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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

WOMAN'S WORK.

BY A. H. J.

To wash and bake, to mend and make,
And weary steps of toil to take;
To cook and scour, to dust and sweep,
And all the house in order keep.
To rise at morn and o'er and o'er
Do duties done the day before;
And know that in to-morrow's train
Will come the same things o'er again,
And often to herself to say,
The old, old lines, in weary way:
"From dawn of day till setting sun
Woman's work is never done."

To watch and pray, to gladly take
Love's crosses for Love's crowning's sake,
To joy and grieve, to smile and weep;
Her deepest thought in silence keep.
To teach and lead; to hope and trust;
Have hope betrayed as woman must,
To gently chide, to cheer and bless
And bear with patient tenderness
Her burdens all; nor shrink away,
But bravely look ahead and say:
"From dawn of life till setting sun,
Woman's work is never done."

THOMAS.

A BUSINESS EDUCATION FOR GIRLS.

Miss Mary Booth, editor of *Harper's Bazar*, says very truly that it has been a theory with most of us that education in books, and according to precedents, must be obtained, regardless of circumstances of life or peculiar aptitude. She calls this "an unfortunate education," and further observes that the fitness of things is as much to be considered in education as elsewhere. We are compelled to admit that a wrong idea of education still prevails, though the world at large is gradually being awakened to a truer apprehension. Too much reliance is placed upon books and schools. Parents who were deprived of educational advantages during their own youth and have felt their deficiencies, naturally desire to educate their children. Unfortunately, their idea is only of a "book learning," which a practical world is now convinced is only one means to the great end. Just as young men are finding out that a college education is not the best preparation for that labor which brings in bread-and-butter, young women are deciding the salvation of the sex lies in a collegiate course, and with characteristic "grit," are hurrying to obtain it, regardless of what they will do with it when obtained.

Now, I am not decrying education, its need or its benefits. Get as much as we may, we have none too much, and the more knowledge we have the more deeply

is our real ignorance impressed upon us. But I do wish to say something about one branch of practical education. The paths of learning are infinite in number; we cannot travel them all. We need most those that will help us best. There is one thing in which the training of girls, especially, is sadly neglected, and that is in what might be called a "business education." I believe one of the essential parts of a girl's education is a knowledge of the value of money, and of the common forms of business law, by which its circulation is governed. "The use or abuse of money, its right or wrong use, is the utmost test of character, and the root of happiness or misery throughout our lives," says a modern writer, a woman whose experience of life enables her to speak with precision. Money is a trust, a great responsibility, yet whatever else we shirk we are all of us quite ready to assume its obligations. We never have quite enough of it, because our desires continually outstrip our resources. Yet how much of what we have we spend unwisely!

But how are girls to be taught to expend money wisely, when they never get it to handle? asks somebody. "Aye, there's the rub!" The opposite sex have for so long been the purse-bearer that it seems a hazardous experiment to most of them, to unloose the purse strings. The writer quoted in the preceding paragraph says: "Was it not intended, in the distribution of duties between the sexes, that the man should earn, the woman spend; he accumulate, she expend, especially as women generally have by nature a quality in which men are often fatally deficient—the infinite capacity for taking trouble." The average woman, if she has been taught the value of money, is more economical than man, more prudent and saving. I know more than one home in this city, which is managed on this principle; the husband's earnings are turned over to the wife, who provides for the needs of the family, and by her prudent management puts by a little against the proverbial "rainy day." But the women who thus wisely expend the income have learned, by experience, the possibilities and limitations of money; an education only to be gained by experience. To that end, I would, had I daughters, give them an allowance, a certain stated sum, to be paid weekly or monthly, to be expended as they saw fit, but requiring of them a statement of what they had done with it. To be allowed too great license in the matter of expenditure, is as bad as to be allowed none at all. Then, as they grew older, I should accustom them to buying

their own clothing, believing that mother is in error who makes grown-up babies of her daughters by always choosing and planning their wardrobes herself. I should exercise a slight supervision over their purchases, to prevent any imposition on their ignorance, and perhaps advise against a foolish bargain, yet allowing them to feel they alone were responsible. It is only by practice in selection, a study of her needs, with courage to give up what is beautiful but unsuitable or incongruous, that a girl learns to spend wisely. She had better learn this lesson while young, for learn it she must. It is the women who have never had the handling of money who are recklessly extravagant or improvident if they come into its possession. I have heard of a grown woman who having earned a small sum of money, went to town to make some purchases. She needed shoes, gloves, underclothing, and bought—a gold brooch. The desire to possess the ornament obscured her pressing needs; had she been accustomed to expending money, she would have chosen more judiciously.

The second and not less important point I consider instruction in ordinary business forms, such as how to write a receipt, make out a bill, draw a note or check, keep accounts, etc. I waited ten minutes one day for a woman,—a bright, intelligent little woman, too—to make out a receipted bill of several items. After several failures she pettishly tore up her last attempt, and said, "Do make it out yourself and I'll sign it!" In the postoffice the other day a young woman asked me to show her how to fill out a money order blank, after carpeting the floor with her failures, and really, she required as much instruction as a child of ten years ought. I would have girls taught all such things, for that is indeed a secure, sheltered life, into which the need of such knowledge does not at some time enter.

How much more competent is a girl brought up to know the uses of money, and the forms governing the ordinary business transactions of life, to become the intelligent manager of the family income when she marries! She is competent to make a given sum "go further" than a man possibly can, because of her "infinite capacity for taking trouble," whereas a man usually disdains to practice the small economies; he deals with larger interests and sums seem relatively less to him than to her. The young girl, just married, assumes her new right to her husband's pocket-book with some diffidence. If she means to win him to that generosity which knows neither

"mine" nor "thine," but only "ours," she must exercise her trust judiciously, and convince her husband that his earnings will not be frittered away for whatever she happens to fancy at the moment, regardless of present necessities and future needs. And let me tell you, girls, a great deal of your future happiness and prosperity, not to speak of convenience, will depend on how you begin in this very important particular. Assume your right without hesitancy or reluctance; regard it as a trust you are to discharge to your mutual advantage for the common good, convince him of your ability and good judgment, and the "money question" will be solved, unless he is "tight as the bark to a tree," in which case you should have discovered it and declined his proposal.

You fathers, with girls growing up around you, do not expect them to work hard for their food and shelter, and feel you do your duty by "giving them a home." They work for your interests, and deserve a share of your income. Be just to them; trust them with what they have rightfully earned, and teach them, as well as your sons, how to take care of property. There would be fewer extravagant, wasteful women, fewer unhappy homes, if girls could have the same advantages in training and business habits that men have.

BEATRIX.

MOTHERLESS GIRLS.

Motherless Girls! Do we ever stop to think of the full import of these words? Many girls and many women know only too well. To those who have not been bereft of a mother, the words have but a slight significance compared with those who have suffered the loss. When a girl loses her mother she loses her most faithful friend, the one who loves her with a love akin to the Divine; she loses affection, sympathy, guidance, and companionship which can never be supplied. When a girl loses her mother during childhood, she grows up without the tender caresses and uncounted endearments that make childhood bright and happy. She may fall among kind friends, be kindly cared for and grow up a happy girl, and become a brave, self-reliant woman; her friends may be kind and true, still she does not receive the same heartfelt love that a mother gives. I have seen a mother seemingly very near the gates of death; her sufferings were so great that it seemed it would be merciful to let her "pass through," but the mother-love was so strong that she clung to life for her children's sake. Between the paroxysms of pain and suffering, she would call for her little ones, and would not be satisfied until every one was brought to her bedside, where she could see them. The little girls would stand beside her with tears running down their faces and say "Mamma, are you better?" and during her spasms of pain they would be terrified and constantly exclaim to the attendants, "Will mamma die?" It carried me back to my own lonely childhood, to the time when I stood by the bedside and saw my dearest earthly friend die.

Many girls do not have kindred to care for them, but are thrown among strangers, and grow up without any care except to get

as much work out of them as possible. When they are young they are taken to take care of children smaller than themselves, and as they grow older they are made useful doing housework. These girls have many opportunities of comparing their lives with those of girls having homes and tender, loving mothers. If girls with mothers sometimes go astray, what pity and charity should Christian women show to the erring motherless ones! Christian mothers, when you look upon your bright, happy girls, safely sheltered in your homes and surrounded by your love and protection, give kind words and true friendship to the motherless ones. I believe many girls might be saved from a life of shame if they were made to feel that they had some true friend who really, truly cared for them. I find by inquiry that the majority of the girls at the Industrial School at Adrian are those who have lost their mothers.

It is not only in childhood and young womanhood that a mother is missed, but all through life. When a girl marries and makes a home of her own, how blest is she if she has a true mother to visit her, and encourage and advise her in her new relations! I believe many girls have died young, of home-sickness and longing for mother's love, when they have gone away so far, and adverse circumstances have prevented the mothers from going to them, or their return to the old home. If girls who have mothers miss them so much when they go from home, how dreary is the lot of those who have lost them, and know that the heart longing can never be satisfied.

OLD SCHOOL TEACHER.

TECUMSEH.

A MAN'S IDEA OF A WOMANLY WOMAN.

I have thought for some time that I would like to thank the different contributors to the HOUSEHOLD for the pleasure I have derived from their articles, and as they have invited the men to take part in the discussions, I will send my ideal of a womanly woman.

One beautiful morning in early summer there came to teach our school a girl of sixteen years. After seating us and looking over our books, she said to us little ones: "Now you may go to your play till I call you." The next day, as the morning wore away, she did not invite us to go out to play and we began to whisper among ourselves, who should go and ask permission. Being urged by my playmates I tiptoed up to her and made our wishes known. She smiled, and said, "Why, I supposed little boys came to school to learn." "Yes," said I, "but we would rather play." "Well, I'll tell you what we will do; if you will give me a kiss you may go, and your playmates also; and I will ask your folks, and if they are willing you shall play every day after your lessons are done." It is needless to say she got the kiss, and we had many happy play-times. Subsequently a warm friendship grew up between us and our teacher, and with our own family, a friendship of years. That summer was the one of the most pleasant of my childhood. Years passed by and she married a manly young man, athletic and handsome, but for some

strange reason, after they had a nice little family growing up around them, he spent far too much of his time at the saloons, and finally they lost their home. Although sorely tried, not one word of complaint did she utter, no reproach to or of him she loved. They have started to build a home again, and I believe they will do it. And if not, she'll be a noble woman still.

ALMONT.

GEORGE.

SAVING THE MOMENTS.

Some one did this work before I was born; some one will do it after I am dead; is there no way to secure at least a part of my small span of life from its iron grip? Is there no way to secure bodily comfort to my children without sacrificing every attention to their mental needs? Is there no way to aid my husband in his efforts to secure a competency, and retain for him the quiet and pleasure of a well ordered home, without erasing all trace of culture in myself, and crushing every need of my higher nature? Not that I despise these homely duties; I like them and enjoy doing them, and only complain because they monopolize all the time. Like Brutus of old, while I love them no less, I love "Rome more," and make my moan because the oft recurring dishes and meals, shut out the fresh air, sunshine, music and books. This wail of mine is not a solo, but a chorus which goes up from the hearts of thousands of women, some of whom can not afford the expense of help, others who can not find it, and many who from the habit of years cling to their own ways and that privacy of home which we all know suffers such a breach when a stranger enters it. With all these the question of lightening the inevitable tasks is an all important one, and they must not wait for any great gain, but secure a little here, a little there, and keep their eyes open for more.

Not long ago a new idea popped into my brain while making up my beds, and since then, instead of wearing the fancy pillow and sheet shams of anti-children days, the coverings are left nicely turned down so that their sleepy tenants can creep in alone, and a nightly journey to open the beds is saved. A stranger seldom enters my room, and should one do so, surely good sense would spare criticism, or the lack of it would render her remarks of no weight. There really seems to be but one way to save washing and that is to wear dirty clothes, but the labor may be lightened very much by the use of machines, good soap, and the purchasing of a light grade of cotton—unbleached as A. L. L. recommended, wears longer and washes easier than the bleached, and even here the law of gain and loss appears, for I find that heavy sheets are heavier to wash but easier to iron than light. With a young babe I cancel the item of a daily towel by using a clean soft diaper in its place; and find that print aprons starched slightly and ironed on the wrong side can be turned off more rapidly than gingham, and sometimes murmur, when I see how well they wear and hold color—"What do the wild waves say? Indigo blue for children always at play."

We have been trying seersucker for ou

creeping babes hereabouts, but find that it fades badly and does not wear as well as calico. In an extreme case of "tomboyism" I think I should make up denim to save patching. Well fitted and perhaps trimmed a little it would look neat enough. A friend of mine, who was an incorrigible, was called in one day to put on a new apron of this material. It had been made up with some misgivings over its reception, but once buttoned on, she felt of its texture and exclaimed joyously, "Oh, now I won't have to stop to unhitch." So far as children's skirts and underclothes are concerned, I think a woman liberally educated when she can look upon a garment which is clean and whole as sufficiently trimmed; for I know she can not reach that point without considerable effort to restrain a native love of embroidery and ruffles.

Time can be gained in cooking sufficient vegetables for two meals; potatoes, string beans, dried corn, cabbage when chopped and stewed, and several other things, are just as good if not better when "warmed over." By all these mentioned slights, one will not gain much time; at first glance the few moments hardly look worth saving, but if putting all together, one gains enough to read a story or two from *Babylonia* to her hungry-minded, bright-faced little ones, to stroll idly out into the woods or orchard with them, to gossip a little harmless gossip with her neighbor, or to lie on her couch in perfect rest for half an hour, that very break may give her a world of pleasure and perhaps—who knows—keep her out of a state of invalidism or our crowded insane asylums.

A. H. J.

THOMAS.

THE RIGHTS OF SOCIETY.

The question, What has Society—with a cap S, good Mr. Composer, if you please—a right to expect of us, has been suggested to me by the talk about "Womenly Women" in previous issues, and by Old Schoolteacher's and Evangaline's letters in the *HOUSEHOLD* of Aug 24. We are taught our duty to God and our neighbor in the catechism, but what do we owe that great entirety we call Society, which includes not alone our neighbors and acquaintances, strictly speaking, but also those whom we meet casually, those who know of us but whom we may not know personally, who are strangers yet nevertheless giving and receiving impressions? What do we owe Society, and how shall we pay the debt?

That a pure and upright life is the first great demand, "goes without saying." We all know and acknowledge that. And the next great virtue is, in my estimation, tolerance of the opinions and sincere convictions of others. Two-thirds of the trouble in the world is due to the pig-headed—that's not an elegant word, but it is very expressive—obstinacy which leads us to assume our opinions must be right, and persecute others because they differ with us. It is said no one person sees material objects exactly as another sees them; so differing mental and psychological conditions inevitably cause a divergence of opinion on psychical matters. Naturally, those of similar views will find themselves most in sympathy, but why attack others

whose views may be the outcome of as earnest thought, as good logic, as true a purpose, as our own? We do not relish assault on our own convictions; opposition, ridicule, assault, only intensify our allegiance; every argument brings a rebuttal. Cannot we recognize this peculiarity of human nature in others, and act upon it? We must all agree upon the great laws of right and wrong; they are so plain that none can fail to comprehend them: why must we quarrel so persistently about the particulars, the minor details? I think Macauley pays as high a tribute of praise as the historian can bestow, when the Jacobite bishop, Ken, deposed from his bishopric because of his refusal to take the oath of fealty to the Prince of Orange, is mentioned as passing "a happy and honored old age, after his deposition, during which he never regretted the sacrifices he had made to what he thought his duty, and yet constantly became more and more indulgent to those whose views of duty differed from his." No arrogant assumption that *his* opinions were right, all others wrong, but a generous acknowledgment that though he had acted as he believed he ought, others, from their point of view and reasoning, might see their duty in another way, and be justified in following that way.

Sincerity—"a character which corresponds to the appearance"—we owe to Society, also. In our intercourse with our friends, we need not profess more regard for them than we feel, because we think our cordiality will please; yet we may say all we feel, if it will make our friends happier; and best of all, we can be silent if what we would say would offend or wound. It is one thing to feel what you say, quite another to say what you feel. The latter is often not demanded of us. Frankness and sincerity are synonyms in the dictionary, yet I think the former is often, in some people's lexicons, only another name for rudeness, a cloak to enable them to say spiteful and ill-tempered things which they expect will not be resented, because they have established a reputation for saying them, *i. e.* "being frank." Politeness may be "conventional," insincere, a "mask for hypocrisy" but it is preferable to such "sincerity." It is the "bumper" which keeps the atoms of humanity from jarring against each other; it is the cushion which makes the world comfortable, it distinguishes civilization from savagery, it is the foundation of all social amenities; and ought to be cultivated as a virtue, and as another of our duties to Society.

I believe Society has a right to demand that a man shall not eat pie with his knife; on the principle that he has no moral right to commit any deed which disturbs, distresses or alarms his neighbors. In other words, we owe to Society that observance of her forms and ceremonies which we call good manners.

I also affirm that Society has a right to expect us to dress as well as circumstances and position demand, in a manner suitable to our years and occupation at the time being. We owe it not less to the public than to ourselves to make ourselves attractive, outwardly as well as inwardly, as the sparkle of a gem is evidence of its intrinsic merit. We should be what we seem, and

always seem to be the best we can. A man may be just as good in a dirty shirt as a clean one, but he don't look it. A woman's heart may be as pure and true under a ragged dress, but it need not beat less nobly under a better one if she can get it.

And it may be justly demanded of us all that we be "womanly women." And what is a womanly woman? One whose law of life is love. That includes it all. Under that law she is patient, gentle, kind, unselfish, charitable to humanity's failures as well as its physical needs, self-reliant, but not self-assertive unless needs be; forgiving, yet not condoning the sin for the sinner's sake, with lips that never carry slander, and a heart too noble for malice; a woman "whose soul leadeth us upward and on." Such an one can be safely trusted to decide for herself, from conscience and right judgment, how much she will endure, how much she will forbear, before calling upon the courts to release her from vows she feels sacred, and not less sacred because another has broken them; and whether she asks her freedom or patiently endures, she is ever the same, the truly womanly woman.

BEATRIX.

A HOUSEKEEPER'S EXPERIENCE

If A. H. J. will have a load of coarse clean gravel deposited within sight of her kitchen door, and furnish the little ones with some old iron spoons, she will find it a great help in taking care of the children; they never tire of it and do not get their aprons very dirty. I find that the cover of a superannuated butter-tub makes the nicest kind of a tray for cutting bread upon, leaving no crumbs to be cleaned up; they are also nice for meats.

We have such a nice flower bed this dry summer, due to kitchen slops. Everything that does not belong to the pigs goes to the flowers; thus we dispose of a nuisance and the flower bed is a veritable thing of beauty.

I find it an improvement in children's underwaists to have stays lengthwise instead of a belt; they wear better and admit of several rows of buttons.

Will some one suggest a good receptacle for keeping the table salt from the changes of the atmosphere.

Perhaps Old School Teacher can tell me what to do with plug hats. My better half has got beyond such follies; they are not suitable for the poor; our dray men are supplied—besides they wear white ones—now, as John B. Gough said, "they are not like unto anything in heaven or earth." If some one will tell me how I will decorate them and set them up for household gods a little while. These many years have I kept them and never used them but once, and that was when a hard storm came up while the men had the roof off the house; in my hurry to save my own best bib and tucker, I reversed them—the hats—and they did good service holding water for a time.

I have tried the cotton batting process with fruit with perfect success in cold weather. This summer I determined to try it during the heated term. June 26 I put up a lot of cherries, some in Mason cans, sealing as usual, others in cans sealed with cotton batting; treated all just alike, and set them

side by side in the cellar. July 26 those in self-sealing cans were perfect; the others were spoiled. The fruit did not ferment, however, but formed such a very nasty mould which spoiled the contents of the can.

I tried pickling small ears of corn, as recommended in the *HOUSEHOLD*; they are just beautiful. The recipe for cucumber pickle, given Aug. 3rd, is very nice indeed. The recipe for hard soap given by Aunt Lucy June 15, gives excellent soap, as white as Ivory if the grease is clean.

HOWELL.

MRS. W. J. G.

LITTLE THINGS.

It is the little things in this world that are of the greatest importance, and yet the most neglected. What meaning in the words "Little drops of water; little grains of sand," as applied to training the child in his youth, and mastering the little weeds while they are young and tender! But our eyes are large, our minds grasping; it is the big apple the boy wants, the big farm the man must have; it is the big elephant we rush to see, the wide world over. To save the pennies is too small a business in these days of style and splendor. How often are the children of well-to-do parents brought up with their every want supplied, their minds tutored for things that are great; and when the old folks pass away, and they are left to themselves, how soon they are "down at the heel," because economy was despised and little things allowed to take care of themselves. The little things are the best; they grow larger, they give more pleasure in the end; the little nuts are the sweetest, the little flowers the brightest; and our little children we love more than all the world beside. Let us try to know how to love them.

PLAINWELL.

ANTI-OVER.

OLD SCHOOL TEACHER'S CONUNDRUM.

Many times during the two years that I have been a reader of our excellent *HOUSEHOLD*, I have been tempted to take part in the discussions, which have been of vital interest to me as well as to all the wives and mothers of our great State. But Old School Teacher's last question has proved too much for me to resist. What should a womanly woman do whose husband refuses to pay the extra twenty-five cents for the *HOUSEHOLD*? Why, she should say "Husband, if you take the *FARMER* we must have the Supplement." If she has not strength of will or persuasive power enough to induce him to change his decision, then she should write the order herself and enclose the required amount, even if she is obliged to extract it from her husband's pocket. It would be no more stealing than it is to eat from her own cupboard when she is hungry.

Oh, how my heart cries out against the slavery that is going on all over this blessed free country! I have a neighbor who is a miserable slave to a beastly man she calls husband. But that is not the worst of it. She has a family of children who are growing up in an atmosphere that is fairly blue with profanity, vulgarity and tobacco smoke. Now what is the duty of

Christian parents toward such families? We do not like to teach our little ones that neighbor's children are desperately wicked and not fit play fellows for them; nor do we like to hear from our own darlings' lips the coarse or perhaps profane expressions which they learn so readily from their companions.

MASON.

AUNT SUE.

Until I heard of the instance Old School Teacher mentions, I did not suppose there was a man in the State of Michigan so stingy that he would refuse his wife so small a sum as twenty-five cents for any purpose whatever, least of all to enable her to share with him in the benefits received from a good newspaper. I cannot conceive how a man with a soul as large as a grain of mustard seed could deny so slight a pleasure to the mother of his children, the faithful partner in his business. Nor do I understand how a woman could submit to such gross injustice, such selfish disregard of her rights and privileges as wife. Should she submit? No! Let her tell him her right to the *HOUSEHOLD* is as good as his to the *FARMER*, and that she proposes to have it. If he still refuses, let her "strike," "no work till the bosses surrender."

DETROIT.

L. C.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

NEARLY every patent washing fluid contains turpentine as one of the chief detergents. But the constant use of such fluids affects the joints of the washwoman as rheumatism does, the pains being the same. It is safest to avoid the use of such preparations unless you are informed of what they are composed.

THE texture of the lamp-wick has not a little to do with the clearness, evenness and brilliancy of the flame. Examine the wicks, and choose those of firm, even texture, well woven, and with the threads of uniform fineness. With such wicks, and a clean burner and chimney, your kerosene lamp will give you a clear uniform light, worth the trouble you take, for a bright light in the sitting-room at evening tends to make everybody comfortable.

A PIE that is properly baked will slip from the tin with careful handling, and if placed on a wire frame where the air has access to the bottom it will cool without becoming moist, and when ready to be served it can be transferred to a plate. One of the wire frames on which meat is often placed in the roasting-pan will answer very well and the cost is trifling.

BLEMISHES on velvet that will result from the falling of a rain-drop may be removed by steaming the goods and passing it over hot iron. Then with a delicate brush touch the nap. Moistened by the vapor the pile can be raised and the smooth appearance of the nap restored. This is the method used by milliners in restoring ladies' bonnets. It can be equally well done at home.

A GOOD many times we have seen the following remedy for summer complaint, the malady so fatal to very young children,

and always with the endorsement of some mother who had tried it and found it beneficial. We are inclined to believe there must be "something in it." Tie a quantity of dry flour tightly in a bag and boil it for a long time. When it has become a hard lump, let it cool, scrape it fine, and thicken the milk with it. Dilute the milk with a little lime water. Raw arrow-root is sometimes recommended for the same purpose, a teaspoonful in a wine-glass of sweetened water.

THE cheapest and best way of drying fruit, says an exchange, is to lay it on lengths of cheese cloth, suspended in a frame out of doors, in full sun, with white mosquito netting over to keep off shreds and insects. This allows the air to reach both sides of the fruit at once, and when you want to turn it the whole can be swung over on another cloth, leaving the first ready for a new batch. Apples should be pared, cored and cut in eight pieces. Peaches should not be pared, for the richest flavor is lost with the skin. They should have the fur removed by dipping baskets of them a moment into weak, boiling lye of wood ashes or common potash and wiping with coarse towels. Common peaches only need to be cut in halves to dry. We had peaches dried in this way last winter, which, when cooked, would be hard to tell from the best canned peaches in looks, with richer flavor.

Useful Recipes.

BAKED TOMATOES.—Take whole tomatoes, cut out the stem end, and place in a pan with this side up; set in an oven and bake an hour, and season with butter, salt and pepper mixed together; put a piece the size of a chestnut in each tomato, after dishing them, leaving all the juice that may have cooked out of them in the pans, as there is always enough left in the tomatoes. These are excellent for any meal.

TOMATO JELLY.—Add the grated peel of a lemon to each pound of tomatoes; cook slowly till they cook to pieces and strain through a jelly bag. Add the juice of one lemon and a pound of sugar for each pound of juice. Boil to a thick jelly and put up in glasses.

RED CABBAGE PICKLE.—A pickle which will keep a few weeks, and which is very appetizing, and will help to save the other more expensive pickles, is made of red cabbage. Choose firm heads, cut them into quarters, and after removing the stalk cut the cabbage across into very thin slices; spread it on large platters, scatter salt with a liberal hand over it. The next day drain through a colander. Then put the cabbage into a jar, and pour vinegar heated to the boiling point over it; some whole black pepper, and if you choose, a little cayenne pepper or curry powder or ginger may be put into the vinegar and be heated with it.

GRAPE JELLY.—To every eight pounds of partially ripe grapes allow a coffee-cupful of water. Put the grapes into a porcelain-lined kettle and cook till soft. Strain through a jelly-bag; measure the juice and allow an equal quantity of sugar. Boil the juice half an hour; add the sugar and let boil five or eight minutes.