, so that is the commencement of my keeping first class poultry. And I have never regretted it, as this last year, I made more out of my poultry and a three acre orchard than off my hundred acre farm, after deducting working expenses.

I think the last time I saw you, you asked me what I considered the most profitable breed of fowls for a farmer to raise? After twelve years experience with five different breeds, I have no hesitation in saying, for all purposes, the Light Brahma is the best; and for laying qualities and the table combined, a cross between the Light Brahmas and White Leghorns or Black Spanish. I will give you my reasons: I have raised Games, Light and Dark Brahmas, White Leghorns and Black Spanish; the first are good layers and splendid table fowls, but too pugnacious altogether; the Leghorns and Spanish are fine layers, but very tender in combs and liable to get frozen, but when you cross them with the Light Brahma you have an excellent layer of large white eggs, or nearly white, and a fine table fowl as well, and they come early to maturity. The Light Brahma makes an excellent mother, and will supply you with eggs all winter if properly fed and kept in a moderately warm place; and when the grain comes off they will wander all over the farm in search of food.

I raise a great many ducks and turkeys, and invariably set the eggs under Light Brahmas; some of them brought out two lots of ducks and were as fat at the end of the two months as when I set them. I never have any trouble in raising young ducks without a mother. I have had as many as twenty hens sitting at once, and I let them all off at once, every day at noon, feed and water them, and by the time we have our dinner over they are all back on their own nests, when I put a shingle in front of them and keep them there until next day at noon. I always set them on the ground if possible; a little cut hay under the eggs. Duck eggs especially should be sprinkled with water every three or four days, and every day before coming out—tepid water is best. I raised about sixty ducks, forty-five turkeys and sixty chickens this season, and think they averaged about ten to each hen set. Unless you adopt some such plan as I speak of, you cannot raise them successfully, as the other hens are continually laying beside them, or fighting with them and breaking the eggs.

I think if our farmers could be induced to go more into poultry raising they would find it not only pleasant but profitable, as if they would feed the same amount of grain to twenty to thirty fowls as they do to a pig, they could have them fat, and sell them from eight to ten cents a pound. I have taken the first prize at our Guelph Christmas Show on several occasions for turkeys, ducks and fowls,