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THE HOUSEHOLD--Supplement.

A MOTHER'S THOUGHT.

Mother, with your children straying
Into danger everywhere,
How, amid your household duties,
Can you keep so free of care?
"Oh!" she said, with pleasant smiling,
"There are angels everywhere!"

"Angels guard the little children;
All their wilful fancies rule;
Watch them in the summer playing
By the deep and reedy pool;
Keep their little feet from straying
Going to and from the school.

"On the winter's frozen river,
In the summer's fever heat,
In the woods or on the mountain,
In the danger-haunted street—
What could mothers do if angels
Did not guard the little feet?"

And we are but larger children,
Needing also angel care;
They give courage when we're weary,
Hope and help when in despair,
Whisper many a word of caution,
Keep our feet from many a snare.

In and out across our thresholds,
They go with us every day;
Oh, how often have they turned us,
When we should have gone astray!
Oh, how often death had met us,
If they had not barr'd the way!

And we dimly feel their presence,
Feel their love, and strength, and care;
And amid a thousand dangers,
In life's battle take our share
Fearless; knowing, like the mother,
"There are angels everywhere!"

—Lillie E. Barr.

A STREET CAR CONVERSATION.

"I'm not at all acquainted with her; I merely know her by sight, but I do not like her manner, and I believe she is a woman without much principle."

This was the criticism I heard passed upon a woman, not present to defend herself, by Madame in brocaded velvet grenadine and with diamond solitaires twinkling in by no means shell-like ears, in the street car the other day, and I wish I could reproduce upon paper the intensely virtuous, President-of-the-Sewing-Society air with which she pursed up her lips, as if dissent from her opinion was a thing not to be ventured upon by any "worm of the dust." Her companion, thin, depressed, "skimpy" in dress and person, as if nature had been niggardly to her in the first place, and circumstances had obliged her to make an umbrella-case of herself ever after, replied in a few half-deprecating words, partly extenuating, partly agreeing with one whose opinion was evidently wont to carry weight (avoidupois?), concluding:

"She is certainly very earnest in church work; St —'s could hardly get on without her."

"All done for effect; she has a purpose in view! I long ago decided she was not a person I wished to know."

Somebody pulled the strap and hustled out, and our amiable backbiters discovered it was their corner too, and I lost the rest of the precious conversation. But I went on my way pondering on "the rarity of Christian charity." Here was one woman openly accusing another, with whom in the same breath she admitted herself unacquainted, of want of principle, in a crowded car, where might be present others who knew the lady in question, or knew her only by reputation, and who might be influenced by this decided opinion so publicly expressed. A thought of the injustice of bringing so grave a charge as want of principle against a sister church-member, and the further injustice of making this charge in presence of others, seemed not to have occurred to this fair defamer.

And I thought how often our judgments of others have no more tangible foundation than the "don't like the manner" of some person whom we meet casually, whom we judge by externals only. How often such a prejudice keeps us strangers to those who are true or noble of heart, but whose real goodness, like the sweet kernel of a nut, lies under a crust of reserve and reticence, only to be revealed by genialty and friendliness on our part. [And this should teach us the importance of cultivating the graces of *manner*, as well as those of *mind*.] It is no great wonder, since our own hearts are such mysteries to us, that we do not understand the motives and intentions of others, and fail to credit them with sincerity of effort. But it always seems to me that those whose hearts and lives are filled with low aims and petty ambitions, who are secretly conscious of all the spite, envy, uncharitableness, malice and social meanness they cloak with a gracious exterior, are those who are always accusing others of "want of principle." They look most for the traits in others of which they are most conscious in themselves.

The habit of condemnation and criticism of others is incompatible with a sincere friendship. What humiliation it brings us when we are forced to apologize for some unkind or untrue remark, born of this unfortunate propensity to pass judgment without sufficient evidence! How

soon friendship's flame burns out, and chill indifference replaces it! And what sad tragedies have followed bitter and unjust judgments! The wife of Andrew Jackson, attacked by the press of the country during the campaign which resulted in his election to the Presidency, was so shielded by her husband's care and thoughtfulness that she never knew that her reputation had been assailed, every paper containing such assaults being kept out of her sight. But, sitting in the parlor of a hotel, she heard gossips in an adjoining room repeating the charges—she had been divorced from her first husband, and legal separations were not so common as now—and the shock was so great that she died of heart disease in a few hours, the physicians tracing her death to the agitation produced by those scandalous assertions she overheard.

Aside from its possible effect on others we must consider the result to our own characters. "The habit of adverse criticism," says one writer, "is as corrosive to character as acid to fine gold." We have gained a victory when we have forced ourselves to speak well of those we are tempted to condemn, and every such victory helps us be just and generous to the faults of others, which we perhaps share in common with them. Let us take the "high ground" we can afford to hold, and if we cannot speak kindly of our friends and acquaintances, double-bridle our tongues and not speak at all.

BEATRIX.

TALE OF A CARPET.

"Distance lends enchantment," therefore I rejoice that no one has called sooner for the tale that hangs by the fact that the carpet that I took away in May, came near being the death of me. Allow me to preface by saying, I have one most serious objection to rag carpets. They sift dirt, and the filth that lies under some of them is enough in itself, to keep a family "weak and wounded, sick and sore."

My ambition, therefore, was to have a carpet that would keep the dirt in sight. I learned "on paper" that six knots of warp and one and one-fourth pounds of rags would make one square yard of carpet of the best quality, and that all rags over that amount went into the weaver's stealings. Aunt Celicia came over and helped me to cut and sew, wind, reel, color, weigh, pack up and give thanks that the big job was done. The coloring we did

entirely with Diamond dyes. How they will wear remains to be seen. They are cheap, easy to effect, brilliant, and may be durable, but I doubt it.

This is about the way I talked to the poor old lady whom I had engaged to weave the fabric: "If what many people say is true, I have always been cheated by the weaver. This time I have carefully weighed both warp and rags, and shall weigh the carpet when woven. Have one and one-quarter pounds to the yard, and shall hold you responsible for any unwarrantable deficiency. Stripe the first 30 yards like Mrs. M—'s (a carpet that she had just finished for a neighbor). But, mind, you are to beat th's carpet up, and make it as firm as may be, if it takes two pounds of rags to the yard!" To all of which she readily assented. But alas! she took not Mrs. M—'s but Mrs. G—'s stripe for a guide in the first 30 yards, and before 20 yards were done had used up the "blue" that I furnished to go through 63 yards! Then there was hurrying to and fro, and a kind neighbor whose piece was to go into the loom next, stepped into the breach with two big balls of blue, which gladdened both my heart and that of the weaver. Anon the first 30 yards were finished, "homely," for she had put nearly all of the dark colors that I furnished for the whole thing into it—but "good"—for she had made it solid as a piece of corduroy. But oh! shades of all shams! it weighed 56 pounds! which you see, after making allowance for weight of warp, was something over a pound and a half of rags to the yard, and the fabric was but 35 inches wide at that. Now consternation dire did seize me!

Right in the midst of housecleaning—without help—material for carpet rags pretty well exhausted—the last 33 yards going into the loom next day—and the weaver with a head empty of all figures and calculating machinery! But I stood firm, rose equal to the height and depth of the emergency, went down to the village again, weighed the remaining rags by colors, proportioned and wound a stripe according to my cloth, told the old lady to "bang away," make another good piece of carpet, and I'd have the deficiency in rags made up and on hand by the time she needed them. I did it too! But it was business, and house cleaning, poetry and the fine arts generally stood around first on one foot, then on the other. But at last the carpet was all done. Bob and I went down and got the last installment one lovely evening. Paid the industrious old lady ten dollars, made her a couple of substantial presents, and came away leaving her none the less happy for all the trouble that she as well as I had had with that miscalculated carpet. Nine yards of it are on the floor of this, my sewing room, where I now sit writing on the table of my new sewing machine. It is very pretty and "awful good." Thirty yards are on the floor of the boys' room up stairs. I don't expect, to find any dirt, or but precious little under it in the spring. And the remaining 24 yards are waiting up stairs in a

closet to go on the kitchen floor, when the old one begins to break. This is nearly all fancy colors, (by mistake) and although a thing of supposed beauty may not be a joy for ever-so-long. I would say then in conclusion: Furnish not less than one and one-half pounds of rags and six knots of warp to the yard. Don't dye with Diamond dyes. Wind your own stripe, take the exact measurement of your rooms, (best done, with a stout string that will not stretch), and insist on having a good selvedge and solid fabric.

E. L. NYE.

A BIRD IN HAND WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH.

The most diligent search through Audubon's mighty volumes will fail to disclose any trace of that possible species of the feathered tribe so unfairly described, in a low commercial way, as worth only half as much singly as a "bird in the hand."

Shall we therefore meekly submit to the uncompromising statement that is so constantly flung at us in its hard and striking shape, and never even pause a moment to give a thought to those humble little fellows, snugly perched out of reach of danger, cooing softly to one another "in the bush?"

The bird in the hand was long ago disposed of; he was eaten up, bones, feathers and all; or he turned stale on our hands; or after the most careful attention and lavish expenditure of regard, he slipped away on the first opportunity. Just for the time, a moment or two, he seemed worth all the other birds in the bush, but not for very long. He was just a little disappointing; too old, too lean, or too small; something that should have been, better after all our pains and labors. We started for wild turkeys, or perhaps canvas back ducks, and this is only a robin, barely a mouthful. Still some of the sportsmen regard us with envy, and even set up various claims to our bird, so that his waning value gets a shade righter at the sight of other claimants.

All the time, on a slender twig, surrounded by leafy verdure, softly romancing side by side, perch two little birds of lovely plumage, casting their bright round eyes in all directions, two little objects that make a picture that changes its aspect as often as we choose; these are the dear little delusive "two in the bush." They cannot be approached very closely, and none of the tribe were ever inside a vulgar cage; thus our only chance of enjoying them is to watch from a little distance, for curiously enough, if we succeed in killing them no remains would be found. Nothing but disappointment would result from a nearer approach. Oh, those "birds in the bush"—long years of care and strife have been rendered bearable, dark days brightened, pain allayed, and vigor renewed, by a glimpse of that fairy pair, ever cooing their dear, deceptive lay. Who shall rob us of them—our sweet, uncaught, unconquered birds? They are our one safe possession, that nobody can deprive us of; our exclusive

property, out of reach and sight of everybody else, and always seem in the act of flying toward us.

Commercial moralists shall not have it all their own way, and convert us into misers and misanthropes, with hard facts and hard lines. Far away beyond their ken, and safe for all time, are our sweetest possessions—those "two in the bush." Whenever a poor mortal faints by the wayside, and notwithstanding all the helps of modern science, dies in grief and sadness, if we could scrutinize his inner consciousness, we should find that life was too hard for him, through pinning his faith blindly to this rough, curt proverb: "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

"When the dark hairs of the dreamer are gray,
And his tottering limbs speak of 'passing away,'
If the castles he built were but castles of air,
Yet pleasant it was when he built them fair;
And the memory of days when his fancy had flight
Will soften the shadows of swift coming night,
And he'll eagerly turn to that beautiful land
Where the castles are built, but not built on sand."

Mrs. J. C. GOULD.

PAW PAW.

AUTUMN MILLINERY.

It is rather early yet for fall hats and bonnets, yet fashion journals are giving us suggestions and shadowing coming modes. *Harper's Bazar*, standard authority on the subject of fashions, tells us the small bonnets so much worn of late are to continue in favor the present season and through the winter, while the round hats are to be of medium size. Small pokes, in the "fishwife" shape, having sharply pointed brims, will be used as intermediate between the hat and the small bonnet. Felt and cloth bonnets to match wool costumes will be much worn. This will prove an economical fashion to many, who will manufacture a becoming head covering out of a piece of the new fall suit. Velvet, plain or repped, will be the leading material for more dressy bonnets. The velvet is put upon the frame in very capricious fashion, sometimes in loose irregular folds, sometimes in side pleats across the crown, and puffed around the brim. Jet will still be employed, and some of these velvet bonnets will be covered with clusters of three beads, put on quite thickly. Ladies who embroider can make very dressy and extremely stylish bonnets by embroidering the material of the crown and brim in silk the color of the goods, adding a little gilt if liked.

Lace bonnets are to be much worn this fall, made up over satin-covered frames, and trimmed with loops of velvet ribbon, feathers or jet. For these bonnets the black trimming laces, three inches wide, are used. Rows of pleated or gathered lace are placed on the frame, with edges meeting down the center of the crown, and covering the bonnet, the outer row of lace extending over the brim, which has a white lace pleating inside. Such a bonnet needs no trimming other than a knot of velvet ribbon inside the brim, and a cluster of small feathers upon the outside. Satin-faced velvet ribbon, two inches wide, is used for ties.

Feathers are still the most popular trimming, the fancy being for the plum

age of wild birds in wings or breasts, and mixed clusters. This enables us to utilize parts of various trimmings, too much worn to be used alone. The ornamentation, whatever it may be, is to be placed directly on top and in front, the object being to add to the apparent height and narrowness. A cockade bow may be used with a bird on felt or cloth bonnets. With black velvet, jet or gold beads, and a few feathers, any deft-fingered girl can beat the milliner out of a job. But do not overload the *chapeau* with trimming.

The round hats are in shape much like those worn this summer, with high crowns, and narrow rolling brim that is narrowest behind. These are trimmed with a facing on the brim and a smooth band or folds round the crown, with a bunch of feathers directly in front. Clusters of wings are much in favor for such hats. The fancy galloons are sometimes used. Some round hats have full twists of China crape, a beautiful trimming material. The Tam o'Shanter is still popular for little girls, while misses wear the pointed and sugar-loaf crowned hats in felt and cloth.

PRETTY TABLE COVERS.

Harper's Bazar very truly tells us that a shabby table can be converted into a pretty piece of furniture by covering it with a tasteful spread. If one has plenty of money it is easy to obtain handsome ones at the upholsterer's, but something may be saved by making them up at home. If any one about the house is handy with tools, and can make a pretty shaped table in pine, ebonizing or staining the supports, and covering the top tightly and plainly with plain velveteen of any preferred color, finishing with a fringe at the edges, a very dainty bit of furniture is cheaply procured. The tops of these tables are in various fancy shapes, "clover leaf," round, oval, or hexagonal.

We have seen a pretty spread which struck me as being unique and very ingenious, made of an old army blanket dyed a deeper grey, with bunches of roses and other bright flowers cut from cretonne appliqued upon it. This applique work is easily and rapidly done, but must be neatly executed. The flowers are cut out with a sharp pair of scissors, and basted in place, then with a thread or silk of the general color of the work, the edges are buttonholed to the fabric, the stitches being regular and even but not close together. We have also seen a handsome felt spread bordered with a band of the popular "crazy" patchwork in scraps of velvet, which being mostly dark colors, were brightened by profuse use of gold colored embroidery silk. What is called "waste silk," put up in ounce packages, and sold at a lower rate than ordinary silk, is much used for fancy purposes, as it comes cheaper. If you happen to have an old black sewing silk fringe, which is too sombre for decoration, it can be brightened and made useful by tying into it strands of gay embroidery silk. Discarded velvet ribbon can be used in straight lines as a border on felt or flannel,

the edges being held down by fancy stitches in bright silks. Dress braid in many rows, worked with the colored silks, makes a showy and effective border, quite relieved of its commonness. Two rows may be put on a little distance apart, and the space between made into squares, diamonds, or narrow parallelograms by short lengths between the two. Among the materials to use we may mention felt, flannel, velveteen, and Canton flannel, the latter is particularly pretty with a velvet band as a border. All these goods, even the felt, should be lined with silesia of similar or contrasting color, they hang very much better. For a bedroom or sitting-room, a pretty cover can be made of squares of cretonne, using one large square for the centre and surrounding it by others, each one-eighth its size, two of each kind of cretonne alike, and placed opposite each other. Cover the seams with black braid or velvet ribbon feather-stitched or herring boned with gold colored silk.

An exchange gives these directions for making a pretty spread, which those who cannot embroider will appreciate: "Get the very wide momie canvas, the size you wish your cover, and enough satin ribbon to extend twice around the canvas. If you prefer to use two colors of ribbon instead of one, you can do so. Pink and blue, or pink and wine color are pretty. Satin ribbon with cotton back will do as well as that with silk back, and is less expensive. It should be about an inch and a half wide. About a finger and a half from the edge of the canvas draw out the threads the width of the ribbon and run in one of the ribbons. Half an inch below this one run in the other. Then hem the edges. You need nothing on the edge as fringe or balls. It is prettier without."

The ends of table scarfs are sometimes finished with a band of "crazy" patchwork. You can make a pretty table scarf by saving your old ribbons and silks, cutting them into carpet rags, half an inch wide, and knitted or crocheted. Save enough of bright colors to stripe the ends after the fashion of a Roman scarf. The body of the scarf may be made "hit or miss." An ingenious woman—a woman with that happy faculty we call "knack," can often evolve a really handsome article out of a lot of unpromising material which another would hustle to the rag-bag. One makes the best and the most of what comes to her hand; the other "never has nothin'" because she cannot buy it out and out.

SOME QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

I wish to say to One of the Girls I am very grateful to her for sending directions for Kensington painting, which I have been wanting to learn so long, and when opportunity was near, did not have time to take lessons, and to Mrs. M. A. Fuller, for suggestions on floriculture, as I dearly love my flowers. I have tried a number of the recipes given in the Household; all are very nice.

I wish some of the members would

give directions for making wax flowers; also how to weave hair flowers, if the weaving is any different from worsted flowers, which I know how to make.

I have some very pretty patterns for knitted lace and tidies, also some lovely braiding, Kensington and canvas patterns in needle work, which I would copy and exchange with or send to any of the members wishing them.

Can any one tell me what solution to use to make cattle horns pure and white for hand painting? I have seen some handsome ones, and would like very much to know how to prepare them. Perhaps sometime I will tell the members how to make a pretty foot stool.

I have all the Households put away very choicely, in a nice book fastened with paper fastenings, and now would it not be nice for the Editor to devise some plan of an elegant case, with The Household printed thereon, to be issued for our purchase?

Fearing I have wearied the Household with so many wants, will bid you adieu.

E. E. B.

SALINE.

"MOLLIE MOONSHINE" SHINES ONCE MORE.

Well friends, here I am again, hailing from still another quarter of the globe, a very pleasant quarter too, I can assure you; away off here on the peninsula between the two arms of beautiful Grand Traverse Bay. It seems to me Northern Michigan never presented a more welcome sight to weary mortal than it did to me one bright sunny morning, less than a month ago. After days of busy preparation and an all night's journey, we at last reached a haven of rest, home. Rest, did I say? Tell me, ye farmers' wives, whence cometh rest! Methinks the reply will be, "In the sweet bye and bye." Perhaps I have not yet become accustomed to my new vocation, or have not adapted myself as readily to existing circumstances as I may in the future. Be that as it may, I shall often have recourse to the Household for hints and help.

As the latest question under discussion has been butter making in all its various phases, I would suggest that the Editor select from the many good methods mentioned by our friends, the one seemingly best fitted for general use, and that we adopt it accordingly (if convenient), and table the butter *sine die*.

Now, how is it about the hired girl question? Why is it that they are such a scarce article? Surely not because it is a disgrace to do housework, for are not the majority of girls in search of the chance, and overjoyed at the prospect of doing housework for *some one*, and is it not necessary for them to know how before that particular *some one* happens to cross their pathway? I know one model hired girl. She has lived in the same family nearly five years, at a uniform price of two dollars per week the year round. She knows just what to do, and at what time to perform her various duties; and she does not consider it beneath her to work at anything her hands find to do. In short,

she is a treasure. If any of the ladies know of such a girl whom they can conscientiously recommend, and who is at present disengaged, or wishes a place for some time, please communicate with me through our Editor, and greatly oblige

MOLLIE MOONSHINE.

OLD MISSION.

SCRAPS.

IN one of our exchanges which has a Household department, just at present devoted to reports of the meetings of a society of farmers' wives and housekeepers, who come together to discuss domestic topics, I am not pleased at the manner in which their experiences are given the "baptism of print." "I ain't never sorry," "freezin'," "biled" for boiled, and "sot" for sat, and other solecisms, are frequent. Pray why should such errors be permitted in an alleged report of a housekeepers' club, more than in an account of the proceedings of any other meeting, when printed? Is it that farmers' families use incorrect language, and it must be reproduced "to sound natural?" There are women who commit the mistakes noted above, truly, but my experience is that they are no more numerous, numbers considered, in country than in town. Give us good English, Brethren of the Press, when you write us up, for you will hear it amid the lisp of leaves and babble of brooks, as well as in the rattle of carts and street cars. The typical farmer has been the man from "Wayback," with hayseed in his hair, and pants tucked in tops of his boots; his wife the woman in calico and calfskin, quite too long in newspaper jokes and gibes. We have them, but the same species flourishes in town also. The farmer and his family are "coming to the front," educationally and socially. Pure English and undefiled is not confined to lawyers and theologians, but the "horny-handed sons of toil" pronounce it, "not trippin'ly upon the tongue," as well.

COMING up the street the other night I overtook two small boys, sauntering along, hand in hand, one perhaps five years old, the other yet wearing the kilts of the three-year-old. The little fellow, with torn hat awry on tousled yellow curls, and a face like one of Raphael's cherubs, was saying over and over, as he might repeat the rhymes of his cradle song, oaths as profound as ever fell from the lips of a graduate in the school of vice. That he had any conception of the meaning of what he was saying no one could believe; the baby heart was unconscious and innocent. Yet what a shock to hear such imprecations from such lips! Who could help reflecting on the surroundings that could lead to such a result? He had learned them from either his father's lips, or from his playmates in the street, of course. And I thought how mothers in the country, who mourn the lack of adequate schools, libraries, church and lecture privileges, are spared the pain of seeing the results of a "street

education," which, even with the best of care, town children are apt to obtain. Strange, how widespread and universal is the vice of profanity, in spite of its uselessness and ungentlemanliness. That argument or assertion must indeed be weak if a man needs take his Maker's name in vain to give it force. Boys swear under a mistaken idea that it is manly; it is only a sign of coarseness and vulgarity. Remembering the oaths one unavoidably overhears on the streets, from all classes and conditions of men, one might wish, perhaps, for the old days when profanity was punishable by fine or imprisonment, and vainly calculate the revenues which would flow into governmental coffers if every "cuss word" had a penalty attached to it.

B.

WEDDING BELLS.—On Tuesday, Sept. 2nd, a pleasant party convened at the residence of Mr. Alfred Noyes, on Vinewood Avenue, to witness the marriage of Miss Ida F. Noyes to Mr. B. N. Beaver, a wealthy and esteemed citizen of Dayton, Ohio. Miss Noyes has been for several years a popular teacher in the Detroit public schools, and is known to Household readers through her interesting letters from Florida and Cuba, published in its columns. She wore pearl-colored satin mervelleaux, with lace draperies and flounces, and diamond ornaments, the latter a present from the groom. The wedding gifts were quite numerous and valuable, and included a silver tea service, silver table and tea spoons, set of gold lined individual butter-dishes, pair of silver bouquet holders, set of point lace, books of poems, etc. After a short sojourn at romantic Rugby, Tenn., Mr. and Mrs. Beaver will return to Dayton. The Household people unite in wishing them happiness and prosperity.

HARPER'S *Bazar* tells of two young women, who, disgusted with the old fashioned and homely paper on their bedroom walls, concluded to experiment in repapering the room themselves. They wet the wall with paste, and put the paper on dry, that is, without applying paste to it and allowing it to shrink, as is usual. The Household Editor tried this labor-saving scheme "once upon a time," and found the paper cracked badly. The most satisfactory plan she tried was to brush the strip of paper with paste, then brush the wall also, leaving the paper to shrink while this was done. Only the cheapest grades of paper are liable to tear when thus handled, and the danger of cracking off is greatly lessened.

"ANNA," of Wessington, D. T., wishes "Aunt 'Rusha" would send her recipe for rhubarb cordial, for her benefit; and also that some Householder will give directions for making soft soap when one has no wood ashes. She will use her initials, Mrs. G. S. C., hereafter in writing to the Household.

"VIVIAN" says that in the directions for her knitted rug, "bind off and seam together" should read "bind off and sew together."

Contributed Recipes.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.—Take green cucumbers, wash, and pour over them weak, boiling brine, which has been skimmed; pour off, boil and skim for three mornings. Boil vinegar, and into it throw the pickles and scald; place in bottles and add all kinds of whole spice, and some red peppers. Then take cold vinegar and for every one hundred pickles add one-half pound brown sugar, which boil and pour over the pickles and seal.

CUCUMBER CATSUP.—Peel a dozen large, ripe cucumbers, and grate down to the seeds, being careful not to get in any seeds, as they make the catsup bitter. Add two grated onions; and let all drain through a sieve over night. Measure the liquid which has drained off, and add as much vinegar to the pulp as there was liquid, (the latter is thrown away). Stir in one tablespoonful of salt, and add the same quantity of pepper; put in bottles and seal. This will keep a long time.

MRS. J. W. P.

DETROIT.

TOMATO PRESERVES.—Take smooth, "plum" tomatoes, not over-ripe; weigh them; and prepare a sirup of one pound of sugar to each pound of fruit, adding as little water as possible to prevent burning. Skim the sirup and put in the tomatoes, adding one sliced lemon to every pound of fruit. Cook till the tomatoes are clear; skim them out into cans, and boil down the sirup till there is only about enough to cover the fruit well. Seal up tight. For Mrs. W. J. G.

MRS. W. B. S.

DETROIT.

RIPE CUCUMBER PICKLES.—Take large, ripe cucumbers, pare, remove the seeds, and cut into pieces about two inches square. Steam these pieces until they are soft enough to cut readily with a fork. Turn over them boiling hot vinegar, sweetened a little—a teacupful of sugar to a quart of vinegar. Let stand over night. In the morning turn off the vinegar, which will have taken up so much of the juice of the cucumbers as to be worthless. Have ready a second spiced vinegar, boiling hot, made by adding one pint of sugar to a quart of vinegar. Boil a handful of cinnamon bark and cloves with the vinegar. Put the cucumbers in cans, and turn over them the hot vinegar, sealing tightly.

MRS. J. H. E.

NEWAYGO.

[The Household Editor vouches for the excellence of this pickle, which she has eaten at Mrs. J. H. E.'s table, it having been kept three years.]

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