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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

TRUE AND FALSE.

Far away 'mid the bleak Arctic regions arise
The icebergs whose summits rise up to the skies,

All sparkling and dazzling like palace new-made,
Whose walls and whose roof are with silver
o'erlaid.

Its crystalline splendor bewildering seems,
As the tall top is kissed by the sun's radiant
beams,
The most beautiful object discovered to be
With its home on the breast of the wild northern
sea.

But dangerous to meet in the darkness or light,
And woe to the seaman drifts toward it at night.
Without a foundation 'tis floating along,
Borne in any direction by winds that are strong.

In shapes most fantastic the iceberg appears,
And form of a ship, now a temple, it wears.
At last from its cold home of ice and of snow
It floats to the clime that is milder, below.

It is carried with swiftness toward warm south-
ern shores.

On its turret its hot rays the burning sun poures,
The turret and spire melt away one by one,
Till the whole has dissolved and its glory is done.

How different the natures and destinies be
Of the rock that is time-worn and dwells in the
sea.

Above the white wave it lifts stately its head,
With a foundation firm in the ocean's deep bed,

Resisting all changes, unaltering its form,
Defies the bright sunshine and laughs at the
storm.

As old as is Time, and yet never decay
Corrupts it, 'twill stand until Time pass away.

False principles are like the iceberg, unstead,
Tho' brilliant, without a foundation they're
laid.

Ever changing from influence and power of the
times.

For the praise of the world or the chink of the
dimes.

They are cheerless and cold to the warm heart of
youth,

And will vanish away by the sunbeams of Truth.

True principles are like the rocks which abide;
Like the rocks, their foundations are laid deep
and wide,

As old as Eternity, they'll stand on its shore
Majestic, when Falsehood and Time are no more.

CLARA BELLE SOUTHWELL.

MARSHALL.

THE EXPOSITION.

Detroit "did herself proud" in the way of an Exposition this year. When we remember that the locality now covered by elegant and substantial buildings, level, graded grounds, a sizable artificial lake, and which for the past two weeks has been thronged with visitors from all over the country, was less than five months ago untenanted save by the bullfrog, we realize what concentrated industry, intelligently

directed and controlled, can accomplish. Great credit must be given to those who so ably conducted so large an enterprise, involving so great a variety of subordinate departments, to so eminently satisfactory a conclusion.

There were thousands of things to amuse, interest and instruct the visitor; and one could not help noting the different ways in which people "took it in." Some promenaded down the centre of the aisles between the exhibits in the great building, glancing uninterestedly first on one side then the other, keeping watch meanwhile of the crowd in search of acquaintances, or anything eccentric in dress or manner, and after an hour or so of such aimless wandering, would announce they had "seen everything," and the show "didn't amount to anything." Others drifted here and there with the human tide as it surged back and forth, and saw about half there was to see; while those who know how to see, followed the rule of life and conduct that bids us always "keep to the right," and were well repaid for the attention they concentrated upon the exhibits.

Thousands watched the process of manufacturing shoes, from the uncut leather to the finished product, as shown by the miniature factory of Pingree & Smith. Another very interested crowd gathered about the carpet looms of Gamble & Partidge, where the processes of 1789 and 1889 were contrasted. In an old fashioned wooden loom a man was laboriously weaving rag carpet, his written pattern beside him, putting the shuttle through by hand and swinging the wooden beam to "beat it up." His next neighbor was a nineteenth century loom, brought from Philadelphia, with weavers, for the Exposition; run by machinery; swift, but alas, not noiseless; its swift flying shuttle darting through the web, over, under, over, under, so fast one could hardly follow its movement, the weaver only controlling the pattern by putting in now a thread or two, and clipping with his great shears an uneven end. It was fascinating to watch this machine, which seemed all but sentient in its workings, and it was one of the most attractive features of the hall.

The Michigan Fish Commission's exhibit was also a most interesting one. I could have stood by it for an hour, watching the various species, and their rapid movements. Being principally acquainted with fish as they appear in the frying-pan, I had no idea they were such graceful creatures.

One would take a fancy to rest perfectly motionless without moving a fin; another would dart through the water as swift as an arrow, out of sight in an instant; down one would come, head first, and his next neighbor with a sportive flirt of his tail would join in the race. The arrangement and surroundings of the tanks were nicely calculated to show the fish to the best advantage. A miniature fishpond was also arranged; and some of the enemies of the finny tribe were represented by the otter, mink, and fish hawk.

There was a miniature tobacco plantation on the lower floor in one of the tobacco exhibits; and upstairs the employes of Gordon's cigar factory were practically illustrating the process of manufacturing cigars. Girls were stripping the tobacco, and white-capped, deft fingered men rolling and shaping the cigars. I asked one how many he could make in a day, and he said "Two hun'erd feefty, tree hun'erd, tree feefty." I suppose his "off days" were the "two hun'erd feefty" days.

Some of our leading merchants made very fine displays of dress goods, cloaks, millinery and furs. Newland & Co. showed Russian sables, both in skins and made up, at prices calculated to astonish the honest farmer whose whole wheat crop would hardly buy one of those small, dark brown skins. Next to some of Taylor & Woolfenden's choicest goods was the costume of an Indian woman, a quantity of strips of bark attached to a band round the waist and supported by a twisted bark rope to pass over the shoulder.

Wright & Kay had lovely china, costly and fragile, and calculated to make the worshiper of Royal Worcester break the tenth commandment. The jewels at F. G. Smith's booth were the most costly exhibit on the grounds. There were diamonds Mrs. Astor need not disdain; an immense unmounted stone worth \$10,000, and a pair of solitaire earrings valued at \$10,000; an opal set in diamonds as a ring, and many a novice guessed what "that milky-looking stone" might be. There was a pansy in tiny opals bordered with diamonds; one with pearls set in rays, with a diamond centre; a life-size dragon fly blazing with diamonds, and jeweled bees and bugs for hair and corsage beyond description.

Somebody will surely ask about the fancy work department. I wonder if that kind of busy idleness is going out of fashion? There was some handsome drawn work, some laboriously elaborate

embroidery, beautiful outline work in rope silk, the inevitable crazy patchwork, and a lovely counterpane, knitted. This, of course is not all, by any means, but what I noticed. Some ladies who are interested in such work said it was rather a poor exhibit, considering the occasion; but those who put time and money into delicate and dainty work, do not care to risk its damage and soil in the dust of a public exhibition. I noticed also how the conventional designs, the graceful scrolls and arabesques, are superceding the flower patterns.

Berry Bros. had for headquarters a very unique structure made of gums used in preparation of varnishes, the material of which it was composed being worth \$10,000; and Shipman's "Koal-Kabin" was built of blocks of coal. Both were prettily furnished, and were greatly admired for their originality. Upstairs an alleged Armenian sold attar of roses at five cents a drop, putting it into tiny jugs. I invested in an alleged "drop," but that little brown jug was empty as space. I had the jug, but none of the precious perfume. "Served you right," I said to myself; "you're old enough to know better." Later in the week the swarthy-skinned fellow was assisted by a companion with feminine bangs, a "Magnolia Balm" complexion half concealed under mufflings of some sort, and very coarse and masculine hands with extremely dirty finger nails.

Vail & Crane had a large revolving cylindrical case, filled with samples of cakes and crackers they manufacture, 150 varieties. An amiable individual at the Morton & Co.'s stand gave a card and a cracker to each passer-by, and his right arm must have been more tired than the President's after a reception. A hungry looking excursionist who perhaps had not fared well at the restaurants on the grounds, extended his hand for the cracker and asked "Where's the beer?" Another firm had large loaves of Vienna bread, six feet long, with the inevitable ribbon tied around them. I could not help thinking one such loaf would give some of our tired housekeepers a week's rest from bread-making at least.

Visitors were loaded down with cards and circulars. Some took everything offered and had their arms full; others accepted, and after a glance dropped the card under foot, others again disdained proffers and maintained an attitude of distant uninterestedness.

It is amusing to watch a crowd, especially from some point of observation where one is out of the crush and can be merely "a looker-on in Venice" without having one's pet corn trodden upon, or feeling an aggressive elbow-thrust. But how I pited the babies and the little children! One little mite of humanity, not over a month old, I am sure, slumbered uneasily in its mother's arms as she wandered about intent on seeing all she could; and dismal wails now and then were heard among the rattle of machinery and the music of Cappa's famous band. Tired little victims, with fever-stained faces, begged "Take

me up, papa!" but every little face brightened at the sight of either the "real live Shetland ponies," or the imitation ones, fully caparisoned, attached to little carts and driven by little mannikins with very pink cheeks, very curly hair and very erect figures.

Mention of the Art Gallery must be deferred until next week for lack of room.

BEATRIX.

GOLDEN ROD.

The summer is wearing away; autumn and the close of the year are slowly approaching. All the long lazy days, filled with the drone of insects, the chirp of crickets, the blue haze enveloping hill and valley, all proclaim summer's reign is nearly over, and the beautiful bloom everywhere,

"In fields where happy children meet,
And hear the wild bees humming sweet,
And tread the sward with naked feet,
Among the orchards fair;
On banks where scarlet berries grow,
In quiet lanes where lovers go,
Bright forests of well-worn glory show
The 'golden rod' is there.

"Where barrens burn, where torrents pour,
Where swells the bill, where sweeps the shore,
Where sparrows flit, and eagles soar,
It shakes its conquering plume;
In the old graveyards briar grown,
By cabin'd poverty, well known,
Man's friend, the 'golden rod' alone,
Maintains its faithful bloom."

And the golden rod was looked upon as a noxious weed; no one thought of gathering it, and now its blooming is eagerly looked for. The young miss turns it into a graceful bouquet for her corsage, tucks it carelessly into her belt, masses it in some empty corner of the parlor, fills vases and jars with it, and pronounces it "perfectly lovely," ah! and the "nice young man" doesn't sniff at it. It is quite the thing when riding out with his best girl, to hazard getting his feet wet, ruining his fine shoes, running a risk of a personal encounter with a blue racer or massaugua because "the bright particular star" expresses a desire for a bunch of the "beautiful weed." Then the horse must be trimmed up also, and a long graceful stalk with its golden feathery plume, takes the place of a whip in the socket. It is astonishing, when one considers it, how much a fellow will do for his girl.

I must own to a weakness for the golden rod. From the very first bloom there has been a bunch of it on my little table, and I must plead guilty to having a huge paper bag filled with the feathery bloom, so that I can make fresh bouquets through the winter. It keeps its color better if kept out of water while drying. How I love to ride past a marsh at this season of gaudy bloom! Oh Beatrix! I hardly know whether you like weeds or not, but I wish you could have sat beside me, Sunday—no, not in church, for I almost know you would not have enjoyed the sermon—in the family carryall. Our route does not lie along the most fertile and productive farming region in the county; taken at some seasons of the year it is simply abominable, but Sunday it was beautiful. As we come to the little creek with its sluggish flow, nearly choked up with cress and willows and blue flag, across the

rude bridge, the golden rod begins its bloom; occasionally a bright red flower shows vividly against a green background, and surely this is the pretty blue gentian with its little fringed face and yellow centre. Elder bushes bend under their heavy load of rapidly ripening berries. A pretty little grey squirrel frisked his bushy tail and ran along the fence on the very top rail; and now the view discloses a good sized marsh all aflame—a very field of gold—with golden rod and gaudy yellow flowers, much resembling sunflowers, little dots of blue, purple, red and some bright scarlet leaves. Now the road narrows, with large oaks on either side, and the deep sand commences; up another hill and here we are at church. And the sermon, well, may be I am not good at taking notes, but allowing me to be the judge I should say it spread over considerable surface, but condensed was one word, "hell." It was a fearfully hot, dusty day, and it did not have quite the effect that a short treatise on the polar regions would. Home again, this time not quite as delightful, for I don't think one can discern beauties so readily when the stomach is clamoring for food.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

A NEW COMER.

I am one of the tired farmers' wives we read so much about. This hot dry weather takes all one's life and ambition. I have been a farmer's wife quite a number of years, and feel interested in all their trials and vexations, for I believe each one has his or her share. I have felt much interested in all the "Weeks," and in fact everything else that is printed in our little paper. It all seems to help us so much in our daily labors. I, like Simon's Wife, have to economise quite a little to make my bills all come about square. I get along most of the time alone with my work, and sometimes find it very tiresome these long hot days. Thanks to the kind Father, it is cooler to-day. We had a little rain yesterday but need much more, as it is very dry in this place. This is my first attempt at writing, and if it is worthy a place in the HOUSEHOLD I may try again. God bless the dear sisters (if I may call them sisters), and prosper them in their good work.

BINGHAM.

AUNT MAGGIE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Country Gentleman*—a woman—says nothing can create more ill feeling, bad humor and sworn enemies than opinions on various grades of butter. The HOUSEHOLD Editor would probably fall into condemnation in this butter-maker's eyes, should she intimate that churning once a week in summer, salting by guess, and "two thorough workings" to get out the buttermilk "might fall of producing "first class butter in every respect," though the lady herself admits that she "fails sometimes" to make good butter. The most hopeless task in the world is to convince a woman so firm in her own convictions her ways are the best, that it is possible some other method may be superior.

A DAY AT BELLE ISLE.

"I want you to fix up a lunch and to-morrow morning we will go to Belle Isle for the day," said Abraham to me Saturday morning. Now "to-morrow" would be Sunday. Never in my life had I done such a sacrilegious thing as to seek a pleasure resort on the Christian Sabbath. However I swallowed my scruples and followed the leader; stocked the lunch basket; attended to all the details necessary to ensure the start by 10 A. M., at which hour Abraham and Rebecca, our young lady, Keet, our kid, and I started for the dock, leaving Triphus, our young gentleman, to close the house, climb into his necktie, gather up his "tootsy" and meet his father's squad by chance somewhere on the island at about the hour of lunch. Now hot was the atmosphere, hotter the sun rays and hottest the stone walks as we gaily filed down to the dock at the foot of Twelfth St.; Keet insisting on carrying the lunch, which in consequence of its weight, the heat, and his ambition to have it nice, he succeeded in doing without trying any tricks in legerdemain, or performing any acrobatic feats. Arrived at the dock, a small crowd was already in waiting for the next boat, which soon arrived, and all were quickly on board, having purchased of the man in the little ticket office "round trip tickets for ten cents each—children half price," and oh, the half price portion of the cargo! Verily I believe that half the babies and little ones in the city get a trip to somewhere on some excursion boat every Sunday. I was threatened with a sick headache and the moment I stepped on the boat's floor I began to feel qualms, and my feet—well I seemed to be stepping on a soft mass of heaving sickness. But Abraham guided me to the most "desirable seat" on deck, and said "As soon as the boat starts you will get over that." She started, and sure enough I had no more symptoms of sea sickness, and my headache succumbed to the soothing influence of the refreshing air, and the quiet pleasure of the tranquil scene, tranquil as compared with the city's ceaseless din and clatter. The boat ride was all too short, and we were only too soon landed on the pleasant wharf at Belle Isle. The gates were opened and our boat load passed through, and for the first time I beheld the attractions of the city's largest pleasure ground. The first thing that held my attention was the beds of flowers, composed mainly of geraniums and fragrant verbenas. How I did wish that I might gather just a few of the latter, for they are the first of the sort that I have seen since I raised them at Home-in-the-Hills from seed furnished by Mrs. Fuller. Well, they were very beautiful, very grateful to the senses of sight and smell, those long beds of bloom, one bordering a drive for many rods, and others scattered here and there in pretty shapes, and in all odd and surprising places, on stumps and hummocks, in nooks and in broad space, bright flowers and gay bedding plants and vines gladdened the sense. An artificial "river" filled with gay little row boats, pulled hither and thither up

and down stream by gay girls and boys, or propelled by electricity, in which case their occupants looked like lotus eaters, winds around the island and adds another means to the end of recreation. But Keet took the lead of our party, and all his cry was "On to the deer park! The goal of all my chiefest joys on this modern Robinson Crusoe island." On we went among nature's grand old trees, parties of people straying quietly in every direction, rustic seats filled with happy, contented looking people, everywhere children playing with the squirrels, which were running about chattering and seeming to enjoy the sport as much as many kittens. Of course everybody shares lunch with these rustic little pets, and no doubt they are quite epicurean in their tastes, as well as coquettish in their ways. It was hard to tell who enjoyed them most of our party, Keet or Abraham. It proved to be so far to the deer park that we stopped in a deep shade where accommodations were all we could ask, and invaded the lunch basket, and after resting a while proceeded.

The deer park is a small inclosure with some very pretty deer in it, which all the children want to feed and make pets of. There is also a "log house" in the park, which seemed to serve as a headquarters for some chickens, and further on in a wire net house in which is a pile of stones as big as a lump of quartz, some old bones and things, an old wreck of a lightning struck tree, is caged a terribly disconsolate, dilapidated old remnant of what once was a sample of the great American eagle. Yes, I do solemnly believe that wretched, heartbroken, bedraggled-feathered fowl was once a soaring eagle that dared look the sun square in the eye, and never blink nor flinch. Ah me! here is but another illustration of the destruction of spirit by circumstances adverse, arbitrary and belittling! And I could but wonder were that poor bird to regain his birthright of freedom, he would also regain his regal bearing and dauntless spirit? I should like to try the experiment on him.

Here Triphus came on the scene and announced that he had a large row boat engaged, and the whole party were to go rowing. After lunch was finished we all went to the boat, first examining some dilapidated sandstone statues of statesmen and soldiers, goddesses, etc., that were standing in the shade of the Park farm barn, waiting repairs and some of that thing which is next to godliness, I suppose—they seemed to need it badly—when they are to become attractions in some way on the Isle, but whether they are to be grouped or stationed here and there in solemn grandeur and ghostly silence about the groves dependent saith not, knoweth not. They have served their time about the City Hall, and now, evidently, as good housewives make over old clothes from economic causes, so these are to do duty again for the benefit of generations now in swaddling clothes.

We entered the boat and rowed round and round and out and in amongst the boats, and out on the broad river for an hour or more, then back to seats by the

river side, and watched the crowds of people, and boats and babies playing about, and at three o'clock Abraham said "I want a cup of tea, let's go home," and homeward we went, promising ourselves to go again soon, starting next time at two o'clock and going home at six so that we might see the big crowd that is said to throng the island and the boats later in the day. A trip to Sugar Island, eighteen miles down the river, was very much enjoyed by myself and mi-lord the other day. But I have not really wished or cared to go to Belle Isle again.

E. L. Nye.

DETROIT.

THE BRICK OVEN.

I want to knock for admittance before there is a halt called on comments on One Week's work, and the Cloudy Week. I have considered Evangeline's letters somewhat unreal, ever since she told Hetty how they used to bake in a brick oven, when she was a child. She carried the idea that after the the oven was heated and the bread put to bake, you could then get your pies and cakes ready to bake when the bread was taken out, without reheating the oven. Ever since I remember eating bread, I remember seeing it put in an out oven (not always brick though the process of baking was the same), to bake. The pies were always baked at the same time. The bread was put back in the oven, then the pies and cake. The pies were only left in half an hour, the cake till we thought it done. The bread was left in one hour, and if the oven was just right to bake everything nicely, it was still warm enough to dry corn nicely, but not hot enough to bake anything. I do not say there was not everything done in that week that she says, but I think if the readers of the HOUSEHOLD were all together, and you would ask all to hold up their hands who could accomplish so much with such good results, there would very few hands go up.

I have tried Evangeline's recipe for ladies' cake and yellow cake; after adding one cup more flour to the ladies' cake, and one-half cup to the yellow, and baking them together as a marble cake I could get it out of the pan. I do not pretend to be an extra good cook myself; but we have good bread as a rule, good butter too, and as we are a healthy family the rest of my cooking must not be so bad. We do not have much pie or cake, preferring rolled oats, fruit and vegetables.

I was pretty mad when I read "Simon's Plea." I thought the comparing her looks when she was a girl with what they were after she had worked herself half dead, so that the roses had left her cheeks, and she had lost her teeth, and needed a switch, was really more his fault than hers. For in her letter on "Economies" Simon's Wife speaks of him as putting a big roll of tobacco in his pocket, and I think that tells plainly enough how it happened there was "nary a red" when she "ding donged" for money. I get clear out of patience at this constant blaming the appearance of the wife, when about her

housework, as the reason of her losing her husband's love. How much more different, I would like to ask, is there in her looks now and the time she was courted, than there is in his now and when he came courting? Did he come with the growth of several weeks' whiskers on his face, an old slouch hat, one suspender hanging off his shoulder, or probably none at all on, one pant leg tucked in the boot, and over all a liberal supply of dirt? Now I think there are but few wives who if their husbands would kindly ask them to "slick up" a little and not look so "slouchy," and then see that there was not too much for them to do to get time to comply with their wishes, but what would do so with pleasure. I think there is more than one wife who can tell you how she has failed to get her husband to change his work clothes for a better suit, when he goes to town. I suppose though if you were to hint to him that his wife had ceased to love him on account of his personal appearance, he would think it awful, to think she could not love such a looking object as he was. I will have to quit, for this is quite enough paper to be thrown in the waste basket. I like our little paper and would not like to do without it.

B. E. M.

CANTON.

CLEANSING WATER FOR DOMESTIC USE.

I wonder if anything that helps will be acceptable to the HOUSEHOLD? The month has been so severe here that many chimneys are drier than the tippler's throat, and soft water is not to be had at our house; and the next best thing is well water cleansed by the use of salsoda, which when well done has the advantage of rain water, as it is clear and free from any deposit which may be on the roof, and it is so cheap (five cents per pound) that it is within the reach of all. Take two pounds, put into a kettle on the stove with five or six quarts of water; let it heat until all is dissolved, then put away in a jar to be used as required, put one or two teacupfuls in your reservoir, according to the size of the same and the hardness of the water, while filling it, and by the time it is hot enough for use in washing dishes, etc., the lime will all be on the bottom and the water clear as crystal. For washing, pump the water over night into tubs or barrels, after the fluid has been put in, and you have just as nice wash water as any one needs. A little practice will enable one to get the quantity just right.

The handiest thing I have for preparing vegetables of any kind is the little five cent scrubbing brush; it prevents one from getting the hands roughened and stained, and that is one of the reasons, I presume, why the girls dislike so much to do these things and leave too much of it for mother. Try it, girls, then step to the kitchen sink and take the hand brush, which should be there, and thoroughly brush your hands and nails if you wish to look tidy to finish meal and serve it. On the same plate with your bar of soap for dish washing keep a cake of Sapolio or Pride of the

Kitchen, to rub off tea stains if you let them get on, to brighten tin that has been stained with fruit, to rub the smoke off the copper of the tea kettle, to brighten up your kitchen work-table, and in fact for almost every thing; this to be used with a cloth.

One can do all her own housework and still not be ashamed of her hands by taking some trouble and good care of them, and we can have nothing without an effort. Wear an old pair of kid gloves while sweeping, dusting and bringing in wood if you have it to do, but I hope your boys will do it for you. Brush the hands thoroughly just before going to bed at night—use nice soap, rinse off—then rub on a little glycerine, but if you cannot use that alone put in one-third lemon juice; let dry on and your hands will be all right to do any fine work you choose. I have used this preparation for years and would not be without it. How I wish we could all meet at the Detroit Exposition, then call on our Editor.

MARGARET.

CALHOUN.

A QUESTION ASKED.

I would like to ask Polly if the neighbor-man and neighbor-woman she mentions are made welcome at her home the same as neighbors who are above reproach? I really wish to know. Like Rosa Dartel, "I ask for information." If in your family there is a girl of fifteen, would you like her to come in contact with persons who act foolishly and not in good taste? Young folks are observing, and young girls are sometimes sentimentally inclined and apt to think notorious people interesting and their affairs romantic. It seems to me there are "lots of good times in this world," and we can have any amount of fun without acting in such a way as to make talk.

I am well acquainted with one of those divines who talked at the farmers' picnic Bess attended, and am certain the taffy she so complacently swallowed had a good effect, for never was there a more cheery man, with a special talent for making his hearers think well of themselves. I even believe he could bring Simon's Wife into some sunshine.

ANNA.

HOPKINS.

THE TOBACCO HABIT.

I rise to sympathize with Simon's Wife; I do not think Simon is abused at all. If my "better half" should preach economy to me with a quid of tobacco in his mouth, or buy the cheapest kind of sugar for me to use while he bought cigars and the best brand of tobacco for himself—or the worst either for that matter—I should "kick some." I never could see what any one wanted of the dirty, nasty smelling stuff. In my opinion it is a waste in money, health and brain, besides being inexpressibly filthy. Moreover, I never could see why the "lords of creation" should preach economy while they indulge in such extravagant and useless habits. I have known men whose families suffered and who went destitute themselves, while professing

Christianity, to squander enough to go quite a ways toward making home happy and comfortable, on tobacco. I have heard women say they were thankful their husbands had no worse habits; well, I am thankful mine has not got that one.

Now about fruit canning. I lost several cans of peaches and pears some years ago; the fruit looked as well as when sealed, but the juice turned milky and the cans looked as though milk had been turned out of them. I think now it was improperly cooked. I lost one can this year also, not well cooked. Rubbers also when new will work up under the covers and let in the air; had trouble that way last year, had to hold the rubbers down with one hand while adjusting the covers.

I saw a man selling a recipe for \$1 for canning fruit in the shade (if you have got one). Does any one know anything about it?

BLUEBELL.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

If those who can corn or fruit by cooking it in the cans in a boiler of water, will have a board made to fit in the boiler (but not a tight fit, for it will swell) with two notches sawed in each side and one in each end, and auger holes in the bottom for the water to come through, they will have something that can be used every year for setting the cans on in the boiler, and that will save much fussing. Some put cleats on one side of the board to rest on the bottom of boiler.

JANNETTE.

The *N. Y. Tribune* says: "Where sewing-room is impossible, a rug of linen crash under the machine, large enough to half cover the room, will be a great convenience. Almost at a moment's notice all the threads and scraps may be gathered up in this rug and shaken on a paper in some convenient place. Such a rug may be purchased by the yard, two yards and a half wide, at eighty cents a yard. Two yards and a half will make a sewing rug that will last for years, and may be washed and ironed when soiled.

Useful Recipes.

CABINET PUDDING.—One and a half cups bread crumbs; one and a half cups sour milk; half cup sour cream; one egg; one teaspoonful soda, or enough to sweeten the cream and milk, and a cupful of seeded and chopped raisins. Stir in flour enough to make a smooth batter and steam until done. Eat with a sauce or cream.

RAGOUT PICKLE.—Two gallons chopped cabbage; two gallons green tomatoes; twelve large onions chopped or sliced thin; one gallon best cider vinegar; one pound brown sugar; one tablespoonful ground black pepper; half ounce tumeric powder; one ounce celery seed; one tablespoonful ground allspice; one teaspoonful ground cloves; half pound white mustard seed; one gill salt. Boil cabbage, onions, tomatoes, vinegar, salt and sugar together until the vegetables are perfectly tender, then take from the fire and add the spices. Put into glass or stone jars and cover tightly.