

A little band of cloth is fitted to the exact shape of the egg, so that when the whole is submitted to the flame of the candle or lamp, the cloth prevents the rays from striking the eyes of the operator, and the whole light is concentrated on the egg."

"The instrument is used as follows: taking the ovoscope in the right hand, with the thumb on the fluting of the cup,



Fig 1.—The Ovoscope.

hold it upright before a candle, as near as possible to the flame; then place the egg in the cup, thick end upwards, and turn it gently round, pressing, at the same time, with the right thumb, on the flutings of the cup. If the egg has been sat up, the germ, which, is not unlike a spider in shape, will be distinctly visible.

To understand this description, consult fig. 1. The

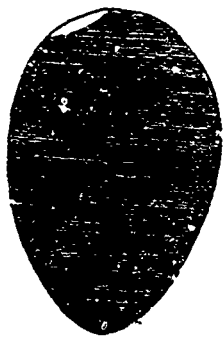


Fig. 2.—Egg perfectly fresh.

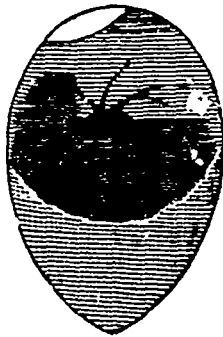


Fig. 3.—Egg after three days' incubation.

Engraving 2 represents the perfectly fresh egg as seen in the ovoscope, and 3 shows an egg that has been sat upon for three days.

With this instrument the choice of eggs for preserving is no

longer difficult. And this is not its only advantage, for with it, three days after setting a hen, it is easy to see which of her eggs are barren. All those that do not show the spider-like germ (fig. 3) should be rejected and replaced by others—it will not be too late.

The instrument is so simple, and the description by M. Voitellier so clear, that any ordinary turner could make one for a mere trifle.  
J. C. CHAPUIS.

### A British Dairy School.

See what the British farmer has to bear, even from his friends! I am afraid our tempers would be sorely tried, if the truth were told us about our faults in such uncompromising terms.

"Almost every fresh fact, and almost all discussion, tends to prove that the British agricultural future must lie more and more in the direction of dairy products. In that direction the case is different almost to every other. In others we are undersold; but in butter, and often in cheese, the British producer is beaten in the race by foreigners, who manage to displace him at a higher price. There is a market for him at even better prices than he gets at present, if he will only send to market a produce good enough to deserve it. If foreign conditions gave foreign producers any advantage, there would be nothing more to be said. But it is not so. British pastures, and British milk, and the cool British climate, are capable of producing the very best butter and cheese in the world; and that any better should displace these in our own markets, is simply owing to an ignorance and carelessness which has got behind other nations. In this field, at least, British farmers are beaten simply and solely because they deserve to be; and they must continue to be beaten until they deserve better success by the same methods which give France and Denmark theirs." *Live Stock Journal.* (Eng.)

Like the horse, the cow enters into fairy lore. According to a legend current in Carmarthenshire, there was in days gone by a band of elfin ladies who used to haunt a lake in the neighbourhood of Aberdovey. They usually appeared at dusk, clad in green, accompanied by their milk-white hounds and their droves of beautiful white kine. One day an old farmer had the good luck to catch one of these mystic cows, which had fallen in love with the cattle of his herd. From that day the farmer's fortune was made. Such calves, such milk, such butter and cheese as came from the milkwhite cow had never been seen in Wales before. The farmer, therefore, soon became rich, and the owner of vast herds. One day, however, he took it into his head that the elfin cow was getting old, and that he had better fatten her for market. On the day appointed for its slaughter people came from all sides to see this wonderful animal; but as the butcher's bludgeon was severing its head a fearful shriek resounded through the air, and the astonished assemblage beheld a green lady crying with a loud voice—

"Come, yellow anvil, stray horns,  
Speckled one of the lake,  
And of the hornless Dodin,  
Arise, come home."

Whereupon not only did the elfin cow arise and go home, but all her progeny went with her, disappearing in the air over the hill-tops. Only one cow remained of all the farmer's herds, and, lo! she had turned from milky-white to raven black. The farmer, in a fit of despair, drowned himself, and the black cow became the progenitor of the existing race of Welsh black cattle.