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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

A HUMAN PIN.

Oh, I know a certain woman who is reckoned
with the good,
But she fills me with more terror than a raging
lion would.
The little chills run up and down my spine
whenever we meet,
Though she seems a gentle creature and she's
very trim and neat.
And she has a thousand virtues and not one
acknowledged sin,
But she is the sort of person you could liken to
a pin,
And she pricks you, and she sticks you, in a way
that can't be said—
When you seek for what has hurt you, why, you
can not find the head.
But she fills you with discomfort and exasper-
ating pain—
If any body asks you why you really can't ex-
plain.
A pin is such a tiny thing—of that there is no
doubt—
Yet when it's sticking in your flesh, you're
wretched till it's out.
She is wonderfully observing—when she meets
a pretty girl,
She is always sure to tell her if her "bang" is out
of curl.
And she is so sympathetic; to her friend, who's
much admired,
She is often heard remarking, "Dear, you look
so worn and tired!"
She is a careful critic, for on yesterday she eyed
The new dress I was airing with a woman's
natural pride;
And she said, "Oh, how becoming!" and then
softly added, "It
is really a misfortune that the basque is such a
fit."
Then she said, "If you had heard me yester-eve,
I'm sure, my friend,
You would say I am a champion who knows
how to defend."
And she left me with the feeling—most un-
pleasant, I aver—
That the whole world would despise me if it
had not been for her.
Whenever I encounter her, in such a nameless
way,
She gives me the impression I am at my worst
that day.
And the hat that was imported (and that cost
me half a sonnet,
With just one glance from her round eyes be-
comes a Bowery bonnet.
She is always bright and smiling, sharp and
shining for a thrust—
Use does not seem to blunt her point, nor does
she gather rust—
Oh! I wish some hapless specimen of mankind
would begin
To tidy up the world for me by picking up the
pin.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

OUR DAILY BREAD.

I know there are a great many people
in the world who think it makes no par-
ticular difference what one eats, if only

hunger is satisfied. But the fact remains
that diet makes a very great difference in
one very important particular, and that is
our health. A wise man says "Whatever
was the father of a disease, an ill diet was
the mother." I think even more than half
the responsibility ought to be laid upon
the diet, for nothing else has so direct and
vital an influence upon the health. Black-
more, in the "Maid of Sker," says: "Peo-
ple forget how much the body outweighs
the mind, being meant, of course to do so,
getting more food, as it does, and able to
enjoy it more by reason of less daintiness."
The health of body and incidentally of
mind—since mental conditions are greatly
influenced by physical—is maintained by
the purity of that wonderful river flowing
through veins and arteries, permeating
every portion of our bodies, and its purity
depends almost entirely upon the activity
of the stomach in transmuting food into
the proper form for absorption into the
circulation. The food we eat is relished
better, assimilated more completely and
hence proves more nutritious, builds up
bone and muscle more perfectly, if it is
appetizing and appetizingly spread before
us. To be appetizing, it must be varied.
I have known people—very sensible people
in other respects—who insisted that it makes
no earthly difference what you had for
dinner yesterday since you are just as hun-
gry to-day, and hence justified themselves
in preparing the simplest food at hand,
which chanced to be pork, potatoes and
bread—they were not going to spend their
lives cooking. But yesterday's dinner does
make a difference. We may trace to-day's
headache to it, or it may be the source of
to-day's strength and energy. The *Home-
Maker*, in an article on cheap living in
cities, says: "Health is so valuable, so
dependent on what we eat and drink, that
it is fifty times better the windows should
grow dim and the carpets be unswept
than that anything connected with the
food should be neglected. Yet how rarely
a woman lets such work go undone! The
keeping up of appearances has much to do
with this, or had much to do with forming
the habit of thought leading to the feeling
that the house must be kept spick and
span, but the meals can be hurried up.
'The stomach has no windows,' but it is a
mistake to think it does not bear witness
to its ill-usage."

We all like good things to eat. Even
the lazy woman who hates work, and the
intellectual one who believes she has a soul
above cooking, are alike susceptible to the

soothing influence of a good meal—espe-
cially if some one else prepares it. And the
men, bless them! we know there's no surer
way to bring them into subjection than to
feed them well. Fanny Fern made herself
immortal by putting this truth into terse
form: "The surest way to a man's heart
is via his stomach." Did not Becky Sharp
convince her eminently respectable brother-
in-law that she was all a woman ought to
be when she prepared that salmi of my
Lord Steyne's partridges for him? Did not
the children of Israel prefer Egypt's leeks
and onions and bondage, to freedom with-
out their favorite vegetables? Did they
not tire of quail on toast and even of
heavenly manna? Are not these good
historic arguments in favor of a varied
diet?

Food is more to man than the satisfaction
of hunger; it is so much, in fact, that it
determines national as well as individual
position. The food of an extinct race is a
sure guide to its degree of civilization; the
food of a living race has much to do with
its status among its neighbor nations. I
saw it stated recently, with logic to prove
the statement, that the present unhappy
condition of the Irish peasantry can be
traced to their dependence upon the potato
as a food. The ease with which it is raised,
and its cheapness, have made it their prin-
cipal article of diet; but it is an imperfect
food, hence bodies and brains are wanting
in vigor, and the people are unambitious
and unaspiring.

Some housekeepers get into a rut. They
have cooked in a certain way so long that
it would take a domestic earthquake to
rout them out of it. If they do try a
new way or a new dish, it is only for a few
times and they drop back upon the old pro-
gramme, from sheer force of habit. The
first year the *HOUSEHOLD* was published in
its present form, E. S. B., then residing
at Brighton, furnished us her formula for
making bread. A few tried it at first, and
reported such success that others followed
their example. I think it safe to estimate
that that recipe was tested in 500 families,
at the very lowest calculation; and it has
twice been republished by request. Now,
as a matter of curiosity, it would be in-
teresting to know how many of those who
professed their satisfaction at the delicious-
ly light, white, sweet loaves—I know, I've
eaten E. S. B.'s bread—still follow her
method. How many have "backslidden"
and are conducting bread-making on the
old lines? I've a "real sweet" Sunday
bonnet this summer, I'd dreadfully hate to

lose it, but I'm willing to venture it on the chance of finding ten out of the five hundred who, after these five years, are making bread by that recipe. That is the discouraging part of one's work—to find the effort to introduce the better ways in cooking and house-keeping, continuous and assiduous as it may be, met by calm persistence in old fashions, not because new methods do not yield better results, are not as economical, but simply because of the effort necessary to overcome the inertia of habit. Mrs. Blank may be always asked to make the biscuit or the chicken pie for the socials and the picnics, "because she 'always has such good luck,'" but who thinks of asking her methods with a view to equalling her results?

I don't blame women for getting tired of cooking, not one bit. It is hard work, monotonous work, unless one can find an interest in it through trying improvements and experiments; often thankless work when excellence meets no word of praise and a failure is sharply criticised. And when one works so hard to prepare a meal that she has no appetite for it when it comes on the table, she is very apt to think she don't care, but will limit her exertions to the preparation of that she knows how to get quickest and easiest. And it is hard to make bricks without straw, or get up good meals easily without a garden and small fruits. We should have better and healthier living if men would raise an acre less of corn and wheat and put the culture on the quarter-acre garden spot. It is a great encouragement to a woman to know she has got something on hand to work with; it strengthens her ambition to prepare good food. And she needs the knowledge that her work is essential to the well-being of her family to keep her up; most of all she needs the words of praise and appreciation which are so dear to her, and which so lighten her toil and inspire her with ambition. Don't forget to speak them.

BEATRIX.

CHILDREN AND HOME.

Whatever may have been the day's offence make it up, I beg of you, before bedtime, and don't reserve that hour for reproof or correction. After the "Now I lay me" by lisping tongues, seal the sleepy lips with a good night kiss, and let the little ones carry with them into dreamland the consciousness of a mother's love. The time will come all too soon when they will be matured by care; let them have a sweet memory of childhood to cherish in future years, a memory which no bitterness of after life can rob them of. Whatever you do, do not punish any sin by refusing the good night kiss. Train your children early to know what is right and what is wrong; you cannot commence too soon. Some find out the secret too late; those are wise who teach their offspring the lesson early in life when they yield easy.

We ought to enjoy the heaven to be found about our own fireside; we ought to help to make it more beautiful, and teach our children that home is a haven of rest and quiet. Something or somebody is

wrong if home is not the synonym for happiness. Who but a mother can penetrate the inner life of her child, can meet its demands and needs? A true mother's life is almost entirely devoted to her family. When the children are grown to manhood and womanhood they still speak of a mother's love. Ten years ago we laid our mother in her grave; she is gone but not forgotten; that mother's influence still lives. The most commonplace things she said have become beautiful. Are we to leave such influence? Not our mother alone, but all who read this and some who still have mothers; some will be mothers and leave their influence. To be is more than to seem to be; solid wood is better than veneering.

Children must be kept healthy, and how is this to be done? When a baby is restless and cries, don't walk the floor and give all kinds of medicine. Some mothers as soon as a baby begins to cry say it is hungry, or it has the colic, or it did not have a good nap, or they don't know what. Some babies are tired to death by being carried around. Take an eight months' babe and trot it and toss it and carry it around and feed it every twenty minutes, and of course it will cry. Feed a child regularly every two hours; its little stomach cannot work all the while. Do not give too much; use a little common sense, or you may kill the child by not knowing how to take care of it. Let the little one lie in the crib part of the time; change its position and let it rest practice laying it on the bed and it will enjoy it, and go to sleep alone much better than to be handled all the time. These little bodies are tender.

Don't think being kind to children is to let them do as they please. Govern them by love. In some cases it is better to spare not the rod; they will think more of you in after life and thank you for it. A mother has the greatest lesson to learn, and how much better we are from having advice now, and then from the HOUSEHOLD and the experience of others. The "Cloudy Week" has done us all good; we enjoyed it, for lookers on see the best of the game. It is such a blessing to meet with really true lives.

PORTLAND.

MRS. S.

THE MISADVENTURES OF THE B— FAMILY.

(Continued.)

I see I entirely forgot to give our culinary programme in the letter I sent to the HOUSEHOLD last week. I ought to have put it in, for we had an unusually good dinner that day. One of our neighbors sent me a mess of string beans, and Bruno brought home a beefsteak from town where he went in the morning to sell his wool. There's one thing about Bruno that I do admire, he is as honest as the day is long, so far as his business is concerned. I may think he is not fair always about money in the family, but I know perfectly well that he proceeds on the time honored theory that the man of the family has a right to the proceeds of everything on the farm and to disburse it as seems fit in his

eyes. He was telling at the table about a man in the south part of the town who had brought in a load of wool just ahead of him, and the dealer had found some stuffed fleeces; and saying how ashamed he should have felt in that man's shoes, and how proud he felt when Mr. — told him to unload and get weighed and bring up his checks to be cashed at the bank. "And by Jinks!" he said, "he never looked at my load, only asked me if the wool run like it did last year. Wasn't I glad the load was all straight when he trusted me like that! And he paid me within half a cent of what Jim Jones got, and he's got the best wool of anybody in the town. But I guess Jim's a *little* unreliable in putting it up; anyhow he looked it over pretty sharp."

Dinner didn't go begging: I never owned a gridiron or a broiler, but I cooked the steak the way the HOUSEHOLD said once, in a hot spider, turning it often. We like the gravy as well as the meat, almost, so I dipped a few spoonfuls of thick sweet cream on the big platter, and a big lump of butter, and set it in the oven while I cooked the steak. A little water in the spider, after the meat was out, took up the browned juices and was turned over the meat as it lay in its bath of cream and butter. I'd made a cherry pie; and I couldn't help wishing the minister and his wife had happened in to dinner that day instead of last week, when we hadn't anything but fried pork for meat and boiled rice for dessert. But that's the way things generally happen—outside of books.

It's always been a grievance to me that we never have a decent garden. For a year or two after we began housekeeping we had a tolerable one near the house. I worked in it the most, but sometimes I could corner Bruno into hoeing a couple of hours after tea, or after a shower. Then he got it into his head that it would be better to have the garden in the field where he could plow things out with the cultivator, and since then we have had very poor luck. The beans get past stringing, and the cucumbers go to seed before I know it, sometimes, and it is no small chore to lug a pail-full of gherkins for pickles—when I happen to strike them right—or a basket of early potatoes back to the house across lots and over a fence, maybe. I get a good many "cricks" doing it. It is too wet to go mornings till the sun gets up and it is hot, besides I always have something to do forenoons; and at night I have to change my dress to make myself fit for the walk through the dew, and fight mosquitoes while I pick them. Last year I dug up a place in the yard, on the south side of a fence, and fixed up a rough sort of cold frame out of some boards and old sash, and had some lettuce and radishes. I sowed the lettuce too thick and didn't thin it enough, so the leaves were small and thick on the ground, and it was a job to pick enough for a mess, but it was real tender and fresh.

I am often at my wits' ends to know what to cook in summer when we have hired men. Bruno scolded once because when we were going to have threshers I bough

half a bushel of onions and two cabbages; said we could raise such things cheaper than we could buy them. I reminded him of that next spring when I wanted to order a dollar's worth of garden seeds from Gregory instead of buying from the stock at the grocery, and he said we could buy them cheaper than we could raise them. Between the two, our table sees mighty few vegetables. I lived a year in the city once, with Aunt Mate, and I remember we began eating lettuce in February, and by the time folks in the country were making garden we would not touch either it or radishes. And it was so easy to cook! We did not buy the first of everything that came, when it was high-priced, but waited till it was plenty and cheap, and I never lived so well in my life.

Sometimes I get discouraged. Seems as if all I was working for was board and clothes, and mighty plain and poor at that. I'd like to take the good things as I go along, instead of saving up to enjoy myself in some future I may not live to see. I don't believe in making up arrearages in that way. There's Uncle Smith, used to live just as we do, only worse. I don't suppose that for forty years he owned a decent suit of clothes, and the boys used to say if they could only get him into a cornfield there was never any danger of crows. His wife used to wear the most doleful bonnets in the meeting-house, and the children all left the farm, except the second boy (and he's a chip of the old block), as soon as they could run away. The old man has got lots of money now and needn't do a stroke of work, but he can't eat because he's got no teeth and he will not have store ones because they cost so much, and he don't relish his victuals, and complains so about Marta's extravagance (Marta is his son's wife) that she went home once and vowed she'd never go back as long as he was in the house. If that's what saving up for a rainy day makes of a man, I'll take my good of things as they go, and get sprinkled if it's necessary.

(To be continued.)

THE RIGHT OF THE WIFE TO THE FAMILY PURSE.

Although never before a contributor to our much prized HOUSEHOLD—which I have carefully filed for reference—I am now tempted to add my mite to the common store, by the experiences of "Simon's Wife," so quaintly told. It does us all good to have a glimpse beneath the surface of that most intricate and complex of fine arts, housekeeping, or more properly, homemaking. The plaintive exclamation "It beats all how a man hates to let a woman have the comfort of owning anything," awakens a sad memory in the history of most wives. I have in mind a wife who when a teacher in her girlhood had an ideal of what a home should be, and by persevering industry, coupled with self-denial, succeeded in saving from her scant earnings enough to buy plain furniture, which, added to the bedding and carpets which she made, furnished the little house very tastefully—"real city style" the neighbors said.

She had also 80 acres of land, cows, and some tools. Imagine her feelings when the husband tells her, as he often does, that he "never had any help," that what she contributed to the common store was "nothing at all," he "would have been better off without it," etc.

But this case is only one of many. If men could only know the humiliation and distress caused the wife by the universal custom of considering her—however hard she may work—a pensioner on the bounty of the husband, there would certainly be a change for the better. But how can they know? If the wife could take control of the pocketbook for only one week and dole out to the husband as grudgingly as he does to her the pittance which she receives, it would be an object lesson which I think would not require repetition. The wife is usually the more careful of the two never to overdraw the pocketbook.

The war emancipated 4,000,000 of blacks and double that number of women to a degree, as it opened avenues of self-support before unknown to them. The age is slowly tending towards the completion of their freedom, instituting industrial schools, which will make skilled laborers of a part at least, of the vast army of working-women who have had no opportunity of learning to do anything well, excepting perhaps millinery and dress-making.

The financial emancipation of women is more and more enlisting the thought of philanthropists and reformers. A woman cannot be in any true sense independent until she is in a condition to make her work an equivalent for her support. While most housekeepers, especially farmers' wives, do not receive in clothing more than a fraction of what their services would bring in wages, still the husband counts as a gift and nearly as bad as wasted the money which the countless wants of the family require. One of the causes of this feeling is the utter ignorance of the average young man in regard to what it is to support a family. By close economy he can nearly support himself before marriage, and he reasons that "it is a poor wife that cannot help some." He has in mind only his own wants, and when he finds that it costs nearly twice as much to support two—minus the tobacco, beer and base-ball bills which appear to him to be necessary luxuries, and may be offset by an occasional concert or festival on her part, which of course he must attend also—he is sadly disappointed and irritated. If there could be some preparatory training for the prospective husband whereby he could learn something of the obligations and responsibilities he is assuming at marriage,

"It was frae mony an error free him,
And foolish notion."

When the watchword of the different labor organizations, "Equal pay for equal work" shall prevail, and woman side by side with man in the shop—when her strength will permit—as well as in the counting-room, the store and the professions, shall have the same liberty of choice and adaptation, then and only then shall she be free indeed. And when to the equality of vocations shall be added

equality of citizenship, the husband will cease to look upon the wife as a life-long minor—only a child of larger growth—and learn to respect her for what she is, and for what she does as equal partner in his joys as well as sorrows. Then will come to the tried wife and mother a surcease from one of the most trying difficulties which surround her, and a value will be set upon her work commensurate with its importance. What an heritage of all that is noble and true awaits the generations to come, when the wife and mother shall be unbound! What freedom of will, what strength of character and what vantage ground for the conflict of life will the child have when the mother has come to her kingdom! For it is still true that "the son of the bond woman shall not be heir with the son of the free woman." The repression of the mother means thralldom for the child.

LILLA LEE.

IONIA.

ANOTHER WEEK'S PROGRAMME.

(Continued from July 13th.)

Tuesday comes, bringing its usual work, and breakfast of pork, freshened and fried brown after being rolled in flour, potatoes warmed in milk and butter, eggs, bread, butter, ginger cakes, and coffee. Mae attends to the sweeping and bedroom work, and after kneading the bread and caring for outside pets, the dishes are washed and dining-room put in order. Mae has by this time finished her work and commences the ironing, while I prepare the vegetables for dinner. Our plans for dinner are changed a little by our meat-man not putting in an appearance. Two markets send out wagons and both go out on the same day, but the one never stops since the other began to go over his road. So we are left without fresh meat to help us out.

The ironing is finished by dinner time, bread and cake for pudding are baked and dinner is ready at twelve. But half an hour elapses before the men come to dinner and I am almost ready to scold a little. I remember however that it would do no good and only be a waste of time and breath. They are all hungry, and ham, potatoes, peas, lettuce, bread, butter, cottage pudding and tea disappear as if by magic. Dinner over, the dishes are hurried and we are soon ready to pick cherries, which are half a mile from the house. We ride up with the men on the hay wagon, and are soon discussing the question of "Where can the ladder be placed so as to get the greatest number of cherries." Mae don't like to climb and so I mount the ladder and begin picking, expecting to fall every minute. The feeling wears off the longer I stay there and the faster the pail fills up, and by the time our four pails are filled I would not mind climbing out upon the topmost branch.

By the time we are home we are only too glad to sit down and rest a few minutes and then get ready for supper. Cold ham, peas warmed up, onions, bread, butter, apple sauce and feather cake make the bill of fare for that meal; after which the work is done up and we are ready to read, sew

or do whatever we like best. Mae, Karl, John and David indulge in a game of croquet, and Mary and I sit outside watching the game. The mosquitos are so thick and saucy that we soon go in, leaving the players to fight them as long as they please. By half past nine all are asleep, and I am sure Mae and I are dreaming of ladders and cherries.

Wednesday we realize that cherry picking in earnest begins, and so with the intention of picking some in the forenoon we soon do up our morning work, and then the pails of cherries that we picked the day before stare us in the face, and so we sit down and begin pitting them. The juice flies into our eyes and over our dresses, and we wish a dozen times that every cherry on the trees was picked, pitted and canned. Mary gets the dinner, of pork, potatoes with milk gravy, beet greens, bread, butter, tea and cherry pie.

Dinner over and the work again finished, we leave Mary at home canning cherries while we go after some more. We succeed in getting into the wagon without attracting the pet lamb's attention, but we are unlucky enough to say something and hearing my voice he starts after us, and nothing we do makes him go back. Behind and in front he runs like any dog, and when we get out our pleasure begins. We can't have him in the orchard with us as there is wheat there, and he would have his nose in the pails all the time. All afternoon I have to call to that lamb, to keep him from going too near the potatoes in the next field. So "Simon, where are you? Come back here" is all I say during the time we are up there. Simon answers, but by night I am in possession of a fine bass voice.

We made a fine procession when we started back at night, first Mae, then a long stick with the pails hanging from it which we carry between us, she having a pail in the other hand, and I with a water jug in one hand. Behind us came Simon with his head down, for the sun made him about as warm and tired as any lamb would wish to be. Old dresses, big sun-bonnets, and old gloves completed our suits, and I am sure if any of our "city friends" could have seen us they would have laughed.

Supper, cold meat, bread, butter, pear sauce, cake, tea and also cold greens, is all ready, and so the day ends by the work being "done up" and croquet as the night before.

Bugs are picked off the cucumber vines and the plants watered, and I feel tired enough to fall asleep as soon as I touch the bed.

(To be continued.)

H. says there is an error in her recipe for graham bread in the *HOUSEHOLD* of July 6th. The rule should read four cups of sour milk, and two teaspoonfuls of soda. Our correspondents should be careful to see that their recipes are correctly written out before sending them in. Proof is always read carefully by copy, but we cannot correct the directions if they are not right.

FRUIT FOR FARMERS.

In the *HOUSEHOLD* of July 6th L. C. wishes others to give their opinions in regard to the bill of fare for farmers' tables.

I do not think she is correct in her statement that farmers in general "restrict themselves to apples, potatoes and pork as their principal—often only—fruit, vegetable and meat." In regard to the first especially I think most farmers are quite well supplied. It is so easy to raise berries and grapes that they are learning their value. I do not know whether I have a greater variety of fruit than most of our farmers' wives or not, but this year I have had, or shall have later in the season, judging from present prospects, strawberries, raspberries, cherries, currants, huckleberries, blackberries, grapes, pears, peaches and apples, most of them in such quantities that I can use all I wish fresh, and after canning all I care for, have some left for those less favored.

I think this is the result of having a husband who loves fruit and is willing to do the work necessary to provide it. I believe if children, especially, ate more fresh fruit there would be fewer doctor's bills.

I wish to thank Beatrix for the very helpful suggestions about dress. I find a new idea in every *HOUSEHOLD* that is of practical use to me.

NORVELL.

NELLE.

DOWN WITH THE CORSET!

I think it was A. H. J. who wrote some time ago against the corset, and I wish to say that I heartily agree with her. The corset is an abomination, in my opinion at least. I never had a corset and never intend to have one, unless my waist gets to be a wrinkle, as M. E. H. says, which I sincerely hope will not happen, for it would almost kill me if I had to persecute myself by wearing one. Allow me to relate my experience in wearing a corset. One evening last winter I had been invited to a party; I wished to wear a silk dress, and thought I would try wearing one of my sister's corsets to make it fit better. So I thought to myself, "I will wear it to school so as to get used to it." Well, I wore it, and made myself sick in the great exertion of trying to feel comfortable, when I felt as though I was surrounded by a board. The first thing I did when I reached home was to march straight up stairs to my room and take off that detestable corset. And yet that corset was loose, and some of the whalebones had been pulled out. I never wish to repeat that experience, for the remembrance of the racking headache and the nausea, and the feeling that all my internal organs were at war with each other, convinced me that the corset is an evil we should guard against.

All who have read "Eight Cousins," written by Miss Alcott, will remember what Uncle Alex said in the eighteenth chapter, when Aunt Clara was trying to get Rose to wear one. He said that the bones in our own bodies were enough to support us without having whalebones around us. There is no need to wear cor-

sets. Have underwaists that fit well, and starch them; then have steels on the seams of your dresses, and you will hardly ever meet a person who could tell the difference. And oh! how much more comfortable you will be! I have met many persons who would be surprised when I told them I did not wear a corset; they would say that my dresses fit just as well as though I had one on.

M. E. H. cannot see why steels in the seams of dresses are not just as bad as corsets. Here is the reason why: Corsets are stiff all over, and you cannot move naturally with one on; while the steels are only on the seams, are short, and will give when you move. I never find them any hindrance in moving, and they prevent the dress from wrinkling. Among my acquaintances I find quite a number who do not wear corsets, and I cannot see but they are just as graceful as those who do, and how much better off they are! I am with A. H. J. in downing the corsets, and will always say all that I can to prevent young girls from beginning to wear them.

PINE LAKE.

JESSIE.

USE no water in making jams and spiced fruits. Cook the fruit in its own juices. Too much sugar is better than not enough. After the sugar is in, almost continual stirring is necessary until the jam is done.

Useful Recipes.

PICKLED CUCUMBERS.—Secure good, firm, fresh cucumbers, wash and wipe them, and put them in a brine of two pounds of salt to a gallon of water. Keep them in this a couple of weeks, stirring them up every few days. Put them into fresh water for a day, and they are ready for the vinegar, which should be strong; pure cider vinegar is best. If practicable wipe them dry before putting in the vinegar; if not, let them drain till they are dry. To one gallon of vinegar add a teaspoonful of sugar, three dozen peppercorns, two teaspoonfuls of whole cloves, one of allspice and a dozen blades of mace. Boil these in the vinegar five minutes, then pour over the cucumbers while scalding hot, and cover them. After three days heat the vinegar and pour on again; repeat this twice at intervals of three days. The pickles are ready for the table in a month, but are better when three months old.

MIXED PICKLES.—Two hundred small cucumbers, six large, green peppers (take out the seeds and cut up fine), three large heads of cabbage, three of cauliflower, cut up nicely, ten sliced onions, a few roots of horseradish, cut up fine; two quarts of green string beans cut twice in two, or three quarts of green tomatoes sliced—cover with common salt twenty-four hours. Then drain thoroughly several hours. To this add half a pound of black and white mustard seed mixed, a teaspoonful of black pepper; heat vinegar enough to cover the pickles and pour on hot, and let stand three or four days; then pour off the vinegar and heat again and pour on pickles and let them remain a week. Pour off the vinegar at the expiration of the week and throw away. Heat new vinegar and pour on. When cold add grated horseradish, from one to two cupfuls, if you wish. Cover with horseradish leaves and a plate. Tie up securely.