

# FARM AND POULTRY

## HINTS, HELPS AND SUGGESTIONS

If all coons do look alike, all Games are not just Games, as a glance at our rooster cuts will show. The fighting Game dates back a thousand years before the Christian era. He has licked everything in sight down through the ages, but the Indian Game is not a prancing poultry pugilist, but a big, juicy market fowl, "heavy as lead."

His looks are deceiving, you'll be slow at believing, but the cockerel pictured here weighs just eight pounds.

At first this breed was called Indian Game, but the bloody odium of that name Game so affected its fame through the popular mistake as to its identity that the two varieties were



Photo by C. M. Barnitz.

WHITE CORNISH COCKEREL.

renamed Cornish and White Indians. Then, the name Indian seeming a misnomer for a fowl that originated in Cornwall, England, the last standard again changed the breed name to Cornish Fowl, now consisting of three varieties, Dark, White and White Laced Red, the latter new variety weighing one pound less than the others.

It is claimed the Dark Cornish is a mixture of Lord Derby Black Breasted Red Game, Red Aseel and Sumatra Game, and the White is a sport from this combination, though other experts declare the White is from a cross of White Game and Malay.

We are not here to wrangle over rooster history, but mainly to remove



Photo by C. M. Barnitz.

FIGHTING GAMECOCK.

the impression that this valuable variety belongs to the fighting Game class.

The Cornish cut no figure in the rooster pugilistic world.

There is as great a difference between them and the Game cock as between a heavy draft horse and a trotter.

Striking points of this breed are the peacomb, short neck, wide back, short, drooping tail, deep, broad breast, large thighs, thick legs, set very wide apart. They are constructed to carry a very large proportion of fine fibered meat, are especially good in crosses for capons, and the hens are fair layers.

DARK AND WHITE STANDARD WEIGHTS	
Pounds.	Pounds.
Cock .....	9
Cockerel .....	8
Hen .....	7
Pullet .....	6

### DON'TS.

Don't mind a blister. Success and blisters are twin sisters.  
Don't expect eggs where roosters rough house. A fray, no lay, no pay.

### To Mothers—And Others

You can use Bucklen's Arnica Salve to cure children of eczema, rashes, tetter, chafings, scaly and crusted humors, as well as their accidental injuries, cuts, burns, bruises, etc., with perfect safety. Nothing else heals so quickly. For boils, ulcers, old, running or fever sores or piles it has no equal. 25 cts at all dealers.

## A DROP OF WATER.

There Are Times When It May Become a Source of Real Terror.

The fear of silence and loneliness not seldom attacks busy miners who, for that reason, refuse to work alone in distant drifts. In China the very refinement of torture is to confine a condemned criminal in a place where sound cannot reach him and over the plank to which he is bound to place a vessel of water, so regulated that once every few moments a single drop shall fall upon his brow. There is no light and no sound to distract his attention, and the thoughts of the poor wretch become so concentrated on the expectation of the next drop of water that when it falls it seems to strike him with the impact of a bomb, and reason cannot long withstand the strain. In his book, "In Lotus Land—Japan," Mr. H. G. Ponting says he came to understand the strange dread of silence through an experience in a California mine at midnight.

Five hundred feet into the crust of the earth I went and felt no new sensations except one of disappointment as the shaft echoed with my footsteps—600 feet, 700 feet, 800 feet and the bottom of the mine.

But as I stood there a creepy feeling came over me. What was this consciousness that suddenly oppressed me and made my blood seem chilled? I had felt nothing like it before. My candle gave but a feeble glimmer, and I found myself peering furtively into the shadows with a feeling almost akin to dread. All at once I knew. It was the silence—the immense, oppressive silence. Hitherto when I had been down in the mine there had always been the regular beating of the hammers on the drills. Now there was nothing but thick, velvety silence.

Then a sudden sound, like the crack of a stock whip, put every sense on the alert. Was I not alone, then, after all? In a moment the instinct of self preservation reminded me that I was unarmed. Who could be down here at this hour, and what could be his object? Had I been followed? Without a weapon I was at the mercy of any ruffian. All this rushed through my brain in a moment, and as I tried to pierce the shadows my candle only served to make the darkness visible. Another crack, almost like a pistol shot, and then enlightenment and relief flashed upon me. It was nothing but a drop of water falling from the hanging wall in the snip below, yet in this dread silence it struck with almost the noise of a fulminating cap.

## ONCE A WIDE CANAL.

Broad Street, New York. Where the Curb Brokers Now Operate.

The curb brokers of New York, who now operate on Broad street, would have been forced to conduct their business from gondolas or canal boats had they made use of that thoroughfare in early days, for where solid pavement now stands there was a wide canal.

Many people nowadays, wandering through the narrow streets of lower Manhattan, have wondered at Broad street's unusual width. Still more peculiar was such breadth of thoroughfare in the olden times, when streets were nearly all narrow, and to distinguish it from the alley-like byways that surrounded it the thoroughfare was referred to as "the broad street." The Dutch called it the "Heere Graft." (The latter word had a far different meaning in those days.) It was not at first a street, but the principal canal of the city. This canal, wide enough for heavy boats to pass each other, ran into Broad street at the southern end and continued north almost to Wall street. A similar but smaller canal ran through Beaver street.

Peter Stuyvesant in 1657 had the canal's sides planked, and a few decades later the waters were gradually replaced by a street.

As that street perforce followed the canal's former lines, it was much the widest thoroughfare in all lower Manhattan and well merited its name of Broad street. Had New York real estate been worth one-twentieth as much then as at present Broad street would probably have been shaved down to the width of Nassau or Wall street.—New York World.

### A Romance Shattered.

An Atchison young lady in trying to discipline her little brother has a habit of saying, "Now, don't you dare do that or I'll have a fit." The little brother confided to one of his sister's admirers the other night that there were lots of things he couldn't do "because," he said, "you know sister has fits." Now the young lady is wondering why her most ardent suitor has not been near her for two whole weeks.—Atchison Globe.

### Went Through.

"And you were in that horrible railway accident?"  
"Yes."  
"I hear that one train completely telescoped the other. How did you ever escape injury?"  
"I was on the through train."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Two Methods.

When a man has to get busy he rolls up his shirt sleeves. When a woman really gets down to work she ties up her hair in a knot at the back.—Detroit Free Press.

### Economics.

Kaicker—Does Jones understand the purchasing power of a dollar? Bocker—Yes. What troubles him is the purchasing power of his wife.—New York Sun.

Give me a seat and I will make room to lie down.—Spanish.

## RUBE BEATS ALL FUR EATS.

While folks in town are hustlin' round a-hustlin' fur their eats  
An' payin' out spondulics fur their laters an' their beats.  
Rube Con'tassel jist sits at home an' piles on hickory wood;  
With eats all stacked around him you jist bet he has it good.

Is it turkey, is it chicken, is it goose or is it duck?  
Well, you bet, sir, Mr Rube don't depend on no pot luck!  
Is it sausage? Is it scrapple? Is it pud-din'? Is it ham?  
Is it butter, bread an' smearcase, cream an' milk an' dandy jam?

Oh, gee crippeas, I can't mention all the grub that Rube's stacked up.  
Fur his breakfasts, dinners, lunches an' the many times Rube supe!  
You poor fellers in the city, livin' on canned beans an' sich.  
Go 'long out an' board with Rube; git some sausage an' some fitch.

Rube will meet you in the doorway, an' he'll yell out in one breath:  
"Who is this poor, skinny feller? 'Pears to me he's starved to death!"  
Then he'll take you to the table, then he'll yell, "Back up your ears!"  
An' you'll eat an' eat an' eat, sir, till yer waistband busts apart.  
C. M. BARNITZ.

## KURIOS FROM KORRESPONDENTS

Q. I paid \$10 for a setting of White Rock eggs, and the twelve chicks hatched were not pure white. Should they not be pure white if pure bred?  
A. White Rock chicks in the down are apt to come white, canary, smoky, grayish black, buff, and cannot be judged as to color until feathers appear. We have seen them almost black, then feather into silver white.

Q. I have a Leghorn cockerel with some white in the face, and I notice the standard disqualifies Mediterranean cockerels and pullets with "positive white" in the face. How may I tell whether it is "positive white" or just common ordinary white? A. Rub the white spot with the finger. If it turns red and remains so for several seconds it is not "positive white." By such friction this "enamel white" is often removed if persisted in.

Q. What do you think makes my pigeons desert their eggs and squabs? They only feed what squabs are hatched a few days. A. There are a number of reasons for this—excitement, mice or ticks in the nest and the battles, flirtations, family jars and elopements caused by unmated birds in the loft.

Q. What is a "squirrel tail" and what is a "coop tail"? A. The word "squirrel" is applied to a fowl's tail when it projects toward the head beyond a perpendicular line drawn from juncture of back and tail. The squirrel tail is inherited and permanent, but the coop tail is acquired by fowls that are confined in a small show coop. When given more room they drop their tails back to natural position.

Q. Is it true that Canada ships more eggs into this country than we send back? A. Our shipment last year was 1,000,000 eggs and Canada's 480,000.

## FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.

The fellow with the "marvelous secret" to tell the sex of eggs is again abroad.

What has become of those doctors who preached that fresh eggs bring that yellor bilious look and cause liver jimjams? Funny what fool notions come and go!

In storing clover for fowls hang it up in bags; otherwise much of the leaf—the best part—is lost. Cut it in short lengths for hopper feeding or into meal for mash.

Two ducks at Jersey Shore, Pa., that went broody at the same time adopted the unusual stunt of taking turns on the nest. Yes; it's seldom that two female quacks get along so well together.

An editor arises to remark: "There is no sweat, no strain, no worry, over chickens. The industry seems to care for itself and cares extremely well." This editor is not a liar, but he is badly mistaken.

Farmers are gradually getting away from that old style of exclusive corn rations for hens. To those who are still in the rut we quote the rhyme, "Laying strains, earnest pains and mixed grains for best gains."

It is quite amusing to see some of our harebrained poultry writers using the a priori and Charles Darwin theories in their profound discussion of rooster origin and hen heredity. If Darwin could read their fool stuff he'd surely turn turtle.

When the head of the query department of a Philadelphia daily advised an inquirer to grease her old White Rocks thoroughly with lard and kerosene and to repeat the dose in a week she certainly didn't think what an awful mess such a mixture of grease and rooster would make and yet some more if the birds took a dust bath. The fools and the city farmers aren't all dead yet, you bet!

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson is advocating the "loss off" system for the sale of all eggs. Under the old plan eggs are sold by the dozen regardless of whether good, bad or indifferent. Under the "loss off" plan the eggs are candled and the seller is not paid for the bad ones. This is a good plan, but the seller should be a witness to the candling to guard against a rotten deal.

Dr. Max Staller of Mount Sinai hospital, Philadelphia, has successfully used the lining of eggshells as a substitute for human skin in grafting operations. This lining is really the epidermis of embryonic chickens, contains cells similar to human skin, quickly adheres to the burned surface and covers it with beautiful new skin.

Roses Free. See Herald advertisement in another column.

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