

POULTRY NOTES BY C. M. BARNITZ RIVERSIDE, PA. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED

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BROODER AND SCREEN.

worm and biology, warns him of the bogies that beset little roosters, and he always has a nice warm house walking along with him, and where mother spreads her wing, behold, there is home.

But the brooder chick must often say, "What is home without a mother?" He is really a self-made rooster.

Thus, having no heated brood, legs after him around the lot, he must find his way back and is apt to stray from the world it is wise to have him play in a brooder front yard until he becomes accustomed to the place.

For this purpose we use screen coops six feet square, fifteen inches high, with a frame made of 1 by 2 inch stuff, covered with inch mesh.

The open end fits the brooder, and we often string six of these screens in a row, and thus the chicks have a run of 36 feet.

This is the correct size for hen and chicks also, and here the brood is safe from pests.

As some keep old and young stock on the same ground, the old birds rob the chicks at feed time.

By placing a block under the corners of this screen to afford entrance the chicks may feed underneath at pleasure and get their share in peace.

FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS. Robins at 10 cents a dozen is one thing seen in Tennessee markets that surprises northern bird lovers.

They are killed at their roosts, one man killing 2,000 of these insectivorous birds in a night. That act would have cost him \$26,000 in Pennsylvania.

Hens fed on corn alone lay a flabby egg, deficient in cell structure, weak in fertility, and healthy chicks from such eggs are very few.

Salt poisoning and diarrhea often follow the feeding of scraps from hotel tables. The mixture contains acid vinegar, salty meat scraps and mustard and is nearly always fermented before the hens rummage through it.

A Lancaster (Pa.) tenant adopted a new way to pay rent when he stole the landlord's chickens and with the proceeds settled his arrears. He received nine months' free lodging for the act.

Chicago is the great cold storage center of the United States. Its egg warehouses have a capacity for 1,000,000 cases. A case contains thirty dozen, and it cost 30 cents a case for the storage period, April to January.

Seventy-two million eggs were taken off the Chicago market on April 7 to keep up the retail price, and agents were hustling all over the central west to gather in the eggs for the trust so they might not reach the city and be sold to the people at a reasonable price. And get we say, "We are the people."

In the time of Audubon wild turkeys weighing twelve pounds were sold in market at threepence (6 cents) each. In the last fifty years this noble bird has been almost wiped off the map.

What a hen eats a year depends on the breed and strain of chicken, whether she is a layer or loafer, on the climate, on the way she is housed, on her age, on what she adds to her ration by foraging, on the kind and quality of food, on the hen's vigor and on the fellow that does the feeding.

For the purpose she is fed, hens on free range eat from sixty to ninety pounds of supplied feed when a systematic method is used.

HE AMUSED THE CUBS. Then the Young Lions Took a Turn at Amusing Him.

A negro attached to an African hunting party met with a curious adventure, says an English paper. Wandering one day from camp, he surprised two lion cubs at play and got thoroughly amused to amuse them. He was wholly unsuccessful. The big cubs gambled fearlessly about him and to his dismay refused to desist when he wished to leave them.

Realizing the danger to which he would be exposed should the mother appear, he began to run, but the cubs refused to be shaken off and in their play scratched his legs in fearful fashion.

That the creatures were thoroughly enjoying themselves was evident from their manifestations of delight, and before long their unusual cries brought a lioness leaping to the spot.

Trembling in every limb, the negro faced the growling animal, while the cubs continued to jump up at him, eager for further caresses. The enraged lioness moved round uneasily in a circle, man and beast keeping their eyes steadily on each other. Several times the lioness crouched to spring, but the man, from fear, never shifted his gaze.

At length, after what seemed an age, when the negro was ready to drop from exhaustion, the animal suddenly called her cubs away and disappeared into the surrounding scrub.

An Artist's Struggles. Professor von Herkmer, the famous painter, had such a struggle to gain a living in his early days that had it not been for his inexhaustible stock of patience and self-confidence he would probably have abandoned art entirely. He sold his first picture for 2 guineas and later on earned for a short time a couple of pounds weekly for a woodcut which he supplied to a comic paper. This modest salary coming to a stop, he was at his wits' end to know what to do. He applied to a troupe of minstrels for an engagement as zither player, but in vain, and then took to designing carpets.

THE FINAL POSE.

It Made the Thing Harmonious and Complete All Around. In the early days of traveling by stagecoach across the Rocky mountains the trip was likely to be relieved of monotony by incidents of no ordinary occurrence. But the fatigue of the journey was apt to wear upon the nerves of the weak and the timid. Sometimes the passengers became so worn out as to lead to a suspicion of their sanity. The Night Rev. D. S. Tuttle in his "Reminiscences of a Missionary Bishop" describes an instance in point.

One forenoon the coach rolled into Denver, and the six horses came prancing up to the office of Wells, Fargo & Co. A large crowd was assembled, as the incoming and the outgoing of the daily coaches were the great events of the town.

At the stop the only passenger quickly threw open the coach door, leaped to the ground, ran hurriedly across the street and, turning a hand spring, stood on his head with his heels up against a supporting wall.

Several men followed him, quite sure that here was another passenger crazed by the long, sleepless ride. One said to him in a tone of sympathy, "Why, cap'n, what's the matter?"

Slowly coming to a right side up posture, the man answered: "Well, my friend, I'll tell you what it is. This standing on my head is the only position which I haven't wanted in during the last twenty-four hours in yonder coach, and I wanted to make the thing harmonious and complete all round."

IN A CHINESE BANK.

The Way the Clerks Use the Abacus and Counting Boards. The Chinese have a way of getting hold of the first principles of things, even though they may not have developed them into elaborate and scientific systems.

A foreigner, especially if he be of prepossessing appearance, is received with great civility at a Chinese bank. "Schroff!" shouts the head clerk. This word is not, as it sounds, German, but a corruption of Hindoo "Serraf," or banker's assistant. In response to this call a native cashier appears, noiseless and deferential, with a smooth shaven skull, a four foot pigtail and a spotted, flowing garment.

With great rapidity he will make an exchange of notes, doing his calculating on an abacus, a frame of wire and beads similar to those used in country schools everywhere years ago. His long, lithe fingers move over the beads more quickly than the eye can follow.

Perhaps the visitor will want a large piece of money changed into small coin. Instead of going through the wearisome operation of counting out the 200 pieces included in this transaction a simple, ingenious device is employed. A flat wooden tray is produced containing a hundred recesses, each just big enough to lodge one coin and just shallow enough to prevent the possibility of two lurking together.

The pile of small coins is poured out on this tray, and with one jerk of the clerk's wrist the hundred recesses are filled and the surplus swept off.—Harper's Weekly.

PLANET PROBLEMS.

We Really Know Very Little About the Celestial Bodies. "The amount of ignorance not yet removed concerning the planets is very great," writes E. S. Grew. "We do not know, for example, whether the planet Venus rotates. If it does it may possibly have a life as a vegetation like our own, though we suspect that it is locked in eternal cloud. Of Saturn's rings we cannot say whether they consist of millions of tiny moons like brickbats or whether they may be even smaller still—a veil of shining dust. Of Jupiter we can only say that it is covered with clouds, though of their substance we know nothing, and, according to Professor Lowell and Sir William Huggins, some of the bands we see on it may be rifts in the clouds revealing the body of the planet. Little lines crisscross these bands. Photographs of Jupiter taken at Flagstaff observatory seem to indicate that these lines, too, are the upper clouds of Jupiter."

"But whenever we see a planet we see it badly. Even Mars, the most clearly revealed of them all, is constantly obscured by a refracting haze, so that even of the famous 'canals,' though nearly 500 in number, only a few are perceptible at a time, and an unskilled observer would probably not make them out at all. Sandstorms, sometimes snowstorms, sweep the surface of the planet, and because the winds of Mars are very gentle and slow moving these occurrences take a long time to pass by."—London Family Herald.

THE FATA MORGANA.

Conditions That Must Obtain to Allow of Its Production. The fata morgana is a singular aerial phenomenon akin to the mirage. It is seen in many parts of the world, but most frequently and in greatest perfection at the strait of Messina, between Sicily and Italy. So many conditions must coincide, however, that even there it is of comparatively rare occurrence. To allow of its production the sun must be at an angle of forty-five degrees with the water, both sky and sea must be calm and the tide current sufficiently strong to cause the water in the center to rise higher than on the edges of the strait. When these conditions are fully met the observer on the heights of Calabria, looking toward Messina, will behold a series of rapidly changing pictures, sometimes of most exquisite beauty.

Castles, colonnades, successions of beautiful arches, palaces, cities, with houses and streets and church domes, mountains, forests, grottoes, will appear and vanish, to be succeeded perhaps by fleets of ships, sometimes placidly sailing over the deep, sometimes inverted, while a lurid, like a rainbow surrounds every image. It is supposed that the images are due to the irregular refractive powers of the different layers of air above the sea, which magnify, repeat and distort the objects on the Sicilian shore beyond, but to the Italians these singular appearances are the castles of the Princess Morgana, and the view of them is supposed to bring good fortune to the beholder.

The Modest Man. A modest man isn't one who has a poor opinion of himself. He merely keeps still about his good opinion of himself.—Cleveland Leader.

Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy.—Emerson.

THE FINAL TEST.

Where the Candidate For the Army Put His Foot in It. Bill was one of those fellows who always try to do things right. He lost his position recently and, being unable to secure another, decided to join the regular army. He applied at Uncle Sam's recruiting station. Now, Bill was a good looking specimen of manhood, and the army officer began his examination with pleasure.

Heart, lungs, hearing, sight and nerves were found in the best of condition. But one test remained before he could become a regular. "Take off your shoes," commanded the officer. Bill did so. "Now wet your feet in that bucket," he was further instructed. Bill did as he was told. "Now walk across the room," said the army man.

Bill knew from the actions of the army officer that he had made a good mark and wanted to increase his average. He started across the floor, bringing every inch of his weight to bear at every step. He looked back. Yes, he was doing fine. He could plainly see the whole imprint of his feet each step he had taken. He was happy, and the task was finished. "Don't wait you. You're fatigued," said the army man.

"What do you think of that?" repeated Bill as he made his way to the street.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

THE ROYAL HOAX.

And the Missing Sword of the Duke of Cumberland. What became of the Duke of Cumberland's sword, which was lost or stolen at the Haymarket theater Jan. 16, 1749?

It was on the night of the great "Bottle Hoax." According to advertisement, a man was to "play on a common walking cane the music of every instrument now used to perfection, get into a quart bottle to sing several songs," besides doing other things only a little less marvellous—more marvellous than the theater should have been packed with spectators, including many of the nobility and the Duke of Cumberland of Culloden fame.

The conjurer did not appear, but one of the theater officials did and informed the house that all money would be returned at the doors. "Cumberland was the first that flew in a rage," a contemporary account tells us, "and called to pull down the house. He drew his sword and was in such a rage that somebody slipped in behind him and pulled the sword out of his hand, which was as much as to say, 'Fools should not have chopping sticks.' This sword of his has never been heard of nor the person who took it. Thirty guineas of reward are offered for it."—London Chronicle.

Curious Street Names. The list of curious street names is inexhaustible. Bermondsey possesses a Pickle Herring street. Near Gray's Inn there is to be found a Cold Bath square. Most of the Nightingale lanes and Love lanes are hidden ironically enough in the slums of the east end.

But for really bizarre street names one should go to Brussels. The Short Street of the Long Chariot, the Street of the Red Half Woman and the Street of Sorrows are remarkable enough to catch the least observant eye. The Street of the One Person is one might guess, considerably narrower than White-chapel. But the cream of Brussels street names surely belongs to the Street of the Uncracked Silver Cooconut. This in the original appears as one ponderous thirty-six letter word.—London Chronicle.

He Knew How It Was. James' mother is one of those unfortunate individuals who "pick up" unconsciously every error in speech that they hear. This falling is a source of much amusement and comment in her family, as are also the habitual and glaring mistakes of Mrs. F., a very estimable acquaintance.

One day James' mother had been out and upon her return committed a grave offense against the mother tongue. Immediately little James confronted her, with upraised forefinger, and exclaimed in accusing tones: "Now, mother, you have been playing with Mrs. F. again?"—Delaware.

First Oil Well. In the year 1859 E. L. Drake of Titusville, Pa., drove the first oil well. Like other pioneers, he was regarded as a dreamer or a fool, and people laughed at the idea of tapping a subterranean oil lake. It was only by pretending that he was in search of a bed of salt that he was able to get drillers to work for him. When the borer had reached a depth of about seventy feet Drake found his anticipations realized, and he was the possessor of an oil well which, with the aid of a hand pump, yielded him twenty-five barrels a day.—New York American.

As Good as Refused. "Practically," she said she would marry me as soon as I settled down and went to work at something worth while."—Chicago Record-Herald.

To know what one likes is the beginning of wisdom and of old age.—Stevenson.

Stagers Skeptics. That a clean, nice, fragrant compound like Bucklen's Arnica Salve will instantly relieve a bad burn, cut, scald, wound or pile, staggers skeptics. But great cures prove it a wonderful healer of the worst sores, ulcers, boils, fevers, rheumatism, skin eruptions, as also chapped hands, sprains and corns. Try it. 25c at all druggists.

Why She Couldn't Accept. Telephone operators, who plug wrong numbers or get the wires crossed, sometimes are responsible for very embarrassing situations, as was exemplified by a broker in this city the other morning. The broker called up his home number and said to the person on the other end of the wire: "Hello, dear. Is that you?" "Yes," replied a sweet toned voice. "Well, I've been thinking about you all morning. I want you to come downtown and meet me for lunch, and we'll go to a show this afternoon."

"Well, that would be very nice," replied the person on the other end, "and I should dearly love to do so, but my husband is home, and I'm afraid he'd object. Don't you think you've got the wrong number?"—Philadelphia Times.

The Firstborn. Visitor—"My! What a fine baby! How much does he weigh?" Food Mother—"I really don't know. He hasn't been weighed since noon.—Life.

Happiness is an equivalent for all troublesome things.—Epictetus.

A FAMOUS GOOSE.

Peter, the Pet of the English Cold-stream Guards. Possibly the most remarkable creature ever attached to a regiment was Peter, the ever famous goose of the Coldstream guards. This curious pet was presented to the Coldstreamers when they were in Canada by the late Hon. Adolphus Graves, and soon it acquired a fame which eclipsed that of all rivals in the way of pets in the army.

When the guard was mounted of a morning Peter always marched off with them. It is recorded that one night the goose saved a sentry's life by flying in the face of a rebel who was just going to fire at the soldier. Peter's timely aid discovered the rebel, who fired at random. The sentry immediately responded by shooting the rebel dead.

When the guards came home and were quartered in London one of the sights when the regiment marched out was to see Peter strutting at the head of the battalion till they passed the barracks gate, when the goose returned. Unhappily Peter's fate was unheroic. His end was in accord with his martial career, for he was run over and killed by a cab, and that not even a taxicab. It was a poor kind of an end for a bird with such a record.—London Telegraph.

Old English Laws About Buttons. Buttons have engaged the attention of legislators even more frequently than hats. Five acts have been passed to protect the button industry of England, and some of these are still unrepealed. An act of George I. inflicts a penalty of 40 shillings on any person using or selling "buttons made of cloth, serge, druggot, frieze or camel."

This law, says the London Daily Mail, was a source of intense annoyance to foreign visitors, and the author of "Le Parisien a Londres," written in 1780, is careful to explain its provisions at considerable length. He adds, however, that foreigners who are able to prove that their clothes were made in their own country escape the penalty when first summoned on the understanding that they change their buttons within twenty-four hours.

Foley Kidney Pills. Tonic in quality and action, quick in results. For backache, headache, dizziness, nervousness, urinary irregularities and rheumatism. W. E. Brown & Co.

Lights Out. An irascible sergeant going his nightly round of the barracks in order to make sure that all lights had been extinguished noticed that a window was illuminated. He roused the occupants of the room.

"Put out that light," he ordered, "and be quick about it!" "But it's moonlight!" explained a private.

"I don't care what it is!" roared the sergeant. "Put it out!"—London Express.

A Genius. Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a genius? Pa—A genius, my son, is a person whom nature lets in on the ground floor, but whom circumstances force to live in an attic.—Chicago News.

A Strong Hint. Customer—You don't seem very quick at figures, my boy. Newsboy—I'm out of practice. Ye see, most o' de cents says, "Keep de change."—Harper's Weekly.

The heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them.—Bacon.

From Sickness to "Excellent Health." So says Mrs. Chas. Lyon, Peoria, Ill.: "I found in your Foley Kidney Pills a prompt and speedy cure for backache and kidney trouble which bothered me for many months. I am now enjoying excellent health which I owe to Foley Kidney Pills." W. E. Brown & Co.

Household Cares. Tax the Women of Manning the Same as Elsewhere.

Hard to attend to household duties. With a constantly aching back. A woman should not have a bad back. And she wouldn't if the kidneys were well. Doan's Kidney Pills make well kidneys.

Manning women should credit by the following experience. Mrs. Louis Ashbrook, E. Main Street, Kingstree, S. C., says: "I do not hesitate to say that Doan's Kidney Pills are an effective remedy, as I have used them and they have given me entire satisfaction. For a long time my kidneys were sluggish and the secretions from these organs were irregular in passage and filled with sediment. I was also subject to headaches and pains through my loins. Since using Doan's Kidney Pills the kidney difficulty has been dispensed of and my back has not pained me. I have felt much better and stronger in every way and I am certain that Doan's Kidney Pills brought about the great change."

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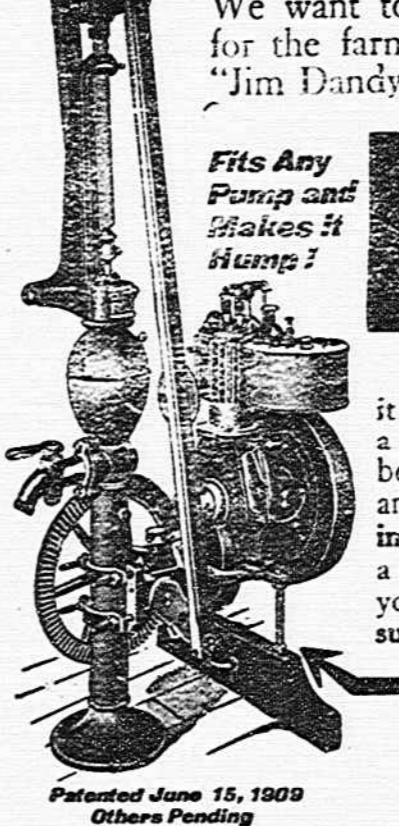
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Come In And Ask About It



We want to tell you about the latest and newest labor saver for the farmer—a marvel of mechanical genius—a regular "Jim Dandy"—the light, handy and simple Fuller & Johnson Farm Pump Engine. You never saw anything like it before—nothing like it has ever been made. It makes a windmill pump into a perfect Power Pumping Plant in a few minutes, and besides pumping, it runs separator, churn, grindstone, or any machine ordinarily run by hand. You do the attaching yourself. Costs less than a windmill! It's well worth a special trip to learn about the most wonderful invention you ever heard of. Next time you are in town come in sure. We want to give you a catalog free.

Manning Oil Mill.

Have You \$1250 to Invest?



Do You Want to buy an automobile? Demand a car free from flaws and experimental features? Insist that it be absolutely correct in every mechanical detail? Desire a car with years of success back of it? Want a car thoroughly tried out in every detail, no experimental features? Coffey & Rigby Automobile Company.

In the Fight.

The decks are cleared for action. I am now in the race for cash trade, and I have a splendid stock of everything needed on the farm or in the household. I cordially invite an inspection of my stock of Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Notions, Shoes, Hats, Clothing, Crockery, Tin, Wooden and Hardware. GROCERIES of all kinds and in large quantities.

Come to my store, price my goods, examine the quality, and if not as cheap as the cheapest, then don't buy from me. I have made special arrangements to do a large cash trade this season, and I fully realize that I must, to do business, meet sharp competition. This I have prepared for. I want your trade. Yours, etc.

Household Cares.

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