

"Born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

They were destined to make a record; the gateway was opened and they went forth to "multiply and replenish the earth." The doctor's coachman disposed of enough eggs to plant the seed. From this very source all modern Javas descended. From a pair or trio to build upon they increased in numbers, some of which were brought into New York State about twenty years since, after which time all trace of them in Missouri is lost. The progeny was divided among neighbors and friends, some of whom retained it in purity, while many crossed it with other fowls, and soon lost sight of the original stock. All true Javas of the present day—all standard Javas wherever they may be found—descend from that wing of the original stock that was brought into New York State. There is not a breeder of Javas now living, unless in obscurity, who has any right to the claim of their origin. So many questions are constantly asked regarding them that I wish to present what facts are most needed in order to satisfy the demand, and here I desire to state that *not one of us* who are known as Java breeders had anything to do—directly or indirectly—with their origin. The above facts are all that we possess, and here we must let the case rest.

It is now nearly a decade since the fowls in question were first seen in the show room, knocking at the door of the *Standard* for admission. For more than twice that length of time they had been bred by farmers and cottagers, usually receiving the attention bestowed upon fowls by those who consider them a necessary evil. Fortunately a few of their possessors selected vigorous birds for breeding stock. While pleading with the A. P. A. for recognition, other new breeds stood in a like attitude, some of which were endorsed by the leading lights in the fraternity. Javas came unaided. No orators accompanied them to sound their praises; no lobbyist to manipulate the wires that could draw them in. They stood and won on merit alone. They met with such universal favor that a committee—appointed in 1880 by the president—perfected a standard for them, which was adopted at the meeting of the A. P. A. in 1881, and may be found in the new *Standard*.

My first introduction to them, except in the show room, was the result of having been appointed chairman of the above named committee. In this capacity I was obliged to see them *at home*. When their home was reached I found a very vigorous, active lot of fowls. I wondered how so much vitality and activity could be manifested in birds that had been bred in-and-in for so many years; then I remembered that most of our breeds

were crosses, and that in order to follow any one type we must select from different families of the same stock. That is just what has been done with Javas. I was also much astonished to see the carelessness manifested in mating and breeding

Javas were running in the door-yard and Mot-tled fowls in the barn-yard adjoining. Sufficient precaution to keep them apart had been neglected, and on several occasions during my short visit, I noticed one of each kind in the wrong yard, Red feathers and white feathers were to be seen in the breeding pen, and crooked combs had always been considered harmless. A pen of Dominiques was kept in close proximity to the Javas, the result of which was occasionally shown in the progeny of the latter, as they, too, would sometimes get in the wrong yard. I protested against this careless way of breeding, but my caution was unheeded. I was told that some of the best birds were bred from parents having red or white feathers. Notwithstanding this manifest carelessness, I could see intrinsic merit in their make-up. I discovered valuable in-bred qualities that might be perpetuated and improved by carefully culling, killing and mating.

My experience with them since has verified my first impressions. In my long experience with nearly every thing in the line of domestic fowls, I have never found a breed better adapted to close quarters, or one that would resist the attacks of disease in every form with more fortitude. Occasionally I have seen one attacked with roup, consequent upon exposure while attending shows, and in every case, some of which were severe, a few days' time and simple remedies effected a permanent cure. When we consider this, and the fact that they have been bred-in for over twenty-five years, we cannot fail to credit them with sterling worth.

None are better calculated to adapt themselves to the wants of him who desires, in his poultry, an automatic machine that will manufacture eggs and chickens unaided and uncared for, yet I hope they may never fall into such unworthy hands. They are certainly adapted to the farmer who gives his fowls free range and good quarters, one who desires the most profit in eggs and flesh. No better choice can be made by him who has only a small yard and likes a combination of beauty and utility, and who does not want a kind that is always in his neighbor's yard.

The color is rich, lustrous black, with that beautiful green shading so desirable; comb single, shanks black, approaching willow, free from feathers. The bottoms of the feet are always yellow, corresponding with the color of the skin. When served on the table the flesh does not present that objectionable dark color common to Spanish and