

# AGRICULTURAL NEWS

## THINGS PERTAINING TO THE FARM AND HOME.

### Rules and Nations that Will Make Hens Lay—Disease Germs in Milk—Potatoes in Hills Rather than in Drills—Odds and Ends.

**To Make Hens Lay.**  
Have the house warm, with plenty of room, five square feet of floor space for each hen. Have plenty of light, but not too much. At night cover the windows with a curtain, to prevent radiation of heat. This is much better than outside shutters for windows. A board floor is best, covered with chaff or straw or some other like material. Make the hens work, urges the New York Poultry Breeder. Keep them busy. Give warm food for breakfast. This is a good ration: 100 pounds wheat bran, 100 pounds ground oats, 25 pounds of meal, 75 pounds animal meal. This combination is wholesome, and gives the yolk of the egg a good color. Give the fowls all they will eat, and no more. Mix the food with skim-milk. At night give grain, equal parts of corn and wheat. The fowls must have some succulent feeds. Mangel-wurtzel beet gives best satisfaction. Cabbage is good, also. Cracked oyster-shells are necessary. Plenty of fresh water is indispensable. The egg is composed mostly of water, and the hens do well. It must be given frequently, and be handy, so they can get it when wanted.

**What Is Found in Milk.**  
A separator was in the dairy tent at the Orange County Fair, and the work its representative did from day to day was sufficient to turn the stomach of a human being against the use of milk, says the Newberg Register. One morning he took twenty-six quarts of fresh Jersey milk, and after putting it through the separator there was a filthy residue left that would fill a small coffee cup. This is said to be deadly poison, containing disease germs in countless quantities. The milk has more or less of these, but diseased animals have them in overwhelming quantities. The operator had a scratch on his finger one week and thoughtlessly cleaned out the foreign matter after separating the milk. His finger became inflamed and badly swollen, the results of the poison. Milk should be either boiled, sterilized or separated.

**Potatoes in Hills or Drills.**  
We do not doubt the fact that the practice of growing potatoes in drills rather than in hills is becoming more common. It is the natural result of having seed of doubtful vigor, which has been the rule ever since the potato beetle began its ravages, some twenty-two or twenty-three years ago. We still like, possibly from old habit, the practice of hill planting. If the potatoes are of vigorous habit of growth, three feet apart each way will leave no vacant ground when the plants are full grown, and the spaces between the rows will be equally well filled with roots. If an attempt is made to crowd the plants the vigor is diminished and also the yield. Some of the best new varieties grow their roots very compactly, and will bear to be planted in drills. But we think they are more likely to suffer in dry weather than are potatoes that are planted in hills so that the soil can be cultivated between them both ways. This cultivation should never be deep. When moist soil is turned up from below it exposes a new surface to the air, and this dries out more rapidly. Continued shallow cultivation will keep the dry soil on top to act as a mulch, and if the strata beneath is left undisturbed except early before the potato roots have filled the soil, the lower soil where the roots are will have some moisture rising up into it from below, even in a dry time. There is a possibility of injuring potatoes by very deep cultivation after they have attained large growth. Not only are too many roots cut off, but the soil is exposed too much to the air by being continually turned.—American Cultivator.

**Low Tops for Fruit Trees.**  
In setting out fruit trees leave the lower branches or better still have three or four single buds on opposite sides of the tree, from which new branches may be grown. Head the trees low. The trees are less liable to be injured by storms. The fruit is more easily gathered and the low top helps to shelter the surface soil, holding the snow on the ground under it, and thus prolonging the life of the tree, besides increasing its vigor and productivity. The high-headed fruit tree is a relic of the days when horses and cattle were turned into orchards and the trees had to be pruned high to escape injury from them.

**The Digestion of Pigs.**  
A well-fed pig often makes an average gain of a pound per day for the first eight or ten months of its life. Such an increase in weight as this requires that the animals have good digestion. To insure this, while young, the pig should be fed what can easily be digested, and that a portion of it should be succulent. Overtaxing the digestive organs while the pigs are young stunt their growth, and such pigs will never attain the size that would be possible for them if properly fed while young. Milk is the best food for young pigs, supplemented with wheat middlings if the milk is not sufficient. So soon as the grass starts they should be put in a pasture or orchard to eat what grass and fallen fruit they can get during the summer. If such pigs are fed liberally their digestion will always be good. Not until they are seven or eight months old

should they be fed any corn, and then at first only in small quantities, so as to accustom the digestive organs to utilize this food, which for young animals is always the most difficult to digest.

**Regrafting White Plum Trees.**  
There are in almost every neighborhood many wild plum trees, besides wildlings that have sprung from seed accidentally dropped. In their present state these trees are entirely worthless. By taking them up and grafting with the most productive and valuable cultivated varieties these wild plum trees can be made sources of income. There is a general belief that grafting of the plum can only be done successfully very early in the season. It is true that if the bud of the graft has started to grow it will probably require too much moisture before the union with the stock can supply it. Then, of course, it will perish. But a graft that was cut early, and has been kept in a cool, moist place where it will not dry out, can be set in a plum tree after its own buds have started, and will be nearly certain to succeed.

**A Fruitful Fowl.**  
We are indebted to a French scientist for the information that the egg chamber of an average healthy hen contains 600 eggs, and that, as a rule, it takes nine years to lay them, according to the Maryland Farmer. More than half of the eggs—between 500 and 375—are laid during the second, third and fourth years, and the number gradually decreases, from fifteen to thirty being laid in the eighth year, and from one to ten in the ninth, from all which it is manifest that it does not pay to feed a hen after the fourth year. There has long been an impression that hens after that age are unproductive, but the French scientist is the first to tell us why they cannot be productive. It is just such information as this that is needed by farmers and poultry dealers, and those who furnish it and disseminate it are in a sense public benefactors.

**Onions as Food for Chickens.**  
Fowls of all varieties are extremely fond of onions, and derive great benefit from eating them. They not only serve all the purposes of food, but aid digestion and tend to ward off disease. They may be given in a raw or cooked state. Chickens will eat not only the bulbs, but the leaves, when chopped up and mixed with the soft food. Chickens that are allowed onions prepared in this way rarely, if ever, have cholera, and are not likely to be infested with vermin. A very good food for laying hens during the winter months consists of cooked meat, potatoes and chopped onions. The last ingredient answers the same purpose as pepper.

**Potted Plants.**  
Do not use pots for wintering flowering plants that are too large. It is better to give larger pots when necessary for such arises. Be careful in watering. The tendency is to apply too much water. An excellent fertilizer for winter plants is to dissolve a teaspoonful of nitrate of soda, phosphate of lime and phosphate of potash in three pints of water, which may be applied in sufficient quantity three times a week. The materials are free from odor, and may be procured at any drug store.

**Don't Desert Old Varieties.**  
It is a sad mistake the poultrymen on the farms are making in deserting the old and tried varieties, and taking up with every new breed coming before the public. Why cannot our poultry breeders learn what everybody else knows to be true, that it is only by clinging to and improving any variety that excellence is maintained? It is too bad that the business must suffer because of the leoprog practices of men keeping hens.

**Cheap Beef.**  
A Southern cattle feeder says the feeding of cattle for beef purposes on cottonseed is a cheap way of making beef; but the corn feeders, he thinks, must learn to mix other cheaper feed with their solid grain, which will in all probability enable them to make corn beef as cheap as cottonseed beef.

**Odds and Ends.**  
Old potatoes are greatly improved by being soaked in cold water over night, or at least several hours after peeling. The water should be changed once or twice.

Tea or coffee stains in linen may be removed by moistening the spots with water and holding them over the fumes of a burning match. Then wash immediately with water in which a little ammonia or soda has been dissolved.

Leather belts or boots that have been soaked in water or dried hard may be softened by rubbing plentifully with coal oil. If the leather is very dirty wash it with good hot soapsuds first.

An essential article that should be found in every kitchen is a vegetable brush. Lettuce, spinach, celery and many other vegetables may be cleaned much more readily with one than with the hands.

For a sprained ankle immersion for fifteen or twenty minutes in very hot water, and following this an application of bandages wrung out in hot water, is recommended as the best treatment.



**CHAPTER III.—Continued.**  
One day the firm of William Rose & Company hired a new clerk. He came from the West, and had the manners, carriage and address of a thorough, well-bred gentleman. Nor was his appearance deceptive. He was a thorough gentleman and it did not take Max Brett very long to discover in his new acquaintance a kindred spirit. From a mere business acquaintance their companionship ripened into true friendship, and before the close of the first month the newcomer had taken up his residence in the same flat with Mrs. Dupont, the genial landlady, exhibited an unusual interest in his latest patron, but in common with Max, she could learn but one thing about him—his name was Henry Richards.

The evenings of the young men were now spent in mutual pleasure and enjoyment, though Max found Richards to be unusually reticent and reserved, and that well which accounted the observing Brett to imagine that his friend's quiet shyness was not merely natural bashfulness. Certainly, Richards was particularly reserved in the presence of ladies, but Max had a notion that it was only that Richards was afraid of being drawn into a conversation in which he might be tempted to say more than he desired. That his friend could disclose facts concerning himself of more than ordinary interest Brett felt morally certain. Perhaps Brett's greatest failing was his inquisitive disposition, but with all the questioning and cross-questioning skill at his command he was utterly unable to glean a single item from the past history of his new friend.

It has been hinted that Brett had with praiseworthy foresight, taken care to stand well with his landlady, in whom he found a first-rate friend. Landladies as a class have been much reviled and slandered by the popular press and the growling public, but many a young man has proven that there are some splendid exceptions to the general rule—if it is the rule to find in the landlady a species of female vampire. Mrs. Dupont was both refined and intelligent, and her pleasant, kindly face was but the index to a large and warm heart. Consequently her interest in those who made their home under her roof was not assumed nor the result of common feminine curiosity.

One afternoon, as Max was returning from his work at the office, he met Mrs. Dupont in the entrance to the flat. He tipped his hat with a pleasant "good day" and was about to pass on, when the landlady addressed him.

"Have you seen my new tenants, Mr. Brett?"  
"No," said he, "who are they?"  
"A young lady with her mother—New York people."  
"Ah!" said Max, with a merry smile. "Tell me all about them, please."  
"They came here yesterday. The young lady is remarkably handsome. She is a very fine singer, and something of an artist, I believe. Her mother has leased the apartments for six months, so that we shall have every opportunity of becoming acquainted with our new neighbors."  
"And still," said Brett, "you have not mentioned the name of this fair addition to the Dupont colony?"  
"Annette Spencer, but—"  
Here their conversation was interrupted by footsteps on the stairs, and they both looked up to see who it might be.

A tall, slender figure, wrapped in a heavy gray cloak, appeared, displaying the graceful outline and movements of a young woman. Her hat in a sure index to a woman's taste and judgment) was very simple, but elegant and faultless in its simplicity.

she had at first seemed determined to display, warmed considerably. In fact, long before Mrs. Spencer suggested the necessity for breaking up the little party, Miss Annette and Mr. Max Brett were seated very closely together—so closely that the crisp, short hair of the young man frequently got in the way of the wavy golden hair.

"Low as first sight" is rather out of date, they say, and yet there was something marvellously like it in Mrs. Dupont's prior that evening, the victim being no other than our lively young man of the world, Mr. Max Brett. And he, who had more than once boasted that he would never strike his colors to any woman, but would remain forever a free lance and a rover, did not even try to deny the fact to himself. Indeed, after he had said good-night to his hostess and the Spencers, and while he puffed at a cigar as he rocked himself gently in his favorite armchair, he thought it would not be half bad to go right ahead and make an unconditional surrender to the girl with the wavy golden hair.

**CHAPTER V.**  
The pleasant evening in Mrs. Dupont's parlor was but the forerunner of many other meetings between Max Brett and Miss Spencer, and day by day—as the days merged into weeks—the bond of friendship between them strengthened. They were thrown so much together and Max was so persistent that several evenings each week found the young man awaiting the pleasure of his "golden-haired idol," as, with some pardonable exaggeration, he was wont in his own mind to call Annette. The young lady seemed well pleased to receive his attentions, while Mrs. Spencer at all times exhibited a lively interest in Brett's welfare, for which he felt grateful.

And yet, although Max knew that his own regard for Annette was quickly ripening into a strong and ardent affection, he felt that "love making" was almost impossible with Annette. With all her frank friendliness there was a something which seemed ever to intimate that he must keep at a respectful distance.

Love cannot always adapt itself to circumstances, nor can it be easily sheltered and forgotten. Max was in love, although he had all his life desired not to be. Not that he knew that he was in love, he discovered that he harbored within his bosom an imp of the green-eyed monster! Yes, the jovial, light-hearted, happy-go-lucky Max Brett was jealous, and for the life of him he could not himself understand, much less explain, why he should be.

He had never attempted to breathe one word of love into Annette's ear, yet when he peered into the depths of her large blue eyes he could see for imagined that he could see a world of love shadowed by a cloud of sorrow and doubt.

This perplexed Max, who, cosmopolitan and experienced as he was, was a perfect novice in the manners and customs of the wassals and serfs of that merciless autocrat, Cupid. Being of a rather original and imaginative turn of mind, he worked Annette's apparent sadness up into a mass of probable and improbable circumstances and situations, that would have reflected seriously upon his sanity had he ever dared to make them known to his friends.

He bore this mental discomfort, which was rapidly becoming acute mental torture, for several weeks, and when a month had passed began to weigh his chances, and one evening, very simply, Max told Annette of his love. Very quietly the answer came—the very answer which Max had hoped would not be his, but which he had all along dreaded.

ery, for I think I can arrange with the firm for an extended leave of absence. You may rely on me, Annette."

That evening Max held a council of war, followed up by a session of committee on ways and means, in both of which deliberative assemblies he had it pretty much his own way.

In one hand he held the miniature left behind by Henry Richards and in the other he grasped the photograph of Harry Spencer, which he had borrowed of Annette. The face in the miniature was that of Brett's cousin, Emily Satterthwaite. The photograph of Spencer was also the portrait of Richards!

This was a pretty good starting point for a little amateur detective work. Brett was just the man to put two and two together and thereby arrive at a total of four. He resolved to go to work immediately—first by visiting his cousin Emily, who now resided in England, and, secondly, by hunting up Richards, who was—well, somewhere.

Two days later, Max Brett packed his satchel, bade farewell to Annette and left Chicago. But he was delayed more than once in executing his plans, and it was several months before he was able to complete the first part of his program by interviewing Emily Satterthwaite.

**CHAPTER VI.**  
It is a remote corner of the world, very remote indeed, where an American can not be discovered, but where a detective of Mexican or St. Petersburg, it is characteristic of him to prefer bustle and "go," so that one would hardly commence a search for a typical citizen in an English country village.

And yet the most important man in Chesham, and by long odds the richest, at the time of our story was a hundred-cent-on-the-dollar American; and if Chesham was not an ancient British borough, there are no such places.

Years before, John Satterthwaite, toiling in his office in the heart of New York city, made up his mind that a home in Chesham was worth a good deal of hard work. While yet a boy he had visited England with his grandfather, who took him to Chesham and showed him the hall where the old gentleman had been born seventy years before; showed him the broad acres which had once belonged to the Satterthwaites, and the parish church where whole generations of dead and gone Satterthwaites lay covered by marble monuments and brass effigies. He even saw that the swinging sign bore the legend, "The Satterthwaite Arms."

When young John returned from that visit and, treading in the footsteps of his father, started in commercial life, it was with the firm resolve, if such a thing were possible, of ending his days in the home of his distinguished ancestors. Bravery and right will he carried out his resolution. While he was still in the forties he paid a princely sum for the old hall and the noble park which surrounded it, and once again a Satterthwaite came to be looked up to as the most important person in Chesham. It mattered little to the natives that he was by birth an American. It was enough for them that he came of the old stock, and it was easy for them to perceive that John Satterthwaite was a gentleman.

"Blood tells, every time," said the burly landlord of the Satterthwaite Arms, as he discussed the new square with his guests. And it did tell, so that John Satterthwaite, of New York and Chesham, was not more warmly welcomed by the plebeian townspeople and by his tenant farmers than by the aristocracy of the county.

Only one thing troubled the county people, especially mothers with large families of grown boys.

John Satterthwaite's household was presided over by his lovely daughter—a fascinating young lady, quite of marriageable age and doubtless richly endowed with worldly wealth, who evidently did not wish to marry and who persistently repelled the proffered attentions of a dozen or so young Buckinghamshire squires who fell desperately in love with her on sight.

(To be continued.)

**OLYMPIC GAMES AT ATHENS.**  
Will Be Held in an Amphitheater Holding 30,000 Persons.  
Considerable interest is shown in the revival of the Olympic games, which take place at Athens, Greece, in April. The Panathenic Stadium at Hymettus is now being fitted up for the accommodation of 30,000 persons. Mr. Averoff, a wealthy Greek merchant of Alexandria, has donated \$100,000 for this purpose. The Crown Prince of Greece and his brothers are much interested in the event, and the entire fund raised in Greece for the rebuilding of this noted amphitheater amounts to \$193,000. The King has promised to award the prizes of silver olive wreaths, and special commemorative postage stamps will be issued by the Government, the proceeds to go to the Olympic fund.

It is intended to finish the Stadion in marble, but only part of it will be ready for the sports in the spring. It is said that when the structure is finished the seating capacity will be 70,000. It forms a natural hollow between two of the lowest spurs of Mount Hymettus, the sides sloping up to a height of from sixty to eighty feet. The interior space, in form of a horseshoe, is 670 feet long and 109 feet wide. From this spot a splendid view of Athens and the surrounding country can be had, including the Bay of Salamina.