WILLAMETTE FARMER: SALEM, OREGON, APRIL 30 1886

foultry.

GEO, D. GOODHUE, EDITOR.

We have never found any good in setting a hen on the damp ground. The best hatches we have ever had have been in the hay mow, right in the dryest season of the year.

It would be better for some of the farmers to buy a nice trio of fowls for their boys than to give them money to spend in useless gugaws which does them no earthly good whatever.

Poultry and eggs in the Northwest has about reached its lowest figures. The supply is now nominal and many breeders who started in the businss some three years ago on a large scale, and many in a reckless manner and with but little experience have closed their large establishments and are only breeding as the market demands. This is as it should be. By another year we expect to see good table fowls sell at from four to seven dollars per dozen, and eggs not less than fifteen cents per dozen. Now is the time to hold on to the poultry business, and keep what you do, keep well.

ARTIFICIAL--RAISED CHICKENS.

We have been asked so many ques tions about chickens hatched and raised artificially, that we are almost compelled to give our ideas and experience with artificial incubation. Some four years ago we were hatching and raising large numbers of chickens, and of course, like many other poultry men we must have an incubator; and we run it for three years and gave the business a fair test. We will say here that the most of incubators manufactured is a fair success. There is as much nearly in the management of them while in operation as there is in the good and bad qualities of the several patent machines-much depends on the operator. But the mere hatching of the eggs is not all that makes artificial incubation a success. From the time the chicks are free from their prison cell until they are six to ten weeks old they must be kept in brooders or artificial mothers. During this period of their life they grow remarkably fast, but they are like some tender house plant or like hot house vegetables-nice when they are confined within the glass house, but when taken out and exposed to open air they soon wither. For market pursoses when killed at about two or three months old they are very fine. To hatch and raise chickens for market purposes we may call the artificial plan a fair success. We have also raised fine show birds from incubator hatching. When they are about four months old they show very fine. For laying or breeding purposes we have never been successful. After they become fully matured they seem to loose their vigor. They have a pale and sickly appearance and are very short lived. We are of the firm belief that while a hen is setting she imparts a certain amount the general-purpose breed. It is claimof constitutional vigor to the chicks. We do not believe that heat and moisture will bring an embryo chick into variety now well established in this natural maturity. We have always observed in all young chicks that they were to a certain extent as the hen that brought them to life. A very wild hen will bring off a brood of very wild hen one of the most popular breeds in exchickens, while a quiet and gentle one they are hardy and healthy, and as a will bring off a brood a good deal after her disposition, showing plainly that a hen has much to do with the vital and They combine more good qualities and characteristic powers of her brood. In less poor ones than any other known conclusion we have summed up that in. breed. cubators are valuable for hatching chicks for market purposes only.

played out politician. Some persons are always successful in the poultry business, no matter what their life pursuit is, but the majority who undertake the poultry business are not. It is not any more so with fowl breeding than it is with any kind of stock. Out of the one hundred breeders who undertake to handle stock, perhaps five or ten will be successful. The successful breeder hangs on, no amount of disappointment or loss ruffles his temper or gives him cause to quit the business. A breeder is natural born, and he is successful just as an artist is to paint, or a musician is to sing or handle the keys of an instrument. It is not much wonder we see so many breeders fail; they have chosen a business that to them seems all "poetry," all profit with little expense. There must be something more than pecuniay gain for any person to be a successful breeder. Profits alone does not give him a reputation. The faculty of breeding is not bought with money. It is made a success of by those who have a fondness and attachment for it. This class will always be found at their post through thick and thin. While the enthusiastic has wound up his business, the true breeder continues on through the dull times and is quietly preparing for the future. These are the breeders who reap the rich rewards and grow gray in the business of a breeder.

PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

There is some pleasure in caring for a bevy of fine fowls. It costs no more to raise them after one once has a start. than it does mongrels. We spend large sums of money in ornamental flowers, in ornamental household goods, and expensive clothing. All of this is no pecuniary gain, only a gratification taste. But the majority of people when asked why they do not buy a few fine fowls, say, I don't see any money in it. Why not take the same view of one as another? Is there any money in an ornamental flower garden? Is there any money in buying a Brussells carpet at three dollars a yard, when a good rag carpet can be bought for about fourfifths less? Why buy a six hundred dollar piano, when one can be bought for three-fourths less. Nine-tenths of our wealthy people are doing this very thing. But to pay five dollars for a fine fowl that gives both pleasure and profit to its owner, is looked down by a great majority of the wealthy as throwing away money.

The Essex Strain of Plymouth Rocks.

Among the many fine breeds of domestic fowls raised now-a-days by poultry men generally, the Plymouth Rocks appear to hold a very prominent position. This very popular breed is a fowl of American origin, and a variety of which we may justly feel proud; they are yearly becoming more and more popular as their merits become known. The Essex strain are symetrical, compactly built, heavy bodied, splendid looking birds. They are to-day called ed for them that they are the best farmer's fowl, take them all in all, yet procountry, they are being sought after by farmers, merchants, mechanics, and a host of others who do not belong to the fancy. The Plymouth Rocks are to-day market fowl they are without an equal, bringing the highest market prices, and as a table fowl they have no superior. breed. As egg producers they are not excelled, both for summer and winter laying. The hens, without question, make excellent sitters and mothers, and are successful in raising a large percentage of their young ; they fledge out rapidly and mature very fast, which is just what is wanted for a market fowl. In color, Plymouth Rocks are of a grayish white, each feather regularly crossed with bars of black, giving them the appearance of a bluish tinged plumage, which, with their yellow beaks and legs and bright red combs, wattles and ear lobes, make a very beautiful and attractive appearance on the lawn or in the show room .- Poultry Monthly.

Some Recent Autobiographies. From "Notes of a Professional Exile," in the February Century, we quote the following: "I have with me the autobio-graphical works of Carlyle, edited by Freude, which have attracted so much attention. There are two periods in the history of the world's state of mind towards almost every elever and successful man. One of these is when he is recognized; the other is when he is found out. At the former period his distinctions and peculiar ab lities are perceived. The world sees what he is. He may then be said to have been recognized. But along with his recognition the world is apt to bestow a vague and tacit credit for superiority in those qualities in which he has not been tried. There comes a time, however, when his limitations are understood. The world sees what he is not. He may then be said to have been found out. That man is fortunate who is recognized early and found out late. The fatter period was much deferred in Carlyle's case, owing to the vigor of the impression he made upon us. But when the time came for the public to be undeceived with regard to the character of this great and good man, it certainly did not judge him fairly. The ill-nature of these writings of Carlyle is not profound. Carlyle had the presumptuous discontent of a spoiled child. It was his instinct and habit to 'sass' right and left. And the public itself was mainly to blame for the spoiling. The fault in such cases is mainly the public's, on account of the queer exemptions they accord people who are able to 'sling ink' particularly well. Authors are spoiled because of the weak supposition of the public that they are as good as they profess to be. The public will not insist upon remenbering that good authors are like other people. Has not an author bands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions; if you prick them do they not bleed? if you tickle them do they not laugh? Of course, the book reveals Carlyle as an egotist. But are not nearly all recent autobiographers egotists? A number of such works have appeared during the last ten years, and the position of the autobiographers has been in nearly every case the same,-namely, that God did a good thing when he made anybody else, and should have taken an interest in the other individual equal to that which he manifested in autobiographer, is a proposition which he cannot bring himself to consider. Two books in which this view is

conspicuous are the autobiographers of John Quincy Adams and Miss Harriet Martineau. Carlyle is a mild egotist beside these writers. Adams does not speak of himself as an individual, but as a cause which he has espoused. Of the two, Miss Martineau is the more naive. She is for arranging the world entirely from her own point of view For instance, she attacked the late Lord Lytton because he did not carry an ear-trumpet. Lord Lytton was deaf, and preferred not to carry an ear-trumpet. Miss Martineau was deaf also, and did carry one. She did not believe in the immortality of the soul, and was very hard upon any one who was of a con-trary opinion. Her Heaven, had her belief permitted her to have one, would have been a place where they all sat around with ear-trumpets and derided the doctrine of the immortality of the

The Future of Africa.

soul

Rev. Moses A. Hopkins, the colored elergyman of North Carolina who has been appointed Minister to Liberia, says: "I am of the belief that Africa's redemption will depend largely upon the efforts of the negro. Africa has wonderful natural resources. They are greater, perhaps, than those of any other country-and, if we may believe history, the people of Africa were once the leaders of civilization. This is the age of progression, in which every country is awakening to active life. England, France and Germany are acquiring possessions wherever they can in Africa. I don't think that America will ever care to go so far for new territory, but our merchants are seeking everywhere for new fields of trade. The whole of the republic of Liberia is anxious for American commerce, and it only needs a little effort on the part of capitalists to open up the St. Paul river for navigation, and then the merchants of America would have the country of he Soudan open to them. There are nore than a hundred million people in Western Africa who are anxious to trade with Americans, and I expect to see the day when the port of Monrovia will be full of our ships. I am proud of my ap-pointment as minister, because it gives me opportunity to devote some of that best years of my life to the cause of African progress. - N. Y. Times. in a paper read before the Public Health Association, Dr. D. E. Salmon said that the ravages of hog cholera were unusually severe and widespread last year, and cost producers nearly \$30,000,000. Referring to the sanitary aspects of the question, he said: "The disposition of the million carcasses of hogs that have died from this disease is a matter which affects the health of our Sometimes they are left to people. putrefry, sometimes they are thrown into the ponds and streams which furnish drinking water to our cities, sometimes the lard is rendered from them, and what finally becomes of this product is an interesting subject for speculation. The English hangman, Berry by name, is a tall, respectable-looking man, with the appearance of a me-chanic. He is a shoemaker by trade, but does not work now, as the executioner is well paid. He gets \$50 a head, or, when there are more than one, \$50 for the first, \$25 for the second, and \$25 for the third, with all expenses paid. The first essential is nerve, and Berry has nerve. Binns, who preceded him, was a braggart, and liked publicity. He would snoke his pipe outside half an hour before an execution, and drink, and had an active tongue. Now the executioner is obliged to sleep in jail the night before a hanging. Calcraft, who was famous for so many years, was also a shoemaker, and, like Berry, a quiet, retiring man.



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SPECULATION IN POULTRY.

The poultry business, like all other vocations has its ups and downs. Every four or five years a new set of fanciers spring up and with a fever and enthusiasm continue to breed fowls till the country is overstocked and sales are nominal. Then this class of breeders loose their faith in the business. In fact the "fever" and enthusiasm is entirely knocked out of them. This class of breeder are those who have, as a general rule, failed at everything else they have undertaken. They figure out on paper the cost of keeping a dozen hens and for this number it shows up large profits. The multiplication table is then used on a thousand or two, tak ing the dozen as a basis. It shows up immense. The enthusiastic one, who No discount to bummers. It never sucks ever he may be, now feels as though he had mastered the poultry business. It may be some wealthy retired gen tle-

man. It may be some proud and ambitious son of some wealthy merchant manent, natural brown or black, as or land lord, or it might even be some desired.

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