

# FARM GARDEN

## PRESERVATION OF EGGS.

**A Commission Merchant's Advice About the Popular Lime Method.**

The lime method is the most popular mode of preserving eggs where large quantities are to be kept an indefinite time. It must be told, however, that limed eggs are by no means as good as are fresh eggs, though these serve the cook's purposes very well, provided they are not boiled. For custards, cake and the like, limed eggs figure conspicuously. In reply to numerous queries is here given in full the advice of a commission merchant on the pickling process:

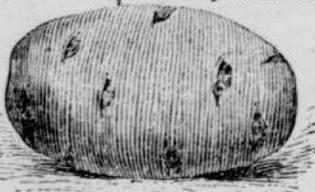
To make a pickle in which to preserve eggs use strictly pure stone lime, fine, clean salt and pure water in the following proportion: Two quarts of salt, sixty gallons of water and one bushel of lime. The stronger the lime water and freer from sediment the better. Slake the lime in a part of the water and then add the balance of the water and salt. Stir well three or four times at intervals, and then let stand until it is well settled and cold. Either dip or draw the clean pickle into the cask or vat in which it is decided to preserve the eggs. When the cask or vat is filled about fifteen or eighteen inches deep, put in eggs about one foot deep. Spread over them some pickle that is a little milky in appearance, made so by stirring up some of the very light particles that settled last, and continue this as each foot of eggs is added. When the eggs are within about four inches of the top of the cask or vat cover them with factory cloth and spread on two or three inches of the lime that settles in working the pickle. It is of the greatest importance that the pickle be kept continually up over this lime. For putting the eggs into the pickle it is convenient to have a tin basin punched full of holes and large enough to hold six or eight dozen eggs. The edges of the basin should be covered with leather, and it should have a handle about three feet long. Fill the basin with eggs and put both under the pickle and turn the eggs out. They will go to the bottom without breaking.

When the time comes to market the eggs they must be taken out of the pickle, cleaned, dried and packed. To clean them scrape half a molasses hog-head or something like it, filling it about half full of water. Have a sufficient number of crates to hold twenty or twenty-five dozen eggs, made of slats placed about three-fourths of an inch apart. Sink one of the crates in the half hog-head. Take the basin used to put the eggs into the pickle and dip them out, turning them into this crate. When full rinse the eggs by raising it up and down in the water, and if necessary to properly clean them, set the crate up and douse water over the eggs. Then if any eggs were found when packing from which the lime has not been fully removed they should be laid out out and all the lime cleaned off before packing. When carefully washed they can be set out in a suitable place to dry in the crates. They should dry quickly and be packed as soon as dry. In packing the same rules should be observed as in packing fresh eggs.

### Early Potatoes.

Of all the early potatoes we have ever tested, says the Philadelphia Farm Journal, the early Ohio stands at the head for earliness. It is superior in quality and a good keeper, but it is a rather light cropper on average soil, and has not become generally popular. The Crown Jewel, illustrated herewith, is a seedling of the Ohio, about as early, more prolific and a more vigorous grower. In color, which is a flesh tint, it is like the Ohio and Hebron, but the tubers are longer than the parent variety and slightly flattened. For a first early potato we have found nothing superior to the Crown Jewel.

To the same type and class belong Burpee's Extra Early, an excellent potato. A new variety of the Early Rose type, but more vigorous in growth and more productive, is the Farmers' Alliance.



**CROWN JEWEL POTATO.** Variety is worthy of the consideration of growers. One year's trial gave us a very

favorable opinion of the Alliance, says the authority quoted. Those who like a potato with a white skin will find the Standard equal in every respect to the Crown Jewel. Being white, it does not sell so well as an early potato, and is easily greened by exposure to the sun in midsummer. We hear good reports from Freeman, but have not tested it. Other early varieties advertised are the Vaughan, Early Wisconsin and Early Northern. This last named is said to be a seedling of Early Rose.

Some wideawake growers are now going south instead of north for seed potatoes. Farmers in the southern trucking districts are not only growing their own seed but producing a surplus for shipping north. They plant their early crop potatoes late in summer and raise a second crop for seed.

## FARM FENCES.

**Styles of Straight Rail Fences That Have Superseded the Old Snake Fence.**

Some farmers have settled the question of fences by no fences at all. Others have resorted to hedges, and in the New England states many patronize stone walls. There remains a large class who are still faithful to fences, and many of these utilize rails as a building material. The old fashioned "snake" or "worm" fence is, however, being rapidly



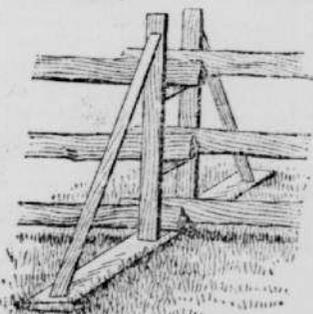
AN ODD VARIETY OF RAIL FENCE.

idly superseded by what is known as the straight rail, which involves less waste of land and is more enduring. These fences range in height from three to eight rails, and are made in a variety of patterns, two of which are here illustrated. The Ohio Farmer, for which the cuts were originally drawn, describes them as follows:

A peculiar variety of rail fence of frequent occurrence in northern Ohio, and illustrated in the first cut, is simply made. First are placed in line pairs of rails crossed in X shape for the supports, the upper space of the X being much smaller than the lower. In each upper notch a rail is laid, but instead of reaching to the pair of crossed supports its farther end is laid upon the ground. Then "straddling" this rail, at about midway between where it leaves the notch and where it touches the ground is the next "X." From its upper notch another rail extends to the ground, and thus the fence goes on, the upper end of each rail extending in each case somewhat above and beyond the notch.

At Fig. 2, is shown a section of fence made by placing for each support two vertically upright posts, six or eight inches apart, upon a flat board, and having a bracing piece run outward and downward from each post to the ground. Short crosspieces are fastened from post to post, and upon these crosspieces from one pair of posts to the other rails are laid. The intention, in such cases, is to make a movable fence, which may be set up temporarily about any portion of the farm, and this intention once understood, the fence may be looked upon as quite ingenious though rather clumsy in appearance.

A fence very much like this, only not movable, is made by using solidly set in posts, instead of posts standing on a board. Then, between each pair of uprights the rails are put in, either resting upon crosspieces, as with the last variety, or, perhaps even more commonly, one lying directly upon the other—first a rail



A MOVABLE RAIL FENCE.

for the right of the posts, then a rail for the left, and so on, alternating—making thus indeed a somewhat lower fence for the same number of rails, but at least doing without the use of nails. A variety of this fence has little pieces of wood fastened from top to top of each of the pair of uprights, so that cattle cannot hook out nails with their horns, and another variety has, for the front post of each pair, a post of neatly squared wood, leaving only the hind post rough and unfinished.

## Religion and Temperance

### A MEMORABLE SABBATH.

**The Mighty Work Accomplished by the "Poor Man from Bromley."**

Among all the stormy Sundays in these modern times there is one that ought to be memorable in the history of redemption. It was a day of violent snowstorm in the town of Colchester, England. A bright lad of fifteen (the son of a minister) wanted to go somewhere to divine service that day, and he decided to turn down an obscure street or court and enter a little "Primitive Methodist" chapel. He found a dozen or fifteen poor people assembled, and presently a thin, plainly dressed man entered, who proved to be a local preacher from Bromley. The preacher, who was rather an illiterate man, thought that there were too few people to have any service, but the foreman in a cool way said to him, "You must preach." So he mounted the pulpit and gave out as his text, "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." During his simple unlettered sermon he fixed his eye on the lad in the gallery and said: "Young man, you will never get out of your trouble unless you look to Christ. Look, look, look to Christ!" That was the gist of the exhortation. The arrow struck.

That evening the lad's father said to him, "Come, Charles, it is time to go to bed." The boy replied, "Father, I have been under deep conviction of sin for some weeks, and this morning I went to the Primitive Methodist chapel and learned the way of salvation; the minister told me only to look, look to Jesus." Till a late hour the lad conversed with his father, and went to bed a happy and converted soul! Now if there was a spot on earth that the angels beheld that day with joy it was that pew in that humble chapel gallery. And of all God's ministers on the globe the one that did the mightiest work was the "poor man from Bromley," for the lad converted that morning was no other than Charles Haddon Spurgeon! The very name of the faithful exhorter has been lost, and no one knoweth now who he was. But when the master bestoweth his crowns there will be a diadem of glory for the "poor man from Bromley," who faced a hard snowstorm to bring the message of salvation to the greatest minister of modern times. That stormy Sabbath has its record on high through all eternity.—Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler in Christian at Work.

### A Return to Faith.

In his recent volume of Stone lectures Professor Thompson relates a striking incident of a sudden return to faith by the true definition of self. The case is taken from Miss Peabody's "Reminiscences of Channing."

A young lieutenant being left in charge of a company of soldiers, fell to thinking of the nature of his control over his men. His meditation proceeded thus: "These men are governed not by the complex of my thoughts nor by the complex of the laws of nature, of which they know nothing, but by me—a self determining force, a free spirit, a person." And at once it flashed like lightning upon him, "And God is behind the complex of the laws of nature—a self acting, free, supreme, infinite person, to whom all finite persons are responsible." He rushed to his valise, and took out the Bible his mother had put into it when he left home, and, for the first time, opened it. He could not believe that it was by blind chance his eyes fell upon the words from Isaiah quoted by Christ in the synagogue of Nazareth on the day he commenced his ministry, "The spirit of the Lord is upon me," etc. As he read the words, he thought he heard a roar of artillery, and sprang to the door of his tent—to learn that the roar was within his own soul.

### One Boy's Good Work.

A boy who attends one of our Sunday schools went out into the country the past summer to spend his vacation—a visit he had long looked forward to with pleasure. He went out to help the men harvest. One of the men was an inveterate swearer. The boy, having stood it as long as he could, said to the man: "Well, I guess I will go home tomorrow."

The swearer, who had taken a great liking to him, said, "I thought you were going to stay all summer."

"I was," said the boy, "but I can't stay where anybody swears so; one of us must go, so I will go."

The man felt the rebuke and he said, "If you will stay I won't swear," and he kept his word.

Boys, take a bold stand for the right; throw all your influence on the side of

Christ and you will sow seed the harvest of which you will reap both in this world and in that which is to come.—Christian Inquirer.

### DRINK OR DEATH.

**Pathetic Story of a Young Life Wasted Through Intemperance.**

"Very well, John, I'll try you again." Mr. Manton, the employer, was speaking; John, the employee, was listening. Mr. Manton leaned back in his office chair with a troubled countenance. John leaned against the desk with a discouraged one.

"I don't know as it's any use, sir; I've tried and failed, time and time again." "Well, you are trusty, John; you know my ways. Here, give me your hand and say no more about it."

"You're very kind, sir." The trembling hand of the young man met the firm grasp of the older one and the compact was sealed.

It was a month after, at night—the night between Good Friday and Easter Sunday—that John locked the office door and stepped out into the dark. He followed his streets, poor fellow, with discrimination. He kept steadily, slowly, but unwaveringly seeking those places best lighted, lingering nowhere, speaking to no one. Suddenly he paused—it was a wild night. The wind came in great gusts, the rain beat hard upon the walks and the sky was rent with thunder. John wore a soft felt hat; he pulled it down over his forehead, thrust his hands into his pockets and leaned against a lamp post. The globe about the light was covered with moisture, the street was nearly deserted, a horse car now and then clattered over the pavement, a policeman walking his beat came regularly into view and as regularly disappeared. John looked at nothing but the sidewalk, saw nothing but his own life and thought of nothing but himself.

"He was trusty," Mr. Manton said—"trusty, but could not trust himself. What was the best course to pursue? It was a nice world, but he could never enjoy it—he had been discharged and taken back again three times already. He was only twenty-five, but he had wasted that length of time—no, he would not hesitate; he would not yield!"

He started swiftly down the block. There was a building on the corner which he must pass and then he would be safe. As he neared it his breath came quick and fast—he slackened his pace while endeavoring to hasten it—he had reached the place! Through the door came the sound of voices, his hand was on the latch—the odor of temptation stole out and enveloped him. Heaven be merciful! A car was going by; he screamed to it to stop, he sprang aboard and sat down, imploring the driver to enable him to catch the last ferryboat.

The rain was coming down in torrents, the thunder crashed over the city. Alone by the dim light John wrote on a slip of paper, "Forgive me; I had to drink or die." He folded it carefully and addressed it to "Mr. Manton, Stark Building, Blank street, City," put it beneath the band of his watersoaked hat and left the car as it reached the ferry.

It was Easter morning. The bells chimed out joyfully the resurrection, hope. Flowers were in every church; even the oldest persons felt that life was beautiful and precious yet. None knew—none had heard that gurgle of water last night as if it had swallowed its prey. Down by the ferry in the early dawn had been found floating an old felt hat, and in the band was a slip of paper which read, "Forgive me; I had to drink or die."—C. L. Spencer in Union Signal.

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