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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE TRUE WIFE.

Flowers spring to blossom where she walks
The careful ways of duty;
Our hard, stiff lines of life with her
Are flowing curves of beauty.

Our homes are cheerier for her sake,
Our door-yards brighter blooming,
And all about the social air
Is sweeter for her coming.

Unspoken homilies of peace
Her daily life is preaching;
The still refreshment of the dew
Is her unconscious teaching.

And never tenderer hand than hers
Unknits the brow of ailing;
Her garments to the sick man's ear
Have music in their trailing.

Her presence lends its warmth and health
To all who come before it.
If woman lost us Eden, such
As she alone restore it.

And if the husband or the wife
In home's strong light discovers
Such slight defaults as failed to meet
The blinded eyes of lovers.

Why need we care to ask?—who dreams
Without their thorn of roses,
Or wonders that the truest steel
The readiest spark discloses!

For still in mutual sufferance lies
The secret of true living;
Love scarce is love that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving.

—John G. Whittier.

THE NATIONAL SOLDIER'S HOME.

From May until November, excursions from every direction pour into Dayton, O., to visit the National Soldiers' Home, which is situated about three miles from the heart of the city. We infer from frequent scraps of conversation overheard from the excursionists that there is a general impression that the Home is confined in one or two large buildings. Never was there a greater mistake. It is a city itself, of over seven thousand population, all officers, soldiers and the various attaches.

It goes without saying that all government grounds, roadways, etc., are kept in exquisite order and repair. Broad macadamized streets extend in every direction, or wind about to the numerous points of beauty. Down long straight avenues, shaded by beautiful trees, cluster the low white barracks, the clean stone curb frequently lined with sitting boys in blue, listlessly gazing at the passers-by, a goodly portion of them ruminating like the ox over huge quids of tobacco. Here and there are idle groups, lounging under the shade trees, and on the wide verandas, other groups who seem to be forever fighting over

again the old battles. Men with one eye, seventy men with no eyes, and hundreds with one limb gone, many more with two limbs gone, and a few who have given three of their members to their country; while yet other hundreds seem to be there simply on the ground of "constitutional fatigue." As you wander from group to group, you are struck with the painful fact that "Uncle Sam" provides for a great many foreign children, very few Americans claiming a home here.

Entering at the Third Street entrance, guarded by a pretty Gothic porter's lodge, all overrun with clambering vines, and adorned with brilliant blooming plants, you drive slowly along the winding road, taking in a fine view of the entire grounds. Off to the right stands a tall soldiers' monument, and at its base gleam long radiating rows of white boards which mark the many quiet sleepers in God's acre. A gentle turn into a circular drive brings you in front of the hospital, a long red brick three story structure, its handsome facade presenting five towers and an imposing appearance generally. It is the finest building, apparently, on the grounds, and at the time of our visit four hundred soldiers were being cared for. Passing down the long wards, two emotions struggle for prominence in the mind; one pitiful sympathy for evident suffering, the other supreme disgust for the causes which have brought many of them there, causes that lower men below the beasts of the field.

A square or so beyond the hospital is the chapel, built of gray stone, gothic in style and impressing you with the idea that it is an Episcopal chapel, but in reality it is non-sectarian. It contains lovely stained glass windows, is handsomely finished and furnished, and regular services are held, which are well attended. Beyond, scarcely a stone's throw, is an opera house, about the size of the Detroit opera house, and containing a stage which is a gem in its way. First class talent is employed, and the Soldiers' Home entertainments are always popular, and well patronized both by the soldiers and townspeople.

Across the street from the opera house is a commodious headquarters building with broad verandas, in the second story of which is a large, well lighted library and reading room. Newspapers are sent free from all parts of the Union, and are weekly filed for the use of all who wish to read them. Strictly speaking, there are three libraries here, named respectively "The Home," the "George H. Thomas," and the "Putnam library" the latter calling for

more than a mere mention. Mary Lowell Putnam, one of America's noble women, lost a son at the battle of Ball's Bluff, a youth of beautiful promise, not yet 21 years of age. As a fitting monument his gifted mother has established this free library for the use of the war-scarred comrades of her darling boy. A fine life size portrait of the young man hangs above the book-cases, and at each anniversary of his birth, an exquisite wreath of flowers is sent from Boston in time to reach the Home on the morning of that day, when with reverent hands the wreath is appropriately placed. The library is composed of the rarest books, which have been collected by herself and her agent from all parts of this country and Europe.

There are many other buildings, both handsome and large, that will attract attention, but which I have not space to describe, believing that the HOUSEHOLD readers will prefer a peep at the lovely landscape gardening here exhibited, though before doing so I must not omit to mention one thing which proves the strongest attraction of all to the majority of the old soldiers, and that is a first class saloon, recently opened by the authority of the government and official board. Here, from eight o'clock in the morning till six o'clock at night, an average of twelve men are kept busy passing over the counter glasses of beer, no other beverage being sold, and here our noble veterans, whom the people support, and to whom the government pays a pension, revel in the foamy liquid to their heart's content. Possibly President Cleveland visited a Soldiers' Home before he went into the wholesale pension veto business; anyway, he showed common sense, methinks.

Less than twenty feet from the summit of the ridge on which the Home stands, and only a short distance below the hotel, there is a fine spring of almost ice cold water pouring out from a rocky grotto, and from this point the gardener's art begins. The little glen has been transformed into a perfect garden of Eden. The water falls into a large rocky basin, and thence trickles out in a tiny rivulet and flows on into an artificial lake which is but a beginning of a series of little lakes, all connected with each other and affording picturesque water ways for the tiny fleet of boats rocking upon their smooth surface. One grows wild over the beauty and innumerable variety of trees, shrubs, and plants. Broad-leaved bananas, orange and lemon and fig trees in flower and fruit, nod to you in the warm sunshine. Blossoms peep saucily

at you from every cleft of the rocks, long, lush grasses and ferns dip over the brim of the mimic lake, where myriads of fat fish troop to the surface for the crumbs you offer them. You escape the heat and glare of the sun by entering a semicircular walk leading to the spring, where trees and rollicking vines make a charming nook for rest and floating day dreams. Here upon a convenient bench you may look out upon a charming panorama, laughing boating parties upon the lakes; strolling groups everywhere in the summer houses, under the trees or along the winding walks. Yonder are the large conservatories, which even in summer are not without attractions and in winter are gorgeous with delicate exotics. Between you and them are many curious, quaint flower beds, prominent among which is a triangular mound probably eight feet high. From one of its sides stands out in tri-color the words, "Our Home," made from growing plants. On another side the Father of his Country seems to wink at you in a wonderfully life like manner, and on the third side a tiger, ready to spring, is startlingly realistic. Over in the large lake is a picturesque island, which a large flock of swans have appropriated, and who just now are training their babies in all the mysteries of house-keeping and aquatic sports and devices. Beyond that rise the tall trees of the park, where picnic parties daily congregate.

There comes the man with the inevitable hose, and if we would escape a mimic shower we must leave this delightful retreat. Shall we go across the rustic bridge to the pavilion and revel in watery ice-cream and watch that ridiculous flirtation? No! well then, let us climb the rocky footpath to the drive, thence up to the hotel veranda, and secure a good seat before sunset. It is Saturday afternoon and at six o'clock the concert will begin. See! over there in the square the band are already assembling and the bugle call sounds out melodiously clear on the soft summer air. Carriages filled with the *elite* of Dayton are rolling rapidly along the avenues and congregating about the square. Everywhere, in all directions, crowd the "boys in blue." Now the band begins to play, and "Yankee Doodle with Variations" seems to put everybody into smiling good humor. As the exquisite strains of Strauss' waltz float dreamily to the ear, your eye wanders over a surprisingly beautiful landscape. Down there in the valley winds the Miami, almost encircling the city, and beyond it rises a misty range of hills, just now reflecting the glow of the setting sun. Now the sunset gun booms out good night, and soon after, while the soft strains of "Home, Sweet Home," are pulsing upon the air, we join regretfully the throng that turns cityward.

DAYTON, O.

The lady who sent us the article signed "A Church Member," is reminded of the rule which obtains in the FARMER office, as also in all newspaper offices, to publish no communication unless accompanied by the name and address of the writer. The omission will explain why the letter was not published.

COMPANY TEAS.

I come this morning on purpose to thank Mrs. F. McP. for the recipe for those Drop Cookies. I have made some and they are simply delicious; just what I wanted. If all her recipes are as good as that, I advise her to send them to the HOUSEHOLD, and thereby set her candle on a candlestick instead of hiding it under a bushel.

I am glad to see that Evangeline and Old School Teacher are in favor of visits without sending word. I for one enjoy a visit much better where word has not been sent either way, for then I think people did not come or will they think I go to get the best the house affords to eat. I almost always have cookies of some kind, and one kind of cake; and have, or try to have, good bread. If I have not I stir up the cake that is the easiest made and some biscuits, have some jelly, sauce and pickles if handy and let it go, never making excuses, as it spoils the whole meal and makes one feel that they were not wanted. If the conversation is what it should be and the tablecloth clean, we will scarcely know what we are eating. I forgot to mention, if you have any cold potatoes chop them well in the chopping bowl, have the spider very hot, put in a generous lump of butter, mix pepper and salt well with the potatoes, put in the spider, add one half cup of sweet cream and milk, wait till it boils, stir well and in two minutes they will be done and ready to be eaten. See that the company are all ready to eat them, and take my word for it they will not stop to think that potatoes are not stylish for tea, and if there are hungry men they will enjoy it much better than so much cake. Right here I would ask, do we take enough pains to please these men; we get so tired standing over the hot stove that nothing tastes good to us. Not so with them; they come into the cool shady dining room, with a good relish for almost anything that is prepared neatly by loving hands. If we do not enjoy our dinners we will get the work out of the way, and scarcely any one but what has, or can have with good management, an hour or two to rest before supper time, so we can eat that meal with a relish. Let us bring pleasant faces and our best thoughts to the table and not save them all for company, for you know how apt we are to give "to our own the bitter tone, though we love our own the best."

If you have silver knives and forks use them; don't lay them away in tissue paper to be used only on state occasions; they will last for years if properly taken care of. How many times we sit down to a table spread with frosted cake, but if we eat the sauce served it must be with a brass, tin, or iron spoon. As for me, I would rather go without the sauce and cake a few weeks and save the money to buy a set of plated spoons. You can get good plated ware for two dollars that will stand ten or more years' constant wear. I have already said too much, but I would like to ask how many have tried Mrs. Fuller's way of canning tomatoes? She gave last year her method; it does not take much longer, and they are so much nicer. I send the recipe, believing it will bear a repetition.

BATTLE CREEK.

X. Y. Z.

WHISTLING, AND OTHER THINGS.

Has any one noticed the growing fashion of whistling among the young girls of the period? At home, in the street, railway station, hotels, at excursions, the listening ear is often saluted by a bar of the "catch songs" of the day, given in merry, rollicking style by the rosy lips of maidens, and the watchful eye will often catch the involuntary pucker of the mouth, quickly banished as the thought of impropriety suggests itself.

It is an impish sort of custom, even though the air be ever so happily rendered. It grates on prejudice, for who can put out of mind the venerable wisdom of the old saw: "Whistling girls and crowing hens, always come to some bad end." Just to think of the fate impending over our young and helpless maidens, drives one into melancholia. But up comes one of these tuneful whistlers and gayly strive to break the omen by quoting the other ancient classic: "Whistling girls and jumping sheep are the best produce a man can keep." But the first mentioned has the sanction of ages as a truism; while the last has been considered as an impertinent parody. So I shake my head with unwonted gravity and she turns impatiently away, and in a moment saucily repeats the offence, and musically enough the notes are rendered.

What can we do about it? I expect to be shocked next with the exhibition of some girls throwing a ball equal to a boy. The aphorism that girls can't whistle being disproved, what is there to prevent other dividing lines being broken, and who can predict where or when a stand for defence can be made?

Ever since history began we have found well understood limits over which neither sex could with propriety climb. But a new era has dawned, and girls bang their hair, (I wonder if this rage for short hair explains the whistling business) and set up to secure their rights, or rather assert them. Women have found out how tremendously they have been tyrannized over, are determined to vote, and be "after the spiles ov offis." They employ men to make their pantaloons and dresses, by the way of humbling their pride, I suppose, and also of opening up another avenue for their industry. Men are to be compelled to become the workers in life's hive, while all the women are to be queen bees, and manage the political and scientific world.

But the dude! what is to be done with the "deah fellow?" I saw a few specimens of the genus not long ago, gotten up in faultless style, trim, straight, corseted, and listen—painted and rouged! Their hats were tilted to just the right angle, their clothes fitted perfectly, eye-glass and cane were *a-la-mode*, eyebrows were pencilled, and moustaches dyed, their gloves showed no wrinkles, and their Dundreary whiskers added to their general style. Their affected drawl and simper proved their addle pates would not disparage their general make-up. Some future Barnum may utilize the animal as a "What is It?" as an attractive feature of some "Greatest Show on Earth." Well! well!! the world moves, and fashions

change. Perhaps, as in the savage state men do the posing and fighting, it will come to pass in our extreme civilization that woman will wear the honors, dictate law and custom, while men will attend to the menial pursuits, wait in abject submission the will of the honored sex, and humbly hasten to do their bidding, thankfully accepting the crumbs that may be grudgingly accorded them.

Ah then, when woman comes to her kingdom, what a happy time there'll be! What joy when a daughter is born to a house, and shamefacedness when its "only a boy." Then the girls can whistle, drive the horses tandem, climb trees and fences, without provoking the adjuration: "What a tomboy!" In that day of emancipation the young lady can select her attendant, overwhelm him by her great condescension in noticing a being of such inferior caste. Ah me! I wonder if we would be any happier for living in such a topsy-turvy world? The whole world seems to be in a throes of great unrest, and what the outcome will be the future must determine. If the fashion is to prevail of women wearing short hair, and doing the whistling, let us hope the other sex may find equal pleasure in decking heads with plaits, coils and curls, and if they can attain to the high state of excitement women now show over the advent of a mouse, they may console themselves with the happy thought that they have "nerves," and that they have not lived altogether in vain.

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

HAY FEVER.

Co-chee! Co-chee!! Oh, this abominable hay fever! Of all the pests that ever tortured a poor body I think this the most provoking; coming on without a moment's warning, the poisonous water gushing from eyes and nose until the former get so weak one can scarcely see, and the latter looks like the proboscis of an old toper. In this section those who can rush off to Petoskey, or some other resort up north, where they find relief, while those who cannot leave home just stay and sneeze and wipe and fret it out. I say fret, for it is a very nervous complaint, and if continued long weakens the system very much. I find taking quinine in small quantities very beneficial; also smoking dried mullein leaves and letting the smoke pass out through the nostrils will soothe the affected parts. Of course it does not look very pretty to see a lady with a pipe in her mouth, and if any of the HOUSEHOLD readers know of anything better I hope they will make it known.

As some of the readers have been telling how to make grape wine, I would like to relate my first experience in that line: It was shortly after being married and I had plenty yet to learn, but I thought I knew how to pack grapes, for some one had told me to put a layer of grapes and a layer of sugar. I did so; but instead of leaving them in bunches, I picked them off the stems. When winter came and I looked at my grapes I found them very much shrunken but swimming in rich, delicious wine. I bottled it and kept some of it for several years, using it as needed in sickness, but I have never given my friends a chance to

laugh at me again for packing grapes in sugar.

I enjoy the talks on books, as my time for reading is rather limited and by exchanging remarks on different books we can form better ideas of what to purchase. I think too much novel reading hurtful, but there are those that do not hurt any one to read. The best novel I have read lately is "Beulah," by Augusta J. Evans. It is old but very interesting.

I would also like to have the ladies give their choice in musical selections. My latest favorite is "Heavenward." Though not new it is a lovely march. "Silvery Waves" is also a beautiful piece." C. B. R.

VICKSBURG.

USE FOR THE USELESS.

Mrs. W. J. G. wants to know what to do with old plug hats. I'll tell her. I am always willing to part with any information I possess which may benefit my fellow women and advance the cause of true culture; "there's nothing mean about me," and I will tell exactly what to do with these relics. Choose an early day, the earlier the better; select a safe and secure spot out of doors, and gather there a lot of shavings, chips, and dry bits of wood. Arrange them symmetrically, and ignite them by means of a lucifer match. When combustion is complete, as indicated by copious flame and smoke, place the best hat of the lot squarely upon the apex of the funeral pyre, and in virtuous consciousness of well doing await its cremation. Repeat the process, till the accumulation is disposed of, gather up the ashes tenderly—and "if ye have tears prepare to shed them now"—and scatter them gently upon the soil above the roots of a peach or plum tree. This recipe, carefully followed, will effectually dispose of articles, which, having served their purpose as head-covering, are of no further earthly use, either economical, decorative or useful. Try it, dear Mrs. W. J. G., I'm sure you'll be pleased.

BEATRIX.

A SALVATION ARMY PICNIC.

Happening to be staying near "Shady Side" when the Salvation Army had their picnic there, a party of us strolled down to the grounds in time for the prayer meeting, which followed the festivities. The women were, of course, attired in the regulation uniform of straight skirts and poke bonnets, and were not particularly interesting; but the costume of one of the men attracted our attention at once. His hat was covered with white tarlatan with long streamers, and on his red flannel shirt was embroidered in blue, "The Lord's Own Boy!" The meeting was opened by the leader's asking all the sinners to come and sit on the penitent seat—the drum! It was a pretty good crowd, for no one accepted the invitation. After singing "Lower the Chariot," a man began to pray. He announced that if the "chariot" should be lowered at that moment they would all be ready to step in. "But," he continued, opening his eyes and fixing them on our party, "All those who laugh and scoff will take the downward path." I am sorry to say that this terrible warning had little effect, for at that

moment a small boy, a recent convert, exclaimed, "Praise the—Lord!" clapping his hands and bringing out the last word as if he had been successful in capturing a mosquito in his frantic clasp. This was repeated several times, in fact, as often as anyone got excited. They wound up by singing, "You must be a lover of the Lord, or you won't go to Heaven when you die." The *Conger* arrived, and they were taken aboard, with numerous cases of empty beer bottles, and with a farewell glance at "The Lord's Own Boy" and his girl, we wended our way homeward.

PORT HURON.

E. C.

INFORMATION WANTED.

In organizing a Farmers' Club, of course all are invited to join, but are all invited to attend merely as spectators?

Will Mrs. Fuller give directions for the care of a wax vine; and tell me if the *lantana* is considered a house plant.

Will some one tell me how to start potato ball yeast.

Those who are fond of tomatoes may find a new experience if they will try them with sugar and cream.

I will send directions for knitting quilled lace, which is pretty for children's collars, knit of fine thread or linen. Any desired width may be knit by adding more stitches. Knit or crochet a narrow edge for the neck.

QUILLED LACE.

Cast on eighteen stitches.

1st row, knit across plain.

2nd row, purl fourteen, leaving four on the needle.

3d row, turn the work and knit fourteen.

4th row, purl fourteen.

5th row, knit fourteen, this ends one quill.

6th row, knit across plain.

7th row, knit four, purl fourteen.

8th row, knit two, thread over, narrow six times; this makes a row of eyelets.

9th row, turn, purl fourteen.

10th row, knit across plain. Repeat from first row.

PLAINWELL.

BESS.

A VISIT TO A CEMETERY.

Near our place is an old cemetery. I love to wander among the tombstones and read the inscriptions thereon. One little grave in particular attracted my attention. I knelt beside it, and on the tombstone, nearly covered with moss, I found these words: "Little Willie, only son of ———, aged five years." Underneath was: "Farewell, our sweet boy."

My thoughts went back to the time when those fond and loving parents stood beside the open grave of their only boy. How their hearts must have been wrung with anguish when they realized that nevermore they would hear the patter of those little feet, or receive its sweet childish caresses, so dear to parents' hearts. Could they look through their tears and say "Thy will be done?" Then unconsciously the thought came to me, could I, if God saw fit to call away our little one, say, "Thy will be done?"

Oh God forbid! take everything else, but spare us our baby boy, the bright sunbeam of our lives! How could I lay my little darling away and know that never more his little arms would twine around my neck,

nor his lips murmur the name of mama; that my bright dreams for his future were forever ended! May God spare us from that trial; but if it should come, may He enable us to say: "Thy will be done;" for he has said: "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Yes, dear sisters, those of you, who have little ones among the angels, there is comfort in those words, and to know that "Whatever is, is best." Unconsciously tears filled my eyes, and as I arose, I pressed my baby closer to me and murmured a prayer that God would spare him to us.

MASON.

BONNIE SCOTLAND.

FLORAL OBSERVATIONS.

I am "sick unto death" of the scarlet geranium as a bedding plant. It has become commoner than the dandelion on our city lawns, and with its garish blaze of crude scarlet, is not half as beautiful as that despised flower. I have nothing to say against it as a single specimen, or in groups of even a half dozen plants in the lawn; for a winter house plant it is eminently desirable, but when planted in beds from six to fifteen feet in diameter, as I sometimes see it here, it becomes emphatically "too much of a good thing." Its brilliancy becomes offensive; it hurts the eyes. A bed of *Phlox Drummondii*, of Petunias, of Verbenas, is far more restful to the eyes and hence more beautiful.

The *Salvia* makes a beautiful bedding plant. It has a deeper, richer hue than the scarlet geranium, is less dazzling, the foliage is to my taste more harmonious with the tint of the flowers, its habit of growth more graceful. Of course it blooms later and is less constant, but it is worth growing. A fine bed of it is just in bloom in one of our city gardens which I pass daily, and is a constant pleasure to me.

B.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

It might prevent the indulgence in a little "choice early English" on the part of the "man of the house" if the wife would remember to set the chairs back against the wall after the family circle about the sitting-room table has dissolved. If one has occasion to enter the room in the dark, it is not very pleasant to run against a chair or two, since it is always one's favorite corn that suffers.

It drives a conscientious cook "wild" to read some of the recipes given for preparing food. We read directions for cooking beefsteak recently, given by "an esteemed contemporary," in which a piece of lard was to be put in the spider, the meat put in, a cover put on, etc., etc. It is awful that such dreadful methods of cooking should be practiced in this age, and still more "awful" that the domestic departments of our agricultural press should diffuse such doctrine. A woman who would set before a confiding family a steak cooked in that fashion ought to be sent to a lunatic asylum. A gridiron for steak; if not that, a hotspider, in which the meat is laid without an atom of lard, or grease of any kind, only the tiniest bit of butter to prevent its

sticking, and then turned as soon as it is seared, the process repeated about once a minute till it is done.

WE are led to again mention the possibilities of "Kentucky jean"—blue denim—for draperies. The color is a fashionable shade, the material drapes beautifully, and another virtue is that it is inexpensive. It can be used for portieres, window lambrequins, etc. to good effect, and be decorated in any desired fashion. It makes an excellent background against which to place open shelves laden with a bric-a-brac.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Indiana Farmer* says one of the small leaks which carry off the pennies might be stopped by learning to mend the tinware at home, not to speak of the convenience of so doing. She says:

"Get five or ten cents worth of muriatic acid and put into it all the zinc it will dissolve. You can probably get scraps of zinc from some tinner. Then get some soldering; I prefer the hard soldering. Whenever a leak makes its appearance in any of the tinware, scrape any rust off that may be around it, then drop some of the acid upon it to clean it; cut a piece of the soldering and place upon the hole and hold the vessel over a burning lamp, or set on the stove so that only the place at the hole will be exposed to the heat; let it stay until the soldering melts, and spreads enough to cover the hole, then remove and hold in position until the soldering cools enough to harden. If you want to mend any part that cannot be exposed to the lamp or stove, then have an iron spoon in which to melt the solder; treat the leak in the same way as to cleaning and applying the acid; have a rod of iron heated at one end and hold it on the leak until the parts around are heated and then pour the solder on."

"MEDDLESOME MATTIE," in the *Country Gentleman*, thinks tomatoes, both for the table and canning, are cooked too much. She cans the fruit as follows: After peeling crush each tomato in the hand; this wrings out the juice in a way that cannot be accomplished by slicing or mashing. When enough are prepared for a can or two, let them stand, while preparing more, when much of the juice can be poured off; then press a plate well on them, and pour off all the juice that can be obtained. After they have boiled up well, and have been stirred down once or twice, they may be canned, with little or no more stewing than is given berries or any other fruit, and in my opinion, the less fruit of any kind is cooked, the more natural is its flavor. All that tomatoes canned in this way require before serving is to heat them only sufficiently to melt the butter and other seasoning into them, adding a few split crackers or thin bits of toast, as thickening them with flour greatly detracts from their flavor.

THE HOUSEHOLD Editor wishes to acknowledge the receipt of a cabinet photograph of C. B. R., of Vicksburg, who thus makes amends for her long silence.

WE are indebted to Mr. C. M. Starks for a report of the discussion by the ladies of the Webster Farmers' Club at the recent meeting of that flourishing organization. The manuscript was received a little too late for this issue of the *HOUSEHOLD*, but

will appear next week. Our thanks are due the secretary and we would be glad to have future discussions on women's affairs reported for our "little annex."

Contributed Recipes.

CANNED TOMATOES.—Wash, slice and cook, and put through the colander. (I believe Mrs. F. did not cook). Heat up and can.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Scald one-half peck good ripe tomatoes, strain through a fine colander to remove the seeds and skins. Let cool; then add four tablespoonfuls salt, three of ground mustard, one of black pepper; one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, two of cloves, and one pint best cider vinegar. Boil slowly two hours; bottle and cork. X. Y. Z.

BATTLE CREEK.

MOUNTAIN DEW.—Four crackers, rolled fine; one pint milk; teaspoonful butter; yolks of two eggs; scant cup sugar; flavor. Bake twenty minutes. Whisk the whites of the eggs to a froth, stir in one heaping tablespoonful sugar, and spread on the pudding when done; return to the oven to brown.

MADE CREAM.—Half pint new milk; white of one egg beaten to a froth; stir into it one heaping tablespoonful of powdered sugar and a little nutmeg; then stir into the milk. Nice for apple puddings, dumplings, Brown Betty, &c.

PLUM AND CRAB-APPLE JELLY.—Use about one-third plums to two-thirds crab-apples; make as any other jelly, allowing a pound of sugar to a pint of juice. The juice of the plums colors and flavors the jelly very nicely.

MIXED PICKLES.—Three hundred small cucumbers; two quarts small onions; two heads cauliflower; two quarts string beans; a few stalks of horseradish and of celery. Soak in brine twenty-four hours; rinse with boiling water. Heat two gallons of vinegar with one ounce each of white and black pepper, and a quarter pound white mustard seed. Cook the pickles in the vinegar for half an hour; put in jars for use.

CAULIFLOWER PICKLE.—Make a syrup of sugar and vinegar, as for any sweet pickle. Four pounds of sugar to a quart of vinegar; one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and nutmeg, one-half teaspoonful cloves. Tie the spices in muslin bags. Cook the cauliflower in this syrup till it is clear, and can.

PORT HURON.

AUNT L.

PEACH MERINGUE.—Stew peaches with as little water as possible, and sweeten to taste. Line a pie-plate with a nice crust and bake. Fill with the peaches and cover with a meringue made by beating to a froth the whites of two eggs with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and a little lemon or vanilla extract. Set in the oven to brown. Serve cold. The crust can be omitted if desired. This is delicious.

CANNED GREEN GAGE PLUMS.—To every pound of plums allow a quarter of a pound of sugar. Put the sugar and plums alternately into the preserving kettle, first pricking the plums to prevent their breaking. Let them stand on the back of the stove for an hour or two, then put them over a moderate fire and allow to come to a boil; skim and can at once.

B.

SPRING-BLOOMING BULBS

I have spring-flowering bulbs for sale at the following rates: *Hyacinths*, double or single, 20c each; one each of red, blue, yellow and white, 75c. *Roman Hyacinths*, 50c. *Tulips*, single, scarlet, white and yellow, 5c; double, 8c; mixed, 50c per dozen. *Narcissus*, double or single, 8c; mixed, 50c per doz. *Crocus*, mixed, 20c per doz. *Lily of the Valley*, 25c; *Day Lily* white or blue, 25c. *Paeonies*, red, white and rose, 25c each. MRS. M. E. FULLER, Fenton, Mich.