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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

A WANDERING THOUGHT.

Oft times a waking Thought
Through misty dreams will stray,
And then when Reason sleeps,
And Fancy holds full sway,

Expand before our gaze,
With brightest tints bestrown,
To worth and power which ne'er
But in our wish was known.

Such fate but now was mine,
When, waking Fancy vain
Was dulled and lost in sleep;
I slept, and dreamed again.

The Thought so idly formed
Within my waking hour,
By Fancy's magic touch
Was clothed with mighty power.

With form symmetric now,
And dress of beauty rare,
And fleetest wings, it sped
So lightly through the air.

To feel this Thought was mine!
Such pride came to me then,
I gaily bade it go
Among the world of men.

But once again I looked,
And saw an angel fair
Bear on a fleecy cloud,
A book, with anxious air;

And knew that not alone
My Thought could ever go,
An angel hand would write
What deeds for weal or woe

It moved the heart to do
Where'er its seed was sown;
What thought and passion roused
That else had been unknown.

And in the final day
Before the judgment seat,
This record, faithful kept,
Most surely I must meet.

A fear unknown before,
With keenest pang, did seem
To pierce me through; I woke
And knew 'twas but a dream.

But not in vain are dreams;
If by them we discern
Some light before unseen;
And kindlier living learn.

Oh! may the lesson sink
Full deep within my heart;
That tongue or pen no more
Shall play a careless part!

PAW PAW.

MERTIE.

MYOPIA.

I have the misfortune to be somewhat short-sighted. And yet, after all, I am not quite so sure that it really is a misfortune. To be sure, I do not see so very clearly; where others behold sharp outlines and strong contrasts, I see them mellowed and toned down by the imperfections of my vision. Through the persuasions of my friends I was finally induced to purchase a

pair of eye-glasses, though I regret to say that I find my nose not at all adapted to the use of this aid to an intellectual appearance. I put on my new acquisition and went down town. What a difference! I could see much more clearly; the letters on the signs stood out sharp and clear; the buildings looked larger and nearer me; I recognized an acquaintance on the platform of a passing horse-car whom I should not have known from Adam but for my new glasses; in the semi-twilight of the stores I could discern fabrics and colors—oh, I was delighted; it was almost like having a new sense. As I became accustomed to my new eyes, and began to look around me more critically, I saw much which had heretofore passed unobserved. I had never noticed how weather-beaten and shabby that row of big brick houses were, nor how much a coat of paint was needed. And the streets! how dirty! positively it was disgraceful they should be in such a condition. There went a carriage I had often admired; now I see that what looked to be beautiful plush is nothing but Utrecht velvet, after all. The goods so attractively labeled at very low prices, and which hitherto I had considered rather over-value for the money, I now discovered to be coarse and cottony—more confirmation of my theory that one never gets "something for nothing," in a dry goods store, at least.

But the greatest change I found to be in the people. Faces I had known before looked so much older and more careworn; I could see the lines traced by age and worry and fretfulness so plainly I half believed I had taken a Rip Van Winkle sleep of ten years or so. Without these searching, revealing glasses, I should have called this a fair, matronly face; now I see the haughty, supercilious droop to the mouth, and the uplifted eyebrows which betoken arrogance. I should have thought that young lady had a beautiful complexion and lovely golden hair; but I can distinguish now that the bloom comes from a box and the yellow hair is dyed; it is a well made up face, but its owner is "no chicken." I might have thought this lady well dressed but for the frayed seam, the creases, and a darn partly concealed by the folds drawn over it; that lace is an imitation, that jet is not "cut."

In a thoughtful mood I take off my *pince nez* and rub the glasses with my handkerchief, after the approved fashion of old ladies. Behold, though I see much less clearly, how many ugly things I *don't* see!

As good a student of the world as Sidney Smith advised us to "Take short views." I

think it wise counsel. It may be a misfortune, after all, to be near-sighted, physically; but I regard it as an excellent thing to be spiritually near-sighted, in at least some ways. When we look into the faces of others, it is good we do not read their weakness, their failings, perhaps their baseness; we can thus think the best of them. When we investigate the motives of our friends' acts, let us "take short views;" we shall be less likely to do them injustice by imputing unworthy motives. As the world is more beautiful if we have not sharp eyes for its blemishes, so, when we look into the characters of our friends, it is well that we see not so clearly their faults, least these make us somewhat blind to their virtues. I believe short-sightedness, in some respects, especially where it enables us to look with charity upon the frailties or "poor humanity," is to be accounted unto us for a virtue. And we would all be more contented, more peaceful, more truly filled with Christian forbearance, if we would not look our relatives' and our friends' characters through and through, seeking so earnestly what it would pain us to find—the evidence of duplicity, selfishness, falsehood. "To ruminate upon evils, to make critical notes upon injuries, and to be acute in their apprehension, is to feather the arrows of our enemies; for injuries long dwelt on take away all rest, and he sleeps but like Regulus who busieth his head about them."

BEATRIX.

CLOTHES FOR THE BABIES.

In the opinion of the young mother, clothes for her first born are of greater importance even than her own wardrobe. She loves to have the little atom of humanity daintily clad in softest of cambric and finest of linen, and the amount of washing made by a "bran new baby" is something appalling to the unfortunate person who presides over the washtub and must "do up" those delicate dresses and skirts. But "everything goes," for the household treasure (and tyrant) must be always sweet and fresh and kissable, and not until "custom has staled its infinite variety" does the mother realize her baby is better off to be plainly clad, and less petted and coddled. The fond parents of Number One have been known to awaken the "sweetest baby in the world" to see it smile, or see if the little tooth that was there last night is still in place in the morning, but it is safe to say the experiment is never repeated with Number Two.

The most necessary and important dresses

for the very young babe are the simple slips made of two breadths of soft cambric without dressing, each breadth a yard long, sloped a little toward the top, and the fullness laid in tucks instead of being gathered into a yoke. The tucks are laid in clusters, with feather-stitching between the clusters; the neck has a narrow lace edge turned down round it in a flat frill, and the straight sleeves are turned back in little cuffs, which are feather-stitched and edged with the lace. Valenciennes is excellent for this purpose, as it washes and wears well. A few tucks may be added above the hem around the bottom, with feather-stitching between them, but a great many are made perfectly plain. Cambric without dressing is also used for skirts; the bottom being hemmed and tucked, or finished with a frill of embroidery; some ladies who like to do needlework, buttonhole the edge in scallops. Flannel skirts have the seams opened and cross-stitched to keep them flat, and a vine or pattern of interlaced rings worked in white silk or linen floss above the hem. The bottom is sometimes buttonholed in small squares, instead of being hemmed.

Nicer dresses are of French nainsook, 40 inches long, with a yoke made of clusters of fine hand run tucks separated by drawn work, slight vines of embroidery or narrow lace insertion. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with clusters of tucks with the trimming used in the yoke; the sleeves have the fullness gathered to a lace edged band. A sash of the nainsook is often added, with ends trimmed to match the skirt.

The dresses with tablier fronts are not so much worn, unless for christening robes. The preference, even for the very nicest dresses, is for a waist which is a mass of embroidery and lace to the belt, and very deeply bordered about the skirt with the same trimming.

The square of white flannel used as a shawl has a binding of inch wide satin ribbon, held down by feather-stitching, and daisies or other small flowers are embroidered at intervals over the shawl, instead of the elaborate vine and scalloped edge once fashionable. Sometimes one corner of the shawl is shaped and gathered to form a hood. Little cashmere sacques are bound with ribbon ornamented with feather-stitching, or have a little vine of embroidery running around them. A pretty way to trim the little cashmere wrappers or "doublegowns" is to edge them with a row of pink or blue satin ribbon, three-quarters of an inch wide, held by feather-stitching on each edge; this borders the collar and sleeves, and is put down each side of the front and around the bottom.

Pique is used for summer cloaks, and the trimming is always embroidery. One model has a short, plain waist to which two breadths of pique are gathered; there is a deep collar edged with embroidery, and long sleeves; and a few loops and ends of white satin ribbon are arranged at the back of the waist. Cashmere cloaks are made by the same model. Another fashion consists of two large capes, but the first described is prettier and of longer service.

Baby's first caps are of muslin and lace insertion, in rows from the crown to the

front, with a full lace ruche bordering them, and muslin ties. These are sold at very moderate prices, so cheap in fact—at least in this city—that it costs less to buy them out and out than to get the materials and make them. Some very neat looking plain ones were marked twenty-five cents; and for seventy-five cents a really handsome one can be bought.

Not long since a lady asked how to make a "baby basket," saying it must be of inexpensive materials. The basket is the principal item of cost; having secured this, line it throughout with plain cotton satteen in blue or pink, and over this shir sheer muslin, ornamenting it with rows of feather-stitching, and bows of ribbon "where they will do the most good." The best baskets have covers, which are lined with the muslin over satteen, and ornamented on the outside with a big bow of ribbon.

HOUSEHOLD TALK.

"We never miss the water till the well runs dry," is a very apt saying; how true it is in many things! Blessings and privileges we enjoy daily come to us so naturally we scarcely appreciate them. Did you ever think how long the week seems when the FARMER and HOUSEHOLD misses its weekly visit? We look for its coming and welcome its arrival with joyous faces. We scan the pages of the little sheet and devour its contents with avidity, only regretting it were not as large again. May 14th we missed the bright and attractive pages of the FARMER and HOUSEHOLD. We have been accustomed to greet it every week for so many years, we miss even one number, although it may be the busy time of year.

For one I sincerely thank Evangeline for her "Home Talks" in the HOUSEHOLD. I believe all must have enjoyed, as well as found them profitable. I thought at one time I would come to her defence, but it's very plain she needs no champion to defend her cause; she is equal to the contest. Her agreeable manner of receiving opposition was delightful. "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." Could we always practice the old proverb how much bitterness would be taken out of this life!

I make no objections to the excellent advice given Hetty. Could every household have the ability, the backbone, to adopt and carry out these rules, what model and happy homes would there be throughout the land. Where is the man who does not love a well ordered and nicely cooked meal? It is certainly the surest way to reach the heart by way of the stomach. The wife must learn this to succeed in making home happy, and the earlier she learns it the better for the happiness of all concerned.

We find many good hints and helps in our little paper, the experience of the old housekeepers is especially helpful to those just beginning; even the older find many useful suggestions. "We are never too old to learn." I adopted the idea some one gave of sewing a piece of calico on the head of the bedquilt, it is especially fine for comforters. Take a width of calico, double it in the middle, baste across; when soiled take off and wash; spread the quilt or com-

fort on the grass, it will smell as sweet and fresh as if washed, and the cotton is not matted down and spoiled.

We tried the recipe for salting beef and find it excellent, thanks to the HOUSEHOLD.

Has any one tried canning pumpkin, if so will they please give us their experience. Last summer we tried canning our fruit by filling the cans with fresh fruit pressed in, set the cans in a boiler, be sure to not let the cans touch each other, fill the boiler with warm water, as it will not take so long to get boiling (cold will do if you are in no hurry) put in as much water as you can and not have it boil up and fill the cans. I lay the covers on the cans but do not screw on, lay a weight to keep the cans from floating as the water boils. Some fruit shrinks more than others. I have my agate kettle with some fruit cooked and fill up; or use a syrup of the best white sugar with which I fill the cans after they are taken out of the boiler. Some one said let the cans remain in the boiler twenty minutes after the water begins to boil. I use my judgment, till the fruit is cooked sufficiently, some requires more cooking than other kinds. This is a success for strawberries. I never could can them and have them keep till I tried this way. One is not so apt to break or crack cans if careful not to have them touch and have a cloth or thin board under them. The fruit is not mashed. Try this way of canning and you will say "Eureka."

LESLIE.

M. E. H.

AN OLD SUBJECT REVIVED.

Let me see, it is a long, long time since I have made mention of that whilom hobby of mine, the training school, but none the less I note with gratified feelings the steady growth and practical development of the idea, and I see in the future the day when my idea of it will become not only practical, but commonly practicable. Detroit has made appropriation for such a school. The Saginaws were agitating and urging the question in a most liberal and democratic fashion last winter; and other cities here and there all over the country are taking up the idea. Boys and girls in their commencement essays urge and elaborate the growing demand for such a department in connection with the high schools, a department where the hand may become skilled in the use of tools, and in the various branches of domestic and mechanical labor while the brain is mastering the mysteries of scientific theories, and reasoning its way through the rambling ways of mathematics and language. Yes, it is surely coming. It will also be a success. "The Training School," as I used to plan and place it, part and parcel of our common school system!

The world moves. It moves with a majesty, power, beneficence and wisdom that in the still small voice say to us: "God is the father of our spirits. In Him we have eternal kinship and brotherhood with all the peoples of the earth." And all those conditions, laws and institutions that have for their issue the greatest good to the greatest number, bring with them their blessed reward.

FLINT.

E. L. NYE.

NONSENSE TALK.

In looking over the great piles of papers which come into the FARMER office, and which I go through dutifully each week with scissors in hand to extract the wise, the witty, the poetic and the sentimental, I sometimes find things which have been thought worthy of the "baptism of print," which make me ejaculate "What nonsense!" with decided emphasis and feeling. And I made that remark the other day on reading the advice of a man who writes "Dr." before his name, to introduce the practice of carrying vessels of water upon the head into our boarding-schools, to supersede the light calisthenics employed to acquire an erect, graceful carriage. Put a small pail of water on your head, and try walking about with it there. Your carriage is "graceful," isn't it? As rigid as if you had been strapped to a ram-rod. If stiffness and rigidity are a means of grace, perhaps this copying the custom of certain semi-civilized nations might be advisory. Fancy a procession of boarding-house pupils marching round the gymnasium, each carrying a pail of water on her head! And I have not the least doubt in the world but that this same "Dr." would be the first to declaim against the weight and bad effects of wearing an ordinary jet bonnet, which is somewhat heavier than a thought, but by no means equal to the pressure of a vessel of water upon the head. If women attempted to live up to half the advice given them by men, what lunatics they would make of themselves!

Nearly every man who don't know anything about it will insist upon the unhealthfulness of fastening the clothing about the waist, and advocate the wearing of shoulder-straps to support it from the shoulders. It is a grievous error, my sisters. I have tried it, and speak from personal experience; I have converted several of my shoulder-strapped friends to my way of thinking, and now they tell me of the relief they experience. With the straps, or suspenders, the weight of the clothing is lifted at every movement of the arms and felt at many movements of the upper part of the body, independent of the arms. Moreover, the straps, if they really support the weight of the clothes, press upon the chest and produce a feeling of oppression. I have a friend, of a very slight, straight physique, who complained this spring of lassitude; her shoulders were tired, she said, and she experienced an unpleasant sensation she declared to be indefinable, but very disagreeable. I asked if she wore "skirt supporters," "Oh, mercy yes," she said, "I've worn them this ten years." "Well," I said, "just lay them aside for ten days, and tell me how you feel." But I couldn't! I'm so accustomed to them!" "Just try it ten days," I insisted, "then resume them if you like." But she never has resumed them, and complains no more of tired shoulders or oppressed chest. I am a believer in the healthfulness of corsets, properly worn. And as small waists are out of fashion, and just ideas of the harmony of proportion necessary to a fine figure are so universal that a woman who is evidently "laced" is looked upon with disapproval, the corset is put to its legitimate use and

worn merely to support and stay the figure without compressing it. I do not hesitate to say that women often wear their clothes tighter in the effort to secure a good fit without a corset, than do women who wear corsets. The modern corset is not the instrument of torture, the cloth and steel straight-jacket, which our grandmothers and mothers knew, and which it seems to me our modern writers on hygiene must have in mind when they pen these screeds about it. It is as pliable and flexible as the waists quilted with cords which they say ought to take its place; it gives to every movement of the figure; and you put on a new one and in an hour it has so shaped itself to your form that you forget its newness. And the good of a corset, aside from its being really a stay and support, lies in the fact that the bands of the clothing fastened about the waist are prevented from pressing upon the internal organs, as they often do, even painfully, without it; the pressure is equally distributed. Put on your corset and take a deep, full inspiration; fill your lungs to their utmost capacity, letting the laces give way to your deep draught of oxygen; then fasten the laces at that size. You will never complain a corset is unhealthful if you will do this. I should have no hesitancy in putting corsets on a growing girl, but I should superintend the lacing up, and make an occasional examination to see they had not been unduly tightened. I have heard it very confidently asserted that the Creator never intended us to wear corsets—I do not know how these persons became so conversant with His intentions—but the same argument applies with as much force and logic to the wearing of shoes, seems to me.

BEATRIX.

APPLES.

"Begorra," said Pat, with a head which his hat would never go in 'till made wider, "Wid an apple the devil played smash wid the world, And be jabbers, he's now in the cider."

It needs an Irishman's wit to find the direct line to the "root of the matter" in many cases, and here is a case in point. The woman was only an agent, the man of course only her tool; but the devil foresaw the smash and ruin sure to follow, and lost no time in putting his craft in use. I some time ago heard an eloquent temperance lecturer describe cider as the "devil's kindling wood," but Pat, as above, finds the fire, the evil element itself, in the cider.

This being the case there can be no wonder that the apple was the fruit forbidden by a beneficent Providence, whose foreknowledge of the woes to follow its use would stay the hand of his newly created happy beings. There is no doubt of the fruit of the tree being pleasant to the eye and good for food; it is when its purpose is perverted, and "drink" is manufactured, that the spirit of evil can ensconce himself therein, and the one who partakes thereof most surely dies. It seems that the curse of drink, the deadliest, the most wide spread, the most alluring, the most ignored, the most excused, the most blighting, the most degrading and debasing, the easiest to acquire, the hardest to escape from, that which is in various forms the

source and well-spring of all vices and crimes, was in embryo coeval with the birth of the race.

Yes, he who partakes thereof most surely dies. The drunkard dies to all that is good, to his manhood, to his honor, to his family and friends, to his home, to his good name, to his natural abilities, to himself, his country and his God.

With a maudlin laugh he turns his back on all that would lead him on and upward, and invites shame, debauchery, filth, rags, poverty, crime and death to become his inseparable companions.

So the battle wages; daring, defiant is the drink element, bummers, loafers, ward heelers, gamblers and political tricksters, run the municipal legislation in many of our fair cities, and reach out their hands to grasp the helm of State and national legislation. Where they cannot shape the law, many are their plans to evade its enforcement. Candidates for office and elected officials are coaxed, threatened, coerced or bribed to wink at violations, and defiance is breathed wherever possible. And many of our best, ablest, most prominent moralists, yes, our Christian citizens, stand aloof, or pass by on the other side, shaking heads sadly. "Alas! there always were apples, and there always will be. It can't be stopped." When one invokes the aid of legislation, the wise ones aforesaid patronizingly inform you that "men can't nor won't be legislated into morality," and some affirm that to attempt to do so will increase drunkenness; that it is natural for man to covet that which is forbidden. Such logic would repeal the decalogue in the interest of morality.

A brave army courageously fight the good fight against King Alcohol. May many come up to the battle against the mighty. There are goodly thousands that have not bowed the knee to Bacchus or Gambrinus; nor carry the danger signal in the forefront of their faces.

Is this the great battle foreseen by the Revelator, which is to usher in the millennium? Are Gog and Magog personified by the great armies of the traffickers in drink, their customers and sympathizers?

Friends of temperance, who because no one of your own household has suffered are supinely indifferent, awake!

The saloon power is becoming arrogant, defiant and aggressive. Temperance or intemperance must prevail. The battle is set in order as never before. Many who have been blind to the danger before them are awakening. The times are propitious, are full of promise. Close up the ranks and battle for the right. Let all who eschew evil, who reverence law and order, have the cause of progress and elevation of humanity at heart, enlist at once under the banner of reform; take as a watchword "Dare to do right," and laying aside all differences of opinion as to the best way, unite all forces in working every way to destroy this monster evil.

INGLESIDE.

A. L. L.

Now is the accepted time for our readers to furnish us tested recipes for pickles, preserves, sauces and catsups, that others may be benefited by them during the present fruit season. A good recipe is doubled in value if it is timely.

MORAL TENDENCY OF COUNTRY LIFE.

[Paper read at the May meeting of the Grass Lake Farmers' Club, by Mrs. C. B. Raymond.]

Man is to a great extent the creature of circumstances, and more, perhaps, than any of us dream. Our characters are molded by early surroundings. We are asked to consider today what effect a life in the country has upon the minds and morals of those who make it their home, and in this connection we are reminded of the old saying, "God made the country, but man made the town." There can be no question, then, as to which has the better influence.

The city is indeed the work of man's hands. Its stones laid one upon another are his pride, and its lofty towers are but emblems of his ambition. Its luxury and magnificence, its glare and glitter, its squalor and filth, its vice and crime, form a picture from which we gladly turn to the peace and quiet of the country. True, the town has intellectual advantages to offer, which may not be obtained elsewhere, but these are available only to the few. Of what use are academies of art and science to the toiling masses crowded into factories by day, and tenement houses at night? Neither sound minds nor sound bodies can be expected of those who breathe such a polluted atmosphere.

To say nothing of its freedom from temptation, the country offers to all clear air, pure water, and healthful exercise, and these alone go a great way towards producing a healthy moral condition.

But there is another influence, which none of us heed or prize as we ought.

The country is God's great schoolhouse, but His teachers speak with a still small voice only to be heard by those who listen. All created things have a message for us, if we will but hear. Great minds in all ages have been sensible of this, and have been led through Nature, up to Nature's God. Even Charles Darwin, who, in the materialism of his latter years lost all sense of the spiritual, was at one time alive to better influences and wrote in his journal, that "while standing in the midst of the grandeur of a Brazilian forest, it was not possible to give an adequate idea of the higher feelings of wonder, admiration and devotion, which filled and elevated the mind."

What lessons we may learn of the wisdom and goodness of the Almighty Caretaker, as we watch the sun, warming the earth, and clothing it with verdure, coloring the fruit and ripening the harvest, and returning every morning with light and healing in his wings. If the glad carol of the bird wakes no answering song of praise in our hearts, we may be sure we have not learned the first lesson in the primary department of this great school.

What farmer on his way to the field gives even a passing thought to the wild rose by the wayside? He thinks his wife's love of flowers a pardonable weakness, perhaps, but as for himself, he has a mind above such trifles! Potatoes and corn are what he is after, not posies in a fence corner. We acknowledge the necessity of the former but the latter should not be ignored. He who

sits upon the great throne, who holds the world in the hollow of His hand, gave thought and care to that little plant. He burnished its green leaves, and tinted its satiny petals, for what? Merely to please the eye of His ungrateful child and to whisper in his ear, "I love you." The Master bids us not only to admire the glory of the lily, but to consider, mark the word, consider how they grow. The bulb which we bury in the earth has in its heart a principle akin to faith in ours, which causes it to push up and up, towards a world it has never seen, till on some glad Easter morning it bursts from its grave into the light and glory of a new life.

If we would not become worldly and sordid, we must train ourselves to consider the stars above our heads and the daisies under our feet, the songs of the birds and the music of the streams, the colors of the sunset and the beauties of the landscape. Only he that hath ears to hear, can learn of these heavenly teachers. The blind man walks always in a dark world, the deaf in a silent one. If we would get the full benefit of a life in the country, we must cultivate not only sight but insight.

"The words of God are fair in vain,
Unless our eyes in seeing,
See hidden in the thing, the thought
That animates its being."

HINTS AND COMMENTS.

I think Evangeline has used us downright mean to get us all so interested in Harry and Hetty, then not invite us to the wedding, or even let us know how they acted or what they wore. It might be as much help to be told all the particulars about such a critical time as to know all about housekeeping. I am afraid Evangeline does not get along very well with her son-in-law, or it might have been him I read about not long ago. The groom went to sleep as soon as they were seated in the car on their wedding trip. It never was known whether it was from lack of attention or because she did not like her husband's look when asleep, but the bride wrote on a slip of paper, "Tired of matrimony; gone home to my ma," phoned it to his coat and left the car at the first stop.

I have tried Tab B.'s recipe for pork cake; it is good, only I think a little more soda should be put in when dried apples are used.

I want to say just a word about flowers. I think every farmer's wife would enjoy having a nice flower garden, but few have the time or strength to spare from their other duties to cultivate many. Don't try; if you can't have everything just have a geranium bed; if you can't do that have a few on the porch, take good care of them and you will be doubly repaid; there is nothing that gives so much satisfaction as geraniums. You can get nice rooted plants all ready to bloom for ten cents at any greenhouse, then you have something to cut from all summer; you might have a feverfew for white flowers. I have a small bouquet on the table all the time; if I have a very plain meal I try to have a clean cloth and an extra fresh bouquet; you do not know how much it adds to the flavor.

Did any of you ever go to the sugar box

and find it full of ants, and think you could never pick them out? Just put a few cloves, ground or whole, in a little dish in the box and leave them; the ants will pick themselves out quicker than you can.

A little corn starch in the salt makes the salt shaker give down beautifully.

Grease the top crust of your bread with butter when you take it out of the oven, and see how much nicer it makes it.

BATTLE CREEK.

POPPY.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

If you wish to sun your feather beds and pillows, put them out in the early morning, before the heat of the sun is so great as to start the oil in the feathers, and take them in after an hour or two hours' exposure. They will be sweeter than if put out in hot sunshine.

You can make a footstool for your bedroom or the kitchen by getting three of the iron hooks used to hang harness upon, and fastening them to a board a foot square, cutting off the sharp corners a little, cushion, cover with any material you prefer, and finish the edge with furniture fringe fastened on with large brass-headed tacks.

A VERY little of the white part of the rind of a lemon will cause milk or cream to curdle, and ruin the flavor of a custard or a pudding. It contains no lemon flavor whatever, that being given by the yellow outside part which holds the essential oil and fragrance of the fruit. Therefore, be cautious in the use of your grater.

Contributed Recipes.

PICKLED CUCUMBERS.—One gallon vinegar; one cup salt; one tablespoonful alum. Put into a three gallon jar; when full of cucumbers drain off vinegar and scald it three mornings in succession; the fourth morning put on fresh vinegar. You may sweeten and spice it if you like. Cover with horseradish leaves, put on a weight; they will be ready at any time, and will keep well. It is best if the jar can be filled with cucumbers at one or two pickings, but they will not spoil even if it takes some time to gather them.

PICKLETTE.—Four large crisp cabbages, cut fine; one quart onions, sliced thin; two quarts vinegar; two pounds brown sugar; two tablespoonfuls each of ground mustard, black pepper, cinnamon, tumeric and celery seed; one tablespoonful each of allspice, mace and pulverized alum. Pack the cabbage and onions in alternate layers with a little salt between them. Let them stand until next day; drain off the juice; then scald the vinegar, sugar and spice together and pour over. Do this three mornings in succession; pack in jars, cover with a plate, and a weight on it. This pickle is fit for use as soon as done, and will keep a long time. You may leave out any of the spice that is not liked.

GREEN TOMATOES FOR PIES.—Three pounds green tomatoes; one and a half pounds sugar; half pint vinegar. Cut the tomatoes in small pieces; boil all together until clear. Tastes similar to gooseberries.

GREEN TOMATO CATSUP.—Eight pounds tomatoes; eight ounces green peppers; four small onions, all chopped fine; four cups sugar; four tablespoonfuls salt; two quarts of vinegar. Boil until quite thick.

BATTLE CREEK.

POPPY.