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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

SIMON'S PLEA.

The "top of the morning," ladies,
And thanks for opening the door;
Yes, I'm a stranger about these parts,
I have never been here before;
And my name? 'tis Simon Simple,
Simple Simon, if you will;
And if it had not been for that "Cloudy Week,"
Sixion Simple would have kept still.

But when my "simple" household cares
Went circulating around,
And I was held up for ridicule—
Hark! don't you hear the sound
Of giggling, laughing, screaming?
'Twas more than I can bear,
And if I wasn't a moral man
I am sure that I would swear.

In the courting days, "this wife of mine,"
Was pretty as a pink,
And when I saw her neat and trim,
I couldn't help but think
That when we hitched "till death do part"
Into a double team,
Or floated along in one canoe
Adown Life's rapid stream,

What a blessed comfort 'twould be to me
As I jogged along home at night,
Fretted and tired with hard farm work,
To find it cheery and bright;
And she the household fairy,
God's last, best gift to man,
Should give me a kiss, and a welcome—
It's queer how a fellow will plan.

And often of things we want the most,
We somehow get the least,
For the heart will starve if fed on husks
Just in sight of Love's rare feast;
The joys we hope for, the plans we lay,
Do us good, though they're realized never,
And like beautiful mirage suspended in air,
But beckon us onward forever.

Her cheek was as red as the wild red rose,
She was gentle and shy as a fawn,
Her eye was blue and her heart was true,
With a temper serene as the dawn;
And when she said "yes," from my honest heart
Arose a thankful prayer,
That in sunshine and clouds, in sorrow and joy,
She would always carry her share.

In a snug little house, covered over with vines,
With two horses, two pigs, and a cow,
We settled us down in a little farm—
How I love to recall it now!
How we worked and planned and planned and
worked

From morn until dewy eve;
And Love was the master that ruled it all,
There were no cross words to grieve.

And how it happened I never knew—
I never even could guess;
But times were hard, and prices were low,
And they kept on growing less;
And then the children came along,
And our family larger grew,
I'll be hanged if there were not times
That I didn't know what to do.

Women can't keep house so slick, I know,
With children running about,
But it got so if I interposed,
She'd fairly "fire me out."
And because I didn't hire a girl,
She called me stingy and mean—
Now this was a "phase" of married life
That I hadn't ever seen.

And as things out doors grew worse and worse,
Indoors 'twas more and more,
And I am willing to own the corn,

I hated to enter the door;
She wasn't as trim as she used to be,
She kept her teeth in a glass;
And she switched the children without her switch.
But a fellow could let this pass,

If it wasn't ding dong for money to spend,
When there wasn't "nary a red;"
We both had thoughts that were bitter thoughts,
But a word I never had said,
Till once she "wished she'd stayed with Ma,
For then she'd had something new;"
And I couldn't help, for the life of me,
Saying "Them's my sentiments tew."

And the day that I oiled that harness,
I couldn't see that the floor
Looked a single bit worse when I got through
Or had even one grease spot more;
For to whisper it confidentially,
She don't scrub as much as she should,
But she thinks where the trouble lies
The floor's not the right kind of wood.

But that night that she speaks of so sweetly,
When I sat myself down for a smoke,
When the twilight fell softly around me,
And the notes of the whippoorwill broke
The silence that seemed so delightful,
And the moonlight like silver veil fell—
When the "bairnies were a' cuddled down" in the
bed,
All was peaceful on hill, plain and vale.

I thought that I heard a faint rustle,
And there was my wife by my side,
Her hand slipped unconsciously into my own,
She'd a secret, I knew, to confide;
I expected 'twas, "Simon, I'd like some small change,"
I'll own it right here on the square,
But she said "After this I shall wear my false teeth
And twist my switch into my hair."
BATTLE CREEK. EVANGALINE.

AN EXCURSION.

It is often said that the Americans take their pleasures solemnly; that is, they set about amusing themselves in a business-like manner, which by reason of its gravity and sober intent seems foreign to the object in view. But if people are not amused upon their outings, at least they are often amusing and interesting to others. A crowd is always a study to the observant—a study of types, of faces, of manners, of character. People in a crowd "act out nature;" selfishness asserts itself; good manners, unless ingrained, are forgotten—the real disposition comes to the front, generally in an endeavor to secure for self and party the best to be had, regardless of the convenience, privileges, even the rights of others, an example of the struggle for self which is the law of life.

I was much amused by the study of my kind on a river trip recently. Passengers at the starting point were not numerous, so we secured chairs and a location on the shady side of the boat. At the first stop, an excursion came on board. The old "Idlewild" fairly trembled under the rush made the instant the plank struck the dock, and in five minutes there was a

scramble for chairs, for places next the rail, for any place at all, that somehow, I regret to say, reminded me of pigs taking possession of the feeding trough—probably I was not in a poetical frame of mind that morning. On they came, old men and maidens, babies, children of assorted sizes, lunch baskets by hundreds, everybody in a hurry, all eager; few words except "Git a chair there," "Come here, you Jim, and bring them baskets," and the bell rang and we were off again before the crowd had settled itself. Then the discontented individual always looking for "a better place" began his travels up and down, fore and aft; the children were warned again and again to keep away from the railing or they would "get drowned," and at last, being seated, though it was not yet half past eight of an August morning, the paper bags were opened and the fruit and ubiquitous peanut began to be consumed! No wonder people, especially children, return from an excursion or a picnic tired out and sick. They eat nearly all day, and of all those indigestible things which are "so nice for picnics," like hard-boiled eggs, dried beef, pickles, a variety of cakes, and the like; whereas if they would eat only at accustomed hours, and of plain food, there would be no "hereafter" in shape of a headache and disturbed digestion next day.

Near us sat two girls, sisters, evidently, and their attendant cavalier. They looked very fresh and dainty in their embroidered white dresses, but long before we reached the city to which they were bound, the dresses were soiled and draggled round the bottom, and fit for the washtub. So I want to advise all the girls who are going to fairs and excursions this fall not to wear white dresses. Your satteen or your street suit of wool goods may not look as pretty and nice as does your white dress when you start out, but you will have the satisfaction of knowing that whereas your rival in her white muslin may have the advantage in the morning, it will certainly be on your side after a few of the morning hours are over; you will look neat and nice all day, while she will be uncomfortably conscious of a soiled, crushed dress.

Something down the river attracted the young man's attention, and up he jumped, stretching his neck and opening his mouth as he gazed. Will somebody please tell me how the mouth can assist the eyes, since it seems to so invariably pop open to help one get a good look? I suppose it must be a case of mutual "take-in." Up comes

an acquaintance: "Mornin', Joe; hullo Mate; howdo, Kit," was his salutation. Did he remove his hat as he thus addressed his friends? Not he; it grew immovably on the back of his head. Do you know there is nothing "places" a young man more quickly, more surely, or advertises his social station and breeding, than what he does with his hat? When greeting a friend, a gentleman's hand moves as instinctively to his hat as his lips open to speak.

How the king's English is murdered sometimes! With all our schools, our training, our polish, we still struggle with our irregular verbs, and eliminate our g's. "I was a settin' an' a readin' an' didn't hear a darn thing about it," I heard a young man tell his charmer. It seemed very like a quarrel, for she retorted, not too amiably, "Well, you'dorter heard 'stead a settin' there like a stoughton-bottle." Yet how can we expect schools to offset home training when mothers address their children like this: "Now you Jim, you've got that there juice all onto yer waist; can't ye never eat nuthin' 'thout gittin' it all daubed over ye? You're a pretty ignoramus to take on a 'scursion, now ain't ye?"

Near us sat the man who growls. I pitied his wife and the children. He had a bulbous nose and a face like one of the pictures of the "Last Days of Pompeii," and he growled, deep down in his throat like a dog, about everything; about the sun, which persisted in shining, the wind, the crowd, his seat; swore a little, like suppressed thunder, because the lunch was not to his liking, and at the children because they wanted to move about. He stuck his feet on the rail under his wife's nose and his elbow in front of her, and the meek little woman acted as if she was grateful to him for not making himself even more disagreeable. As he sat there with his feet on a level with his head, taking up room enough for two and not worth the space for one person, I was conscious of an unregenerate yearning to gently assist him over the rail to the cool waters below, which might perhaps lower his temperature to the safety point.

A woman of perhaps forty attracted considerable attention by her finely kalsomined complexion. But alas, that this elderly bloom, like the manna of the Israelites, needed renewing every morning was plainly evinced by the outlying districts of neck and ears, which were of a fine lemon yellow suggestive of an over-taxed liver. Why should a woman whose years have carried her past youth and its follies, seek to conceal the fact, and mask her honorable record behind the chalky freshness of powder and rouge? No one is deceived, and she is thought frivolous and foolish. Why should we be ashamed to have lived so long, unless indeed we have wasted our years; and why take such pains to deceive where deception is practically impossible? A young heart, an intelligent mind, an amiable disposition, are the charms of the woman; with them we must offset the brighter eyes, the rose and white of the girl.

While watching a group of passengers

come on board at Grande Pointe, a young woman who looked like a restaurant cook and smelled like an Irish stew came up behind me, and bent over me with that confiding abandon common to the inexperienced who think because they are agreeable to themselves they must be so to every one else. She leaned heavily against my shoulder and extended an arm along the back of my chair, grasping a half-eaten apple in one gloveless hand. On the forefinger of the hand, which would have been the better for a vigorous application of soap and water and the removal of the deposits of real estate under the finger-nails, was a ring—a bit of glass set in tarnished brass to imitate a diamond; if real it would have been worth at least \$250. But gloveless women with dirty hands do not wear \$250 diamonds. One has only to look in the bazar windows to see where the "diamonds" come from. I often see women going to market with their baskets, girls on the way to the tobacco factories where they earn four dollars a week, with "diamonds" in their ears worth more than a year's wages. Like the complexion bought in a box, they deceive no one. I have no quarrel with Poverty—when it is clean—but I cannot stand shams and dirt; that ring made me vicious, and I emphatically changed my position, necessitating a move on the part of my too-confidingly affectionate neighbor, who was then compelled to maintain her own perpendicular, and went away, chilled at my rebuff, to console herself with a whole stick of gum which she chewed with real girlish abandon and delight. What shall one say of the gum-chewing habit? Notwithstanding the comments, which have ranged from the ridiculous to the severe, the girls will chew; and it is not uncommon to enter a store where the saleswomen are so engaged in a gum-chewing contest, seemingly, that they have no attention to bestow upon customers.

Were there no well-bred people on the boat that day? I fancy I hear some one ask. Oh, yes, of course. But well-bred people are quiet, unobtrusive, and seldom do or say anything which draws attention to themselves. Sometimes fussy people think they "don't count" because they attract little notice, but it is a mere difference of opinion.

BEATRIX.

□ MORE ABOUT THAT LIBRARY.

A long time ago Bess asked me to tell something of the business management of our library. I do not clearly understand just what she means by that, but in a general way we conduct the business on the same basis as all associations, and try to follow parliamentary rules at the regular monthly meetings. This we find no easy matter, and although we all know how it should be done, a good deal of random talk is often indulged in. But we get through with the business just the same; and in the three years since our organization we have collected and disbursed over four hundred dollars. The money has all been expended upon books, and latterly

our building. By the way, since the building was erected, we have had quite a number of new subscribers. I think we now draw subscribers for a radius of ten miles or more; and all to a country library.

If Bess will specify upon what portion of the "business part," she wishes information, I will be pleased to explain more fully.

I too felt like laughing at the close of Bruno's Sister's week; although like the others I had no hint of the true state of affairs until the closing chapter.

I am sorry for Mrs. E., of Grand Blanc. How vexing to do one's best in putting up fruit, then have it spoil! I am not often troubled by anything but tomatoes. A few years ago I had great trouble to keep them, but I read that salting them to taste, and well draining before cooking, would be a help, and since trying that have had no difficulty in keeping them.

Our folks laugh at me for trying everything I read in the papers. Sometimes I discover that not everything published turns out just as it is said to; then again, it is all right. We have had a great deal of difficulty this summer with the salt sifters. Even drying the salt in the oven would not prevent its gathering sufficient moisture to hinder its sifting freely. I read that a little corn starch mixed with the salt would cause it to sift nicely, and sure enough it does, at least so far.

The rag peddler called the other day and among other things I invested in a two-quart dipper. I have never had one larger than a quart before, and I draw it mild when I say it is the handiest thing I have used in my kitchen in a long time, and it will be a long time before I do without one again. Never having used one I did not realize its worth. The rest of my purchase consists of basins. If there is anything I like to have a good assortment of it is basins, from pint to milkpan size.

Then another handy article to keep in the kitchen is a little scrubbing brush, to be had for five cents, which is just the thing to clean potatoes for baking, or to clean the bottom of the frying-pan or spider when it has been "stuck up" with gravy. Then it is a good plan to keep one especially to scrub out the milk strainer, which is apt to get obstructed unless close attention is given it. And too, the boys always keep one of these little brushes on the wash bench to use to scrub their hands with, and find it excellent for that purpose, as it will remove the dirt quicker and easier than in any other way.

I expect we shall see a quick response to our Queen B.'s call for help. The hot weather is mostly over now, the evenings longer, and let's hear from all the old writers and new ones too.

ELLA R. WOOD.

FLINT.

MAYBELLE, of Wolverine, wishes some one would write up the subject of rag carpets, as she finds there is nothing better for farmers' wear. She is also glad to find Mill Minnie's name in the paper, as she is sure of a fine lace pattern, which she prizes highly.

A TRIP TO BAY VIEW.

On a beautiful morning in the latter part of July, we embarked on one of the large lake steamers, bound for Mackinac, there to take the boat for Petoskey and Bay View.

As we slowly steamed out of Detroit we settled ourselves preparatory to the enjoyment of the many beautiful scenes which the river and St. Clair lake offered, and we were not disappointed. A changing succession of views met our eyes, and we all agreed that their loveliness could not be surpassed.

After leaving Port Huron the shore gradually receded from sight, and though we held a book in our hands, an occasional glance sufficed, for even here there was something to interest us, perhaps the passing of several barges strung together in line of a tug, or a flight of sea gulls over head and an endless pleasure was to watch the white foam in the wake of the vessel.

Life on the water was a dreamy existence, still it was not wholly without alloy. The water supply on the boat was quite limited, and we felt like saying with the ancient mariner,

"Water, water everywhere,
But not a drop to drink."

At the end of the second day we began to grow a little weary of the monotony, and gladly welcomed the sight of Mackinac island, with its picturesque scenery, and fine view of the fort. The next morning found us en route for Petoskey. Though Lake Michigan is generally quite turbulent—and on this day was no exception—those of us who did not suffer the discomforts of sea sickness, found this passage not the least interesting of our journey. At one time we stopped at an Indian village and peered down into the solemn faces of the men and children thronging the pier. Shortly after Harbor Point came in view, and when we saw it all exclaimed at the pretty picture presented. Quaint little cottages nestle among the trees, and with a hotel form quite a little town. We did not wonder that so many people have found and appreciate the lovely wilds of northern Michigan.

But we were nearing Petoskey, while just beyond is Bay View, the place of our dreams ever since we became a member of the C. L. S. C. We were soon settled in one of the pleasant cottages, with a fine view of the bay from our window. There are 350 cottages thickly interspersed over the grounds at Bay View, all tastily built, while many with verandas extending nearly around, are quite elaborate.

The climate is moderately warm and invigorating, so much so one is liable to go beyond one's strength at first; then a reaction sets in, and a rest of a day or two becomes a necessity.

Unlike most resorts, Bay View has for three weeks something to constantly entertain and amuse. No pains or expense are spared to secure the best speakers, and people of slight ability would stand a very poor show. The superintendent, Mr. J. M. Hall, is an indefatigable worker. We

heard some of the best talent of the country, including Miss Frances Willard, who by her earnest, eloquent words, moved all our hearts. We might mention many other lecturers who delighted us, besides concerts and unique entertainments, but space forbids.

If one tires of intellectual feasts there are little excursions around the bay at almost any time; or a pleasant day may be spent by going farther down the lake to Charlevoix.

A five minutes ride on the dummy—as the car is called—takes one to Petoskey, past the Arlington, the big hotel of that place; while a visit should be made to Harbor Springs and Wequetonsing, that unpronounceable name, until we heard it spelled.

A different feeling is entertained toward the people at Bay View than at any other assemblage. They are characterized by earnestness and intelligence. The frivolous would hardly care to stay long in an atmosphere filled with the idea of the uplifting and education of humanity. We stayed until nearly the last of the Assembly, and came away with the determination to make a greater effort toward all that is better and nobler in life, while a new incentive was given to our C. L. S. C. reading.

Realizing as never before, that education of mind and soul means happier and better lives,

"In the world's broad field of action,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife."

OAKWOOD.

ATHENE.

ABOUT SCANDAL.

The complaint that the HOUSEHOLD pigeon-hole was a "wooden Sahara," has encouraged me to think that perhaps there is room for another. I have long been an interested reader, and never gained courage to write before, but now I want to nod approval to what Polly and Beatrix said on the subject of scandal. I get decidedly wrathful occasionally as some fresh scandal reaches my ears, and it isn't only the married ones who have to "catch it," either. Not long ago a girl of my acquaintance was driven almost to suicide by a ridiculous story which some of her neighbors were silly enough to believe. If I could have seen the men who started that story, they would have heard my unvarnished opinion of them quite forcibly expressed. There are many such who are always ready to magnify every little thing into something discreditable. I heartily agree with Beatrix that the evil minded ones are always the first to accuse others.

Mrs. E., have you ever tried cleansing your fruit cans with warm water and soda? I always do it just before putting in the fruit, and seldom have any trouble.

BATTLE CREEK.

EMERALD.

EMERALD, of Battle Creek, asks how to direct letters to the HOUSEHOLD. Address Household Department Michigan Farmer, Detroit, Mich.; it will reach us every time. Write again, Emerald, your legible penmanship is a delight to the compositors.

A CHAPTER OF ECONOMIES.

The kind words said of my "Cloudy Week" have done me a world of good; and I heartily thank the givers. I expected they would only sneer at me and wonder why I couldn't have managed better. And now I've got in such a way of thinking what I would like to write, that my brain is getting all cluttered up and I must take time to clear out a little. My economies have been a source of trouble to me this summer. I haven't the knack that some of my neighbors are blest with of making something out of nothing—or next thing to it. I can not make a good custard pie with two eggs; a nice cake with one spoonful of butter; nor rich preserves without using about pound for pound; and if I try to make a dress for myself out of eight yards of gingham, I'm sure to lack a sleeve.

But last spring when everything went against us and some things—old Speck included—went away from us, I made up my mind that I must hang on to every dollar and try to get what I bought as cheap as other folks are always telling about. It has always been my way to think over a luxury a good while, but buy the necessities of the house with a free and easy sort of feeling; and looking back over the summer's struggle, I think it would have been less wearing on me to have kept on that way and made up the little I may have saved by taking in washing. In the first place, I hesitated about that ten cent gingham for the girls' best dresses, and called Simon's attention to it at the store, hoping he might encourage me to buy better, but he merely glanced at it while he stuffed a big roll of tobacco into his pocket, said he thought it looked good enough, and walked to the back of the store where three or four men were talking about the sugar trust. Then the storekeeper got to showing them a certain kind of sugar; and bye and bye Simon called me to look at it and wanted to know if we hadn't better buy some, for sugar was going clear out of sight. I wished to myself that that kind would, and never come down again, for it was brown and I always hate it. But I thought of my sweet pickles, and my resolution about bargains, and took ten pounds. When we got home it was leaking through the paper and into the tea, and I put it into some fruit cans as soon as I could. I felt mad too, for it was late, and the pigs, calves, poultry and children were all clamoring for their supper; and it popped into my head all at once, that the stuff wasn't but a cent less than the real good and we had only saved a dime after all. I said as much to Simon, but he gave me to understand that even that was worth looking after these times. Well, last week I got ready to make my pickles, and behold that stuff had hardened in the cans like so much rock! I can't get it out, and don't know what to do, but until I do something desperate I'm sure I shall never be out of sugar. And those dresses! I made them up carefully, and thought they looked nice, but as soon as they were washed they not only faded the worst

kind, but pinked every thing else in the tub.

Then when Smith & Co. began selling out away below cost I said to myself that I'd keep away entirely because I couldn't trust my judgment under such temptations. But almost every day some women would come along on their way over there; sometimes they'd stop to have me shut up a dog that was sealing a trip with them; sometimes to leave two or three children to play with ours; but they'd always ask if I'd been over, and then, "Why, where are you going?" and come back showing and telling of such bargains, that I felt something as if I was flying in the face of Providence by staying away; and finally, one morning when John's wife stopped for me, I carried the basket of clothes I had just dampened into the cellar, so they shouldn't get musty, sent the children out to the field to stay with Simon, and went. I didn't intend to buy anything, but brought home several parcels. A pair of slippers which were almost given to me, split across the toe before I had worn them an hour, and the chambray I bought at a third less than the regular price came full of tiny holes before I even washed it. While I was waiting for John's wife I kept peeping round, and seeing a pair of cotton gloves just the color of my grey dress, asked the clerk the price of them. "Oh, well, that was the last pair and if I wanted them he'd make them an object," and he seemed to do so, for I brought them home. The next time I noticed them we were well on our way to a picnic at Stony Point—ten miles down the railroad. We rode to the Corners with John's folks, and I was so hurried that I didn't more than half dress and finished up on the road, and when I got round to put on my gloves they were different in color and alike only in being both for the left hand. I put one on and the other half on, and was busy all day working that thumb back on my little finger; and can any one imagine how I felt when I met an old school friend from the city, and had to let my hand, fruit-stained, calloused, bony, and in that kind of a rig, clasp her dainty one in its perfectly fitting kid! My pleasure was half spoiled. We missed the train and had to wait for the midnight freight, then walk from the Corners, for John's folks were gone, and those gloves, which were made such "an object" to me, were at the bottom of it all. Who wonders that I feel discouraged over my economies?

SIMON'S WIFE.

THIS LIFE OF OURS.

In reading over the different complaints brought to public view, I have been moved to say "Don't" to those pertaining to husbands and mankind in general. We all have our faults; none are exempt, no, not one; but let us cultivate the noble habit of looking for the good. There are very few people on the earth who have not some good qualities; let us speak of those or not at all. It is much more pleasant to listen to a lady of gentle manners and soft voice relating kind deeds and speaking noble thoughts—thoughts that will tend to elevate us as we

listen to them, than to listen to the habitual grumbler who has some grievances to relate, and leaves us with an unpleasant sensation, or like some books we read, "with a bad taste in our mouth." Then do not write or speak ill of the dear ones, for we know not how soon they may be taken.

Yes indeed, many cares and vexations beset our pathway, but let us strive to live above them; and when we come to the little weekly visitor let us come with something kind and good, something to help us to grow nicer and better, and to cultivate a spirit of thankfulness. Always use your influence for the good and to assist others to a life of purity and innocence, and when the days of this life are lived one by one and we are no more among the actors in life's drama, then may it be said of us: "She was always so good; none knew her but to love her." Instead of thinking over our hardships, let us think of the many blessings.

"My Father, I thank thee for blessings unnumbered,
Unceasing, unmeasured, as fee as the air,
Descending like dew while unconscious I slumbered,
Or granted directly in answer to prayer.

"Yet Father, I ask for a blessing still dearer
Than even these favors so rich and so free,
A blessing to make all thy goodness seem dearer
And bring my fond spirit still nearer to Thee.

"I ask, oh I ask for a token of kindness,
More prized than the gifts of food, raiment or gold,
That my soul may be cleansed from its sin and its blindness,
And Thy love fill my heart with its rapture untold.

"Whatever, oh Father, in love Thou den'est,
Deny not, I pray Thee, the gift of Thy love,
By whatever trials my patience Thou triest,
Oh grant this sweet comfort and help from above."

I enjoyed the article on "Home" ever so much; such words give us a feeling of contentment and pleasure with what we possess. It is a bad habit to get into—this one of fault finding, either with the children or the head of the family. Let us avoid it, and bring something truly beautiful to our little HOUSEHOLD band.

How often I think of the HOUSEHOLD album at Detroit, containing the photographs of the many bright-faced contributors of our little paper! Nothing would please me better than a peep at it. No, not a peep, but a whole hour to look and talk of the different faces, would please and satisfy far away

MAYBELLE.

WOLVERINE.

SALADS AND SWEET CORN.

The HOUSEHOLD is always a welcome visitor to our home, and as I read the many useful hints, valuable recipes, and words of sympathy, I think that I too might contribute some little crumb to the basket. The drouth has ruined much of the garden sauce for winter use; and we feel quite discouraged when we view our cucumber vines and wonder what we shall do for sour cucumber pickles, for nothing can take their place; but if we can't salt cucumbers we can salt sweet corn, and if you will try the following recipe I think you will like it very much; it is very fine if freshened properly: Take nice sweet corn, scald on the cob sufficient to just thicken

the milk; cut off the cob, and to two quarts of corn add one quart of salt; mix, pound it down in a large stone crock, and when filled cover with a damp cloth with two or three inches of common salt, and set in the cellar for future use. I usually freshen two or three quarts at a time in a large pail of water, turning it off three or four times. It will take twenty-four hours to freshen it. Then cook it in sweet cream, or milk and butter, same as you would canned corn. I never knew it to spoil, and if freshened sufficiently it is just as good, and we like it much better than dried corn.

I also have another crumb for the basket, which is a salad, easily prepared and a great favorite for supper; it is so pretty that like the Irishman's bouquet "it is almost too fine to eat." I take eight boiled potatoes, twenty-four leaves of lettuce chopped fine together, one-half cup of sour vinegar, with one tablespoonful of ground mustard and pinch of salt stirred together, which you stir into the potatoes and lettuce; then take six hard boiled eggs, chop and stir into it loosely all together, and turn into a small platter or salad dish garnished with lettuce; take two boiled eggs, slice and lay the slices on the top, and you will have as pretty a dish as one would ask for, it looks so cool and inviting. I also make a tomato salad of six or twelve ripe tomatoes chopped fine; if too watery turn off the juice; six large boiled potatoes chopped fine, stir all together with a little pepper and salt, one half cup of vinegar, turn into salad dish garnished with lettuce. I have several salad recipes, but perhaps this is salad enough for this time.

BELDING.

JULIA.

A CORRESPONDENT at Howell asks why Beatrix does not own up to writing "A Cloudy Week." Because Beatrix didn't write it. You'll have to guess again, Miss E. T.

SWEET milk is the best thing to take out fresh ink-stains. Wash the article in the milk as if it were water. If ink is spilled on the carpet, a sponge and a basin of milk should be brought to the front immediately.

Contributed Recipes.

RIPE CUCUMBER PICKLES.—Pare the cucumbers and cut them lengthwise into four pieces, taking out the seeds. Boil an ounce of alum in a gallon of water and pour over them, letting them stand at least half a day on the back of the stove. Drain, turn cold water over them. Boil a quart of vinegar with three pounds of brown sugar, an ounce of cinnamon and half an ounce of cloves; add the cucumber, after draining it well, and cook half an hour. Melon rinds can be pickled in the same way.

POVERTY CAKES.—One pint sour milk; one teaspoonful soda; pinch of salt; flour enough to roll. Fry in hot lard same as doughnuts. Do not make them too hard. Nice for breakfast, with coffee.

APPLE BUTTER.—Three gallons of stewed apples; one quart cider vinegar; five pounds brown sugar; season with cinnamon. Boil down to two gallons and seal. B.