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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

LIFE.

CLARA B. SOUTHWELL.

Our life is a broad ocean,
Each vessel is a soul,
Some are drifting aimlessly,
Some striving for a goal.

Some meet with troubles' breakers,
And sorrow's waves will run
So high they hide from view the face
Of God, which is the sun.

While some of storms of sorrow
And trial have no less,
Still they always see the light—
The Sun of Righteousness.

Some storms of fate must surely rise
Upon each life's broad sea.
For if 'twere smooth, no billows there,
Poor seamen we would be.

There are two ports where we may stop
On the other side the sea,
And cast our anchors overboard,
Forever there to be.

Whether we would or not, we must
Into one or the other go.
One is called the Haven of Rest,
The other the Harbor of Woe.

MARSHALL.

HOME TRAINING.

I wonder why mothers make so great a difference in the training of their boys and girls. The latter are taught to be neat and orderly; tidiness of person and apartment is insisted upon, while the boys are allowed the greatest latitude as regards their personal belongings. In quite too many families the boys have been brought up to consider that "mother and the girls" are in duty bound to wait upon them; especially is this the case if there is but one son and two or three daughters in the family. This is following out the idea that woman is the only one who has anything to do in making home happy, and that she was created to wait upon man, especially in the way of getting up warm meals and picking up after him.

It is a wrong way to begin, to allow the boys to become possessed of the idea that they are superior beings, to whose comfort everything else must be subservient. They get into an unpleasant habit of thinking their own ease is of more importance than other people's rights. They generally become domestic tyrants, deferred to because they can make the house so uncomfortable if their wishes are resisted. I number among my acquaintances a family whose only boy has been brought up to consider himself the central sun round which his mother and three sisters revolve as satellites. Meals must be ordered to suit his con-

venience; and what "Ferd" likes or dislikes regulates the bill of fare. If he is going out it takes the united efforts of his four faithful servitors to get him ready. He deliberately walks down stairs from his own room, and sends his sister up again for his cuffs and collar. If she thinks to save herself by bring necktie also, though it be the newest and freshest of his stock, it is certain to be the wrong one. He must be brushed and dusted; and he tosses his soiled handkerchief on the floor as he takes up a clean one, and with a careless "Good morning," dashes out the door, leaving it for some one to close after him. The mother's plea always is: "We must make home pleasant for Ferd, or he will get into evil ways;" but no such training in self-indulgence ever kept a boy out of bad company.

And what a husband such a young man will make, trained from childhood to regard himself as one whose whims must be indulged under penalty of sulks and ill-temper! What girl of spirit would submit, even for love's sake, to such exactions, such utter disregard of her own individual rights?

A girl has good cause to bless her mother-in-law, if her husband has been taught not only to serve himself, but also to be "handy around the house," thoughtful of her time and strength, and considerate in calling on her. I have seen a man sit in the wagon while his wife carried from the cellar and lifted up to him a 20-pound basket of butter and went back for another filled with eggs; and seen the same man call her from her work to take into the house the baskets of groceries he had brought from town. No; the horses were not "skittish;" he had merely been accustomed to be waited upon.

And so, mothers, for the sake of yourselves and the wives your sons will some day wed, teach your boys to be helpful in the house, and to wait upon themselves. To throw back the clothing so the bed may air, and open the window; to put the towel on the rack instead of leaving it in a wad on a chair; to hang up the Sunday suit instead of throwing it on the floor or the bed for some one else to dust and fold; to see that the wood-box and the water-pails are replenished, are little duties one can perform almost instinctively, as pleasant service, not tasks, if trained from childhood. I would have a boy know how to make coffee and cook a plain meal if necessary; it will not hurt him, and the knowledge may, some time in his life, be of practical value, especially in case of sudden illness. It is no shame to a lad to help his mother in her work, but rather an honor; it is manly to be helpful, wherever we may be put. And how

grateful such helps, small though they be, are to the mother who has so many things to look after; and how delightful to the newly-made wife to find she has not married a domestic tyrant! BEATRIX.

THE MOTHER'S JOURNAL.

I earnestly second L. B. P.'s suggestion, that mothers keep a record of the sayings and doings of their little ones. What can be of greater interest to them when they are grown to be men and women? Many mothers fail to do this just because they have never thought of it. A few of my own childish scribblings and sketches found on the blank leaves of my mother's scrap-book suggested the idea to me, and already the one book in the house most coaxed for is "mother's journal."

The dates of its entries are often far apart and they contain no attempt at style or to record extra smart things, just their first words, plays, ideas of things and what they do from week to week, now and then jotting down something naughty to prevent them from getting an impression of an angelic childhood. The premium page at present seems to be one bearing the outline of three little hands, made nearly two years ago, by drawing a line around the outspread model. The name is written on the wrist of each, while in the palm is fastened a curl of his or her first hair. Then I have copied the drawings upon the frosty windows and slate, intend to add a specimen of their first writing, and often think longingly of what grace and beauty an artist's skill would lend to such a task. My pencil is not equal to the sketching of a sweet face, which often seems for a moment fit subject for art's greatest master, but I am sure that what I do attempt will be appreciated by my dear ones, and while the taste of the reading public is cloyed by a multiplicity of books, the small private circle for whose benefit I write will never tire of, or harshly criticise the one which mother made.

I hope that no one who reads this will attribute to it any desire to boast of what I have done. I feel it is little enough, and crude enough, and that almost any mother could excell me if she would. I only wish her to make the attempt, and thought a description of mine might suggest something to help her on the start,

THOMAS.

A. H. J.

[For those who desire them, there are to be found in the bookstores lovely books prepared for just this purpose, beautifully bound and embellished, with space for the

baby's date of birth, baptism, name, and names of sponsors and clergyman, when the little one first began to "take notice," date of the first tooth, first words spoken, etc., a minutia of detail few would have time to fill out for any but the first born, who is always "really the most remarkable child you ever saw." Then other pages are devoted to the first sayings, bright speeches and special naughtinesses.—Ed.]

HOME TALKS.

NO. I.

Come here, Hetty, and sit by me awhile. Father has been telling me what Harry said to him last evening about being married, and we have talked the matter over and think that we cannot spare you until October. The time will come all too soon then, my child, for it is May now. While our preparations will not be as elaborate as many, it will take time, for we will get along and not hire any sewing done except dresses. But as you will assume the management of a home I feel that a little practical experience will enable you to succeed better: that is what is lacking now—a-days, Hetty, practical experience. You may stand by and see some one mix and stir and cook, but unless you put your own hands in, the chances are ten to one you will fail. Cook books are good in their place, but there are thousands of little things that the best ones do not contain. You are twenty, Hetty, but it does not seem possible; somehow I have always looked on you as a child, and then too, you have only cleverly finished your education, as one might say. You have been four years away from home, and the vacations were mostly taken up with company and a round of pleasures, so I have not required as much of you as I should, had you been at home all the time. I have always said, when you married you should know how to keep house, for an ill kept, poorly managed household only brings unhappiness and misery on the family, and we shall have not one bit of time to spare. I shall throw the care and responsibility of the work on you. Don't look frightened, child. Mother will show you, talk to you, and give you the benefit of all her experience, and when we sit down to our sewing we can have home talks, that I never want you to forget, they may be of real value to you in the years to come.

Married life has its ups and downs—it isn't all sunshine nor flowers; but with lots of love and patience and forbearance, you will succeed. Father and I have said so many times, by just studying each other's tastes and likes and dislikes, we grow harmonious, and though we don't think alike every time, we never quarrel about it. That poem of Will Carleton's about "Betsy and I are Out" is just as real as can be. Once let a couple begin to disagree, the neighbors will lend them assistance, and serious trouble is the result. You are older than I was when your father and I were married, I was sixteen, then there were five younger than I. How bad mother felt when I told her John and I were going to be married! She laid the baby down and put her arms right

around me and we both cried, for I knew I was like her right hand, looking after the baby and doing all the heavy work, washing, ironing and churning; but it is the way of the world, Hetty, it's the way I did, the way you are doing, it is born in us, the desire to be for ourselves; and when the right one comes along, we'll leave the home nest and go, no matter if it is to the ends of the earth. Your grandfather wasn't very forehanded, our farm was small, and between poor crops and low prices—and our family numbered eight, you know—it was all we could do to live. The last summer I was at home I taught the district school. I had twenty shillings a week and boarded myself. I never drew one cent until the term was ended, and if ever I was proud in my life it was when I had all that money in my hand and knew I had earned it myself. That's another thing, Hetty, that's born in woman, the desire to earn money, to be independent. It will do for single women, but when married women try it, it proves oftener a failure than a success; not financially perhaps, but if you look at it sensibly her time should be given to her house and family. The trouble all grows out of the pocketbook. Every woman should consider from the beginning that they are accumulating property together; they have consolidated interests, and both are entitled to the income, always using common sense and prudence. If a woman is a true woman, she knows what debts there are to pay, where the money should be used, and it would be unreasonable in her to insist upon having things that are not necessary. There is lots more comfort and satisfaction in knowing that you do not owe anybody a cent, than feeling that you have had every foolish caprice gratified. Every woman has a liking for good clothes, nice gloves, laces, shoes, little nick-nacks for the toilet, but she should consider well whether it is wise or not to buy them. What sometimes seems as if morally impossible, we can succumb to if we only will it so.

Your grandfather Vincent was called a rich man; he lived in the village and John was the only child; his mother had been dead a good many years, and there had been a housekeeper, a real motherly woman; but no matter how nice everything is kept, or how well every duty is performed, there's a something lacking, a certain atmosphere which only pervades the house when mother's there. John always pictured in glowing colors our new life, and dear, he never drew it too bright, for I have had a truly happy life, and it all came from our being so thoroughly determined to make our married life a success rather than a shipwreck. We've always pulled the same way; it's with a married couple just as it is with a span of horses—if they are not mated as to disposition and habits, one will pull one way, one another—when one is ready to go the other wants to stand still. It is like music, too, there must be harmony or the effect is spoiled, the piece should not be all pianissimo, or all staccato, but by having a little of both the melody is perfect. If we only have the desire, and have the right heart, we can succeed at any thing.

We'll make an estimate of how much money we will want, for I intend your

"setting out" shall be complete. As Harry is a clerk in town, there are many things you will not need, that you would if you were going on to a farm. We won't talk over the dresses yet, but get the table linen, sheets, towels, and all these things first. They say everybody has a hobby, and I am sure mine is nice china and silver, table linen and bedding, and we will decide what we want and go to the city and make our purchases, so we can get right to sewing. The housecleaning is all over and we shall try the capacity of that new Singer that your father bought the other day. The sheeting we will buy double fold, so there will be no long seams to sew over-and-over. I am glad you are such a nice hand with a needle; think how nice embroidered letters will look on the linen—monograms you call them, eh? Well, we will look ahead to a busy, agreeable, profitable summer, won't we, Hetty? When I was married I had nothing but my school money to use, and my purchases were necessarily small.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

HAPPINESS.

[Paper read by Mrs. E. Eliott T. Sprague, at the meeting of the Athens, Calhoun Co., Farmers' Club, Sept. 2d.]

Our social life would be much happier in its results if we had less affectation and artifice, if we showed more goodness of heart. Nature, in her lavish gifts to man, shows no partiality to station or rank, and in no case has she denied her greatest, highest boon—to the high or low, the rich or poor—a great heart; all the good there is about us, all the kindly courtesies—the good deeds—are wellsprings of the heart. No man can be a gentleman, no woman can be a lady, without a good heart. No matter about the clothes; it can lie under the hoddens grey of the peasant, as well as the broadcloth of the nobleman. It is told of Burns that walking along the streets of Edinburgh with a gentleman of noble lineage, meeting an honest farmer, he recognized and spoke to him. Upon being upbraided by his companion for speaking to so rough a man Burns exclaimed "Why, you fantastic gomerel! it was not the great coat, scone bonnet and saunders boot hose that I spoke to, but the man that was in them, and the man, sir, for true worth would weigh down you and me, and ten more such, any day." That there is homeliness in externals, we know, and to the casual observer, it may savor of vulgarity, because we cannot discern the heart, but to the clever minded, sensible person "character will always bear its insignia." Our deepest and most lasting impressions are learned through the eye, for what we see we are quite apt to believe, for our ears quite often deceive us.

Our homes, our schools, our society are moulding the characters of the future generation. There is not sufficient importance attached to home training. "For whatever may be the efficiency of our schools, the examples set in our homes must always be of vastly greater influence in forming the character of our future men and women." The home is the crystal of society, the very nucleus of national char-

acter; and from that source, be it pure or tainted, issue the habits, principles and maxims which govern public as well as private life. The nation comes from the nursery; public opinion itself, is for the most part the outgrowth of the home, and the best philanthropy comes from the fire-side. To love the little platoon we belong to in society is the germ of all public affections. From this little central spot the human sympathies may extend, in an ever-widening circle, until the world is embraced; for though true philanthropy, like charity, begins at home, assuredly it does not end there. That we all have our individual ideas of happiness, is true. While some find happiness in ministering to their own wants, others will be equally happy in alleviating suffering and want and woe wherever it may be found. W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, seems to be a true philanthropist. The "Home for Old Ladies" called the "Louisa Home," named after his only daughter, is a lasting monument to his name. He it was who brought back the remains of John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home" from Tunis, and erecting a monument over him is another act that gave him happiness. I am sure there is no fancy in saying that there will come a time when honor will be done to whom honor is due, and many who have done their deeds before men, for the sake of the reward, will be passed by, and those who have worked for Him who said "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me," will not only deserve but receive. There are seeds sown that do not yield tares, there are deeds done that are not engraved on marble, that are known only to Him, "who suffers not even a sparrow to fall unnoticed." There are innumerable sources of happiness if we will only see them. It does not lie in the future, it is not something that we must strive hard to attain. It does not necessarily mean riches, or power or position; the more simple and natural our lives, I think the happier we are. We can make our homes neat and attractive, and pleasant, and in them with our little family growing up around us, watching their growth and development and improvement, not striving for the unattainable, not waiting year after year for better times, better prices, more means; but living just as well as we can as we go along. There are little ones all over our land, homeless, hungry and ill-clad, who are being gathered unto Asylums, Homes and Schools. "The Fresh Air Fund," a society of philanthropic men and women, send them every summer into the country for a few weeks at a time, the blue sky, green grass, fresh fruit and flowers are beauties and blessings to which they have always been strangers. Let us cultivate the heart; "It will yield sweet fragrance, but still we must toil and cherish the blossoms and cultivate the soil." We are none of us free from sorrows and cares, but they are harder to bear if we keep them constantly before our eyes, and brood over them. Bury your sorrow as much as you can.

"There is many a rest on the road of life
If we only would stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land
If the querulous heart would wake it.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright
Though the wintry storm prevailleth."

A STUDY OF FOREIGN MODES OF LIFE.

We have been accustomed to believe that similarity of environment would produce similar results upon people, but we sometimes find exceptions both curious and mystifying. An interesting illustration of this may be observed by a brief study of the Innuits and Fuegians, together with their mode of life. The few things in which they resemble each other is shortness of stature, banded hair, utter disuse of the bath and extreme love of their country, the last mentioned appearing very curious to us, as Greenland and Tierra del Fuego both possess a climate of extreme cold which is almost unendurable to a European, some even having been frozen to death during summer months in both countries. Intellectually they are as widely separated as they are geographically. The Innuits or Esquimaux have a fair amount of brain, capable of some cultivation; while the Fuegians are very low in the scale of human life. Of course there are several reasons for this, but in their dress and habitations we would expect to find them as near in accord as the climate of their respective lands. Here we are disappointed. The Esquimaux loads himself with the warmest of fur, builds circular houses of ice blocks which afford excellent shelter, and in traveling protects himself very carefully from the cold.

The Fuegian wears no clothing except a piece of seal skin—or other easily obtained fur—about eighteen inches square. This is thrown over one shoulder or the other, according to the direction of the wind. But while indifferent to clothing he has a savage love of ornament, decorating himself with paint and charcoal, and wearing necklaces made of the teeth of fishes and seals, or of pieces of bone; wrists and ankles are bedecked in the same way. A house to suit their requirements can be made by a boy in half an hour. He has only to cut a number of long branches, sharpen the thicker ends and stick them into the ground, so as to occupy about seven-eighths of a circle. When the sticks are tied together at the top the frame-work is completed. The walls and roof are made by twisting smaller boughs among the uprights and throwing long coarse grass on them, and the entire furniture of the hut is comprised in a few armfuls of the same grass thrown on the ground. There is no attempt at a door.

Vegetation, animal and insect life is equally rare in both countries. While the food of the Innuits consists mostly of the fat of reindeer and seal, the Fuegians live largely upon fish, mussels and limpets. The fish are sometimes caught by tying the bait upon the end of a line, and coaxing the fish to the surface; when one bites he jerks it out of the water with his right hand, and with his left strikes it into the canoe. When caught he bites a piece from the under side and draws. Usually however he takes fish by means of dogs which are trained for the purpose. When a school of fish approaches the land the dogs swim out and enclose them, splashing and diving until they drive them into a net or some shallow

place where they can be taken by spear or arrow. If their food fails and the weather is too tempestuous for emigration to some other point, they select some old woman, and piling green boughs upon a fire hold her head in the dense smoke that arises until she is suffocated. The women eat the upper part of the body and the men the lower, while the trunk is thrown into the sea. If a whale becomes stranded on the shore a great feast at once takes place. All the people within reach flock to the spot, while canoes surround the monster, and its body is covered with little copper colored men, carving away with their shell knives. Each cuts as much as he can get, and when he has carved and torn off a large piece, he makes a hole in the middle, puts his head through the aperture, and thus leaves his hands free to carry more of the dainty food.

Upon a stunted evergreen beech grows large clusters of globular fungus of a bright orange color; this is also eaten with avidity.

The Fuegians do not seem to have any form of government, they live in small communities not worthy the name of tribes, and having no particular leader, except that the oldest man among them, so long as he retains his strength, is looked up to as a sort of authority. Their ideas of religion appear to be as ill-defined as those of government, the representative of religion being the conjuror, who, however, exercises but very slight influence upon his countrymen. It might be repugnant to the feelings of one unaccustomed to the diet to eat with the Esquimaux a piece of raw meat that had been carefully licked by a woman, in order to free it from hairs and other extraneous matter; fresh seals' blood just drawn from the animal would seem rather a strange kind of soup, and the still warm entrails a remarkable sort of after-dinner delicacy; or to partake with the Fuegians of their old women and fungus, so I conclude that the study of the uncivilized tribes is more pleasantly pursued at a distance from the subjects themselves. There is interest and fascination in learning of the many curious things and beings upon our globe, but there are parts of the subject of which a knowledge is best taken second hand.

PAW PAW.

MERTIE.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Will Mill Mimie tell us whether there should be the same number of stitches all the way through as in the beginning, in the pattern for lily of the valley lace given last February.

I should be glad if some of the HOUSEHOLD readers would send me a copy of the inter-state commerce bill, and also the words of the answer to "The Gipsy's Warning."

Beatrice told us how to keep cool; will not some one tell us how to keep warm the coming winter without wearing so many clothes we can scarcely move?

Can any one tell me how to prepare and color sheep pelts for floor-mats? I have seen some very pretty ones but do not know how they are made.

I quite agree with Mary B., of Ypsilanti, that we may do a great deal of work in re-

forming young men and keeping them free from vices, but the boys must help. Not long ago a young lady of my acquaintance married a bartender. If girls and boys would think more about the facts on which A. L. L.'s letter, "Divorce, and Why," is based, and be more careful in making choice of a life companion, there would be less work for the lawyers. AZALIA.

[We will answer several of Azalia's questions without referring them to the HOUSEHOLD. The star in the knitting pattern mentioned answers somewhat the purpose of a parenthesis, indicating that the directions between stars or from a star, are to be repeated. We will try to give the directions for crocheted shoulder cape soon, for the benefit of several who have asked for them. When an error is made in sending the HOUSEHOLD, or a copy lost in the mail as sometimes happens, we will send another if notified at once. If the matter is left to the end of the year, we are sometimes unable to supply the missing numbers.—HOUSEHOLD ED.]

CHILDRENS' FASHIONS.

Cashmere—which has come into style again for ladies' dresses—is a favorite material for little girls' suits this season. Fancy plaids in twill and the sleazy "blanket goods" are also used, but the plain soft cashmere is preferred. And at the outset it may be well to speak of the matter of the length of skirts. Girls of five years wear skirts of medium length, half way between knee and ankle; those older wear them shorter, just below the knees, while for those under five years, the regulation length is almost to the ankle. Skirts are very full, often measuring three yards, and are untrimmed, unless a simple design in braiding is used as an ornamentation. The fullness is laid in side pleats in front and gathered behind; and a velvet cord is sewed in with the seam which unites the waist and skirt. Dresses of ladies' cloth are made up for small girls, and the bottom of the skirt is pinked in scallops, with two other pinked bands set on beneath, so as to show three scalloped edges. The waist has a deep pointed yoke or vest of velvet, and where the waist comes up over the yoke the edges are also pinked. The back has also the deep point of velvet, and is closed with tiny buttons covered with velvet, or with bullet-shaped pearl buttons. This is made more dressy by cutting out the velvet at the neck to make it half high, and wearing the dress over a cambric or mull guimpe with a high standing collar. This style makes a very pretty and dressy suit for a little girl, and is simple and easily made. If there is fear that the mull guimpe may not be sufficient protection, surah silk in white, or of the color of the dress may be substituted, and the high silesia lining not cut out. The surah is gathered or laid in soft loose pleats. The dress sleeves are full and gathered slightly to a deep cuff of velvet; or short, and the silk or mull of the guimpe forms the sleeve, which is full and gathered to a band.

Another pretty way is to cut the neck of the dress half high, square in the back and rounding in front, and trim with a band of

ribbon velvet $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, which follows the outline of the neck, passes down the front in two rows, and around the waist as a belt; the fronts are open between the rows of velvet, and small eyelet-holes worked, and then laced with cord. The skirt has two widths of cashmere simply hemmed, and gathered or shirred in two or three rows at the top. We should have said that the waist buttons at the back, the lacing being purely ornamental. Braiding is in fashion again, the Greek key and snail patterns being quite popular.

For plainer dresses, and for older girls, high-necked dresses with the same straight skirts are worn. The front of the waist is pointed slightly, the back round, just coming to the waist line, and the edge is corded with velvet. The sleeves are coat-shaped, with little velvet puffs, and small puffs at the top—these puffs extend only across the top of the sleeve, not round the entire armhole. For school dresses girls from nine to thirteen will wear serge, homespun or gay plaid wools made with belted waists gathered to a yoke, and the usual straight gathered skirts. Jacket waists with vests and revers are made for more dressy wear, and skirts are pleated instead of being gathered.

That these styles will seem strange to some mothers who have made their small girls' dresses copies in miniature of their own so long, we can well believe. Yet we give the fashions as we find them on our streets; and really think them far more sensible and pretty than the very short skirts, ruffled and frilled and puffed, with overdrapery, which prevailed so long and marked the era of Fussiness, now, happily, on the wane.

WORK.

"In this big world of ours, my boy,
There's work for all to do."

How often we hear the expression by men and boys, "If I had plenty of money I would never do any work!" And I wonder sometimes if these same men and boys ever thought where they would have got their living if their father or mother never worked. Cannot they remember if their own mother had not constantly worked, they would not be able to enjoy a good meal nor have a good bed to lie upon, nor a clean shirt to put on their backs. And are there any of them so much better than their mothers, that they must waste their lives, and "sponge" on the generosity of those who will work? Why work is so despicable I fail to see, only as the "duty of pleasure" hides the "pleasure of duty." I know of no prosperous merchant, or rich gentleman, but who loves to have some daily occupation. How often will men and boys take a gun, and tramp a swamp 15 or 20 miles per day for a paltry squirrel; and should we ask such to take a horse and cultivate our corn-field for 75 cents and good meals, they would think "That's too hard a task for me." I am thinking to myself that I would enjoy the cognomen of thief, better than to be called a lazy man. Some friends think that I am a "quarter off," but I still keep "scratching" for that "happiness" where there is "something for children to do," and write my thoughts between meals.

PLAINWELL.

ANTI-OVER.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To CLEAN nickel on stoves, wet soda with ammonia, apply with an old tooth brush and rub off with a woolen cloth.

It is said that the red tomato is best when treated as a vegetable, and the yellow sorts are best eaten with sugar or preserved. Both make excellent catsup, but that from the yellow requires less spice.

Two ounces of soda dissolved in a quart of hot water will make a ready and useful solution for cleaning old painted wood work preparatory to repainting. This mixture, in the above proportion, should be applied when warm, and the woodwork afterward washed with water to remove all traces of soda.

It is said that a slice of raw fat salt pork, bound on a wound made by a rusty nail, will draw out the poison, reduce the inflammation, and heal the injury more quickly than any other application. The same meat, chopped with raw onions, makes an excellent remedy for bites of animals, as dogs, cats, etc.; wounds which are not only dangerous but also painful.

ONE of the most serviceable kind of wash-stand splashes, and also one of the cheapest, is made from a yard of fancy matting bound with a wide braid or a piece of silk or merino, matching the prevailing color in the room, and fastened up with four tacks, each tack covered with a colored ribbon. Where the room is small and there is no dressing case, pockets of the matting may be fastened each side of the splash to hold the comb and brush.

Contributed Recipes.

SPICED PEACHES.—Eight pounds of fruit, pared but not stoned. One quart vinegar; four pounds sugar; half an ounce cloves, one of cinnamon; tie the spices in bags to boil with the vinegar and sugar. Heat the latter boiling hot; put the peaches in a stone jar and pour the boiling vinegar over them. Pour this off next day; heat and return; do this five days in succession. Some use the same proportions, but boil the fruit with the vinegar and sugar till done.

PRESERVED TOMATOES.—Scald and peel small, smooth, pear-shaped tomatoes, prick with a large needle and put their weight of sugar over them. Let stand over night, pour off the juice and boil till it is a thick syrup, skimming carefully. Put in the tomatoes and cook till they are translucent. A sliced lemon cooked in the syrup improves the flavor.

SPICED GRAPE JELLY.—Choose half ripe grapes, scald without adding water, and strain. Equal quantities of juice and sugar. Cook twenty minutes, or till it will jelly, and boil with it a quarter of an ounce of whole cloves and three-quarters of an ounce of cinnamon to each quart. Nice for cold meats.

SPICED TOMATOES.—Choose small pear-shaped tomatoes, prick with a fork; sprinkle with salt and let lie over night, then drain. Pack in a jar, and cover with one pint vinegar to which has been added one tablespoonful of sugar, and one teaspoonful each of pepper, allspice, cinnamon and cloves. Let the vinegar come to a boil, turn over the tomatoes and when cold seal securely.

STURGIS.

J. H. C.