

until she has devoured all.

Sixth,—They choose their own time for leaving their chicks, not caring whether the weather is warm or cold, or whether they are half feathered or naked.

Sixth,—If a storm comes up suddenly, she will just sit down where it overtakes her, not caring if the whole or any of her chicks are under her or not; and generally speaking, many of them are not if she has a large brood and partly grown.

Eighth,—She will eat from three to four times the amount of feed that her whole brood will, for she will not eat wheat or corn as long as she can get boiled eggs, and all the little dainties you feed your chicks.

Now all these charges that I make against the hen are founded on facts and practical experience. The "brooder" can overcome all these things. It will not crush the chicks in the shell; the oldest will not get out of the nest and perish with cold; nor step on them and kill them; no feathers to get matted and hang them; it cannot eat the lion's share; it cannot leave the chicks before the chicks are ready to leave it; if a storm comes up, it is always ready to take them all in, and you can feed your chicks just what you like, and they get it all as the brooder does not eat. And after the first cost of getting your brooders your chicks will not cost one half or quarter what it will to let the hen run with them.

J. H. ROWE.

King, Aug. 8th, 1882.

A Yankee Captain Outwitted.

Capt. Farrow of Islesboro' tells a good story of himself which occurred a few years ago while he was trading at Key West. It was a case where a Northern Yankee was outwitted by a Southerner. The captain was trading in a small vessel, and had been up the coast to Tampa Bay, where he purchased twenty dozen chickens, paying \$4 per dozen for them. The chicks ran all the way in size from a few days old to full grown ones. At Key West a hotel landlord came alongside and asked the captain how he sold his chickens. The captain replied: "If you pick them out I shall charge you \$6 per dozen; if you let me pick them out you can have them at \$3 per dozen." "All right," said the hotel man, "you pick them out." The captain selected several dozen of the smallest ones, when the man said: "Go ahead, I want more." The captain was amongst his largest fowls, and wished the man would stop, but he still said: "Go on." The captain saw the point at last. The man kept him selecting until he purchased the entire lot at a loss of \$20 to the owner. After this the captain sold his chickens on a different plan.—*Bangor Whig*

Editor Review,

I have read in many of the practical poultry books that oatmeal was a splendid food for young chicks. Now I have fed my chicks oatmeal this year and have had more of them die than any previous year. It seems to cake hard in their crops and to be very hard to digest. Would you please to give me your opinion on the subject, and I would like to hear from some others of your readers also.

R. A. D.

Woodstock, July 25th, 1882.

We would judge from your letter that you feed too much at a time. Feed in smaller quantities and often and you will not have the trouble complained of. Oatmeal is a splendid food for chicks if properly prepared. If raw it should not be fed in a wet or sticky state; mix with only sufficient water or milk to moisten, so that it will tumble to pieces when dropped on the ground, and see that none is left in powder or dry. Soft, sloppy food of any kind is apt to cake in the crop and cause diarrhoea. When oatmeal is made into porridge or a dry cake, after chicks become accustomed to it, it will be relished by them and prove good food. In any shape we would consider it too strong and heating to be made the staple food for chicks. In using soft food it may be taken as a guide that when the droppings are soft and show signs of fermentation when dropped the food is not right, and it should be changed till the droppings become natural in appearance.

Will Mr. Rowe allow me to add two more specimens of hen cussedness to his long list, and there are still more cases to be heard from. A hen, Asiatic, good setter, set out doors, most approved plan and care, did well for 20 days. Then she was observed scratching her nest all to pieces; no eggs visible. Concluding her usefulness was gone, I tossed her out, then unearthed the hen-fruit. All sound except one. After washing were placed under another setter, and in twenty-four hours had a good hatch.

Another hen, after rearing a brood of ducklings, hatched a nest of chickens. She immediately led the flock to the water, and becoming exasperated because they would not swim, threw them in and drowned the whole brood.

F. J. GRENNY.

Brantford, Aug. 10th, 1882.

Forty-two chicks killed in one night! How is that? I had them on a farm about a mile from my place. The next night it was our turn. We killed three skunks and one cat, some satisfaction. The country around here is overrun with skunks.

C. A. GRAF.

Fisherville, Aug. 4th, 1882.