

# MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, JULY 1, 1884.

## THE HOUSEHOLD—Supplement.

### MISS LOLLIPOP'S HOUSEKEEPING.

Little Miss Lollipop thought she must help,  
To wash up the dishes, and wipe up the shelf,  
To brush up the table, and sweep up the floor,  
And clean off the stains from the paint on the door.

She put on her apron and pulled up her sleeve—  
She didn't want work that was only make believe;  
"For muzzers who've dot yittle chillens," said she,

"Must have yittle housekeepers; dat's what I'll be."

Little Miss Lollipop went through the room,  
Whisked the dust high with the edge of the broom,  
Broke the poor cup which she dropped on the floor,  
Left the paint twenty times worse than before,  
Spattered and splashed—but oh! how could I chide  
The little heart swelling with sweet, helpful pride?

"For how would my muzzer be able," said she,  
"To get froo her work if he didn't have me?"  
Dearer the love in the sunny blue eyes,  
Than the dust she is raising, which fades as it flies;

Better to miss the best cup on the shelf,  
Than chill the dear heart which is enjoying itself.  
Dear little Lollipop, we are like you  
Spoiling the work we are trying to do—  
But surely the Father who loves us will heed  
And take, in His kindness, the will for the deed.

When she came

Before him first, he looked at her, and looked  
No more, but colored to his healthful brow,  
And wished himself a better man, and thought  
On certain things, and wished they were undone,  
Because her girlish innocence, the grace  
Of her unblemished pureness wrought in him  
A longing and aspiring, and a shame  
To think how wicked was the world.

—Jean Ingelow.

### A HORTICULTURAL MEETING.

I had the pleasure of being present at two of the sessions of the State Horticultural Society, which held its summer meeting at Bay City on the 19th and 20th ult., and thought a brief account of what I saw and heard there might be of interest to many if not all the readers of the Household.

The meetings were held in the Court House, a fine edifice, with yard shaded by large trees and a fountain plashing in the space between the curves leading to the entrance. The courtroom had anything but a legal aspect, with its decorations of growing ferns and pot plants, and the bouquets and floral designs sent in for exhibition. The display of strawberries was large and excellent. President Lyon made the largest exhibit, showing 34 varieties. I looked at once for the "berries six inches in circumference," as reported in an evening paper of this city. They were there, but I was disappointed; they were of the Sharpless variety (which

name a horticultural wit said might be changed to *Shapeless* with propriety), and were very irregular and homely in shape. Plates of the Manchester, Cumberland, Chas. Downing and Bidwell, of lesser size, but perfect in shape and beautifully colored, were far more attractive than these overgrown monstrosities.

This berry-laden table seemed the center of attraction to all; the visitors took great interest in it, and the fruit-growers gathered about it to compare experiences, exchange opinions, and "fight their battles over again."

The discussions which followed the reading of the various papers prepared by the members were spicy and interesting. When a man gets up to tell "all he knows" of a subject in from three to five minutes, it becomes a study how to say the most in the shortest time, and he goes straight to the mark. The report of the proceedings in the FARMER of this and last week is quite full, but some things will bear repeating, and I learned a few new ideas for our housekeepers, too. The varieties of sweet corn with colored cobs, says Prof. Tracy, are not popular because in cooking the cob discolors the corn and makes it unattractive in appearance. The discoloration is prevented by putting the corn in boiling water at first, instead of allowing the corn to soak in the water till the latter is raised to the boiling point. We may "make a note of it" that sweet corn with any kind of cob should be put into boiling water, and the fire be hot enough to continue the boiling in a very few minutes, if corn is to be "boiled in water" at all. But Mr. Davis, of Lapeer, who gave us his experience in evaporating sweet corn, says corn should be *steamed*, not boiled, for that purpose, and he might have added that the same process is advisable for that intended for table use. Mr. Davis recommended cutting the kernels of corn to be evaporated twice in two. He also told us evaporated corn was much cheaper than canned corn, since the price of one can of the tinned corn would buy enough evaporated corn when prepared for the table to fill three cans. Corn is better when used very soon after picking.

For aphides, which are so numerous upon house-plants, and for most of the insects which prey upon vegetation, Prof. Cook recommended the kerosene mixture mentioned in the report of the proceedings given this week, which I will repeat for the benefit of those who preserve the Household for binding: One quart of

soft soap and two gallons of boiling water; into this while hot stir one pint of kerosene. The bellows with cup attached for spraying this liquid upon plants is extremely convenient to those who have occasion to use insecticide; it sends a fine spray considerable distance and there is no danger of injuring the foliage. The bellows costs \$2, but would last a lifetime with decent usage. Pyrethrum, says the Professor, will quiet the flies if diffused into the air of a closed room; pyrethrum is better than prepared insect powder, exterminators, etc., and is cheaper as well.

I was rather surprised at the small attendance, especially of ladies. I think if the latter knew how enjoyable these meetings are, they would hardly allow their "liege lords and masters" to go off alone and have such a good time all by themselves. There is an absence of formality, pedantry and jaw-cracking names, and every man tells what he knows of his subject in plain, practical fashion. Make up your minds to go next time, ladies, just to see if what I tell you is not true.

Owing to an inconvenient but needed shower, I saw little of Bay City, but returned with the impression that it is a very pleasant town, as well as a lively one. A cry of fire about midnight seemed to bring two-thirds the able-bodied population of the city on the ground before the fire department, so I conclude the people are generally "up and dressed," ready for whatever is going on.

I was delighted with the beauty of the country, as seen from the car windows, about Orion and vicinity. The green slopes and gentle undulations, clover-crowned and dotted with pleasant farm homes, with little streams to be spanned by two strides, and winding in and out through the fields, now darting into the woods to escape the sunbeams and then demurely threading a wheat field, made a very pleasant picture to the dust covered traveler in a stifling car on a hot June day.

BEATRIX.

### PRECIOUS PRIVILEGES.

All day as I have busied myself with household duties, or sent the shining needle on its mission of "repairing rents," I have been thinking of Beatrix's late talk of "Sounds of a Summer Night," strangely mingled with dim echoes of a letter in a late FARMER, criticizing an offering from the Law Editor on the subject of "Barbed Wire Fences." What a



medley or melange of brain curiosities! The only connecting link is a remote one. Quite a long time ago the Law Editor was questioned as to the right of cattle to roam in the highway, and promptly answered they had no such right, but then read a nice little homily on the subject of rural sights and sounds, giving a prominent place to the gentle, soothing music of the cow bell, tinkling on the ear in the sweet hushed silence of the summer night. It seemed to hold his fervid imagination in rapt devotion, and we may conclude nothing but leisure was wanting to bring out a pastoral poem of numerous cantos on the inspiring subject. And yet Beatrix never mentioned this charming note in the music of a country night's orchestra! Thoughtless Beatrix! Analogous, yet differential is the "barbed wire" question. The Law Editor thinks it likely the courts would sustain them as a lawful fence, yet if he were a fence viewer he would have none of the "cruel, dangerous things." The letter referred to (I have mislaid the paper and forgotten the writer's name), takes up the defensive side of the argument, and speaks a good word for the fence, and as nothing "succeeds like success," the present boom in the way of placing miles of the fence would seem to take the question out of debatable ground and place it among demonstrated problems.

The fence question seems to settle itself much quicker and more easily than the other, although the highway question has the advantage of a judicial decision in its favor, while the fence question has never been specifically passed upon by the courts. The clean, attractive line of wire is fast pushing the unsightly worm fence, with its weedy, brambly corners, out of sight; and proving its superiority in cheapness and durability to this, and also to the board and picket fence; besides, when it is properly put up, it is more sightly and attractive in the long run; as a board or picket fence, if not closely looked after, soon gets out of repair, and is "picturesque" only as a ruin.

But one need go but a short distance into the country to hear the melodious tinkle of the cow-bell, by day or night. But, like other "relics of barbarism," it is dying out in the light of civilization and progress.

Such privileges, made necessary by the circumstances consequent on the settlement of a new country, have by long established custom, come to be regarded as vested rights, and the common sense and justice of the question is overlooked in the turbulent alarm caused by the supposed infringement of our rights. Pugnacious defiance takes possession, and cool, dispassionate argument can get no hearing.

Our Law Editor has a clear, judicious mind, his conclusions are concisely stated, there is no halting of opinion; but,—here's the rub: After deciding what is law, he sometimes gives his fancy wings, and in romantic rhapsody seems to labor to convince his clients that law is hardly justice, and that they may impose upon the

edicts by æsthetic fancies and glamourized views of the poetry of motion and sound; personified by ye highway cow cropping daisies, with the sweet tinkle of a bell for accompaniment, while to make all harmonious, we must keep up the romantic broken rail fence, and a picket gate, with a broken hinge, that the cow may not be defrauded of her right to the toothsome dainties of the kitchen garden.

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE, June 25th.

### THE TRAINING OF GIRLS.

The following from the Philadelphia Press is so a *repos* to the subject we have been discussing, and gives such truly excellent advice, that we reproduce it, feeling sure our readers will acknowledge its sound doctrine, and hoping "our girls" will heed its counsel:

"As a girl grows toward womanhood it should be one of the first thoughts of the mother to see that her daughter understands thoroughly the position which she ought to maintain toward the other sex. Anything like prudishness or false modesty ought to be as decidedly discouraged as too great freedom, though it is best, if an error must be committed, that it should be committed upon the safe side. But as for allowing young men to button her cloak, adjust her hat, pin her collar, or perform any other such very personal offices—as young men seem to think quite the polite thing to do in some circles nowadays—it is not the proper course. Mothers should teach their daughters to keep their persons sacred. Kisses and caresses from young men at parties or during evening drives have been the beginning of the most frightful calamities to innocent young girls, who had never been properly informed concerning such matters, and who trusted too implicitly to the honor and judgment of irresponsible men.

"I do not remember," said a married lady not long ago, "that a word was ever said to me in my girlhood concerning my relations with young men. I was allowed to go and come, to write letters and accept invitations, pretty much as I chose. My mother and father, and all of my family friends, many of whom lived in our vicinity, were pious people and they were, of course, among the most cultured and respected inhabitants of the town. I suppose they thought my native sense of propriety was shield enough, and that it would be impossible for me to go astray. But I might have been saved so many, many small trials and mortifications if I had only been told frankly by my mother just how to conduct myself toward young men. And some girls of our village who went to school with me and were, I know, as pure and innocent as myself, lost their virtue, I firmly believe, through the failure of their mothers to fortify them adequately against the temptations to which they were afterward exposed."

"Many a disgusting divorce suit or unsavory town scandal has begun in a kiss given at a party or an impulsive caress which was improperly received.

Weak human nature is often unable to stem the tide of passion, when it is once fully aroused; but these chance beginnings, which are usually so trifling that a slight warning from the properly-taught may easily conquer them and prevent their recurrence, are entirely controllable. Even well-balanced men and women, whom we have believed to be utterly trustworthy, fall sometimes. The best among us may well be on our guard in a world so strangely constructed. An honest and faithful reliance upon the Almighty Father may fitly be enjoined upon everybody in this matter, as in all the perplexities of life; but if we may not always be able to persuade our daughters to give themselves up to that higher guidance, we may at least impress upon them the shrewd and practical maxims of worldly wisdom, among which should be prominent: *Keep your person sacred*, and allow kisses and caresses from no man except your nearest relatives, and the one who has been publicly announced as your intended husband."

### BUTTER-MAKING.

My husband takes the FARMER, and I read all the butter-making letters as I am a butter-maker and feel considerably interested in reading different persons' ways of making butter. One will say she washes her butter so many times, and another one so many times. Now I do not wash my butter at all, unless it comes so soft that I am obliged to put cold water on it to harden it, so I can get out all the butter-milk I can before salting; and such butter I keep to use myself, and don't pretend to send it to market, as it will not keep; it will get frowy sooner or later, and the more it is washed the quicker it will get so. Butter can be made by not putting it in water that will keep a year, if it is made right. My way of making butter is this: Have everything clean to commence with; then manage to have the cream just right to have the butter come firm, so it will pack together in the churn. I have my butter bowl scalded and cooled by putting cold water in it and letting it stand till cold; then I turn out the water and take the butter from the churn into it; I press out all the buttermilk I can conveniently; then salt as quick as I can, which is in about five minutes; then cover and set away in the cellar where it will keep cool for twenty-four hours or more; it will not work over good in less time than twenty-four hours. I do my churning one morning, the earlier the better, before breakfast if I can, and work it over the next morning in the cellar, if it is too warm out of doors. Pack when it is too hard to work with the paddle. I work it with my hands, and stamp it into a tub or jar, whichever I have to fill. My butter will keep a year. Whose butter will keep longer?

MRS. R. S.

HUBBARDSTON, June 21.

[The Household Editor is certain that the first thing our butter-makers will say on reading the above is, "Well, how does she manage to have the cream 'just right?' This is one



of the great problems of butter-making on the farm. Our correspondent is right in asserting that butter which comes soft will not keep as well as that which comes firm, but will she tell us her method of handling cream in hot weather? If she has ice, it is easily done, but only a small proportion of our farmers have ice-houses.]

#### "AN AFTERNOON OFF."

"Come and see us when strawberries are ripe," has been a standing invitation to the Household Editor for the past three years, from Mrs. Langley, better known to Household readers as "A. L. L." In compliance with the bidding, on the afternoon of the 24th we drove out to "Ingleside" between fields of grass and grain, and stately rows of onions in imposing array, for the Ferry seed farms are on the way there. The face of Nature had just been washed by a copious shower which had left the streets full of little puddles sparkling in the quick following sunshine, and gemmed every tree and shrub with glittering tears. Arriving, we were warmly welcomed by our hostess, whom we found in her pleasant "out door parlor," the northern porch, cool and shady in the hottest day; and bewailing that the bounteous rainfall nearer town had given them but a slight sprinkle, hardly sufficient to lay the dust. Drouth was completing the ruin wrought by the late May frosts, and the strawberries were all drying up, she said. They had not been vouchsafed a shower in two weeks, while on all sides, and only a few miles away, there had been too much rain and land was too wet to work. After a pleasant visit, and doing ample justice to a bountiful supply of delicious berries, we were taken out to see the fruit. Mr. Langley raises strawberries, currants and early potatoes for the Detroit market. Between the frosts and the drouth the strawberry crop was nearly a total failure. He had just plowed up a field of potatoes which he had left after the frost which blighted them like fire, to see if they would start up and pay for cultivating, and was setting the land to cabbage, a "new departure" for him. He showed us a large and fine bed of plants, grown in the open air, which were strong stocky and healthy, and told us that he effectually prevented the ravages of the cabbage flea beetle, by covering the bed with tobacco dust, the refuse and sweepings of the tobacco factory—just as the plants were making their appearance. The fine, healthy growth of the plants was evidence that the remedy would do what he claimed for it. He grows his plants in a sunny spot, believing they are less apt to grow spindling than in the shade.

Mr. Langley's trial plat of strawberries looked green and thrifty, but the frost had done so much damage he could hardly judge of the merits of the varieties. He however felt inclined to consider "Big Bob" a fraud; it had set fruit freely, but the berries were very small. He took us to see his Fay's Prolific currant, which he has been testing, and ex-

pressed himself as well pleased with it, believing it to be all that was claimed for it. And indeed the bushes, though they had been severely pruned by taking out the new wood for cuttings last fall, were well filled with very fine fruit, which when ripened will be as good as the seductive plate in the catalogue which Mrs. Langley saved for the purpose of comparison. Some very excellent gooseberries, large and very thick on the bush, were also shown, of a sort whose name Mr. L. had forgotten; they had come to him through his partner, who knew their lineage. The Cherry currant bushes had a fair supply of handsome fruit, as had also the common sort, but the fruit stems were short, owing to that untimely frost. He expects to get at least one hundred bushels of currants this season, despite his drawbacks.

#### LUXURIES.

While others sing of their pet economies, I will utter a note or two concerning my pet luxuries. One of them is good dish towels. Dish washing comes to every Yankee household three times three hundred and sixty-five times per year, and if anything lightens, brightens and secures the success of that task, it is nice soft water and a clean soft towel. The first is usually at hand, but in place of the last we are often given some old rag, perhaps a piece of colored shirting, suggestive of its former service, and are told to wring out our dish cloth to wipe the tins with. This calls for numerous "wringings," and then when we have washed out that "rag" ready for the next time, a good many moments are gone which might have been saved by the use of one soft crash towel for the dishes, and another not so good or white for the odd things. Half a dozen are none too many, and if a woman hires her washing done, it will be better to have more and not wash them at all herself; at any rate we all know that it is just as much work to get soap and water to wash one towel, as it is for several, and they only wear about so fast anyhow. I find that with a clean nice cloth I can abbreviate this thrice daily task a good deal, and the dishes never tell if the orthodox scrubbing and rinsing is omitted. It is impossible to secure domestic help in many localities, and the wise woman will take every "cut off," in her daily routine, and so long as she can not hire, buy all the help she can. All the towels I can wear out will not cost over a dollar a year. Add to these half a yard of dairy cloth for a dish cloth, and a sweet brier bush by the side of my kitchen door to dry them on, and I think I have secured the poetry of the dishpan. I'll have them too, if I have to leave an artificial wreath off my hat to pay for them.

Another luxury is hard soap. I am not as that boy in *Harper's* said, "a eggnostic" on this topic, for I have tried both and affirm that the use of soft soap calls for more rubbing and rinsing than any of the hard soaps, while if a woman is troubled with rough, chapped hands, or brittle finger nails, the comfort of free-

dom from these will, or ought to, more than "pay." Washing, washing hands, faces, babies, dishes, clothes, windows, floors and shelves, over and over again the duty comes to poor womankind, and unto each let us secure that soap most agreeable and efficient without counting the cost; and if "he" grumbles refer him to some of the changes in farm implements, and ask him why he doesn't cling to the old, instead of wasting money on the new.

A. H. J.

THOMAS, June 18th.

#### MOTHER AND SON.

"S— has just gone from my room. He is sure to find me if I come to my room on Sunday. He loves to tell me of his plans and aspirations now just as well as he did when a little boy, and he is just as full of them now as then. He quotes Savage in saying that 'a man whose ambition is satisfied, is like a squeezed orange.' He is looking forward to great results, and in so doing does not forget to make each day happier if possible than the preceding one."

The above extract from the letter of my friend in the far away seaboard city, comes along so apropos with Beatrix's "One Reason," that I take it from its pleasant privacy and place it here for the edification of our Household conclave. Some who will read it will recognize the parties, and will freely corroborate my assertion that this mother who does so hold the place that is hers by a high and holy right in her son's heart, is a noble woman; a cultured, conscientious and heroic woman. Such women and only such, have, can, do, and always will gain and retain the affectionate and respectful confidence of their sons; for their counsel and their admonitions alike are wise and prudent, carrying with them, always, the pure germs of true greatness. Brewing, baking, scrubbing, washing, ironing, mending, making, and the multiplied advent of "the baby" never interfere with the close companionship existing and continually growing between such women and their sons. "May their tribe increase."

E. L. NYE.

METAMORA, June 18th.

#### INFORMATION WANTED.

Will some member of the Household tell me what is the trouble with my turkeys. They grow finely until three or four weeks old, then refuse to eat, mope around and stand with their heads drooping or tucked under their wings, then die, none of them living over 24 hours after commencing to droop. They are not troubled with vermin, nor do they have the gapes; neither do I think it is the cholera. I have tried various remedies recommended by raisers of poultry. Have given different kinds of food, curd, meal wet with sour milk, chopped onion tops, cayenne and black pepper mixed with food, but all of no use. Their bills turn white and they look pale like a sick person. I call it general debility or nervous prostration, but tonics do not help them. A week ago I was the proud own



er of forty-seven chicks, now they are reduced to less than twenty. We have changed them often and have always been successful before.

Many thanks to Beatrix for her information on household topics, and the spicy fund of humor that runs through all her articles like water sparkling in the sunshine. How I wish I could visit with her and all the members of the Household, Old School Teacher from Tecumseh, Aaron's Wife from Fenton, and the lovers of floriculture, horticulture, housekeeping and literature. I enclose some cake recipes, which are reliable and never fail with me.

F. C. C.

MANCHESTER, June 26.

### GOOD BUTTER.

I will venture to say a few words in regard to butter-making. Every lady likes to have the name of making good butter; but this is impossible unless we have everything nice and clean to work with. It is very necessary that we have a good churn and good dasher, because the least taint will spoil a whole churning. I never use a skimmer unless obliged to; I loosen the cream from the pan and then flow the cream into the cream crock with some of the milk, then stir it up from the bottom, this keeps the cream sweet. I churn before it gets watery at the bottom, the cream comes easier and makes sweeter butter. I never wash my butter if I can help it; I think it keeps better. I use Ashton salt, and work the salt in and leave on the cellar bottom several hours, work and then let stand a while longer, then work again, and put in crocks. In winter I make it in table cakes, they are handy for the table.

MRS. R. E.

HONOLULU, June 25th.

### A CALL.

I have not had a formal introduction to the ladies of the Household, having but recently become a reader of the FARMER, but your words have been so cordial and so friendly, and withal so helpful, that I feel quite well acquainted already. I would like to inquire if any of you can suggest a remedy for my afflicted snowball bush, which for several successive seasons was a delight to beauty lovers. Three years ago, when almost ready to bloom, the balls became blasted and soon withered. Upon examination I discovered tiny white parasites on the under side of the leaves; later they grew darker colored, and entirely destroyed the first growth of leaves. After the flowering season was past a second crop of leaves grew uninterruptedly. Their ravages seem confined to the blooming season. The following spring I gave the bush a plentiful dressing of unleached ashes, and sifted some among the leaves a short time before flowering. It bloomed finely. Simultaneously the enemy again appeared, and the beauty was spoiled very soon. This year it has not bloomed at all. Possibly some of you have had like experience and can suggest a remedy. "All most cordially invited to come again." Thank you. I may call again.

VENTNOR, June 23d

### SCRAPS.

"LOVE is the dream of youth, to which marriage is the sad awakening," says the Lady Louise to Fritz in the play; and it would seem that the cynical saying, too bitter from a young girl's lips, held yet some grains of truth, as we look at the long list of divorces granted, as set forth in our daily papers, the "sad awakenings" of what were once beautiful dreams of happiness and hope.

SWEET Judith Shakespeare, the latest heroine of William Black's fertile fancy, tells her "dear cousin and sweetheart Willie," younger than she, and whom she fain would fill with her own "fair, fine notions," that when he comes to go a suing for a lady's favor, he must remember these things: "You must not bend too low for her favor; but be her lord and governor; and you must be ready to fight for her if need there be—yes, you shall not suffer a word to be said in dispraise of her; and for slanderers you must have a cudgel and stout arm withal; and yet you must be gentle with her, because she is a woman; and yet not too gentle, because you are a man. \* \* \* And when you find her you must be master of her—and yet a gentle master; and marry, I cannot tell you more."

I THINK that if I had any particular reason for wishing to thoroughly understand the disposition and temperament of an individual, I would ask no better test than to travel with that person. If one can remain equable in temper and pleasant in manner through the discomforts and annoyances of a tiresome journey, it may be taken as a sign that the natural disposition is amiable. For nowhere are people so apt to forget their good breeding unless it has become a part of themselves by long habit, as when they are members of the "traveling public." Some seem to feel it necessary in order to keep up their own dignity, and impress others, to grumble and find fault with everything. The cars go too slow or too fast. If trains halt more than a minute at a station, it is "What are we waiting for now?" if the stop is short, the company is accused of not giving time for people to leave the cars safely. They must have the car window open, and when a sudden gust fills the coach with smoke and cinders, they grumble as if it was the company's fault, not their own. At a hotel table this dish and the other is condemned as "not fit to eat," they wonder audibly if the butter is not oleomargarine, and stir the coffee with an air of suspicion. They make themselves unpleasantly conspicuous, and betray their want of experience, for old travelers are wont to "accept the situation" and make themselves comfortable under its conditions.

B.

JUST as the Household was ready to go to press we received several letters which are unavoidably held over until our next. We would remind our correspondents that "copy" for the Household is given to the compositors immediately upon the

issue of the FARMER. Therefore do not fear that terrible bug-bear, the waste-basket, if your letters do not appear at the time you expected them; they were a little late only. F. C. C.'s recipes will be given next week.

AN INQUIRY.—Will some one tell me how to get rid of little red ants? I have three kinds, but the small ones pester me most.

MRS. R. EDWARDS.

### Useful Recipes.

A SIMPLE DISINFECTANT.—Dissolve one-half drachm of nitrate of lead in a pint or more of boiling water; dissolve two drachms common salt in a pail of water; pour the two solutions together, allow it to settle. A cloth dipped into the clear fluid and hung up in a room will sweeten the atmosphere instantly. The solution poured into foul sinks, drains, &c., will sweeten them.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.—To make cucumber pickles without salting, gather and wash small cucumbers. Put them in a six gallon jar, and cover each pickling with sharp vinegar. Add a dozen green peppers. Cut a cloth to fit the jar and lay over the pickles; on this the scum will settle; remove and rinse out every day. If the vinegar gets weak add a half cup of sugar, or more if the jar is nearly full.

MIXED PICKLES.—To every gallon of vinegar put four ounces of curry powder, four ounces of mustard powder, three ounces bruised ginger, two drachms cayenne pepper, two ounces of tumeric, two ounces garlic, half a pound skinned onions, and a quarter of a pound of salt. Put all in a stone jar. Cover it with a bladder wet with the pickle, and keep it warm by the fire for three days, shaking it well three times a day. Anything may be put into this preparation excepting red cabbage and walnuts. Gather everything fresh, such as small cucumbers, green grapes, green tomatoes, cauliflowers, small onions, nasturtiums, string beans, etc. Wipe them, cut them when too large, and throw them into the pickle. Many housekeepers will prefer to leave out the garlic.

A JUVENILE inquirer was looking at some of those pictures of angels in which only head and wings are visible, and after a few minutes reflection, he gave voice to his thoughts as follows: "Well, mamma, how do they sit down?"

## JAMES PYLE'S



## PEARLINE

THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR

### Washing and Bleaching

In Hard or Soft, Hot or Cold Water.

SAVES LABOR, TIME and SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor, should be without it. Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE, labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.