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|----------------------------------|---|
| Ear-lobes and Wattles, | 8 |
| Neck, | 5 |
| Back, | 5 |
| Breast and Body, | 5 |
| Wings, | 5 |
| Tail, | 5 |
| Legs, | 5 |

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To Young Fanciers.

Our first word is to you. There are many of you on our list, and we number you not only as readers, but as correspondents and friends. It is to you we look to uphold the honor of the fancy, to keep its future free from mark of dishonesty.—Your fancy as you carry it out, will show your character, and using that fancy as a guide, you can mark your failures for better work. Our first advice to you is: Whatever you do, do well. Let it be quality, not quantity. Find just what your time and means and place will permit you to do thoroughly, then there fix your limit. Leave always a margin for possibilities. Fix in your mind that success is the reward of labor and patience. Do your very best, then and then only, "trust to luck." Above all things, keep a note-book and a cash account. Do not load your mind with anything that can be carried in your coat pocket.—Keep mind and brain free to tussle with hard problems and solve knotty questions. These will come up, and it is the answering and the hard thinking and study that arrives at the correct solution, that makes this fancier business a benefit to you. In your poultry, pigeons or pets, don't rest with the money value. Do not make the almighty dollar the sole result to be attained. Look beyond; get at the science, the nature of the things. You have a wonderful power given you. You can fashion and form and color a bird or beast almost as you will, but you cannot make one atom of its texture. Given the crude materials of the world, you could not fashion one feather; you might picture one, but as the picture differs from the reality, so your work in all things falls short of nature. You can *take* the breath of life, but you cannot *give* it. You *mould*, but you cannot *create*. Do you ever realize the power that is given you? You are to these animals, whatever they may be, greater than the first monarch of the land. You are a sovereign despot. You hold the power of life and death.—You may give them freedom, or sell them into bondage. You may be a benefactor, a patron saint, or a Nero. You have a field for the full exercise of all evil, or an opportunity to allow the goodness that is in you to expand into such generous growth that your living shall be filled by it. Take it as your thought, that you have lives and feelings en-

trusted to you. Be more kind to the dumb and the dependent, than you would be had they words and strength to rise against you.

One word let us suggest about advertising. You may offer stock for sale that you may *think* the best. Be sure you are right, before you *call* it so. If chance offers to obtain the opinion of some old fancier upon your birds, ask him as a kindness to show you their bad points as well as their good. If that may not be, take every opportunity for comparison with other stock, and whether comparison is made with life or by book, be honest to yourself. Let the perfect bird be the standard you weigh by. Measure your stock by perfection; don't try to whittle the perfection down to your stock, then call each full measure.

It is well sometimes to get out of a rut and to look down upon it. How differently we would seem if we could look at ourselves and our actions without knowing the motives that excuse so much to us, and the desires that actuate us. If your birds were in so nobody's else loft, and you did not know each beauty and each fault—if you could look at them as a whole, and not in minutiae, how differently they would appear to you. Try to cultivate a broad, generous view. Try to be unprejudiced. Let your fancy, whatever it may be, raise you, to strength in the forming of your character, that shall show in your life.

Do not let Art win you from Nature. Art's greatest achievement is to simulate Nature that the difference shall not be detected. So go direct to the fountain head. Accustom yourself to use your eyes and ears. Once learn to read Nature's book, and the flimsy trash and seductive tales of Art will appear to you as the rhymes of Mother Goose sound to your cultivated ear. Whatever you undertake, carry it out to the end. Do not rest until you know all that is to be known concerning it. You will be wonder-stricken, sometimes, may be discouraged, at the questions a single query will arouse. A man found a bird track in the sandstone. It puzzled him, and as he was one unaccustomed to defeat, the feeling that he could not explain it, annoyed him. "A simple bird track in the stone to puzzle me, and I made in the image of God!" He resolved to know about it; and to settle with himself the what and when of that simple mark, he found he must almost master two sciences, Ornithology and Geology. You can skim the surface for drift wood, or you can dive to the depths for pearls. Which is better?—*Fancier's Journal*.

A GOOD TURKEY.—Mr. Jas. Main, of Trafalgar, had a Bronze gobbler on exhibition at O. P. S. show, London, which weighed forty-two pounds. It, with mate, were awarded 1st prize.