

# MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, SEPTEMBER 15, 1885.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

For the Household.

### MY DREAM.

One long day of toil was ending,  
And my head was hot with pain,  
When a thought akin to envy,  
Racing thro' my throbbing brain,  
Muttered to my fevered fancy,  
"Only wealth has power to please;  
Rocking in the lap of riches  
Life were fair as summer seas."

Wealth for me would bridge the ocean,  
Open Europe's storied lore;  
Rome and Greece with art and beauty,  
Each would open wide her door;  
These my hung'ring soul had longed for,  
Oft they seemed within my clasp,  
But like gold beneath the rainbow  
They'd escape my eager grasp.

How I spurned the homely carpet  
That in poverty was wrought,  
And the couch, whose dingy plushings  
Now in weariness I sought.  
Common things, I said, repining,  
Ne'er for me will blessings hold,  
But the sun, just then declining  
Flooded all with molten gold.

And a benison descending  
On the wings of closing day,  
Soothed and hushed my sad complaining,  
Drove the evil sprite away;  
Brought before me my possessions,  
Richest in the long array  
Wealth of home, where love of dear ones  
Make it bright and warm alway.

Lightly drooped the shining fringes  
Of the evening's twilight hour,  
While the playful, roving zephyr  
Gently kissed each folding flower,  
Softly gliding into dreamland  
On the sunset's gilded car,  
Soon for me, his golden splendor  
Wrapped all objects near and far.

In his grand effulgent shimmer  
"Common things" grew strangely bright:  
Aye, my home becomes a palace,  
All resplendent in the light;  
E'en the russet garb of labor,  
If unstained by deed of shame;  
There out-shone the kingly ermine  
With its throne and titled name.

And like lilies round me springing,  
Noble deeds shone pure and white;  
Angel bands, about me winging,  
Whispered to me, "Life is bright,  
And its sweetest flowers are blooming  
In the toil-worn paths of earth,  
And its purest gems oft sparkle  
On the brow of honest worth."

Diamonds oft are but the tear-drops  
Avarice wrings from orphaned trust,  
And his gorgeous, crimson velvets  
Stole their hue from hearts he's crushed.  
More I saw in raptured dreaming—  
Seraphs holding crowns of gold,  
Beckoning up the shining pathway  
When the gates of Rest unfold.

Some, whose wealth did bow them earthward,  
Sought for this to enter in,  
Others wearing robes of priesthood

Thought that these absolved from sin;  
But no easier passed the portal  
Those in purple, coult or gown,—  
He who bore life's burdens bravely,  
Won the race and wore the crown.  
JULIA CARTER ALDRICH.  
WAUSEON, Ohio.

### A DAY AMONG THE FLOWERS.

On the 1st inst. I took the afternoon train on the D. & M. road to pay a long-anticipated, oft-deferred visit to Mrs. M. A. Fuller, of Fenton, whose letters on floral subjects have made her so well known to readers of the Household. The brakeman's basso-profundo voice announced "Fen-ton" at about seven o'clock, and I stepped out into the twilight to find Mr. Fuller waiting to convey me to his home, two miles out of town, where I was warmly welcomed by Mrs. Fuller and her daughter, Miss Mattie, and where a blazing fire crackled a cheery "how d'do," a "creature comfort" appreciated on a chilly evening when the farmer thinks apprehensively of frost and a ruined corn crop.

The next morning was spent in the flower garden. The house stands about half way up a sloping hill, which rises behind it, forest crowned, and slopes from the front only to rise again in gentle undulations into a sizable hill, from which a fine view of the surrounding country is to be obtained. The principal garden lies east of the house; another but smaller space on the west side is devoted to flowers, while the pansy bed under the parlor windows forms a floral isthmus connecting the two. The piazza on the east is hung with the delicate foliage and pale pink bells of the adlumia vine, while that on the west is draped by a dense growth of what I took to be *Clematis Vitalba*, a strong growing vine with inconspicuous greenish-white flowers, which Mrs. Fuller would do well to replace with some of the more desirable varieties, as *C. Jackmani*, or *C. Lanuginosa candida*, which give such beautiful bloom.

I have seldom seen more beautiful flowers or more thrifty plants than I found in this little spot among the "Tyrone hills." Summer is not the time to find greenhouse plants at their best, and I had as expected I found those intended for winter bloom nicely rooted and coming into growth. Mrs. Fuller's choice of greenhouse plants seems excellent. She has wisely discarded these sorts which require conditions unattainable by amateurs who cannot command the even, high, and

moist temperature of a regular greenhouse, and selected those which can be grown with success in ordinary living rooms if rightly cared for. She has a small compartment built into the piazza, and warmed from the sitting room, which in winter is filled with plants, all abloom and growing; it is a misfortune the space is not larger, it should have been three times as commodious.

The display of autumnal flowers in the garden was very fine. It is a garden of surprises; you think you have seen all, but when you go through it again you find "lots of things" you missed before. The petunia is grown in masses and makes a brilliant bed, as showy as *Phlox Drummondii* or portulaca. Tall clumps of rose and white phlox tower over the humble minded but bright-faced verbena, yellow and bronze-brown calliopsis coquet with handsome Chinese larkspurs, while a few blooms of *Lilium rubrum* queened it over the floral court here assembled. I have not space to particularize all the beautiful flowers grown here in such charming confusion and profusion. Hollyhocks had gone into the seed business, sweet-peas, which somebody has called "floral butterflies," reminded me of Keats;

"Here be sweet-peas on tiptoe for a flight;" and "real English poppies," with the velvety black spot at the base of each petal, satisfied Miss Mattie's liking for "something English" and formed a beautiful study for the brush that is skillful enough to reproduce the rich color and silky texture. A bronze oxalis, with tiny yellow flowers, carpets the ground at the foot of the piazza steps; Mrs. Fuller thinks very highly of the oxalis as a border plant. I saw some new—to me—annuals, which seemed very pretty, to my taste. *Aquilegia corymbosa*, or "golden columbine," was in full bloom, and its pale yellow flowers, in color like virgin gold, made one think of the sun shining through mist; the *Eschscholtzia*, or California poppy, is a desirable plant just now on account of its rich color, orange and yellow; and the *Edward Otto nasturtium*, bronze, silky, glistening like satin, "old gold" in the sun, altogether unique, would delight the soul of an æsthetic belle as a corsage flower.

Mrs. Fuller grows the most magnificent dahlias I ever saw. They are absolutely perfect in shape, filling every requirement of a standard flower—for I suppose you all know there are "standards" in floriculture as in poultry and small fruit raising. Some specimens I brought back to Detroit were highly commended by good



judges. Her balsams are all very double and good. A fine lot of asters was just coming into bloom, and the pansies were getting into shape for exhibition at the fall fairs.

Mrs. Fuller believes in the Darwinian theory of the "survival of the fittest." Of a flower which should be perfectly double she tolerates no imperfect specimens; such are weeds to her and share the same fate. A leading article of her floral creed is that no soil can be too rich for flowers. Her garden is on strong clay soil, plentifully enriched with fertilizer from the yards and leaf mould from the woods; while a home-made liquid fertilizer is kept constantly on hand as a tonic. The result is certainly satisfactory. A certain red zonal geranium bore several clusters of bloom, one flower of which would eclipse a silver dollar; we call it a very fine plant when one flower is as large as a half-dollar. Sweet-peas, asters, roses, everything which likes generous living, runs riot here. A large part of the east garden is underlaid with bulbs, but *Phlox Drummondii* and other annuals have been planted so there are no bare spaces and the strong soil supports the two growths with ease. Mrs. Fuller starts her plants in cloth-covered hot beds, which serve as cold frames for the rooting of slips the remainder of the season. As soon as the young plant is fairly in the seed leaf, she transplants to prevent "damping-off." Certain seeds of perennials are sowed in autumn and require little or no care in spring, coming up at their own sweet will. Perennials and bulbs, like lilies, gladioli, etc., would be more largely grown, she is sure, did people but know their merits better. They certainly give best returns for least labor.

In the afternoon we drove out to Long Lake, beyond Fenton, visiting "Idlewild" and "Long Branch," the euphonious names of two summer hotels on the banks. "Long Branch" commands a fine view of the lake, which is in shape something like an elongated trefoil, being separated into three divisions by jutting points of land. A little island is the summer home of its owner. The lake is a favorite resort for people from Detroit, Flint and the adjacent villages, but the forty camps which dotted its shores during our brief heated term, vanished with the advent of the chilly nights and prolonged rains that followed. From a hill midway between Mr. Fuller's home and Fenton a charming rural landscape is to be seen. We look over a succession of gentle slopes rising one above the other till the misty blue horizon line seems on our level. Among the hills are set farmers' homes, cattle are grazing in the fields, we look into the tasseled corn fields from far above them; Holly lies beyond us, behind a hill; while the blue waters of Long Lake, set in a dimple among the hills, shine and sparkle in the mellow September sun.

Fruit growing is a profitable business among these hills, but Mr. Fuller's old peach-trees succumbed to last winter's severe weather, while a young orchard not yet in bearing was unhurt. Apples will be but half a crop this year, much to my regret, for in all my perambulations through the State this summer I have not found a "real good place to hook apples" yet.

BEATRIX.

#### A LITTLE MORE COFFEE.

"Now write up our coffee for the Household" said "Fidus Achates" as she and her friend stepped into their carriage and drove away toward their Oakwood home, in the clear April moonlight. But the summer is so far sped that I have heard the wind whistling for Autumn to hie along over the hills with her hunters, her dogs and her guns; the catalogues for the fairs, so close at hand, are on our table—the spring chicken crows with the voice of a mature chanticleer, and that coffee is still unwrit, and but for another call from Fidus one day last week, and another jog to my "sense of duty," as she and her daughter bade me good-by, might have remained unwritten indefinitely. The formula I will send to its place in the recipe column. The tale that hangs thereby I will tell here.

Last winter I had a little tussle with ill-health. The old dame got the upper hand, and compelled me to consult a physician. The little pill man was my first choice, and his first question was "You drink coffee?" "Yes sir, one cup, once a day." "And that one cup you must modify or altogether forego," said he. This was a poser, for how I was ever going to stand it to salute my internal organism with a douse of cold water, when the mercury had curled up in the bulb to try to keep warm on those intensely sub-zero mornings, was more than I could tell. No doubt my perplexity was apparent in my physiognomy, for presently he added, in a voice full of commiseration, "I can tell you how to prepare a coffee that is perfectly harmless. It will give you the aroma, flavor and gentle stimulating warmth of pure coffee. But as its nourishing qualities equal or exceed its stimulating effects, you will be none the worse for having drank it."

He then proceeded to give the formula that I shall send with this letter. When he had finished I said to myself, "Pooh! I know all about your bran coffee, sir! I've been persecuted with the vile stuff many a time in my wanderings on the face of the earth. I'll drink nothing, sir, before I'll fuss and fool around making that nasty stuff, and then offer such a sublime insult to the beverage of the gods as to call it 'coffee.'"

But one day early in March as I sifted the graham flour to make a loaf of bread I thought I would try a little, "just for fun." So I sifted everything out of the bran but just the clear bright husks of the wheat kernels, and proceeded with the proceedings, until next morning we had a cup of coffee that for color, flavor, and all the general excellencies was "good enough for me." It is needless for me to add that this has been our morning beverage ever since. One in a while I make a dish of the simon pure. But coffee lovers as we have been and still are, we don't like it, and the next morning finds us luxuriating in our home-made adulteration again. And I must not omit to add that as far as my health and that of other members of

the family is concerned, it has proved to be all that the physician claimed for it. And I would heartily recommend it to all coffee drinkers who are nervous people, and who suffer from that *bete noir*—the sick headache. I have only had to yield in utter helplessness to this tyrannical malady, twice, since I began to drink this homeopathic coffee, and both attacks were brought on by excessive fatigue. Whereas it was my fate under the old regime of pure coffee, to have a struggle for life with the sick-headache business—well—quite promiscuously.

HOME-IN-THE-HILLS.

E. L. NYE.

#### FALL PLANTING OF PERENNIALS.

All those who raise perennial plants from seed, must see the advantage of fall sowing of newly produced seed. There are some varieties that will grow as readily after being housed for months as annuals, but not all, nor many, while some will require months to germinate, as the Adlumia vine, perennial pea, phlox, glaucium, aubrietia, delphinium, aquilegia, foxglove (*digitalis*), polyanthus, etc. While it is really necessary to sow these in autumn, it is fully as well for others that germinate more freely, for they will get well started and make stronger plants in spring; perhaps blooming the first season. Hollyhock, sweet william, "gold dust" (or perennial alyssum), snapdragon, hesperus, evening primrose (*enothera*), linum (perennial flax), Canterbury bell (*campanula*) double and single pinks, and upright cypress, can all be sown in autumn with perfect confidence that they will come up early in spring, if a good bed is prepared where it can be undisturbed, and have perfect drainage. As soon as the young plants appear in spring they may be removed and placed where they are to remain. The seeds I have ready to send out are perfectly fresh and grown this year, and I would earnestly recommend sowing this fall. Although many of the plants named are old sorts, they are so greatly improved as to be barely recognizable. The new *Aquilegia chrysantha* or columbine, is a grand acquisition, being in constant bloom from early spring until late autumn, a perfect mass of golden bloom. The plants improve with age, giving more and larger flowers. The Chinese varieties of *Delphinium* are very desirable for bouquet making, greatly differing in form and color from the common sorts, being more delicate in both respects, but are fully as hardy; there is also a pure white variety. For some unknown reason we seldom see a clump of perennial pea, and it is one of the best of hardy climbers. I have them that for twelve years adorned our garden with their rich clusters of bloom. If the pods are removed as soon as formed they will bloom through the warm months. The hardy phlox that for many years has appeared only in garbs of white and a reddish purple can now be seen in all the shades of color, plain or variegated, or with brilliant eyes; while the sowing of seed is likely



to produce some new and novel varieties. I will send four new and choice varieties of phlox roots for fifty cents; and seed of any above named at eight cents per packet if less than six are ordered; eight packets for fifty cents, or eighteen for a dollar. Stamps accepted for less than fifty cents, postal notes for larger amounts.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

FENTON, Box 297.

#### A GENIAL FAMILY.

What a genial company our Household members form, bringing to help each other our trials and perplexities, our successes and experiences, thus verifying the beautiful words "love one another!" In no better manner can this be done than by caring each for the other, and trying to smooth some of the rough places in life's every day journey. It is not the great burdens of life that so often wear our patience out, as some small aggravating worries that by continual friction rub and wear, and finally grind out, and there is where all can help to ease our many burdens.

I have a kindred feeling with Mollie Moonshine that there has been too much expended in draping and parade called honor to Grant. I realize the fact that he ranks foremost in his mighty achievements, and his name is immortalized like Washington's and Lincoln's by his deeds, and to him proper honor is due. But the American people are accounted a plain people, and this elaborate pageantry is more suited to royalty in oriental countries, than to citizens of our American commonwealth. It seems a genuine hero worship. Better a less pretentious burial, with less of mournful drapings and martial show, better a scene where wife and children could feel the dead was as least as much their's as the world's, amid the last sad rites.

My garden is greatly admired for its beautiful variety of phlox drummondi, grown from seeds, and indeed they are brilliant. How much of our homepleasantness is due to the effect of brightly blooming flowers! They rest us when tired, they cheer us when sad, and comfort when lonely; and in their beauty cause all else to have a fairer look. Let us all have them, if only a few, a pot of mignonette for dainty fragrance—pansies with their bright-eyed baby faces—geraniums in continual bloom, and roses for their beauty.

Will some one tell me what to do with camellias? I have had two for several years, and they don't grow at all, neither do they bloom.

Do you knitters of the good man's socks use German wool (not German-town)? It is very strong and durable, and cheaper by far in the long run.

PLAINWELL.

MOLLIE MAY.

[It is seldom camellias can be successfully cultivated outside a greenhouse. They require certain conditions of temperature and moisture not obtainable in ordinary living rooms. Better discard them and give your space and care to some varieties which will reward you with thrifty growth and abundant bloom.]

—HOUSEHOLD EDITOR.]

#### CROCHETED SHOULDER CAPE.

Before F. E. W. preferred her request for directions for crocheting a shoulder cape, I had wondered whether my limited knowledge of crochet phraseology was sufficient to enable me to tell how I made quite a pretty one this summer. Now I am going to try, and if I do not succeed in making myself understood, am prepared to answer any questions on the subject. First, get four large skeins of Saxony wool, twenty-five cents per skein, and a medium sized bone hook. Reserve one skein for the border, and if you prefer a deep border, better keep a half of another skein. Make a chain of seventy-five stitches; then in each stitch put one stitch of what I think is called double crochet, made as follows: Thread over the hook, take up the stitch, thread over the hook and pull through two loops, thread over, and pull through the two loops left on the hook. This is the stitch that is used in making the whole cape, except the border. After you have made these stitches the length of the chain, turn, knit four, put three stitches in the next, knit two, skip one, knit two, put three stitches in the next, knit two, skip one, etc., to the end. The stitches should come out even, with four to knit at the last, and make twelve places where there are three stitches put into one of the first row. For the next row knit three, knitting the first stitch, then in the middle one of the three made together knit five, knit two, skip one, knit two, put five together, making sure the five are put in the middle one of the three, knit two, skip one, etc., to the end. Remember always to skip the stitch just before the stitch skipped in the previous row; this forms a row of holes the length of the cape, separating the scallops. These alternate rows of fives and threes shape the cape, and the scallops widen every time five stitches are knitted, so that each time of fives there will be two additional stitches in each scallop, one on each side of the widening. Care must be taken to keep the row of holes which result from the skipped stitch even, and the same number of stitches on each side of the scallop. Fit the cape to your shoulders occasionally; if it seems too full, knit across three or four times, putting in the three stitches; if not full enough, knit several rows of fives. The border is crocheted in shells, as many rows and as small or large shells as you prefer. In mine, I made a place to run in a narrow satin ribbon, by putting my thread over twice instead of once, and knitting off the loops, then chain three stitches, thread over twice, take up stitch, etc. This formed openings between cape and border into which a narrow ribbon can be woven; one row of shells, and this place for ribbon are put round front edges and neck. I crocheted my cape by putting the hook through the whole of the stitch in the previous row; this makes it firm, and it will stretch but little. By taking up the half stitch furthest from you, the work is done in ribs, but stretches out of shape more easily.

If F. E. W. can get up a creditable

shoulder cape from these directions, I hope she'll encourage me by saying so. I am willing to admit my special forte is *not* fancy work, but I *can* "fancy" I hear the old crocheters laugh right out loud at my awkward way of telling how it is done. One thing comforts me, my cape is "a daisy."

BEATRIX.

#### "MAGIC" BREAD.

I venture to send my method of bread making, which I have used in my family for over six years, and which is also used by all the yeast bread makers in our neighborhood. It is by far the easiest method I have ever tried, and makes the lightest, whitest, and most nutritious bread and biscuit; try it and there will be no more complaint about "diabolical stuff."

In the morning take three heaping tablespoonfuls of flour, two of sugar, and two, not quite so full, of salt. Scald with one pint of boiling water; when cool add two yeast cakes dissolved in a little warm water, let stand until noon, then take twelve good sized potatoes, pare, boil and mash; add one quart of boiling water, and one of cold, when cool add to the first mixture; the next morning it is ready for use. Use one pint of the mixture for a loaf, mix in soft, smooth loaves, put in breadpans, let stand one hour, or until light, then bake. It has as an advantage over the old way that you mix but once, and there is no setting sponge to rise. The above is enough for two bakings of four large loaves each. Keep the preparation in a cool place; if the last gets sour dissolve enough soda to sweeten it; it will be just as good.

I have prepared it altogether at noon, adding the yeast after it got cool, with equally good results. I use Magic yeast cakes, so you may call this magic bread. If any one knows an easier way, please inform

WACOUSTA.

AUNT BECKY.

#### A SUBSTITUTE FOR A CREAMERY.

Having n attack of creamery fever, and being too poor to buy a creamery, I had some cans made early in the spring, thinking I could keep the milk in the water tank just as well as in a more costly creamery. But I soon found that by letting the milk stand twenty-four hours, I only got about two-thirds of the cream; nothing short of thirty-six hours would do. And now since the cool weather has come forty eight hours is hardly satisfactory. We have a wind mill, with well enclosed, in a cool shady place, with an abundance of pure cold water. The cans are eight inches in diameter, twenty inches high, holding eighteen quarts. And yet they tell me the colder the milk is kept the quicker the cream will rise. Will some one please explain?

About the new machinery: I think the wife ought to be willing the husband should buy all needed improvements, even though she can count four cultivators reclining against the fence in one corn field, as I did the other day; at the same



time keeping a good lookout for herself. And when she sees something she needs, she should just say so, taking it for granted it will be forthcoming. If not, then try the next best thing, considering every thing fair in love and war. I hope every Household reader is the owner of a good clothes wringer.

I think the father ought to give the small boy a gentle shake, and send him appleless to bed. But I think what he did do was to order the elder to give the baby his apple. My "better half" thinks he "cuffed him up to a peak."

Like Huldah Perkins, I too have spasmodic fits of "clearing up," after visiting my sisters, who are model housekeepers.

AUNT NELL.

PLAINWELL.

[Probably the shade and cold water current lower the temperature of the milk too much. Cream rises rapidly as the milk lowers in temperature, but if the cooling is carried below a certain point the results are less satisfactory. From 55 to 60 degrees seem the temperature advocated by dairy authorities. Where milk is kept too cold it can stand from 30 to 40 hours without injury, but we believe the change in consistency which takes place is more in the ripening of the cream than in increased quantity.—HOUSEHOLD EDITOR.]

#### INFORMATION WANTED.

The Iowa Agricultural College has a department called the School of Domestic Economy. Its design is to furnish thorough instruction in the arts of the household and the science relating thereto, and is arranged with special reference to giving young women such a liberal and practical education as will incite them to a faithful performance of the every day duties of life, and inspire them with a belief in the dignity and nobleness of earnest womanhood. Mrs. Emma P. Ewing is dean and specialist of "domestic economy"—for horticulture, and gardening, chemistry, hygiene, etc., have a part in this very practical course.

Have any steps been taken to provide a similar school for girls in Michigan?

JUSTINA.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

TO REMOVE grease or oil from carpets, wall paper, etc., lay over the spot clean blotting paper and press a warm flatiron upon it, moving it occasionally if there is oil enough to strike through the blotter.

AUNT ADDIE, in the *Country Gentleman*, says one of the nicest contrivances for keeping knives, forks and tablespoons in, is a pocket tacked on the pantry door. Make this of enamel cloth, and line with red canton flannel, stitching small divisions to fit each article. The canton flannel will absorb all moisture that may be left on these articles.

It is possible to seal bottles of catsup, unfermented wine—or grape juice, and any fruit which can be put into bottles, by putting in the cork and then dipping the top into plaster of Paris, wet with

water to the consistency of dough. The plaster "sets" very quickly, so only a small quantity must be prepared at a time, and not till needed.

If you have an abundance of grapes this fall, utilize a portion at least of the surplus by canning some of the juice. Extract by cooking the grapes as you do currants for jelly, drain off the juice, sweeten to taste, let come to a boil in a porcelain kettle, skim off the impurities that rise, then can exactly as if it were fruit, in glass cans or bottles. Wrap the cans in newspapers, and set in a dark, cool place. This is a good tonic for invalids, and under the name of "unfermented wine" is often prescribed for sick people. There is no wine about it, however, as not the slightest fermentation has taken place, hence there is no alcohol present. The juice, slightly diluted with water, makes a refreshing summer drink, and gives a pretty color and agreeable flavor to pudding sauce, whipped cream, etc. Like other canned goods, however, when once a can is opened it must be used soon or its contents will spoil.

"A" has tried Aunt Addie's formula for icing made of sweet milk, and thinks it splendid. She asks about E. S. B.'s bread recipe. This now famous formula appeared in the *Household* of Feb. 18, 1884, the initial issue in its present form. We will reproduce this recipe in a week or two, in our recipe column, for the benefit of our new subscribers and those who had not faith to try it at the time. Nothing succeeds like success, so "watch out" for it.

"A." of Union City, answers Mrs. M. C. M.'s inquiries on cheese-making as follows: "Too much rennet will make cheese strong; too much salt, also scalding too much, makes it hard, and it is apt to crumble when cut. The whey should gradually drain from the curd. I always let the curd remain in the press about twenty-four hours; press gradually; if hurried too much it starts the white whey which is the cream of the cheese. Cheese should be kept in a dry, cool place, turned and rubbed every day; and greased whenever they seem dry; if this is not attended to thoroughly they are apt to crack."

Mrs. J. P. P., of Wisner, wonders why ladies will trouble to pack hams in lard as it seems to her a waste of time, labor and patience. She keeps hers in brine in barrels, and has no trouble with it, except to change the brine if necessary. We would like her method of treatment, including curing, if she will kindly forward it. A heavy portiere or curtain is admirably adapted to curtain a bay window from a room, wherever it does not make the room too dark. The curtain should be in two parts, so that it can be gracefully draped on each side of the window. The Algerian curtains spoken of in the *Household* heretofore are cheap and pretty, as are also double faced Canton flannel draperies. There is little difference in price.

#### Contributed Recipes.

**COFFEE**—Sift a pan of wheat bran till only the husks remain; thoroughly mix with it, so all the husks are moistened, one teacupful of the best New Orleans molasses; put into dripping pans or baking tins and roast in the oven the same as coffee, using the same care and attention to prevent burning and in stirring to insure evenness of roast that is used in browning coffee; then mix in the proportion of one pound of browned and ground coffee (I brown my own, take it along when I go to the store and have it ground in the big mill) to two pounds of the roasted bran. Put into glass fruit jars, turn the covers down tightly and set away in a dark closet. A heaping tablespoonful makes two good cups. Stir up with egg, make with boiling water freshly brought from the well, and in every way treat in the cooking and serving at table exactly as you would pure coffee.

**RIPE TOMATO PICKLES.**—A new four-gallon jar; smooth, solid, ripe, scalded and cleaned tomatoes enough to fill it; two teacupfuls of sugar and one of salt well mixed, and two or three pints of sliced horseradish. Sprinkle a little salt, sugar and horseradish on the bottom of the jar, then place a layer of tomatoes, then more sugar, salt and horseradish, and so on until the jar is rounding full. Place a plate and a light weight, not to exceed a pound, on top, and let stand on the kitchen table or in the pantry two or three days, then carry to the coolest corner of the cellar, and in a couple of weeks you will have something that is both good and handsome. A white scum may rise after awhile, if so, remove it and keep right on eating your pickles. One of my neighbors had pickles that she made in this way last fall to use in harvest this summer. I have never been able to keep them later than February because they are all eaten by that time. E. L. NYE.

METAMORA.

**PICNIC CAKE.**—White part: One cup white sugar; one half-cup butter; whites of three eggs; half-cup sweet milk; one cup corn starch; one cup flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder; lemon extract. Bake in two layers. Dark part: Take yolks of two eggs; two tablespoonfuls dark sugar; two of molasses, one of butter; half-cup sour cream; a small teaspoonful soda; half-teaspoonful of cinnamon; half a nutmeg; one cup flour; one cup currants or any other kind of fruit (dried cherries are good). Bake in one layer. Put together with jelly, the dark layer in the center. MRS. EDWARDS.

HORTON.

**JAMES PYLE'S**



**PEARLINE**

THE BEST THING KNOWN

FOR

**Washing and Bleaching**

In Hard or Soft, Hot or Cold Water.

**SAVES LABOR, TIME and SOAP AMAZINGLY**, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor, should be without it.

Sold by all Grocers. **BEWARE** of imitations well designed to mislead. **PEARLINE** is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of

**JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.**