

# MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, JUNE 20, 1887.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### HOW IT WORKED.

Amid New England's sunny hills  
One pleasant summer morn,  
A sturdy little Yankee boy  
Was hoeing at the corn;  
A busy, cheery matron toiled  
'Mid culinary scenes,  
Resolved the dinner hour should bring  
The favorite dish of beans.

A tempting meal was soon displayed,  
Spread by the housewife's care,  
When loud and long the warning blast  
Re-echoed through the air.  
Obedient to the dinner-horn  
The boy laid down his hoe,  
But breezes wafted to his ears  
"My boy, hoe out your row!"

The flies got in the gravy-bowl,  
And sported o'er the tray;  
The bread got dry, the butter soft,  
The farmer worked away.  
The coffee boiled, got blue, then cold,  
The juicy steak was burned,  
While on the boy the farmer pressed  
The lesson he had learned.

And, while he thus instructs the lad,  
The cook begins to scold,  
"I wish that man could ever learn  
To come when he is told."  
The moral should be stated here  
For those who wield the hoe,  
Whene'er you hear the dinner-horn  
Lay down your tools and go.

—Margie E. Stewart.

### THE LITTLE ONES.

"Children are angels; pure white souls that will never know evil unless it is taught them. Their minds are white parchment, on which you may write what you will."

I am like the fellow, who, when he heard universal salvation preached, commented on the sermon: "Pleasant doctrine! good preaching! I only wish it was true."

My experience with the little ones has convinced me that I was deeply in error when I believed, as I once did sincerely, that if a child was taken in hand early, and carefully and steadily trained, it was possible to so fix habits of industry, order and management, that they would become a second nature, and would cause no trouble to the possessor.

I find that careful training is necessary with the best of children, but there is a great difference in the natural traits. A child by nature industrious, methodical and docile, can be trained to be almost a machine in the exercise of such qualities. One that is devoid of all but docility, can be trained to a very satisfactory performance, but another that adds to these first, a thoughtless, turbulent or a contradictory, contrary disposition, will never reflect very

great credit on your most patient, persistent efforts. But do not despair. Educate, train patiently; the most unpromising seem "to take a turn" when unreasoning, thoughtless childhood gives place to the more matured mind; when the responsibilities of life are felt, and the necessity and worth of such virtues make themselves apparent. Then the instructions are remembered and help immensely to build the wall of resolution necessary to carry out such duties; then the enforced habits of childhood again show their effect, and what was done under protest and "against the grain," now falls in harmony with desire, even if nature is dissatisfied. Many a life of moral conviction is maintained only with a persistent and perpetual war with natural predilections and hereditary predispositions.

The task of training immortal minds, is in many cases a thankless one, during the process, but rich blessings are often held in store by the future. But, if our best efforts prove failures, and when we have trained our children up in "the way they should go," they disappoint us, and make the proverb read, "Train up a child and away he will go," while we naturally grieve over the failure, we are not called upon to take all the blame upon ourselves.

When one has done the best possible in the light of the present, if failure, partial or entire, results, she should take comfort from the thought that if after all her painstaking labor, failure results, the situation must have been much more deplorable without such influence, or that the nature was one so unhappily constituted that precept and example were alike powerless for good. As there are some soils so sterile, arid and unreclaimable that all cultivation is lost, there are some mortals apparently lost to teaching or example. But do not blame them too severely, nor harrow your own conscience with unmerited reproach. Pity them, as the possessors of a nature so unresponsive to good, but for the possession of which they are wholly irresponsible, and for the result of which they will be judged with unbounded, unlimited mercy, or justice could not be satisfied.

Parents are more to blame, if blame it may be called, for transmitting their own faults of character, than for the failure in educating such faults from their natures. I heard a lady once say, "I consider myself responsible for the souls of my children." No such dread responsibility ever was placed on my heart or conscience.

Plant good seed in advice, water and cultivate it by good example, and leave the re-

sult with One who will overrule all things according to his good will and pleasure.

INGLESIDE.

A. L. L.

### THE SUMMER PARLOR.

A pretty fashion is just coming into vogue here, by which the homes of those who are not able to visit mountains or seashore, but must summer in town, are made very charming in appearance and delightfully cool-looking for the hot weather, at a comparatively low cost. It has long been the custom of those who are fortunate enough to own cottages at any of our popular country resorts to furnish them in a light and airy manner, with straw mattings for the floors, rattan or cretonne-covered furniture, and cheap, but dainty, white window draperies. This idea is transferred to the city home, and the effect is almost like having a new house. The heavy brussels or ingrain carpets are taken up, beaten, sprinkled with camphor or tobacco, packed in paper-lined boxes and sealed by pasting paper over the cracks to keep out moths. The light straw mattings are then laid over the floors, and rugs—the inexpensive Smyrna being often chosen—are scattered about to relieve the bare look. Willow and rattan rockers, bedecked with ribbons, replace as far as possible the heavy upholstered furniture in winter use, or, if any of these are retained, they are covered with cretonne in delicate tints. The cheapest and thinnest goods are selected for window draperies, even to cheese-cloth at six cents a yard; or the pretty lace curtains now so cheap are employed. Everything is made as light and airy as possible; the grate may be filled with brakes from the woods—I saw a load of them go through the streets the other day, no doubt for some such purpose; and flowers are lavishly used.

There are a couple of young matrons on Cass Avenue who have thus metamorphosed their winter parlors into summer ones, and who are fairly enthusiastic over the result, and not disposed to overlook the fact that they have reduced the fear of moths to nil and the labor of caring for the rooms to a minimum. The matting requires the dust to be wiped from it with a cloth dipped in salt and water, and the willow chairs are "just no care at all."

Some of these low, roomy farm houses, whose apartments are inclined to be gloomy and a trifle "stuffy" in summer, might be thus transformed at no alarming cost. The mattings are three feet wide, cost about 80 cents per yard and would last several summers, when the best parts could be utilized for covering halls or bedrooms, for either of which purposes they are excellent.



Some of the girls who anticipate entertaining their friends at their homes this summer and are groaning in spirit over the ugly ingrain of a past era, may be glad to know how easily they can furnish a cosy, artistic and home-like "summer parlor."

BEATRIX.

#### HOME GOVERNMENT.

"Mamma, will you be sure to cover my ball to-night?" pleads the little busybody, "I have waited two days now and I need it bad." Could a fond mother say nay to such an important question? Certainly not, so after the other little wants had been supplied and the last young head was in the land of dreams, the pleasure of covering the ball began, for as she sits and thinks of the many trials and temptations her children will meet when they are away from her care and protection, the many little duties she does for them become real pleasures, and she wishes she could always have them where she could minister to their wants. What a few short years we have to hold the little ones in our protection and care, before the young wings flutter to leave the home nest and try their fortune for themselves! How a mother's heart yearns for her children's welfare; how she watches each leaf of knowledge and progression unfolding in their minds; how she mourns over each misstep and rejoices over each action that brings credit and honor to them! Kindness to our children is like bread upon the waters, it will return many fold. Love begets love, and a child that is treated with love and respect at home is almost sure to return our affection and will not be in a hurry to leave home; while those who are induced to do their duty just from fear of stern and unloving parents, will in most cases go in search of more congenial homes at an early age; and being ignorant of the instructions and training that loving parents bestow, will probably yield to the evil influences thrown around them and become worthless. It seems as if there should be a way to prevent people, who have not enough love for their children to treat them honorably, from bringing them up under their own government. Better give them to some one who could treat them kindly and teach them to be useful in the world through love of doing right instead of fear of authority. There is occasionally a heartless mother, but more frequently the father is devoid of proper feeling for his children; sometimes I think it is want of care and thought. The father in fulfilling the many duties required to get something ahead for a rainy day, forgets that something more than victuals and drink is required to satisfy a child's wants. It is natural for a child to love something or somebody, and what more fitting for its first affections than its parents?

I heard a woman say the other day that she could not remember one single loving word or caress or even word of praise from her father, nothing but harsh words and commands which had to be obeyed promptly. If she got any pleasure at home or abroad it was her mother who planned it for her. Her common clothes were seemingly begrudged her, and any extra dress or bit of finery came from the mother, who would go

in need of good clothes herself in order to have her children appear respectable. What a different feeling that woman must have for her parents when she compares their treatment of her! Not one half of us realize the responsibility resting on us in caring for our children properly; and no one rule is so important as keeping the home happy. Let love and kindness reign supreme, and when the child does wrong—as they all will sometimes—let earnest loving words be the weapons to bring him back to the paths of rectitude.

Do not over-indulge them, as that is quite as bad as being harsh; have their duties assigned them and see that they do their allotted work well, but after the cares of the day are over and the boys wish recreation then is the time to call into action your powers to make home happy and thus produce a magnet to draw them from worse places. Their minds and bodies perhaps are not trained or developed enough to sit in a corner quietly and talk about the crops or the latest soothing syrup. What they want is fun, and somebody to help make it. Throw open the musical instrument, let them sing and sing with them, no difference if your voice is getting squeaky; a little of the comical mixed with the harmony will not matter. An interesting book read aloud, a game of some kind, or cheerful and instructive talk, all tend to pass the evening until it is too late for them to wander. I have been thinking to-night while fixing my boy's ball, what a lonesome home it will be if they leave us when grown up. How I will miss the many little duties I am now called on to perform for them, but I hope I can look back and think that I have treated them as I ought.

VICKSBURG.

C. B. R.

#### VERY QUEER LAWS.

It strikes me that the Legislature at Lansing has this year indulged in some "funny business;" at least it so appears to a feeble feminine intellect like mine, unaccustomed to deal with questions of public policy. Some of the new laws which "The People of the State of Michigan do enact" are fearfully and wonderfully made, considered in their relation to each other. For instance, a girl may consent to her own ruin at the age of fourteen, and the man who ruins her may evade the consequences of his deed by pleading her consent, thus making her out a prostitute at an age when most girls hardly know the meaning of the word. But if she wishes to enter the honorable state of marriage, she may not do so till she is eighteen years old, and then only with the sanction of parents or guardian, and of the State, also, since the county clerk must be called upon to furnish a license. If a young man ruins a girl under eighteen, and is moved by remorse to make her the only reparation in his power by giving her his name, he may not do so till she has reached the legal age! I am no friend to "baby marriages," and believe the necessity of obtaining a license through proper channels calculated to at least cause more reflection upon the matter than if the young couple had but to seek a justice willing to unite them without questions for the sake of the fee. But there is

a glaring inconsistency in pronouncing a girl unfit to marry till she is a certain age, and allowing her to legally consent to her own ruin four years before she is legally competent to say whom she will marry.

BEATRIX.

#### FROM A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

I have never written for the *HOUSEHOLD* before, but have read it with pleasure and profit, sometimes wishing I could have a word in some of the interesting discussions which from time to time have been carried on in its columns, but always prevented by many cares and labors; for I am, like Martha, "cumbered with much serving," as most mothers with large families must be.

Like Mae, I love neatness, both in dress and surroundings, but have long since found that it is impossible to be always so, or to expect it of others. Is dainty damask table linen quite appropriate for a table at which men from the harvest field are to sit? Would not common coarse cloths be better suited to the occasion? Doubtless men might be more careful than they are sometimes, but is not Mae expecting too much of those who are literally earning their bread by the sweat, not only of the brow, but of the whole body? If Mae had grown up in a new country, had seen the clearing of the land, the burning, the gathering up of brands and burning again, had seen the men with faces, hands and arms the color of a negro's, and the black on the table cloth where they had sat, she might have thought that something to complain of. Yet the women of that day did not complain much; they knew the necessity of the work, and the impossibility of avoiding the grime. I write of what I have myself experienced; in my younger days I was familiar with these things. Though my father was very poor, and we knew nothing of luxuries and elegancies, yet my mother was as daintily neat as any woman I ever saw, and taught the children to be careful and neat also, and as far as possible made things pretty and bright around her. She whitewashed the rough walls, hung white curtains at the windows and before the beds, and always had flowers in her yard, and vines to shade the house, yet she was never a complainer at any unavoidable untidiness or discomfort. It was a free life that we lived, and not unpleasant for the children, but was harder for the older ones; and I am glad that many of them have lived to see better times, and enjoy the fruits of their labors.

I was much interested in Beatrix's "In the Schoolroom," think her idea of a calisthenic drill a most excellent one, and wish it could be carried out in every country school, but am afraid that many of the teachers would hardly know how to do it. I also quite agree with her that it is not all of a teacher's proper work to fill the little heads with "book learning." If their powers of observation could be cultivated more, it would be very much better. In the matter of personal neatness too, I know that teachers may have great influence. I think, however, that Beatrix is somewhat mistaken in her general idea of country schools, and unjust in her remark that the lowest bidder usually takes the



situation. I know that in many instances, probably in most, the greater price is willingly paid to secure the better teacher. She must have formed her opinion from the way school matters were managed when the country was quite new, and the poverty of the people, who were struggling to make homes for themselves and their children, made poor teachers and small wages a necessity, just as were poor clothes and coarse food. In those days an occasional "old teacher" might be found, who had the "good common school education" of the day, but in most cases the schools were taught by young persons, who, being a little brighter and quicker than their fellows, had outstripped them in the studies, and were secured for a small stipend, to impart this superior knowledge. Some parents taught and trained their own children in the common branches, and fortunate were those children whose parents had the education—and the willingness to do so. But we must not blame our fathers; they builded as well as they could with the material at hand. Perhaps, indeed, they "builded better than they knew," for many of their sons and daughters are the fathers and mothers of the present, and like Enoch Arden, are filled with a noble ambition to give their children a "better bringing up than theirs has been;" or rather, a better education. To them belongs the credit, to a great extent, of the uniform excellence of our common schools. The teachers are generally pretty well paid and well educated, many of them much interested in their work, taking pains and trying to impart, not only a knowledge of books, but much general information, and to teach their pupils the art of gaining knowledge by their own interest and observation.

In the matter of books too, Beatrix must not imagine that all country fathers use the weed, nor that they all grumble when a new book is asked for. Indeed, I think that most of the children are supplied with at least a moderately liberal hand, as liberal as the father's means will admit. The grumbling is more likely to be at their carelessness in using and wearing out books. They do not prize them and take care of them as their parents did the few that fell to the lot of their school days. And are there not two sides to this question also? Will one who does not, by nature, love books, think any more of them for having a very liberal supply? Will he not rather prize them the less because they come so freely? The mere interest of novelty is but an evanescent one. And on the other hand, the true lover of books, while he will of course be glad of a new one, will not lose his affection for the old, but will read over and over the really excellent selections, perceiving more plainly each time the beauty and wisdom of the thoughts presented, and thus his memory will be strengthened and all his life influenced for good. It is very probable however, that there is a wise medium in this, as in most other things; the supply should be neither too liberal nor too scanty; and there may be some whose intellects, naturally rather sluggish, might be stimulated into a healthy activity, if their brain food be spiced with a judicious variety.

The subject of schools and teaching is a very interesting one, especially to parents, and one can scarcely find a stopping place, when once launched on it, but this article is already very long and I will close.

WILLIAMSTON.

GRISELDA.

#### WHAT CAN I DO?

[Paper read by Mrs. R. D. Palmer, of Brooklyn, before the Norvell Farmers' Club at the meeting at Fairview, the home of L. D. Watkins, of Manchester.]

It is necessary sometimes that we do a little personal work. This question ought not to be answered in too great haste. We might at first be inclined to think not much. In some places it is good to see our own littleness, and in others it is best to make all there is of us count. How many of us count one every time? Not long ago I read this brief paragraph in the *Chautauquan*, by T. H. Huxley, in which he says: "I am only one; but still I am one. I can not do everything; but still I can do something, and because I cannot do everything, I will not refuse to do that something that I can do." How true, and yet how few look at it in that light!

Resolve to do what you can, and the first step of advancement is already taken. To begin with self is giving society an eloquent lesson of advancement, and if more would ask themselves this question and find their proper place and fill it, how wise, happy and prosperous as a whole would society become! For society, being made up of units, will be prosperous and happy, or the reverse, in the same degree as the respective individuals who compose it. If you want any permanent position, show by your works that you are capable of filling that position; but if you wish to be little and unknown, hide yourselves behind your inferiority and the world will let you alone. If you are by nature timid, all the more necessary that you should be placed in a position where you will overcome that timidity and become self-possessed; such persons make some of our best workers. If one thinks what they say or do is about right, they are apt to over-estimate their talent, and make themselves disagreeable to others, and perhaps come before the public unprepared, and not do as well as another with inferior talents. We cannot all do the same thing with the same ease and perfection, but when we are able to see wherein we are deficient, you who have not tried it will be surprised to find how practice will make perfect.

We are quite apt to want what we have not, while not many are pleased with their present attainments or occupation. For instance, take one who has no voice to sing, how apt they are to say, "If I had your voice I would not wait to be urged to sing." Or if they possessed a talent for art, they would not work at farm labor; not thinking that this discontent unfits them for any position. That is why the farmer's boy wishes to be a merchant, and the merchant becomes tired of his business and buys a farm, when he is not fit for a farmer, and he does not find it out until he has made some terrible blunders. Some ought to ask in connection with "What can I do?" "What ought I to do?"

One very important thing is to try and

take good care of self; to do so one must have sound ideas on the principles of self-preservation, such as suitable food, properly cooked, well ventilated rooms, and enough exercise to fulfill nature's requirements. It is rare indeed to meet with an instance of overwork, then let us work with a will and think of our work as play. I was reading, not long ago, of a young man living in one of the cities of the southwest, who is doing a large, thriving and exacting business, and who nevertheless finds time to be secretary of the State Sunday School Association, secretary of his district Sunday School Association, secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of his city, superintendent of an afternoon mission Sunday school, teacher of a Bible class in his church school, and the conductor of a twilight prayer meeting on Sunday for boys, and yet did not neglect his business. That shows what one earnest worker can do if he tries.

We know there are some who have not the disposition to try, for fear they will break down physically. I know we are wonderfully delicate machines, and yet we are different from all other machines, for we have power of ourselves to keep the machinery in good order; but for some reason many of us have failed to do so. It must be that some hidden foe is doing its work; and as we cannot recall the past, our first work should be to try and find that hidden foe. One of the greatest essentials of a healthy life is to live in an atmosphere containing its full proportion of oxygen, and plenty of sunlight to give active life. Then let us see if our rooms are sufficiently ventilated. It has been estimated that each full grown person will breathe in one gallon of air every minute, and that which he throws out is one-fifth carbonic acid gas, which forms a poisonous vapor. Now how long will it take for this company to consume all the oxygen in this room if there is not good ventilation? Some houses are well ventilated while others are not. I will give you a method of ventilation that is very simple, and I like it. It is called Mr. Bird's costless system of ventilation. I guess there is no patent on it, because it is called costless. It is simply this: Raise the lower sash of the window two or three inches, and fill the opening underneath with a piece of wood fitted for that purpose; this leaves a corresponding space between the meeting rails in the middle of the window, through which a current of air enters, and is directed towards the ceiling, the inner sash being higher than the other. Now we have a good ventilator that any housekeeper may have, and there will be no excuse for breathing impure air.

We ought to be ready to do good to those around us if we have good machines or bodies to work with, for perfect health brings peace, love and happiness, and one who is possessed of all these, cannot help but be a blessing to those with whom she associates. If we cannot do the work, we can hold the light; we can be pure gold every time, and we can make sunshine in the feelings of others, which is a great blessing in this life. Live above the petty cares of this life, and keep them well under your feet. One brave, cheerful person by her example can rouse the despairing, and



in time of trouble can show a noble quality of courage, patience and cheerfulness, exemplifying the power and value of the Christian's trust in time of darkness and danger.

#### STRAWBERRIES.

Strawberries and all sorts of green vegetables, commonly called garden sauce, and a most wholesome and toothsome sauce it is too—when gathered from one's own "one acre"—but not so much so I find when gathered from the grocer's stands, where it is kept fresh (?) by ways and means that are to the outside world a mystery—have been in market here since the middle of March. But it has taken almost their weight in silver—quite so in copper—to supply one's table with them. Strawberries came in at 25 cents per quart, dropped to 20 cents and remained there till last week, when they came down to 18 cents, but this week the home crop is coming in, and—but I'm going to tell you: I said to a friend yesterday, "I cannot pay such a price for strawberries any longer, and strawberries I must have. Fourteen cents yesterday—a city quart—and many poor ones at that."

"Well," said she, "I've been thinking the same, and to-morrow morning we will go out to a strawberry farm that I know of, and see what can be done." So it was all arranged, and this morning at eight o'clock we were there. By the way, this is one of those perfect days in June, when Lowell says Nature lays her ear against the earth and tries if it be in tune. Surely all is melodious, smooth, sweet and tuneful, and it was simply delightful out there amongst the well kept fruitful vines and trees, the shrubs and growing gardens, where not one weed could I find, everything was so absolutely clean, fruity and fruitful. Oh what an abundance of all the good things that grow out of the earth there would be, if only every one who owns land would cultivate it in that way! Why the very land itself revels and rejoices in its own sweet wholesomeness, its freedom from all that can offend, its fullness of all that enriches and makes glad the physical man; and acting thus through the agency of physical upon the higher spiritual nature, making better men and better women, for I am a firm believer in the theory that a man well fed is a man half saved.

But to my story: We found there a couple of old people who were the owners and directors, and their help, who were out picking berries. We made our errand known, and said the old gentleman, "Had you been here last evening you could have had a bushel of berries gathered yesterday day morning, at six cents per quart." Fancy our feelings, and we could not get one of those same berries from any grocer to-day short of the rate of ten or twelve and a half cents per quart! I said I would take two quarts this morning, my friend said she would take three pints. No "city quarts" there, for when I got home I had a plump two and a half quarts, costing me only twelve cents, and my friend had a like proportion for nine cents. And as it is but a little way out there, I shall visit or send to the strawberry farm every day, as long as

the season lasts. Oh, but are they not delicious? Another year I hope to have of my own raising. The old gentleman said this morning. "There is money in strawberries at five cents per quart; I could raise them and make a good profit at that. I have already with what few I have sold this season, made more money off that piece of land than I could have realized from any other crop with like labor and expense of raising."

Have any of the HOUSEHOLD ever canned strawberries without sugar? If so, with what success? All the canned strawberries that I have ever attempted to eat were simply canned preserves, and I always have to give up beaten, and leave uneaten the fruit which but for the destruction of its flavor and wholesomeness by so much sugar, I should eat with the keenest relish. They all tell me "Oh they won't keep without they are put up so." But I'm going to try my hand at putting them up "straight."

FLINT.

E. L. NYE.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A LADY says that brown duck makes one of the nicest summer carpets imaginable for a dining-room, if a bright crumb cloth is spread under the table. The same lady recommends it as an excellent material for camping-out suits for children.

THE *Southern Cultivator* wisely says: "Don't from year to year store away things in the hope of using them sometime, or 'once in seven years,' according to the old saying, but give them away where they will do good and be of service to some needy and deserving person. Give away the old shoes, clothes, books and newspapers; the latter will gladden the invalid's heart and make the children's eyes glisten with delight."

A VERY nice vinegar is made from honey, in the following fashion. Take a barrel or cask, lay it on its side in a place out of doors where the sun will strike it, bore an inch hole in the upper part of each stave, and over this nail a piece of tin finely perforated, rough edges outward, to admit air and keep out insects. To a gallon of water allow a pound of honey, thoroughly mixed. It will take from the first of April to the last of October to make vinegar, but when made it is "splendid."

CATHERINE OWEN says the rule for roasting meat is a very hot oven. No roast meat can be what it should be, that is, dark as mahogany outside and pink inside if beef; a fine yellow brown if poultry, veal or lamb, and white when cut, unless put into a hot oven at first. To put meat into an oven and let them get hot together will result in making the meat tough, and in summer it will have a close, unpleasant taste; the gravy will be gray and broth-like instead of rich and brown.

PLUMS and prunes are dried by commercial fruit growers in the following fashion, which we should think might be copied on a small scale by the housekeeper who is fortunate enough to have more luscious purple damsons or green gages than she can preserve, can or spice. The process is as

follows: Add one-fourth pound of concentrated lye to five gallons of boiling water. Dip the plums, perfectly sound, ripe fruit, into this and let remain fifteen or twenty seconds. A perforated dipper is best for the purpose. The object is to cut or scald the skin. Then rinse the plums in clear cold water, which should be renewed if you have any quantity of plums to prepare. Dry them in an evaporator, subjecting them to considerable heat at first, and gradually diminish till they are dry enough. The fruit should not be dry as a chip, but soft and pliable. Keep them exposed to the air for a few days to cure, and when stewed they will be found to be a superior article.

WE will be glad to receive from our experienced housekeepers any recipes which they may have tested and found excellent, especially those which be appropriate to the coming fruit and vegetable season, also directions for preparing sauces and relishes, pickles, etc. Any of our readers who have canned vegetables with success are especially requested to give the method employed, in detail. Also, if any one has dried Lima beans, and succeeded in cooking them so as to be worth the trial, we would like to know "all about it."

MAKE arrangements to can all the surplus fruit possible. Fruit is one of the most healthful articles of diet; it saves doctors' bill and is much more palatable than medicine. Use it liberally, both fresh and canned, and keep the children healthy.

#### Contributed Recipes.

COFFEE JELLY.—One box Cox's gelatine, dissolved in a little boiling water; one quart strong coffee, sweetened to taste; add the dissolved gelatine to the hot coffee, stir well, and turn into a mould—a circular mould with a tube in the center is the best; the mould must be rinsed with cold water before using. Set it in a cool place, or on ice. When stiff turn out on a dish and fill the center with whipped cream, heaped up a little.

LEMON PUDDING.—Yolks of six eggs; one cup sugar; half cup water; yellow rind and juice of two lemons; moisten in warm water six crackers, or slices of stale cake; lay in the bottom of a buttered baking-dish, pour the custard over them and bake until stiff. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth; add six tablespoonfuls of sugar; frost the pudding; return it to the oven and brown slightly. Eat either hot or cold.

PINEAPPLE PUDDING.—Butter a pudding dish, and line the bottom and sides with slices of stale sponge cake; pare and slice thin a large pineapple, place in the dish, first a layer of pineapple, then sugar, alternating until all is used; pour over a small cup of water, and cover with slices of the cake, previously dipping in water to soften; cover with a buttered plate and bake slowly two hours. Serve with powdered sugar and sweet cream.

PUFF PUDDING.—Stir one pint of flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, into milk until very soft. Place in a steamer well-greased cups, put in each a spoonful of batter; then fill the cups a little over half full of strawberries, then a spoonful of batter; steam twenty minutes. Make a sauce of one cup sugar; half cup butter; two eggs; beat thoroughly and stir into one cup boiling milk. When it thickens add a coffee-cup of mashed strawberries.

EVANGELINE.

BATTLE CREEK.