

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

CLASS OF '84.

She stood, a vision fair and sweet  
From golden head to dainty feet,  
And voiced her thesis.

For "Woman's Rights" her sword was drawn,  
"Will conquerers be by brains, not brawn,"  
Coo'd this dear creature.

"Parnassus' heights will scale, and claim  
The victor's wreath, the meed of fame,  
And bravely wear it."

"The Ship of State will safely guide  
Thro' placid sea, and swelling tide,  
To harbor safe.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Dear me! I saw her yesterday  
(A lovelier sight than flowers of May)  
Nursing her baby.

I couldn't help but tease, you see,  
So asked her what her views might be  
On "Woman's Rights."

A softer light stole in her eye,  
She gently crooned a hush-a bye,  
Then proudly answered:

"My rights are safe. I reign a queen.  
My realm is home; none come between  
My court and me."

My views upon the tariff? Well,  
I'm sure I don't object to tell,  
I like protection."

—Amy Hamilton.

### "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE."

Rather more than a year ago, I described in the *HOUSEHOLD* Munkacsy's beautiful picture, "The Last Hours of Mozart," owned by General Alger, of this city, little thinking it would be my pleasure to see and describe for our readers a still more famous composition of the same artist, his greatest work, the "Christ before Pilate," painted at the maturity of his powers.

The picture is owned by John Wanamaker, Philadelphia's merchant prince, and it is said that the artist was employed portions of nine years in making studies of the various figures represented, though the conception of the picture was carried in mind since the beginning of his career. It was completed in 1881, and exhibited in European capitals, where more than two million persons viewed it. After it was brought to America, it was several months on exhibition before Mr. Wanamaker purchased it; during which time 150,000 persons saw it, and since his ownership it has been exhibited in thirteen cities. The public is certainly indebted to Mr. Wanamaker for the rare opportunity of studying so great a work, for had he done as so many do by their art treasures, shut them up in a private gallery for their own and their friends' exclusive gratification, many art-

lovers must have longed for a glimpse in vain.

The canvas is twenty-one feet long by fourteen feet high. Set upon the stage in Whitney's Opera House, dark ruby red draperies relieve it and fill the little remaining space; the light falls upon it, strongly, from above, and you seem to be looking into the *Prætorium* at Jerusalem, its lofty vaulted arches relieved by gleams of light through the opening toward the street, through which the rabble is crowding—a morning light, for St. Luke says "it was early." The central figure is of course the Christ, whose white robe takes the light so that he seems to stand out from the crowd, who although they press close upon him, seem not to touch him. Upon the judgment seat sits Pilate, in the white, purple-bordered robe of a Roman Senator; perhaps it was but fancy, aided by the dress, but I thought I detected a resemblance to McCullough in his face, which bears an expression of perplexity and indecision; his brows are knit, his eyes directed somewhat downward; his arms folded, one hand clutching his side, the fingers of the other seem to be nervously working, as he mentally calculates the results to himself of his decision. Justice demanded he should, as he says, "let this man go; I find no fault in him." On the other hand, he must keep Cæsar's friendship at all hazards, and the Jews are turbulent and determined, his garrison too few in number to put down by force an uprising. Caaiphas, the high priest, stands with face toward Pilate and hand extended toward the throng pressing forward to see and hear, denouncing the Christ as a "stirrer up of sedition;" his face is that of a fanatic, his attitude that of one vehement and self-assured in speech. Accused, accuser and judge; these are the three principal figures which seem to demand our attention.

A study of the more subordinate personages is not less interesting. Seated between Christ and Caaiphas, a little behind a direct line between them, sits a Pharisee, the impersonation of supercilious arrogance and pride of riches; one sandaled foot is on the lower step of the judgment seat, one hand rests with outward bent elbow upon his knee. His rich red robe relieves the white of the Christ's and the dull brown and tawney yellow worn by the high priest; his face seems to say, "Why this hesitance? What nonsense! Away with him." Partly behind him are three Jews consulting together, they eye the Christ askance as they discuss his pretensions. One old Jew whose toothless mouth is partly unclosed in the in-

tensity of his expectancy, peers around and upward into Pilate's face, from his seat next the wall at the side of the niche behind the throne. A helmeted Roman soldier with his spear held horizontally presses back the excited rabble who would invade the presence chamber. The strained muscles of his arms indicate the force he uses, the pose of his head his contempt of these "dogs of Jews;" his long purple cloak contrasts finely with the white-clad figure of Christ. Grouped in the little space between the Christ and the soldier are three faces which warrant study. One, a Pharisee, seems to be explaining the case to two who are listening very intently to what he tells them, and evidently accepting his statements as conclusive without the trouble of independent thought. The face of the speaker is sly, cunning and treacherous, full of craft and guile; it is a picture in itself. On the other side of the soldier is one with arms thrown upward and open mouth, one of the fanatics who cried "Crucify him," and in marked antithesis are the two behind him, one who seems to be viewing the scene with the disinterestedness of a casual spectator, the other with strongly marked Ethiopian features, who peers curiously and intently past the soldier at the calm figure regarding his judge. At the left of Pilate sit two Jews, evidently of importance, since they sit in the presence of the proud Roman; one is simply interested in the outcome of the conflict in the mind of Pilate; the other's eyes are fixed upon the accused, whose face he studies, it would seem, with a growing conviction that he must be what he assumes to be. A scribe has mounted upon his seat, and with back to the wall and with hands folded behind him is indifferently scanning the crowd; he seems too confident of the result to take even a passing interest in this trial, only one of many to him; a Bedouin has elevated himself above the throng and is pointing, seemingly, at a young Jew who thrusts his leering face over the barrier behind the seated Pharisee, to jeer at the patient Christ. Only upon one face can sympathy or pity be discerned; a young Jewish mother with her child in her arms fixes her eyes upon the bound hands with an expression of pitying sorrow. It is said that in the mind of the artist this young mother typifies the rising spirit of Christianity—the woman who sows in the soul of the child the seed of the divine idea.

But the eyes go back again and again to the central figure—the Christ who seems to stand, the only quiet, unmoved figure in this riotous scene. Munkacsy's ideal is not



that of artists who have heretofore attempted to put upon canvas their conceptions of the Savior, which have been more or less effeminately beautiful, or at least wanting in strength and virility. He stands before his judge with such a calm dignity, while Pilate's face expresses such a struggle between justice and expedience, that many times the remark has been made that it is really "Pilate before Christ." His piercing gaze seems to read the soul of the man before him like an open scroll, seeing all his weakness and pitying it, while knowing the outcome. The face is thin and pallid from fasting—it is the morning after the vigil in Gethsemane—the figure slender yet with no hint of weakness, the brow noble, and the auburn, slightly curling hair falling upon the shoulders. There is no halo about the head; it is the man Christ before his accusers, yet there is that in expression and attitude which hints at the divine. What mere man could stand so utterly unmoved, composed, meek, yet strong, before his judge and accuser, with a mob at his back, pressing upon him and filling his ears with their demands that he die a horrible death! There is that in the bearing of this figure which implies conscious strength—he had just said unto St. Peter: "Knowest thou not that I could summon twelve legions of angels from my Father, but how then should the Scriptures be fulfilled?" And again to Pilate: "Thou couldst have no power over me except it were given thee from above." And it is this I think which most impresses us—this knowledge of power, yet meek submission and resignation to the will of the Almighty "that the Scriptures may be fulfilled."

It is a picture which, like "Mozart," grows upon one. It is so vast, so suggestive, that one fails to fully comprehend it at one visit; it must be studied, and thought about, and it means more and more to us. It is well to read the account given in the four Gospels before going to visit the picture, to bring to mind the attending circumstances. And one ought to go quietly into the dim auditorium and not be disturbed by whisperings and audible comments, which distract the mind. Hundreds will see this great painting—the greatest work of the most famous artist of the century—out of idle curiosity and fail to see or comprehend one-tenth there is in it, because they will go in much the same spirit as they would go to see a two-headed calf, thoughtlessly, and indifferently. But those who go with souls somewhat in sympathy with the theme, reverently and quietly, cannot fail to come away, feeling that if in all their lives they might see but one picture, it should be "Christ before Pilate."

BEATRIX.

To clean a chamois skin, put into a bucket of clean water made moderately strong with ammonia, let soak over night, rinse in cold water and then wash with white castile soap and water. It will be as good as new. Never put a chamois skin into hot water, or indeed into that which is more than lukewarm; it curls and becomes thick and tough. A great many alleged chamois skins are merely imitations. A genuine one is worth caring for.

#### FROM "WAY UP NORTH"

We dwellers in the north, who never see the ground for six months of the year, have a joy in digging in the dirt in summer that you of the south, who are familiar with Mother Earth in the shape of mud through the winter, know nothing of. We have had no rains of any consequence since the snow went away, and our crops will be almost failures. Still my garden, my chief recreation from housework, is good because of occasional waterings and more from the use of the hand cultivator "Planet Jr." Everything is planted in rows and it is easy to run the cultivator between them. This constant stirring the soil seems to lessen the effects of drouth, and to really add something to the fertility of the soil, as shown by the larger growth and darker color of the plants. If we were living in a prairie country this drouth would be a more serious matter than here, where our woods are a great resource in many ways.

In this new country there is land to be bought and sold, schools to be taught, township and county offices to be held. When this county (Missaukee) was first organized it was discovered with consternation that there wasn't a lawyer in it. So they had to take a farmer, or homestead settler, and admit him to the bar and elect him prosecuting attorney all in—I don't like to say how few weeks. We are fifteen miles from the railroad and have a little community all by ourselves, consisting of twelve families, all within two miles of the store and post-office at the center. We have a pleasant country, own and work our farms and live in peace, with no neighborhood quarrels at all, and ready to help each other always in times of need. Among our neighbors, who are all so good, there is one Mrs. S—to whom we are especially grateful for kindness during sickness (we are fifteen miles from a doctor), so last May on her birthday we, the ladies of the neighborhood, went early in the afternoon to her house, carrying with us our little birthday gifts for her, and also the materials for a bountiful supper. We found the sitting-room carpet on the line, and the lady of the house wringing out the mop, with the room just cleaned. Many hands soon put the room in order and we spent a pleasant afternoon, Mrs. S—not being allowed in her own dining-room until tea was ready. This is a simple thing to tell in print, but Mrs. S—(who had forgotten it was her birthday) was so pleased and delighted, and I have noticed since that every little gift of ours is carefully treasured.

Here is an anecdote in the words in which it was told to me: "The summer we were living on a farm six miles out of Detroit, Ezra, my husband, had a fever sore on his leg and couldn't work, so I took boarders from the city. One of them was an invalid lady for whom the doctor had prescribed a diet of bread scalded in new milk. She ate nothing else and it was really curing her. One day, as her appetite was improving I made a larger quantity. She laughed and said it was more than even her appetite could dispose of. I told her it didn't matter, it wouldn't be wasted, what was left would do for the poultice on

Ezra's leg! You wouldn't believe me, but that woman turned as white as a sheet, dropped her spoon and went back to the city before the next meal time. I was awful sorry I said it, for it was really curing her." When I read the little efforts of our sisters who know that no woman could possibly have brains enough to decide who would be best to have for township clerk or president, I lay the paper gently down, shut my eyes, and realize just how that poor invalid's stomach felt all the way back to the city.

PIONEER.

HULDAH PERKINS.

#### ANOTHER WOMAN'S VIEW OF WOMAN IN POLITICS.

Looking as usual over the different letters in the HOUSEHOLD, which hitherto I have been content to simply enjoy, I came upon an article entitled "Woman in Politics." Now I do not claim to be able to reply to the charges made, but if you can make allowance for a farmer's wife in harvest time, with fruit waiting to be canned, I would like to say a few words in woman's defence. As sweet Susan Winstanly in Elia, we have been taught to "reverence our sex," and confess to not having sufficient faith in Jannette's assertions to receive them without proof. Does she speak from experience, or are her ideas such stuff as dreams are made of. Will the manipulation of a little piece of paper called a ballot work such a transformation in the whole nature of woman as to make her fickle, false and fierce, false to friend and country, unreasonable in debate; sharp, bitter, slanderous? Would she seek to control our morals, our religions, our consciences by legislation whose vote would prove a curse to our country? It may be owing to our secluded life we have failed to meet any of those Lady Macbeths who would unsex themselves and be filled from the crown to the toe-tip full of direst cruelty; and the description seemed to me more befitting Louise Michel, the female communist of Paris, than the intelligent, industrious, self sacrificing wives and mothers of my acquaintance, who are in my weak judgment as capable of voting as our neighbor, the half idiot, who is escorted to the poles, handed his ticket and votes to the satisfaction of all; or the herds of foreigners with the odor of the workhouse clinging to their garments, who are purchased at so much a head. But Jannette thrusts her sharp wit quite through our ignorance.

As to whom we should vote for, are any set rules given to the other sex, or is there a little margin left for common sense?

But like Paul, "See how long a letter I have written with mine own hand."

A few words regarding the Methodist Conference. By the confession of that body two-thirds of the entire church membership are women. Is it strange they should wish a voice as to the manner of conducting the work so generously given them? Ah! Jannette, it would require more than a bit of paper to work the marvelous change you speak of.

MINX.

JEFFERSON.

A LITTLE saltpetre, or a bit of baking soda in the water in which fresh flowers are put, is said to preserve them fresh for a longer period than clear water.



## HOW TO GET OUR "RIGHTS."

The subject of politics which is being agitated in the HOUSEHOLD now, is one on which I cannot resist the temptation of expressing my views.

The wide spread ignorance of women on this subject is lamentable, deplorable. Women who in other respects are fairly well posted on the current events of the day. No wonder the "lords of creation" smile with derision when women clamor for the ballot who betray a lack of political information that they would most certainly have gleaned from the most casual glance at the daily papers.

Discuss politics? Yes; when a lady can do so intelligently; until then study diligently, listen silently, and draw your own conclusions. Procure a copy of Civil Government, subscribe for a radical paper, two if you like, one on each side of the question, read and ponder the matter, digest it thoroughly; you will soon find it delightfully interesting, and you will feel proud of your powers of discrimination, and can smile serenely when some voter explains to you that such a man is a democrat, and such an one a republican. This information he imparts so condescendingly, accept very graciously; avoid all discussions at least for a time, until you are well posted.

Form local clubs for the ladies, call it a "Mission Society" or something of that kind. Conduct it according to parliamentary rules; discuss tariff and free trade; the knowledge you will acquire will be invaluable. I maintain a lady can preside as gracefully and efficiently at a business meeting as though a man were in the chair.

Nearly every household has boys. Bless the boys! Mornings and evenings when they are out of school, talk over what you have read that day with them; it will fix it more firmly in your mind, and they will be flattered by the deference; remember they are the coming voters. Make the most of your opportunities; cast your bread on the waters. Inculcate grand ideas, noble aspirations, and equality of the sexes. In future days these lessons from sisters and mothers whose very memories are sacred, will make them the staunchest champions of women's rights. And when such men hear these things ridiculed, it will be like striking at their very hearthstones. Such men will vote the most liberal measures for the elevation and equality of the sex. You will find them in the very vanguard of the suffrage party.

Such, ladies, is my idea of the way out of this troublesome question. Educate yourselves first, and wait patiently, and in years to come, through your sons and brothers, you will gain the ballot.

"Let us then be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate,  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait."

DETROIT.

U. V. P.

## KITCHEN CULTURE.

Webster defines the word culture—to cultivate. Self-culture includes the education or training of all parts of a man's nature, the physical, moral and intellectual. Each must be developed, each requires training, yet each must yield something to satisfy

the claims of the others. By cultivating the physical powers alone an athlete or savage is produced; the moral only and you have an enthusiast or a maniac; the intellectual only and you have a diseased oddity, it may be a mouster. By wisely training and combining the three, the complete man can be formed. But I propose an annex, called Kitchen Culture, for in that small domain christened kitchen, baptised with fire and dishwater to woman's rights and petticoat government forever, does the larger part of womankind pass six-sevenths of their time, working off extra enthusiasm, developing muscle, wrestling with the rolling pin, manipulating dough, demonstrating how a square corner can merge into a round corner, giving their knowledge of hygiene an airing, reviewing chemistry in baking bread, canning fruit, and so on. And while the average woman will tell you that her life is a steady warfare with the dirt—the flesh, and he who shall be nameless—and that where she is victor once she is vanquished ninety-nine times, the woman with a theory will tell you that she is trying by strategy and diplomacy to solve the domestic problem, to find the unknown quantity that lies between the woman who hires and the woman who is hired.

We know how it is in England, in Germany, in Russia, in all the lands that lie beyond the great ocean. We know that between the employer and employe there lies a vast chasm, a boundary line that is never crossed. Let us see how it is in our fair America—our land of freedom and equality. The stars and stripes float proudly above us, there is protection in every fold. Uncle Sam gives his hearty invitation to all nationalities to come, for he is "rich enough to give them all a farm," and that his invitation is heard and accepted, is testified to by the daily arrivals at Castle Garden. We who boast of being descendants of the Fathers who came over in the Mayflower, have been greatly blessed and prospered; we are a great, a rich and powerful nation, and the masses must be resolved into two distinct classes—the rich and the poor—the independent and the dependent, the strong and the weak. Those who have amassed property and have means sufficient so that they need do no manual labor, are the larger class, and as I am treating the domestic question my remarks must perforce be of the feminine portion of humanity. The helpless woman is an offshoot of this accumulation of wealth, the woman who upon marrying is placed at the head of an establishment, the great satellite around which the lesser lights are to revolve, the generator of home warmth and light, and comfort, and happiness, and who knows just as much about it as a child five years old would know about attending to the electric plant that lights a great city.

Her servants are a host in themselves; there must be a waiting maid, nurse girl, chamber-maids, dining-room girls, cook, butler, footman, coachman. All these help to make up an establishment; and while in a measure "my lady" is independent, she has a fortune—servants a dozen—she is much the more dependent of the two. These servants have been trained for their

separate places. The cook will command an enormous salary, for he must be a cook—no spoiled dishes here. The butler is a responsible person to have charge of the storeroom, pantry and silver closet. The waiting maid is not an ignoramus by any means, but is expected to be mistress of the situation at all times, and while "my lady" is virtually the mistress of the house, issues her orders, sits at the head of her husband's table, she is in blissful ignorance of what constitutes home machinery. The prime factor is the hired help. It is here that brains combine with muscle to overcome difficulties, surmount obstacles, and smooth out rough places; here is where skilled labor can command its price. This house does not have a new set of hands every time the moon changes; each knows when she or he has got a "good thing" and is going to keep it. We pass on to the daughters; they have taken a course at some fashionable seminary, graduated, received their diplomas which have been aired on the centre table awhile, then laid them carefully away in rosemary and lavender. They spend a summer at the seashore; in the fall they go to the springs; in the spring they take a trip to the falls. If the father is in the House they have a winter in Washington, and now are on the *qui vive* for an offer—if they have not already eloped with the coachman and sink into obscurity, for we never hear of them again after the first announcement of the event and unanimous verdict of total depravity is given. They have seen just how mother did—how she managed her hired help—and think they can worry through with a "Housekeepers' Manual" and "Hints on Managing Hired Help." They do not always make a success of it however, not being as good diplomats as their mother; they are quicker to detect uppishness in the cook and butler, and think it belongs to the housekeeper to be on the lookout for impositions and little discrepancies in the bills. Some servants will not have the butcher's or grocer's bills "interviewed," so the upshot of the matter is a change in the kitchen realm quarterly. There are occasionally bright, quick girls who know when they are imposed upon; there are those also, who know but do not care so long as they are not bothered about it. We pass along down the scale of social equality, the banker, miller, merchant, minister, "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker," all of whose wives keep help more or less, and now arises the social problem, Is the girl as good as her mistress? Here we find that boundary line. The girl may be intelligent and quick witted, the same red blood courses through her veins as through her mistress's, and she thinks if she be good enough to cook the food, she is good enough to share a place at the table. But fashion and custom says no. Or setting that aside, mealtime may be the only time that the family meet in the whole twenty-four hours; they wish to enjoy it alone, not share it with any one. The impression received by the girl is that her work is considered menial service, that there are a number of rungs in the ladder between their social footing.

(To be continued.)



## A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

Taking Beatrix's plan for getting time to write, I have found time to write some. I enjoy myself this summer hoeing in the garden, gathering wild flowers and keeping house, but as I am a poor housekeeper I will say nothing about that. I enjoy reading the *HOUSEHOLD*, and think no one can be refined without good reading; it seems to carry one away from all trouble and care and make them better, and those around us also feel the influence. Plenty of good sound reading and careful study will make anyone with half a head know how to appear well. But some say "I don't have time to read." Surely you can, for you will in a short time learn many things that will help you in your work more than the time spent in reading; besides, you can enjoy yourself while you read and rest. Some don't have much time, but a few lines in the morning will furnish thought for a day.

Gather the roses while we may  
For the roses will soon be gone,  
Gather the roses ere the twilight comes  
For time is flying along.  
Gather each rose as soon as it blooms  
Wait not for its decay.  
For to-morrow's sun may find it gone.  
To the four winds scatter'd away.  
Gather a rose for each day in life,  
Let none wither and fade away;  
Gather them all, let none be lost  
For we need a rose each day.  
Gather the roses of purity,  
Of love and kindness and truth;  
And gather the rose of selfishness  
That will ever preserve our youth.  
Gather the roses of righteousness  
And humility every one,  
And a crown of roses may be our own  
When our work on earth is done.

FOWLERVILLE.

JULIA E. BERRY.

## VARIETIES.

I will tell how I made a hat scrap bag: I bought a medium-sized straw hat (mine cost five cents) made a pleating of turkey red calico, about one and a half inches wide, hemmed one edge with white thread, and sewed around the edge of the hat, lined it; then hemmed a piece about two inches wide on both edges and fastened in loops in the center of the crown, then tied the ends in a bow, drawing the hat together in the shape of a basket; hang near the sewing machine.

To make a ball for the baby to play with, take two contrasting colors of Germantown yarn and two knitting needles; cast on thirty stitches, knit plain all but seven, leaving them on the needle, turn, and knit back all but seven, turn, knit all but six, then five, four, three, two, one, till all are knitted. Tie on the other color without breaking off the first, and proceed as before, always beginning the gore on the same end, when turning always slip the first stitch as for seaming, knit eight gores, then slip and bind off, fill with cotton and sew up; put a small cap box containing a few pebbles in the center.

Will some one who has had experience tell us how to get the *HOUSEHOLD* bound, where to send, cost, and so forth. A friend of mine wishes to get two years' numbers made in one book.

I am aware it is late in the day, but the words and music of "The Vacant Chair" may be found in a small collection of songs called the Silver Lute.

We have at last succeeded in establishing a Circulating Library, much to our satisfaction.

PLAINWELL.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

*Good Housekeeping* says jellies should stand open a day or two, before being sealed, but must be protected from dust. If too thin, let them stand in the sun.

AN exchange recommends varnishing floor matting, both to add to its appearance and to increase its wear. A fresh coat of varnish is needed every six months, but the durability is indefinitely continued.

A PROFESSIONAL clothes-cleaner recommends equal quantities of ammonia and alcohol as a good cleansing medium for black or dark colored woolen clothing. Apply with a soft sponge.

THE wild crabapples, green and sour as they are, make the most delicious jelly, says a lady who has tried them. They have a spicy flavor and the acid is pleasant. Do not use gelatine instead of fruit juice for jellies, if you wish a really excellent article.

THE safest way is to fill your lamps every day. Lamps that stand half filled for hours before being lighted are dangerous. The oil vapor mingles with the air in the upper part of the lamps and forms an explosive mixture. If filled daily, there is no room for this dangerous gas.

MULLEIN tea, made from the leaves and stems of the Great Mullein (*Verbascum Thapsus*) is said on good authority to be a specific for consumption, if continued a sufficient length of time. The plant is dried, and an ounce of the stems and leaves boiled with a pint of milk. A cupful is then taken at intervals during the day.

A CORRESPONDENT of *Babyhood* recommends a cabinet set of hanging shelves, with solid board back, and door made of a pane of glass and opening on hinges at the bottom, as a safe and convenient receptacle for medicines in a family where there are young children. The cabinet is to be hung by picture wire from two strong staples in the wall. A convenient size is fifteen inches long by twenty inches high, and five inches deep, with three shelves, and it need not cost over one dollar. The bottles are thus free from dust, convenient of access to the older members of the family, and safe from little prying fingers.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Ohio Farmer* tells how she finishes the edges of her rag carpets. If you have a high-arm sewing machine you will find it quite easily and quickly done. Thread the machine with good strong thread such as you use for mending and sewing on buttons, measure your carpet and stitch it across four times, twice on each side of where you wish to cut it, once along a strip of filling and once between. Now cut it apart and you will have two ends neatly finished. There will be no unsightly binding, no clumsy hem, and no raveling out. In this way you need not lose a thread of filling or shorten your carpet a single half inch.

CALIFORNIANS have a method of preserving fruit without sugar so that it will

keep sound and fresh for years. The recipe is as follows: Fill clean, dry, wide-mouthed bottles with fresh, sound fruit; add nothing, not even water. Be sure that the fruit is well and closely packed in, and ram the corks, of best quality, tightly down into the necks of the bottles until level with the glass. Now tie the corks down tight with strong twine, and after putting the bottles into bags, stand them in a pan or boiler of cold water. Let the water reach not quite to the shoulder of the bottles. Let the fire be moderate, and bring the water to boiling. Boil gently for ten minutes, remove from the fire and allow all to cool.

AN excellent polish for old furniture is prepared as follows: A wide-mouthed bottle, good alcohol, as much as you want, pint or quart. Shellac added as long as it will dissolve. Shake well, set in a warm place, then shake once in a while. It will keep indefinitely if kept well corked. Should be made several days before using. When wanted for use turn out a little in a saucer (it evaporates quickly). It should be a little thinner than a good syrup. If too thick add a little alcohol. Use a small flat varnish brush. It is easy to handle and goes into all the crevices. The alcohol flies off quickly and leaves a thin coating of shellac. It is quickly done, quickly dry, covers scratches and gives furniture a new look. Soak the brush when done in alcohol, clean until soft, then it will be ready for next time. Save the alcohol used in cleaning, putting it in the varnish bottle.

## Useful Recipes.

ORANGE PIE.—Several months ago a request was made for a recipe for orange pie, which has met with no response as yet. The *Massachusetts Ploughman*, in a report of Mrs. Daniels' cooking school's operations, gives her formula, as follows: Bake sponge cake in Washington pie plates. Cover one cake with sliced oranges or jelly; then cover with another cake; frost and decorate with sections of oranges. An orange jelly, to be used for filling, is prepared as follows: Two cupfuls of boiling water, half cupful cold water, one cupful sugar, three round table spoonfuls of cornstarch, grated rind of two oranges, juice of three oranges, juice of one lemon, yolks of three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of butter. Add to the boiling water the fruit juice, the rind and the sugar. Mix the cornstarch with cold water; then add to the boiling mixture and cook for three minutes. Beat the egg yolks and stir them into the mixture. Cook for one minute, and on removing from the fire add the butter. Let the jelly cool before using it on the cake. This is jelly enough for two cakes. To decorate the above pie frost plainly the top cake and mark the frosting in sections, sixths or eighths as it is to be cut, in lines from the centre outwards. On each of these sections lay a section of an orange, an eighth, which has been carefully prepared and not broken. If the juice is allowed to escape it will melt the frosting beneath. Let the sections point towards the centre and turn all in one direction, say two sections facing each other in the middle. This jelly may be poured into a pie-plate lined with flaky crust, baked a very few moments in the oven, covered with a meringue, and it will be somewhat like the popular lemon pie, only having an orange flavor.