

## INCREASE YOUR KNOWLEDGE.

It is a good thing to use a large amount of common sense in our application of advice which we read or hear in regard to the care of fowls. Now everybody who keeps only a few hens, common or otherwise, is apt to think he knows a good deal more about their culture than he actually does know, and he is almost always ready to impart this knowledge (?) to any others engaged in the same pursuit. If you are a constant reader of poultry papers which publish all the latest news about the way to raise poultry, and especially if you have really acquired a good deal of knowledge on the subject, this becomes very exasperating, and your impatience is hard to restrain at times.

One of my neighbors has a flock of common fowls—seventy hens and three cocks, which are allowed to run all together. They run all over the farm at this season of the year, lay in the barn or under it, among the bushes or in the chicken house—wherever they like. The eggs are sometimes fertile, sometimes they are not. The chicken house (only one) is generally filthy, and the hens half the time are almost eaten up with lice. He says he thinks common fowls are good enough for him; he gets just as many eggs, perhaps more, than those who have thoroughbred stock. And so it goes. He doesn't know very much about it, and doesn't seem to want to know anything more—probably thinks there is not much more to know. They never had a poultry paper in the house; they cannot afford it.

An estimable lady of my acquaintance on being asked if she subscribed for a poultry paper, replied with a supercilious toss of her head, "O, I have a cart load of poultry reading at home which I brought with me from the east about three years ago. A neighbor of hers informed me, however, that she was always anxious enough to borrow her paper as soon as it arrived each month.

A lady told me that she read that parched wheat was good to feed for eggs, so she tried it for a while and the first thing she knew she had a lot of sick fowls on her hands and did not get an egg for over three months. Parched wheat is good if fed in the evening not oftener than twice a week. Too much of a good thing is as bad as a bad thing. We must all use some discretion.

[A water cooler to set over a pitcher or a goblet may be made by inserting an interlining of cork into a high Turkish fez. Of course, it must be taken to pieces and re-made, but the result, when accomplished, will be found to be very like those coolers imported from India.

Poultrymen who study their flocks can easily tell the ones that lay the most eggs. If they set only the eggs of the most prolific they will soon build up a flock remarkable in this particular.

## FUN OF VARIOUS KINDS.

Some New; Some Old.

An old farmer went into a country store in the village, and lifting his hat and scratching his head with the same hand, said to the clerk, who was trying to smoke a cigarette: "I'm a-lookin' for hoss collars."

"We keep them, sir," replied the clerk.

"Much obliged," said the old man leaving the store; "guess I'll go over ter t'uther store. He sells his'n," and he went across the road, but soon came out smiling with a "hoss collar" hung upon each arm.—*Courier-Journal*.

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Waiter—De usual steak, sah?

Regular customer—No; I'm tired to-night. Bring me a plate of hash.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

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She—I'll never marry a man whose fortune hasn't at least five ciphers in it.

He (exultingly)—Oh, darling, mines's all ciphers!—Truth.

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Stalate—When I was a child my nurse made me terribly afraid of the dark, and I've never quite gotten over it.

Ethel Knox—I wondered why you waited for daylight to go home.—*Harper's Bazar*.

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The son of a Kentucky congressman was looking over a fine map of Africa in his father's library.

"What is this big place, pop," he asked, pointing out the desert of Sahara.

"That's a desert, my son."

"What's a desert?"

"It's a vast area of sandy country where there is no water."

"And what's these spots on it?" continued the boy, running his fingers over the map.

"Those are oases."

"And what's oases?"

"They are pleasant land where everything grows, and where the traveler can get all to drink he wants."

The boy studied them a moment.

"Why don't they call 'em Kentucky, pop?" he inquired seriously, and the M. C. wondered why himself.

## HOME HELPS.

In packing butter or canned fruit for moving, slip a rubber band over the body of them.

Sift a tablespoonful of pulverized sugar over the top of two-crust pies before baking, and see how delicious it makes them.

Steel knives or other articles which have become rusty should be rubbed with a little sweet oil, then left for a day or two in a dry place, and then rubbed with finely powdered, unslacked lime until every vestige of the rust has disappeared, and kept in a dry place wrapped up in a bit of flannel.

For the largest and best assortment of stationery, school supplies, newspapers, periodicals and magazines, athletic goods, guns and ammunition, cigars and fancy tobaccos, go to Moore & Moore, the stationers, Yakima avenue, two doors above second street, North Yakima.

## WANT ADVERTISEMENTS

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