

farmers of Canada, their wives and daughters, it should do so, as it is rapidly becoming one of our leading sources of wealth.

I will now give you my experience of some 25 years in poultry raising. My first investment in first-class poultry was about the year 1862. I then procured two pairs of the finest light and dark Brahmas in this part of the country at that time. I have bred six or eight of the leading varieties of fowls since, and I consider the Light Brahma still to the front as a general purpose fowl; the second, the Plymouth Rock, for farmer's use. Mr. O. H. Pick, of Montrose, Mass., says he has kept all the leading breeds of fowls and considers the Light Brahma superior to any other, and that his neighbors are of the same opinion. Their flesh is white and tender and excellent for the table. They come early to maturity, and lay larger eggs and more of them during the year than any other sort. With the mercury varying from 5° below to 15° above zero, he has received nine eggs a day from twelve laying hens. He feeds oats, wheat screenings, boiled potatoes, with bone meal mixed, and beef scraps. Another fancier with 26 hens got the large quantity of 1,218 eggs in three months—in January 353 eggs, in February 452, in March (with five of the hens sitting) 413 eggs. They averaged 13 eggs per day for the three months; were fed three times per day, twice grain, once scalded meal mixed with scraps, plenty of clean water and ground bones. I also use the Light Brahmas for setting my early duck eggs under, and also my goose eggs, to get early birds for show purposes. They are so large and have so much down among the feathers they keep the eggs at a regular temperature; they are quiet and sit steadily. The White and Brown Leghorns are better layers, also the Black Spanish, but are very tender and get their combs frozen during our severe winters unless kept in a very warm place. I have also tried the Games. They are good layers and their flesh is delicious, being almost as toothsome as an English pheasant when properly cooked, but they are too pugnacious altogether. The Hamburgs lay numerous, but very small eggs. I have had no experience with the Houdans, but believe they are good layers and fine large table fowls. The Black Minorca is a fine bird, excellent layer, but, like the Black Spanish, is tender. The Light or Dark Brahma or the Plymouth Rock is the best fowl for farmer's use, in my experience, and can stand our severe climate better than any I have yet seen.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Wide-tired wagon wheels are good roadmakers. A flock book for Southdown in England is now talked of.

There is very little land that is not benefitted by underdraining. It is specially advantageous in clay soils.

It is reported that values in store cattle have gone up nearly one-third in a year in many of the stock feeding parts of the west.

Do not forget your coal oil can; put coal oil on the roost early in the morning, about twice a week, and keep the lice from your fowls.

Grey horses are preferred by many of the London millers for their class of work, just as blacks are preferred in the coal delivery trade, now a very extensive one.

It is better to not breed at all than to raise a cheap, worthless colt when there is such a great demand for big heavy horses and large stylish coaches at good big prices.

## Family Circle.

### Laughter.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;  
Weep, and you weep alone;  
This sad old earth must borrow its mirth,  
It has troubles enough of its own.  
Sing, and the hills will answer;  
Sigh, it is lost on the air;  
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,  
But shrink from voicing care.

Be glad, and your friends are many;  
Be sad, and you lose them all;  
There are none to decline your nectared wine,  
But alone you must drink life's gall.  
There is room in the halls of pleasure  
For a long and a lordly train,  
But one by one we must all file on  
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;  
Fast, and the world goes by;  
Succeed and give, 'twill help you live;  
But no one can help you die.  
Rejoice, and men will seek you;  
Grieve, and they will turn away;  
They want full measure of all your pleasure,  
But they do not want your woe!

—Dr. Joyce.

## HOW I WROTE MY NOVEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE RURAL PRESS BY MAID-OF-ALL-WORK.

I made up my mind to write a novel, and as harvest was over, and the wheat sold, and the work all done and everything quiet on the farm, I thought it was a good time to begin it; so I took my note-book and rocking-chair and went out into the orchard, under the trees to think it over. As I sat there eating figs, I decided who I should have for my hero; that was short work. Willie Kimball was my favorite of all the young men in the neighborhood. He was tall, well formed, frank and manly in his bearing, a little reserved for his age, but always kind and courteous, and as his father's large farm adjoined ours, I had seen enough of Willie to like him exceedingly. Willie had a stepmother with whom I had no acquaintance, but Willie used to drop in sometimes on winter evenings, instead of going to town, to read our papers or play chess with the Granger. He was a favorite among the girls and was welcome everywhere, but in selecting him for the hero of my novel I took into consideration the fact that his father was well-to-do and would probably deed him the quarter lying next to us when he was twenty-one. Then I fell to wondering if my stately friend Miriam Grey, who, being a city girl, would make a splendid heroine for my story, would in reality be a good match for him, when suddenly two soft arms fell about my neck and two cherry lips touched my cheek.

"My lady-love, what are you dreaming about now?" This was Dolly Dunton in her new blue calico dress, a bunch of white roses on her breast, smiling into my face as pretty as a picture, and bright and loving and fascinating as ever. I was always glad to see Dolly, though I should never think of putting her into my novel. She was such an every-day, friendly good sort of a girl, with nothing romantic about her. She was an orphan with no pecuniary prospects, but her aunt, my neighbor, gave her a good home and such advantages as the town school afforded.

Dolly loved flowers and colors, and as soon as I felt her soft kiss I knew what she wanted. She wanted that first lesson in painting I had promised to give her, for Dolly was always handy and willing to help me, and I was glad to impart to her my scanty knowledge of oils and coloring. I gave a little sigh over my interrupted thought as I slipped my notes out of sight. Dolly carried my chair in and we set up the easel in the spare room and went to work in good spirits. My pupil was very apt and happy in her work, so that I became newly interested in painting, and started another picture to fill up the spare moments. When it grew too late to work, it was time to hunt the eggs and get the supper; so I had no more time that day for my novel. I agreed, so loving and importunate was Dolly, to give her one day in the week for painting, in return for which she was to come on Saturday and do my baking and sweeping, while I drove to town and attended to my trading and society duties.

There was no more time that week for my novel, for one day I washed, and one day the Granger made over the chicken-house, and I spent the day talking to him and doctoring sick chickens. Then Saturday and Sunday came, which are always crowded days, any way. Monday, some company came and spent the day, and Tuesday I washed and baked, and Wednesday morning everything looked fair for me to go to work on my novel. I had received a letter from my friend Miriam Grey saying she would surely come to the country as soon as the first rains had laid the dust, and I thought what a good opportunity I would have to write up a romance between her and my handsome Willie. Miriam's father was a lawyer with money, and I could easily work him up into a parent who would never, never consent to giving her to a plain farmer, and, with Miriam's fine culture and conscientious-

ness, she would worry herself to a shadow before she would disobey her father, whom she loved loyal.

So I sharpened my pencil and fell to work painting Miriam in a sky-blue tea-gown walking in my garden with Willie in his best, he saying bright, laughable things and snapping his riding-whip in the air. I had barely written ten lines when the Granger came striding into the house, evidently in a high state of excitement by the way he slammed the door. He rushed into the room with a gust of air.

"Betsy, I have engaged the barley-grinders, and they will be here to-night."

I rose up in horror. Nine men to supper and not a loaf of bread or a pie or cake, or a bit of fresh meat in the house. "John, how could you? Why didn't you let me know?"

"Couldn't help it, Betsy. Kimball got through with his other job sooner than he expected, and he wants to do this and discharge his crew. They will be here all day to-morrow."

As I usually had help in harvest, I was naturally upset at this sudden invasion. But John was most obliging. "I'll do anything you want, Betsy, only set a good table; the Kimballs expect it."

It was no more than right that I should make an effort for my neighbor and his crew of men. I knew I could depend on Willie and his father for thanks and appreciation, any way; so while I rolled up my papers and hid them in a drawer I laid my plans for supper. I told the Granger to hitch up the cart immediately and go to town for fresh meat, and on his way to stop and ask Dolly Dunton if she would come over and help me out. Then I hunted the eggs, and built a fire, and skimmed the milk, and cooked three pans of sour milk and made some cottage cheese, and had my jelly cake partly done, when the Granger came back, his cart loaded with meat and grapes, and Dolly under a large sun hat as pretty and sweet as ever in a dainty white blouse, and all her skirts rustling as if they had come from a French laundry. In a twinkling she had her gloves off and her arms in the four-barrel and began mixing up piecrust without waiting or asking questions. And I admired her so much that I couldn't help putting my arm around her slim waist and giving her a good hug as I brought her a can of berries for the pies.

Our supper was a success. The biscuits were light, and the steak was tender, and everything just right, and Dolly and I stepped out into the cool of the evening to congratulate ourselves while the men filed into the lighted dining-room. Willie managed to spy me and came to give me his hand before going in. Dolly slipped behind me with her hand in mine as he came up, and I could see his face light up with pleasure at her pretty, modest action as he said: "And Miss Dunton, too; how shy you are!" She gave him her hand and said nothing, and when he went in she was still as a mouse by my side.

"Are you tired, Dolly?" I said.

"O dear me! no. I am so glad to come and help."

It was after nine o'clock before we had all the work done that night, though Willie insisted on coming in and wiping the dishes for Dolly, although I begged him not to trouble himself.

Then we took time after supper to have a few songs at the organ while the men sat outside in the moonlight to listen. But Willie and Dolly kept making mistakes over my shoulder—said they couldn't see the words; so I sent Dolly to bed and ordered Willie out of the house. He rushed back to thank me for a very pleasant evening. I was tired, and I fear Dolly was too, for as she stood in the stairway with the lamp in her hand to bid us good night I thought her eyes were over-brilliant and her cheeks too red.

Willie went home before dinner the next day, and as Dolly looked tired and dispirited in the afternoon, I let her go home too, and prepared the supper, the last meal for the men, myself. Then I had extra scrubbing and housecleaning to do, and I was just getting rested when the Granger took a notion to go over to Farmerton, about thirty miles distant, to visit several families of relatives we had there. He said he wanted to trade buggy-teams with a man over there, so we had best take the buggy and go over. So I had to look over our visiting clothes, and starch and iron our dusters, and cook up a lot for the hired man to eat while we were gone. So I hadn't any time to think of my novel then, and after we came home from our week's trip I was very tired for a few days, and then some friends came and spent a week with us, and then, before I knew it, County Fair came on, and we had promised to go, on account of the exclusion of bars by the temperance folks. I exhibited my grandmother's quilt, some old lace, and some canned fruit, and it all took time. We drove eighteen miles and staid three days, and when we came home from that, everything we had was dirty or needed fixing over, so that the winter-seeding commenced on the farm and we began to have three hearty meals a day before I had any time to think of my poor neglected novel. But Willie went to the County Fair with us, and I took Dolly along too; and I noticed that he was growing more of a gentleman every day, so kind and honest and upright.

With the Ladies' Aid Society in town, and Dolly's lessons, and the winter flannels to make, I was busy for awhile, but I managed to get time for a little writing; so I fell to work describing Miriam Grey. She was a charming girl, pure and gentle and refined, and well-read; but thus far in life she had put her whole soul into her musical studies. I felt that now she needed an experience to find a soul; so I thought I would have them meet in Munich after their meeting at my house, she as a student of music, he as an American traveler, and