

concealed in some remote chamber or closet, leave only a little heap of feathers to tell their fate.

One wind" night in the early spring, soon after the arrival of the chimney swallows, a rare spectacle was presented. Literally hundreds of these dusky coated little travellers were swept by the wind down the broad, old fashioned chimneys, and bed chambers, halls, parlours, passages all were teeming with their presence. Perched upon furniture, crouched upon floors, or clinging to curtains, wherever the eye was turned, there were the frightened and involuntary invaders. Long brooms were had in requisition, and they were swept in flocks through the windows.

Masons and wasps by the thousands and tens of thousands, congregate about the southern windows in the autumn, and the floors of unused store rooms are sometimes inches deep in the accumulation of dismembered legs and wings.

The house is very long, and surrounded by many porches and balconies, which are shaded by huge old trees. A very handsomely furnished parlor opens upon one of these balconies, and upon one occasion an attendant going to decorate a tall marble vase touched something cold and soft lying in the bottom of the vase, and there was discovered an enormous black snake. It had evidently descended from the branches of the tree to the balcony, and thence crawled through the open window into the vase, rejoicing no doubt, to find an abode so much resembling its native rock house amid such rich surroundings of silk covered furniture and damask curtains.

But the strangest feathered visitor which ever selected its haunts at Elmwood is the wonderful little white bird, which first appeared in the autumn of 1833. The approach to the house leads up through the bottom of a ravine, and the road is bordered by several thickets of shrubbery. At the foot of the ravine a bold spring flows from beneath a bank, and this spring is shaded by a very large cedar. This cedar and the thickets along the road leading to the house are the favorite resorts of our winter visitor. In size and shape the bird resembles a snow bird somewhat, but it is more slender and more erect in carriage. Its plumage is solid white, without a colored feather. The rare beauty of the white bird attracts the attention of every beholder. During the winter of 1833 and 1834 strict orders were given to all the boys on the premises not to injure the bird, but a reward was offered for its capture alive. All attempts to effect the latter object have failed, however, although the bird seemed rather tame and associated constantly with the sparrows and snow birds. Late in the spring it disappeared, but after our summer birds had commenced building. This winter it has returned, clad in a still more dazzling robe of white since its moult. Its plumage really seems to be as white as that of the white fantail. It has never been very close to the house; but has been seen inside of the grounds. It is the object of much curiosity and interest on the farm, and constant efforts are made for its protection. Its greatest persecutor is an old English mocking bird which lives in the big cedar over the spring, and wages constant war upon all the little birds which come to the spring to drink. He is often defeated, however, by the cunning dodgers, which plunge into one part of the thick branches, while

their enemy is vainly exploring their places of concealment in an opposite direction.

My letter being sufficiently long must come to a close. I might mention various other specimens attracted by the quiet and seclusions of Elmwood, which would afford interest to the student of natural history: the flying squirrel vibrating between the garrats and the hollows of the trees in the yard, the grey squirrel in an empty attic, the owl living in the deserted dove cote, the large woodpecker rearing its family in the hollow cornice of the roof, the—but really these are enough.

P. S. HUNTER,

Lloyds, Va., Jany. 28th 1885.

### Feeding Chickens.

Rev. C. D. Farrar, in *Poultry* gives the following advice on the care and feeding of chickens:—

As soon as a brood of chickens is hatched I take them with the hen and pen them all in a nice dry covered run with an earth floor. They have there far more liberty than in a coop, and so does the unfortunate hen. (I always think the hen must think the coop a very ungrateful return for her long captivity during hatching.) The chickens in this method never gets trampled on, and they grow far finer and more healthy birds.

Of course they must have green food in abundance. I find nothing better than chopped grass. Chickens are also immoderately fond of chickweed, and when bigger they heartily appreciate a cabbage hung up securely to a nail just at pecking height.

If my readers have the good fortune to possess a grass run, of course the chickens will be allowed out for a few hours' run in turn daily.

Take care, however, if you live in the suburbs, to stay in the garden while they are about, otherwise you will find that when the muster roll is called at night one or two little unfortunates will not answer to their names. Your neighbor's cat will be able to tell you why.

Cats are a perfect pest in suburban gardens. I often find four or five in my place, and during the early chicken season they are the terror of my life.

### Pickling Eggs.

Editor Review.

DEAR SIR,—Will you please give through your valuable journal a receipt for pickling eggs.

SUBSCRIBER.

Brampton, May 5th, 1885.

The following is the method of preserving eggs which is practised by large dealers:

"To make the pickle, use stone lime, fine salt and water in the following proportions: One bushel of lime, eight quarts of salt, 25 ten-quart pails of water. The lime must be of the finest quality, free from sand and dirt—lime that will slake white, fine and clean. Have the salt clean, and the water pure and sweet, free from all vegetable or decomposed matter.

"Slake the lime with a portion of the water, then add the balance of the water and the salt. Stir well three or four times at intervals, and then let it stand until well settled and cold. Either dip or draw off the clear pickle into the cask or vat in which it is intended to preserve the eggs. When the cask or vat is filled to a depth of 15 to 18 inches, begin to put in the eggs, and when they lie, say about one foot deep, spread around over them some pickle that is a little milky in appearance, made so by stirring up some of the very light lime particles that settle last, and continue doing this as each lot of eggs is