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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

A FARMER'S WIFE.

Unspoken homilies of peace
Her daily life is preaching;
The till refreshment of the dew
Is her unconscious teaching.
And never tenderer hand than hers
Unknit the brow of ailing;
Her garments to the sick man's ear
Have music in their trailing.
Her presence lends its warmth and health
To all who come before it.
If woman lost us Eden, such
As she alone restores it.
For larger life and wiser aims
The farmer is her debtor;
Who holds to his another's heart
Must needs be worse or better.
Through her his civil service shows
A purer-toned ambition,
No double consciousness divides
The man and politician.
In doubtful party ways he trusts
Her instincts to determine;
At the loud polls, the thought of her
Recalls Christ's mountain sermon.
He owns her logic of the heart,
And wisdom of unreason,
Supplying, while he doubts and weighs
The needed word in season.
He sees with pride her richer thought,
Her fancy's freer ranges;
And love thus deepened to respect
Is proof against all changes.

—John G. Whittier.

WHAT SHALL WE SAY?

The perplexing "whys" of life confront us daily. One of these at present merits our attention and study, viz.: Why is it that so few thoughts uttered in our hearing are worthy of repetition? We speak of that which interests us. Can it be that the great mass of humanity has no interest in higher themes than those entering into their daily converse?

Why do history and our own experience present so few who have acquired pre-eminence in the art of conversation? One of the apparent causes of the deficiency in this art is the lack of pains taken to cultivate language and its expression. Students devote years to study, while little attention is given to making the most practical and pleasant use of their acquirements. A grand possession is the mind which is a kingdom in itself, but that which is devoted solely to our own use never yields the satisfaction derived from that which is helpful to others as well, for in working for others we win new possessions, make new creations, made possible only by going out into lives touching our own.

What more beautiful gifts do we ever receive from our fellow creatures than their noblest thoughts? They shall echo eternal in our hearts, they are presented to our spiritual natures and therein recorded. Who can estimate the innumerable creations in the realm of thought resulting from the expression of a forcible truth? As the sunbeams paint the sky and transform into glistening diamonds the drops of dew, so the gift of noble thought reflects fair lines upon life and beautifies all the commonplaceness of existence.

The question is, how are we to introduce higher themes when society already has its list of subjects and subject matter well conned and determined upon. There is always reality back of the shadow, though we so often fail to grasp but the shadow. There are persons who can consider a subject only as it has always been considered. With them the things which have been are those which shall ever be. While forms and externals will be observed by many, these are not they who are shaping the world's onward thought.

To be able to entertain by conversation we must not hold too lofty an opinion of our own abilities. The man of large and varied experiences, who has been wisely taught thereby, finds existence become full, free and broad, including a vast realm outside of self. He recognizes individuality: all the shores of his life have been touched by the current of lives which pressed upon his own, so he is able through his own needs to supply also the wants of others. To make our conversation useful, we must cultivate habits of acute observation, study human nature, and, most important of all, we must think. All learn to talk, but thinkers are rare. We must plan and work out our thoughts as we would problems. If we never trace out the suggestions of thought given us, we cannot rise above the ground work of intellectuality.

Woman has a grand work to do in this line. She has opportunities and privileges here which demand her careful attention. A woman, Madame De Stael, is accounted the greatest conversationalist the world has known. Such was her power of language, it is said, that her auditors at one time were unconscious of a severe thunder storm which raged around them. Some might be willing to give more study to this matter if they knew it has been the custom of nearly all noted conversationalists to make specific preparations for anticipated conversations. Repartees and

witticisms, supposed to have been impromptu, have all been studied, the conversation being often skillfully guided into prepared channels. It is a demonstrated fact with all speakers, I think, that those "impromptu" efforts are the best where there has been preparation. Conversation has been compared to a lyre with seven chords—philosophy, art, poetry, love, politics, scandal and the weather—the last two topics are most generally selected. Conversation is a divine art, and should be used accordingly. What right has any one to encourage inanity of mind, and impoverish thought by the presentation of petty, trivial themes compared to which silence is brilliant? If those who have nothing to say could only understand that silence is demanded of them, there would not resound in God's skies to-day such a meaningless jargon of words.

Life is grand enough to lift us above its trivialities. Why should we seek as companions others than those who have some interests in common with us? And with these we should let only such themes as are worthy our intellect become current in our social intercourse. When sweet influences whisper to us fair thoughts, when they are evolved by the culture and refinement of our own natures, let us speak of these visions of the mind. We delight in the creation of the artist, before the sculptured marble we stand in awe. Fairer visions every day fade unpainted from the mind than artist's fingers ever sketched; lovelier forms the soul creates than sculptor ever chiseled. We do not understand, or often think of the wonderful power of mind creation. Whatever we build to-day we have increased our power to build with fairer proportions to-morrow. We follow along the line of our predominating interests and ambitions. If we grow to have an interest in people's real life we shall desire to know their experiences, their better thoughts, we shall become so earnest and derive such pleasure from talking of the realities there will be no time for the mere platitudes of conversation.

STRONG MINDED GIRL.

LESLIE, July 15.

HARVEST NOTES.

The moments have flown swiftly since I penned my last article to the Household. All Nature was luxuriant in beauty, everywhere the eye turned it met fields of waving grain. The steady "click" of the mower has robbed the meadows of their

wealth of grass. Hay has been secured without a shower, and now the reapers and binders are steadily leaving the bundles of wheat in their wake. The farmers certainly have no reason to complain. The weather has been glorious, the crops far exceed their expectations, help has been plenty, they have been highly blessed. But there are grumblers among mankind as well as womankind, some are never satisfied, with blessings just within their reach they fail to discern them. With barns filled to overflowing, they are sorry they haven't more; human nature is so hard to satisfy. It needs all kinds of people to make up the world; some are calculated for nothing else but chink stones; some are natural fault finders; some are always elbowing their way through life; some strike ahead with some aim in view; others are waiting for something to turn up in their favor. It is not just the thing nowadays to sit idly by waiting for our father's shoes. Henry Ward Beecher says: "A man is not a man when he is created, he is only begun. His manhood must come with years. A man who goes through life prosperous, and comes to his grave without a wrinkle, is not half a man. Difficulties are God's errands, and when we are sent upon them we should deem it a proof of God's confidence, and prize it accordingly." The main thing is to be in the business we are constituted for; we can adapt ourselves to most anything, just as we learn to eat certain kinds of food; it goes down hard at first, after a little it is easier. It is a good idea to study the tastes and inclinations of our boys and girls. You can tell very soon if your boy inclines to like the farm. If you have to drag him out of bed in the morning, compel him to go to the field to drag or plow, you can make up your mind he is on the wrong track. Put him in a machine shop, harness shop, or try carpenter's work awhile; you will soon discover what he likes, and when he finds out keep him there, encourage him in every way until he makes a success of it. We read that

We are the same our fathers have been,
We see the same scenes our fathers have seen,
We tread the same paths our fathers have trod,

but literally it is not so. There is that nameless something, born within us, that knows what is agreeable and what is distasteful, and we all know from personal experience that it is hard work to be kept at something we do not or cannot like.

EVANGALINE.

BATTLE CREEK, July 14th.

KENSINGTON PAINTING.

Prudence asks some one to tell her how to do Kensington painting. I am going to suppose that she does not know any thing about it, and tell her as I would want to be told. I will name only the essential colors to begin with. Flake white, Antwerp blue, deep chrome yellow, scarlet lake and Vandyke brown, each costing ten cents a tube, and a red sable No. 1 brush, which will cost eighty cents. That is all you need to paint simple flowers, like apple blossoms, daisies or forget-me-nots. Be sure to be-

gin on single blossoms, and try to copy Nature; but you must have patterns unless you can draw. The patterns can be bought of Briggs & Co., New York, for from five to fifty cents each, with directions. To do the work, fasten the material on to a thin board, stamp the pattern by passing a warm iron over the back of the paper, then begin at the left hand side, and work the paint, if it is a little flower, with only a stub pointed steel pen, from the outside of the petals toward the centre with firm strokes, working it well in, and being careful not to go over the edges, and be sure to put on lots of paint; the work must be bold to be effective. Where two leaves lie together do not have both the same shade, one must be deeper than the other; remember nothing is a clear solid color, and don't let the figures looked "starched." To make medium blue, use two-thirds white, and less than the other third Antwerp blue; to make pink, use red instead of blue; for green use blue and yellow for leaves like mountain ash; to make reddish or bronze green, use a particle of Vandyke brown with the blue and yellow, and to make ashy green use a little white. The brush is only necessary in spreading the paint on a large flower like wild roses. Satin produces the most artistic work, but nearly any firm stuff can be used. Felt takes quantities of paint. I have told as much as an amateur can tell, but you only know the A B C's yet.

Any flat dish will do for a palette; press out only the least little bit of paint at a time, till you learn to know how much you want, and how to mix well. The brown is used in the centre of nearly all flowers, pansies, lilies, apple blossoms, roses, and nearly all that have pollen or stamens. A knowledge of embroidery will help you about it very much. Let the pen strokes be irregular, in the larger flowers particularly, and do not make one continued stroke in such, but break them, but *never* go crosswise, let them all go one way. Make the stems small and graceful. I am sure you can see how to begin, and as you progress you will gain ideas from observing flowers. It is better to get suggestions from some one who really paints in oil, because half of the persons who teach Kensington work, do not know anything but the bare method of putting on the paint, when in fact that is the simplest part of it. The shading and blending of colors, and bringing out the curves, and many other small things, is what makes the work really artistic. Use a big apron to paint in, and if the paint makes you sick, drink new milk. A little turpentine or benzine will take out accidental spots.

I can tell you too, how to make a mantle lambrequin. I followed Beatrix's suggestion, and planed a pine board six inches wide and four feet long, painted it with ivory black, and put it up with two brackets, which cost ten cents, then I took a piece of wine colored flannel, long and wide enough to cover it; on the ends and front put a strip of wine colored velvet, of a lighter shade, fastened down

over the seams with the stitches called single sheaf, with pale blue silk thread; then embroidered in one end a cluster of daisies, and in the other pansies; then with wine colored silk of another, still lighter, shade, left from my silk mittens, I knotted fringe, as you would in a man's scarf, in the ends. It is very pretty and did not cost anything but my time while visiting one afternoon and two evenings. The scarf hangs six inches below the shelf on each end, and just comes to the edge in front; put your shelf low enough to show the top of it, and your work on the scarf easily. I am now making and painting a cabinet frame after Beatrix's directions in a late Household, to put on the shelf.

If nothing but a lambrequin will satisfy you, take a strip of felt, "according to taste," and paint in Kensington a straggling vine of mountain ash leaves and berries, or apple blossoms and leaves across the bottom, it's the easiest and prettiest kind you can make. But the scarf is later. ONE OF THE GIRLS.

HOWELL, July 15.

EXPECTING TOO MUCH.

Says a writer in an English periodical called *Belgravia*: "If you marry a drudge—a pink-and-white mother with her head wholly in the kitchen, and her heart wholly in the nursery—why, by and bye when the pink-and-white is whitey-brown, and she comes up to town with half a dozen children under twelve and untidy gloves, what can you expect but that people will think your wife is 'horrid'?" This is a fair sample of the injustice of the world. Men generally speak as if it was a woman's fault that she has "half a dozen children under twelve," and expect her, with a baby forever in her arms, and several assorted sizes clinging to her skirts, to be as dainty in person and dress, as well read, as charming in conversation, as fair of face, as before the cares and pains of maternity were laid upon her. Can a woman who every eighteen months increases the census by one, and is nurse and housekeeper too, be expected, with any degree of common sense, to retain the bloom and fairness of youth, or do much else but "put her head in the kitchen and her heart in the nursery?" Go to! A woman gives her youth, her strength, her beauty, her life, to the duties of mother and housekeeper, and people will think her "horrid" because she cannot give to either person or mind the attention others do, who have no such burdens to bear! And too often the husband, contrasting her mentally—almost unconsciously—with other women whose lives have run in easier channels, feels half ashamed of her, and perchance her keen intuition finds it out! What a reward for the loving devotion of a lifetime! I am reminded of the saucy girl's answer to the motherly friend and well wisher, who advised her to get married so as to have some one to take care of her when she was old. The level-headed miss replied: "Oh, when you're old is just the time the men don't care for you!"

It makes me impatient to hear the statement, so oft reiterated, that Mrs. Carlyle's privations, sacrifices and self denials made "Sartor Resartus" and "The French Revolution" possible. Now Jane Welsh Carlyle was no "fool woman." If her life had not been selfishly absorbed by her husband, who knows what might have been *her* work. And had not she as much a right to make the most of her life and talents as he?

Marriage subordinates to itself a woman's every talent, thought and project, unless wealth aids her by the leisure it gives. I doubt very much whether marriage offers to woman any prospect of development, aside from the special qualities of wife and motherhood. "It is not good for man to be alone," says the Apostle, but mention of any good to woman is left out, doubtless by order of an over-ruling Providence. BRUNEFILLE.

DETROIT, July 13.

A CHAT WITH MEMBERS OF OUR HOUSEHOLD.

I am exceedingly interested in the little paper devoted to the ladies. Its columns afford us encouragement, comfort, and useful suggestions, and I have been greatly profited by them. I like it better now it is published by itself. When the FARMER is brought from the office, the Household almost invariably drops out from the foldings of the larger paper, as much as to say, "Read me first," which I do. I place it beside my plate at dinner time, and after the men have finished their dinner and gone to work, I take my resting-spell, and read and think over what has been written for the benefit of others.

I have long wanted to express my appreciation of the merits of the Household, but like "Felix" of olden time have waited for a "convenient season," but getting discouraged inasmuch as no such time has rewarded my waiting, I will appropriate a little time which belongs to other duties. The work basket piled full of garments waiting for the replacing of missing buttons, and the sewing on of patches, stares me in the face, but I'll look the other way.

I wish to express thanks to Beatrice for the kindly suggestions concerning the cooking of mackerel. I have tried her method, and with success. I had been thinking for a day or two before reading her article, that I wished I had something a little more appetizing than usual, and when I saw the word mackerel, that was just the thing I wanted to fill out the bill of fare.

I really enjoyed Evangeline's thoughts on "A Contented Mind." There was much practical truth in her article.

I make rice pudding as Aunt Nell does, except that I do stir it three or four times when it first begins to bake, to prevent its sticking to the bottom of the dish.

One lady speaks about putting butter, pepper and salt in the peas when they first begin to cook; I think she hardly means just that way. When butter is to be used for seasoning, it is best not to put

it in the food till just before it is taken up and sent to the table.

I too "think it funny to see a pair of black legs walking off with a white muslin dress and a brilliant sash."

I will tell the ladies how I treat my Calla lily. I use quite a large jar, put very rich dirt or barnyard soil in the bottom, then not quite so rich, next gravelly loam and pebble stones; fill the jar with water, (in winter warm water), change once a week. I have magnificent blossoms from early winter till May, when I turn it out under an evergreen tree to rest.

MYRA.

PONTIAC, July 16th.

TEA TABLE ETIQUETTE.

A correspondent makes some inquiries as the proper method of waiting upon table when one has guests at dinner or tea. Should the hostess sit at the table with her friends, pour the tea and pass it from her seat at the head of the table, or should she pour the tea and serve the sauce from a side-table, waiting upon her guests without sitting down with them. Only one answer is possible. The hostess, if she have a servant or even a young daughter, to whom she can entrust the duty of waiting upon the table, may have tea served from a sideboard, and the sauce, pickles and cold meats also placed upon and served from it. But she herself should never resign her place at the head of her own table to stand behind her guests' chairs like a servant. The host and hostess should be at their stations at the head and foot of the table "though the sky fall." While the lady of the house pours the tea and passes it to her guests, or has a young son or daughter, or her servant take it from her and hand it to them, her husband generally serves the sauce. Then biscuit and butter, cold meats or pickles are passed, and entertained and entertainers are ready to eat together. It is quite allowable for a hostess to ask a guest to pass any article of food which may be out of her reach and within that of the other, but the guest should never take the liberty to do so without being requested. Nor is it "good form" to add sugar and cream to tea or coffee before passing it; let the cream jug and sugar bowl follow the tea down the line of guests, that each may take such quantity as may be best suited to their taste. Nor does etiquette require a guest to wait to be invited to take a second biscuit, etc. It is allowable to help one's self or ask a neighbor to pass what you cannot reach, with perhaps a glance at the hostess and word of praise for the excellence of her cookery, if you are an old or intimate friend, or "with your permission" if preferred.

Another correspondent inquires whether after staying all night with a friend she should put her room in order and make up her bed before leaving in the morning. No. It is presumable that the hostess will change sheet and pillow-slips to have the bed in readiness for the next chance comer. Throw back the bed-clothing upon a chair at the foot of the bed and leave it to air. Pick up any litter you

may have made, that is all that is required of you. If you are staying some days with your friend, it is proper you should keep your own room in order, unless your hostess has a servant who attends to the chamber work.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

I read the Household every week, and find it very nice indeed, telling so many things we all want to know. I wish to make an inquiry respecting the best kind of washing machine for family use. My washings are the hardest part of my week's work, and I would be very glad of some information on the subject. I have a recipe for washing fluid for boiling clothes, which I know to be just splendid, for I use it every week. I could not do my washing without it, and it is not hard on the hands, and keeps the clothes very white. I will send it, so if there are any of the readers of the Household who would like to try it, they can do so.

I am glad to see the butter question discussed among the ladies, but pray tell us who could afford to make butter at four teen cents a pound; better feed the new milk to the calves. It makes a great deal of hard work with little pay, for ordinary farmers' wives who have to set the milk down cellar and make butter. If we could all have the Champion creamery, and all of the appliances, it would be a pleasure, but that little "if" is sometimes very much in the way.

I have had a large experience with carpet moths, and would say alum water is the only thing I ever found that would stop their ravages. Wet your carpet about two feet deep around the edges, and let it dry in; it will not hurt the carpet in the least, and you will have no more trouble about moths in the carpet. I tried everything I ever heard of without avail, until I heard of this, and it fixed them.

I would say to Mrs. R. Edwards, try camphor gum for the ants. Sometimes it will drive them all away. If they bother about getting into crocks or dishes of any kind, make a wide white chalk mark around them. This will stop the large ones, but not the small ones, I think.

ELLENOR.

LANSING, July 14.

[When Ellenor comes to the Household again, which we hope she will do often, will she please comply with our request to write upon one side of the paper only. HOUSEHOLD ED.]

CANNING PEAS, AND A QUERY.

Not long ago a housekeeper asked directions for canning peas. I never put up any in that manner, so cannot give my experience; but a friend at whose table I ate very excellent green peas in mid-winter, said she cooked them till done, and canned as she would fruit. Her first attempt was a failure, because she seasoned them with salt and butter. The latter spoiled, and the peas were vile. The peas put up in tin, which are to be had of the grocers, are generally a snare and a

delusion. They are too old when canned, and I fancy some acid or some such "stuff" is added, which makes them about as palatable as small-sized bass-wood bullets.

In conversation with an experienced housekeeper a few days ago she said she did not think peas could be canned in any way to make them really an acceptable addition to the table. "They ought to be cooked as soon as they are taken from the pods," she said.

Old School Teacher wonders whether the mothers of the hired men are the ones who are to be blamed for the worry and impatience of farmers' wives over the want of neatness and general inconsiderateness of the hired men. I wish to answer the question in Yankee fashion, by asking another: Does Old School Teacher believe that if the mothers of these hired men had trained them in their youth in the manner in which she trains her own boys in habits of personal cleanliness and decency, they would appear at her table after the fashion she pictured in last week's Household? BEATRIX.

A NEW WAY TO COOK PEAS.

Some one has told her way of cooking peas. I think I have a better one, which I have followed many years, and I think every one will adopt it after having tried once. After being shelled never wash the peas, as there is no need for it, and by so doing the little chit, that is the sweetest part of the pea, is removed; wash the pods and boil them half an hour first to sweeten the broth, for we all know that the pods contain much more sweetness than the peas, then drain the water on to the peas and cook until tender, season with salt, pepper and butter, or better still, cream, thickened with a little flour.

Asparagus, (although out of season now) is good cooked the same as peas, on toast or without. It is good also cooked as greens, boiled whole in water a little salted, and when skimmed out put on a little salt, pepper and butter, and eat with vinegar.

In canning fruit, it is needless trouble to heat or put the cans in hot water; just set them on a crash towel or any cloth that has been folded double or triple, and dipped into water, and dip the hot fruit into them. I have followed this plan many years, and I never broke a can; of course there must not be a draft of air on them. Perhaps all do not know that pickles or vinegar will not keep in a jar that has ever had any kind of grease in it. S. A. G.

DEARBORN, July 12th.

A WARNING.

"Maybelle," didn't your pen slip when you said use yellow dock for greens? There is a difference between yellow and narrow dock, although they look so much alike that many people are not able to distinguish the difference. Years ago while away from home I was poisoned by eating yellow dock greens.

Will some one tell how to cleanse wool

so that it will be suitable for mattresses and comfortables? When wool is worth only twenty-eight cents per pound, I believe it will pay farmers' wives to make their own wool bedding. PRACTICAL.

AUGUSTA, July 14th.

PUTTING DOWN CUCUMBERS.

As I am a subscriber to your valuable paper, I wish to know through its columns how to put down cucumbers so as to have them sour, crisp, and retain their natural green appearance, when taken out of the barrel in which they were put down. G. C. FRASER.

PORT SANILAC, July 15th.

[A recipe for putting down cucumbers in a manner calculated to secure the qualities our correspondent desires, was given in the Household of June 24th. HOUSEHOLD ED.]

SCRAPS.

REV. THEODORE CUYLER, in a sermon on marriage, gives us plain facts in a plain fashion. He says: "The social malaria of these times is a false idea of matrimony; the consequent curse of the day is easy divorce. Every strand that is cut in the sacred bond of wedlock loosens the fabric of both society and the Church. Easy divorce breeds a practical polygamy as abominable as any in Utah. Occasionally divorces are justified by the criminal conduct of one party towards deceived and long suffering innocence. 'Incompatibility' is no more a valid ground for divorce than bad digestion or a broken limb. I have watched the after history of the hundreds whom I have married, and have usually found that the 'misfits' were the result of hasty or thoughtless engagements—sometimes in defiance of parental wisdom and wishes. When young people go into an engagement for life as carelessly as they go to a picnic, they must expect to pay for their folly with bitter experience. With thousands a marriage engagement is a matter of boyish or girlish caprice. Sometimes a wife is sought for the gross gratifications of sensual appetite; sometimes as a shrewd pecuniary speculation; sometimes to secure a support for shiftless laziness from a father-in-law. There is but one single valid motive for wedlock, and that is pure, old-fashioned love—a love strong enough to stand any strain, and to bear every pressure."

"THINK twice before you speak," is an old saying often repeated to the young to induce them to take heed to what they say, and as a safeguard against imprudent speech. "Sober second thought is best" is another to the same end. While without doubt much folly will go unuttered by following these precepts, I doubt if the practice is always good. Continual repression becomes a fixed habit which applies to all we say or do, and the noblest impulses of the heart are crowded back while we calmly weigh the pros and cons and finally perhaps let what others will think, or questions of policy or expediency, overrule our better nature. Let us think twice and not speak at all if we are

to utter words born of malice or unkindness, but if kind, or appreciative, or loving words rise to our lips let us speak them and do our deliberating afterward.

Contributed Recipes.

SPICED CURRANTS.—Eight pounds fruit, five pounds sugar, one pint cider vinegar, one and one-half ounce cinnamon, one-half ounce cloves. Boil one hour all together. Put in more spice if you wish, and cook it down as much as you wish. B.

DETROIT.

WASHING FLUID.—One pound concentrated lye, one ounce of sal ammoniac, one ounce of salts of tartar, two ounces borax. Dissolve in six quarts of water, add the sal ammoniac when cold; cork tight. Use teacupful to three pails of water, and boil twenty minutes after it boils. This costs thirty cents, and is cheaper than Anti-Washboard soap. You do not have to rub the clothes only a little. I pound mine and boil. Soap them where they are dirty before boiling, and they are ready to suds and rinse. ELLENOR.

LANSING.

CREAM CHEESE.—To make cheese for a family of six take twelve quarts of clabbered milk and cook it in a tin pan from ten to twenty minutes, pour into a clean cheese cloth bag and squeeze dry, then turn the curd into a pan and add salt to suit the taste and one-half teacupful of butter; mix thoroughly, turn it into the dish in which it is to be served and pour over it one-half cup of sweet cream. The secret of making good cheese is to let the milk cook until the curd and whey readily separate, or until the curd is quite hard, and be sure to squeeze out all the whey. Some people do not like the sweet cream added.

AUGUSTA.

PRACTICAL.

PICKLED APPLES.—Take the sweet apples fully ripe, core and quarter them. Take two quarts of vinegar, two pounds of sugar, one-half ounce of mace, one of cloves and one of cinnamon, with a spoonful of allspice. (These spices should not be ground.) Let it boil together ten minutes. Then put in enough of the apples to cover the syrup and let boil until clear. Skim them and lay on a platter; put fresh apples to cook until you have as many as your syrup will cover when placed in a jar. These, after a few days, sometimes need to be brought again to boiling point, and then will keep any length of time.



BALL'S

CORSETS

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