

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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DETROIT, AUGUST 11, 1885.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

What's the use of always fretting  
Over evils that can't be cured?  
What's the use of finding fault with  
What we know must be endured?  
Does it make our burdens lighter  
If we grumble 'neath their load?  
Does it make life's pathway smoother  
If we fret about the road?  
Better use our time than fill it  
Full of sighs and vain regrets  
Over some imagined blunder—  
As does he who always frets.  
We cannot expect life's pathway  
To be always strewn with flowers,  
Nor the time that God has given  
All be made of happy hours.  
Storms will follow every sunshine,  
Grief be mixed with every joy;  
And 'tis best that it should be so—  
Gold's too soft without alloy.  
"Half our trouble's our invention;"  
We're to blame for half our strife;  
Then, if life is what we make it,  
Why not make the best of life?

### FAVORITE CHILDREN.

I presume most parents, if accused of having a favorite among their children, would resent the charge and assert that they loved each one alike, showing partiality to none. Yet my observation teaches me that in almost every family there is one child who is favored and petted more than the others, perhaps unconsciously, without doubt unintentionally, but nevertheless surely. Often it is the delicate one of the flock, whose weakness and lack of vitality appeal to parental tenderness and love through fear the tenure of life may be short. The other children are taught to give up their individual rights to playthings, and their own wishes, to this weaker one, and the anxiety of love in the parental heart is often expressed by indulgences, liberties and privileges denied the others. Sometimes pride centres on the "smart" child, the precociously developed youth whose sayings are quoted to visitors and listened to with attention because of their "cuteness;" sometimes beauty marks the favorite, and since "'tis well that beauty should go beautifully," all the pretty clothes and choicest toys and keepsakes are showered upon the "flower of the family," while the plainer-faced and less bright and attractive children are neglected. I never like to hear the admission that one child is "father's pet" or "mother's favorite," especially if made in the presence of either the child or its brothers or sisters, be-

cause I am quite sure that the acknowledgement is harmful to all of them.

The injustice of favoritism is so apparent, and too so often unintentional and unthinking, that I am sure a mere allusion to the results to the other children, and possible consequences to the favorite, will serve to make every thoughtful parent mentally review the home flock to see if conscience accuses in this respect. Children are keen observers; their little eyes are so sharp, their little hearts so sensitive that they often see and comprehend a partiality which is hardly acknowledged by the parent's heart. Who cannot call to mind some child standing by to hear the praises of its pretty or forward brother or sister, itself unnoticed by word or look, and turning away, quiet, but not unthoughtful or unobservant. In some temperaments a seed of jealousy has been planted; in others, too noble and loving for jealous thoughts, a sorrow has been felt by the sensitive soul, a sorrow the child cannot convey in words, but which teaches its lesson of reserve and self repression. No child can see another constantly preferred before itself without questioning *why* in its heart, and what the readiest answer but that preference is the token of greater love? How often the child shows its knowledge by saying, "You ask her; she'll let you," when some dubious request is to be made, and every means must be brought to bear to gain a favorable answer! It is a sad thing when this feeling is thus manifested; it shows it is rooted deep in the child's heart, and betokens a corresponding distrust of parental love, and hence a weakening of parental influence and control. The father or mother who through ignorance or carelessness allows one child to believe itself less loved than another, has lost a power over it only to be regained by infinite tact and pains, if indeed the old trust ever comes back.

What shall we say of the mother who extols one child and depreciates another while both are present? "Mary is such a lady-like child, I am never afraid to take her any where with me; but Jennie is always mortifying me; I never know what she will say or do in company." Mary, from her safe perch on her mother's knee, surveyed the delinquent sister with an air of conscious superiority. Jennie, abashed at the mother's reproof in the presence of visitors, studied the hem of her pinafore and then removed herself from the scene with dignity. She was by far the most interesting child of the two, but her

quaint remarks were often unconventional though always original. If she grows up headstrong and stubborn, the above maternal remark will furnish the "key to the situation." Would it not be a good rule for family government never to praise one child at the expense of another; and also, never to either praise or blame in the presence of strangers? I do not think it right or prudent to discuss a child's peculiarities or disposition with *any person* in the child's presence. It is unjust in the first instance, mortifying and hardening to the child in the second.

The effect of partiality upon the favorite and the other children is also to be considered. The family pet is apt to grow up selfish, wilful, arrogant and unjust to its brothers and sisters, and to be known as a "disagreeable child" to older people. Its wishes must be gratified at the expense of the rights of others, or the whole family is made uncomfortable by its ill-temper, and one ugly temper in a family can effectually destroy the peace and comfort of the rest. The other children are jealous as they grow older, and resent the claims of the favored one; dissensions and strife inevitably follow. Joseph's brethren plotted his death because of their jealousy, for "Israel loved Joseph more than all his children," and "his brethren hated him and could not speak peaceably unto him." And it is rarely indeed that harmony and love bless the family that numbers a Joseph, beloved above his brethren, among its members. A certain year old baby never sees a plaything in its three-year-old sister's hands without teasing for it. Miss Three-Years-Old says reflectively: "Mine sis'er is yittle; me mus' be dood to mine yittle sis'er," and surrenders the toy. What a sweet, self-denying, loving disposition this little one shows! But it is not good discipline, for the baby grows selfish and greedy, and Miss Brown Eyes is evidently pondering *why* she must give up to Miss Blue Eyes, when Miss Blue Eyes is never made to give up to her. If the beautiful spirit of self-abnegation and unselfishness is to be kept alive in the elder's heart, it must not be tried too often or too severely now.

There is another danger to be thought of by parents and relatives, the danger of discouragement to the other children, by constantly, by word or deed, impressing upon them the superiority of another, whom they feel instinctively they cannot equal in certain respects, or their own strong individuality forbids them to imi-



tate. Backward children need encouragement, not to always have another's proficiency pointed out; that is not encouraging, but depressing, if indeed it does not arouse an ugly feeling which prevents them from trying to conquer their faults. A young lady said to me recently, while inquiring after a former acquaintance who was a young lady when she was a little girl: "L— was the first person who ever seemed to like me better than they did — (mentioning her sister). I thought it all right everybody should like — best; I was not jealous; I knew that she was prettier and smarter than I, but it was a new idea that I could be liked best, and the attention L— paid me that summer did me lots of good." It would have been a surprise to any member of the family to have been told one sister was so much preferred before the other, when they were children, yet this stranger quickly discovered it, and was the first to recognize the latent possibilities of the younger's nature, and we have the confession of what that recognition meant and accomplished.

Those things most familiar to us are often "viewed with unseeing eye;" that is, they do not affect us or draw our attention as they should. This matter of favoritism among children is so an outgrowth of life, "grows up with the children," so to speak, that not till we pause to critically examine our attitude are we convinced of the injustice and harm we are doing.

BEATRIX.

#### COMPOSITION AND EFFECTS OF TEA.

Waller, an English poet, writes:

"Tea doth our fancy aid,  
Repress those vapors which the head invade,  
And keep the palace of the soul."

I am unable to find very much relating to the effect of tea upon the system. The best authorities agree that it is good for healthy, grown people, but not suitable for children until growth is attained. "The chemical composition of a fair sample of tea is: Theine 1 to 3 per cent; caseine, 15; gum, 18; sugar, 3; tannin 26; aromatic oil, 75; fat, 4; vegetable fibre, 20; mineral substances, 5; and water, 5 per cent. The tannin is an astringent, while the theine acts as a gentle excitant upon the nervous system. This is probably enhanced by the warmth of the infusion: Most people buy the 50-cent tea. No doubt you often find that the cups are filled with rose colored liquid. "Few cooks have any idea of the extreme delicacy of a tea leaf, or how scientifically, even artistically they must be treated. The constituents in the leaf which you must look after are the theine, the aromatic oil, and the tannin. Your tea must be treated in such a way that the first two, which give to the tea its flavor and aroma, will be extracted, but that the bitter tannin will be left undeveloped. The theine and oil are both volatile substances, so if your tea is steeped too long, or if it is boiled, they will literally fly away, while the tannin extracted will turn your cup into a bitter, herby drink." When I am very tired, I find tea builds me up considerably; in

fact, I have done a big day's work on tea alone, so I know it is very stimulating. I know also that it can be drunk to such an extent that the nervous system is undermined, and a person be but a wreck of himself or herself.

EVANGALINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

#### HEALTH OF FARMERS' WIVES AND DAUGHTERS.

I read with exceeding interest the comments on the above topic in the Household of July 14th. I endorse the article myself, yet not quite all of it. Perhaps it is presumption in me to set up my opinion against that of Beatrix, and yet I wish to take off the sharp edge of the too popular opinion which we hear so often discussed that "farmers' wives as a class are the most over-worked and ill-used of any class of women." The statement that a larger per cent of insane women are from the country is time, and again reiterated in our ears whenever a strong point is to be made concerning over-worked women.

The Eastern Asylum is located in our city. I very often go there with friends, who desire to know more about the home of this class of unfortunates, and of the perfect system and comfort there. I have inquired of the attendant, and closely observed myself, concerning the class we are permitted to see, and I find no such class in the ascendancy. I am personally acquainted with very many who have gone there from this locality, and they are mostly from the town, not country. If the statement given to us in official reports would read, wives and mothers, teachers and brain-workers of our sex, formed a larger per cent of the inmates, then it would come nearer the truth. There are women there who would become insane whether they are farmers' wives or not. It is those who ride a certain "hobby" unmercifully, who get a certain opinion and adhere to it too tenaciously; or those have some great sorrow, the loss of dear friends, or home or property, and instead of rising above it, because they have not strength, mental or physical, let it wear them out.

I have always lived on the farm, and hardly think we women of a farm-life have a much harder time than those of the town. I frequently attend meetings of different organizations composed of ladies of the town, and the minister's wife is one of an over-worked class; the merchants' and lawyers' wives think they work hard because of the scarcity and inefficiency of hired help; the mechanic's wife must needs work both brains and hands to keep up with her neighbors, and not go beyond the income. The drinking of such great quantities of strong tea and coffee to keep up one's strength to do a great amount of work, is damaging to health and strength of nerves. The constant worrying and fretting which some women indulge in, is worse than double the amount of work. The present "high pressure" way of living, which we find in so many homes in town and country, causes nervousness and ill health, and

when once we get to that state where ill health is the rule, not the exception, it is no easy matter to regain the comfort and strength and cheerfulness attendant on good health.

I think you will all accede to these sentiments, that when we hear or read practical thoughts upon what will benefit us socially, morally and intellectually, we spasmodically resolve we will fall in with them and practice them. Beatrix says: "One cause of so much poor health is the want of out door exercise." How many of us, after we have worked hard all the morning, stay indoors, sewing or reading, instead of going out to enjoy the fresh air. After reading that article, I took my rocking chair and sewing and went out in the front yard, and all was quiet, nothing to worry me, but much to please the eye and quiet the nerves, and now every afternoon finds me sitting under the shade of the maple, whether my employment be mending, making, or letter-writing, and a decided change for the better has come over me; less headache, quieter nerves, unwonted cheerfulness, no "mountains" of work looming up before me to worry about because I cannot accomplish it—all in a short time. It seems quite like going from the city to the country to enjoy fresh air, as our "city cousins" would fain do had they the opportunity. Farmers' wives do not need to go to "summer resorts" and "mineral springs," if they would only make the most out of what they have at home. It is want of thought and an oversight that we do not have berries, fruits, flowers, vegetables, pleasant surroundings, and good sanitary arrangements, and good health. MYRA.

PONTIAC.

#### THE PEACE OF CONTENT.

Glancing over the back numbers of my Sabbath school papers I find in one the following paragraph:

"God for his service needeth not  
Proud work of human skill;  
They please him best who labor most,  
To do in peace his will.  
So let us strive to do his will,  
And to our spirits will be given  
Such wings as, when the Savior calls,  
Shall bear us up to heaven."

As I read these lines I thought how true they are; yet how few of us are content with simply doing our plain every day tasks, which because of their very plainness and monotony makes us to almost hate them. The same round of work from day to day, with nothing to show more than the clean pantry full of dishes, the well swept rooms, and the well filled cupboard of dainties that have cost us many a weary hour over the hot stove, wrestling with rolling-pin and pie plates, until we are nearly ready to say as L. B. P. thought when the basket of strawberries came, "Blessed be nothing." How often we long for the power to be able to tear ourselves away from the suffocating heat of the kitchen, the plain common every day work that it seems our lot to perform, and be able to engage in some elevating labor, some work that will amount to something. Oh! you all know just what I mean; I cannot tell you just what it is, but anything except th



same old round of work. But as I read those words they seemed to rest me, to encourage and help me to be more content to do in peace whatsoever my hands find to do without complaining. Let us try to make our Household a contented one, speaking words of comfort to the many hundreds of tired women who eagerly read, though they may never contribute to it. I often find a letter that I think worth the whole price of the paper, on the account of the spirit of content it brings in the homes where many children claim the patience and care of the mother. Routine and work are more trying to them, especially this warm weather, but desolate indeed is the home without a child. When I hear people say "I do not love children, I never want any to bother me," I am convinced of a selfish and unloving heart, and feel thankful that my home is blessed with the care, the noise and dirt and confusion of our dear little one. Let us try to be more patient with them; their brightest days are now, and oh how short is childhood!

BRIDGEWATER.

MAYBELLE.

## HOME ADORNMENTS.

When we were cleaning house last spring we found a pair of fine black broadcloth pants, which were soiled but not much worn, which the "good man" had thrown aside, not wishing to wear any more. We ripped them carefully apart and cleaned the cloth nicely, and found it was not faded, but would make capital material to embroider on. This was what we used for the lambrequins mentioned in "Household Economies." We have a small stamping outfit, and my daughter cut one of the pieces in points, and did her stamping, then embroidered them, putting a bunch of wild roses on the front points, daisies, on the ones on either side, and fuschias on the end ones. Another piece she embroidered in gold colored silk, using a pattern suitable for the color.

We also ripped an old velveteen dress skirt, and found some parts that were not soiled, which were utilized for small shelf lambrequins for the girls' room. The pattern used on this was wild roses, poppies and wheat. Some of the patterns were stamped, others were drawn from magazines on tissue paper and worked over the paper. In this way we have a number of handsome ornaments, with no money outlay except the embroidery silk, which is only a penny a skein. We get the men to make the shelves if they have time; if not, the girls use the saw and hammer, and make them, perhaps not in a workmanlike manner, but when they are covered they answer every purpose.

We had an old-fashioned towel-rack given us, which as soon as M— saw, she said could be converted into a music stand. She took it to the barn and had a top wired on, as there was no way to nail it on. For a spread we bought two colors of felt, using the darker for the body, and the lighter for the border, cutting them in deep points and pinking them.

OLD SCHOOL TEACHER.

TECHNISEH

## EMPLOYMENT FOR THE GIRLS.

After so long a delay I am half ashamed to meet the constant little Household, which has come to me week after week, during these busy, heated days. I always read the whole paper through, then send it to a good Shaker sister in Union Village, Ohio, who hands it about in the community, and there is no telling the good it has accomplished. "A little leaven leaveneth a whole lump."

I have been thinking perhaps some one might be interested in my particular kind of work, or be aided in deciding the choice of a pursuit in life by hearing something of the duties of a profession now generally conceded to be especially suited to women, namely, that of a stenographer.

Whatever we do we should always bear in mind the motto, "There is plenty of room at the top." Like other employment that seems to promise light work, white hands and good clothes, there are hundreds of aspirants who have neither talent or energy to become even moderately successful. As few persons are ever able to be reporters I shall write only of that branch of stenographers who fill the position of correspondents for business houses.

To fill such a position in a manner that will command a good salary, a woman must learn to be business-like, and count nothing on the fact that she is a woman. Above all things never obtrude that fact. She must be punctual, methodical, willing to assist in other departments if it seems necessary, or stay an hour late in the busy season.

One may be able to take dictation rapidly, transcribe correctly, but if lacking in these attributes there is nothing more certain than that some clever young man will eventually crowd you out.

As to learning the art of short-hand, I cannot say that any one can master it in less than six months' diligent application, of several hours a day, and then perhaps be able to use it only for deliberate dictation.

Nowadays writing machines are used in nearly every office. This work is mechanical, but requires time. Perhaps in two months' steady practice considerable skill may be acquired. Then, after all this is learned, do not imagine it is the easiest thing in the world to find a vacant place into which you may step and make a fortune. Let me counsel you to be content with being received at a small salary the first few months, and be glad of the opportunity to learn the routine of office work, and a thousand points of which you are utterly ignorant, if you have never done such work. If you make yourself a necessity, your employers will increase your salary, or if they cannot there will be other places turn up if you make the effort to find them. But finding them is one of the arts you will learn with your other experiences. Skill in any kind of work will command money ultimately.

A friend sent me a little machine called the stenograph for writing short-

hand, which seems to me very much easier learned than the pencil system, and which I would recommend young persons to inquire about, as it seems so simple, and I think will answer for ordinary correspondence, and save a great deal of perplexity of mind in learning, although the pencil system is excellent discipline for the mind. I would suggest to girls in the country or small towns, that they study some system of shorthand if they have leisure, and perhaps there will be an opportunity for them to use it if they do not like to keep house or sew. But let me say that I know many girls in this city who would be jewels in housekeeping, who barely make a living as clerks. Let us not be too proud.

DAFFODILLY.

CINCINNATI.

## THE PARLOR.

L. B. P. misunderstands me. I do not deprecate the parlor for which she sighs. The room I have reference to is a "holy of holies; a room which one enters with a ghostly "where's the corpse" feeling, a room where the children come only upon great occasions, and then with the air of a cat in a strange garret, a room like that described by Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"There was a parlor in the house, a room  
To make you shudder with its prudish gloom.  
The furniture stood round with such an air,  
There seemed an old maid's ghost in every  
chair;  
Each looked as it had scuttled to its place  
And pulled extempore a Sunday face  
Too snugly proper for a world of sin,  
Like boys on whom the minister comes in."

Florists would have us think that raising dahlias from seed is an experiment hardly worth trying. I don't find it so. They will not only bloom the first year, but if they are kept growing vigorously from the first, they will bloom earlier than those raised from bulbs. I found mine budded July 14th. The last time I tried I had thirteen varieties from one paper of seed, which is certainly an advantage if one happens to have a short purse.

MRS. W. J. G.

HOWELL.

## TRUE MOURNING.

I am very partial to patriotism, and love to see a display of public spirit in any good cause, but it does seem to me that the good people of our land go a little too far in this matter of mourning over the death of General Grant. The ostentatious display of hundreds of yards of rusty black bunting and cambric upon the exterior of our public buildings does not, in my estimation, show the grief of sincere hearts over the untimely death of a public benefactor. It seems, rather, like an absurd fancy, and, moreover, the enormous expense connected with such a display, leads me to inquire whether the memory of the illustrious dead would not have been as highly honored, and as great respect have been shown had the money thus expended been used for charitable purposes, and not for mere show? Is not too much of "Uncle Sam's" money used in this manner, while thousands all over our "Land of the free, and home of the brave," are dying for the want of a few



of the necessities of life, which but a little of this same money would provide for them? Others, toiling hard early and late, eke out but a miserable existence for themselves and their families, while in a measure, they daily assist in filling the coffers of the already rich. Ah, yes! "All men were created equal," and all will surely stand upon an equal footing at last.

I think the people of these United States could pay no greater tribute, nor raise a higher monument to the memory of the greatest man of the age, than to help the poor, and not to spend for mere outward show that which might do so much good in the world; but use it, in the name of Grant if they will, to relieve the sufferings of the multitude.

My sisters, what say you in regard to this prevailing evil? *i. e.*, spending for worse than needless show that which might feed the hungry?

MOLLIE MOONSHINE.

MAPLETON.

#### SCRAPS.

A LADY friend recently confessed to me her exceeding terror during thunderstorms. It was a matter of education, she said; her mother had been very timid, and had brought her up in the same fear. While frankly admitting she knew it to be against reason, and due to early training, she was yet, through her own unconquerable (is it unconquerable?) terror, bringing up her own children in the same way. With the first gust of wind and rain and distant muttering of thunder, she began to pale, and called her children, who with awed faces clustered around her. I was sorry to see this education in timidity continued to another generation. Timidity is something to be overcome, not encouraged. Not that I would teach children to be foolhardy, or venturesome, or to fear no danger, but rather point out the danger and how to shun it, and educate them to be courageous. Childhood's fears are very real; I would never ridicule or ignore them. Rather explain, and reason away the cowardice. The phenomena of nature are constantly recurring; one cannot afford to go into nervous spasms over every thunder shower. Scores of storms must be encountered in a lifetime, whereas if lightning strikes us it will strike but once. The chances are one to ten thousand we will not stop a thunderbolt; if the one chance is ours, we will never know what hurt us. Accidents are occurring everywhere, all around us, yet we never pause to consider their possibility, why save all our fears to let them loose when a storm is brewing! No. Teach the danger of seeking shelter under a tree in an open field, or of walking in an open field with scythe or pitchfork on the shoulder, of standing in an open door or looking out an open window, of working about the stove when electricity is playing freely, but not the absurd idea going to bed on feathers, or taking off crinoline or corsets when a shower comes up. Yet if a child is nervously apprehensive of a storm, humor its fears and soothe and ex-

plain until the terror is outgrown or conquered. It is dreadful to be so timid; it is something to be fought against and subdued, rather than encouraged and increased.

As I was going home to dinner the other day I was much amused by the attire and enjoyment of a group of children from five to eight years of age who were "playing soldier" on the sidewalk. They had furnished themselves with paper uniforms, paper caps and epaulettes, and with wooden sticks for guns were having "a real good time." A newspaper had been cut into narrow strips two-thirds its length, leaving the other third uncut; this plain part was fastened around the body under the arms, while the cut portion waved about the legs and permitted that freedom of motion so coveted by childhood. The cocked hats had an air *a la militaire*, albeit only of newspaper pinned into shape, and a cut paper plume fluttered gayly from the captain's chapeau. The epaulettes were of folded strips of newspaper, cut into fringe on one end and pinned to each stout shoulder. Boys and girls fared alike, and the parade was a gay one. Mothers who have many children to look after may perhaps keep them out of mischief by providing paper, pins and scissors, and allowing them to make military turnouts for themselves. Playing soldier is a stock amusement with the children, and to have "uniforms just like real soldiers" adds a new zest. B.

THROUGH some unaccountable oversight, the letter entitled "Sympathy and How to Express It," in the Household of August 4th, is credited to "Subscriber." Yet our readers will recognize Evangeline's thoughtful pen, and it is her name which should appear as its author.

L. A. B. wants to know how she shall prepare cucumber pickles for market. They are usually sold from the brine. Small cucumbers bring the best prices, the best being not over three inches long. We believe they are always sold by the hundred, not by quarts or gallons. Make a brine strong enough to bear up an egg, and after you have packed the cucumbers, pour it over them boiling hot. The brine must cover them, and a weighted board be laid over to keep them down. Keep the scum skimmed off. Unless you have a large crop, kegs are better than a barrel. This is an old pickle-grower's method which he says he has always found reliable.

MAYBELLE wishes to know what will take the mildew out of her new muslin. Unless the muslin is printed, a weak chlorine water, made by dissolving chloride of lime in water, and then dipping off the clear liquid, will do it nicely, as we know by experience. No danger of rotting the goods, unless the water is too strong, or the rinsing is neglected. But if the muslin is printed, what takes out the mildew will be apt to take the pattern too. Possibly by patience in wetting the mildewed spots—if on the white part—

with chlorine water and not allowing it to touch the pattern, the worst might be taken out. If our readers know of a sure way they will oblige Maybelle by "letting their light shine."

#### Contributed Recipes.

**BRINE FOR CUCUMBERS.**—An excellent brine for keeping cucumbers consists of one pint of salt, one quart of cider vinegar, and three quarts of rainwater; cover with a thick white cloth, washing the scum from the cloth occasionally. A crock or firkin may be used. When wanted for the table, wash in cold water, pack in jar, pour over them hot spiced vinegar, with a lump of alum the size of a walnut for a gallon jar full. They are ready for the table as soon as cold.

JOHN'S WIFE.

HADLEY.

**SWEET CUCUMBER PICKLES.**—Pare cucumbers of table size, cut them lengthwise into quarters or eighths, according to size. Pour over them boiling brine and let stand 24 hours. Take out, drain, and pour on boiling water. Drain again. Prepare a spiced vinegar by adding one cup sugar, one teaspoonful white mustard seed, a stick of cinnamon and a few cloves to one pint of vinegar. Let boil a few minutes and turn over the cucumbers. They are good the following day. The Household Editor "eats pickles with avidity" prepared in this way.

Mrs. J. B.

DETROIT.

**ROCK CUCUMBER PICKLES.**—Wash and pack cucumbers in a crock in any desired quantity. Make a weak brine of Ashton salt (or pure salt); boil, skim and pour over the cucumbers boiling hot. For three successive mornings boil, skim, and return the same brine, pouring on each time boiling hot. Then pour off brine, drain thoroughly. Take one-third best cider vinegar, two-thirds water, and lump of alum; boil, skim and pour over cucumbers boiling hot. The next morning drain off the above, and pour on cold vinegar (best cider); put in some horseradish. Put horseradish leaves over them, and keep the pickles well under vinegar. If this rule is strictly followed your pickles will keep a year.

**DRIED SWEET CORN.**—After the corn is boiled, take a sharp knife and cut through each row of kernels from end to end of cob. Then take the back of a caseknife, and press down on the kernels (holding the large end of the ear up); and you will have the inside of the kernel to dry, and the hull will be on the cob. This dried corn will cook in one hour; and after you have tried it you will never resort to the old method. I can recommend Mrs. Bangs method of canning corn.

**CHEMICAL SOAP (EXTRA).**—Cut four pounds bar soap in small pieces, add it to six gallons of rainwater; let boil. Then add two pounds sal-soda, and when cool stir in four tablespoonfuls of turpentine, and also four tablespoonfuls of ammonia.

PERSIS.

MASON.

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