

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### "TOO MANY OF WE."

"Mamma, is there too many of we?"  
The little girl asked with a sigh.  
"Perhaps you wouldn't be tired, you see,  
If a few of your child's should die."

She was only three years old—th's one  
Who spoke in that strange, sad way,  
As she saw her mother's impatient frown  
At the children's boisterous play.

There were half a dozen who round her stood,  
And the mother was sick and poor,  
Worn out with the care of the noisy brood,  
And fight with the wolf at the door.

For a smile or a kiss no time, no place;  
Or the little one least of all;  
And the shadow that darkened the mother's face  
O'er the young life seemed to fall.

More thoughtful than any, she felt more care,  
And pondered in childish way  
How to lighten the burden she could not share  
Growing heavier day by day.

Only a week, and the little Clarie  
In her tiny white trundle-bed  
Lay with her blue eyes closed and the sunny hair  
Cut close from the golden head.

"Don't cry," she said—and the words were low,  
Feeling tears that she could not see—  
"You won't have to work and be tired so,  
When there ain't so many of we."

But the dear little daughter who went away  
From the home that for once was stilled,  
Showed the mother's heart from that dreary day  
What a place she had always filled.

Woman's World.

### FALL STYLES.

I wonder if any one is anxious to hear about the fall fashions? Seems as if it was only a few days ago we were making up satteens and muslins, now we are thinking about wool dresses and fall wraps. The summer has literally melted away. Somehow our seasons remind one more and more of the definition of Arctic weather I learned in Mitchell's old geography, I'm not going to tell how many years ago—"a short, hot summer and a long cold winter."

Our merchants have been "selling off at cost" the remnants of summer goods, and you can find nothing on their counters but light weight woollens and other goods suitable to autumnal days. It is a little too early for the novelties which are dear to the hearts of ultra-fashionables, who have returned from the "Great Clothes Shows" at seaside and springs, full of new ideas for the winter campaign. I marvel, sometimes, how one can put so much of an immortal soul into dry goods.

One of the most fashionable colors for the season will be gray, though the wood, bronze and tobacco browns will be a good

second. Navy blue and hunters' green, also seal brown and the prune and plum shades, will have their due share of favor, especially for later wear. Styles, so far at least, show few changes; we are to cling to our bustles, and to the plain or pleated skirts and the very long, full draperies which have been worn all summer. These draperies are so long that they almost entirely conceal the lower skirt in front and back, revealing it only on the sides, where there is no drapery whatever, or a very short panier. One new model has a very deep, pointed apron front, the point drawn to the side, and above this two short paniers which drape the sides. The long back draperies are nearly straight, laid in deep pleats at the belt, and so caught up as to form folds rather than puffs in the back. Checks and plaids are to be worn, but will be principally used for entire suits, with velvet collar, vest or revers, and cuffs; this certainly gives more pleasing results than to attempt to combine plain good with plaid. It takes a genius in dressmaking to put plain and plaid goods together in such a way that the costume does not look like an afterthought or an economy. For the lower skirts of plain wool dresses, fancy stripes will be very stylish; they are laid in pleats so that the stripe defines or borders the pleat. The fancy material will be disclosed under the long draperies, and be used as revers on the basque. Such use gives a dressy effect, subdued enough to be in good taste. When the lower skirt is plain it is often bordered with trimming around the bottom, a pretty striped goods being often chosen (the stripes are always used lengthwise), a plain velvet or rows of braid. This is not a new style, but is a pretty one. Directions for making these plain skirts were given last spring in the HOUSEHOLD, but I will repeat them: Cut your foundation skirt and finish it with facing of the dress goods, canvass and braid. On this foundation is hung a deep gathered flounce, as deep as is necessary to prevent the sham from showing under the drapery, and ample enough to hang with the effect of a round full skirt.

It has been predicted that the bustle would disappear with the summer toilettes, but there are no signs of the fulfillment of the prophecy. The new dresses are all made with the customary steels, though I really don't think they are quite so atrociously aggressive as they have been. Five steels are now often used, two quite near together, about four inches from the belt, so no cushion bustle is needed, the other three lower down across the back breadths.

The new basques are very much trimmed

in front; vests, surplice folds, waistcoat effects, and even several vests of different materials or colors being indicated. Anything that is quaint and odd is fashionable. The backs of some of the new basques are finished by doubling each of the four forms below the waist, shaping them into leaf points and facing with a contrasting material. The old fashion of draping the lower skirt upon the back of the basque is revived. Pointed girdles of velvet or passementerie sewed in under the arms and crossing the front, are pretty. Sleeves are no longer skin tight; an easy, comfortable fit is allowable. The leg-of-mutton and the full sleeves gathered to a very wide cuff which were seen on thin dresses this summer, will be repeated in wool and silk, but no one need hesitate to have the sleeves of a nice dress cut in the old coat shape.

It is too early yet to talk about millinery, as the milliners are only now in New York, buying their stock, but it is said that the hats and bonnets, which have been eminently calculated "to sweep the cobwebs out of the sky," are to be lowered a little, so that the tall woman will no longer look like "Mrs. Giantess Blunderbore."

The jacket holds its own for street wear; the new models are a trifle longer-skirted than last spring's patterns; and the hoods which became so common and made nine out of ten women look as if they had humps, seem to have dropped "out" with as much precipitancy as they came in. It is amusing to see how suddenly an article of dress or a color is abandoned when it becomes common. Last May, hardly a woman—young or old—appeared on our avenues who did not wear heliotrope. Merchants could not get enough heliotrope tints in dress goods, nor milliners satisfy the demand for heliotrope ribbons and flowers. One day the street looked like a waving line of this beautiful color; the next you could not find a vestige of it. Everybody abandoned it with the most charming unanimity; it had become "too common."

BEATRIX.

GUM arabic is a high priced commodity now. A cheaper mucilage, which is still more adhesive, in that it cannot be readily soaked off, is made by dissolving white granulated sugar in three times its weight of boiling water, and adding one-fourth its weight of slaked lime, stirring it well. Heat again to the boiling point and then set away in a covered vessel, and allow it to stand for several days, stirring occasionally. It is then allowed to settle and the clear liquid is poured off for use.



## BURTON FARMERS' CLUB.

In spite of the rain, which ushered in the first day of September and continued nearly the whole afternoon, sixteen members of our club answered the roll call, and forgetting the gloomy weather outside, proceeded to enjoy themselves to the best of their ability. Although we felt rather sorry for the absent members, we did not feel disposed to dispense with our good time on their account, so decided to go through with the regular programme.

The discussion upon the subject "Farming in 1787, 1887 and 1987," was quite interesting, especially that relating to the good time when people will talk of the science of farming, when tillers of the soil, who are already becoming better educated than ever before, shall be not only as high in the social scale as any in the land, but just as independent; when they will not need to ask the grocer what butter and eggs are worth, and after selling take their pay in sugar and tea, also at the grocer's prices; when the prices of wheat, and other farm products, will not be governed by a few men who are gathering in wealth by means of these farm products, without an idea of the expense and labor necessary to raise them. One member thought that these good times could only be brought about by organization and through the ballot. Another did not seem disposed to find much fault with the times or the speculators, and the present low prices were the natural consequence of the improved and cheaper methods of farming. One reason given why the farmers cannot control the prices of their own products, was that a large proportion of them are in debt, and are obliged to sell at some price to pay interest, so of course must take what they can get. There seems to be one particular in which the present laws fail to do justice to the farmer. It is not right that he should have to pay taxes on the land, and interest to the man who holds the mortgage; he ought not to pay taxes until the land is really his own. These are questions which should be thoroughly discussed by farmers' clubs; and we think that these organizations may be one means of bringing about the time when it will not take half a life time of hard work to pay for a small farm.

The subject taken up by the ladies was that of putting up vegetables for winter use. The time was limited, but as every one knows, women can talk fast, and there were not many minutes wasted. We learned a way of preserving tomatoes without cooking, which was new to some of us at least. It was to pare the tomatoes, place them in a crock with a layer of horseradish leaves at top and bottom, and a little salt and sugar sprinkled through them; seal up by putting sealing wax around the edge of the crock, placing a pane of window glass over, and pressing down on the wax. A number of the ladies can corn and pears by the use of tartaric acid. Right here I am tempted to relate my own experience in canning corn. If it does not benefit the readers, perhaps it will arouse their sympathy. Two years ago instead of drying all my sweet corn, I determined to try the recipe given in the *HOUSEHOLD* for canning, but my faith was not very strong. The question that troubled

me was how it was possible to boil corn in the can, with the cover screwed down tight, without breaking the can. I was assured however by a neighbor who had canned corn successfully by the same method, that her cans did not break. Still I was doubtful, and after following directions minutely in every other particular, with one can I left the cover loose, and placed the can in a kettle of cold water on the stove. After it commenced to boil the juice kept oozing out over the top of the can, and I soon saw that by the time the corn was cooked, the can would not be full, so I concluded to follow the directions whatever the consequences. Without removing the can I tightened the cover, and retired to the cellar. After a few minutes of expectation, the crash came, and throwing down my butter ladle, with the exclamation, "I told you so," and "Susan Jane, you might have known better," I ascended the stairs to view the ruins. The mixture of corn, water, and broken glass was rather a discouraging sight. Now was my failure due to lack of faith, or why did the can break? Why do they not always break, rather, when treated in that way?

BURTON.

S. J. B.

## SENSIBLE HOUSEKEEPING.

As I get to thinking over my acquaintances I think how differently we are constituted; what is happiness to one is misery to another. I have in mind two friends who lived near my old home. One was buried up in her work, and everything and everybody had to stand one side until it was done, no matter how much others were inconvenienced thereby. Her principal topic of conversation was how much she had done in a given time and how much she had to do, until you were tired when you went from her presence. The other one did not let her work worry her, but was always ready to leave it when friends came in and have a pleasant hour's chat on any subject, as she was well informed on the events of the day, and knew how to make it interesting. You had not intended to stay but a few minutes, but minutes had lengthened until you were surprised to find you had been there over an hour, and had to hurry home for fear the men would be waiting for supper; but you were refreshed and had so much to think about that you could do your work with much more ease, for work seems light when our minds are busy with pleasant thoughts.

I do not like to neglect the work, but think if we can make some one happy what matters it if the dishes are left awhile, or part of the clothes are not ironed. I have washed to-day, and when I hung up the clothes took good care that they should be hung straight, then the wind blew, so they were dry by the time I had the dinner work out of the way, and I folded the red table cloth smoothly and put some weights on it, and put the sheets and pillowcases back on the beds. Now I do not very often do this, but I have a good deal to do this week and my conscience does not trouble me one bit for the omission.

I was going to give my plan for a week's work, but Evangeline has given hers, and there is so little difference it is not worth the while; only I always think I must churn

twice a week through the warm weather. Her ideas of a home are splendid, and if she practices as she writes, hers must be a model and her family almost perfection. I tried her recipe for ragout in last December's paper, and found it so good that I wish the ladies would all try it. I never try any recipe with wine in it, for I think it dangerous business. I have read of cases where boys said their first taste of liquor was in their mother's mince pies. I once read of a young man who had been addicted to drinking, but had by strong will conquered the habit, as he supposed. He was invited to tea with a party of young people, to a place where the lady of the house prided herself on her table and the variety of victuals; she had brandied peaches with the rest, the young man ate one—two—and called for more, until his friends tried to stop him, but his appetite was started and he left that table and went to the saloon, and in one year was in a drunkard's grave. He said had liquor been placed on the table in its own form he could have refused it, but he little thought of the demon being in those pickles. From that time forth that lady banished all things containing liquor from her table, for she felt that she had been directly to blame for his death. Let the homes be free from the curse, and teach our children to hate it as they would any deadly poison. One mother was so afraid her child would inherit the taste of it from his ancestors, she gave him an occasional glass of wine in which just enough tartar emetic had been dissolved to nauseate him; he acquired such an aversion to the taste of liquors that he could not be induced to touch them.

BATTLE CREEK.

X. Y. Z.

## OIL STOVES.

Oil stoves well used are good servants if they are like ours. Being so situated—in two rooms and a closet—that a wood stove is out of the question, and disliking exceedingly the odor of gasoline, we use a kerosene stove with oven, broiler and necessary furniture. It has never smoked in the year we have used it, and there is no more unpleasant odor from it than from an equal number of lamps; it boils and broils or boils and bakes at once, and one of its chief recommendations is that it can be set going and left untended to bake bread, potatoes, pie, pudding or any common dish.

In baking bread heat the oven to the proper temperature, put in the bread leaving it, to-day, forty-five minutes for three loaves in a dripping pan, and it came out beautifully done through, and just a creamy brown,—a brown, dear ladies—that always comes better when a spoonful of sugar is put in at the last kneading but one. When baking potatoes they are put in as soon as the fire is lighted, and by the time one can reasonably prepare the rest of the meal, they are finished, mealy and pleasant to the taste.

Cake should be set upon the top rack toward the back, and left undisturbed until it is done.

Our stove has a skillet in which roast meat is done to perfection; the skillet is simply a deep iron spider with an iron cover; it is set upon the stove and allowed



## THE HOUSEHOLD.

to get hot enough so we can smell it in good earnest, when the cover is lifted and the roast, nicely floured, is popped in and covered up and kept well going for the proper length of time; the cover is only lifted once to turn the meat which will soon come out as near right as need be; in case any gravy collects it is poured into a bowl and set to keep warm to serve with the meat. In a large family a Dutch oven would probably be better than a skillet.

If we had a mansion and an income to match we would never putter with kerosene while wood lasted; we might possibly, in a separate building, at a safe distance, have a gasoline stove for ironing, as they are unexcelled for that purpose, but, until our ship comes in, we shall speak well of our little kerosene stove.

ANON.

LANSING.

### A WEEK OFF.

(Concluded.)

Wednesday morning we took the Grand Rapids & Indiana train for Mackinac city. This place was very disappointing, as there is really no city at all, only a small and irregular cluster of houses here and there, located in a hap-hazard way, and of a very unpretentious order. Taking the staunch steamer Algoma, built to war with the ice of the Straits, we are in a short time transferred to the isle of our hopes and dreams, the isle of song, tradition and fairy lore, Mackinac. This rock-girt, rock-ribbed isle is full of interest at every turn, from the plain at the landing to the highest point, 350 feet above the level of the lake. I will speak briefly of some of the most noted natural features. Arch Rock, a magnificent natural arch spanning a chasm 80 or 90 feet high, by 40 or 50 wide. The top is about three feet wide, and it takes a sure foot and level head to cross its rough, uneven rocky bridge. Sugar Loaf, a rough, conical rock, found on the interior plateau, about 150 feet high, has a cave in its side 30 feet up, which will hold several persons, and can be climbed by an agile, daring person. Small cedars and vines grow in crevices up its sides. Lover's Leap, so named from a legend, lifts its rocky head boldly from the cliff, nearly 200 feet high. Not far from this on the beach we come to a strange looking cave, named the Devil's Kitchen. There is a rude resemblance to a fire place, and fires are sometimes kindled there by tourists. His majesty was not at home at the time of our visit, but it was suggested "he had gone to early mass." Fort Mackinac, reached by a flight of about 200 steps, is full of interest. There are 70 soldiers quartered there at present. The view of the island and surroundings from the parapet is very fine, only to be surpassed by the view from the tower erected on the site of Fort Holmes, the highest point on the island. The natural curiosities of the place, its pure air and attractive surroundings, make the island a great and growing attraction, as a health and pleasure resort. Cottages are going up in every direction; last year the Grand Hotel was built, with accommodations for 1,000 guests. It is beautifully situated on the front of the first plateau, and when at night it is lighted from basement to turret

with electric lights, it might rival Aladdin's palace. Spring of water, clear as crystal, gush from the rock, and one curious view after another is encountered until one is bewildered.

But time is relentless in its flight, and we had to move on. Taking the steamer Thursday morning, we started over the blue waters of the lake for Sault St. Marie. Detour, at the point of that name, is the only place of any importance found until we reach the "Soo."

Fair winds wafted us onward until we were in the river, when Boreas took up another strain, and whistled until his cheeks cracked again. A boy's hat was taken from his head and sent overboard so quick he stood with his hand on his bare head, motionless with wonder as to where it had gone. Only the bravest, wrapped in winter clothing, dared remain outside, but the ever changing, primeval scenery was a great attraction. No need to go to the St. Lawrence river to visit the Thousand Islands. They lie along this route, from the tiniest speck to thousands of acres. This river is navigated only by daylight. Steam dredges are at work deepening a channel by way of Hay Lake, which will, when completed, shorten the route thirteen miles.

The stone piers are built at the head of the rapids, which will bridge the stream, and make the "Soo" railroad town, when the branch of the Canadian Pacific is completed to that point. There are speculative rumors of utilizing the grand water power at that place, and of establishing a world's manufactory of everything there. In consequence there is a boom in real estate that puts prices away up above nowhere. Down town Detroit prices are very reasonable when compared. Rents are fabulous. Business is booming even in tents. Steam dredges are working night and day on the new lock. The rapids must be seen to be understood, and very exciting we found it, to see the red men pole their canoes up the sheltered coast line of the rapids, and then, swinging into the stream, come dashing through the foaming, swirling waters at a pace that made one hold his breath. Three-fourths of a mile is made in two minutes, canoes that will carry from two to ten or twelve persons, being used.

Leaving there Saturday morning we arrived at Point St. Ignace about three o'clock in the afternoon, and took in this brick town, which is described as being "six miles long and six inches wide," and containing some 3,000 inhabitants. The old mission church, built in 1780, still stands with its primitive furnishings, a striking contrast to modern church edifices. It was from this place that Father Marquette set out May, 1673, for discovery of the Mississippi river, and here his bones were finally brought and buried. At this point we embarked on the City of Alpena, and on Monday morning, 22d inst, were again at home, more than ever convinced that Michigan is a great State, and that tourists who wander far away in search of Nature's bounties in the shape of scenery, grandeur and curiosities, had better explore the riches and beauty that lie at our door, before seeking in far or foreign climes, for that to which we can furnish the equal or superior. And

still we will believe, affirm and sing, "There's no better or more favored State, than Michigan, my Michigan."

A. L. L.

### PURE ENGLISH.

There is such a good article in the September *Scribner's* by Adams Sherman Hill, entitled "English in Newspapers and Novels," in which he shows how pure, simple English is mutilated and misused by newspaper writers and second rate novelists. It is a sharp, scathing article, and interested me very much, besides winning my entire approbation; for I like to hear a rake called a rake. The most effective writers are they who use the mother-tongue in its simplest form. A sentence so simple that a child may read it, may yet be strong and forceful—beautiful because of its very simplicity.

In the same number is completed "Unfinished Letters of Thackeray." Dear old Thackeray! What a pleasure it must have been to have known him! So quaint, so simple, so original! Letters written for publication or with the probability of publication would have been studied and stiff, and would not have given us the same idea of the man at all—and then the sketches with which he used to embellish his letters to his friends! So funny and jolly! Dear old soul! How we love the man, though we may not always the author.

I would say to Chips that from Red Astrachans I have made jelly which could hardly be told from crab-apple, either in color or flavor.

EUPHEMIA.

ALBION.

### CHAT.

I think Mrs. Fuller did not understand the case in regard to the currant bushes. Although I sifted the lime very carefully over every part of the bushes, and some of the leaves turned brown, the worms still lived to do their work.

After all, Antiover, do we not all have to scratch for our living? I for one have been scratching for mine for nearly half a century; and what makes the matter worse, every year brings a little harder scratching. Give the chickens a chance. The majority of farmers think chickens should live without eating, and make themselves scarce generally, but eight or ten little pigs running in the door yard and garden is quite another thing.

If any one should ask me when I spend my happiest hours, I would tell them, when seated in my favorite seat by the window with the last number of the *HOUSEHOLD* in my hand. What if the table is full of dirty dishes? Who cares, no one will have them to wash but

BESS.

### AN INQUIRY ABOUT BUTTER.

I have read the *FARMER* and *HOUSEHOLD* for ten years, and it seems like an old friend indeed, and as we all turn to such for counsel and advice, I will do so at present. Are there any of its readers who have had experience in shipping butter to Detroit or any other city? If so will they please write to the *HOUSEHOLD* how to send, and where, and if it pays? We have



four fine Jersey cows and a good creamery; and I have good success making butter, but it does not pay to try to make good butter to sell here, for the good, bad and indifferent are packed together and shipped, and the buyers do not care whether it is good or not. I would like to send about fifteen pounds a week direct to private customers in Detroit if I could get them. "I am sure if I could once get them I would keep them, but I have no acquaintances in the city and do not know how to secure them. I have looked over the FARMER and find but one commission merchant's advertisement, (E. B. Gawley & Co.) and the firm only advertise for fruit to sell. Are they reliable?"

JONESVILLE.

[The firm mentioned we can recommend as being perfectly reliable, to the best of our knowledge. Butter and eggs as well as fruits are handled.]

#### HAPPIEST MOMENTS.

Evangeline struck a chord that vibrates to sweet sounds when she spoke of "happiest moments." I'll schedule some of mine. When after a wrestle with the Genius of Sleep, I've come off victorious, have risen and made breakfast, a fact accomplished; then they come in. When the washing, ironing and baking for the week is over, they are due, and seldom disappoint me. When the seasonable housecleaning is over, a tidal wave comes; when any deferred duty has been properly adjusted, there is a place for them.

When I'm "spoiling for a fight," and some good natured opponent "gives me a whack," I'm hilarious; when I've been opinionated, stubborn or cranky, and have been snubbed, scolded or shamed into reason, or, happily attained victory over self, and the necessary feeling of humiliation is past, I'm jubilant. In short, whenever I am satisfied with A. L. L., I'm pretty sure to be in the enjoyment of happy moments. Happy moments should attend well doing, but happiest attend well done. Yes, Beatrix, I fully appreciate the pretty compliment paid to sugar-coat the bitter pill of a mistake, but assure you, I can stand up calmly under correction, and bless the hand that smites, for 'tis thus we grow wiser. Some time had elapsed since a learned legal luminary laid down the law, as I used it, and I felt a little "onsartin on the case." Shall find some more happy moments in the knowledge that such laws are changed to suit the spirit of the age.

A. L. L.

#### A NEW DEPARTURE.

That the "tide is rolling on" is seen in the following which has just met my eye: "Albert C. Couch, of New York, is the financial agent and manager of one of the most unique concerns ever incorporated in New Jersey. It is the Mrs. R. P. Newby's Woman's Endowment Cattle Company. It has just filed its certificate of incorporation, with D. G. Croly (Jennie June) as president. Its capital stock is placed at \$1,500,000, divided into 3,000 shares at \$500 each. The company has control of two million acres of fine grazing land in New Mexico.

There are now 6,000 head of cattle on the ranch, and it is estimated that at the end of six years, the stock will have so increased as to make the stock worth at least five times its face value. A number of Mrs. Croly's friends are interested in the company. The stock is to be placed with women, as an endowment for their children."

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

#### FLORAL GLEANINGS.

"And *that's* our famous 'moon flower,' that the catalogues made such a spread about last spring," said a friend as she pointed to a weak-kneed vine, straggling over a pillar of the veranda, with two or three blossoms—a couple of sizes larger than a well developed morning glory, upon it. "Another case of 'great cry and little wool;' I thought that it would make a perfect bower of this end of the piazza, and Isa and I had planned many an afternoon in its shade, but see what a dismal failure it is!" "So runs the world away," and we learn a new proverb: "Nothing is as it is advertised to be."

The hyacinth lily is another floricultural novelty that don't fulfill one's expectations. It has a long, straggling stem, at the apex of which are ranged at wide intervals, small bell-like white blooms, which do not seem to open from their bud-like form. Do not invest anything in the hyacinth lily, when there are so many so very much more satisfactory to be had for less money.

A very novel bed of foliage plants on a Woodward Avenue lawn is in circular form, about six feet in diameter, with a row of alternantheras round the outer edge. The bed is raised toward the centre, and made in six divisions or gores, meeting at the centre, each division planted with different colors of coleus. The plants are clipped and trimmed so the divisions are sharply defined, and the effect is very pretty, resembling a Scotch cap, even to "the little round button on top," a single plant which rises a little above the others at the very centre of the bed.

A pretty method of hiding a division fence is to plant some stately foliage species against it, with a row of flowering shrubs in front. Cannas or marantas are fine for the purpose, and a row of old-fashioned marigolds gives a brilliant line of color against the dark green. The yellow and orange are a pleasant change from the eternal scarlet geranium.

To prove how much is thought of the vine as an embellishment, one has but to take a walk along one of our residence streets, and observe the porticoes and piazza; hung with ampelopsis, clematis and wistaria. That house is the exception which has not some of the varieties of the above planted about it. One fine house on Woodward Avenue has the projecting portion of its facade outlined by ampelopsis, which has climbed to the third story and overarched it. A large double window in the front is literally framed in the thick green mat of foliage, which covers every inch of brickwork. A Lafayette Avenue residence is almost bowered in purple and white clematis; and the large rose-colored althea in the yard is hard-

ly noticed, so much do the masses of rich mauve challenge the admiration of passers-by.

The exceptionally hot weather seemed peculiarly adapted to the flowering of the oleander. There are a number of very large specimens about town and all of them, especially those fully exposed to the sun, were covered with bloom, making them very conspicuous objects.

L. C.

DETROIT.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

DIRECTIONS have been given in the HOUSEHOLD for packing green corn in salt for home consumption, and soaking it when wanted to cook. The proper way to cook the corn has not, we believe, been given, yet it is said that the mode of handling it makes all the difference in the world in the taste of the corn. Take the corn from the brine and drain as dry as possible; put it into boiling water, let boil ten minutes, then drain off the water, put on more, boil, and repeat the process, making three times in all. Then season with butter and pepper, add a few tablespoonfuls of cream or a dessert tablespoonful of white sugar to each quart of corn.

HARPER'S *Bazar* recommends the following remedies for the carpet beetle, a very destructive pest with which Michigan housekeepers are unhappily becoming acquainted. Carpet lining, consisting of tarred felt paper, cut a foot wide, saturated with spirits of turpentine and laid around the room next the base boards, before the carpet is nailed down, will be found effective. Another way, and one considered safest and best, is to use a decoction of tobacco; two handfuls of tobacco stalks, four tablespoonfuls of cayenne pepper and a handful of salt. These are put into two quarts of water, allowed to soak a couple of hours and then boiled down to a quart of extract, which is strained through a bit of muslin. A piece of sponge is tied to a stick, and with this the decoction is applied to the flooring near the baseboards and to the wrong side of the carpet, care being taken not to use it so liberally as to soak through the carpet.

#### CONTRIBUTED RECIPES.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLES.—One peck green tomatoes, sliced very thin. Let them stand in brine over night. In the morning drain, and scald them in one quart of vinegar and two quarts of water for fifteen minutes. Drain again and scald in three quarts of vinegar, two pounds of brown sugar; put mixed spices in a bag, and put in the vinegar, allowing them to remain.

CHILI SAUCE.—One peck ripe tomatoes; two dozen onions; one dozen green peppers; twenty-four cups vinegar; twenty-four tablespoonfuls sugar; two tablespoonfuls cloves; two tablespoonfuls cinnamon; two tablespoonfuls ginger; eight tablespoonfuls salt. Chop fine and boil two hours.

LIZZIE'S MUFFINS.—Two eggs; butter size of an egg; tablespoonful sugar; one cup sweet milk; two teaspoonfuls baking powder; flour enough to make a batter the consistency of cake.

Mrs. C.

DETROIT.