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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

WHAT RULES THE WORLD.

They say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea,
He wields a mighty scepter
O'er lesser powers that be;
But a power mightier, stronger,
Man from his throne has hurled,
"For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

In deep, mysterious conclave,
'Mid philosophic minds,
Unraveling knotty problems,
His native forte man finds;
Yet all his "ics" and "isms"
To heaven's four winds are hurled,
"For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

Behold the brave commander,
Staunch mid the carnage stand,
Behold the guidon dying,
With the colors in his hand,
Brave men they be, yet craven,
When this banner is unfurled,
"The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

Great statesmen govern nations,
Kings mold a people's fate,
But the unseen hand of velvet
These giants regulate.
The iron arm of fortune
With woman's charm is purled,
"For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

—American Israelite.

PICNIC GOSSIP.

The "Farmers' Picnic,"—doesn't that title suggest everything free, large and comfortable, in short, a good time generally? Beholding the multitude assembled, the large grove and surrounding fields thick with horses and wagons, I was led to inquire what portion of the United States participated in the picnic at Pleasant Lake, and was informed two counties. I fear this may seem to the reader a small fraction of our country, but there were a great many present. Some estimated the number at four thousand, others much higher. Our eyes are still weary from gazing through the mists of dust, and over the shining waters of the lake. Not only man, but all the world was dust. We walked in it, we breathed it; our handkerchiefs and pockets were filled with it; we ate it,—in brief, we received a baptism in our native element. But we are progressing slowly, and there is a great deal to be seen to-day in Vanity Fair.

Here we shall meet many of our old friends from other towns, see what sort of husbands they have, comment generally on their appearance and affairs; the young ladies will criticise each others' beaux in the most delightful manner, the old ladies will

gossip and prophesy about the young couples as they swing the babies in the hammocks, which thread the grove like a net-work, even down to the blue waters of the lake. The little girls are promenading by twos and threes, arm in arm. How full of interest are tiny things for the young, wondering eyes! It seems to me wonder is the finest attribute of childhood; a beautiful guide, before it so many and fine mysteries unfold. Strange, sweet influence! I have seen it in the eyes of a woman, too, as she looked into the face of her lover, and it seemed a marvelous grace as of childhood lingering round her. But there's Mirah C—"that used to be," she's Mrs. — now. She is trying to quiet a fractious youngster of about three years' sturdy growth, who is tired of picnicing. She is thinner than of yore, but has the same kind smile and sensible manner. Her husband is at least a foot too tall for her, and I wonder if she doesn't know his pantaloons are much too large? Of course that thought never suggested itself to him, for men never (?) think of personal adornment, unless, indeed, it be the matter of a mustache. I had a friend, who in absence raised a vigorous beard; sort of a rainbow over his mouth, only it was all red, and young forests on the sides of his face. I told him I didn't think it improved his appearance, whereon he said "Women were full of whims, and in the face of them wouldn't listen to reason." It was a tender subject. Indeed, it quite broke up our friendship!

How does it happen that "everybody knows young D— disappointed Miss B—"? I didn't, and when some friends of the young lady were pathetically conversing about the "disappointment," I asked, in what did he disappoint her? "Why, in marriage," one of them replied.

"She didn't marry him, how can she be disappointed in marriage?" I questioned.

"Well, in love, then," the lady replied. "Disappointed in love? I must say that's impossible," I persisted. "She may be disappointed in man, nothing unusual; but not in love. That's not in harmony with the philosophy of loving."

"You don't mean to say," said she, casting upon me a look which signified, You're very inexperienced and unfeeling, "that there is philosophy in love?"

"Certainly I do," I replied. "There is blindness in it, and there is intense emotion, but there's a great deal of philosophy in it; there's the keenest criticism, and the finest comparison." I do not mean to say woman's philosophy is so cold that she may not gather her love and fold it in her pray-

ers, that she will not against all the world's scorn wear it as a diadem; but I do claim love is so grand and beautiful a spiritual development, it is not dependent for existence upon any human being proven faithless. The lives we love develop our love-natures, and about these human centres love glows, thrills, radiates, and is glorified. I don't mean to say, either, that woman's philosophy is man's, or that one woman's philosophy is in harmony with another's. I have heard men, and women, too, say they could find happiness with any one of half a dozen or more whom they could love, if the one most desired could not be possessed. This commends itself as the truly wise philosophy. You who think there is but one man or woman in the world, consider its sustaining power in the midst of disappointment!

But there's young Smart in a boat, just pushing off with his sweetheart Mary B—. He is tugging away at the oars—a cigar in his mouth, won't he be entertaining?—and nearly knocked off his lady's hat by running against a placard standing in the water announcing a dance on the island.

Sarah Simper looks on, and sneeringly remarks something to the pompous dandy by her side. My dear simpleton, I soliloquized within myself. don't put on airs. I happen to know your "dear fellow" borrowed three dollars of my father to give himself and you to-day's pleasure.

"Look at that trio," said a friend at my elbow. I turned and saw a carriage with three occupants. One rather contracted seat, one girl on each side, Mr. Selflove taking two-thirds of the seat out of the middle. Query: What compensation had the girls for such discomfort?

Conscript Fathers! I wonder if our sires used to do this way? I've been looking them over to-day, and—may be I'm pessimistic, I hope I am, when I say I fear their boys won't equal them. Haven't I cause to doubt? Here's a knot of intelligent farmers talking just behind me, and one of them says, "I tell you, fair dealing and honest labor have gone out of fashion. If a man should say he wanted to do a good day's work for an honest price, we'd all think he ought to go to Kalamazoo."

There's a good old-fashioned steadfastness, and the stamp of genuine honesty about many of the old farmers which invites this "piece of my mind;" they strike me as more attractive, generally, than their sons. There's young Snogs, I'd like to see his ears boxed, making eyes over the lemonade counter at the pretty waiter-girl. What does he consist of but big, bulging black

eyes, white teeth, with a drooping mustache, and a watchchain?

"But, now 'just a word' for the farmers' girls; they're not 'altogether lovely.' Here's Miss Pink. She's a stranger to every one around, but some how we learn that 'we have three hundred acres;' that 'we' think we are very pretty, etc., is also strongly impressed upon us, but most of us are sufficiently ancient in opinion to recall the old adage, 'hand-some is' etc.

There is always one spectacle of exceedingly sorrowful import at public gatherings, the young wives grown so old and worn in a few years; as though their hearts and brains had ached until the life in them was weary. They are victims, sacrificed upon an altar from which long ago the scant gilding of love has worn off. Heaven! Is it not cruel that woman, who pleads as for her life that the man she loves be pure and loyal in nature, she who enfolds in her being love fraught with the beauty of holiness as the inspiration of her joy and her suffering, she,—“Well, she would marry him,” they say. Ah, cruel strife, cruel judgment of “Vanity Fair” I wonder, *is* marriage “a lottery?”

There was an address; I have not forgotten it, though omitting to mention the fact before. Prof. Willets, of the Agricultural College, spoke on agriculture and land-tenure. It was excellent, though heard by few, and by them not without disturbing elements. There were—shall I tell?—fortune wheels, liquor salesmen, not to mention lemonade counters, auctioneering, etc., none too remote from the speakers' stand. It would seem where the well-to-do farmers of several counties were assembled, the expenses of the organization might be met without the aid of some of the aforesaid “concerns.” But “let us have no meandering.” Prof. Willets claimed that “land and air and water were man's right by nature, but as every right has its limitations, this has also. As yet, but one-tenth of the land on the globe is under cultivation. When we find land occupied, we will pass on. We, here in Michigan, have passed on. There's a great deal of talk now about dividing up, but it is mostly by men who wouldn't own a farm twenty-four hours if they had one, and men you couldn't hire to stay on a farm and do a day's work. No, we will not divide up just yet, we'll pass on.” He told us of the origin of the farmhouse. Back in the old Roman and Grecian times, land was owned by the state, and rented out now to this family, now to another. As the friends died, they were buried on the rented land, and the family bringing yearly their libations of grain and fruit to the grave, said we ought to have a home here, and the state agreed. So sprang up the home, with its sweet influences. In speaking of the size of farms, he asked his hearers if one hundred and sixty acres were not all a man needed, or could successfully cultivate. Said we should beware how we gave land to corporations, “for they never die.” “If you hold a thousand acres, your children will distribute it. The people will get at it.” He mentioned the fact of several immense grants to individuals being demanded, and in time occupied by the

people. As for individuals, the penalty for trying to hold too much is the loss of all. A man no sooner climbs his garden fence than he has to take a partner, and his horses or cattle, tenants and hired men are partners who take their pay as they go, and the farmer has whatever is left.

He noted the value of personal superintendence, quoting as true to-day Aristotle's saying: “The best manure is a man's own foot.” He stated fifteen years as the longest time of successful producing on very large farms, the large farms of Dakota showing decreasing powers now, after ten years of cultivation. He also noted the sterility of the land once a part of large plantations in the east and south. Among other facts, he said it took the virility and strength of one acre of land to make a man. He called attention to one thing of which a good deal will be said in the next ten or fifteen years, viz., that a man has no right to sell his farm for more than he gave, or thereabouts, showing the fallacy of this argument by saying: “While a man does not own the land, he does own the improvements, and if you farmers who came to Michigan when the blows of your ax fell noiseless in the forests, can sell your farms for every day's work and every dollar you've put in them, you'd better complete the bargain before the day closes.”

LESLIE.

S. M. G.

DIVORCE, AND WHY?

When we look over the records of the courts, who is not unpleasantly impressed by the number of divorce cases there docketed, and the numerous instances where the alleged cause is too puerile. Yet the number granted is a large proportion of those asked for. Many marry and live together a few months only, then one or the other sues for divorce, alleging cruelty, abuse or some other “taking term.” Very likely the other is by this time tired of the marriage tie, no defense is offered, and they go free.

At other times a few years intervene between marriage and divorce, and a number of little children are added to the reasons that should keep the parents true to their marriage vows. But, alas, nothing can stand in the way of human desires. “Betsy and I are out,” and nothing but divorce, absolute and untrammelled, will satisfy. Is it not strange that people will so very blindly rush into what should be a life union at least, with so little knowledge of each other's character, habits, temperament or appetites, that disgust will so soon follow on the marriage unity?

A lady, happily married, once told me that her mother said to her, while she had the proposal under consideration; “Well, my girl, marry him if you think best, and if you find you can't get on with him, come back to mother.” I verily believe many pronounce the marriage vow with the mental reservation “until divorce do us part,” instead of death. While the divorce laws are so liberal and so laxly administered, we will probably see no improvement, but rather the reverse. When a young couple, after a reasonable length of acquaintance and opportunity of ascertaining each other's antecedents and characteristics, with

mutual respect and esteem, enter into the marriage relation, with an expectation of fulfilling its requirements and responsibilities, we may reasonably expect a goodly share of happiness to result; and if each, recognizing their own short-comings and infirmities, will accord to the other the forbearance they themselves need, their union may prove a foretaste of heaven, even if fortune frown instead of smile.

My friend suggests that love was not mentioned as a necessary element in a happy marriage. If by love is meant that fiery, passionate attraction that attaches to the person only, without reference to character or habits, blind or oblivious to everything but the idol, I would say better leave it out altogether. A much milder form of affection, founded on a solid respect and esteem for the other's virtues and enduring qualities, will develop into a far deeper and more lasting love than this blind ephemera, that will burn itself out with possession, and turn into disgust when the practical duties of life destroy the glamour of fickle fancy. This may be termed heretical, but I believe there are many very happy married couples where neither married their first fancy, and many who did so marry who hopelessly wail its consummation.

When young people marry, knowing that one or the other have habits that will be likely to cause unhappiness, the old maxim that “as one makes a bed they must lie upon it,” is very fitting. If a young man marries a girl whom he knows to be careless in dress, or disorderly in habits, of an idle disposition, prone to gad and gossip, he has no reason to complain if his house is ill-kept, and his children and himself neglected.

If a young woman, in spite of warning persists in marrying a man already wedded to tobacco or strong drink, she has no right, when these things fill her home with trouble, to invoke the aid of the law to punish the bigamist. She took the second place with knowledge of the prior attraction, and should abide the consequences.

In many cases, I believe the knowledge of the ease with which the law will unyoke the married, incites them to feel its cares a burden, and provokes a tendency to throw them off, instead of patiently bearing them. It also encourages license in thought and act. Does it not strike home to every one how soon divorce is followed by the marriage of one or the other of the parties, generally the one prosecuting the suit. If separation of person and division of property could be decreed between incompatibles, without privilege of re-marriage, I believe many would find their chains less galling, and divorce courts would have less business.

To me, the worst feature of this divorce business is to see old people, with hair whitening for the grave, who have raised large families, find out at that late date that they are incompatible, and drag their grievances through the mire of a divorce court. Ah me! It seems to me that whatever develops so late in life, might be borne for the sake of the happy past, for the few years yet to come. If people must separate it should be found out earlier in life.

Divorce is necessary to protect the de-

luded, misguided and wronged, but the door should be double-barred, and all avenues to it be strongly picketed; none to be permitted release except those who, innocent themselves, were the victims of wrong, oppression or folly so unbearable that mercy and justice combine in counselling the breaking of the fetters, and letting the oppressed go free.

INGLESIDE.

A. L. L.

WHY YOUNG MEN FEAR TO WED.

I saw in the *HOUSEHOLD* a few weeks ago an article entitled "Why Girls Dread to Marry." As I had never observed any particular fear or reluctance to marry on their part, I read the reasons given with considerable curiosity. As it is often said that young men are not so willing to marry as they once were, but seem contented to struggle along in "single-blessedness," I thought perhaps some of the girls might be interested in knowing why *young men* dread to marry. Wild Rose seems to insinuate a good many girls wish they had not married; I suppose, though, it has never occurred to her that a young man may sometimes have occasion to wish the same thing.

In the first place, a young farmer who has to make a beginning with but little property, don't stand much show with even farmers' girls, along with the clerks in the stores, or the young doctors and dentists in the village, who put all their earnings on their backs and "stand off" the landlady for board. And then, when a poor young man marries, his wife is not contented with what he can give her, but wants to have things just as they were at home, all the comforts accumulated in her parents' lifetime; and to satisfy her, he often goes in debt against his judgment, and when he does so, soon learns that "debt is danger."

I have heard it said girls run a great risk when they get married. But I never heard anybody mention a man's risks in the same venture. I think he has a few. What guarantee has he that she will prove to be the good-tempered, industrious, economical girl he thought she was before he married her? How does he know she can "cook like mother did," and just as like as not if he questions her ability at the pie business, she will pack up her things and go "home to ma," with a long story of how he abused her. How can he tell she will not insist it is her right to carry the purse and give him a reluctant shilling now and then, according to the new gospel of women's rights?

How is a young man going to find out whether the girl he thinks he would like to marry will not look like an animated rag-bag in a year, with hair in a perpetual halo of curlpapers, holes in her stockings and one button to a shoe? If she "rather likes the smell of a good cigar" before marriage, the chances are ten to one she will drive him out of the house and off the farm if he wants to smoke afterwards. Probably she will snub all his old friends, and give them to understand she has no use for them, and keep the house full of her own folks. And if he does not do just as she wants him to, she goes off into a fit of sulks and will not speak to him for two days—which is some-

times about all the rest he gets from scoldings and complainings. And this little anecdote, which I found in one of our papers, is "just about the size of it" in another respect, too: "A Chinaman is talking to himself as he irons. Picking up a shirt giving evidence of being well cared for, he says: 'Bachelor. Him landlady flix him.' Picks up another, buttonless, ripped, and frayed at the wrists: 'Him married man.'"

There are two sides to this matrimonial matter, and the disappointment is not always on the girls' side. I think young men ought to be very careful what sort of girls they choose; and think well of it before they decide to give up the freedom and comfort of single life and take up the troubles of matrimony.

YOUNG-MAN-AFRAID-OF-THE-GIRLS.

FOR THE GIRLS.

Piano covers are out of style. The latest is a richly embroidered mat, to cover the top of the piano when closed, or lie across the cover when open. These mats are very elegant, richly embroidered, and also very expensive. The patterns are costly, even though the work be done at home. In place of the square cover so long in vogue, scarfs are used on pianos and cabinet organs. The ends are embroidered or otherwise embellished, and finished with fringe.

Gather some of the cat tails and their long, lance-like leaves, and appropriate some of the oats and barley from the barn for the adornment of the parlor and sitting room. Press the leaves of the cat-tails, and fasten them with the latter, upright on the wall behind a large mirror or picture, or above a bracket in a corner. The oats and barley can be disposed in graceful clusters at any convenient point on the walls, under a bow of ribbon. They are very pretty if crystalized with a light coat of alum crystals. Dried grasses, ferns, cat-tails, etc., the crimson plumes of the sumac, and an evergreen bough or two, arranged in a high jar in a corner of the room, make a pretty and unconventional ornament. An old stone churn, decorated in the prevailing manner, is a good receptacle.

A pretty mantel lambrequin is composed of different colored plushes, five pieces forming the whole. Let the centre piece be of the sagegreen, about sixteen inches deep, finished with fringe of the same shade. On either side are pieces of old gold plush about six inches deep, finished with a heavy gold fringe of old gold silk, a finger's length deep, and below a similar fringe of deep wine color. Next to these on either side are pieces of deep wine color the same length as the centre piece, and about twelve inches deep, and finished with the wine-colored fringe. The end pieces are of old gold of the same width and finished as those in front. Gilt crescents are used on the points, and each piece may be ornamented with embroidery in blue and gold. Of course "the girls" understand this pattern can be duplicated in other materials and different colors.

Young ladies who can obtain broad strips of birch bark, can make very dainty calendars of them. Cut twelve sheets, as large

as you can get them. On square visiting-cards, mark the days of the week and dates, copying from any calendar, or an almanac. Put a card on each bark panel, some in the centre, some diagonally, others in a corner. Insert them by cutting with a sharp knife two slits in the bark, not clear through, but just enough to allow a layer to be lifted, and the card slipped in to secure it. Then, if you have any skill with the brush, paint a snow scene for January, brown birds flying across a winter sky for February, crocuses for March, hepaticas and anemones for April, apple bloom for May, and so on, giving each month some flower peculiar to it. October claims the chrysanthemum, November may have autumn leaves, and December holly berries. To the girl who can paint, the birch bark, dried under a weight, with papers between the sheets, holds many possibilities. She can make cards for any occasion, shaving paper holders, blotting book covers, napkin rings, etc., and the strips, fastened to what picture framers call "backing," can be joined together to paint tall hollyhocks, spikes of gladiolus or golden rod for wall decoration. Some clever pen-and-ink work can be done on this bark also.

Palm-leaf fans, ornamented with dried flowers and grasses, are a pretty decoration for walls. The fan can be placed near a mirror, half hidden behind a picture, or arranged above the folds of the portiere, in fact, wherever it relieves the eye by interrupting the monotony of a straight line. The palm leaf should be painted with gold or bronze tincture, and then the grasses tied on to it with a large, stylish bow of a pretty shade of satin ribbon.

SOME GOOD SUGGESTIONS.

A handsome table spread is made of a material called Madras. It can be purchased at from fifty to seventy cents a yard, fifty-two inches wide. Select a pattern with a dark cream ground partly covered with a large figure. A yard and a half will make a good-sized cover. Outline the pattern with gold tinsel and catch it down with white thread. Then line the spread with old gold surah or satteen; finish the edge with tinsel and tack a fancy tassel on each corner.

To make a letter case, cut out of stiff paste-board two heart-shaped pieces; cover with gilt paper and paste a scrap picture in the center of one. Bore a couple of holes in the top of each piece and join them with a piece of silk pleated like a fan and glued on the inside of each part. Draw a ribbon through the holes to hang it up by, and finish with bows of the same on the front and also one at the top. The ribbon should be of the same color as the silk that they are joined with.

Mrs. E. S. McL's washing method has stood the test, and I acknowledge it to be superior to the old way. I use a little soapine to soak the clothes in, and think it a great help. But I believe that soft soap may be used with the same satisfying results. I prefer to rub the badly soiled clothes before boiling and I think it the best way. I sincerely hope that none of our HOUSEHOLDERS are so wedded to their old ways that they will fail to give this a trial.

for it is such a labor-saving way. When taking the clothes in, fold them as you put them in the basket; they will iron so much nicer.

A simple thing, but one that saved me much washing, is a creeping dress for the baby; it can be made of almost any of the baby's old dark slips; run a cord in the bottom hem, and tie above the knees (tuck the skirts in).

A very useful apron for washing and scrubbing is made of the back of a cast-off gossamer circular. PEARL.

GREENFIELD.

BOOKS FOR GIRLS.

All topics seem allowable in the *HOUSEHOLD*, so I will introduce my favorite one—books.

This vacation I have had the opportunity of reading several, and one of the best is "Boots and Saddles," by Elizabeth Custer. It is full of fun, and yet gives a good description of the life of a cavalry regiment in Dakota. The fact that Mrs. Custer, the wife of the commanding officer, is a Michigan woman, adds to the interest. The books by Marlitt, translated from the German by Mrs. Wister, are very good reading. "The Old Mam'selle's Secret" is the best of the series. My old favorites are Miss Alcott's works. What girl has not laughed over Jo's and Laurie's pranks, and sympathized with Polly, the "old-fashioned girl," in her struggle to earn her own living and help her brothers and sisters? Miss Alcott's girls and boys grow to be real friends. We love Rose in "Eight Cousins," and are glad that she helped her boy-cousins to become manly and true. A delightful book for girls is "What the Seven Did," by Margaret Sidney. It is the story of what a club of girls did one vacation, and the fun they had doing it. "Three Vassar Girls Abroad," is both instructive and entertaining. The girls take as their motto, "There are two kinds of girls, those who flirt and those who go to Vassar College," and live up to it nobly. But when it is finished one longs to read "Three Vassar Girls in England," and the privilege to do so has not yet been mine.

I might keep on through columns and not mention all the splendid books written for girls, while I dare not even attempt to speak of those which do not come strictly under that head, and yet help and teach us so much.

A year's subscription for a good magazine is the very nicest kind of a present, for the receiver is pleased every time a new number arrives. The best magazines for children are *Harper's Young People*, *St. Nicholas*, and *Wide Awake*, which always have something which will interest the big folks as well as the little ones. For older people, *Harper's Magazine* is generally considered the best, but the *Atlantic* and *Century* are both splendid.

Perhaps I will tell about some good books for boys next time, for boys need the right kind of literature quite as much as girls.

E. C.
PORT HURON.

GRAPE WINE.—We are in receipt of a recipe for unfermented wine, for S. A. G., which does not materially differ from that

already furnished. The recipe says: "Prepare the fruit as for jelly; use one pint of sugar to three pints of juice. Boil a few minutes. Bottle and seal while hot. Dilute with water when needed for use."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

WHEN a wash-boiler begins to rust and is still too good to cast aside, make a good sized bag of strong muslin or old bed-ticking, put the clothes to be boiled into it, and so save them from rust.

THE old rubber rings which have done duty one season on fruit cans can be renewed for further use by soaking them in strong ammonia water. It renders them pliable and elastic. The expense of new rubbers, however, is not very great, and they are safer.

New iron kettles should be boiled out with wood ashes and cold water before using. Skillets, griddles, &c. should be greased well, and allowed to burn off once or twice, before food is cooked in them.

ACCORDING to *The Corn Miller*, corn-meal kept in any quantity in the ordinary store-room or kitchen atmosphere is apt to become spoiled. Even the grocers do not care to keep any large supply on hand. It will retain its sweetness a long time if a rough block of white Plymouth marble be put in the keg.

A NEW invention promises to revolutionize the process of curing meats as soon as it becomes better known. This is smoked salt, by means of which the usual smoking is made unnecessary. The salt is smoked instead of the meat, and by its use the flavor is readily imparted to the meat, with much less trouble than by the usual process of smoking.

THE insect pests round a house are one of the greatest nuisances of hot weather. But copperas placed round the holes where cockroaches abound will drive them away; and hot alum water poured into the cracks by which any insects enter will make them leave. If the pantry shelves are washed with a strong solution of alum the little red ants will abandon them.

LEMONADE is something that is usually made on the happy-go-lucky principle. But there is a right way to make it, and the right way is the best. Place on a platter two level tablespoonfuls of sugar for each lemon; wipe the lemons, and roll them over the sugar till enough oil is extracted to flavor it slightly. Pour the sugar into a pitcher; squeeze into it the juice of the lemons, add two tablespoonfuls of water to each lemon, stir till the sugar is dissolved, strain to remove seeds and bits of pulp, and add enough ice-cold water to make it palatable. Lemonade is one of the most refreshing and healthful drinks one can use in summer; we can hardly use it too freely.

WE are constantly in receipt of requests to reprint this, that or the other recipe or article, because the applicant has lost the issue of the *HOUSEHOLD* containing it, or for some such reason. Generally speaking,

we cannot grant such requests, but will in preference, send if possible a copy of the desired number. But we would urge those of our readers who are interested in the *HOUSEHOLD* to keep the numbers as they are issued, believing they will be found useful for reference in many cases; and that the benefits gained will be much greater than the slight trouble involved. Our recipes are principally tested formulas furnished by experienced cooks, and the suggestions and labor-saving methods such as are practiced by good housekeepers. Often reference is made to previous issues, and those who keep a file can trace back the allusion and often profit through it. The Editor's articles on prevailing fashions will be found reliable, plain and sensible, always up with the styles, and suitable to the people who read the *FARMER*. Moreover, at the end of the year, the 52 "little papers" make a nice volume, which can be bound at home or at the printer's, and which no woman need be ashamed to add to the family library. By all means keep the *HOUSEHOLD*.

Useful Recipes.

PEACH BUTTER.—To twelve pounds of fruit allow four pounds of sugar and a pint of vinegar. Boil over a steady fire till it is like jam, stirring constantly at the last to prevent burning.

PEACH JAM.—Allow one-third the weight of the fruit in sugar, put on the fire, boil gently and steadily until sufficiently thick, stirring frequently, and skimming as necessary. It may require two hours' boiling. Imperfect fruit can be used for jam and for peach butter.

PEACH PRESERVES.—Pare the peaches, remove the stones, and lay the halves in layers in a porcelain lined kettle, with an equal quantity of sugar. Let stand over night. In the morning boil the fruit—skimming it when necessary, till it begins to look transparent, when it is done.

SWEET PICKLED PEACHES.—The fruit may be pared or the fur brushed off, used whole or halved and the pits removed, as preferred. Weigh the fruit when prepared, allow half the weight in sugar, and a pint of vinegar and a tablespoonful of whole spice to each pound of sugar. Boil the sugar and vinegar together, skimming carefully; when it is clear put in as many peaches as will float, boil till the begin to soften, skim out, and when all the peaches are cooked put in the spice and boil the syrup till it thickens. Put the peaches in jars, pour the hot syrup over them and seal.

The above are furnished by Miss Juliet Corson, the well-known writer on domestic topics.

WATERMELON PRESERVES.—Cover the bottom and sides of a kettle with grapevine leaves, put in a layer of rind, having cut off the outside green part, and another layer of leaves. In each layer put a small piece of alum, cover with leaves and put a wet towel over the top and water enough to cover well; let them simmer an hour, then take them out into a dish. Make a syrup of a pound of sugar and a pint of water to a pound of rind. When the scum ceases to rise put in the fruit and let it simmer a half hour; then take it out on a dish and let the syrup simmer an hour. Put in the fruit again and simmer another half hour. Take it all out and let it stand till morning. Then pour off the syrup and boil until thick as honey and pour over the rind in a jar. Season with ginger or whatever you prefer.