

Poultry Yard.

Gapes in Chickens.

I will next mention a disease common to chickens at an early age—I mean the gapes. These are caused by numerous small worms in the throat. The best way I know of getting rid of them, is to take a hen's tail-feather, strip it to within an inch of the end, put it down the chicken's throat, twist it sharply round several times, and draw it quickly out: the worms will be found entangled in the feathers. When this is not effectual in removing them, if the tip of the feather be dipped in turpentine, it will kill them, but it must be put down the windpipe, not the gullet. I have always thought these are got from impure water, and I have been informed by a gentleman who inquires closely into those things, that having placed some of the worms taken from the throat of a chicken, and some from the bottom of a water-but where rain had remained for a long time, in a microscope, he found them identical. I have never met with gapes, where fowls had a running stream to water at. Camphor is perhaps the best cure there is for gapes, and if some is constantly kept in the water they drink, they take it readily. This has been most successful.

There is also another description of gapes, arising probably from internal fever; I have found meal, mixed with milk and salts, a good remedy. They are sometimes caused by a hard substance at the tip of the tongue; in this case, remove it sharply with the thumb-nail, and let it bleed freely. A gentleman mentioned this to me who had met with it in an old French writer on poultry. Sometimes a fowl will droop almost suddenly, after being in perfect health; if caught directly, it will be found it has eaten something that has hardened in the crop; pour plenty of warm water down the throat, and loosen the food till it is soft, then give a tablespoonful of castor oil, or about as much jalap as will lay on a ten cent piece, mixed in butter; make a pill of it, and slide it into the crop; the fowl will be well in the morning. Cayenne pepper, or chalk, or both, mixed with meal, are the best remedy for scouring.—*Wülkes' Spirit.*

WHAT OUR COTTAGERS LOSE.—During the year 1861 we paid, upon an average, from £60,000 to £70,000 a month for foreign eggs.—*English Paper.*

TURKEYS BURIED UNDER SNOW.—A man of my acquaintance—and I have no reason to dispute his veracity—tells me that during the severe snow and cold of last winter, he had turkeys lay buried in the drifts four weeks, with nothing within their reach but snow that they could eat, and they came out alive, and did well afterwards, though very poor on being found.—*Cor. of Country Gentleman.*

EGG-HATCHING MACHINE.—The *Dallarat Star* thus refers to an egg-hatching machine, imported from France by Dr. Schmidt, of Clunac:—"The machine, which is capable of hatching 50 eggs per month, is about three feet square, and is so constructed that there is an equal heat kept up in the whole of it, by means of a small lamp fixed beneath. The eggs are contained in a lot of little drawers. It is the owner's intention to construct large ovens on the same principle, for the purpose of carrying on the business of egg-hatching; and we are informed that he has applied to the Board of Land and Works, for a lease of 30 acres of land, in the neighbourhood of the Clunac cricket-ground, under the novel industries clause, to enable him to rear fowls of every description, on an extensive scale. Whether the Government will regard this as a truly novel industry or not, remains to be seen; but in anticipation of obtaining the land, operations will probably be shortly commenced upon it, in the erection of the ovens, which will be built large enough to hatch 5000 eggs per month."

POULTRY MANAGEMENT IN FRANCE.—In some districts of France the farmers appropriate rooms called "cuvors" for their sitting hens, round which are laid planks raised on tressels about 18 inches from the ground; on these planks are placed little baskets of osier, close made at bottom and round the sides, but with widely barred tops; each of these baskets contain one hen. Some of these cuvors are adapted to hold from 300 to 400 hens; which are all taken off at intervals to feed, and to have their legs washed and cleansed. The hens are generally set in lots of from 6 to 10, so that at hatching time the broods may be increased or diminished, according to the success of each hen. The coops in use for the broods are large, and a hen is often allowed from 15 to 24 chickens. As fast as the chickens are hatched they are taken with the hen that is selected to act as mother to them to an orchard or enclosed space, and are there fed and tended until big enough to shift for themselves.—*Genesee Farmer.*

HOME-MADE GUANO.—I have a snug little hen house in which I keep a dozen hens. Here they always roost, and spend a part of every day. The bottom consists of a layer of clay, beat hard and smooth. Every summer I have a load of peat or good loam placed by the side of the building. After the manure has been taken out in the spring, I spread a layer of peat or loam about two inches deep over the bottom, and once in about two weeks I repeat this operation, placing it somewhat deeper directly under the roof. In the spring, a day or two before using it, I shovel it over and work it fine with a hoe, throwing it into a heap. Thus I have a good load of the kind of manure that I want to start early peas, lettuce and radishes, and perhaps some left for sweet corn, and a few in lots of early potatoes, and a little bed of tomatoes. These I set in an open frame, covering them at night with a piece of m'iting. This costs nothing but a few hours' work, and ensures a good supply of early vegetables for the table. In addition to this pleasure, if there is a wheelbarrow load left, my wife and daughter are sure to coax it into their flower bed; and I wish, Mr. Editor, you could see how it makes the crocuses, tulips, pansies and balsams blush and sparkle.—*Economy, in New England Farmer.*

The Household.

Skeletonising Leaves.

"What are you doing so mysteriously, Mary," asked Madon, "with that pan of very dirty-looking water?"

"I am trying to make skeleton leaves," she replied.

"Oh, I remember, Mr. Hope said something about our trying that; but it has been forgotten, for we have found so very much to do this summer. I never felt so busy in my life."

"It is too late in the year now," said Mary.

"Then why are you trying, if it is too late?"

"Oh, I began more than six weeks ago, and this is only part of the method."

"Do tell us all about it," asked Margaret, "and then we can try it next year."

"I shall be very glad to tell you, and show you all I can. I procured this large earthen pan, and put into it a quantity of leaves. At first I thought any kind of leaves would do, but Mr. Sinclair told me that those of the oak, chestnut, elm, sycamore, and walnut, which I thought would all make pretty skeletons, had so much resin in them, that they would not decay themselves, and they would also prevent other leaves, that were mixed with them, decaying, because the resinous quality in them would affect the water; so I had to throw all those away, and lost some time. He then advised me as to the choice of leaves, and seed-vessels also, which must be gathered just before the seed is ripe. He wrote me out a list of leaves, and Harry and I gathered a quantity of those we could procure."

"Do tell us what they were."

"The leaves we gathered were those of the poplar, lime, tulip tree, the apple, pear, apricot, orange, lemon, box, ivy, holly, magnolia, and passion flower. Then we added the calyxes of several plants, as the nicandra, campanula, dictamnus, mallow, poppy, and several more; and also a few stalks of cabbage, flax, hemp, and singing-nettle. We procured a good quantity of each, as that helps the decay."

"What did you do then?"

"We put them all into the pan, and poured a quantity of boiling soft water over them."

"Why boiling water?"

"Mr. Sinclair told us it would destroy the vitality, as he called it, and hasten the process. Then gardener put the pan on the top of this low out-house to be out of the way of the fowls, and that it might be exposed to the sun and rain."

"But did not the water dry up soon?"

"No; the rain filled the pan again several times; and Harry used to get up once a week and stir it. Now gardener has taken it down for me, as I believe in six weeks some of the leaves are ready."

"And what are you going to do now? They look so messy and discoloured, that I cannot imagine anything pretty being made of them."

"I will try one," and Mary put her hand into the discoloured water, and drew out a tulip-tree leaf, which was already showing some of its fibrous formation, the green part having decayed, and partly fallen away into the water; this leaf she held carefully by the stalk, under the tap of the butt. The stream of water quickly washed away all the remaining fleshy decayed green part, and left the leaf a skeleton, to the great delight of the girls; then placing it carefully in some clean water, Mary tried another leaf with the same result. Now and then one gave them

more trouble, being so tender that the force of the water broke it all to pieces; then Mary remembered Mr. Sinclair had told her that in this case she should lay the leaf on a little piece of board, and holding the two together, between her finger and thumb, the stream of water would run over and through the leaf, without breaking it. Some they found, even after this process, had little bits of green substance, which would not come away; when it would not yield at all, even after being carefully rubbed with the finger, they returned that leaf to the pan to be soaked some days, or a week, longer. The process interested and amused them very much, and they had a good quantity of tolerable specimens thoroughly cleared of all the fleshy part, and were beginning to think of leaving off, when Herbert and Harry returned from their morning studies, and joined them. Herbert, who knew what Mary was going to do that morning, had asked Mr. Sinclair what was to be done to bleach the leaves, and had been told what to procure at the chemist's in the village, on his way home, and how he was to manage the process.

They now returned to the house, and went to the boys' play-room, anxious to see the whole. Herbert procured a hat-box, and tying some of the skeleton leaves to strings across the top, and placing some sulphur, which he set on fire, in a cup at the bottom, he shut down the lid, and left it closed for the sulphur to bleach the leaves, which it would do gradually. On some of them he tried another experiment; he had procured a little diluted chloride of lime, and also chloride of soda; these he poured into separate shallow vessels, and immersed some of the leaves in each for a few minutes, and the party had the great pleasure of seeing the skeletons gradually lose their dirty appearance, and become very white.—*Churchman's Family Magazine.*

Help Father!

"My hands are so stiff I can hardly hold a pen," said farmer Wilber, as he sat down to 'figure out' some accounts, that were getting behind hand.

"Could I help you, father?" said Lucy, laying down her bright crochet work. "I should be glad to, if I only knew what you wished written."

"Well, I should'nt wonder if you could, Lucy," he said, reflectively. "Pretty good at figures, are you?"

"It would be a fine story if I did not know something of them, after going twice through the arithmetic," said Lucy, laughing.

"Well, I can show you in five minutes what I have to do, and it'll be a powerful help if you can do it for me; I never was a master-hand at accounts in my best days, and it does not grow any easier, as I can see, since I put on specs."

Very patiently did the helpful daughter plod through the long, dull, lines of figures, leaving the gay worsted work to lie idle all the evening, though she was in such haste to finish her scarf. It was reward enough to see her tired father, who had been toiling all day for herself, and the other dear ones, sitting so cozily in his easy chair, enjoying his weekly paper, as it can only be enjoyed in a country home, where news from the great world beyond comes seldom, and is eagerly sought for.

The clock struck nine, before her task was over, but the hearty "thank you, daughter, a thousand times," took away all sense of weariness.

"It's rather looking up, where a man can have an amanuensis," said the father. "It is not every farmer that can afford it."

"Nor every farmer's daughter that is capable of making one," said mother, with a little pardonable maternal pride.

"Nor every one that would be willing, if they were able," said Mr. Wilber—which last was a sad truth. How many daughters might be of use to their fathers, in this and many other ways, who never think of lightening a care or labor! If asked to perform some little service, it is done at best with a reluctant step, and an unwilling air, which robs it of all sunshine or claim to gratitude.

Girls, help your father: give him a cheerful home to rest in, when evening comes, and do not worry his life away by fretting, because he cannot afford you all the luxuries you covet. Such a home atmosphere tends more than anything else, to produce a hard, morose character, which must ever make old age unlovely, and uncomfortable. Children exert as great an influence on their parents, as parents do on their children.—*E. L. M., in Country Gentleman.*

A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE.—Have a large pin-cushion with a pocket at one end, and hang it near your fire-place, with a threaded needle in it, a few pins, cotton, thimble, scissors, buttons and tape. By this easy plan many a button and string will be sewed on, which would otherwise be neglected.—*Ex.*