

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, JULY 29, 1884.

THE HOUSEHOLD—Supplement.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

They drive the cows from the pasture;
Up through the shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat field
All yellow with ripening grain.

They find the thick, waving grasses,
Where the scarlet lipped strawberry grows,
They gather the earliest snow-drops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow,
They gather the elder blooms white,
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.

They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines,
They know where the fruit is the thickest,
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate sea weeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea shells—
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.

They wave from the tall rocking tree-tops,
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings,
And at night-time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who to bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And from those brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman,
The noble and wise of our land—
The sword and chisel and palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

I think I ought to apologize for taking up space that perhaps more properly belongs to writers from your own State but the Editor so kindly invited me to come again, that I wanted to say how glad I am to see a number of articles touching the training of children. Surely no subject could be more appropriate for the Household, nor could a subject of more importance be found for discussion among mothers; for it certainly is from the mother that the early training must come, since to be effective it must be daily—yes, hourly—and be commenced as soon as the little one begins to have any understanding of language. I felt like shaking hands with Beatrix several times as I read her articles, and have more than once mentally exclaimed, "Them's my sentiments!" over some of her views. I, for one, do not think her theories too "fine spun for every day use." I think one of the greatest mistakes made by parents, is waiting for time to do the work with their children, that they—the parents—should do. "They will learn it is wrong when they get a little older," is the excuse for letting faults

slip by unnoticed, but often they find when that time comes, the faults have become very firmly rooted. Leaving aside the wisdom of such a course, have the parents any right to shirk one single opportunity for the planting of principles that will add worth and beauty to the characters of their children?

How foolish to expect any good seed to grow without first planting; and afterward careful tending. And while you endeavor to weed out serious faults, and implant principles of honesty and truth—all that will make your son a good man—don't forget the little things that go toward the make-up of a gentleman. I say boys more particularly, because they as a rule are less imitative than girls, and consequently less apt to take on polish from contact with refinements. How much more agreeable to all about him is the child who says "thank you" in return for a favor; "if you please," as a request; who handles knife and fork properly, eats quietly, and in short shows the care and watchfulness of his mother, than one who grabs in silence what he is given, says "gimme some o' that!" wipes his mouth and nose on his sleeve, and is about as agreeable an adjunct of the dinner table as a two months' old pig would be.

It is useless to say, "He will learn better manners as he grows older." The boy who is not taught to think of these things, will, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, be, as a man—no matter what his education or worth of character—rough and uncouth in his ways. Do all these things seem of small weight? You cannot say the polish does not add value to the diamond. How many would know its worth or beauty if left in the rough? To Old School Teacher I must say I do think the mothers of her hired help are to blame for their being simply necessary nuisances.

KEWANEE, Ill., July 23.

TABLE ETIQUETTE.

We have dined out on two occasions lately among people belonging to that "higher life" than is accorded to farmer folks. Under the head of "Going to the Table," my book of etiquette says, "When dinner is announced, the host rises and requests all to walk to the dining room, to which he leads the way, having given his arm to the lady who, from age or any other consideration, is entitled to precedence. Each gentleman

offers his arm to a lady and all follow in order." At the first of these two (to us) "State dinners" the gentlemen and their wives passed from the room together in couples, the older ones first, the hostess having taken the lead and the host bringing up the rear. On the later occasion the ladies passed out in single file preceded by the hostess and followed by the gentlemen with the host in the rear. In the dining room the ladies were seated in each alternate chair, and the gentlemen were afterward seated beside their several wives. All this looked "pritty" (as my neighbor says) in the parlor, where the gentlemen thus gave the ladies the preference, but it seemed to occasion a little confusion in the dining-room, as they did not give heed to the order in which the ladies walked, and there was some passing to and fro before each husband was properly established beside his wife, for although it may be "law," it does not seem to be "custom" to mismatch the lawful partners on such small occasions. Now will not Beatrix, or some one else who knows, tell us something of table etiquette? I, for one, really desire information as to the proper way at present as without doubt, fashions change in this as in other things. I do not ask for quotations from books, but hope she will tell us how these things are, and should be done in real life in the private houses where she is a guest. If it is proper to "go as you please" from what are the guests to take their cue, that there may be no blunders?

For a wedding the prettiest way that I have ever seen the bridal party enter the room, is in single file, the most remote groomsmen taking the lead, and all following in the exact order in which they are to stand; then, by taking a circular line of march, they reach the intended place in good style, with no crowding or turning "about face." Beside this they appear at the entrance of the room in better shape, as an ordinary narrow stairway does not allow the party to come down arm in arm, except at the risk of disarranging the toilettes of the ladies. Yet, so far as I know, no book of etiquette ever directed such a style of procedure. As the bridal party are the actors on such an occasion, and can have as many rehearsals as they choose before appearing in public they can the better arrange themselves according to any style that may be agreed upon, but for a dinner party, where the guests may have never met before, there seems a need of an established rule, that all may understand what is expected of them.

EL. SEE.

WASHINGTON, July 24th.

OUR FOREIGN ELEMENT—POLACKS AGAIN.

It is a pity that one cannot write, only as the mood comes on. Why can't we get at mental work just as we get at our pies and dishes? If well, we can get at anything we desire in the household line without awaiting an inspiration, but the spell for writing will not come at will. We must wait like the Quaker, "till the spirit moves." Amid the crowding cares and glad enjoyment of home life, the "foreign element" Beatrix wrote of awhile ago had almost clean gone out of mind. And a line from the Editor seemed a necessary call to the fulfillment of a promise perhaps too hastily made.

Whether the women native born, of these United States, will be brought to the condition of the foreign born element of our population, as seen by Beatrix in her Detroit street experience, is a grave question.

How come they there? What condition of political or social life dragged them down to the level they have reached, a level almost on a par with the brute? Or perhaps the question may be changed into, What has kept them down amid the uprisings of the last few centuries? That there is terrible degradation in Europe, continental and insular, is too plain for denial. That there are sufficient reasons for it must be granted.

Social conditions are the results of forces, of power enough to bring to pass those conditions. There is something, covered or revealed, explained or explainable, that accounts for it. As women, most deeply interested in the future of our own flesh and blood, we ought not to turn away our eyes with the thought, "It can never reach me," "My position is too well assured." For as woman is peculiarly the guardian of the future, having under her lock and key the whole question of social good or evil. As she is the genius that must transform the desert to a fruitful field, or blast the smiling home with desolation; as no future is possible without her, and in her hands are the secrets of all possible human progress, I need not implore the good Household sisters to look closely into this question. Your children and your children's children, to remote generations, are most deeply interested in your proper understanding and action in regard to the matter.

It may be claimed that such a state of existence and mental and moral degradation is inevitable. That those women and their mothers before them were incapable of a more exalted being, or they would have risen to the measure of their capacities. That their instincts, habits and education fit them only for the state in which they live. True, it may be claimed that originally, in the prehistoric eras of time, before human progress brought civilization and refinement to Europe, her females were in much the same position and relation as the Indian woman of yesterday and to-day. She was the working force of the family. As the hen scratches for her brood, while the

lordly chanticleer struts free from the cares of parentage among the members of his harem, so it was her double burden to till the soil, gather the products, and multiply and care for the human savages she bore her master and lord. He busied himself with his bow and arrows, carving and decorating his war missiles, setting his traps, hunting his game, fighting his battles and greedily eating what her hand prepared for him; and when sated with food and exercise, sleeping soundly in the tent or wigwam her devotion guarded. Her life of steady toil, her habits of deference to custom, her muscular exercise under the sunlight of heaven made her muscles like brass, and as nerveless as the Sphinx. She was man's equal in strength, his superior in endurance, and by force of the instincts of nature for self-preservation, and that of her young offspring, more ardent in all her pursuits, and more devoted in her abnegation of self. She was then as now the complement of the man. He could not have devoted himself to the chase and to war, had she not assumed the role of the toiler. She was the willing child of circumstances and conditions that to us seem the most abject and enforced slavery; the slavery of sex we can conceive faintly, but in our changed conditions of life never realize what it was, yet it may be doubted after all if there was a particle of slavery in it. The restraints we willingly adopt are stripped of their irksomeness, the sacrifices we willingly make are so robbed of their sense of loss, that to be deprived of the opportunity to offer them would be a genuine cause for sorrow. In her case, instead of the enforced it was the willing toil; custom, education, love of man, led her to look upon her burdens with as much genuine pleasure, and bear them with as little complaining as her more fortunate sister of to-day experiences. Her want of nerves especially fitted her for it. Nerves are the growth of refinement, aboriginal humanity knows nothing of them. The woman of that day was accustomed to the repulsive objects of nature. Torpedoes, firecrackers and Fourth-of-July rockets had not been invented then. Bugs, flies, frogs, toads, lizards, snakes, mice, rats, vermin and savage animals of every kind were so often met and taken care of that instead of being objects of surprise, detestation, and fright, they all in their time were absolutely desirable. A camp by the river side under wide spreading boughs is passable to a modern woman for a picnic, with bright skies, and a gallant man to drive away intruding flies and kill possible snakes, and with his strong right arm support her in her communings with nature. But to camp there when the crawling denizens of night crept over the sleeping body and the midnight lullaby was made up of the wolf's echoing howl, and the panther's shrill, blood-curdling scream, mingled with the softer hooting of the owl and the whippoorwill's plaintive cry, is another matter. Imaginary bugaboos had no effect on nerves hardened under the constant and

close communings with nature in her wildest moods; a woman of to-day can sleep with her head within four feet of a thundering, revolving car wheel, who would not get a "dozen winks" under the sweet lullaby of the forest's music. And a masculine specimen of that age who condescended to share the burdens of his toiling spouse was unfitted to share the honors of manhood. Under such a system perhaps it was inevitable that woman should be where Beatrix saw her. But who would desire to see Beatrix there, or one of those coming ones whose pathway through life she is trying to prepare. E.

NEWAYGO, July 22nd.

FOR THE GIRLS.

A very pretty white costume seen here the other day, was made dressy at a very slight expense. The yoke and upper part of the sleeves were made of common serentine braid, of medium coarseness, sewed together, point to point, the thread, which was as coarse as No. 24, being carried from point to point. The rows of braid ran up and down, with the customary seams on the shoulder strongly sewed and closely trimmed. The wrists and the drapery were bordered with a trimming made by sewing nine rows of braid together for the latter, and a narrower for the wrists. The effect was very much like the openwork embroideries so much used for the same purpose, but at very much less expense,—the embroideries cost from \$3.50 to \$8 per yard—while the work is not much.

Many white lawns, nainsooks and cambrics are made up with a close gored foundation skirt covered to the belt with three or four wide flounces, the top one being gathered in with the band. These flounces are most frequently plainly hemmed, sometimes tucked, sometimes edged with lace. Another favorite style is a full round ungored skirt, with a narrow pleating at the foot, and tucked to within a quarter of a yard of the belt. With these skirts are worn the still popular Jersey, in black usually, sometimes in colors, velvet basques, or yoke or tucked waists of the dress goods. A wide white satin ribbon fastened under a rosette is often seen as a belt. Sashes of the dress goods are sometimes worn.

Almost all the young girls, not a few young married women, and some who are not as young as they used to be, are wearing the shade hats of rough, creamy straw braid, with wide brims, trimmed with wide ties and full folds and bows of soft white mull. Many of the brims are faced inside with white lace edgings, some lined with black velvet. They are coquettish, dainty, and dimples and pink cheeks are more bewitching than ever under them. They are inexpensive, and when the mull is soiled it is easily done up. Nothing is prettier for picnics, garden parties, or any occasion where one's best bonnet is not required. The favorite shape is somewhat of a noke, wide brimmed in front, narrowing to a couple of inches' width behind.

It is provoking enough to have one's crimps and frizzes straighten out within half an hour after being taken from the pins. The bandoline, etc., generally used is a snare and a delusion, as it fails to accomplish the purpose in the first place, and secondly the experimenter is shocked to find premonitory symptoms of old age, as the gum in the bandoline is left as a greyish powder on the hair. A *fixatif* for the hair recommended by the *Bazar* is equal parts of powdered gum arabic and tragacanth, with one-fourth the quantity of orris root and one-third of pulverized sugar, made into a very moist paste with water. It is probable that blondes would find this efficient, yet—how about the flies?

A SHELF LAMBREQUIN.

I should like to tell Prudence how she can make a handsome shelf lambrequin. Get a piece of railroad canvas the length of your shelf, and as wide as you want your lambrequin. Work some handsome pattern about two inches wide in stripes up and down, leaving an inch and a half between each stripe for a strip of velvet. Have the bottom of each stripe end in a point, the velvet ones a little shorter than the others; finish the points with little balls that can be bought for the purpose. The one that I saw was worked with three shades of yellow and three of red, with black velvet. Of course I can not describe the pattern so that you could combine the shades prettily; you must select your own colors and pattern for the stripe. It can be worked with silk or worsted; the silk is handsome, but more costly.

Will Mrs. Fuller tell in her next letter how to manage plants so as to have blossoms in the winter? Can some one tell me how to take paint off from clothes without taking the color out? I am delighted with the Household; I think it both instructive and entertaining. CLEO.

ADRIAN, July 22nd.

KEROSENE STOVES.

"Anna," of Blissfield, writes that she bought a kerosene stove because of the good words spoken for them in the Household, and now she wants to know if there is any way to avoid the unpleasant "kerosene smell," which is especially disagreeable to her.

If you can manage a kerosene lamp without having the "kerosene smell," there is no reason why you should be troubled by it with the stove. Perfect cleanliness and care *not to turn the wick too high*, will prevent odor. Mrs. Lincoln, in one of our exchanges, gives such clear and concise directions, that we quote them entire, as embodying the best information to be had on the subject:

"To avoid odor it is necessary to keep the burner perfectly clean, and entirely free from the gummy burner deposit which even the best oil will have on the polished brass burner. Every day the burner should be washed in hot, clean suds, thoroughly dried and the wick replaced; the little brass network about the base of the burner should be carefully wiped and kept free from every particle

of dust. The wick should be cut square and evenly with sharp scissors, and not even a thread should be left that is higher than the rest. When the blaze is extinguished, the wick should be turned at least half an inch below the edge of the burner. If it is left above, or even with the top, it will absorb oil, and the oil will run over the top, making it greasy and soiled, and emit an unpleasant odor. The best quality of oil should be used, as, after all, it is fully as economical; there is less sediment in it, it will burn to the last drop, will not smoke so badly and does not leave such a rank odor. The stove should be filled after using, and when it is first lighted the blaze should be watched, because it increases in intensity and very soon begins to smoke. It can then be regulated and left for some time, especially if you are baking; if you have water on boiling, as soon as the water reaches the boiling point, the flame will increase again and must be turned down. The reason for this nobody pretends to explain, but the fact remains."

The advantages of these stoves are so many that the one and only unpleasant feature can be well endured. If one has a woodshed the stove can be set there except when in use for ironing, when it should be near the ironing table to avoid the many steps in changing irons. A draft of air will rid the house of the smoke if the housekeeper does not take the care mentioned above, while it would take a breath from Labrador to reduce the temperature of the rooms heated up by steady fire in the kitchen stove.

A GRAND BLANC LETTER.

I agree with all who have written on butter-making, that there must be perfect cleanliness in all things to insure good butter. There is a great deal of poor butter made, we all know that, but some that is classed as poor butter when it goes on the market in Detroit and other cities, was just as good as could be made when it left the hands of those who made it, but after going to the local dealers was improperly handled. Come with me to a store in Grand Blanc, and I will show you butter in close proximity to a kerosene oil barrel on the one hand, and a box of codfish on the other, while molasses, paints, etc., fill the intervening spaces. As you know, butter absorbs odors and impurities quickly. Now who is responsible for the quality of the butter that comes from such surroundings?

I was quite amused at a little incident I read the other day. A lady, speaking of plants, said so many wanted slips, which she freely gives. One day a stranger called as she was passing and asked for slips, and wished one from one particular geranium. On being told there were no slips on that, she thought she might make one of the large branches live! It was somewhat like my own experience. A short time ago a person was here, who on leaving said, "Say, can't you give me some slips?" I said, "Certainly, from those that have any." While getting them, she said, "Oh, I would like roots on them, I am afraid they won't live."

A good way to use cold biscuit is to cut them open and spread with butter, put in a spider, sprinkle on a little pepper,

pour on hot water, cover tight and let stew a few minutes. Another is a pudding; spread with butter, put in a pudding dish, make a custard and pour over, and bake.

Did any of the members use lettuce for greens? We think it good. I tried the dressing for lettuce in the Household, we think a little sugar improves it.

SOPHIA.

GRAND BLANC, July 18th.

DOMESTIC HINTS.

Do you remember the saying about "a multitude of counselors?" Well, we have them here in the Household, and gain much profit and pleasure thereby. I think Evangaline's arrangements for butter-making very good indeed; but she would find it much to her advantage if she would make some alterations by which the windmill could be made to do the churning.

Some speak of working butter three times. One of the best butter-makers I ever knew never worked butter but once. It was delicious, and had a grain to it that is not found where there is much manipulation. To those who do not have ice, I would say just put your cream in a stone churn the evening before you wish to churn, and place it in a tub containing three or four pailfuls of water, fresh from the well; in the morning change this water for fresh, and churn before the sun is up. In this way you can secure good, hard butter.

I have packed ham for summer use as suggested in a late Household, and like it very well; but think it much better to pack the slices very firmly into a stone jar, without any cooking, then cover with about two inches of melted lard. When a slice is taken out some lard will adhere to it, melt this and return to the jar hot; then fry or broil the ham and it will be very fresh and nice. I prefer it broiled and dished with melted butter.

If desired, I may at some future time send some recipes which have proved useful to me; but will say there will be no mention of wine or brandy. I believe that if all would banish them from their food as did White Clover, they would be taking a long step in the right direction.

MERTIE.

PAW PAW, July 17th.

COOKING VEGETABLE OYSTERS.

I would begin by telling how much I like the Household, but I think I had better tell that to my neighbors who do not take the *FARMER*, so will tell Maybelle how to cook vegetable oysters.

They are not good until after frost comes in the fall. Wash and scrape off the outside skin with a knife and drop in cold water, else they will turn dark; then cut up in small pieces. Put in boiling water, and boil until tender (an hour or more), then season with salt, pepper, butter and a cup of sweet cream, and eat with crackers, as soup.

I am glad the subject of fancy work has been introduced, as that is needed to make the Household just exactly right. I can send directions in knitting and

crochet for almost anything, from a baby's bib to a bed spread, only I am afraid the editor will say "don't." I have seen a lambrequin for a clock shelf knit on wooden needles, of colored carpet warp, that looked quite pretty. To make a handsome one, embroider on satin, or velvet, with silk.

Butter-makers will find it a help to set the milk in a tub of cold water, long enough to remove the animal heat, before straining; it can easily be done if milked, as it should be, in a tin pail. I am satisfied after thirty years experience, that the making of good butter must begin with the care of the cows, and that clear, cold water injures butter is all fol-de-rol.

AUNT NELL.

PLINWELL, July 17th.

AN OPINION.

I agree with X. Y. Z. and Farmer's Wife that all the utensils that we use about butter-making ought to be sweet and clean. But another point I want to mention is that a great deal depends upon what the cows have to eat. They ought to have nice sweet grass to eat in the summer; grain and sweet hay in the winter, and clean water at all times of the year, all they can drink. With all of these we can have nice, sweet, clean butter. I can't agree with Farmer's Wife about living in the city. In the last you can have a large door yard and plenty of flowers, if you have means to pay for it. Beautiful flowers we have, and a man to attend to them. Some of the time I live in one large city, and then in another, and then in the country. But still I like the city the best.

O. K. M. D.

LESLIE, July 18.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To keep water cool and fresh for drinking purposes in hot weather, wrap the pitcher or jug containing it in woolen cloths wrung out of cold water. The constant evaporation going on will keep the water cool enough to be palatable, and there is not the danger in drinking it that there is in the free use of ice-water.

ANTS of any color or size may be driven away by using a solution of corrosive sublimate in alcohol. If they infest a closet put this solution on the shelves in the crevices. Apply with a brush. Lay paper over when dry. Bear in mind that it is a deadly poison.

AN exchange says: To bleach cotton goods, for every five pounds of muslin dissolve twelve ounces of chloride of lime in a small quantity of soft boiling water. When cold strain it into enough water to cover the goods. Boil them 15 minutes in strong soap suds; wring out in clear, cold water; then put the goods into the chloride of lime solution, lifting them up and down so as to give first the solution and then the air access to them; rinse well and dry. By another method the clothes are laid in the sun and moistened with suds made of soft water and soap; they will gradually grow white.

It is delightful to know that the wrinkles which are our "beauty destroyers" and the crows' feet, which some one has called "footprints of time," are after all minor matters which we can control at will. All we have to do, you know, is to avoid all emotions or agitations which will make the original faint tracery which develops into unsightly wrinkles; keep always calm and composed, with a "prunes and prisms" expression, and we shall pass to our half century with faces unlined by care. In addition we must avoid strong lights, which cause us to draw the face about the eyes, and must reflect without knitting our brows. When we sleep we must compose ourselves with our noses to the zenith, since lying on the side may press the flesh of the face into creases. But, after all, is not the beauty of our faces as we grow old their expression, the character that is written upon them by the emotions of the soul? When "youth the dream, departs" and the bloom and roundness is gone, the life we have led is written with an indelible pencil upon cheek and brow. And what are men or women worth whose lives have run in such tranquil channels that their faces are expressionless as a piece of putty? Ah, give us the wrinkled face that yet speaks to us of battles fought and won, of sorrows borne and faults lived down, rather than the unlined one which tells of depths never stirred, of passionless existence, and which gives no hint that there have been griefs which have made us sweeter, like flowers which must be crushed to yield their odor.

MRS. C. L. C., of Owosso, who kindly furnishes us recipes for this week's issue, writes in very appreciative terms of the Household, wishing there were more of it, as it is "read all too quickly," and closing by saying: "Come one and all to the front rank and each contribute her mite, that our little paper may grow and flourish 'like a cedar of Lebanon.'" We have not space to print the letter in full, but hope our correspondent will come again with recipes, or some of her house-keeping methods.

Contributed Recipes.

FRENCH PICKLES.—One peck green tomatoes; six large onions; chop fine; add one cup of salt, and let stand over night. In the morning drain off the water and add two quarts water, five quarts of vinegar, four pounds brown sugar, one-half pound white mustard seed, two tablespoonfuls each of pepper, cloves, cinnamon, ginger and ground mustard seed, one-half teaspoonful cayenne pepper. Boil one-half hour.

MRS. J. A. P.

PALO, July 18th.

[Our correspondent also sends a recipe for cream cake, which is incomplete, a part of the ingredients being left out. It would therefore be useless to publish it.—HOUSEHOLD EDITOR.]

CURRENT CATSUP.—Take three pounds currants, picked clean and washed; one pound sugar; one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, allspice and cloves; one teacupful cider vinegar; boil slowly until quite thick, and put in tumblers for keeping.

JUICY FRUIT PIE.—Make the crust as any

pie crust; put the bottom crust in a rather deep tin or plate, (granite ware is best,) lay your fruit in on top, sprinkle over from three to five pulverized crackers, then put in sugar; wet the edge of the lower crust with water; then put upper crust on, pressing the edges together; the juice will not run out.

MRS. C. L. C.

Owosso, July 24th.

Useful Recipes.

SPICED GRAPES.—To every pound of fruit allow one-half pound of sugar, one pint of vinegar, two teaspoonfuls cinnamon and cloves and one teaspoonful of allspice. Cook pulp and skin separately, skins until tender and pulp until soft, and seed by running through the colander. Put pulp and skins together add vinegar, sugar and spices (the latter in a bag), and cook until of right consistency.

GRAPE PRESERVES.—Squeeze with your fingers the pulp from each grape. Put the pulps over the fire and boil them till they are tender; then press them through a colander, so that the seeds may be taken out; now add the skins to the pulps and juice. Put a cupful of sugar to each cupful of fruit, and boil all together until of a thick consistency. Green grape preserves are also nice. In managing the green grapes, halve them and extract the seeds with a small knife. Put also a cupful of sugar to a cupful of fruit. Many prefer the green to the ripe grape preserves.

GRAPE CATSUP.—Take five pounds of grapes, boil, rub through a colander. Two and a half pounds sugar; one pint vinegar; one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, cloves and pepper; half a tablespoonful of salt. Boil until it is a little thick.

PRESERVED WATERMELON RINDS.—Cover the bottom and sides of the kettle with grape vine leaves; put in a layer of rind, then a layer of leaves; in each layer put a small piece of alum. Cover with leaves and then put a wet towel on top and water enough to cover them well. Let them simmer an hour; then take out into a dish and make a syrup of a pound of sugar and a pint of water to a pound of rind. When the scum has stopped rising, put in the fruit and let simmer a half hour. Take out the rind on a dish and let the syrup simmer an hour. Then put in the fruit again and simmer another half hour. Then take it all out and let it stand till morning. Pour off the syrup and boil until thick as honey and pour it over the rind in a jar. Season with ginger or whatever you prefer.

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.