

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, JUNE 22, 1886.

THE HOUSEHOLD—Supplement.

LOVE NEVER FORGETS.

"Darling," he said, "I never meant
To hurt you;" and his eyes were wet.
"I would not hurt you for the world;
Am I to blame if I forget?"
"Forgive my selfish tears," she cried;
"Forgive! I knew that it was not
Because you meant to hurt me, sweet—
I knew it was that you forgot!"
But all the same, deep in her heart
Rankled this thought, and rankles yet:
"When love is at its best, one loves
So much that he cannot forget."
—H. H.

SILKWORMS.

For several weeks past there has been an exhibit of silkworms at work in a store on Woodward Avenue, in this city, and the other day I went in to see the first cause of our silk dresses engaged in their work of spinning without machinery. Louis Shiappacasse, who had raised silkworms in France and Italy before coming to this country, sent to Genoa for silkworm eggs, receiving them the first week in May. The eggs, when received, were on the point of hatching; Mr. Shiappacasse said "One day more and they be all hatch, then they die." The worms, when they first break the eggs, are very small, "only so big," said the proprietor, showing a bit of wood represented by this dash —. When it is time for the eggs to hatch, they are covered with a layer of mulberry leaves, which have been pierced with many small holes; as the worms emerge they crawl through these holes and at once begin eating.

The vacant room in the store where the silkworms are at work is occupied by a long table covered with wooden racks containing the worms, some of which had spun their cocoons and were awaiting their next transformation, some were spinning, while others were in the last stage, just ready to begin to spin. These last were very repulsive looking worms, of a dirty white color, about three inches long, and nearly as large round as a lead pencil. They were feeding on mulberry leaves, which they ate "with ease and avidity;" it is surprising to see how rapidly the leaves disappear under their attacks. A small boy whose olive complexion and melting black eyes betrayed his Italian parentage, loaned me a small lens through which I could see very plainly the structure of the head and jaws, which seem eminently adapted to destructive purposes. The noise made by so many jaws busily at work is quite per-

ceptible; the worms do not move about while feeding, each securing a leaf or part of one, and not leaving it till only the stem remains, but as I looked down at the mass of dirty white mixed with the fast disappearing green of the leaves, it seemed in a state of continual restlessness.

The worms pass through four moults, consuming a period of about forty days, before they are ready to spin. Mr. Shiappacasse, speaking of these moults, said: "Then they go to sleep; they sleep a day—twenty four hours—then their skin come off; it make 'em sick, they keep still twelve hours, then they eat some more." Each worm will eat an ounce of leaves during its life, and the product from a single ounce of eggs, will eat 1,200 pounds of leaves, which seems to justify the saying "as greedy as a silkworm."

At intervals above the racks splints of light wood were arched from one side to the other and filled in with excelsior. The worm, when ready to spin, selects a place in this, and attaching itself by some loose threads, constructs its cocoon, which at first looks like a bit of cobweb, which is continually being thickened by the industrious spinner inside, whose head is constantly in motion, back and forth, from side to side. Under the lens I could see the delicate filament of silk—issuing from what seemed to be two openings in the nose of the worm, if the expression is allowable—which, fine as it is, consists of two strands. The outer part of the cocoon is the coarsest, a floss silk, next it is a fine, thicker coat, within that a very fine lining to which the worm is able to supply a glue which renders it impervious to air and water. The cocoons, in size and shape, made me think of a nice fat peanut; they are a little over an inch in length, and larger round than the ordinary peanut, having a similar but slighter depression in the centre; some are a delicate creamy white, others more of a straw color, and the crystals inside rattles like a dried pea in a pod.

I asked some questions about the process of unwinding the cocoons, how they managed to find the ends and begin to unreel them, and learned that the cocoons are soaked in warm water, then a small soft broom is introduced among them and they are gently stirred with it. When the broom is lifted, the ends of the silk are attached to it; from six hundred to eight hundred feet of silk can be unwound from a single cocoon without a

break. I was shown a box containing perhaps a hundred cocoons, and as I took one of the "airy nothings" in my hand, I could not help reflecting what a quantity it would take to weigh a pound, and how many industrious spinners must live their brief span to produce a single piece of silk.

The coarse fibers among which the worms choose places to do their spinning were well filled with the finished work. These worms are evidently healthy, and no amount of quizzing could induce their owner to admit that the silkworm, *per se*, is subject to any disease. All that is needed to raise silkworms at pleasure, is mulberry leaves, he said; but it was evident that it would take no small quota to fill these ever hungry mouths four times per day; and also that the labor of procuring leaves, feeding them, (the foliage is stripped from the branches) and cleaning the racks would be no considerable item; in fact it would keep two or three persons well out of mischief. There is a quite disagreeable odor arising from the worms, also; women with sensitive noses will not enjoy silk growing.

I confess I left, not a bit in love with the pleasures, nor dazzled by the profits of silk-raising. The oft-repeated statement that it is light and easy work, I can see for myself is a humbug, if enough are raised to make it a monetary object. I long ago made up my mind that the only "money in it" was for those who had the eggs (and mulberry trees) to sell, and I see no reason for a different conclusion. Mr. Shiappacasse will sell the product of his crop of cocoons as eggs, not silk, and said a great many farmers who had looked in had concluded to undertake the business. I would remind all such, before they buy the eggs, that it would be advisable to look over their farms and ascertain the exact location of every mulberry tree; it is a piece of useful information they will need about the time the worms have consumed 60,000 times their own primitive weight in leaves. If one wished only to raise a few worms for the fun of it, or to watch a curious process of transformation and development, the experiment might be a very interesting one. I would advise all those who have the "silk fever" to procure a thousand eggs first, and when they have realized the labor involved, multiply it to the 100,000-egg standard, and decide if it is not "too much for the shilling," that is, the present price of cocoons in the few places where they can be sold in this country.

BEATRIX.

PUTTING UP FRUIT.

I do not know that I can furnish any new information to housekeepers on this subject, but perhaps what I can say may aid some inexperienced ones in the work. I remember that when I first began to do housework the little hints about the right way to do things often helped me far more than more elaborate directions. Most of us have a general idea how to do our work, when we begin, but often fail for want of proper attention to details, and wonder what it was that caused us to fall short of our ideas of perfection.

In putting up fruit the country housewife has a great advantage over her city sister, who must buy her supplies, after perhaps a long journey by rail, which probably compels it to be gathered before it is ripe. It is more or less mused, and has been gathered from ten to twenty-four hours before she can take charge of it. Fruit keeps best when freshly gathered, and is also of the best flavor. Never gather fruit for canning or making jam or preserves on a wet day if you want it to keep. Strawberries, raspberries and blackberries should not linger long on the road between the vines and the preserving kettle; the fresher they are the nicer the jams, &c., will be. I think red raspberries the most difficult fruit to put up; "the active principle of ferment" seems present in unusual quantity. I have made jam and also canned them, but never have succeeded in keeping either without cooking over. I would be glad if any one who has been more fortunate would give their method, and quickly, that I may try again this year.

Currants are a favorite fruit with us; currant jam, spiced currants and currant jelly being our favorite method of putting them up. When they are cheap and plenty—we have to buy our fruit—I always dry some in sugar for use in mince pies, to which they give a very pleasant flavor. I stew them in a little water before using them in that way.

I find that since I have used the best white sugar with my fruit it keeps better than when I tried to economize by using a cheaper grade. I suppose it is the impurities which make the cheap sugar so unsafe. I think it is the most economical way to can berries to make a sugar syrup by melting the sugar in a pan with just enough water to prevent burning, let it boil up, skim, and then drop in the fruit, and as soon as it is done skim it out into the cans; this is my way with jams, also, only that I cook the fruit and sugar together till done. Unless absolutely necessary on account of sand, I never like to wash fruit before putting up, but what we get in a city market nearly always needs such cleaning. I put it in a colander and let the water run over it a moment, then turn it on a clean towel, which dries it ready for the kettle. This should be quickly and deftly done, and with judgment; the fruit does not require soaking, only a dash of water to take off whatever may adhere to it.

Fruit should not be cooked in metal; that is one cause of dull jams and cloudy

jellies. A porcelain-lined saucepan only is fit for the purpose. Nor should the fruit be stirred with a metal spoon, a wooden one is far better, and costs but a trifle. Currants especially are so acid that they affect a metal pan, as is easily seen if you think why your tin ware is so discolored. When I cook currants for jam or spiced fruit, I put them in my enameled pan, over a slow fire, and with a spoon mash a few on the bottom; the juice from these will cook a few and so in turn till all are scalded. Stir gently to prevent burning, and when it is well at a boil add the sugar. Currants need more sugar than any other fruit; the old rule, "pound for pound," is none too much for them; for other jams I only use three-fourths of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. In canning fruit I use my judgment; I think it keeps better and tastes better to use plenty of sugar. Fruit that is canned without sugar we find very unpalatable; it needs to be heated, the sugar added and the whole cooked and cooled before it is fit to eat; or at least "our folks" think so.

Jams I prefer to put up in cans; I find I can use those which are not quite airtight, and in which canned fruit would spoil, for this purpose. I let the fruit cool a little, ladle it into the cans, filling them well up. Then I cut a piece of letter paper to fit the top, wet it in alcohol and lay it on the fruit. Then cut a circle large enough to fit the top of the can, wet this in white of egg and paste down. Over this I tie strong white paper, and write the kind of fruit and the date of making on it. Jellies are handled in the same way, except that the handle-less teacups, old bowls, tumblers, goblets minus a foot, etc., etc., are pressed into service. I compel the goblets to maintain a perpendicular by cutting strips of pasteboard, sewing them together like wide rings, and setting the glass inside.

I want a perfectly dry, cool place to store fruit in, and generally wrap my cans in newspapers, after the danger of fermenting is past, which is usually in ten days or two weeks. I believe the paper jackets prevent the fruit from bleaching, though it may be only one of my whims.

L. C.
DETROIT.

A RIDICULOUS CUSTOM.

When people are invited to attend weddings in this country they seem to think they are specially licensed to carry away all that remains of the refreshments. I wonder who can tell where the custom originated. I can truly say the men are not guilty of this abominable practice; it seems to be purely a womanish custom. Do women ever stop to think what it amounts to, when forty or fifty women or girls take home "wedding cake" to some one left at home, or for themselves, because it will taste good the next day? I think when people are invited to a wedding, and are served with nice refreshments, they should be satisfied, and in common politeness not go near the tables again. If they are requested to take some of the refreshments to a friend, let

them be prepared by the hostess, or if the hostess requests the guest to help herself, let it be a small amount, "just a taste," not enough for a meal. I lately attended a wedding where I saw a young lady fill a shoe box with all kinds of the refreshments, and then put up two packages in paper, and I am quite sure without the consent of host or hostess. Another instance I know of where the lady had prepared a great abundance, thinking to have some left to last a number of days, as she was very tired with the excitement and hard work incident to such occasions, where the refreshments are prepared at home. The guests were nicely and plentifully served, and about half the refreshments remained, but when the guests had all departed there was scarcely enough left for breakfast. This happened among nice, cultivated people, but I think people are apt to be very thoughtless about things that are common practice.

I think it would be much more agreeable to the host and hostess to be allowed to dispose of the cake after serving guests. They frequently have friends they wish to remember, and what can they do if their invited guests carry home all that remains? I hope this is a practice confined to the country, as I think it would look doubly impolite where the refreshments are furnished by a caterer, but I think it would become an obsolete practice, and that speedily, if people would stop to consider how ridiculous it really is. If any of the members wish to defend the practice, I will be glad to know their views.

OLD SCHOOL TEACHER.

TECUMSEH.

THE CHILD KING.

I was much interested in a little story by Rose Terry Cooke, recently published in the *Congregationalist*, which, though amusing, has yet a moral which many mothers in our land might heed with profit, not alone to themselves but to their children. But then—whoever does heed the moral of a story? we "skip that," and look only for the next story which shall amuse us. And somehow, I have always noticed that where the "coat fits" best it is never tried on, but always passed on with the thought how nicely it will suit somebody else!

The story is of a minister's wife, who started out to make a round of calls upon her husband's parishioners; and narrates what she saw of the varying relations of mother to child in different families. At the first place her errand was to invite the mother to go with her to a neighboring town where the latter's sister resided, for a day's visit. The mother longed for the rest and change, but her daughter's white dress must be ironed, the ruffles fluted, and biscuit, cake and pies made for her to take to a picnic in the afternoon. In the midst of the conversation the daughter enters, showily and unsuitably dressed, to make a fresh demand upon her mother, and when the tired woman remonstrates, saying she has already too much to do, asks her if she "can't get up real early." The minister's wife suggests that the daughter might help, but

the mother half indignantly declares that her child is "real delicate and loves to go; children ain't children but once," and declines the invitation.

At the next place our lady called four children of differing ages "knocked her out in the first round," to adopt a sporting phrase which is expressive if not elegant, simply because they absorbed the attention of the older persons present, who had been accustomed to listen while the children did the talking. In the Babel of tongues the latter found herself in a hopeless minority, and was glad to retire.

The next call was at the house of mourning. Two children had died of diphtheria, and into the sympathizing ear of her visitor the bereaved mother poured the story of her sorrows. Her son died simply because she had not the resolution to compel him to submit to the treatment ordered by the doctor, which the little patient resisted because it was unpleasant. "Hal screamed and kicked, and wouldn't let me, because it hurt so," and that told the story of a mother's weakness, which cost her child's life. The little daughter could not be sent to a place of safety, because she "never would stay with anybody but mother," and she, too, died. The pitying listener could not voice the thought of her heart, that if the children had been taught to obey in health, they might have lived.

The next visit was made where a mother was nursing a daughter with a sprained ankle, the result of a fall at the rink, which the mother condemned in unmeasured terms. Asked why she let her child go, if she thought it so unfit a place, she said: "Girls is headstrong as pigs. I've always wanted my children to have a good time while they were young; there's trouble enough ahead of 'em, so I've let 'em run, and 'tisn't to be expected I can stop 'em now," an unanswerable argument.

The woman in the search for social experiences chanced next upon an anxious mother watching her son and heir as he essayed to manage that most unruly of steeds, a new bicycle. Here, too, "boys must be boys," and for that reason the taxes were unpaid, and the mother making over her old clothes and practicing rigid economy so far as her own needs were concerned, to buy the costly pleasure for the boy "because he wanted it." Then her maternal "nerves were worn to ravelin's" for fear he would break his precious neck learning to manage it.

It seemed to be an eventful day in the family circles of the little town described, for our writer tells of the fifteen-year old girl who, forbidden to go for an evening ride to an neighboring town with a stranger, put on her bonnet and went, just as if permission had been granted; and of the miss who invited three of her school-mates to spend a week with her, thus depriving her mother of an opportunity to visit a sister she had not seen for three years, as well as compelling of the foolishly indulgent woman increased labor in the hot weather.

And the worst of all was, that in all of these examples of the results of such unlimited indulgence, such perversion of the

natural and legitimate order of things, by which those who should be governed really rule over those who ought to govern, the mother love—which after all in every case here mentioned is not truly love, but a blind, unreasoning animal affection, which grants the license of the moment regardless of consequences—is angry at the slightest hint that the children are not what they should be, and excuses every fault by saying, "Young folks will be young folks," as if youth, instead of being a seed-time, preparatory to the harvest of middle life and age, was really only a period which should be spent in having a good time unrestrained by any authority.

And the old minister, when his wife recounted her adventures, looking with prophetic eye into the future, quoted; "Woe unto thee, ch land, when thy king is a child." BEATRIX.

CURRENT JELLY.

A correspondent sends to the *Century* the following recipe, which, she says, has three advantages to commend it:

"First, it never fails, as the old plan is sure to do five times out of eight; secondly, it requires but half the usual quantity of sugar, and so retains the grateful acidity and peculiar flavor of the fruit; thirdly, it is by far less troublesome than the usual method. Weigh the currants without taking the trouble to remove the stems—do not wash them, but carefully remove leaves and whatever may adhere to them. To each pound of fruit allow half the weight of granulated or pure loaf sugar. Put a few currants in a porcelain lined kettle, and press them with a potato masher or anything convenient, in order to secure sufficient liquid to prevent burning. Take out and strain carefully through a three cornered bag of strong, close texture, putting the liquid in either earthen or wooden vessels—never in tin, as the action of the acid on tin materially affects both color and flavor. When strained return the liquid to the kettle without the trouble of measuring, and let it boil thoroughly for a moment or so, and then add the sugar. The moment the sugar is entirely dissolved the jelly is done, and must be immediately dished or placed in glasses. It will jelly upon the side of the cup as it is taken up, leaving no doubt as to the result. Gather the fruit early, as soon as fully ripe, since the pulp softens and the juice is less rich if allowed to remain long after ripening. In our climate the first week in July is usually considered the time to make currant jelly. Never gather currants, or other soft or small seed fruit, immediately after a rain for preserving purposes, as they are greatly impoverished by the moisture absorbed. In preserving all fruits of this class, if they are boiled until tender or transparent in a small quantity of water, and the sugar is added afterward, the hardness of the seeds, so objectionable in small fruits, will be thus avoided. A delicious jam may be made of blackberries, currants, and raspberries, or of currants, with a few raspberries to flavor, by observing the

above suggestion, and adding sugar, pound for pound, and boiling about twenty minutes."

OUR HOUSEHOLD INSTRUCTORS.

Not very long ago, I read a sermon by Dr. Talmage, addressed to the newspaper reporters of New York, in which he affirmed that the best newspapers of the present age were greater instructors than the Bible. It is true, we gain the ideas of the many all over the world, by means of the papers, yet the Bible will ever remain the book of all books. I have been much instructed and interested in reading many articles in the *HOUSEHOLD*, though some of them have been carried to the extreme, and the bottom has fallen out. It is quite evident that Beatrix has lived among farmers and in a country school district, and the comparison of the farmer's wool box is a good one. Fashion will lead children to want to follow their playmates to the high school.

We can draw pictures of personal character from the manner in which a person writes, and often of a man by his walk. When we see a man with measured step, his head a little cast down, we consider he is a thoughtful man, and whether he is studying good or evil, his works will tell. In writing about others, we lay ourselves open to criticism, and by experience we learn that we must be careful, but it is well that we do not all think alike, and that we do not all "graduate in the same class," or we should fail to be instructors of one another.

PLAINWELL.

ANTI-OVER.

EIGHT-CENT BUTTER.

Butter was quoted at eight cents per pound in several of our interior towns recently, with the merchants not at all anxious to invest in the product even at that figure. It is cheaper, and a great saving of hard labor, to feed the milk to the pigs or calves than to make butter at that price. Yet that very week choice grades of butter, shipped direct to this city, were retailed to customers at twenty-one cents per pound, proving conclusively that there is butter, and butter. What makes the distinction? One woman has every appliance for making the best grade, and every part of the process of manufacture, from the fodder of the cattle at the barn to the final shipment to the city, is part of a method, the best known. The other woman makes butter to use up the milk, and so she gets it, made and "swapped" for groceries, it matters little if it is butter or grease. One has won a reputation by dint of painstaking endeavor; the other works just as hard to swell the "shoe box" receipts of the country store. Undoubtedly some of this eight-cent butter was good when sold; but in the present condition of the butter market it netted the producer next to nothing, and will be a loss to the buyer. There is some difference between the methods of the country dealer and the city commission man. One of the latter in this city has a room, 12x18 feet, cooled

by ice, and on shelves around this are stored the packages of butter as they are received from the country. The atmosphere is sweet, pure and fresh, the ventilation perfect, the temperature low enough to keep the butter without deterioration until it can find its way to the tables of those who can afford to pay from twenty to thirty cents for it. The country maker receives about two-thirds of the selling price as her reward, and in this case, at least, it seems as if the "profits of the middleman" were justly his, from the pains taken to preserve the quality of the product.

AN INDUSTRIOUS WOMAN.

Mrs. Wm. Stephenson, of Onsted, writes to the *Adrian Times*, detailing her method of raising chickens, of which she has about five hundred. In addition to the labor of caring for her chicks, she takes care of the milk of four cows, and has three men to cook for. She tells the *Times* how she manages the chickens:

"My henery consists of a good-sized park, and a house containing two rooms below, 18x12 feet. The back room is the roost, the front room and under the house for shelter, etc. I have 75 hens and two cockerels, and try to have as many hens set at one time as possible. When they hatch I take the chicks from their mother and put them up stairs. If the weather is a little cool, I start a fire in the stove. I have a piece of carpeting tacked across one corner of the room for them to hover under. I then arrange a dish of water, one of meal, one of wheat, one of corn, one of sand or gravel, and a dust bath. As soon as they are able to eat corn I move them below. I have a six gallon stone churn, with a hole in the bottom about the size of a dollar piece. I take a milk pan and arrange three half bricks in it, then set the churn on the bricks and fasten it to the side of the house with wire, and fill it with wheat and corn. The contents will run out till the pan is full, and as they eat it, it will continually fill till the churn is empty. I have a half-barrel sunk in the ground, and nearly filled with cobblestones, then filled with water; it is an easy matter for the men to fill the different dishes in the morning. When I set a hen I mark the date on the eggs with an indelible pencil, which saves annoyance. When I take the chicks from their mother, if the hens are inclined to set again, I gratify them. I have hens that have set eight weeks, and are looking well."

TWO LITTLE GIRLS' LETTERS.

Nature has clothed every thing in green. The rose bushes and the locust trees are loaded with buds and blossoms that always tell that spring has come. The little green things on the cherry trees which look as though they never could be fit to eat, in a few short weeks will be a brilliant red, and like as not some of us will get our legs or necks broken, for our trees are very old, and have borne every year we have been here ten years) except last year. The beauti-

ful fields of clover that tempt me to play hide-and-seek with my sister, are covered with blossoms. The wheat fields of waving green in a few weeks will be transposed into golden sheaves, and then we will soon hear the threshing machines hum, a sure sign that autumn has come.

The burdocks are looking as thrifty as can be. A good way to kill them is to cut them down, put some salt around the roots, and turn the sheep in, and they will kill them; so my papa says. But I think the best way is to dig them up, and throw them away; then they cannot go to seed, nor can they come up from the roots, for I am convinced that they do come up from the roots sometimes.

Soon we will have to bend our backs picking strawberries. How I long for the time to come! I know it is no pleasure to stoop and pick them in the hot sun, but we are amply repaid for it. How wonderful a process is grafting! It will always remain a mystery to me. When I go by the orchard and see the little sticks in the limbs, it seems impossible they will grow; but in a few short years they will be loaded with fruit.

VIOLET.

OKEMOS.

Minnehaha and Violet are my sisters; they are the only sisters I have; I have two brothers. I take care of my brother's pen of White Cochon chickens, and he is going to give me a setting of eggs. I have two old hens and quite a number of small chickens. I think it pays to raise chickens. The lice bother our chickens very much. We have a small bellows that is full of sulphur, and we blow it under their wings, and think it helps to kill the lice.

Will somebody tell me what to put on our rose bushes to kill the lice? that is what I call them. I have not noticed any only on the buds.

Violet is going to copy this letter for me so Beatrix can read it, for I am only nine years old.

TEENY.

OKEMOS.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

You can clean your cane chairs with a sponge and hot water, with soap. Put in the open air to dry, and as the cane dries it will tighten and become firm as new.

WARM the paper you lay over your cake in the oven to prevent its burning. The paper suspends the baking for a brief time, during which the cake may settle.

THIS excellent receipt for washing blankets and flannels is used in the Cambridge hospital: Stir two tablespoonfuls of powdered borax into one quart of soft soap, beat it well, and thin with hot water; pour it in a tub and fill partly with lukewarm water. Soak the blankets over night, rinse well in warm water the next morning, and hang to dry, without rubbing or wringing. Dry in open air.

DR. KEDZIE, of the Agricultural College, says two parts of sifted coal ashes and one of common salt, moistened with

water, makes a good cement to close open cracks in stoves and furnaces.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Prairie Farmer* says cheese cloth makes a splendid dish-cloth, soft, easy to wring, does not thicken up, and dries easily. One of our HOUSEHOLD contributors uses mosquito net, folded and held in place by a few stitches at the edges, and likes it better than anything else.

THE HOUSEHOLD Editor received recently a very fine cabinet photograph of "The HOUSEHOLD Baby" and her sister, the children of our valued contributor, A. H. J., of Thomas. Our HOUSEHOLD Baby has a sweet, thoughtful face, which can, we are sure, readily dimple with mischief and fun. We are very proud of our latest acquisition for the HOUSEHOLD Album, which fills up all too slowly to suit us.

WHAT has become of all our HOUSEHOLD correspondents? Calls for "copy" are becoming oft-repeated and peremptory, and there is an "aching void, a weary waste of space" in the compartment of the editorial desk devoted to HOUSEHOLD correspondence. The Editor wants to hear from a good many of our writers, "right away quick."

Canned Vegetables.

WE give some recipes for canned vegetables clipped from various sources. We do not vouch for results, but would be glad to have the recipes tried by our housekeepers, and their success or failure reported:

CANNED CORN.—Gather when in good eating state; place the corn, cobs and all, in a vessel, and pour boiling water over it; let it remain in the hot water five minutes, then cut the corn from the cob, boil one hour in a porcelain kettle, then fill your jars, putting in as little water as possible; seal quickly.

HUBBARD SQUASH CANNED.—Cut them open, seed them, turn them outside down in a pan with some water in; set it in the oven; when done scrape it with a spoon; then put in a porcelain kettle over a slow fire; when well browned put in self-sealing jars made quite hot and seal quickly.

CANNED TOMATOES.—Pour scalding water over entirely fresh tomatoes and skin them. Have ready the sealing wax in a cup at the back of the fire, and a teakettleful of boiling water. Put three cans, with their covers in readiness, on the hearth in front of the fire; fill them with boiling water. Put enough tomatoes in a porcelain preserving kettle to fill these cans; add no water to them. Let them come to the boiling point or be well scalded through. Then, emptying the water from the cans, fill them with hot tomatoes; wipe off the moisture from the tops with a cloth and press the covers on tightly. While pressing upon each cover with a knife, pour a small stream of hot sealing wax carefully around it. Hold the knife a moment that the wax may set. When these cans are sealed continue the operation till all the tomatoes are canned. Heat the blade of an old knife red-hot and run it over the wax to melt any bubbles. Notice if there is any sound of steam escaping, and if any holes are found wipe them and cover, while the cans are hot, with a bit of sealing wax.