

rangements with a good commission man to market the birds, that is judging from the distance, which you say is 60 miles. If you are often called near the market, of course you will do better to sell them yourself. A great deal depends upon the expense of your journey.

My proposed market is Detroit, from which I am distant about 60 miles. Can I enter them duty free, both live and dressed?

We cannot say. Apply to the Customs office nearest to you. We think there is no duty however.

I have a large, dry upstairs to my house could I raise my broilers up there successfully without much filth accumulating, or spoiling the floor.

Wabash, Nov. 21.

Yes! You could raise them there. The quantity of stuff that would accumulate would be entirely under your own control. Our plan would be to put in a false floor, and protect the walls to the necessary height with building or tarred paper; have around the room at the bottom a false skirting board about eight inches wide, and cover the floor as deep as you can with earth. Then after your broilers are done with, all could be made clean in a very short time.

Partridge Cochins.

THIS variety of the Asiatic family is a prime favorite with fanciers, market poultrymen and stock breeders. From first to last they have held their own among the many meritorious breeds which have been added to our stock, and to-day they rank next to the Light Brahma in the Asiatic class. They are well adapted to village or rural life; extremely docile, healthy, hardy and good table fowls. They are easily confined in village lots; the ordinary picket fence keeps them within bounds. Those who like a large breed with a rich and showy plumage find the Partridge Cochins to suit them admirably. They are an easy breed to rear, fatten readily, are good layers, especially in cold weather; their flesh is rich and savory and quite tender for a large fowl. The plumage of the male Partridge Cochins closely resembles that of the B. B. Red exhibition Game. The hens too have a handsome plumage of partridge color, but of late years a cherry red or mahogany ground color with darker pencilling is becoming popular in the show room, and adding much to their beauty. They are, however, a hard breed to skillfully

mate, and therefore the novice usually meets up-hill work if he attempts to compete with veteran fanciers in the show room. Those who can make up two breeding pens have the advantage of producing cockerels and pullets of high quality, whereas with one pen, unless skillfully mated, it is difficult to get prime males and females. Partridge Cochins have the same strong sitting propensities common to the Asiatic class. They need plenty of exercise to keep down internal fat, and much coarse food in their daily ration of grain. Pullets of this variety lay more or less in winter if they get proper care and are warmly housed. For breeding and show purposes early hatching is recommended. They do not come to full maturity before they reach seven months. They lead the other Cochins varieties in number and popularity, and, taking their qualities into consideration, they are a handsome and useful variety of fowls.—Joseph Wallace, in American Poultry Journal.

Given Away by a Goose.

A young man in Brushvalley town was desperately in love with a farmers daughter, says the Punxsutawney (Pa.) Spirit. She reciprocated the tender passion, but her father was sullen and obdurate and gave the young man to understand in the most emphatic terms that if he ever entered that house it would be at his peril. He would, he said, "kick the daylight out of him."

One night recently, when the old gentleman had gone to Indiana to be absent all night, the young man took advantage of his absence to visit the daughter. They were sitting in the front room, both beaming with joy. It was nearly midnight. Presently the daughter heard a noise which she recognized as her father's footsteps. There was a bed in the room, and the girl drew back the calico curtains and told the young man to hustle under. He did so. She had forgotten to tell him that there was a goose under there engaged in a motherly effort to hatch out a dozen young goslings. Scarcely had the young man gotten himself securely stowed away when the girl's father entered. Just about this time the old goose made a hissing noise, drew back its long neck and struck the already frightened intruder a smart blow on the left ear, nipping a piece out. That was enough. He was sure he had been bitten by a snake, and, with a bloodcurdling yell, the young man rushed from his hiding place, screaming at the top of his voice:

"Snake! Snake! I'm bit by a snake! and I don't care a dang who knows it!"

And the clandestine lover made a break for the door, and ran home with furious speed, yelling at every jump.

The old man was at first very much startled at the strange apparition, but he soon realized the situation, and both himself and daughter laughed heartily.