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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

MY DARLINGS.

When steps are hurrying homeward,
And night the world o'erspreads,
And I see at the open windows
The shining of little heads,
I think of you, my darlings,
In your low and lonesome bed.

And when the latch is lifted,
And I hear the voices glad,
I feel my arms more empty,
My heart more widely sad;
For we measure dearth of blessings
By the blessings we have had.

But sometimes in sweet visions
My faith to sight expands,
And with my babes in His bosom,
My Lord before me stands,
And I feel on my head bowed lowly
The touches of little hands.

Then pain is lost in patience,
And tears no longer flow,
They are only dead to the sorrow
And sin of life, I know,
For if they were not immortal
My love would make them so.

—Alice Cary.

UP-HILL.

In looking over the plans for a week's campaign, one of my neighbors says to another, "But, how about your ironing?" and receives the laughing reply that it is to be done A. H. J.'s fashion; viz.; half of it not done at all. When this is repeated to the undersigned, she laughs again to think how many ways we help people, and runs over the Prayer Book in regard to the things we have done and "left undone," to see if she can not give the allusion a practical turn. But an hourly repetition of "Shut the screens; put up your hat; let the flowers alone; keep out of that water," etc., etc., does not whet one's wit over-much; so she sits down to a little sober thinking, and concludes that if her housework slights are foot-prints which perhaps another "seeing, may take heart again," she is only too glad to give up the race for shining neatness and cooked completeness to others; for she knows that she is not the only woman who, with little children, not much strength, and all one's work to do, is traveling at present "up-hill," and needs to travel slowly. The tasteful, orderly homes, the stylish costumes and air of liberty which others bask in, often cause a momentary regret and a more lasting feeling of shabbiness, for we, too, like order and neatness, and once in a while a little bit of style; and we are to bear in mind that no one can have all the good things of life. Somewhere in a book an old lady tells us that we don't always get what we want in this world, but we "git sumthin'" and when that "sumthin'"

chances to be three or four small children, we find very little time for anything else.

"You must have lots of aprons to wash and iron," I once said to the sensible mother of four girls, and she quietly replied: "Not so very many, I only allow each of them two a week; after they get about so dirty they can't get any worse." She disclosed several more of those self-protective economies, and later on in our visit, told me how ambitious she felt to improve herself in music, and that she would glance over the newspapers and add an occasional batch of gems to her scrap-book; and I am sure those aprons were distributed on a wise principle, though they must have been pretty dirty at times.

It often becomes necessary for a woman to stop and consider whether it will pay to leave her children motherless for the sake of keeping up with somebody else in house-keeping or stylish dress, or of saving the expense of a servant's wages. An over-worked mother is apt to be a cross one. Little children have many wants which call for patience to supply, and we had better neglect their clothing than train them injudiciously. Life is brief, and just ahead we will come to smoother traveling, when neatness, orderly rooms, and freedom of hands will be ours—if we are alive to enjoy them. For the sake of self-preservation, we should cut off every unnecessary task now. Let the swift pass us, and bear in mind, as I said before, that we are traveling "up-hill," and must travel slowly.

A. H. J.

THOMAS.

OUR HIRED HELP.

I have read with some interest the many complaints about our hired help. I feel proud to acknowledge that I was once a servant, and classed among "our hired help;" it taught me the ways of life, how to work and manage for myself. When I was sent from home to be a page boy, it was the main-spring of my life. For seven years I was in one place, six thousand miles away, forty years ago, treated by master and fellow servants as one of the family. I had a duty to perform and knew that I must do it well; when company came and caused me extra trouble, something would be quickly placed in my hand, with perhaps only two kind words spoken, "Here, George." Do you suppose I forgot such acts of kindness? I have been hired help in this country, and always tried to do my duty, and have generally been used well; but sometime I have felt hurt at different places, when I would ask the question, Who is that? at receiving the reply: "O, that's my hired man," or

"Well, that's our hired girl." (Mind you, they had no other name.) And I often thought that some of our hired help possessed more noble, generous hearts than the master or mistress. It is true servants are hirelings, but if they do their duty well, there is as much honor to their names as to our President, who is also an hireling, nothing more, nothing less. Mr. Cleveland will be "the people's" servant four years, and if he does his duty well, perhaps we may hire him again.

I would have some good books and newspapers, and would have my sons and daughters generous enough to let the hired help read a little, too; it would keep their minds from planning to go "cooning," and other acts of deviltry; they would be working and thinking of something good. Others of course have their notions about hired help, but this is just simply the opinion of

PLAINWELL.

ANTI-OVER.

HEALTH.

"Keep the head cool, the feet warm, and the body free." The dress of the feet is particularly important. Coldness or dampness of the feet causes headache, weakness and inflammation of the eyes, coughs, consumption and fevers. Keeping the feet warm and dry serves as one of the safest guards against consumption. Many of our most eminent physicians trace the prevalence of this dreaded disease to the universal custom of wearing insufficient clothing on our feet.

A headache is often cured by sitting a long time with the feet near a fire.

Teachers and clergymen have a pernicious habit of dressing the neck too warmly when they go out. Having to speak often, they guard their throats particularly. Hence comforter, muffler, or silk handkerchief at least, is worn around the neck. The parts thus thickly covered become too warm, and the neck becomes very sweaty. When, therefore, the wraps are removed, a very rapid evaporation takes place, and a severe cold is the consequence. In this way a cold is renewed every day. Very soon the teacher or clergyman breaks down with bronchitis or lung difficulty. I lay it to the heavy and tight dressing of the throat.

BRIER CREEK.

WILD ROSE.

Mrs. F. McP., of Caledonia, N. Y., says she read somewhere that turpentine would destroy the carpet bug. She has found it will not, and would be glad to learn, at once, what will prove effective.

FRIENDSHIP OR LOVE.

"In childhood's morn, in youth's unclouded day,
We gaze on Friendship as a lovely flower,
And win it for our pleasures and our pride;
But when the stern realities of life do rack
The cordage of the heart, it breathes a healing
Influence o'er us—next to the hope of
Heaven."

There is no connection in life which bears so much sweetness and satisfaction as friendship. There is no condition of heart or mind but is notably affected by it. If we know we have a good friend, how natural to go to him with both hopes and fears. Our cares are lightened by sympathy, our fears are allayed, our hopes are raised. Humanity is varied in its wants. Friendship has a language for all. The timid need words of encouragement; a helping hand for the weak, words of caution for the venturesome; the sorrowing heart needs sympathy. There are very few people who are so organized that they can live without friendship, the hearts that so isolate themselves from these sweet and refining influences soon harden—become calloused. It gives strength and courage for the weary struggles of life.

There was never a human heart constituted that did not at some hour yearn for sympathy and friendship. Such feelings should never be smothered or crushed out. Only the experience of time can mold true friendship. The union of hearts needs a more permanent test than a pretty face or a smooth tongue. We have nearly all of us, found gold dross, and idols clay. If we are on the high wave of prosperity we can count our friends by the score; but once let us lose our position and how soon we see them scatter. "Flies leave the kitchen when the dishes are empty. The parasites that gather around the favorites of fortune for gifts and aid linger with the sunshine, but scatter at the approach of a storm, as the leaves cling to a tree in summer weather, but drop off at the first breath of winter." If you have a good trusty friend cling to him; you are blessed above the majority of human beings, for a true friend is a rare thing. But there is no such thing as true friendship without sincerity—the bitterest draught in the cup of life is betrayed friendship. To find that the ones in whom we have trusted and confided have betrayed us, makes us distrustful of others. Oh! there is a wonderful magic in the word friend. What pleasant reveries we have had when the long weary years pass before us in rapid succession, and we see old familiar faces dim and shadowy as the graves in which they have lain. We are indeed dull if we are not better men and women after these fancied communications with old friends.

But while we see that friendship is almost an actual necessity, I have read that "Love was the weapon that Omnipotence reserved to conquer noble man when all the rest had failed. Reason he parries; fear he answers blow for blow, future interests he meets with present pleasure; but Love, that sun against whose melting beams winter cannot stand, that soft subduing slumber which brings down the giant, there is not one human soul in a million, not a thousand men in all earth's domain whose hearts are hardened against Love."

"Life without love! oh it would be a world without a sun.
Cold as the snow capped mountain, dark as
myriad nights in one;
A barren scene without one spot amidst the
waste,
Without one blossom of delight, of feeling or
of taste."

With most of us we "love but once and love forever." We can have friendship for many, but love few. Men and women cannot be judged by the same rules. Man's nature leads him out into the busy world; great wealth, high position, will satisfy him. But a woman's heart is her world, she hates to lose the love she has gained. How cruel it is to throw aside so carelessly, such a precious gem as love. We can often win others from evil ways through love—it will work for good and evil. The law of heaven is Love, and though its name has been usurped by passion, and profaned to its unholy uses through all time, still the eternal principle is pure. As we pass from childhood to middle life and on to old age, how pleasant the retrospect of faces and scenes that we have loved! It may be a flower given us by a schoolmate—some tree in whose shade we have stood and talked—a glance of the eye that told us we were loved, a pressure of the hand. All these little things never grow dim, are never effaced from our memory, because we loved. "The memories that make home beautiful, spring from the love that formed the sunlight of our earlier years. They beam gratefully along the pathway of our mature years, and their radiance lingers 'til the shadows of death darken them altogether." There are fortunate ones in this world who have love lavished upon them—who live constantly in its atmosphere, they hardly know what a precious gift is theirs. Others pass through life knowing nothing whatever of its beautiful influence; their hearts are like the parched flower dying for raindrop and dew. God has given us the power to love; instead of crushing this heavenly instinct, let us cultivate it. Let us give to our fellow beings as abundantly as we can. Love for our fellow beings means a great deal; it means charity, moral purity, integrity, forbearance, faith in our friends, unselfishness. We must put self aside. How often those we love so much, hurt and grieve us; but we still cling to them and love the good qualities and blind our eyes to the bad. We can often reclaim the erring in this way. The heart must have food as well as the body. We read of cases where people die of "broken hearts."

"Oh! the heart that has truly loved never
forgets
But as fondly loves on to the close;
As the sunflower turns on her God when he
sets
The same look that she gave when he rose."
BATTLE CREEK. EVANGALINE.

CABINETS AND SILK-WORMS.

Were it not for the well-known sweet temper of our HOUSEHOLD Chief, I might credit her with "nerve irritation" in her urgent call for "copy" and "cabinets." Wait awhile, Beatrix, I have been to visit the dentist, and I could tell of an "aching void, a weary waste of space" resulting, but if all goes well, in time, with impaired beauty repaired, my pictured semblance shall beam from a page of our HOUSEHOLD

album, to the delight of your eyes and the up-building of your pride. Yes, I, too, took a look one day at the "first cause of silk dresses," and was not enamored of the business. I would not so much mind the "worms," as such, but to be tied to their company and their odor, believe me, I would rather dress in the discarded clothes of the sheep.

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

GLOVES.

A lady is known by her gloves and shoes quite as much or more than by any other item of her toilette. Nothing makes a woman look poorly dressed so much as a worn glove or shabby shoe; nothing so detracts from the style or elegance of a costume as the want of suitability in these points. Gloves are expensive items, for it only pays to buy good grades, unless indeed in the very light shades, which however are now very little worn. Gloves are now worn to fit the hand; there is no beauty in a hand squeezed into a glove a size too small for it. If you get a pair which prove too small for you, change them rather than try to wear them. Pull them off, if you are convinced they are too small, by turning them over the hand—wrong side out—rather than by pulling them by the tips of the fingers. Then smooth them carefully into shape again, folding in the original creases in the fingers, and they can be returned uninjured. For summer wear silk gloves and mitts, and those of silk and wool mixed, called taffeta, are more worn than kid, and are far more comfortable and less expensive. They come to fit any hand, and can be obtained in shades to match any color; the taffeta wear best. No matter what is the "latest" edict of the fickle goddess who prescribes our raiment, the gloves nearly always match or harmonize with the general color of the suit. Mitts show off a pretty white hand, with shapely finger-nails, and also make very conspicuous the shortcomings of a brown, ill-shaped one. Silly women and girls wear them to show off a lot of cheap rings. They are very slight protection to the hands, so far as repelling the caresses of the sun and wind is concerned, and they are not considered "full dress." Yet Mrs. Cleveland wore them at her first reception, tied far above the elbow with white ribbons. Probably what was suitable for "the first lady in the land" will answer for any lesser social luminaries. There is one occasion on which mitts are a "graceful medium" between kid gloves and bare hands, and that is with the muslin gowns and ribbons of our girl graduates on that great occasion, Commencement Day. Colored gloves are worn with black and white dresses, but with a suit, the gloves should correspond. For winter wear the Castor gloves in dark shades are very serviceable, and may be cleaned with a bit of flannel and white curd soap. They cost \$1 75 per pair. Dogskin gloves were very popular last winter; they are heavier and warmer than kid, wear excellently, but cost \$2 25. When you buy cashmere gloves never accept those which have been kept in stock from a previous season, nor try to keep a pair over, as saleswomen say they

are worthless when thus held over; for some reason, the ingredients of the dye, probably, they all pull to pieces.

Mend kid gloves as soon as a stitch breaks, with fine thread of the same color, never with silk. The gloves are stitched with thread and the mending is more noticeable if done with silk. If you get your dogskin gloves wet, rub them with a *very little* dilute glycerine on a bit of flannel. Silk gloves wear out first at the finger-ends. Stuff a tiny wad of cotton in the end of each finger and you will find they will wear much longer. Take up a dropped stitch or a break in a lace mitt or glove, the moment you notice it; if you do not once wearing will make an unsightly hole. B.

NOTES ON BACK NUMBERS.

I think perhaps Old School Teacher would hold different views on the subject of unexpected visits, were it not for the young lady daughters in her house who can share with her the cares as well as the pleasures of entertaining. In the case of the woman with a family of small children, without help, an unexpected visit often means added work instead of pleasure. Company comes when she has some unusual task on hand, which must be put aside, to her great inconvenience; or the much needed rest she has earned by a big forenoon's work must be surrendered to try and make herself agreeable to her guests, when she is really too fatigued to feel equal to it. Suppose you take the baby and go for an afternoon visit, only to find your friend's children down with the mumps or measles, or in the preliminary stages of scarlet fever. Visitor and visited are apt to wish a "declaration of intention" had preceded the inopportune arrival. Suppose you visit a friend only to find her home full of stranger guests, who are not "your kind," and with whom you cannot fraternize, you feel yourself the proverbial "wet blanket." If you happen to have such a thing as a "dearest foe," how uncomfortable to find her installed in the best patent-rocker!

When I wrote the article on "Invitations," the case of an acquaintance of mine in town here was in my mind. She is the victim of visitors, who are slowly but surely killing her. She is unfortunate enough to live down town, within easy reach of a horde of relatives and acquaintances who drop in at all hours of the day and night and make themselves very much at home. Any of the family relatives who come into the city to spend a few days always make headquarters at "Anna's," because it is so convenient to depots, street-cars, shops, etc. They never herald their coming by even a postal-card. When dinner for two is on the table it makes a sight of difference if there are four to eat it. Her health is poor, she is hardly able to do her own work, very unable to wait upon the constant succession of visitors who claim her hospitality. Her husband's salary is small; it is hard work to make ends meet, and the "free boarding-house" she is compelled to keep, necessitates table expenditures which must be balanced by doing without in other items. Perhaps this is an extreme case of visiting without invitations, inasmuch as these friends make their friend-

ship a matter of commerce to save hotel bills. Yet I often think we never know where the pinch comes on others, what plans we disarrange, what pleasures are resigned without a word, when we make our unheralded visits.

Old School Teacher would find calling in the city has its drawbacks, unless one can afford to order a coupe and make a business of it, which to those who have little time and many acquaintances, is really an economy. One's friends have a trick of living "all over" town, some are not readily accessible by car, to reach others one must perhaps take two lines. Three or four calls in the regulation hours are as many as one can comfortably compass in an afternoon, without a carriage.

I saw a suggestion recently, somewhere, that struck me as being practicable; it was simply to apply a city fashion to country living, that of having an "at home" day, once a week, or once in two weeks, when one would be at home and prepared to see company. Somebody will probably rise to remark this is too much "style" for the country, but I notice that a good many of our "stylish" customs are pretty good ideas in their way, after all. I think such a custom, once established, in a populous neighborhood, would be very pleasant and enjoyable, without formality, and tend very greatly to general sociability and good feeling.

Here's Huldah Perkins scares me so I nearly tumble from the editorial perch by threatening me with "correction," then dismisses me with a "rod in pickle" over my head till a "more convenient season!" I suppose I may cling to my heresies in regard to homemade rugs and patchwork a week or two longer. There *was* an excuse for patchwork when prints were scarce and costly, there is none now, unless indeed for a very aged grandmother, who yet, if able to sew at all, could "put in her time" elsewhere to greater profit. No, Huldah, on these two topics I belong to that class of women whose minds are like a spare bed—always made up beforehand; I may be "corrected" but I cannot be convinced.

And since Huldah avers it no longer makes her sick to hear wives advised to culture themselves to their husbands' level, and since there is nothing under heaven so cheap as good advice, which, happily—or otherwise—we can generally obtain in abundance without even the trouble of asking for it, I dare venture to express a hope that all our busy housekeepers will yet find time to do just that very thing. Everywhere I see wives and husbands drifting apart for want of sympathy, a common interest in each other's inner life. I am by no means inferring that the wife's intellectual level is not, usually, on a par with her husband's, but I cannot help seeing that a great many women allow the family cares,—the dinners and the buttons and the babies—to absorb them to the exclusion of the deeper significance of the marital relationship. Then we soon have a husband spending his evenings away from home because his wife has nothing to say to him beyond the day's annoyances, and a wife complaining her husband is always taciturn or sleepy. One is apt to feel there is no

particular need of being conversationally brilliant when a husband constitutes one's entire audience, yet it is by no means a waste of wit, unless the husband chances to be what in popular parlance is termed "a stick."

S. M. G. asserts she discovered a type of femininity "down South" which overthrew all her cherished ideas of the gentler sex. I did not have to journey to Dixie, but encountered a *lulus natura* nearer home, who is a constant and ever unsolved enigma. Thrown by circumstances into propinquity, I can find *nothing* to love, respect or admire in her character. I have never yet heard her speak other than disparagingly of any acquaintance. If others speak well of a person, her voice follows closely with the inevitable "Yes, but—," always derogatory, always overlooking the good qualities to point out the bad. If nothing else is possible, sneering, sarcastic comment on personal points, a peculiarity of complexion, a defect of figure, or criticism on dress or manner is sure to follow. Dogs, cats, canary birds, receive abundant care and affection, and sundry neglected waifs are fed and sent away rejoicing. But for the children of the neighborhood she has only cross looks and crosser words; "little nuisances" is the mildest epithet applied to them. She snubs husband and children in public, always addressing the former by his surname, without the prefix Mr. Always complaining herself, narrating her "symptoms" and claiming sympathy and attention, she has no compassion for another in illness. Her husband was quite sick for a few days, and showed by his bleached and emaciated face that the illness had been really severe. Yet, to him and to those who enquired after him, she spoke as if he were feigning sickness to get rid of work and annoy her by "upsetting" her plans. So far as one can judge, during a year's observation, love is usurped by calculation, charity and all other womanly virtues by the most intense selfishness. She is a standing conundrum to me. I would like to give her credit for her good qualities, could I but discover them. BEATRIX.

FRUITS AS AN ARTICLE OF FOOD.

Mrs. G. H. La Fleur, of Allegan, read a paper on the above subject before the West Michigan Fruit Growers' Society, at the June meeting, which we give below, omitting the introduction and *finale* for want of space:

Apples stand at the head as the most useful of all fruits. They are excellent in many ways and all ways. They are lovely, fresh, on our dinner tables for dessert. We can them, pickle, jelly, make into vinegar, and make apple butter. We all know how delightful is a well-made apple pie—it is the queen of pies. Good sweet ones are excellent baked; tart ones are delicate and delicious halved, the core removed, the cavity filled with white sugar, and baked. Stewed ones are much improved by being spread on tins, sprinkled with sugar, and baked. Apples, as well as all fruits as far as practicable, should be cooked in their own juices. The ways are almost legion in which we can utilize this excellent fruit.

We ought to have peaches—we ought to have all we want if we can get them. We

are not so sure of them as of the apple. They are delightful. Everyone is fond of peaches, or ought to be. If one were to say he was not fond of this lovely fruit we should be afraid of him; we would naturally conclude he was destitute of a cultivated taste. This delicate fruit is so perishable that we resort to various ways of preserving, such as canning, spicing, pickling, jelling, etc. In each they are delicious if carefully and properly done. Many persons, I think, make a great mistake in canning peaches. They sacrifice too much for looks. Canned peaches are often lovely to the eye, but utterly flat and insipid to the taste. I believe in a due regard for looks, and admit that food which is pleasing to the eye is often more gratifying to the taste, but this should not be carried too far. Peaches are often put up in a too unripe state—too hard—that they may come through the process retaining their form in an unbroken condition. This is a great mistake. To have this lovely fruit perfect we should allow it to remain on the tree until fully ripe, until by taking it in hand it yields readily to the pressure. They should then be prepared, placed in a steamer, and steamed until the pieces are thoroughly cooked, which may be known by their settling down in the dish. They should then be slipped out carefully into a bright pan and allowed to become perfectly cold. Then add three-fourths pound of white sugar. Put over the fire and bring to a boiling point, or allow them just to boil up, then remove and can immediately. If carefully done the fruit will not be broken, you will have all the delicious aroma of a peach ripened and colored on the tree, and the syrup will be beautifully clear, almost white. By this process the natural flavor of the fruit is retained to a much greater degree than by any other method I have ever tried. It is also economical, as the long boiling of sugar with acid fruit converts cane into grape sugar, and we lose one-fifth of its sweetening qualities.

Pears should be grown in abundance. They are very delicate when they are ripe—I mean the best varieties. Flemish Beauty and Bartlett are nice for canning. Too much cannot be said in favor of canned pears. Some fruit is greatly injured by cooking, but this lovely fruit bears cooking very well. Baked in light puff paste, with no flavoring but their own, canned pears make a delicate and delicious pie. Cooked in spiced syrup, made of best vinegar, one pint, and three pounds good sugar, they make an appetizing pickle for the tea-table. They can be dried as readily as apples, and this is a good way of saving a surplus.

The quince has always been esteemed a very choice fruit. This is because it can only be grown in certain localities, and also on account of its high and peculiar flavor and rich and lovely looks. Quinces canned by the process named for peaches would require longer cooking, and a little water to the sugar to make sufficient syrup. Quinces make one of the loveliest jellies, as we all know.

Plums and cherries are always prized as delicious, and are nice in any and every way.

In the warm June days comes the strawberry, that prince of berries, with its delicious coolness, to refresh us. I would particularly recommend the process named for canning peaches, only more sugar should be added—one-half pound to one pound makes them about right. This process I think eminently desirable for all kinds of small fruits.

The currants with their nutritious and medicinal qualities are just what we need during the heated term. The red currant is unequalled for jelly—it seems designed for that. The black currant makes a very delicious canned fruit. Few persons, I think, are aware how entirely delightful they are in this way, or they would be more extensively grown and used. They lose in cooking the musky aroma so disagreeable to many. Wash them well in tepid water before cooking, during which process the

natural aroma undergoes an entire change, and when done they are simply perfect.

Gooseberries are excellent, canned with plenty of white sugar. When done a beautiful, clear jelly is formed among the berries, which is quite as delightful to the eye as to the taste.

Blackberries, raspberries, whortleberries, cranberries—indeed all of the edible berry family—are greatly relished and are very healthful.

Last but not least, I mention the fruit of the vine. Superior to all of the small fruits is the grape in healthful qualities and nutrition. I have read that one might subsist on grapes alone—that they contain all of the qualities necessary to sustain human life. Be that as it may, we all know that they will allay hunger and thirst. We only wish we could preserve them in a fresh state at least half of the year, that we might have all we wish to eat. Yet we are thankful we can save this useful fruit by cooking, that we may have it the entire year. For canning grapes have two dishes—slip them out of the skins, drop the pulp containing the seeds into one dish and the skins into the other. After this is done put the pulp into a preserving pan and boil until the seeds are set free. They will then drop to the bottom of the pan. Pour the pulp from the seeds, add to the skins and boil until tender, adding one-half pound of sugar just before removing from the fire—then can. Grapes put up in this way are unsurpassed for sauce. This also makes one of the most delicious pies imaginable.

A good supply of fruit jellies is greatly appreciated. They are essential in sickness and we enjoy them in health. The juices of the fruits for jelly-making should be reduced nearly to proper consistency by boiling 20 or 30 minutes, removing the scum; then add the sugar, boil a few minutes more, and it is done. Three-fourths pound of sugar to one pint of juice is enough for most fruits, excepting the red currant, which requires one pound. By this process you do not lose sugar by skimming it away, the jelly will be clearer, lighter colored, and finer flavored.

I would recommend the putting up of fruit syrups. A few bottles of blackberry, raspberry, strawberry or other fruit syrups are very useful and add greatly to the comfort of a family. The juice of any good fruit boiled down, with sufficient sugar to make it rich enough to keep, is useful in many ways. It is nice for flavoring sauces and creams. A tablespoonful in a glass of cold water makes a delightful beverage when the mercury is at 96. Such syrups are useful in preparing relishes for invalids.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

PLASTER of Paris ornaments may be cleaned by covering them with a thick layer of starch, letting it dry thoroughly, and then brushing with a stiff brush.

SOME of our housekeepers prevent the formation of mould on jellies by covering them as soon as they are cool, with a half-inch layer of fine dry sugar.

To wash a rag carpet, free from dust and lay on the grass. With a stiff broom scrub it well with hot soapsuds; then scrub it well with clean hot water, after which rinse it off with clear cold water; hang up and dry.

MUCH unnecessary suffering is caused by allowing the skin of a sick person to become so tender by constant lying in bed that at length it breaks, or is literally worn through. If there is the least redness, or even before that, if there is fear that the skin may be tender, touch the places with the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth, in which is mixed two teaspoonfuls of spirits of wine.

THE clearness of jelly depends upon the absolute separation of the pulp from the juice by straining; if the jelly bag of flannel is dipped in hot water, then wrung as dry as possible, less juice will be wasted than if the bag must first become saturated with the juice before it can begin to run through.

MISS CORSON says the simplest preventive of mould on jellies, jams, etc., is a circle of white paper dipped in brandy, and an air-tight covering of paper brushed with white of egg. Fruits containing many small seeds are most apt to ferment; the seeds being coated with a silicious substance which seems to defy the preservative action of heat.

TO PUT a permanent shine—that is one that will last two or three weeks—on a copper tank, the *New England Farmer* advises: Sift through a flour sieve some coal ashes in which you are sure there are no wood ashes mixed. Take a half cup of sour milk and dip a cloth in it, and then into the sifted ashes, and rub the copper all over, being sure to touch every part. Wash it off in clear water and wipe dry with a clean cloth. Rub the galvanized iron lid with Bristol brick before beginning to rub the other part, which must not be touched by soap at the risk of making spots. This is an easy and lasting way to clean copper.

WE would be glad to receive tested recipes for pickles, catsups, sauces, etc., in time to be of value to our housekeepers during the season for putting up such articles.

A CORRESPONDENT desires to be told the difference between tapestry and body Brussels carpet. In tapestry Brussels the designs are not woven through the foundation, as in body Brussels, and will wear off, leaving an unsightly, ugly gray surface. It is good economy to pay the difference, and buy the better quality.

Useful Recipes.

SWEET CRACKERS.—Four pounds flour, half a pound each of loaf sugar and butter, and a pint and a half of water; add soda and cream of tartar, and make as you do soda crackers.

BUTTER CRACKERS.—One cup butter, two quarts flour, teaspoonful salt. Rub the butter into the flour, wet up with cold water, knead thoroughly; pinch off bits of the dough, and roll each cracker separately.

SODA CRACKERS.—Nine cups flour, one cup lard or butter, two teaspoonfuls salt, one of soda, and two of cream of tartar; rub all thoroughly in the flour, then add two cups of cold water; mix well and roll thin; prick each with a fork and bake quickly.

OATMEAL CRACKERS.—Sift three cups of oatmeal and mix it with two cups of rich milk. Set it in a cool place for six hours. Sift a cupful of Graham flour with a teaspoonful of salt and one of baking powder. Work this into the oatmeal. Roll the dough to the thickness of a quarter of an inch and cut into squares. Then lay them on a greased tin, wash the surface of the crackers with milk, and bake in a moderate oven for about fifteen minutes, being careful not to let them burn.