The St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor. COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1895. VOL. XX.—NO. 33.

A SALON PICTURE.

Just a cradle, standing empty, in the twilight's purple gray,
Covers tossed and pillows showing what it nested yesterday,
And a woman, worn to silence by the passion of her pain,
Gazing blindly, dumbly at it, stretching trembling hands in vain;
Just the hour when once the baby nestled closely to her breast,
With soft, clutching fingers, soothing all her tired nerves to rest
Ah! the downy head of yellow and the tiny velvet cheek;
Ah! the blankness of forever—and she sinks down pale and weak
'Neath the burden of her sorrow—hard against the cradle's side,
Pressing tight her aching bosom where the wound throbs deep and wide.
Drooping low her head so heavy in a yearning, loving reach,
Till her cheek the cold wood touches, with a pitiful, dumb speech.
"Empty! empty!" sigh the shadows, creeping close about her ear,
And she clasps a weak arm over that she may no longer hear
Still a lullaby the wind sobs in the casement o'er and o'er,
And her heart shall hear its echo, crooning to it evermore:
"He hath given. He hath taken; blessed be His name on high"
But that little empty cradle is the mother's Calvary.

—Carolyn W. Wade, in Chicago Record.

LITTLE FRENCH MARY.

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

The town of Dulham was not used to seeing foreigners of any sort, or to hearing their voices in its streets, so that it was in some sense a matter of public interest when a Canadian family was reported to have come to the white house by the bridge. This house, small and low-storied, with a bushy little garden in front, had been standing empty several months. Usually when a house was left tenantless in Dulham it remained so and fell into decay, and, after some years, the cinnamon rose bushes straggled into the cellar and the dutiful grass grew over the mound that covered the chimney bricks. Dulham was a quiet place, where the population dwindled steadily, though such citizens as remained had more and more reason to think it as pleasant as any country town in the world.

Some of the old men who met every day to talk over the town affairs were much interested in the newcomers. They approved the course of the strong-looking young Canadian laborer, who had been quick to seize upon his opportunity; one or two of them had already engaged him to make their gardens and to do odd jobs, and were pleased with his quickness and willingness. He had come afoot one day from a neighboring town, where he and his wife had been made ill by bad drainage and factory work, and saw the little house, and asked the postmaster if there was any work to be had out of doors that spring in Dulham. Being assured of his prospects, he reappeared with his pale, bright-eyed wife and little daughter the very next day but one. This startling promptness had given time for but few persons to hear the news of a new neighbor, and as one after another came over the bridge and along the road there were many questions asked. The house seemed to have new life looking out of its small-paned windows; there were clean white curtains, and china dogs on the window sills, and a blue smoke in the chimney—the spring sun was shining in at the wide-open door.

There was a chilly east wind on an April day, and the elderly men were gathered inside the post office, which was also the chief grocery and dry goods store. Each was in his favorite armchair, and there was the excuse of a morning fire in the box stove to make them form again into the close group that was usually broken up at the approach of summer weather. Old Capt. Weathers was talking about Alexis, the newcomer (they did not try to pronounce his last name), and was saying for the third or fourth time that the more work you set for the Frenchman the better pleased he seemed to be. "Helped 'em to lay a carpet yesterday at our house, neat as wax," said the captain, with approval. "Made the garden in the front yard so it hasn't looked so well for years. We're all goin' to find him very handy; he'll have plenty to do among us all summer. Seems to know what you want the minute you p'int, for he can't make out very well with his English. I used to be able to talk considerable French in my early days when I sailed from southern ports to Havre and Bordeaux, but I don't seem to recall it now very well. He'd have made a smart sailor, Alexis would; quick an' willing."

"They say Canada French ain't spoke the same anyway," began the captain's devoted friend, Mr. Ezra Spooner, by way of assurance, when the store door opened and a bright little figure stood looking in. All the gray-headed men turned that way, and every one of them smiled.

"Come right in, dear," said the kind-hearted old captain.

They saw a charming little creature about six years old, who smiled back again from under her neat bit of a hat; she wore a pink dress that made her look still more like a flower, and she said: "Bon jour" prettily to the gentlemen as she passed. Henry Staples, the storekeeper and postmaster, rose behind the counter to serve his customer as if she had been a queen, and took from her hand the letter she brought, with the amount of its postage folded up in a warm bit of newspaper.

The captain and his friends looked on with admiration.

"Give her a piece of candy—no, give it me an' I'll give it to her," said the captain, eagerly, reaching for his cane and leaving his chair with more than usual agility; and everybody looked on while he took a striped stick of peppermint from the storekeeper and offered it gallantly. There was something in the way this favor was accepted that savored of the French court and made every man in the store a lover.

The child not only made a quaint bow before she reached out her hand with childish eagerness for the unexpected delight, but she stepped forward and kissed the captain.

There was a murmur of delight at this charming courtesy; not a man there would not have liked to find some excuse for walking away with her, and there was a general sigh as she shut the door behind her and looked back through the glass with a parting smile.

"That's little French Mary, Alexis' little girl," said the storekeeper, eager to proclaim his advantage of previous acquaintance. "She came here yesterday and did an errand for her mother as nice as a grown person could."

"I never saw a little creatur' with prettier ways," said the captain, blushing and tapping his cane on the floor.

This first appearance of the little foreigner on an April day was like the coming of a young queen to her kingdom. She reigned all summer over every heart in Dulham—not a face but wore its smiles when French Mary came down the street, not a mother who did not say to her children that she wished they had such pretty manners and kept their frocks as neat. The child danced and sang like a fairy, and condescended to all childish games, and yet, best of all for her friends, seemed to see no difference between young and old. She sometimes followed Capt. Weathers home and discreetly dined or took tea with him and his housekeeper, an honored guest; on rainy days she might be found in the shoemaker's shop or the blacksmith's, watching them at their work; smiling much but speaking little, and teaching as much French as she learned English. To this day, in Dulham, people laugh and repeat her strange foreign words and phrases. Alexis, the father, was steady at his work of gardening and haying; Marie, the elder, his wife, washed and ironed and sewed and swept, and was a helper in many households; now and then on Sunday they set off early in the morning and walked to the manufacturing town whence they had come, to go to mass; at the end of the summer, when they felt prosperous, they sometimes hired a horse and wagon and drove there with the child between them. Dulham village was the brighter and better for their presence, and the few old-fashioned houses that knew them treasured them, and French Mary reigned over her kingdom with no revolt or disaffection to the summer's end. She seemed to fulfill all the duties of her childish life by some exquisite instinct and infallible sense of fitness and propriety.

One September morning, after the first frost, the captain and his friends were sitting in the store with the door shut. The captain was the last comer.

"I've got bad news," he said, and they all turned toward him, apprehensive and forewarned.

"Alexis says he's going right away" (regret was mingled with the joy of having a piece of news to tell). "Yes, Alexis is going away; he's packing up now, and has spoken for Foster's hay cart to move his stuff to the railroad."

"What makes him so foolish?" said Mr. Spooner.

"He says his folks expect him in Canada; he's got an aunt livin' there that owns a good house and farm, and she's gittin' old and wants to have him settled at home to take care of her."

"I've heard these French folks only desire to get forehanded a little, and then they go right back where they come from," said some one, with an air of disapproval.

"He says he'll send another man here; he knows somebody that will be glad of the chance, but I don't seem to like the idea so well," said Capt. Weathers, doubtfully. "We've all got so used to Alexis and his wife; they know now where we keep everything and have got to be so handy. Strange they don't know when they're well off. I suppose it's natural they should want to be with their own folks. Then there's the little girl."

At this moment the store door was opened and French Mary came in. She was dressed in her best and her eyes were shining.

"I go to Canada in ze cars!" she announced joyfully, and came dancing down between the two long counters toward her regretful friends; they had never seen her so charming.

Argument and regret were impossible—the forebodings of elderly men and their experience of life were of no use at that moment, a gleam of youth and hope was theirs by sympathy instead. A child's pleasure in a journey moves the dullest heart; the captain was the first to find some means of expression.

"Give me some o' that best candy for her," he commanded the storekeeper. "No, take a bigger piece of paper, and tie it up well."

"Ain't she dressed a little thin?" said gruff Mr. Spooner, anxiously, and for his part he pointed the storekeeper to a small plaid shawl that hung overhead and stooped to wrap it himself about the little shoulders.

"I must get the little girl something, too," said the minister, who was a grandfather and had just come in for his mail. "What do you like best, my dear?" and French Mary pointed shyly, but with instant decision, at a blue silk parasol, with a white handle, which was somewhat the worse for having been openly displayed all summer. The minister bought it with pleasure, like a country boy at a fair, and put it into her hand.

French Mary kissed the minister with rapture, and gave him her hand to shake, then she put down the parasol and ran and climbed into the old captain's lap and hugged him with both arms tight round his neck. She thought for a moment whether she should kiss Mr. Ezra Spooner or not, but happily she did not decide against it, and said an affectionate good-by to him and all the rest. Mr. Staples himself came out from behind the counter to say farewell and bestow some raisins. They all followed her to the door and stood watching while she tucked her bundles under her arm and raised the new parasol and walked away down the street in the chilly autumn morning. She had taken her French gayety and charm and all her childish sweetness and dignity away with her. Little French Mary had gone. Fate had plucked her like a flower out of their lives.

She did not turn back, but when she was half-way home she began to run, and the new shawl was given gayly to the breeze. The captain sighed.

"I wish the little girl well," he said, and turned away. "We shall miss her, but she doesn't know what parting is. I hope she'll please them just as well in Canada."—Globe-Democrat.

Wanted a Sprinter.

"So you want a job on the ice wagon, do you?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"What can you do?"

"I'm a dandy lifter. I can pick up as much weight as two ordinary men."

"That's no good in this business. Get out there and let's see you sprint while I hold the watch on you."

"You want a runner?"

"That's right. I want somebody that can get a burst of speed on him that'll get ten pounds of ice from the wagon to a customer's front door before it melts."—Washington Star.

BUILDING AND SCIENCE

HOMES FOR THE PEOPLE.

How to Get a True Estimate of the Cost of a House.

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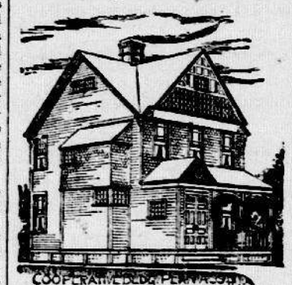
There is but one method of getting a true estimate of cost—the laborious one of figuring out all of the quantities of materials and labor. There is, however, one short method, called the "cubic-foot method," which, when used with nice judgment, often gets at a fair approximate.

It has been noted that the main part of an ordinary frame house from the

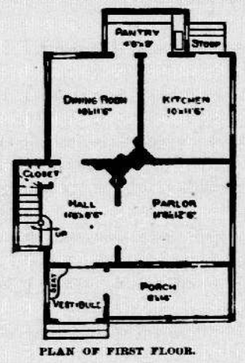


COOPERATIVE BUILDERS ASSN.
ARCHITECTS N.Y.

MODEL $1,500 COTTAGE.

cellar ceiling to the attic floor (including the roof) costs about 12½ cents per cubic foot in the vicinity of New York city; that the ceiling costs about 5 cents per cubic foot, and the finished attic rooms about 3 cents per cubic foot; also that a veranda 6 feet wide, all complete, including foundations, floor, rails, posts and roof, costs about $4 a running foot. To the results obtained by "cubing" add the cost of the verandas and of any plumbing, hardwood floors or staircase, expensive wall or ceiling decorations, mantels and grates, furnace, gas fixtures, kitchen range, etc., and the total is supposed to be an approximate estimate.

In "cubing" take outside dimensions except for attic rooms; for these take inside dimensions. To get the height from cellar ceiling to attic floor of a two-story building, for example, add the heights of the two stories together and then add 3 feet, usually, as an allowance for the floors and floor beams.



PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR.

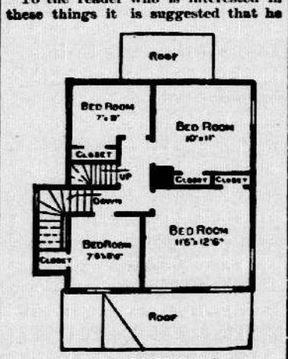
For small houses, those costing under about $3,000, add 2½ feet as an allowance.

The design illustrating this article furnishes an easy example for testing this method, as there are no attic rooms and few "extras" and there is no cellar.

The width of the main part of this cottage is 21½ feet; the depth 24½ feet, and the height from cellar ceiling to attic floor 19 feet. The dimensions of the annexes are shown by the plans. The cubic contents are as follows:

Main building, 21½x24½x19	10,008¼ ft
Stairway annex, 3'3-8x10x15	353 "
Pantry annex, 8x9½x8	380 "
Total	10,948¼ ft
10,948¼ cubic feet @ 12½ cents	$1,368 53
21 lineal feet veranda	84 00
2 mantels and grates @ $15	45 00
Estimated cost of post foundations	30 00
Estimate of total cost	$1,527 53

To the reader who is interested in these things it is suggested that he



PLAN OF SECOND FLOOR.

figure the cubic contents of some building in his locality, the cost of which is known to be about right. He can thus arrive at a cubic foot price for his locality.

Besides the general dimensions given above, and the sizes of the rooms which are shown on the floor plans, a brief description of this cottage is as follows:

Heights of stories: First story 8 feet 8 inches; second story 8 feet.

Materials for exterior walls: Foundations, locust posts; first story, clapboards; second story, clapboards and shingles; gables, paneling and shingles; roof, shingles.

Special features: An attractive exterior and a large number of living and sleeping rooms for the amount expended. Two good rooms, (about 1,600 cubic feet) can be finished in the attic for $48. A cellar under the whole house (4,000 cubic feet) can be built for $200. An important improvement is to enlarge the pantry, converting it into a one story kitchen extension, (say 1,001 cubic feet) at a cost of $125, which provides for enlarging the dining room and converting the present kitchen into a library or bedroom.

All of the suggested improvements, although they do not cost much, are omitted, because for a $1,500 cottage the line must be drawn when $1,500 is expended. These improvements can be made at any future time about as cheaply and advantageously as when building the cottage.

The square hall, containing a pretty staircase lighted by small windows of stained glass, is quite attractive, and practically enlarges the parlor, with which it is connected by a wide opening. The hall is protected by a vestibule, keeping it free from draughts and making it inviting as a sitting-room.

But all the attractive features of even a small cottage cannot be discussed in a brief article. It is just as well, however, for much, if not all, can be safely left to the observation and imagination of the reader whose interest in a practical subject induces him to wade through so many dry facts and figures.

BINDS TREES TOGETHER.

Wild Fig Vine Acts as a Vegetable Python in the Forest.

Woe betide the forest giant when he falls into the clutches of the clusia or fig. Its seeds, being provided with a pulp which is very pleasant to the taste of a great number of birds, are carried from tree to tree and deposited on the branches. Here it germinates, the leafy stem rising upward and the roots flowing, as it were, down the trunk until they reach the soil. At first these aerial roots are soft and delicate, with apparently no more power for evil than so many streams of pitch, which they resemble in their slowly flowing motion downward. Here and there they branch, especially if an obstruction is met with, when the stream either changes its course or divides to right and left.

Meanwhile leafy branches have been developed, which push themselves through the canopy above and get into the light, where their growth is enormously accelerated. As this takes place the roots have generally reached the ground and begun to draw sustenance from below to strengthen the whole plant. Then comes a wonderful development. The hitherto soft, aerial roots begin to harden and spread wider and wider, throwing out side branches which flow into and amalgamate with each other until the whole tree trunk is bound in a series of irregular living hoops.

The strangler is now ready for its deadly work. The forest giant, like all exogens, must have room to increase in girth, and here he is bound by cords which are stronger than iron bands. Like an athlete, he tries to expand and burst his fetters, and if they were rigid he might succeed. * * * The bark bulges between every interlacing—bulges out, and even tries to overlap, but the monster has taken every precaution against this by making its bands very numerous and wide.

As the tree becomes weaker its leaves begin to fall, and this gives more room for its foe. Soon the strangler expands itself into a great bush almost as large as the mass of branches and foliage it has effaced. * * * If we look carefully around us we see examples of entire obliteration—a clusia, or fig, standing on its reticulated hollow pillar, with only a heap of brown humus at its base to show what has become of the trunk which once stood up in all its majesty on that spot.—Guiana Forest.

WHEN ICE MELTS.

Interesting Scientific Propositions Verified by Experiments.

Under the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere ice always melts at the same temperature when the thermometer rises above 32 degrees Fahrenheit, but if the pressure is increased it no longer does so. This proposition was laid down by Prof. J. Thompson, that an increase of pressure, tending to prevent the formation of ice and the solidification of all substances which expand on freezing, should lower their melting points and this was experimentally verified by Sir William Thomson (Lord Kelvin), who found that for every additional 130 atmospheres of pressure, the melting point of ice was lowered by one degree. Prof. Dewar in his lectures last year on solids and liquids proved the same thing. On the other hand, the melting point of sulphur or wax is raised by pressure; or, in other words, if pressure be applied, these substances require a lower degree of heat in order to melt them, or will melt with less heat. Sea water freezes at 25.4 degrees Fahrenheit, fresh water at 32 degrees, milk at 30 degrees, vinegar at 28 degrees, niter at 26 degrees, blood at 25 degrees, strong wine at 20 degrees, oil of turpentine at 14 degrees, brandy at 7 degrees below zero, mercury at 39 degrees below zero, and liquid ammonia at 46 degrees below zero.—Washington Star.

House of Uniform Temperature.

A house of one uniform temperature, summer and winter, is a dream of hygienists which seems to have been realized by M. Caron at Chamounix in Upper Savoy. The secret of construction is merely an elaborate system of water pipes forming the framework and supporting the wooden walls and floors. In summer cold water circulates through these pipes and in the cold season the water is heated to the desired temperature before it enters the pipes. There is little doubt that M. Caron's plan will be interesting for hospitals and public buildings to examine, as well as for private villas.—Cassell's Family Magazine.

Tons of Gold in Ocean Water.

There are a great many eminent chemists and mineralogists who believe that all the gold found in the rocks was deposited there from solution in the sea water. In support of this theory Prof. Lobley and his assistant evaporated and analyzed a ton of ocean water, and found that it contained about one grain of pure gold. Reckoning from the above deductions Lobley argues that the seas now hold in solution 5,000,000 times more gold than has ever been taken from the rocks.

Taught by Experience.

Mamma—If Mrs. Smith gives you a piece of cake be sure to say "Thank you."

Freddie—What good is that? She never gives you any more.—Brooklyn Life.

During the Spat.

Clara—Do you believe that "familiarity breeds contempt?"

Louise (her dearest friend, but at present miffed)—It wouldn't be polite to say.—Chicago Record.

Cause for Complaint.

Tom—(at college)—Why has Ben cut the acquaintance of Harvey?

Dick — He complains that Harvey keeps his smoking-tobacco too dry.—Judge.

Making Success Certain.

Footlytes—I am going to call my new play "The Baby."

Graffik—That's a queer name.

Footlytes—I know; but a baby is always a howling success.—Judge.

Conjugal Prudence.

Wife—Do you really love me, my pet?

Husband—I adore you, my sweet, and am prepared to give you any proof of the fact not exceeding one hundred francs.—Il Carlino.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

"Shall the South Abandon the Culture of Cotton? or How Shall We Make It More Remunerative?"

No question is more important than this. To the south, the proper answer involves every interest. The culture of cotton has been for many years the principal industry of this section.

Upon it was based not only the success or failure of the farmer, but, in a large measure, our entire financial policy. Merchandise, banking and transportation were largely modified by this crop.

THE MONEY INVOLVED.

The lint sold, the seed products and the manufactured goods, annually brought into circulation among us over four hundred millions of dollars. This gave life to every artery of trade. This of itself was a circulating medium of nearly or quite twenty dollars per capitol added every year.

WE CAN NOT ABANDON IT.

It would seem evident to the most casual thinker that the abandonment of such a money-producing crop would paralyize every branch of industry in the land.

The immediate effect would be a general cutting down of values. Every acre of farm land would be worth less. Every species of real estate would depreciate. Merchants would have to give up their merchandise, and the railroads would run empty trains. Lawyers would be without clients. Schools would rapidly fall into decay, and a general collapse, if not universal bankruptcy, would ensue.

PROVIDENTIAL CAUSES.

We have the climate, the soil and the labor to grow cotton, to a greater advantage than any other portion of the globe can produce a similar grade. It would not be wise to fail to utilize all these.

THE CONSEQUENCES.

If we abandon the culture of cotton, we have in our midst a vast contingent of unemployed labor, idle, shiftless and homeless. The negro does not know how to support himself in any other branch of agriculture.

We must plant all the lands now used in growing cotton in some kind of food-producing crops. This would soon glut the market with all that line of produce. It would ruin the northwest, cut off the largest source of income to the railroads, break all the commission men and provision dealers, reduce the price of provisions of all sorts so low that it would be a losing business to grow them, and the farmer would be in a worse condition than now, with cotton at five cents.

WHAT SHALL WE DO THEN?

There is a much better way out of this trouble. We can cheapen the production of cotton by growing all our home supplies upon the farm. Then, plant smaller areas in cotton, and manure and cultivate better, so as to increase the yield per acre. Make no accounts, pay as you go, so that the cotton when grown will belong to the grower. Quit forcing the entire crop upon the market in three months. Distribute the sale over the whole twelve months, only selling as the factories need it for consumption; this will greatly improve the price.

We gin cotton because it brings a higher price in lint and is easier handled; for the same reasons, let us spin the cotton and sell thread and cloth. Lint cotton is worth three times as much as seed cotton. Thread is worth three times as much as lint. Cloth, or woven cotton, about three times as much as thread, or six times as much as lint.

The increased value of one or two crops will pay for all the machinery necessary for the manufacture of the entire crop. A little concert of action will enable us to regulate this matter. We can inaugurate this movement easier than we can give up the culture of cotton and adapt ourselves to a new system of farming and a new set of crops and hunt up new markets. We only need a little more common sense economy.

RECAPITULATION.

1. Grow crops that belong to us, and thus cheapen the cost of production.
2. Sell only as consumption demands.
3. Manufacture all or nearly all the crop here in the south.
4. Inaugurate these reforms by economy and concert of action.
5. Thus the cotton crop will bring us annually $100,000,000.

The above is not intended to be exhaustive, but only suggestive. The changes suggested will not come about of themselves without thought and action. Neither will any other adjustment of our present deep-seated troubles.

Above all things, our farmers must better educate themselves, so as to know how to be independent of tricksters. We can not change the habits of a lifetime in a day, but we can begin and press on in the right way, and improve as we go.—Jas. B. Hunnicutt, in Southern Cultivator.

TWENTY YEARS HENCE.

A Northern Granger Looks Into the Future of the South.

It needs no prophetic vision on the part of the careful observer to see plainly that the seat of the greatest progress made by the people of the United States will be in what is termed the southern states. This will be brought about by the sub-divisions of the great plantations of the south into small farms where intensive, instead of extensive farming will be the rule. Intensive farming can be followed only in a country where climatic conditions are such as to permit the raising of fruits and vegetables in the highest state of perfection, and it is beyond question that the southern states enjoy this climatic advantage.

To-day all the great lines of railway of the northern states are seeking southern connection. Reports of the railway companies show that it is only those that have such connections that are able to report an increase of earnings. With the facilities that these new lines of railway will afford the southern farmer, they will be enabled to furnish the great cities of the northwest with fruits and vegetables fresh from their orchards and gardens at remunerative prices.

There are also two other lines of farming in which the southern farmer has proven that he can successfully compete with his northern rival, viz.: Poultry raising and dairying. The northern farmer is already keenly feeling the competition of the southern poultry raiser.

In dairying, the idea that was so long and firmly entertained by the northern as well as the southern farmer, that dairying could not be profitably followed in the south, has been dispeled by the successful management of this industry by a number of brainy and progressive farmers of the sunny south.

The inexhaustible mines, quarries and forests of the southern states will furnish the raw material to the great manufacturing plants that will cause the upbuilding of great cities in the south. These cities will furnish a market for all the products of the farm.

In the above statements we have taken no rosy view on account of misguided enthusiasm; but, as a resident of the northwest, I have come to these conclusions, after having made several visits to the southern states, and care fully investigated their resources. Unfortunately for them, a large majority of the southern farmers do not fully realize the manifold advantages they enjoy. But there is a leaven work in the way of emigration of northern farmers to the south, who will join hands with their southern neighbors in introducing a new system of farming, which will cause the waste places to bloom like a rose. Under these new conditions, the south will become the home of a happy and prosperous people.—Southern Cultivator.

THE COMPOST HEAP.

The Most Valuable Means of Conserving Farm Manures.

Farm made manures are best prepared for effective use by composting, that is, by a thorough rotting process well known to the practical farmer. To prevent the loss of ammonia as the manure is being accumulated, gypsum is sprinkled over the voidings in the stables, and it is also mingled with the manure heap as well. The principle is that the gypsum (sulphate of lime) gives up its sulphuric acid to the ammonia, thus forming sulphate of ammonia, which is stable and suffers little loss. If such provision were not made the ammonia would suffer much loss from volatization. There is one disadvantage in the use of gypsum in this way: the phosphates in the manure are apt to take very insoluble and unavailable forms. The carbonate of lime formed by the decomposition of the gypsum reacts with any soluble phosphate present with the formation of tri-calcium phosphate—practically the same thing as untreated South Carolina rock phosphate.

A better method of treating composts, and manure generally, would be to use low grade sulpiate of potash, or kainit, in the place of gypsum. The ammonia would be preserved equally well, and the agricultural value of the phosphates suffer no loss. In fact, the phosphates would have a better form than before if there was any material difference. Phosphate of potash is perhaps the best possible form of these minerals for agricultural purposes, and such reaction as could occur with the use of potash salts must take this form. But this is not the only advantage; farm manures are universally deficient in potash as compared with ammonia, not only in balancing the ingredients, but also in holding its potash and phosphoric acid in such form as to be readily available in the soil.—Farmers' Home Journal.

Salt in the Dairy.

1. Salt, like acidity and charity, covers a multitude of sins.
2. To the majority of consumers a small amount of salt will increase fine flavors in butter, while a large amount of salt may partially hide poor flavor.
3. Salt is thus partly a flavoring and partly a preservative.
4. No amount of salt will preserve poor butter, but good salt will help to preserve good butter.
5. Salt should be applied with a reasonable addition of brains.
6. If working only once, use an easily-dissolved salt, or else partially dissolve it before using. The latter is not a good plan, as it is difficult to distribute such a pasty mess.
7. The amount of moisture left in the butter when the salt is added should be regulated according to the dissolubility of the salt.
8. When salt is applied to drained butter and left to dissolve at the proper temperature (about sixty degrees) it will absorb moisture from the butter globules in dissolving, and this is quite an important matter.
9. Heavy brine, when applied only once in brine salting, will be diluted in proportion to the water left from washing, and hence be apt to leave the butter too light salted for the average consumer.
10. It is more difficult to salt evenly with brine than with dry salt.
11. First and last and all things, get a good dairy salt which has not been exposed to bad odors.
12. Do not believe that you can follow any fixed rules, but consider the dissolubility of your salt, the amount of moisture and the temperature is your butter, and use judgment in salting as in all other work.—National Dairyman.

HERE AND THERE.

—Success with fowls does not depend so much upon the room they have, as the way they are fed and cared for.

—It is just as expensive to plant, cultivate and gather a crop from poor land as it is from the very best soil. Intensify your farming.

—A poultryman says, "never give your fowls water that you would hesitate about drinking yourself." The same rule applies to cows.

—Cattle destroy more pasture by treading it down than they do by eating the grass. Hence it is advised to divide the pasture into several lots.

—The farmer who keeps cows, poultry and hogs, who raises his own fruit and vegetables, and buys nothing that he can raise himself, is the most successful.

—On his farm at Lebanon, Mo., Congressman Bland has 5,000 Ben Davis apple trees in good growth. Their fruit sells for 40 cents a bushel and the trees bear about 5 bushels each in good seasons.

—A bill seems long and steep if we stop to take in its dimensions or measure it every few yards we travel. The way to get over it is to go ahead, without thinking of the hill or the distance to the top.

—The silk of the great spider of Madagascar is fine, strong and elastic. It is used by the natives to fasten flowers to sunshades. A single female spider has been known to spin two miles of it in twenty-seven days.

WOMAN AND HOME.

FAVORS FOR LUNCHEON.

Novelties That Quick-Witted Hostesses May Bear in Mind.

In the way of novel favors for spring entertainments, these may be described: At a certain woman's club there will be a noon breakfast, at which will be seated seventy guests. An artist in favors has made for this social function some beautiful but inexpensive trifles for each cover, in which water color paper has lent its aid. These pretty painted affairs are of two kinds. One is in form of a napkin ring, with a band of liquid gold at each end and around the middle. Tied to the end is a bunch of daffodils, painted on the same material in natural colors and cut in outline, giving all the effect of a bunch of flowers. Instead of napkins pretty handkerchiefs will be thrust inside this clever device. Some

A BAG OF BONBONS.

are of linen, embroidered, some edged with lace, some of silk, with drawn-work borders, but all are of spotless white, and the whole plan is as spring-like as the flower season itself.

Another favor is a bon-bon bag, with silk cover. For the foundation there are some pieces of firm cardboard, cut out in different shapes, grouped together securely, so as to form an excellent stand for the silk receptacle. These pockets are in every tint of delicate silk, according to fancy, and are drawn up by ribbons. They are filled with chocolate sweets in every variety. The guest's card is tied to the ribbons, and as favors these certainly are unique and tasteful.

Another society hostess will give during the spring months a luncheon for her daughter. The invitations are in silver cardboard, the envelopes tied with pink ribbon, as dainty as possible. The young debutante conceived a happy idea for the occasion. She is having photographs taken of herself in miniature size. When finished, they will be inclosed in French gilt frames and through the knot will be tied a bow of narrow ribbon. A pin on the under side will fasten these quaint conceits on the dress of each guest. For table decorations there will be wreaths of smilax set off by buds of the bridesmaid rose, so that flowers and favors will be happily combined. The napery will be pink and white. In the middle of the board will be an old-fashioned candelabrum, whose base will be covered with ivy. There will be rosettes of broad, pink satin ribbon, at each corner, the bands of ribbon running around the table. All the china will be pink, of course.

It is reported that the beautiful rose called the Baroness Rothschild will make its appearance as a dinner course. One florist suggested to a caterer that the center of this precious blossom be taken out and filled with Roman punch, the chill of the ice preserving

A NARCISSUS NAPKIN RING.

its radiant beauty. The petals, which are not needed for this extravagant plan, will be scattered over the napery, giving that blush tone to the cloth for which these flowers are so famous. The leaves will be added also to the scheme, and the whole affair, when ready to be served, will be a most delicate appetiser between the meat and the game.

How to Fumigate a Room.

To fumigate a room with sulphur, use two pounds of rock sulphur with one pound of flowers of sulphur to every 1,000 cubic feet. Put the sulphur in a tin dish, set in a pan of wet ashes or a pan containing brick, to prevent any danger of fire. Put the rock sulphur at the bottom, the flowers of sulphur on top, and pour two tablespoonfuls of alcohol over them just before you apply the match. Leave the room instantly. Every door, window, crack and crevice in the room must be closed. It may discolor the paper. That depends on the color. All the metal work must be removed.—N. Y. Tribune.

Advantage of a Full Length Mirror.

Every house should contain at least one mirror of sufficient length to enable one to see oneself within it at full length. No woman ever knows quite what an appearance she makes until she thus sees herself, and there are many little defects of dress only to be remedied by such observation. Many gowns would hang very differently, or be of different lengths and sometimes, too, very much better boots would be donned, if the "gift" were thus given "to see ourselves as others see us."

Harvest for the Laundress.

The revival of the white skirt is assured. Single skirts of percale finished with a fine scallop around the edge of the hem and a ten or twelve-inch scalloped flounce above it will be worn in the street with summer dresses. With more elaborate house dresses a skirt of nainsook is worn. This is finished with three, four, or five overlapping flounces, about five or six inches deep around the bottom. These ruffles are quite generally trimmed with edges of French valenciennes or frills of point d'esprit.

As It Is Said, Now.

First New Woman—That Mrs. Fogg is kept right under her husband's thumb.

Second Ditto—Yes, indeed; he wears the bloomers in that family!—Puck.

One Way of Putting It.

Chemist (to assistant, discharged on the spot)—We can dispense without you.—Philadelphia Press.

WASHING BLANKETS.

The Only Hard Work Is to Get Them on the Line Properly.

A sunny, windy day should be selected, and only one pair washed in one day. First put the blankets on the line and shake the dust out of them. Cut one pound of good soap in small pieces and boil in two quarts of water till dissolved. Add a half pound of powdered borax. Fill a tub about half full of water and add the soap and borax. Be sure to have the temperature of the water the same as that of the outside air. This is not a difficult matter, as water is usually a little colder than the air in spring and summer, and only then should blankets be washed. Press the blankets down into the water and avoid rubbing; then let the soap and borax do the work—they certainly will. Let the blankets soak for two hours and rinse them thoroughly in several waters until the rinsing water looks clean, taking care to having the rinsing water the same temperature as the first water and the outside air.

Then, without wringing, put the blankets on the line. Do not stretch them, and be careful to hang them exactly even, then the color of the stripes will not run into the white. Although dripping wet, on a clear day they will dry in four or five hours and will be soft and clear. The water, not the washing, will show to a certain extent, although they will look more like new ones than they did before washing. Take in when perfectly dry. They should not be ironed nor pressed. They will be clean and will smell sweet. The only hard work is to get the blankets on the line properly, and if some one will "lend a hand," even this is not very laborious.—Good Housekeeping.

ONE-PIECE GARMENT.

Why Its Fair Inventor Considers It the Ideal Bicycle Skirt.

Three "bicycle women" were talking the other day, and, of course, it goes without saying that they were talking of wheels and of the time they had made, and above all they were talking of this season's bicycle gowns. They

AS A WALKING SKIRT. DRAWN UP FOR BICYCLE.

waxed excited over this last topic. Finally one of them said she had a costume in process of construction that met all objections. She said:

"The costume is a one-piece garment, and makes a splendid walking skirt. There are a pair of elastic cords arranged skillfully at the side, and when a body wants to mount all she has to do is to pull at these nice little cords, and behold, the skirt rises in graceful folds on each side, leaving the limbs in the trousers unimpeded while on the wheel. And the costume isn't immodest a bit. It really is pretty. You can wear any kind of waist with it that you wish. I bought a skirt, and I'm going to wear my Norfolk jacket with it. The skirt is light as can be, and is made so that it has a sheer effect in front, and when it is drawn up and back there is but little cloth to blow about. And I'll tell you further, dear ladies, that I'm going to wear my 'zelkri' on every racing day this season. No more muddy skirts and draggled gaiters for me. And the best of it all is that it doesn't appear a bit like dress reform, and you can thus have all the gain of comfort without the fame which you ladies and your husbands seem to find so stringently objectionable."—Chicago Tribune.

A Mistake Some Mothers Make.

It is a common excuse with over indulgent mothers for omitting to correct even glaring improprieties of feeling or of conduct that the child is "too young to listen to reason" and that it will be time enough to check such aberrations afterward. This is a great mistake. In infancy we are governed not by reason, but by the well-directed affection and kindness of our guardians; and to wait till the development of a child's understanding before we commence its moral training is to wait till years of unregulated indulgence shall have strengthened its more selfish and powerful appetites and passions—to wait, in short, till the weed has ripened and shed its seed, before attempting to extirpate it from the soil.—Dr. Combe.

Easy When You Know How.

Some women never acquire the knack of tying a bow knot. In fact, many women do not, judging from the strange, upside-down, wrong-side-out affairs one sees in ribbons and sashes and bonnet strings. The process is simplicity itself after it is once learned. Always to put the upper string over the under, and never the reverse, is the whole thing in a nutshell. If this same upper string is again brought through the middle loop before pulling it smartly into place it will make the unloosable knot which is necessary in shoe laces, for instance.

To Test Face Powder.

Some face powders are harmless, others are very injurious. To test a face powder drop a pinch into a wine glass of clear water. If it dissolves it can be used with impunity; if it shows an insoluble residuum avoid it, as it will clog the pores and in time ruin the complexion.

More Science Than Luck.

"I've no luck at horse racing, but in love I am the luckiest man alive."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, I have been in love with a dozen different girls, and none of them ever married me yet."—Texas Siftings.

The Fatal Test.

Voice at the Head of the Stairs—George, have you been drinking?

George—No'm!

Voice—Say chrysanthemum.

George (silent for a moment)—I'm drunkah, m' dear!—Syracuse Post.

Very Suspicious.

May—I think Count de Box is a bogus nobleman.

Pamela—Why?

May—He has plenty of money.—Brooklyn Life.