

### THE TRIBUTE OF SILENCE.

A post had his veins, and of two  
Who listened, one spoke nought but open  
praise:  
The other held his peace, but all his face  
Was brightened by the inner joy he knew.  
Two friends, long absent, met, and one had  
borne  
The awful stroke and scathe of blinding  
loss.  
Hand fell in hand; so knit they, like a  
cross;  
With no word uttered, heart to heart was  
sworn.  
A mother looked into her baby's eyes,  
As blue as heaven and deep as nether sea.  
By what dim prescience, spirit-wise knew  
she  
Such soul's exchanges never more would  
rise?  
O deep is silence—deep as human souls,  
Aye, deep as life, beyond all lead and line,  
And words are but the broken shells that  
shine  
Along the shore by which the ocean rolls.  
—J. Buckham, in New England Magazine.

### PLUG HANKINS'S LUCK.

STORY OF A WASTED LIFE.

LL in all, Mr. Plug Hankins was the most phenomenally unlucky man who ever made a living out of cards. How he managed to make the living not even his most intimate colleagues in the black-leg profession could tell. To be sure he sometimes won, but he could not keep his winnings in his pocket for twenty-four hours at a time. He always returned to the table to lose them. Just as surely as Fortune kissed his homely face one day she would turn round and slap it for the next four or five. Then Plug would have to resort to the disagreeable shift of borrowing from his luckier brothers, and he did this so often that there were very few indeed of the pale-faced, white-handed gentlemen of fortune, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, who did not have Plug Hankins on their books for sums varying from one to one hundred dollars. Another singular feature of the case was the fact that scientifically he was one of the best card players who ever sat before a green table. More than that, he was cool and brave. He never spoke of his losses, and never exulted over his winnings if he happened to make any. He was sober and free from nearly every vice save the passionate desire to gamble that had ruled his life from boyhood. Other men made fortunes and lost them every month, but Plug Hankins was always, to use the phraseology of the sporting man, "broke." In time his wretched luck became a jest among his fellow-gamblers. They often laughed at him openly, but Plug himself had never been known to laugh. It was all dead earnest to him—the only profession he knew, and he must make his living out of it or—

Besides his ill-fortune and his pluck poor Plug was noted among his brethren for one other characteristic. He was as phenomenally homely as he was unlucky. The gambler's pallor of his face, the drooping eyelids, the short hair, the sunken cheeks and great ill-turned ears made him look almost corpse-like. And then there was a long scar under his left eye where he had been slashed by a knife on one of the few occasions where he had won. This, too, was a standing jest. But Plug bore it very meekly.

There were many who predicted that some day Plug would make a winning that would startle them all. It was supposed that Plug himself looked forward to some such event to compensate him for his fifteen or twenty years of patience. But the good luck never came, and as ill-fortune was piled upon ill-fortune Plug's patience began finally to break down, and his natural meanness became almost mania. The fact was noticed by the rest of them, but they are not tender-hearted men, as a rule, and they only made their jests at his expense the louder and more frequent. More than that, though, his fellow-gamblers began to be very chary about lending him money. In fact, as a rule, they had begun to decline in no very polite manner, and some even went so far as to advise him to quit the business and get a job somewhere digging dirt.

It was in a frame of mind born of such treatment at the hands of men who had previously been more than kind to him that Plug stood one midnight on the curb at the corner of Twenty—street and Broadway. It was the first midnight in many a year that Plug had not been seated before a dirty green table waiting for the luck that was to make all things right, and meantime losing what little money he could manage by hook or crook to get hold of. With his hands thrust into his great pockets and his hat pulled down over his eyes, he looked the very picture of dejection as he gazed at the gutter under his feet. Even the policeman on the beat had to smile when he saw him, and walked by with the mental ejaculation, "Busted!" Indeed he was "busted." He had gone with-out his meals all that day and the day before in order that he might stake the money at faro. He had asked every one he knew to lend him money and had been refused, and he hadn't a cent. He had looked forward to this climax of ill-fortune for a good many years. It was a long time coming, though, and Plug had almost begun to believe that it never would come, when, behold, here it was!

When he had first thought of the possibility of his present position Plug had grimly resolved that when that time came he would quietly and with the nerve becoming a gambler put himself out of this miserable world; but now that the time had really come at last, he hesitated. His hesitation was not born of fear, however. Plug did not know what fear was. It was merely the

strength of ruling passion that is said to be so strong in death. He was merely revolving in his mind a problem. The problem was a simple one. In his hip pocket he carried the only bit of personal property he had not as yet pawned. It was a pretty little silver-mounted revolver that a girl had given him years before in the West. He had always promised himself that if the day should ever come it would be this souvenir of his only romance that should do the business. But now he found that he was tempted to pawn the revolver, try his luck once more, and then, if he lost—well, the river was quite handy. The problem was never solved, however, for Plug was roused, presently, from his meditations by the happy voice of a child singing in a high key a silly but popular song. He looked around, almost wondering how even a child could be so free from care as to sing, and he observed the little girl, even before she reached the ground, and with an impulse that was absolutely uncontrollable he stepped quickly forward, picked it up, and was secure in the entrance to a gambling-den before the child had opened the door of the saloon.

The time had been when he would have felt disgusted with himself for the act. But that time had long passed. It had gone with his old bravado and his old ideas about gamblers' honor—it had gone about his youth and his remembrance of his mother and with his capability of feeling shame. He rushed up the stairs, burst into the smoke-filled room, and even before he thought placed the bill on the "high card." It won. The dealer laughed good-naturedly. An acquaintance cried out, jokingly, "Good boy, Plug." Another asked him where he had borrowed the money, and then there was a general laugh at his expense. He did not mind it. Perhaps he did not hear it. He looked stolidly at his bet and left it on the "high card." Again it won and now it amounted to four dollars. Again the dealer laughed and so did the rest. There are strange things about luck. Any gambler will tell you so. The "high card" won six times in succession, and Plug's stolen dollar bill now amounted to the respectable sum of sixty-four dollars. The crowd ceased laughing. The dealer, out of pure charity, asked Plug if he wanted to let the bet stand. Plug had been playing such a small game for so long a time that the dealer hardly believed he had sufficient nerve left to take such a risk. He received no answer, however, and as silence gives consent in a gambling-room he proceeded to draw the cards. Again the "high card" won. It was one hundred and twenty-eight dollars now that Plug had on the table. An irreverent youth burst out laughing and said, "Plug's luck must have been turned at last." But Plug was still silent. The next turn made his original dollar two hundred and fifty-six dollars. The "high card" had won eight times in succession. It was becoming so interesting that the other players forgot to make their bets until sharply reminded to do so by the dealer. Even he was a little nervous as he drew the next two cards. He muttered something under his breath, too, when he saw that Plug's money had doubled again. "Great guns!" said the irreverent youth, who had been figuring for a minute with a pencil. "He's won five hundred and twelve dollars." The dealer is in a hurry now. He was afraid that Plug would wake up to a realization of his phenomenal luck and depart with his winnings before the house could get a chance to win them back. He drew the two cards quickly. Plug had won again. "One thousand and twenty-four dollars," exclaimed the youth with the pencil. "Only one thousand dollars," replied the dealer, gruffly; the limit is five hundred dollars." Still Plug was silent. A gambler near him touched him on the sleeve and said: "Wake up, old man. You've won the limit. What are you going to do with it?"

"Won what?" asked Plug, almost drowsily.  
"Won a thousand dollars—are you asleep?"  
Plug did not answer. He reached over and picked up the pile of money and turned from the table. The dealer swore. The proprietor of the house, who had been watching the play, called out, "You ain't afraid, are you?" but Plug paid no attention to him.  
The deal went on, and in Plug's mind there continued some thoughts, the like of which he had not troubled him for many a year. He walked slowly up and down the room several times, paying no attention to the remarks of the men who knew him, and who were either congratulating him on his extraordinary luck or joking good-naturedly about it. And none of them heard him mutter, as he stood several times, "Stolen—stolen—stolen!" Presently he walked to a window and threw it open. He leaned out and looked down into the street. The ragged little girl was standing under the street lamp, just where she had dropped the bill, sobbing with great hysterical sobs. She was wringing her hands just as an old woman would, and in the strange light looked like a diminutive old hag. He heard her cry out, "They'll beat me—O Lord, they'll beat me!" His ugly lips quivered a little bit and a great tear fell from his eyes. He waited a moment, then drew down the

window very gently and walked out of the room.  
"The high card's still in the deck," Plug, "shouted the dealer. But he did not hear the words. He was talking to himself. "I've played it through from soda to hock, and it's no good—no good."  
"The child was still weeping under the lamp when he reached it. He said nothing to her. He clasped her in his arms, though and kissed her. Then he gave her a great roll of bills. It seemed to her as though it was all the money in the world, there was so much of it, and she quickly ran home with it—even forgetting to thank him for it, if she knew how. He did not mind that, though. He was thinking of a worthless life and the end of it."

When his body was discovered, the next morning, he looked uglier than ever, for a bullet had torn a terrible hole in his forehead.—Frank Leslie's.

### Brain Power in Plants.

Arthur Smith, a botanist of note and one of the writers of the National Review, entertains many curious ideas concerning the sleep and brain power of plants, many of these notions, directly or indirectly conflicting with the established opinions of such men as Cuvier, Huxley and Darwin. Speaking of the mimosa, he says: "It always folds its leaves at the close of day, and there is no doubt, if it were not allowed to sleep, it would, like the human species under similar circumstances, soon die." This is not only an example of the necessity of sleep for the repairing of nervous energy and recuperation of brain power, but a proof of the existence of the same faculties in the vegetable kingdom. Then, take the matter of the carnivorous plants, the Venus fly-trap, for instance, which will readily digest raw beef or any insect small enough to fall into its maw. This botanical curiosity has glands which pour out a fluid which resembles the gastric juices of the animal stomach. This fluid dissolves the meat or insect and absorbs their substance into the tissues of the plant. In animal nature digestion can only be commenced by the brain force acting by means of a nerve upon the gastric glands; we may, therefore, concede that it is the action of the same power in the plant that produces the same results. A further illustration of the wonderful effect of brain power in plants may be observed in the action of the radicle of seeds. The course pursued by the radicle in penetrating the ground must be determined by the tip. Darwin wrote as follows in regard to this: "It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the tip of the radicle, endowed as it is with such diverse kinds of sensitiveness, acts in the same manner as the brains of some animals, the brain being seated within the extreme end of the body, receiving its impressions from the sense organs and directing the several movements." Mr. Smith does not quite agree with Mr. Darwin's belief, but it is of the opinion that it is a simple example of brain power, which is the cause of all plant movement. In conclusion he mentions a remarkable property of the potato fungus. When the spores of this fungus burst a multitude of little bodies escape; if these bodies gain access to water they develop a couple of little tails, by means of which they swim like tadpoles.—St. Louis Republic.

### Causes of Mine Disasters.

Mine disasters generally come from some one of three causes—cave-ins, fire, damp explosions or blasting. In nine cases out of ten they are brought about either by the penuriousness of mine owners or the carelessness of the men. In each mine pillars of coal are left to support the roofs of the workings. They are of generous size, and when the mine begins to get "worked out" the temptation to take coal from them is great. This is called "pillar robbing." If these roof supports are "robbed" too freely they will crumble under the weight above them and bring about a "cave in." The chief danger of such an accident is that the miners will be shut off from the exit and buried alive. An experienced miner can generally tell by the pistol-like reports of the coal as it begins to give under the pressure from above that a cave in is coming soon enough to run to a part of the mine not likely to fall and crush him to death; but in the meantime thousands of tons of coal may have blocked all ways of escape. The place of refuge thus becomes a prison, and a prison more horrible than was ever built by human hands.

It is hard to imagine anything more horrible than the situation of miners imprisoned in this manner. Fifteen days and a half elapsed from the time of the disaster in the Hill Farm mine at Dunbar, Penn., in June, 1890, before hope was abandoned that the thirty men imprisoned in the right heading still lived. Two or three days after the disaster signals made by the entombed men were heard by the rescuing party. Every possible effort was made to reach them, but in vain. Their bodies lie under Hill Farm to this day if they were not destroyed by burning gas.—New York Press.

### Some Atmospheric Phenomena.

A man weighing less than the brometer is high, notwithstanding the fact that the atmospheric pressure on him is more than when the brometer is low. As the pressure of air on an ordinary-sized man is about fifteen tons, the rise of the mercury from twenty-nine to thirty-one inches adds about one ton to the load he has to carry.  
If a well could be dug to the depth of forty-six miles, the density of the air at the bottom would be as great as that of quicksilver. By the same law a cubic inch of air taken 4000 miles above the earth's surface would expand sufficiently to fill a sphere 2,000,000,000 miles in diameter.—St. Louis Republic.

It is estimated that California will have 469,000 tons of wheat for export before next June.



### ONE WAY OF INCREASING FARM VALUES.

In one county in New Jersey, says the Rural New Yorker, where excellent roads have been made, farm property has increased in value six times as much as the cost of improved highways. Those who are anxious for free mail delivery in rural districts should be strong advocates of road improvement, as the wretched, almost impassable condition of the highways at certain seasons is one of the strong arguments of the opponents of the measure.

### PUMPKINS AS FOOD FOR STOCK.

Pumpkins are easily grown on almost any soil, says an Ohio farmer, and require but little cultivation, and are seldom grown as a separate crop. They are generally planted among the hills of corn, and may thus be considered as a kind of supplementary crop, and whatever value they may have as animal food is commonly thought by farmers who raise them in this way to be clear gain. Some varieties are of monstrous size, but the common large yellow is sufficiently productive, and for all purposes I give them the preference. Pumpkins make good food for cattle or hogs, but when fed to milk cows I would first halve or quarter them before chopping them up, and scrape out the seeds, giving them to the hogs. I have always believed the seeds will cause a shrinkage in the milk, otherwise I think them excellent food for cows. I know of no plant that will give so much feeding substance for so little work as the pumpkin will, and if they are fed to hogs freely as soon as they are ripe enough they will increase their growth, and a great deal of corn may be saved while fattening them. The wonder is that there are not more of them raised and used for animal food. If stored away where they will not freeze they may be kept along a variety through the winter, and furnish a well-kept at a time when most of the feed is dry.—New York World.

### FRUIT AND POULTRY.

In my breeding yards, writes a poultry raiser, I have over 100 fine young trees now beginning to bear. They are Maritima, Damsons, Spauldings and Lombards, four well tried varieties, and are all perfectly smooth and healthy. I attribute this to the fact that the fowls keep the trees well rid of insect pests, and also to the fact that the trees were well mulched with coal ashes, and are planted in strong clay ground well drained and well adapted to fruit growing. A row of peach trees seem to thrive equally well. On the whole, there is no place like the poultry yard for fruit, and by planting orchards where one may reap double profit from the ground employed. Adjoining the poultry yard there is a strawberry patch of half an acre on which I have demonstrated to my satisfaction that the poultry and small fruit industries are easily and profitably combined. Outside of the season when berries are large enough to attract the fowls, it is no injury to allow the fowls free range of the patch. This is also true of blackberry and raspberry plantations. I find the poultry manure one of the most valuable fertilizers for berries when properly applied. It must, however, be well mixed with dry earth or road dust, or the effect will be rather disastrous than profitable. It has always been a pet notion with me that ten acres of good ground, rightly located and rightly managed for the poultry and fruit business, is enough to afford a very comfortable living for a family not afraid to work and of a "managing" turn of mind.—American Poultry Journal.

### POP CORN.

Pop corn or parching corn, owing to the smaller size of both ear and stalk, can be grown upon very light land, almost without manure, if it is what is called "natural corn land," and the season is favorable. But it pays better to give a light dressing of manure, and grow a larger crop. There is a very good demand for it in this market, the manufacturers of corn cake and corn balls using a great deal, one firm using at least 100 tons a year, and others perhaps more, while the grocers sell a great deal for family use, mostly during the holiday season, but some the year round. This year the market rate at wholesale is from two to three cents a pound on the cob, but the market is overstocked, as it is with almost everything else, and this price is a low one. Some years it has sold at wholesale as high as seven cents a pound in Boston, but such a price is more exceptional than the present price, and from three to four cents a pound is nearer the usual figure. As it is grown principally in the Western States, Wisconsin, Nebraska and Kansas being the largest producers, and Chicago the principal market for it, the low price of this year may discourage them from planting so much next year, and the price may advance. There are several kinds. The favorite with those who use large amounts is an eight-rowed, grayish-white corn, with ears from six to eight inches long, and kernels nearly as large as the Canada or smaller varieties of yellow field corn. The stalks grow to about the same size, and therefore should be planted at about the same distances as that, and it needs pretty good soil or a fair dressing of manure to get a good crop, but under those conditions we hear of a ton or even a ton and a half of ears being grown upon an acre. It parches well, and gives a large kernel when parched, but may not be as tender as some of the other kinds. The White Pearl

### HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

#### A CHEAP NIGHT-LIGHT.

In households where there are young children a softened night-light is indispensable. Very pretty ones are made, but an inexpensive substitute can be contrived by any one. A piece of candle, weighted so as to float upright in a tumbler partly filled with water, will last several hours, and will burn until the wick is far below the surface of the water.—New York Journal.

#### HOUSEHOLD MARKETING.

In buying beef there are a few rules to remember: Bullock beef is the best to buy. It should be fine-grained, the lean with streaks of clean, white-looking fat running through it and of a bright red color. Unless there is enough fat the meat will be tough. Cow beef is paler than ox beef, so you can tell it in that way, and it is not so nutritious; but if the meat is of a very dark red it is too old. To test beef press it down with the thumb; if it rises quickly the meat is good. For soup-meat get the shin-bone and a few pounds of the round. Soup-meat should have as little fat as possible. The best meat for beef-tas is from the round. Mutton should be dark colored and have plenty of fat.

In choosing poultry see that they have smooth legs and short spurs; the male birds are best. The feet should always bend easily, and the eyes should be bright. If a fowl has begun to turn blue, or if it has stiff legs, it is not good.—St. Louis Republic.

#### SERVANTS' SAVINGS.

It is questionable if it is not a matter of duty with every mistress, on each occasion when she pays her servants their wages, to expect them even to the point of making herself officious—to lay by in the savings banks some portion of the fund paid as a fund for old age or against the rainy day that may come. Some mistresses pride themselves on paying their maids at the end of every week, and the small sum so received by the girl is apt to be dissipated in as short a time as it took to earn it. But if the girl can do without it it is much better for her to wait and have it in a larger sum, the sight and possession of which will let her be much more easily induced to appropriate a goodly part of it to the future. Of course when servants have others depending on them it is not easy for them to lay by any considerable amount, but when they are only in the way of buying handsome clothes, of making presents or of spending for amusements it becomes a serious duty to urge them to save their money. The kind mistress may die, the pleasant home may be broken up, the next home may be very different, may be one where if the girl is ill she has to provide for herself and where there are no frequent gifts to spare her expenditure, so that wisdom points out the path to the savings bank or some other safe method of investment. The mistress of a family should remember that she has the welfare of every member of it to look out for, and in begging her maid to save a share of her wages she is providing both for her peace of mind in the present and for her comfort in the possible sickness and sure old age of the future.—Chicago News.

#### RECIPES.

Corn Meal Griddle Cakes—Beat two eggs and add one quart of sour milk, half a teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of melted butter (or two of sour cream), two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved. Make a batter of two-thirds Indian meal and the other third wheat flour. Bake on griddle.

Yenisee Pudding—Another favorite pudding is made in this way: Take five ounces of bread crumbs, four ounces of sugar, three ounces of raisins, two ounces of citron, one teaspoonful of vanilla, one-half pint of milk, the yolks of four eggs, one ounce of brown sugar. Add the milk to this, pour over the yolks, and the vanilla last, and steam one hour and twenty minutes.

Peach Pie—For the crust use half as much cold water as lard or prepared suet, have the shortening very cold, and cut in fine pieces and well mixed through the sifted flour, with a little salt added before putting in the water. When rolling the upper crust, spread on a piece of butter and roll in to make it flaky. Use canned peaches for the pie. Sprinkle half a cup of sugar over them and a little flour. Be careful to wet the edge of the lower crust before covering the pie, so the edges will adhere closely together, which will keep the juice in the pie and add much to its richness.

Potato Croquettes—Beat the yolks of two eggs and add one teaspoonful of onion juice, one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of cream, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, a dash of cayenne pepper and two cupfuls of plain mashed potatoes. Heat the mixture thoroughly and when cool form into cylinders. Dip these first into beaten egg, then in bread crumbs and fry in smoking hot fat. See that they are perfectly covered with both egg and bread crumbs, or else the potato will escape into the fat and the appearance of the croquettes spoiled. This quantity will make twelve croquettes.

Rabbit Stew—Cut two young rabbits into joints; cut also half a pound of streaked bacon into dice. Fry the bacon in a stewpan, then put in the pieces of rabbits; when just browned, add a good spoonful of flour, mix it up well, and moisten with little over a pint of water; season with salt and pepper. When beginning to boil, skim it all the time; put in some button-onions and a bay-leaf; let it simmer a quarter of an hour. Take out the pieces of rabbit pile them up in a pyramid upon a dish. Let the sauce boil, keeping it stirred until the onions are tender and the sauce is thick enough to adhere to the spoon-back; then pour it over the rabbit and serve. The juice of one orange may be added to this dish.

has a kernel nearly round, an ear about three or four inches long, seldom five inches, and the rice corne, either white, yellow or red, seldom grow four inches long. They are too well known to need further description, but are by many thought the best for family use, being more tender when parched. In all of these the stalks are smaller, and are ears near the ground, and these can grow much closer together, and as a good strain is very prolific the crop will be much larger than would be expected from so small an ear. It should be well cured, and last year's corn should be ready to sell or use in February or March, if well cured and kept dry. There is such a thing as its getting too dry to parch well, and in such a case it is necessary to sprinkle it, and allow it to lie in the heap and swell before parching.—Boston Cultivator.

#### WHY MANY DAIRYMEN FAIL.

Many a dairyman fails in meeting his expectations, and so roundly denounces the industry, and why he failed was, according to Ray Gould in the Practical Farmer, his only want of dairy knowledge. A man engaged in other pursuits wholly foreign to the dairy suddenly resolves to go into the dairy business. His whole stock of dairy knowledge consists of supposing that cows give milk; but of all the ways and wherefores, and details, he is perfectly ignorant. The cow, her wants, rights, likes, dislikes, rations and comforts are all to be learned; but assuming that he knows it all, he engages in a business that has more about it to learn and master than to become a proficient machinist, and is confounded at the start to find that every cow is a little dairy by herself and wants individual looking after; but he, in his wisdom, concludes that he can mold them over by giving one care and one attention, and one and the same ration to all, and half of the time is out of that ration and does not know how to compound another, and so economizes feed until he can find something. To him all cows are alike, and all markets are demanding the same thing, and the result is that when he has a thing to sell the market is down, and when it is up he is short of supplies. Then the "blessing" of the industry follows, and the result is, another man proclaims the dairy don't pay! There is no industry on earth that so many men attempt without any capital, stock or practical knowledge to begin with, as the dairy is loaded with. An industry that calls for knowledge of nature, of feeding, of the laws of maternity, of animal life, of adjusting conditions, and a world of detail, all enter into this industry, and no wonder men fail. The man who seeks to become a dairyman should apprentice himself to a first-class dairyman for at least two years, and learn the trade to that extent at least. Let him at the same time read the best dairy literature, text-books on feeding, breeds of cattle, and books treating of dairy produce and its manufacture. Then one can begin and grow up into a dairyman, if he is ever a student. These are the dairymen who succeed. The other fellow is simply a cow-milker, and "luck" never smiles on him. Why!—Chicago Times.

#### FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Leghorns and Houdans are the best breeds for eggs.

Pullets that are just beginning to lay are not good setters.

Extra large or odd-shaped eggs should not be used for hatching.  
Many of the best specimens of pure-bred poultry are incubator-hatched.  
At no time is it desirable to feed poultry an exclusive grain diet; they need more bulky food.

The buff Leghorn is bound to become popular, and so are the buff Wyandottes and other new breeds.

If the hens pick at the whitewash on the walls or fences it is a good indication that they need lime; supply it in some form.  
The fight against the Wyandotte resulted in making the latter popular, and to-day it holds its own with other standard varieties.

One advantage in feeding bran with the cornmeal to poultry is that it increases the bulk and is less liable to cause indigestion.  
Eggs will be set from now on, especially those from Brahmas and Cochins. The early hatched chickens are in demand for the fall shows.

While any kind of grease is sure death to lice, the odor of cedar oil, turpentine or kerosene will cause them to vacate the premises if used liberally.

It requires, on an average, ten pounds of grain to feed incubator chickens ten weeks. At first they will need less than one pound a week and at the last more.

With all breeds of chickens, except the Brahmas and Cochins, it is best to expose the larvae of many insects to birds that winter with us (and these are numerous) and also to domestic poultry.  
Some people have an idea that if much snow were piled around fruit trees to put back the early growth it would be an effective job. This is not so. It has been tried repeatedly and found wanting. A little reflection will show it.