

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, AUGUST 5, 1884.

THE HOUSEHOLD--Supplement.

SWAN SONG.

BY AN OLD BIRD.

Boy, dost thou hope to win her?
Cease thy sighing!
Eat a good hearty dinner,
Love defying!
Let all thy thought to-night of her go free,
To-morrow all her thought shall turn to thee!

Man, dost thou hope to hold her?
No more kneeling!
Shrug thy derisive shoulder,
Prove unfeeling!
So, as she deems thy passion doth decay,
Her love for thee shall strengthen day by day.

A TALK WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

DEAR LADIES:—The number of Household correspondents is increasing rapidly, for which evidence of interest the Editor is indeed grateful. To make room for all, for we wish everybody to come, and come often, and to give the contents variety and "spice," the Household Editor recommends that words of approbation for the department be omitted, or expressed in a private line or two to the Editor, who is ever pleased at words of kindly appreciation. But the "little paper" is a success; we all know it, and we do not need to take up space to reiterate what is already evident. "Aunt Nell's" way of showing appreciation is one which appeals to us most forcibly. Show the paper to your neighbors and induce them to become subscribers and contributors, thereby increasing the efficiency and range of the paper. Respond by all means when any question is asked to which you can give an answer from experience, but do not feel aggrieved if, should some one else give exactly your method, the Editor should drop your letter into the big basket; not because it was unwelcome, or undesired, but simply because the same information had already been published. There is no use taking up space to tell exactly the same thing over a new signature. If you have a new way, or a better way, we want to know it. Please avoid personalities. The paper goes into thousands of homes, and your personal words into but one, with any meaning attached to them; we must furnish what will be pleasing, instructive or entertaining to a majority. Please write only on one side of the paper; several of our correspondents disregard this rule. The usually angelic temper of the foreman is sadly ruffled when he has to portion out such copy among a dozen compositors. Please

do not embody recipes in your article if you mention any other topic whatever. By remembering this you will give the Editor reason to rise up and call you blessed. Do not attempt to condense by leaving out the ands and thes; the editorial pencil must put them in. And please, do not send us any original poetry. The Household Editor is blood-thirsty in the matter of poets, and "kills" them without remorse. There is a vast difference between rhyme and poetry; to string words to a jingling measure is no evidence of the possession of the rarest gift of expression. The lines which under your own reading pass muster before a non-critical or partial audience, when given the "baptism of print" take on a different sound; they are seen to be decidedly lame in their poetic feet. It is an invariable rule in journalism that communications must be accompanied by the writer's name; have a wholesome fear of the big basket at the Editor's right hand unless you give your name. In the matter of *nom de plumes*, do not appropriate, either entirely or in part, that chosen by another. We have one genuine and only "Farmer's Wife," and those who have signed themselves by this and its variations will now understand why their initials have been given instead. Too great similarity leads to confusion and mistakes. But send us your thoughts on any subject relating to home, its duties or responsibilities, your methods of saving work, your economies, your tested recipes, any interesting or useful information, and be assured that you are welcome, and have a standing invitation to "come again."—THE HOUSEHOLD EDITOR.

CONFIDENCES.

There are two sides to every topic of discussion, and often we find the horizon of our reflections enlarged by the showing of an unsuspected side to a question one had pondered so often and thoroughly, one supposed that not only its two sides but all sides had been considered. Such was my experience recently in reading El See's commentary on the question of winning a child's confidence by a patient attention to all its little confidences, considering none "too trivial for a hearing."

The idea that El See advances, that "tattling or gossip would thereby be encouraged," was a side I had not even suspected, but all suggestions on so important a subject merit careful consideration, and I am very glad to have such advanced. It

is only by impartial and careful investigation that the highest truths are reached, and theories must stand the test of practical demonstration, or take their place with the exploded bubbles of the past. In my experience I have discovered none of the danger that El See foresees, but quite the contrary. Children and youth must have some confidential friend to whom their little secrets, important to them if to no one else, may be confided, and with whom they may discuss the varied occurrences and impressions of persons and things that fall in their way.

The mother is the natural confidant of the little one, but if she makes light of the little secrets, retails them with an air of merriment or sarcasm to others, or teases the child over its ingenuously admitted preferences, she will soon lose its trust. How often have I had a heartache for a child who with blushing face and wounded heart, heard its mother tell its innocent secret to assembled company, with faces covered with smiles at its confusion. The little wronged, outraged heart would remember the bitter lesson long, and the best efforts of the mother would need to be exerted long to undo the work of that thoughtless moment.

Besides, if a child is encouraged to put its thoughts into words, a watchful mother will learn more of the child's natural bent, its impulses, purposes, disposition and passions, and also of the character and influence upon it of its associates, and can thus better judge what is best or most necessary on her part, to counteract evil or promote good in itself and its surroundings.

Out of the abundance of the thoughts, half formed and incomplete though they be, in the brain of the young, the heart is filled and the mouth will speak, and happy for it if a patient, careful mother receives the overflow.

We will concede that "tales out of school" are better not told, also that children, even if truthful, with their quick sympathies are "liable to see things one sided, and exaggerate actual happenings." Their quick feeling and unreasoning resentments on the other hand, only make the truth more evident that they will talk to somebody, and I submit it is not better for them to talk to mother, sure of her sympathy, and with trust in her judgment, than repelled there, discuss the question with their schoolmates, their sympathies or resentments rising higher as they "talk it up," until the "mole hill becomes a mountain." I have always

listened to my children if they had complaints to make, tried to soften asperities and soothe resentments; often by questions got the full facts of the case, and convinced them of error, and when unable to do this, or convinced that injustice had been done them, have been able to disarm resentment by convincing them no wrong had been intended, and that mistakes would occur. The occasion is also offered to show a child what are and what are not proper subjects to speak of in a general way, and the result has been that whatever faults have been laid to their charge, no one has ever called them "tattlers" or "gossips."

The thought intended to be conveyed is, that the child or maiden may tell "mother" even her most secret thoughts, secure that they will be held inviolate, and that from her richer experience, counsel may be had to guide their uncertain steps. I think it a great mistake to encourage a child's complaints by "taking sides," but there are cases where a sensitive and timid child has been most woefully imposed upon by incompetent teachers, and exacting, insolent school-mates, for want of a hearing at home. I have never been obliged to send "notes to the teacher," or "take my Ruth from school for being called a tattler," but others may have a different experience, and in all cases each should act as seems best under the circumstances, and "be a law unto themselves." A. L. L.

GREENFIELD.

A WIFE'S DUTY.

We hear a great deal said nowadays about the relation of man and wife, just how much she shall bear and so on. One writer has very justly remarked, "Marriage should never be the result of fancy." The evening party is no place to judge of a person's real character, society always appears at its best; art ficial, flimsy; shallow by daylight, we would hardly recognize what we considered divine in gas light. Poor old humanity has so many garbs in which to appear, a face for company, and another for home, agreeing with this one to his face, slurring him the instant his back is turned, wreathed with smiles one moment, black with rage another. It is not always best that the parties be similar in disposition, but they ought to thoroughly know each other, before uttering words which death alone ought to undo. Suppose a gentleman contemplates purchasing a watch, does he give it a passing glance, as it lies in the show case, or put it in his pocket to test it as to its accuracy as a time keeper? A man should not show less consideration in selecting a wife; the marriage relation is the most sacred, intimate, and enduring of life.

Symmetry is a law of Heaven, and it is sad, indeed, to see a want of symmetry in this matter; and beautifully has God ordained that certain dispositions should come together, and that certain traits of character should balance or control other traits. "Let every one take his mate, or none," says one writer. Like should

have like. They must weather the storms, or bask in the sunshine of life together; hand in hand, loving and truthful, with no anger or hatred or jealousy garnered against each other, looking forward to the everlasting youth of Heaven, where they two shall be one forever. One-half of the trouble in married life arises from deceit. A wife should feel that her husband's interests and her interests are one. There should be no comparisons drawn, as for instance: "If my husband were only as nice looking as Mr. A., or gentlemanly like Mr. B." You probably thought he was perfect when he came to see you; before marriage his ways were agreeable and nice, and you bent every energy to please and gratify his tastes. You won him by your graces, now keep him with the same. Don't let him think another woman is better looking, dresses more tastily or keeps house better than you. Play on the piano, as well as the dishpan. Half the women forget that they have a husband to dress for or to entertain; they will live in the kitchen, wear greasy dresses, do their hair in a wad, and aspire to nothing higher than household drudgery. My word for it you are losing him; he married you for a companion, not a slave. When he comes in at night tired and fretful from his business, don't meet him with "the baby's been so cross; my bread was sour; Mehitable has had a fuss at school, the teacher is coming to board next week; the pigs have been in the garden, and Mr. Stubbs has sent in the most unmerciful meat bill, I know it is not right." You would get cross and swear yourself at such a tirade. Put on your blue muslin that he used to think so becoming, twist a rose in your hair, have a smile on your face as bright as circumstances will allow, and go down to the front gate to meet him, take his arm and tell him how the baby's got the cunningest new tooth, is a perfect sunshine, and if there is any bad news, keep it until his stomach is full; it makes lots of difference, if you don't believe it, try it. Married life has its ups and downs; there should be such perfect love and confidence, that both can concede, and yet be satisfied. Jean Ingelow says:

"To marriage all the stories flow,
And finish there,
As if with marriage came the end,
The entrance into settled rest,
The calm to which Love's tossings tend
The quiet breast.
For me Love played the low prelude,
Yet life began but with the ring."

It is in the home circle that we see the real character, and happy the wife who can say of the husband of her choice:

"But I look up and he looks down
And thus our married eyes can meet,
Uncolored his, and clear of frown
And gravely sweet."

EVANGALINE.

BATTLE CREEK, July 25th.

RECIPES WANTED.

I would be grateful if some of the ladies would give directions for making pretty and durable mats for the floor; also recipes for making sauce and pickles of melons, if it can be done, as you know our fruit is scarce, scarcer, scarcest, but our melons rival those of Syria.

ANNA.

WESSINGTON, Dakota, July 29th

WESTERN GLIMPSES.

Two weeks in Chicago, that city of beautiful residences, of fine boulevards and parks, rendered me quite at home and familiar with the principal points of interest. I enjoyed exceedingly the stirring scenes of the convention, witnessed the nominations for the two highest offices of this government, and came away with renewed confidence in the success which is sure to attend the "Plumed Knight" and his followers in the coming election. One of the most interesting things in Chicago is the splendid painting of the battle of Gettysburg. Ascending a stairway we are in the centre of a circular panorama, the ground about us, being made up with old war trappings, army wagons and hospital tents, represents the foreground of the picture. So realistic is this that it is hard to tell where the canvass begins; the figures, nearly life size, are grouped in battle array; some in the agonies of death are borne from the field by comrades; the perspective is so wonderful that the illusion is perfect, and we believe the real battle is taking place before our eyes, and this beautiful landscape is the country about Gettysburg. The artist, born in Paris, spent several months in this country making sketches and drawings preparatory to the creation of this remarkable and artistic work, which occupied two years in its completion. The canvas is 50 feet high and 400 feet long, thus measuring 20,000 square feet. The artist has also painted the siege of Paris, now on exhibition in Chicago, and other pictures of similar character and of historical interest. As often happens, the artist whose brain conceived and whose skilled hand executed these works of art receives but a small share of the profits, while the stock company that built the fireproof building for the grand undertaking, is coining money. Another place in Chicago of interest to a lover of water, where not works of art but of nature are exhibited, is the natatorium or swimming school, which is open certain hours of the day for ladies; here in the comfortably warm water and in the most abbreviated costumes, consisting only of closely fitting sleeveless waist and Turkish drawers, women and children splash about and take lessons in the useful art of swimming. There is a certain fascination about the place, and I could spend hours at the lake flashing in light and reaching white hands enticingly shoreward.

From Chicago to Rock Island the ride is through the fertile, well cultivated but rather uninteresting country of northern Illinois. Just before dark we cross the "Father of Waters," the wooded bluffs crowned by residences catching the last rays of the setting sun. From Davenport, Ia., the point at which we leave the Mississippi, our way is through the great grain fields, the garden spot of Iowa. I rose early to see something of these seemingly endless fields of wheat and corn. A dummy engine at Council Bluffs takes travelers over the yellow waters of the Missouri to Omaha, an enterprising

city claiming 50,000 inhabitants. Just now the business portion is a chaos of stone and other building materials, somewhat unsightly, but speaking well for its future prosperity. Many fine new residences and public buildings, among the latter a splendid courthouse, are in process of erection; the streets are being paved with a pink tinted granite, cut in oblong shape; this is finished with a covering of asphalt, the whole apparently making an excellent pavement; these paved streets are swept twice a week, the contract being one-half mill per yard, the sum total footing up nearly \$20,000 per year. The depots are filled with a motley crowd of emigrants of all nationalities. Here a dozen Chinamen, their thin, sal low and pinched faces suggesting the consumption of unlimited quantities of opium, and there another group, "p'oh white trash" our colored friends would call them, clad in nondescript costumes, with barefooted children, all healthy looking however, having rich brown skins, are westward bound. Leaving Omaha and traveling southwest—by a branch of the Union Pacific, we pass through a rich farming and stock raising country.

We stop some time at Lincoln, the capital of the State, a city of 20,000 people, and follow the valley of a sluggish little stream, the waters of which, dammed and turned from their proper channel to prevent the necessity of many bridges, stand in black pools beside our way. Along the streams grow oaks and walnuts, but back a few miles the country is almost treeless and fenceless, except where pasture lands are enclosed. Cottonwood, which grows easily, is being planted extensively for shade and to break the severe winds that prevail here. There are not many orchards or fruit trees, the chief crop being corn. Only vast prairies, great upland slopes covered with billowy grain fields that stretch away to where the earth and sky seem to meet, or splendid corn waving its broad swords in a never ceasing battle with the winds. The air is very clear, and one can easily see the long arms of wind-mills, or little houses fully twenty miles away. A meadow near our course was occupied by a prairie dog town. Above numerous mounds appeared little black heads; at the sound of our coming these quickly disappeared, and the feet twinkling for an instant in the air were gone also. Another occupant of these dog towns was a species of rabbit, not seen in the east, two or three times larger than the ordinary animal of this name, and called here jack rabbit. It has a cunning trick of affecting lameness when pursued, hopping along on three legs, then suddenly recovering the use of the fourth and with long bounds leaving its followers far in the rear; they are so fleet footed that the swiftest hounds can scarce overtake them.

Beatrice is a thriving little city of 5,000 or more people, in the midst of beautiful rolling prairies, which are well watered by the Big and Little Blue rivers. The town boasts of several papers; one pub-

lished in the interest of woman suffrage by one of the brightest women of Nebraska, Mrs. Clara Colby, is a racy and readable sheet. Beatrice has a canning factory, a cheese factory, brick yard, broom factory, and everywhere is heard the busy sound of the hammer. The season is a rainy one, yet the crops are in fine condition. It has stormed, not just showered, every night for weeks, but clears off beautifully every morning. It is very warm too during the day, but there are such cool winds that one does not seem to feel the heat very much. Taken altogether this part of Nebraska seems to be blossoming like the rose, and her people think this a veritable "garden of the gods." Neither are they slow in chanting the praises of their State in the matter of climate, fertility and beauty.

DELIA BENTON.

BEATRICE, Neb., July 26th.

THE BUTTERY WAY.

Evangeline's letter, published July 8th, is in the key of my wish for a Household cataloguing of butter making methods, and more especially such new ones as the "moving of the world" is perfecting and placing within easy reach of those who practice what is call mixed farming. Therefore, by leave of the court, I rise to get up to show you where I am in butter—and then—but 'twill be time enough to tell th t when I get there.

Of the butter that I make from the good milk of cows well treated and cared for, having good pasture and a little grain in summer, good fodder, more grain and some vegetables in winter, with plenty of pure living water and a supply of salt where they can help themselves whenever and to whatever they need of these two essentials; plenty of bright tin pails, pans, sweet stone jars, and wooden tubs, luxurious dish towels, and all the etc. etc. etc.'s, down to the dainty skimmer and paddle to stir the cream in the cream jar after each skimming; with a milk room, having two windows, milk bars, broad shelf and the coldest and hardest of cold, hard clay floors "done off" in a large, airy, deep cellar, in which things neither would melt in summer, nor freeze in winter—for summer dairy work and a pantry equally well located and equipped for winter dairy work; all hands that bear a part in the work never forgetting that in all things pertaining to milk and butter, cleanliness is godliness, I will only say, the tribunal of city experts in testing butter find no fault with it.

This then, is where I am in butter, and I am not satisfied. I want a domestic service reform. In short, I want a change in methods. And even though we may not make any better butter, I am sure it can be manufactured with labor lessened by half, both for the men and women.

First cause for "change," I have taken some of the worst colds I've ever had, working in that same good cellar. Second, all the "lugging" of milk and cream and butter, down and up those cellar stairs, is not another straw but a whole haystack of straws on the back of the

men's chores, in the course of a season. And lastly but not leastly, there is more lifting, setting, skimming, slopping, working (over butter) and dish washing in the manufacture of ten pounds of No. 1 butter, made by the ordinary and old process, than need go the making of a hundred pounds, if we had the manufacturing of pure butter reduced to an exact science, with everything neat, handy, convenient, thoroughly consistent and above ground. Such, at least, is my honest conviction. I don't exactly see the "how" of it, but the "why" is plain enough, and the "how" is not far from taking tangible shape.

Just a few days before Evangeline's letter came, Hi said as he came out of the cellar with two empty milk pails and two full ones in his hands, "I am satisfied that an underground cellar is no place for milk." This remark he has made many times before, and this time he added, "I believe an ice house and dairy room combined would be just the thing, don't you?"

"The cellar is often too cold," said I, "and an ice house would be colder yet."

"Well, I've been thinking of it, and I believe it could be fixed so as to be just the boss arrangement, anyway," said he, and here the subject was dropped. So you see, Evangeline's poetry was in confirmation of his theory, and if it is not asking too much, will she be so kind as to give plan in detail, of her combined ice house and dairy room? for "I can't see it" yet. And if she gets her creamery, will she please tell the Household whether it saves as much labor as it is cracked up to do?

I wish to ask a few questions and then take my seat in this butter convention, to listen for answers amongst the "experiences." What is the least number of good cows necessary to make a creamery pay? Does washing butter detract from its fine flavor and brilliancy? (My own answer to the last question is affirmative.) Which, in point of neatness and dispatch is preferable, and which best preserves the "grain" of butter, a patent butter worker, or the time honored ladle and bowl? Do any of our Household readers use the self gauging butter print and shipping box illustrated and described in an editorial in the MICHIGAN FARMER, June 17, 1884? E. L. NYE.

METAMORA, July 19th.

A CHAT ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

On receipt of the Household this evening I was glad to see the article from the pen of our Strong Minded Girl, from which I infer her health has improved; I sincerely hope so. As the beginning and ending of butter-making, and all the way through is cleanliness, thereby retaining the flavor of the milk, I think the easiest and surest way is to keep every vessel used in the process for that special purpose; at least so I was taught and so I practice, and so far I have been rewarded with good butter. I am aware that many are not as "notional," but if so managed the tins are always bright, and when well washed by themselves and well rinsed,

and not wiped at all, but drained and put out in the sun through the day, or about the stove in winter, we may feel sure there is no chance of failure in that direction. We have had some good letters on this subject in the Household, and the writers may agree with me on this point, but I know personally many who do not; but use milk pans for fruit or about cooking, and wash them with other dishes and with the same cloth, wringing it out to dry them with, and the result is poor butter. Another rule with me is to never cover the crocks of butter with cloth, as it absorbs the exudation, and soon become rancid, which in a short time will spoil the butter. I did not intend writing a letter on this subject, but just give the few hints others failed to give.

Now I will tell how I have saved our squash, cucumber and melon vines from destruction from bugs, after they had begun to colonize on the squash leaves in startling numbers: I gathered a large quantity of tansy and boiled it up, and when cool gave the vines a good sprinkling with it; this I did twice, and there are no signs of them in the garden. I saw this recommended for the cabbage worm in a Wisconsin paper, and thought it might not be relished by other pests in the garden.

A lady inquires what is the best clothes washer? No doubt each of the opinions of the different readers will differ, but I prefer the "Little Joker," from its ease and lightness of operation, and exceeding simplicity of make. (I have no interest in its sale whatever.)

I would say to the lady who had the trouble with her snow-ball shrub, dig away the soil around it and replace with good, rich mould, give a severe pruning, now we are having rains, and dissolve a little copperas in the water to water the roots a few times, and next spring wash the shrub with whale oil soap suds.

If the strawberry was never quite equalled it is nearly so in the Antwerp raspberry, I believe. We have had Blackcaps in great abundance many years, but Antwerps only a few, and they are "just the berry," the right one at the right time; no sharp acid, nor sharp thorns about them, but rich, sweet and deliciously flavored fruit. Every farmer should raise berries; they say they prefer buying, which simmers down to doing without, or at most a quart of musty ones from the grocery. When farmers do not have good fruit in abundance, and a vegetable garden, I think it is owing to their shiftlessness.

But I came to speak of flowers, which are the next in importance for home enjoyment. The best plants for winter blooming are from slips set in June, kept in good thrifty growth in pots planted in the garden soil, or set in boxes of soil in the veranda or window, as most convenient. Such plants will begin to bud and bloom by this time, but it is better to remove the most of the buds until autumn. Pruned into good form by pinching in any irregular shoots, they can be made ornamental and worthy of care. I think it

best not to defer bringing plants from the garden later than the middle of September if intended for winter blooming; as the nights grow cold, and house-plants should be subjected to as little change in temperature as possible. Plants that have blossomed in beds, if expected to thrive in the house through winter, must be lifted in September, and the old wood and straggling branches cut away, leaving very little of the tops, and potted in rich soil. Do not over-water, but give them a rest for a new start. I have a splendid stock of young plants of very many varieties, all of the best. Many are now budding. I will send as usual six plants for fifty cents, which is very cheap indeed; but that is just what I rooted them for, and cared for them. I could not keep the varieties separate and named for that price, nor sell a full order of one sort, but give a mixed collection of blooming or foliage plants. I can send three different plants for basket for twenty cents.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

FENTON, Genesee Co.

QUERIES ABOUT BUTTER.

While the members of the Household are discussing the butter question allow me to put a few queries: Mrs. R. S. says that washed butter will not keep. I do not wish to contradict her, but I find there is a difference of opinion about her statement, and would like to have it proved.

Evangeline does not allow the cream to sour before churning. I have understood that such butter will not keep; how is that?

Do any of the ladies use borax to preserve butter? I have read that it was excellent for this purpose, and would not injure the flavor of the butter.

Will Evangeline tell us how she manages to get such a good price for her butter? Does she deal directly with consumers in the city, or through merchants?

Now just one more, in regard to the churn; which is the better, the barrel-churn, or one on the up-and-down dasher principle?

Before I leave the subject, let me quote a little from the *Home Journal* for the edification of Mrs. R. E., who says that it is "impossible to make good butter unless we have everything nice and clean to work with."

"The scientists of the present day claim that the germs of disease hide in the crevices of a milkpan, and that nothing but conscientious application of absolutely boiling water will remove the danger."

Does A. H. J. really mean to teach us that in washing dishes a clean wiping cloth does away with rinsing the dishes?

I am greatly interested in the Household, and am often instructed by it.

MRS. G.

LAPEER, July 21.

A CORRECTION.—"One of the Girls" writes us, saying: "It was an oversight on my part not to say that in painting on satin a drop of megilp, which is bought like paint, in a tube, for ten cents, must be mixed with the paint before putting on to prevent the oil from spreading."

SOME QUESTIONS.

I wish we had more girls like the "One" from Howell. I am very grateful to her and also to Beatrix for the very plain directions for the work I asked for. I think One of the Girls must have other handsome pieces of her own work, which we would all be glad to have her describe.

Does not Mrs. R. D. P., of Brooklyn make a mistake in adding the morning cream just before churning? I have always supposed that in so doing, the morning cream was wasted or remained with the buttermilk, because it is not usually as sour as the cream that has been standing in the cream-pails. The sweeter the cream, the longer it takes to churn it, and if some of the cream is sweeter than the rest it will not come as quick, and will be wasted. I would like to hear from others on this subject and know if I am wrong. The night before churning I always stir my cream thoroughly, hang it down in the well, and the next morning churn without adding more cream and it is just the right temperature to make good hard butter.

I would like to know how many of the ladies are members of the Grange. I attend the Grange and would not miss it for a good deal. Our meetings are not large, but very pleasant and profitable to those who attend. We always have literary exercises, and this summer we have our meetings in the afternoon at private houses and each member furnishes something for a picnic supper.

ALBION, July 23rd.

PRUDENCE.

Contributed Recipes.

AUNT EM, of Pontiac, cheers the Editor by words of kindly appreciation concerning the "little paper," and contributes the following recipe for

MUSTARD PICKLES.—Take small cucumbers, onions, string beans and pieces of cauliflower; put in a jar and sprinkle with salt and let stand twelve hours. Then pour off the liquor and cover all with vinegar. Add one cup whole pepper, spice and cloves; a piece of alum as large as a walnut; cook three minutes. Take as much ground mustard as will thicken the vinegar, mix with cold vinegar and stir until it thickens; then pour on the vegetables, and add three red peppers.

BALL'S



CORSETS

The ONLY CORSET made that can be returned by its purchaser after three weeks wear, if not found PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY in every respect, and its price refunded by seller. Made in a variety of styles and prices. Sold by first-class dealers everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations. None genuine unless it has Ball's name on the box. CHICAGO CORSET CO., Chicago, Ill.