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## About the Farm.

### The Hen.

By Edmund Vonce Cooke.

We got a hen, we have, en he lays eggs. He's lame because he only has two legs, His front legs are just feathers, en he flies.

If you chase him. Anyhow, he tries, En flops en flops away up in the air, En falls up on the back fence, or anywhere.

We got a claw-cat, en he's got four legs, But he's so lazy he won't lay no eggs Ner nothin'. He can fly right up the bark.

Of trees, en nights, when it's all dark, He stays outdoors en hollers like he's cryin'.

En I p'tend to suster he's a lion A-snoopin' round to eat us in our bed, Till we git scared en cover up our head.

Our chicky-hen has got two teeth that sticks.

Out of the front end of his face en picks Up worms en bugs en ever'thing. En then.

He swallers 'em. I'm glad I ain't a hen En eat old, nasty worms. En I bet I'm glad I ain't a worm, too, to be et!

poultry instructor in Wisconsin for twelve years and don't know you can't poison a fowl?" Well, if I had been tapped on the head with a policeman's club I would not have been much worse stunned. I asked him many questions in regard to the matter, to all of which he emphatically replied that, owing to the slow process of digestion it had to go through before reaching the vitals, the strength of the poison was exhausted, it being absorbed through the system with but little detriment to the bird. This, indeed, was a revelation to me. I asked him how much for the information and he again smiled. At any rate I thought I had learned something, but about how much the reader will see by the following experiment:

I abandoned my trip to the laboratory, but instead I resolved to satisfy myself if the learned veterinarian were right. However, I would like to say that in the meantime I ran across another learned veterinarian and after relating to him what I intended to do and of my resolution to experiment, he gave it as his opinion that one could poison with arsenic or all arsenical poisons, such as Paris Green, etc., but that he doubted whether we could poison with strychnine. Thus the reader will see that I had to subject the lives of three



In Healthy Pasture.

Our claw-cat he can't rilly fly, because He's got to have some place to put his claws, But if he was a robin bird he'd fly Clear to the moon, 'way upstairs, in the sky.

A rooster ain't a hen. He just p'tends To be. He's got a feather-duster where ne enus.

En p'raps it gits made over when he's done.

With it, 'cause our old hen has got a worn-out one!

### Poisoning Poultry.

The past season I had reasons for suspecting that some of my young stock had been poisoned, as quite a number died in a very peculiar manner and, having found a little feed at a distance from two of my colonies, my suspicions were aroused. As has always been my practice through life, I resolved to be certain of the peculiar deaths, so held a post-mortem with but little satisfaction. However, I took out the whole digestive and intestinal tract and with the food I found boxed them up and started for a laboratory, but while waiting for an interurban car I came across an old friend who was a veterinarian, to whom I related my little story and the cause of my suspicious trip. He listened attentively until I had finished, then simply smiled and said: "What, you been a

birds to the experiment in order to be certain about the matter, and although it grieved me to think that I must subject these chicks to such a torture for mere experimental work, yet I could see no other way out. I must be put right on this matter, especially when doctors disagree as these had. Furthermore, I must say that I slightly doubted the correctness of both, for I could not believe for a moment that such a powerful poison as strychnine could be administered without a heavy mortality.

I captured three of my most worthless young birds, placed them in separate boxes with screen on the top, kept them there until quite hungry so they would take the poison with a relish, having a dish of water only, and the poison was administered with moistened bread crumbs and rolled oats. The dose was what would lay nicely on the point of a penknife, mixed dry into the feed and moistened slightly before giving. Each took their medicine to a finish, and just how long it took to kill the one the strychnine was given to I am unable to say, for it was dead when I first visited it, which was in about half an hour after the poison was given. With the other two, given arsenic and Paris Green, respectively, they died in about three hours, the Paris Green taking a little longer than the arsenic. They both died in great agony.

Thus it will be seen that both veterinarians were wrong, especially my old friend who said fowls were absolutely immune from all poison. This I hope