

the slow death of starvation or drowning. He says, "Try it." Do so, readers, and thusly you can reduce the number of sitting hens and your flock also."

The article reminded me of the old lady that had a hen and chickens shut up in a coop. She fed them on whole corn. The chicks kept dying. A neighbor calling, she related her grievance. "On what do you feed them?" the neighbor asked. "On corn," replied the old lady. "Your chicks can't eat whole corn," said the neighbor. "Don't the old hen nurse them?" said the old lady. "Methink that putting setting hens in water to drown or shutting them up to starve was cut off the same piece with the old lady's idea."

Yours,

H. A. JONES.

Worcester, Mass.

Reader—Please look at the above and remember what we told you a week or two ago on this subject of broody hens. It seems hardly possible that any one should rush into print with such plans for "breaking up a hen." We trust the hens were duly grateful that their owner as he says "took them up very gently" to put them in the coop, previous to keeping them "from one to six days without food or water." It must have been balm to their sufferings whenever the thought crossed their henly minds that "he took us very gently." We can fancy as their gizzards called for material to grind, and their parched tongues longed for one drop, *even one drop*, of cool water; that the thought, "he took us very gently," would come as dew from heaven and allay their pangs. Poor suffering, feverish creatures; let us hope you will be cured of your broodiness indeed, forever! To keep a hen with the fever of brooding upon her, without water for such length of time, is the essence of cruelty.

For the POULTRY WEEKLY.

Hints for Raising Chickens Artificially.

EVEN those who rely on the old established incubators of dame nature will occasionally have broods of young chickens, who from one cause and another have lost their mothers; and have, if valuable, to be hand raised. To such these hints are addressed as well as to those who use patent incubators.

The first thing to remember is that the hen is

one of the most incessant feeders of all God's creatures, and therefore frequent feeders of the highest importance. Every two hours from daylight to sundown is not at all too often to feed young chicks up to three weeks old. The food too should be *fresh* each time, especially if mixed with milk, never allowed to get sour. Another point of great importance is always to feed hard food the last thing at night (by lamp light in early spring) so as to leave something in the crop the best part of the night; and for the same reason the first morning feed should be soft and easily digested, because then the crop has been empty some hours. With regard to artificial heat it is better to have too much than too little; from 65° to 75° should be the range and so long as the chicks can get into the fresh air if they want 80° will not hurt them for a time. Excessive heat is apt however to make them tender, and a mean of 70° is about right.

Cold is not nearly so fatal as *wet*, and on a dry frosty day chickens will endure and enjoy the cold if they get an occasional warm up. Damp however should be the signal for prompt confinement. Exercise is a prime necessity. Therefore if forced to keep them confined, litter some oatmeal or crushed grain among the straw or chaff and let them hunt for it, or hang up a small bit of well cooked meat almost out of their reach. It amuses them to peck at it and their owner to watch them. Lastly it pays well to feed high from the first day. A farmer of my parish told me the other day of an orphan brood he reared and how well they did. The hen stole her nest in a granary where there was a lot of millet seed, and when at three weeks old a wicked weasel or some such animal severed her jugular the farmer took pity on them and every day gave them as much millet, tail wheat, oatmeal porridge boiled very dry and green food as they could eat. The first egg was laid in a little over five months, the second in another week, and all the pullets were laying before they were six months old and continued through the winter. The cockerels were killed at about fourteen to sixteen weeks old and in prime condition. "That showed me the importance of feeding the young birds well" said he "and now I never grudge them the best of everything."

ROBT. W. RAYSON.

Lombardy, Ont.

A young man of Americus had his picture taken Tuesday, also one of his Pointer dog. Then he called on a young lady, presented the pictures, and asked her to take her choice. She selected the picture of the dog, and remarked that she would look at it and think of him.—Americus (Ga.) Recorder.