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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

FINDING FAULT.

In speaking of a person's faults,
Pray don't forget your own;
Remember those with homes of glass
Should seldom throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do
Than talk of those who sin,
'Tis better we commence at home
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried;
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults, and who has not?
The old as well as young;
Perhaps we may, for all we know,
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,
And find it works full well.
To find your own defects to cure,
Ere others' faults you tell;
And though I sometimes hope to be
No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings bid me let
The faults of others go.

Now let us all, when we begin
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do
To those we little know;
Remember curses, chicken-like,
Sometimes to roost come home;
Don't speak of others' faults until
You have none of your own.

PLEASURE EXERTIONS.

The long, warm, sunny days of summer are again past and with them the "excursion days" have fled. It has been my good fortune to pass a goodly number of the sultry days on the water, and I have found pleasure and profit in this enjoyment. The cool breeze brought invigorating solace to mind and body; the relaxation from the daily round of household cares and duties, brought rest and refreshment to the wearied nerves, brain and muscles. I ever find intense enjoyment in watching the individual in the multitude; so much of character is shown in the unconscious act, the unguarded word, and artless expression of emotion, as the party bent on enjoyment is met by untoward or pleasurable experiences. There is a party who have schemed and coaxed, perhaps flattered the father a long time to bring about this cherished plan. He has consented, grudgingly, at last, and feels rather morose yet. How deferential all are to his majesty, how they watch his countenance and hasten to fulfill or anticipate his wishes. Each one is eager to help him, be it to an easy chair, the best place, or press upon him the best pickings of the lunch basket. How grimly he accepts all the little services, and with

what a grand air of condescension he unbends at last and permits himself to be amused, but to all it is a "pleasure exertion." Here a mother, anxious to give her little flock a holiday, sits in the midst of the happy, boisterous crew, trying to answer the questions of all at once, warning, directing, restraining, reproving, as seems necessary to the several sexes and sizes; clutching the excited baby, diving after the reckless two-year-old, calling back the older ones, ah, me, I fear she will find it a "pleasure exertion."

That old couple would have had a pleasant time if they had been content to have taken an hour or two on the river, but others were going, they must go too. They rose much earlier than their wont, hurried beyond their strength to get ready to reach the boat or cars, the jaunt is long and wearisome, and long before they reach home they find they have been deluded into taking a "pleasure exertion." The young fellow and his best girl must go somewhere, so took this occasion to have a good time. They started off happily enough, but a crowd is a bad place for "spoons." They were for a time oblivious to all surroundings, but they awoke to the meaning nod and smile that followed their movements, and the young lady drew herself up in a very dignified manner, the young man looked very conscious and actually commenced to whistle in his embarrassment, then collapsed utterly, beat a hasty retreat, but soon returned with some candy, and they moved off to another place, and were prudence and propriety ever after; but surely it was for them only a "pleasure exertion." The good pastor of a church and sabbath school, seconded by his helpers, with their minds filled with glowing desire to give pleasure to their charges, initiate the movement for an excursion; and with a vast amount of suggesting, planning and urging, finally find fruition. A day is set; they work early and late, selling tickets, talking up the prospects, dilating on the advantages, urging the necessities, providing for contingencies and obtaining the necessary accompaniments. The day arrives, and they work like beavers, supervising, looking after details, providing refreshments, suggesting amusements, and if it be ever so successful an affair, they must find it a "pleasure exertion."

The feature of all these excursions is the lunch basket. Any one who would measure the appetites of the excursionists by the size and weight of this appendage must think them immense. "We are going on an excursion" says one, "now what shall we

take for lunch?" The outcome generally is wonderful. Sandwiches, pie, cake, several kinds of pickles, cheese, fruit, jellies, drinks galore, dishes, napkins and table cloth are packed, pressed and crushed into baskets, boxes and bundles; wraps, umbrellas, and fans are added, often books and papers, until the weight to be carried is so formidable that the unlucky masculine who must perforce manage them utters imprecations deep if not loud, on "the absurdity of carrying provisions enough for a garrison for a day's picnic."

Although the ride develops appetite, it is not always appetizing morsels that are rescued from the crush, and the baskets are often so overloaded at best, that even after lunch, they are not perceptibly lighter. Then the growl comes in again, about the abominable foolishness of women tiring themselves to death baking enough for threshers to carry to a picnic, to bring home again or throw away.

If it falls to the lot of feminines to carry the baskets, they generally make the best of it, and bear their martyrdom with outward resignation, but inwardly protest that "next time they won't be such fools, no matter what Mrs. Grundy says." Miss Toady may break her back carrying a whole provision store if she likes, they will content themselves with a box they can throw away when lunch is eaten; but, alas for feminine nature, next time the old venture is repeated, and they again enjoy a "pleasure exertion."

There seems to be a mania on this subject. Any one who will notice the enormous baskets carried by small parties, and witness the annoyance and anxiety consequent on guarding them, must come to the conclusion that "it is too many oats for the shilling," and adds very much to the penalties of a "pleasure exertion."

Many have fathomed the deep sea of enjoyment, dress for the occasion (too fine clothes often cause the "exertion,") take only sufficient and plain lunch, don't burden themselves with the cares of life, remember that other people have rights, that they must be seen of others, and with good will and courteous demeanor, with a desire to please and a determination to be pleased, they exact a good time even from untoward circumstances and rarely find a "pleasure exertion." A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

FRESH cider can be kept by the following method: Boil the cider fifteen minutes and skim off whatever comes to the top. Bottle and cork while hot. It is not necessary to seal it, and it will keep as long as wanted.

WEBSTER FARMERS' CLUB.

"How far should the wife be conversant with the details of the farm," was the question the ladies of the Webster Farmers' Club discussed at the September meeting, while the men listened and asked questions.

Mrs. F. Chamberlain said, to the minutest detail; could any one say why not? That man and wife are one is an axiomatic truth as old as the marriage relation. If the union is to be happy, harmonious and lasting, there must be confidence, trust and co-operation. "A wife cannot successfully perform her part in the maintenance of the economy of the farm, who is groping in the dark. While it is true that an orderly and well arranged household requires the best efforts of an educated woman, educated in the line of her duties, still there is comprehensiveness enough embodied in her organism to grasp intelligently all the details necessary to a success in farm life. This belittling of the power of women to rise to occasions of emergency and display strength of purpose and persistency, is being happily relegated to the obscure corners of the past, and the truer mission of the loving wife appreciated by that nearer co-operation of equal confidence. History is not wanting in brilliant examples of women who have scored their mark high up on the temple of Fame, and moved the world as only power of mind intensely directed can. It is needless to take a toilsome search through the records of bygone days to find instances of large hearted heroines at the front in all crises of nations and peoples. Joan of Arc made history for France; Rose Bonheur maintained the high position of an artist, while Madame de Staël displayed a force of intellect to which men gave universal assent. Austria's Maria was more than a match for Prussia's great Frederic. In our own land it was reserved for a Harriet Beecher Stowe to touch the keynote of emancipation, after the vain effort of a Garrison, by the simple story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," catching the popular ear, quickening the conscience of the American citizen, and hastening the emancipation of the African race. The Brooklyn bridge, one of the most stupendous engineering feats of the nineteenth century, was carried through to completion by the wife of the designer, after he had been stricken down with disease, simply because she was a woman who was instructed in the details of her husband's business. True, all women are not destined to imitate, or have the power to accomplish such work. Yet with such examples of the latent power in women, how senseless to suppose there would be a rural earthquake if a wife should happen to know how best to sow the seed, harvest the grain, or when to seek a market. Thoroughly posted in all the various modes of farm work, should she be left alone, she is in a position to go forward with the farm, instead of selling off the stock and tools at a sacrifice, leaving the land to go through the ruinous process of renting, while the boys grow up strangers to the requirements of their patrimony.

Mrs. Chas. Rogers was a firm believer in the wife's right to know all the operations in the barn and field. Those men who

took council of their wives were generally successful. The more farm details were communicated by the husband to the wife, the greater the benefit of her advice, as her thoughts were thus drawn to the affairs outside the threshold. Study and observation ripened her judgment, and she proved a safe counselor.

Mrs. Amos Phelps questioned whether a too great attention to outside work might not lead to buttonless shirts, unsavory meals and untidy kitchen.

Mrs. Wm. Ball had found that whatever her capacity might be for a first class farmer, her work, with its attendant perplexities, engrossed all the spare time she had. There might be such a thing as attempting too much and accomplishing nothing. She had never been impressed with the so-called woman's universal mission, and without reflecting upon those who thought differently, was content to do her part, leaving to her husband such details of his work as he had to meet. The care of children when young was a question of some moment, and the mother must add to her duties the care, mental, moral and physical, of those who are so near and yet so difficult to train for future usefulness.

Mrs. F. Litchfield found no trouble to keep buttons on collars and wristbands, while her eyes were rested by the glimpses of the ripening grain, the contented stock, or the knowledge that business outside was not to her an sealed book. Variety it is said is the spice of life, and to whom can this boon be more appropriately given than to home-tied farmers' wives.

Mrs. C. H. Wines evidently had given this question in its various aspects much serious thought. She believed the more a person knows the easier it is to get along. Hence no education the wife got from observation of farm matters could do harm, but enlarged her comprehension and made her an excellent adviser. Where economy in expenditures is necessary, owing to a limited income, a knowledge of the fact helps her to deny herself bravely, when if left in ignorance it would be done grudgingly. As to the inquiry of gentlemen as to the butter and egg money she would say she had always claimed it as her perquisite, but if a shortage ever occurred in her husband's purse, the fund was cheerfully at his disposal.

Mrs. W. Blodgett believed it to be a woman's right to know her own business. The knowledge did not necessarily imply an interference. A husband who deserves the name takes pleasure in consulting his wife and the wife the husband; and where these confidences are freely exchanged both are better for it. There is less sitting on the top rails of line fences discussing crop prospects with neighbors by the men, and fewer frowns and wrinkles in the kitchen by the women.

C. M. STARKS,
Corresponding Secretary.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Country Gentleman* keeps in her kitchen a jug two-thirds full of cider vinegar, to which she adds the rinsings of the preserve kettle, the juice of fruits, etc., and says the vinegar thus made possesses a richness and flavor above the average.

FARMING IN NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

A few years ago, with some misgivings as to the possibility of making a living, we bought a partially improved farm in the hardwood district of northern Michigan, mainly because the bread-winner's health was better in the pure air of the pineries than farther south. It is a delightful place of residence, with its pure, bracing, exhilarating air, the clearest of water, and beautiful scenery. Our summers are pleasantly cool and our winters—well, they are cool, too, though we have always good sleighing, and never any mud. But there is one drawback to farming which I have not seen mentioned in print, and which land agents are silent about. It is not in the soil; that in the hardwood lands produces abundantly. It is in the possibility of late and early frosts. On our own farm we raise only the grains and vegetables not affected by frost, and have always secured a crop of corn by using sweet corn and the ninety day varieties. People say that when the country is cleared up frosts will disappear; but that does not console me for the loss of my garden beans—which were and are not. We have very few insects to prey on crops, due probably to the climate; we never have grasshoppers enough for the chickens.

The pine lands I have never made up my mind about, they seem very poor and barren; but sometimes I have seen things grow surprisingly on them. All will grow clover, as can be seen by the lumber roads, which are thickly seeded to clover and timothy. Settlers on them say they can be brought up by fertilizers at less expense than hardwood land can be cleared. They are often settled upon and often abandoned. Riding by a deserted homestead last summer on which the owner had spent much money and some time, Diogenes remarked: "Why didn't the Lord make these lands so good they would repay cultivation or so poor that no one would waste work on them?" Yet in the neglected orchard the few trees which had escaped the browsing of deer were loaded with green apples, a row of currant bushes were full of fruit, the strawberry bed had outrun everything else, while the fields were growing up to red and black raspberries and blackberries. This brings me to my text: There is not a foot of land in Northern Michigan that would not amply repay the cultivator of small fruits. The immense profusion of wild fruits and berries indicates that. This year hundreds of bushels of blackberries as large as any of the cultivated varieties rotted on the vines for want of hands to pick them. If small fruits were cultivated extensively there would have to be canning factories, or, what would be better, drying machines, which would dry fruit mixed with sugar, in the way our grandmothers prepared it before canning was known. That would make something new for grocerymen; but it would not be best for many to engage in that business, it might be overdone. I want to go into that business myself. I am testing small fruit culture and next year will give our HOUSEHOLD readers the result of my experience.

Our guests from the south always eat very

daintily the first meal here. We smile to ourselves, knowing that in less than twenty-four hours they will eat like harvest hands. Indeed, the suddenness, size and extent of the appetites the climate creates are laughable.

As a remedy for carpet moths, I have found a little instrument called "Griffin's Vermin Exterminator," consisting of an alcohol lamp with a tin can over it for water, and a little rubber hose for directing the steam, the best. It killed the currant worms on my bushes and the ants on my shelves. And once there was a woman in Northern Michigan who suddenly discovered that she had bedbugs in the house. Deep was her shame and humiliation, because on timidly broaching the subject to her neighbors she found she was the only woman in Michigan who had ever had a bedbug in her house. She fought them with poison, with boiling water, with insect powder, with varnish and putty, and found it was not an easy matter to get rid of them. Through much tribulation she became deeply learned in their ways and found that in time of battle they can hide behind a picture hanging above the afflicted bedstead, or get under the wooden bands on a trunk. But she used the instrument here named and found that the steam could penetrate where nothing else could, and that eggs that boiling water only helped to hatch were killed at once so there was no aftermath of young bed-bugs. And to-day she is a very grateful woman to the inventor—that is, I should suppose she would be.

HULDAH PERKINS.

PIONEER.

A GERMAN FLOWER SHOW.

It has been my pleasure and good fortune to see many fine floral displays in the States, but that given by the Munich florists this summer excelled all. Most of the HOUSEHOLD readers are presumably of the gentler sex, and as all women love "the flowerets, the bonnie wee flowerets," some account of it may prove entertaining to them.

The glass-palace, a structure modeled after the Crystal Palace of Hyde Park, London, and designed for an industrial exhibition, but since used for various such purposes, was turned for the time being into a scene of bewildering and fairy-like beauty. The entrance is an arched way with carved decorations overhead, finished in gold. The bust of the king adorned the gateway, set in the midst of a bed of rhododendrons and through beds of roses, azaleas and ferns bordered with spiræa, one came to the centre, a large fountain, with a border of japonicas, fuchsias, blue hydrangeas and bunches of yellow lilies.

The sense of smell was assailed by thousand sweet odors and the sight astonished by the airy lightness and bewitching loveliness of the picture. This scene of enchantment surely sprang into being at the waving of a fairy's wand or at the behest of a Hecate.

Tall jets of water shot up nearly to the transparent roof, falling again in a silvery shower, glittering and gleaming in the morning sun. The floor of the palace was covered with earth, and about this shining centre were grouped parterres planted with

a profusion of the rarest floral treasures. Beds of warm dark coleus and an almost endless variety of begonias, whose brilliant colors burned like perpetual fires, were set off by the most delicate blue or salmon tinted lilies and clusters of "Blue-eyed Mary." Some fuchsias were exhibited, grown into tree-like forms, having thick, woody stems as large as my arm and expanding at the top into a drooping umbrella-shape from which countless shell-like blossoms were suspended. The room spread from this focal point of brightness and beauty into two long wings, the right one having an outer wall of dark green trees, ferns and palms, against which deutzias, wiegelias, lilacs, syringas, some profuse yellow bloomers, some spiky red blossoms, rich as dragon's blood, one lonesome snowball and many other old favorites were set. One spot, especially interesting, was devoted to the low, tiny creeping plants, mosses and flowers of the high Tyrolean Alps. Edelweiss, primulas, delicate white crepis, deep blue gentians, coquettish ladyslippers, starry-eyed blossoms, the daintiest things imaginable, and low pinks clung to the scanty soil, and flourished as well in this artificial home as on their native mountain rocks; here were also the drooping blue bells of our own campanula, aquilegia, low phloxes, our common wild violets, blue veronica, valerian, which grows plentifully on the Ohio hills, creeping varieties of saxifragas, others with tall sprangling stems, tipped with delicate pale pink or white flowers, diminutive rhododendrons and orchids. A bed of azaleas was a marvelous shading from faintest cream to warmest flame, which deepened into richest orange or bronze. Each flower was as large as a lily, and each stem held seven or eight of these perfect lily cups. I counted awhile to see how many one of these extravagantly decorated little bushes supported; ten multiplied by sixteen, multiplied by forty and gave it up, preferring rather to feast my eyes on the glow of color which radiated from these exquisite blossoms, whose warmth was brightened by a flood of golden sunbeams pouring into the western wing at this hour. On the other side of the graveled walk grew rhododendrons covered with pale lavender blossoms, side by side with crimsons and deeper reds; others were pale pink with brown dottings in their pretty throats.

Perhaps the richest bed was one of low, broad-leaved plants, whose large, velvet blossoms were infinitely richer than the finest fabric of this name; one lined with royal purple might serve as the home of a fairy queen; others of softest pink outside, like the flush on a maiden's cheek, were rosy red within, like her lips.

In another corner were the well-known annuals with which every cultivator is familiar, mimulus in a variety of colors, gillias, long blue and white lupins, nemophilas and nasturtiums; and a cluster of modest sweet scented mountain violets, the *violette* of the Italian peasant, which I have also found in the Austrian Alps, is sheltered beneath the scarlet glory of the *Canna Indica*.

A lily-leaved plant was a novelty; from the top of a long green stem spreads a fiery

red petal, half a dozen petals united; pistil and stamens are also joined into something like a curled-up yellow-white worm. It is from South America, and botanically has the name *Anthurium Scherzerianum*. Another oddity in flower life was a prodigal bloomer, each flower of which is like the round brush with which the kitchen maid cleans her lamp chimneys; the hairs of this pretty brush of Queen Flora's servant are brightest red in color, with golden tips.

From tree trunks covered with tropical mosses, strange and grotesque flowers trailed their fantastic forms; some attracted the eye by their grace as well as novelty, others resembled more some uncanny animal, rather than plant life. Among the Agaves were some of gigantic size, stretching out their long spiky arms or pointing upward with their sharp tipped leaves. The splendid fan ferns, whose trunks, dark thick rooty looking masses, are each as large as a man's body, made a stately display; from the top drooped the graceful feathery branches and brown fronds slowly revealed themselves in a mysterious uncurling which went on day after day before the delighted eyes of the flower worshippers. These, with the agaves, as well as all tropical plants, came from the botanical garden which adjoins the glass palace. Another instructive display from the same source was of shrubs and trees from which many articles of commerce and daily use are obtained, such as the coffee plant and berry, cinnamon tree of Ceylon, and the prepared bark, the tamarind tree of India and its fruit, peculiar plants bearing nuts which fall, and bury themselves in the earth to ripen; they are native in tropic countries and cultivated for the nuts which are eaten roasted, and for the arachid oil made from them. A specimen of Hibiscus from the West Indies has seeds giving out a pleasant odor, from which a perfume is made, patchouly I think; the yellow powder so useful in the extermination of insect pests, the horror of every neat housekeeper, is obtained from a dull crimson-colored flower, not unlike our aster. *Dracæna draco* furnishes juices called dragon's blood, which serve as a dye for the wood of furniture. There were many others equally interesting and useful, but too numerous to mention. It was a corner full of spicy odors from far away, tropical lands.

So much time had been consumed in these entertaining sections that little was left for the inspection of the left wing, which I found quite as attractive, perhaps because laid out in an entirely different manner. The outer wall here was a solid, high hedge of evergreen branches woven upon a wire foundation; outside of this was a show of every useful implement pertaining to the gardener's industry, as well as a display of vegetables, garden chairs, pagoda shaped summer houses, rustic baskets and bouquets of beautiful grasses which are here given the name of the celebrated artist, Hans Makart. Low hedges inside divided the space into gardens of different styles, as a rose-garden where these favorites took on unusual airs, aspiring ambitiously to the size of small trees. The \$500 Bennett, a queen among them, was yet content to re-

main a modest bush. A garden of a thousand years ago, of an oriental type, was filled with vases, statuettes, and a couch covered with leopard skins, under an awning fastened on bamboo poles. Vines were trained over a dark wooden trellis above, and from the centre a blue and gold parrot swung. About the central fountain in this wing were orange trees, crowned with waxen buds and snowy blossoms, vying in beauty with the perfect yellow fruit which shone among the dark green leaves.

From an arbor constructed like the hedges, one looks through windows guiltless of sash and glass, into the monk's pretty garden; all the flowers of it were those to which we give some religious significance, and the colors also suggested these thoughts. The carnations around the sculptured figures of the Virgin and Child typified the Christian's laudable pride, his glory in the faith and work of the Master. The star-shaped bed of white daisies whispered of the star which rose in the east and spoke in their purity and beauty of those gracious qualities which adorned the life of the Great Exemplar; the scarlet geraniums symbolized the red tide of the Savior's blood, and the gold of the yellow daisies the crown of rejoicing which awaits the faithful.

DELIA BENTON.

MUNICH, Bavaria.

SCRAPS.

I WAS very much interested in A. C. G's account of the discussion on "Married Rights in the Purse," at a late meeting of the Antwerp and Paw Paw Farmers' Association, reported in the FARMER of Sept. 14. The expressions of opinion by the members I consider do credit to their sense of justice and fairness toward the wives who have, without doubt, been essential factors in their prosperity. As apropos to the subject, I should like to quote here the sentiments of Col. T. W. Higginson, an author whose opinions on topics of the times I greatly respect: "The change," he says, "which would make the most difference in the happiness of married pairs would be the introduction in some form of the family purse. By this is meant more than the allowance for dress and household expenses which is based on sheer convenience and has no more thought of justice in it than in the sum allowed the servants to buy goods when they are sent on errands. The true division is not based on convenience but on right—on the knowledge that the wife's share of the day's work is as essential as the husband's, and that there should be some equality in the distribution of the proceeds. The family relation is in its business aspects a kind of copartnership. In partnerships it is very common for one person to see to the manufacturing or care of the property, while the other handles the money which comes in through business channels. But the one through whose hands the money passes does not regard it as his because he handles it, nor talk of 'giving' to the other partner. They draw their shares as of right, not of kindness. Every woman who takes care of her household lifts exactly that much from her husband's shoulders and leaves him free to at-

tend to outside duties through which the money comes in. Many a wife works herself to death before the husband discovers by what it costs him to buy the services of housekeeper and nurse that the mere material labor of his wife was worth a salary. The wife needs such an income aside from her allowance for clothes and housekeeping—the latter to be shared with her husband—as will make her the equal of her husband as to her general expenditures. Marriage is a copartnership; it is much more than that, but the trouble is that most families make it much less than that. A wrong system makes it a business affair so far as the labor goes, but the alliance ceases when the distribution of profits is concerned—as if one partner balanced the books and deposited the entire profits to his private account. Marriage is something more than a copartnership, but it is nothing less; it is governed by higher laws, but by no lower ones. If a woman has earned \$1,000 before marriage it is absurd to work harder and handle less money than before, while her husband handles plenty."

I KNOW the above will be "strong doctrine" to those men who have been accustomed to require their wives to give an account of pins and postage stamps. But is there anything about it which is not perfectly just and fair? Has a husband a right to make his wife a genteel pauper by appropriating the money which comes in, simply because it comes into his hands? Suppose the wife ate his dinner as well as her own because she cooked it. Yet the sight of a "horny-handed farmer" deliberately sitting down to figure up the year's profits and turning over a half to his wife would be a sight to "make the angels weep" for joy. I may mention, par parenthesis, that if angels never weep except at this touching sight, their faces will never be stained by tears. A sense of justice does not overcome a man to such an extent, and, between you and I, good reader, I should dearly love to ask the Colonel if he makes his practice fit his theory.

BEATRIX.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

THOSE who have tried it, say that string beans can be had the year round, as a rarity, by picking them and salting, just as you do cucumbers. When to be used, take them from the brine and freshen them; then cut and cook just as you do in warm weather.

THE *Orange County Farmer* says: "If it is a painted floor, keep soapsuds off it, for it spoils the brightness of the paint, makes it soft, and then it peels off, leaving the floor looking worse than if it had not been painted. If your floor has not been painted, keep soap off it, for it gives it a dirty, grimy look, and keeps growing worse all the time. Just take clean hot water, put a teaspoonful of ammonia into a three-gallon pail of water, stir it, and with a clean long-handled mop, rub the floor all over, then wipe it off with clean water. It will take a little while to get the grey out of the boards, but it will come out after a time, and you will find it far easier to keep

your floor white and nice than when it was cleaned with soap or suds."

Now the days are coming that the children must be kept indoors more or less, mothers will welcome any scheme which tends to keep them quiet and contented at play in the house. An ingenious mother of this city makes panels of unbleached cloth, three feet long by 18 inches wide, which she backs with the thick tough manilla paper used by grocers. On these panels, which are mounted on round sticks at each end, she pastes the pictures cut from papers, prints, etc., anything which will please the little ones. Some of them she colors with paints, some are ornamented with bands of gilt paper. Texts and verses are added to some of them, and the children take great pleasure in these simple substitutes, which are hung up on the wall for them to study, and put away as soon as they grow tired and leave them; in this way the pictures keep fresh, and a new panel is a change. It is not much work to make them, a process which the children watch with interest and an infinite number of suggestions.

ELENOR wishes directions for wide and narrow crochet edges. Will not some of our readers who are skillful with the crochet hook supply the want? She has a few pretty patterns she would like to exchange for others, either in wool or cotton. Will not Elenor send the HOUSEHOLD directions for making?

Contributed Recipes.

TOMATO CATSUP.—One-half bushel ripe tomatoes; one quart vinegar; quarter pint salt; two ounces black pepper; same quantity of allspice and cloves; six ounces white mustard. (Use whole spices and mustard.) Two pounds sugar, one large red pepper, six onions. Boil three hours all together; rub through a sieve; then bottle and seal tight.

CHILI SAUCE.—Ten large ripe tomatoes; four onions; two red peppers; chop all fine; add half cup sugar, one tablespoonful salt, one teaspoonful black pepper, cloves, cinnamon, etc., half cup vinegar. Boil one hour.

YORK.

ELENOR.

Useful Recipes.

PEACH RICE PUDDING.—Pare and stone a quart of peaches, and lay them in a pudding dish; sprinkle lightly with sugar and cover with an equal quantity of cold boiled rice. Moisten the rice with rich milk or thin sweet cream, and bake three-quarters of an hour. Serve with cream and sugar, or with a sauce made of one well beaten egg, a cup of sugar, a tablespoonful of fresh butter and a half pint of boiling milk. Flavor with nutmeg.

PEACH BATTER PUDDING.—Half fill a deep pudding dish with pared and stoned peaches, with a little sugar. Make a batter of a pint of milk, four eggs, four heaping tablespoonfuls of flour and a pinch of salt. Put the milk on to boil in a saucepan, reserving one cup, which mix with flour to a very smooth paste. Beat the eggs, yolks and whites separately, stir them all together and add to the boiling milk. Stir incessantly until it thickens to a smooth batter; pour it over the peaches and bake half an hour. Serve the moment it leaves the oven, with a liquid sauce.