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Farm Hints.

SOME DOTS FOR THE FARMER.

—Do not imagine there is no market for what you raise. Go to work and raise something the people want and need, and you will have no trouble getting rid of it at paying prices.

—Those who have tried the different kinds of clover in Louisiana, such as California medick, alfalfa, Japan clover, in fact every variety which has received a fair trial, have found them great successes.

—If you will feed well and take good care of your mean little Louisiana and Texas cows, you can almost make jerseys of them.

—Everything you do toward improving your farm makes it worth that much more, and that much more comfortable and attractive. Remember that every nail you drive on your own place is your nail, and if you will continue to drive them, there is no reason why your farm should not be the most comfortable and well provided for home.

—If you would grow Irish potatoes successfully, you must have suitable land. It must be well drained, either naturally or artificially. If you try potatoes in low, wet soil, your harvest will be disappointment only.

—Always handle your potatoes carefully. A bruised potato will keep but little better than a bruised fruit, and the bruise detracts from their appearance also.

—Lespedeza, says the Dixie Farmer, is better than red clover for grazing, for renovating the soil, and for hay.

—If you want to make any kind of a success at raising poultry, don't shut your fowls up in a damp yard or house. Give them the warmth and dryness of the sunshine.

—Since the late war the Southern farmer has been planting for the benefit of the Western corn and pork raiser, and the growers of stock in Kentucky and Tennessee.

—The Dixie Farmer says the best time to "drive" bees is when the apple trees begin to bloom, as about that time there are but few young bees, and but little honey in the hives.

—One of the very best saccharine sorghums is early amber cane. Rich soil is not needed to make a moderate crop.

—Dispel the idea that it is too much trouble to have so many different patches, and go ahead with your diversified farming.

—The vineless or bunch yam is said to be the most prolific potato for the South. It will grow in any kind of soil.

—The farmer should at this time be debating in his mind as to how best to sustain himself and family on the farm, and become independent of the cotton crop and store credit.

—Every farmer who is able to afford a good silo should have one, as it takes much less ensilage to feed a cow for milking purposes than it does roots, such as beets, carrots and turnips.

—Improve your cow and you will improve the quality of your butter, for which there is always a market.

—The farmer should put himself in a position to utilize the advantages of soil, of climate and of general surroundings.

—Blooded cattle are becoming moderately cheap. For from \$25 to \$50 per head you can buy good Jersey grades.

—Buy a good bull to put with your cattle, and you will soon have a fine herd.

—The sheep is a prominent factor in the possession of the farmer. He brings in money three times a year for his owner.

—Fifty sheep on a clover patch of five acres, says the Meridian Live Stock Journal, will net the farmer from \$100 to \$200 every year.

If a farmer understands the business, there is nothing he can put his attention to that will pay him better than poultry raising.

—Do not be misled with the idea that cotton will be higher at the close of this season, but go right ahead, if you have not already done so, and get your corn in the ground.

—If the farmer would do well, and become independent, he must raise something to eat.

—In planting for food crops, there is no use to confine yourself to corn. Devote some of your ground to other food supplying crops.

Fruit Prospects.

When the unexpected frost came March 18th, it was feared that the fruit crop in this region was destroyed. We are now able to give a pretty correct estimate. The orange crop will be large. While some buds were killed, enough were left to produce all the oranges the trees are capable of bearing, and the trees are uninjured.

Pears are all right and there will be a large crop. Oranges and peaches are the principal fruits as yet in this country, and if nothing happens from now on, will bring in many thousand dollars to this country, this summer and fall. Peaches and plums have been injured considerably, especially the early varieties. The later varieties, which were not in full bloom at the time of the frost, are uninjured, and we will have plenty of both peaches and plums. Blackberries, strawberries and such fruits are all right and will be a full crop. Grapes and figs are all right and will make a good crop.

Altogether, while the frost did considerable damage to early peaches and plums, and killed a few orange buds, the loss will be only trifling, and we will have plenty of fruit.

While our fruit crop will not be quite so large as it would have been without the frost, yet, because of the increased price caused by the total destruction of the fruit crop north and west of us, we will probably realize as much profit as we would have done had there been no frost.—Lark Charles American.

More than Forty-two Gallons.

If I were to go and ask a saloon keeper how many gallons of whiskey there is in a barrel he would say, "when full up to the brim forty-two gallons."

But now let me go to the lonely widow's home, where only a dim light is seen, a careworn form moves about slowly, ask her what does a barrel of whiskey contain; she says it contains, outside of the forty-two gallons, "death." Why? Because it took her husband away and she is dying inch by inch, from the effect.

Go to that man you see behind the bars of the law and ask him what does a barrel of whiskey contain, and he will readily tell you that a barrel of whiskey contains his money and happiness and forty-two gallons.

See that man before the jury for murder, call him aside and ask him secretly, Sir! what does a barrel of whiskey contain? With tears in his eyes he can say, "It contains my life and the life of my victim."

Hark! I hear the foot-fall of a child out in the darkness of the night, looking for her father. Ask her what does a barrel of whiskey contain, and the hungry mouth will say, "It contains home and food and raiment."

Ask the one that sits up until two o'clock in the morning, what does a barrel of whiskey contain, she will tell you, "It contains the marriage vows and love."

It contains a weary life, a heart of sorrow, a mind of regret, a lonely life, a sad home, an orphan asylum, a poor-house.

If a barrel of whiskey contains all of this what must the stilleries contain?—H. Davenport in Way of Life.

The Household.

The School Journal favors the teaching of cookery. It says: "It has been the source of a good deal of mirth to the old educationist that it was proposed that cooking be taught. And yet it is the testimony of competent judges that more than one-half of the bread baked in the country homes is not good bread, to put it mildly. The waste in bad cooking is something quite enormous, to say nothing of the indigestion and subsequent doctors' bills. The cost of teaching cooking could be got out of the waste. A lady teacher, in a beautiful town in New York, declares that she is a convert, having found by visiting families that but seven families out of thirty-two have decent bread. They make excuses about the yeast, the stove, or the flour, but really they don't know how to make bread."

The following paragraphs are taken from the house-keepers' department of that splendid journal, the Southern Cultivator and Dixie Farmer:

House-keepers who dread the ordinary way of washing dishes will, no doubt, be glad to learn that a Mrs. W. F. Gordon has patented a labor-saving dish-washer. When we were young there was no need for anything of this kind, as boys and girls were early taught to help their mothers in this branch of house-keeping. It was a training that generally resulted in benefit to the children, while it helped the mother considerably in her never very light daily labors.

Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer has made a very reasonable and important request that we ask our educated women not to rest until every little public school girl in this country is taught how to give her father and brother and her husband and son such a good breakfast in the morning that he will not need to have his whisky or beer to strengthen them until dinner time.

"Nina" tells the Old Homestead, of Cleveland, O., how to make rice fritters, a dish that is healthy and nourishing when properly prepared. Boil half a pint of rice in one quart of sweet milk, with a little salt, until soft; then add one cup of butter, two well-beaten eggs, and cornmeal enough to make a thick batter. Make them into small cakes, and drop them into hot lard, or fry them with a little hot butter and lard. Serve warm with maple sugar.

Molasses cake is a great thing for the children, and this is how Mrs. D. W. makes it: One cup of sugar, one of butter and lard mixed, two of molasses, one teaspoon of ginger, one of nutmeg, one of cinnamon, one-half teaspoon of cloves, a little salt, three-quarters of a cup of strong coffee, and two eggs. Beat all together, add four cups of flour. After mixing well, add one-half cup of boiling water, in which one teaspoon of soda has been dissolved. Adding a little currants, raisins, and a little citron makes it almost as good as fruit cake.

This is the way "Cassie" makes nice, soft gingerbread, such as our "mother used to make": Take two cups of good molasses, one of butter, one of sweet milk, four eggs beaten light, two teaspoons of ginger, four heaping cups of sifted flour, mixed with three teaspoons of baking powder. Stir well together and bake in two buttered tins.

Three thousand women of Greece have signed a petition to the Government asking that public schools of art and industry be established for women, and claiming that the failure of Greece to meet the expectations of its well-wishers is due to the backward condition of its women and their non-participation in public affairs.

Every hostess, says a recent writer on social courtesy, should remember that she owes an especial duty to the shy, timid guests,

endeavoring to draw them into the midst of the gaiety, that they may be enabled to forget their bashfulness. And guests, when they are invited to spend an evening at the home of a friend, should make up their mind before going that they will be so agreeable that the hostess will be glad that she invited them. And young people should be taught to go into all good society, and to make themselves so attractive that their presence will always be welcomed. Not attractive in an artificial manner, but in that genial kindness and desire to help the hostess, which will enable every boy or girl or young lady or gentleman to take a part in any game with real zest and enjoyment. Of course some people are very much fitted to "shine" (as it is called in society) than others, still all ought to learn to be agreeable as possible and not be designated as mere "wall flowers."

A PRAYER TO THE SALOON-KEEPERS OF WEST POINT.

Saloon-keeper, you've given my husband drink
 Until—as I sit here alone and think—I feel that you've given it also to me. For I am not sober as I used to be. Oh! my brain is drunk! It whirls! It reels!
 Delirium tremens into it steals.
 I scream, I rave, I beseech and implore,
 For God's sake don't sell him ev'n one drink more.

Saloon-keeper, you have silver and gold,
 But oh! saloon-keeper, have you been told
 What else has gone to your coffers so full,
 Where neckles have jingled with scarcely a lull?
 Oh! listen, I pray—I'll count it all up,
 And see if it's enough to pay for the cup.

That has broken my heart, biggled my life,
 As I grope through life, a drunkard's wife.
 He paid you the roof from over my head,
 Has given not only my meat, but my bread.
 Has given you hours, for which I have waited,
 Till night grew so dark the world he hated;
 Has given you health, and I must admit
 Are not your coffers as full as they hold?

And peace and happiness, and joys of home,
 The awful past and no future to come—
 There's cursing and sickness, poverty,
 death!
 That seems to be lurking in every breath.
 Just look in your coffers—they are all there—
 And with them the pain too great to bear.

Oh! my time, my rest, the hours of sleep,
 The bitterest tears that my eyes could weep,
 My pride, which forms part of the heart of woman,
 The spirit, the life, all that a human is gone, is irrevocably lost—
 This, saloon-keeper, is part of the cost.

Oh! this saying? I told you I was drunk,
 And into the depths of sorrow was sunk;
 Yet I had and leg, and command you to think,
 Of the horrible price you get for drink.
 Whenever my husband enters your store,
 For God's sake don't sell him ev'n one drink more,
 I beg and shriek and beseech and implore,
 For God's sake don't sell him ev'n one drop more!

Finish What You Begin.

My old grandmother had a way of making her children finish their work. If they began a thing they must complete it. If they undertook to build a cob-house, they must not leave it until it was done, and nothing of work or play to which they set their hands would she allow them to abandon incomplete. I sometimes wish that I had been trained this way.
 How much of life is wasted in unfinished work! Many a person uses up his time in splendid beginnings. The labor devoted to commence ten things and leave them useless would finish five of them and make them profitable and useful. Finish your work. Life is brief, time is short. Stop beginning forty things, and go back and finish four.—Christian Observer.