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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

A YOUNG WIFE'S VIEWS.

I think my husband ought to
Exactly as I want him to,
Especially where it concerns,
The money that for me he earns.

If he and I are one, why do
As if we were and must be, two?
For if our interests all combine,
What'er is his is also mine.

I hate to ask him every day
For little sums and have him say:
'My dear, where has that dollar gone
I gave you only yesternorn?'

'Tis strange, indeed, how in his eyes
A sum will swell and swell in size
When once persuaded to resign
It from his pocket book to mine.

He lets me run up heavy bills
At two big stores, and thus fulfills,
He thinks, his duty unto me;
But I with him do not agree.

I like to go from store to store,
(As bees the fragrant buds explore,)
And take from each whatever suits
In bonnet, mantle, gloves or boots.

I think "a common purse" would prove
A means to strengthen faith and love;
Or better still 'twould be were he
To bring his money all to me,

And safer. Then, too, he might learn
To ask a little in his turn,
And have a chance as well to see
How very generous I would be.

MAKING A FLOWER GARDEN.

It is always a pathetic sight to me to see among the homely surroundings of a very humble home, a box filled with portulacca, a clump of gaudy marigolds, or a few plants of "Prince's Feather" or "Kiss-me-over-the-garden-gate," evidences of the longing of the woman soul prisoned there, for beauty and color and perfume in a life of toil and deprivation. I see many abortive attempts at flower culture in more pretentious homes; attempts that fail for want of knowledge, through "vaulting ambition which overleaps itself," or through lack of time to conquer the weeds that go creeping everywhere and grow so much more robustly than our flowers. Weeds are the children of the soil. Earth is but a foster-mother to the flowers.

There are very few farmers' wives and daughters who can give the time and strength necessary to care for a garden-full of annuals and bedding plants. But they may have many flowers with half the trouble if they will let me tell them how to grow them. A great deal of work in the garden can be done more advantageously in October than in the spring. The weather is

more favorable, the autumnal air is bracing instead of enervating as in spring, and the work in the house is not generally so pressing. So, in October, get husband or hired man to give half a day's work toward making a start. He'll probably growl over it a little as a "piece of tomfoolery" but don't be discouraged over such a little thing as that; let him grumble; the flowers will grow just the same. I like a border with a fence for a background better than a bed on the lawn for the class of plants I am going to advise you to grow.

Have a space three or four feet wide either spaded or plowed, and a good load of well rotted compost from the barn-yard or sheep shed drawn on it and thoroughly worked in. With the hoe grade the bed, making it higher nearer the fence—an elevation of four inches is ample. To prevent the grass from encroaching, narrow strips of board, bricks or stones may be used, but whatever is used as a barrier set it almost level with the grass, and don't, "an' thou lovest me," apply any *whitewash*. See that the drainage of the spot selected is good, and then you are ready to plant the roots or seeds of your perennials. If your space is four feet wide, you will have room for two rows; if but three feet, put a row of perennials at the back, and fill in in front of the row with low-growing annuals or creeping plants. Bear in mind, when setting your plants, that they are to grow undisturbed for many years, and do not crowd them.

If the posts of the fence are on the "garden side," arrange to hide their unsightliness with beauty. A clump of tall double hollyhocks before a post will quite obliterate it from your own and others' consciousness; another may be crowned with a garland of morning glories, and a piece of stout sheep-twine stretched from post to post will afford a way for the vines to hang a wreath of bells across the intervening space; the cypress vine with its fine cut foliage, sweet peas—oh, there is plenty of material at your hand, when you once consider it.

Now, what to plant: There is nothing more desirable in the border than the perennial phlox, especially the white, which is as pure and clear a white as I know in the garden. Then there are varieties with different colored "eyes," a quite pretty crimson-red and a lavender, all of which are great improvements on the purplish-pink of the common sort. And the beautiful Dicentra, or "Bleeding Heart," is a flower we can admire for its graceful growth and its cleanly foliage. The Pæonies, pink, white and dark red, are a showy addition to the beauty

of the border in June; the Columbines with their nectar-filled horns are an interesting class of plants, and none of them is more beautiful than the Golden Columbine, a native of the rocks of Arizona, whose flowers are a clear, soft lemon color. I would not omit the day lilies, either, both blue and white, which are autumnal bloomers, and deliciously fragrant. The Delphiniums (Larkspurs) are not to be forgotten; they are the most showy blue flowers we have among hardy plants; and the old-fashioned foxglove is another. The Pentstemon is a plant we do not often see, yet its bright scarlet, clustered flowers, continuing in bloom a long time, are very desirable in the border. The Sweet Williams, in great variety, bloom in the spring; and do not forget that the old-fashioned Iris, both purple and yellow, is a very popular flower in England just at present. I have a tender feeling for a flower I used to know in girlhood, the Scarlet Lychnis, and also for a certain yellow lily which I never heard called anything more pretentious than "Lemon Lily," in allusion to the color of its pretty petticoat. And did any one ever hear of the "blackberry lily?" That too is a plant I remember in a certain old-fashioned garden, but I cannot recollect the fashion of its flowering, only that its round shining seeds were arranged on a receptacle so that it much resembled a blackberry. But I've never seen it from that day to this.

There are a great many other hardy plants which in a well drained soil will flourish year after year, growing handsomer the while. Many of them can be grown from seed; roots can be begged from obliging neighbors; and if I saw a plant anywhere in my travels which particularly struck my fancy, I might possibly mark the house, as tramps do, and call 'round at the proper season and bag a root of it. For I cannot imagine a genuine lover of flowers being selfish or stingy in the matter of either roots or bloom.

When first planted, at a distance of three feet apart, the roots will look very lonely, but you will be surprised to see how rapidly they will spread. It will be a fight with the weeds at first, but these, once conquered, are disposed of finally. All the care your perennials will require will be an annual dressing with well rotted compost every autumn, and a little protection in the way of leaves or straw in winter. Occasionally a clump which seems to be dying out or not doing well may need digging up and dividing, but not often. By a little study, one can arrange for a constant succession of flowers during the season except

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through the very hottest weather. The perennial belongs to spring and fall.

In clusters among them we may plant our spring flowering bulbs, tulips, hyacinths, crocus and the like, not forgetting the yellow jonquil and the sweet narcissus; a small stake will mark each cluster, so there will be no danger of digging them up. Tall lily spikes show to fine advantage among this perennial foliage; gladiolus as well; and in some sheltered spot a few boards and old sash will construct a rough but serviceable cold frame, in which one may start seeds of asters, balsams, ageratum, pansies and other special favorites to be planted out in the border, hap-hazard, wherever there is a vacancy. Then, along the front edge we can sow seeds of such low-growing hardy annuals as mignonette, candy-tuft, sweet alyssum, lobelia, phlox and portulacca, not forgetting a generous clump of white petunias, which are very beautiful as well as hardy. A border fifteen feet long will afford the flower lover great satisfaction all through the floral year; it will be full of delightful surprises, and not demand of the busy woman one-quarter the hard, back-breaking work which the same space devoted wholly to annuals would require. Were I to make flower garden again my main dependence would be on bulbs and perennials, with a few of my special pets, such as pansies, asters, and petunias, among them. Now is the season to begin, as the beautiful days of autumn are passing; "delays are dangerous," often fatal to our new-born ambitions.

This way of having the flowers arranged as a border to the garden or lawn fence, does away with the temptation to dig a little hole in the grass in the front yard, and plant therein the roots we beg or buy, thereby breaking up the sod, spoiling the effect of the lawn and condemning the slips to a short and precarious existence ending in untimely death. There is nothing prettier in front of a house than a level stretch of greensward, unbroken by shrubbery of any sort. Nothing but a tree should be allowed to break it. The lawn mower, the scythe or the mower, whatever is employed to cut the grass, has then a clear path, and the work is done much more frequently than when one must dodge here a rosebush and there a shrub; and the "women folks" have no decapitated specimens to weep over, the men no "swear words" to be ashamed of. Plant the shrubbery, if you must have it—and some of our flowering shrubs are indeed beautiful and desirable—at one side as a hedge, or border, or in clumps as a background, arranging them according to their habit of growth. The effect will be far more pleasing and satisfactory than the hap-hazard fashion of planting, which makes a lawn look as if it suffered from a floricultural eruption.

BEATRIX.

CHURCH SOCIALS.

As defined by Naomi, there seem to be three good purposes in church socials, namely, to have a good time, a dish of ice-cream, and to give money. Who can find any fault with spending a few hours pleasantly, or who can call eating ice cream a sin? And surely, no one can condemn giving money

to the church. But I apprehend that the question is not the right or wrong of these things, but of the church, as a church, giving such socials. Any society that undertakes to walk in other paths than those prescribed in its organization finds hard traveling. Take, for instance, the G. A. R. Let them deviate and enter as an organization into politics, and I fancy there would be a commotion in the camp. Now there is nothing wrong in being a politician, and though all or nearly all G. A. R. members may belong to one party, yet that not being the object of the society, it is wrong for it to enter, as a society, the political field. The same is true of the Knights of Labor, of the church, or any other such societies. Let us understand what the mission of the church in this world is, then we can answer the question, Are church socials right?

We must take our authority from the founder of the church and none other. The final commission given by Christ to his disciples was: "Go, preach the gospel to every creature." Has the church any right to engage in any other work than the salvation of fallen man? "Go work in my vineyard; the fields are white already to harvest and the laborers are few." There is no time for other work. If these socials were a means of grace unto any, if they were to guide seekers into the way of holiness, then they would become a part of the legitimate work of the church; but so far as my observation has extended there has been no such work done at these socials; and I believe, with many others, that actual harm has resulted, not the least of which has been a loss of influence by the church over the world for good; there has been instead a conformity to the world.

But we cannot raise the money we need in any other way, argue some. Perhaps this is owing to a lack of faith; perhaps to a lack of consecration on the part of church members. Certainly this is true; the church that gives freely, not grudgingly, receives a greater blessing than the church that by means of socials seek the dimes from the world. It can not be otherwise, for the heart of the cheerful giver is full of love, and he works with a corresponding zeal for the saving of souls, thus advancing the cause of Christ. I can not condemn socials as something terrible, but question the propriety of church socials.

JANNETTE.

THAT SPOILED BABY.

I was much interested in reading Beatrix's article, "A Spoiled Baby," in the *HOUSEHOLD* of Sept. 1st, as I have had some experience with such company myself. To the question whether it is possible to conquer him now, I answer, Yes. The confession he made after the conflict in the bath-room shows that he has a heart that can be touched, and if worked on in the right way he will make a noble man. I think had she taken a whip, not a stiff one, but one that would wind around his limbs and make them tingle, and told him she was going to whip him—then before she commenced, given him a good talking to, telling him the whys and wherefores, and that it was for his good and not her pleasure, how much trouble bad boys get into

and where they are placed when they are bad, all portrayed vividly before him—then proceeded with the whip, it would not have taken long to have conquered him, for his little heart would have been softened by the story.

I think where parents make a great mistake in whipping is, when they are angry themselves. If a child sees, and he will see if approached in the right way, that he is grieving mamma, there will be very little need of whipping. I think it wicked to spank (as Beatrix says) "where mothers smite their young," as many diseases or at least weaknesses of the kidneys might be traced to that very cause. When a child has fits of throwing things, and kicking, I should walk up to him with a quart of cold water and throw it over him, repeating the treatment as often as the symptoms appeared, which would not be many times. I have known this remedy to cure when all other means failed.

We should aim for health first; and use our judgment as to what is best for them until they are old enough to judge for themselves, not let them have what they want to eat, as did the mother in question, simply because they cry for it; better a few tears than a ruined stomach that will stay by them as long as they live. Reason with your children; they will reason when they are a good deal younger than is generally supposed.

BATTLE CREEK.

X. Y. Z.

THE CHURCH SOCIAL.

It never occurred to me to consider the church social as either a means of good or ill until the letter from Naomi called my attention to the fact that there might be people so superlatively conscientious that they have "scruples" against such an exceedingly mild and insipid form of amusement as the average church social. In regard to entertainments, books, people, preachers, etc., that I do not myself enjoy or appreciate, I am always ready to quote the ingenious method in which Abraham Lincoln once avoided committing himself to an opinion, and say: "For those who like that sort of thing, that's about the sort of thing they'll like." That hurts no one's feelings, and they can apply it as an emollient or an irritant, as they prefer; it is saying in effect, "That's all right if you like it so." Now, I don't see any possible wrong in a church social; it is like homeopathic medicine, it may do good and surely cannot do any harm. The good would, I think, consist in establishing friendly and social relations among the attendants at the church—if they have spiritual grace enough to refrain from gossip; and as sociability is promoted by eating, why let those who like to partake of a dish of ice-cream or struggle for the lone "church social oyster" do so; it certainly is as innocuous a form of dissipation as can be well indulged in. And if one of the deacons in Israel wants to make himself ridiculous by chasing some middle-aged woman through the giddy mazes of "Snap and catch 'em," and wrest from her frosted lips a chaste salute as the prize of his agility, why, "for those who like that sort of thing," etc., etc. Sometimes elderly people get frisky as they near a second childhood.

in which they enjoy infantile amusements once more. There are people, you know, to whom a cup of hot water is an exhilarating beverage; they are not strong enough to stand tea and coffee, either mentally or physically. Should we therefore refuse them the service of the tea-kettle?

People have such queer ideas about right and wrong. Think of John Bunyan, who thought the pleasure he found in ringing the bells of the parish church a temptation of the devil, a sin to be repented with tears and groans. It is a part of the old Puritan doctrine that everything pleasant is sinful; and there are a good many very earnest, conscientious people who seem to think anything they enjoy, from a cup of tea to a love story, must be wrong simply because they enjoy it. While one must permit them the privilege of their opinions, it does not follow that other people's corn must inevitably be measured in their baskets.

BRUNEFILLE.

CARE FOR THE BOYS.

[Paper read by Mrs. H. M. Edwards, of Horton, at the September meeting of the Liberty Farmers' Club.]

Bishop Earl says: "A boy is man in a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam before he tasted of Eve or the apple. He is purely happy because he knows no evil; he kisses and loves all. He has been placed into a wicked world, surrounded by all kinds of temptation, yet he knows it not. Then how careful we should be to impress the infant mind with truth, honesty, benevolence, and other virtues, and the welfare of your boy will be insured not only through this life, but the life to come."

What a responsibility rests upon parents in the forming of a man, for we expect our boys to become men. They will trouble us but a little while with their tops and marbles, then they pass into the wide world to fill various places of honor, trust, power and influence. In order that they may be able to do this, we should keep before them good examples. The secret of making good men is to put the boys to work and keep them at it; not hard work, but have them feel that they have something to do. Boys may have good moral training at home and good parents, but if they are not brought up to labor, they will not become perfect men. It is employment that strengthens the body, hardens the muscles, perfects the mind, awakens genius, puts the thoughts to work, rouses the ambition, makes the lad feel that he is a man, and of some consequence, and that his father notices him as such and likes to counsel with him.

Teach boys to have some employment. Make them feel they have their own characters to form, and that the men that fail are those who are put to no business. The young men that are petted and have nothing to do become lazy and most despicable. It is better to do little than to do nothing; every effort gives strength and prepares for future usefulness. The Indian journeys in the wilderness in search of an easier method of procuring food, and prefers to suffer much through life rather than to think; because he does not think and study he never improves but lives on from year to year as

his fathers did. It is clearly to be seen that those nations that have risen to places of trust, and made important advancement in the arts and sciences, have been remarkable for their labor and perseverance and for their habits of thought and study.

We not only want our sons to feel that they must be active and studious, but also be glad of an opportunity of doing something for themselves and to benefit others. It will soon become a second nature to them to be up and doing, always having something on hand to take their time, thus keeping their minds occupied and guarded from evil influences around them. Fathers and mothers, do all you can to keep your boys on the farm. Strew your tables with papers and books, not trashy reading, but good serviceable books and papers, that they may acquire a taste for good reading and that their evenings may be spent at home pleasantly; and see that they have good company, for this not only improves their manners but their minds also. They will soon love such society and refrain from joining ill-disposed boys who will soon draw them away, and make farm life uninteresting to them, and finally be their ruin. Most great men were farmers. Our first president was a farmer, Lincoln knew how to split rails, Horace Greeley spent his young days on a farm and struggled with poverty until he conquered and became eminent. Many poor boys have been deprived of educational advantages, but being ambitious have buckled on the armor of labor, taken upon their shoulders heavy burdens, chosen the ruggeddest of employments because they could get more money, and braved the storms of life to come out victorious at last and stand before the world men of worth and nobility.

When the country was new, where large log heaps were burned it would seem that all germs of seed must have been destroyed, yet fire weeds would spring up and cover the ground. Enough seed will grow without sowing wild oats. Wicked companions will sow enough seeds of sin without parents advocating, encouraging and placing before children the temptations of card-playing, dancing, evil communications, wine, cider or beer drinking. Watch for and destroy if possible the first appearance in the hearts and minds of your boys of deception, slander, wrath, envy, desire for evil and low companions, disregard for proper restraints and parental authority, and desire for vulgar, evil and unnecessary amusements. See to it that you do not in any way, either by example, sanction or failure to speak against the great evils of life, encourage or induce habits of intoxication and tobacco using.

"Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." These boys of ours will soon leave the family altar, where they have so many times listened to the earnest prayers of fathers, and seek a home of their own. Some will turn the soil for a livelihood, others will use their education in some profession. Let them choose their own occupation, then encourage them. We must have lawyers and doctors, and we want good ones. We would have our young men as they start in life regard character as a capital

much surer to yield full returns than any other capital, unaffected by panics or failures, fruitful when all other investments lie dormant, having as certain promise in the present life as in that which is to come.

Then, after we have set good Christian examples before our children, done all our duty, we can but leave them in the kind care of our Heavenly Father, trusting His watchful eye will ever be over them, guiding them in truthfulness, integrity and goodness.

PERT CHILDREN.

As the subject of training children is being discussed almost everywhere, more or less, I will venture to say a few words on this very important subject. Many thoughts were forcibly brought before my mind the other evening as we were returning from the fair. There was a boy (I mention him first as he appeared to be the most important member of the party), a man and three women, apparently of one party, who sat in the center of the car; that boy's tongue never stopped two consecutive minutes, the distance we rode together, which occupied an hour or more. He did the talking, the rest of the party did the laughing, which was excessive. I should think the boy was six or eight years old, though I am not a very good judge of children's ages.

I could not help thinking, what kind of training that was for a smart little lad. What will his future be? What sounds smart and cunning now in a little chap, is rude, bold and disagreeable and often unbearable in a lad of fourteen or sixteen. And how are the parents to teach him, and just when, that he must say those things no more, nor do all the talking for the company? This subject was chosen for discussion at our last Literary Society meeting. After some little discussion, one lady arose and said: "If I can stand it all the time with my children, I think Mrs. H. can stand it the little time she is with them." This is true without doubt; but it is not the point at issue; the point is the future good of the children, and the present just as surely governs the future as the human family, as in the animal or vegetable.

How many children of the present generation will arise in twenty or thirty years hence and bless father and mother for their wise training? I am not prepared to give any advice on this momentous subject. I am fully aware it is much easier to preach than to practice; even in applying discipline to our own thoughts and acts. And I must say I do not know of any mother who seems to feel the need of any of the loads of advice that pass through the printing presses every year. Every one says: "My children are pretty good children, a little mischievous and perhaps noisy; but I think they are pretty good children." I say: Thank God for the pure "mother love." What would any of us have done without some one who believed in us, and loved us, no matter how far we went astray?

It is said one set of rules cannot be applied to all children; each child needs different management. They all have to be governed by the same rules in our public schools, and instructors pronounce the

method a success. I am not going to lay down rules, or preach what I have not practiced. Every parent and person will have to answer to the Great Judge how we have improved the talents given to us and trained the souls committed to our care.

I must not omit to tell the HOUSEHOLD readers that *I saw Beatrix*, and that she is just as nice as she can be. Now, dear B., if you feel in the least like blushing, hold the HOUSEHOLD before your face, and no one will see you. I would like to tell the readers all about her, but will refrain, for fear it would only see the waste basket. I told her some of the good things that different readers had said to me; it did her good to know that her labors in behalf of her readers were so much appreciated.

ALBION.

M. E. H.

WAIT AWHILE.

Many are the chapters, paragraphs, quips and anecdotes extant and floating through the press as to the dense ignorance of the average woman, notably on the political question. Not long since a woman was held up as a striking example of the genus ignoramus because she thought a nomination and election equivalent terms, or rather took the one for the other. Yet this woman might have been well informed on other subjects, but no one would question her unfitness for political work.

The city miss that thought milk was procured from the cow by pumping, using the tail as lever power, was woefully ignorant of country customs, but might have been well posted in city life. The man who was wonder-struck at the appearance of the comet of 1859, investigated the phenomenon by asking another his opinion, and being gravely informed that it was "the evening star in flames," believed and asserted it, was not posted in astronomy, yet was a successful farmer, and not considered an idiot. The other fellow who energetically urged his opinion "that the best way to prevent foreign admixtures and get a pure article of cotton-wool, was to import male cottons, and thus have the safe means at home of raising the raw material," was certainly not perfectly at home on all first principles, but may have been an enterprising citizen, and better learned in lore of another style of farming.

I am not skeptical in regard to the assertion made, that there are voters in this enlightened land who have such perfect faith in some esteemed leader that if he assured them the moon was made of green cheese, they would adopt the idea as a part of their creed; and such blind naturals are the ones who so highly value their privileges that they are never absent from the polls. They are the ones who triumphantly address some ponderous machinery in this form: "Puff, puff, spet, spet, stame it and be bothered, ye ould child of Satan that ye are! Ye may do the work of twenty-five fellies, ye may take the bread out of an honest laborer's mouth, but, by the powers, now, ye can't vote, old blazer; moind that, will ye!"

Thus it is that the vote which for the time makes the lowest on a level with the highest, holds a magic charm. There are

many voters to whom the ballot has no higher significance. Ignorant alike of letters, principles of government, laws or law-makers, they are keenly alive to the question of bread and butter, to say nothing of beer. Should one occupying such ground be branded as a knave, because he barter a privilege, valued on so low a plane, for a substantial substance, whose value he thoroughly appreciates? Look at the knave at the other end of the bargain. No, I'm not going into politics, woman suffrage or other exciting themes. My only purpose in this little summing up is to finally express an opinion that any one, male or female, white or black, native or foreigner, so densely ignorant on any subject, should have no political or moral right to meddle with such subject, until qualified by proper study.

INGLESIDE.

A. L. L.

APPLE BUTTER.

Several wealthy families in this city send to Pennsylvania and Ohio every fall for a supply of apple-butter for the winter breakfast table. They pay round prices for it, and claim their fondness for it dates from youth, when it was a dainty dish to their unsated appetites. The Pennsylvania method is as follows:

Take any desired quantity of pure sweet cider, fresh from the press, and boil it down one-half. Pare, quarter and core ripe, well flavored apples, and when the cider is boiled sufficiently, add them gradually. Boil and stir and add the fruit until the resultant is a sweet, stiff mass, smooth and homogeneous, in which no lumps appear. Unless both cider and apples are sour, sugar is not needed, and no spices are added to the true Pennsylvania apple-butter. The secret of its excellence is the long boiling, a process often continued from noon until ten o'clock at night; it is then ladled into earthen crocks or jars, covered with strong brown paper carefully tied down, and set in the garret or a dry store-room, where it will keep an indefinite time.

Pear-butter may be made in the same way as apple-butter, using apple cider and pears. It is richer than apple-butter. An excellent butter is also made by using half pears and half apples. Quinces may also be used to flavor the butter, but they are too rich to be used alone.

VALUE OF MINUTES.

I had a rather unusual experience lately. I was visiting a lady who has three children, all "little tots" under five years of age. She is a farmer's wife, and has "help" only a few months in summer, does all her own sewing, including dressmaking, has to cook and wash for outside help, so one would imagine her "hands were full" all the time. I knew the lady to be very fond of reading, and condoled with her on the impossibility of indulging in her favorite recreation. There was no grumbling reply. She turned with a bright look: "You would be surprised to see how much time I find to read! I always have a book or paper at hand when I take baby up, and I find I can glance at "Babyland" while I prepare vegetables for dinner. Flossie holds it and turns the pages, and gets a good deal of knowledge of the pictures and stories as I

glance at them and talk to her of them." Well, thought I, here is a woman that is not of the complaining order. She wisely uses the good within her reach, and no one listening to her lively, intelligent chat on the questions of the day would think of the paucity of time at her command in which to keep posted.

I think there is a good deal in the way we read to make the most of minutes. I think the lady in question looked over the general news more than the details of some foul crime, or the disgusting report of some scandal trial, or the chapters of some thrilling novel. But the moral is all I wished to point; the judicious use of the moments.

INGLESIDE.

A. L. L.

Contributed Recipes.

PEACH SHORTCAKE.—Make a shortcake as follows: Sift a quart of flour and two and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a small teaspoonful of salt, rub into flour a tablespoonful of lard, wet up with sweet milk, handling as little as possible. Do not roll, but pat into shape in the baking tins. Bake, split, butter, spread with a thick layer of thinly-sliced peaches, sprinkle with sugar, lay on the other half, and eat with cream and sugar. The peaches for this should be ripe, and cut for an hour or so before using, when the juice may be drained off and boiled with a little sugar to make a rich syrup, which may be used as a sauce with, or instead of, cream. B.

MIXED MUSTARD PICKLES.—One quart sliced cucumbers; two quarts small cucumbers, whole; two quarts onions, whole; two quarts green tomatoes, sliced; one quart small tomatoes, whole; two heads cauliflower; two large green peppers; one gallon vinegar; twenty tablespoonfuls mustard; one and a half large cups flour; one and a half large cups sugar; half ounce tumeric. Soak the vegetables in brine over night. Cook until tender (but not soft) in the brine they have been soaked in. After cooking, turn off the brine and cover the vegetables with vinegar and water, let stand until cold. Stir the mustard, tumeric, sugar and flour with one quart of vinegar; add the other three quarts and cook until the thickness of starch. Then turn vinegar and water off the vegetables, draining well, and stir in the mustard. This makes about four gallons. All try it and report. KATHRINE.

GENESEE.

MIXED MUSTARD PICKLES, No. 1.—Two cauliflowers; two quarts white onions; two quarts small cucumbers; one quart green tomatoes; one-fourth pound mustard seed; a handful of mixed spice and one pound mustard. Break the cauliflower in pieces and quarter the tomatoes. Let the cauliflower, onions, cucumbers and tomatoes soak over night in salt and water. Cover with vinegar the next day; then add the mustard seed and spice. Cook until tender.

MIXED MUSTARD PICKLES, No. 2.—To one and a half gallons best vinegar add four ounces bruised ginger root; two ounces whole allspice; half ounce bruised red peppers; two ounces tumeric; one pound mustard; half pound onions; one pound common salt. Boil quarter of an hour, except the onions, boil those five minutes. The mustard and tumeric stir with cold vinegar and add when nearly done. Set aside when cold. Add vegetables at any time; cut up and scald first in clear water. Dry them before putting in; add more vinegar when needed. I put in small cucumbers whole. MRS. H. N. B.

YPSILANTI.