

The Hen That Becomes a Rooster.

It is a fact that instances have been known where a supposed rooster became a hen, and vice versa, though all know such is an impossibility. On this subject the *Baltimore Sun* says:

"According to a dispatch from York, Pa., a rooster has been discovered in that city that lays eggs. The owner did not at first accept the truth of the story, but, after confining the fowl in a coop by itself, was forced to admit that it, and it alone, was the author of the eggs. There was no possibility of collusion or mistaken identity, and the alleged rooster was finally given the credit, or discredit, of the extraordinary performance. It seems, however, that there has been a mistake, not as to the authorship of the eggs, but as to the sex of the fowl. A poultry expert is authority for the statement that there are hens which, either from disappointment in love, or from extravagant admiration of the male sex, or from a desire for independence, undergo an outward transformation after they have attained an advanced age, and assume a costume and bearing so much like that of the male bird that it is difficult to tell them from roosters. They grow long tail feathers and large combs, such as they have seen the roosters wear; they imitate to perfection the strut of the lords of the chicken-yard; and they even learn to crow, and to crow as loudly and aggressively as the fiercest feathered Hotspur of them all.

"The process of transformation is said by those who have observed it to be excessively amusing. When a female fowl, hitherto domestic and feminine in her tastes, becomes infected with the new gospel of hen rights, she grows discontented with the humdrum routine of household duties, and dissatisfied with the unjust and oppressive regulations with regard to eggs and chickens which hamper her noble aspirations and check her intellectual development. She has observed that the tyrant rooster toils not, neither does he sit, and she determines to throw off her shackles and be even as he is. By the tremendous force of will inherent in the female organization, she succeeds at last in compelling her comb and feathers to enlarge themselves; and finally, when she finds how masculine she looks, essays in her delight to crow. This is said to be the funniest part of the whole affair. At first her voice is such a ridiculous falsetto that all the other chickens are convulsed with laughter, but at length she acquires a deep and impressive baritone that makes even roosters envious.

"By an apparent law of natural compensation, and as a sort of set-off to these hens of masculine tastes, there is a breed of fowls known as Henny Games, in which the roosters always dress like the hens, abandoning entirely the sickle feathers of the tail and saddle hackles so conspicuous on the males of other breeds. The York rooster that has been laying eggs is simply an advanced hen which has been deceiving her owner by her assumption of masculine style. But while she has been able to deceive the eye of man, and possibly her poultry associates, she has not been able to mislead nature; and so, notwithstanding her fine comb, her wealth of tail feathers and her capacity for crowing, she has been compelled to keep on laying eggs. No one, we are sure, will be so unkind as to suggest that this masculine hen of York is in any respect like what is known among mankind as the new woman. Nor will any one be so cruel as to intimate that the Henny Games are types in their way of the new man, who delights to array himself for public exhibition in feminine apparel, and who looks just too sweet for any thing in his Henny clothes. Such caricatures are, of course, confined to the poultry-yard; but if the time should ever come when the advanced hen and the Henny Games find their imitators among human beings, we need not fear for the result. In the case of the advanced hen, at least, nature has its laws, which cannot be surmounted, and which maintain their sway in spite of a heavy comb, luxuriant plumage and a strident and imperious crow."

We have within the past ten years published quite a number of articles from our readers who have stated that such cases have come under their observation, but admit on our part that we have had no experience in that direction, hence we give the above for what it may be worth to those interested.—*The Poultry Keeper.*

The Smallest Jersey.

The smallest cow in the United States is owned by Archie Dayton of Prunedale, Cal. She is a Jersey, four years old, 38 inches in height and weighs about 240 lbs. Two months ago she dropped her second calf, and now gives, on medium grass ration, from eight to nine quarts of extremely rich milk, yielding over one pound of butter daily. This diminutive cow is perfectly formed and shows the points of a first-class milker.

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Could Snap-Shot the Mule.

BUT THE OLD MAN DIDN'T WANT HIS PHIZ SHOT AT.

An hour before noon I overtook a young man with a camera who was making snap-shots by the wayside. A few minutes later we met a mountaineer on a mule with a sack of corn behind him, and after salutations had been exchanged the artist said he would like to take his picture.

"Is that thing fur takin' pictures?"
 "Yes—takes a regular photograph."
 "Would it look like me?"
 "Of course."
 "And the mawl?"
 "Yes."
 "Then I'll hev to disappoint ye. There was a fellow up yer with a squintin' masheen like that and he met my brother Bill. He sot Bill on a rock and squinted at him, and jogged along. When he got down to Knoxville he fixed the pictur up and was showin' it around, when a fellow says to him:
 "'Whar did ye meet this yar critter?'"
 "'Up above Cumberland Gap.'"
 "'And ought his fust name be Bill?'"
 "'I reckon.'"
 "'And his last name Scott?'"
 "'The same.'"
 "That's about all they said, but in the co'se of three days a lot of revenue officers cum along and gobbled on to Bil, and he's in the Albany prison doin' time yit. They done reckoned he was in 'Texas 'till they saw his pictur'."

"But as the revenue officers don't want you, that removes the objection," explained the artist.
 "It 'pears to, but it don't do it," replied the old man, as he looked up and down the road. "You take my pictur. You go down to Clinton. You show it around. Purty soon a fellow cum along and says:
 "'Durn my hide but that looks like old Job Scott, up in the hills.'"
 "'Yes, it's the old cuss hisself.'"
 "'Whar'd ye meet him?'"
 "'Over on the Cinch river.'"
 "'The dear old critter! How peart he's lookin' on that old mawl o' his! I'd gin a dollar to shake hands with him!'"

"Wall," continued the old man, "in about three days I'd be roostin' in jail and hev only myself to blame for it, while the revenue fellows would be just tickled to death."
 "But I thought they didn't want you," protested the artist.
 "No; I reckon they don't, but they would as soon as they saw the pictur'. Some of 'em would recognize the innercent ole critter who locked seven of 'em up in a barn while the boys were totin' a moonshine still out of a ravine and over the mountains, and as I hain't much of a hand to talk, I'm afraid I couldn't explain how I happened to fall asleep and leave 'em thar till they cut thar way out through the roof. You can squint at the ole mawl and the bag o' co'n all day if it will obleege ye, but don't pull trigger till ole Job Scott gets down and hides behind a log."

Those Awful Telegrams.

"What is it, Mamie?"
 "It's a boy, mum, with a telegraft."
 "A telegraft! Oh, ask him if James is killed!"
 "He says he doesn't know, mum."
 "Ask him what he does know about it."
 "He says all he knows about it is that its marked 'collect,' and he wants his money."
 "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What shall I do? Here, Mamie, here's the purse. Pay him, pay him, whatever he asks. Oh, my poor James! I just knew something would happen to him before he went away this morning. Will they bring him home in an ambulance, Mamie?"
 "I s'pose so, mum. Maybe you'd better read the telegraft."
 "I can't, I can't. Oh, it serves me right for not kissing him three times when he left. And we've been married such a short time, too!"
 "Why don't you open the telegraft, mum?"
 "Well, I suppose I must, but, oh, I can't tell you how I dread it."
 Reads telegraft: "Will bring friend home to dinner. James."
 "The heartless brute!"—*New York Journal.*

A maiden lady in Kansas keeps a parrot which swears and a monkey which chews tobacco. She says that between the two, she doesn't miss a husband very much.
 Judge—How do you account for the fact that the man's watch was found in your pocket?
 Prisoner—Your honor, life is made up of inexplicable mysteries, and I trust your honor will so instruct the jury.
 "Liz," said Miss Kiljordan's youngest brother, "do you say 'woods is' or 'woods are'?"
 "'Woods are,' of course," she replied; "why?"
 "Cause Mr. Woods are down in the parlor waitin' to see you."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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