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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### WHAT SHE SAID AND WHAT SHE DID.

"I never will marry," she said—she said—  
"Unless a young man that just suits me I find;  
Taller than I by at least half a head  
He surely must be, with a face bright and kind:  
His eyes I'd prefer of a violet blue,  
His hair a light brown or a very warm gold;  
He must sing—a fine tenor—and dance nicely, too,  
And tell as good stories as ever were told.  
No smoking allowed, for the weed I detest,  
And of course no remarks that are rude or ill-  
bred;  
And I'd like him to be always stylishly dressed,  
The young man I marry," she said—she said.  
And then the maid married—she did, she did—  
A three-score-old fellow much shorter than she,  
Who wore a short wig that but awkwardly hid  
A pate that no balder could possibly be;  
And his voice was a creak, and he danced like a  
bear,  
And his nose it was red, and dull gray were  
his eyes,  
And he'd sit by the hour and stupidly stare,  
And he never said anything witty or wise,  
And he smoked a clay pipe, and from morning  
till night  
In his mouth held of strongest tobacco a quid;  
And he dressed—but enough, he had two mil-  
lions, quite,  
And she married him gladly—she did, she did.  
—*Harper's Bazar.*

### ART AT THE EXPOSITION.

In the right wing of the Art Gallery on the Exposition grounds was hung Munkacsy's famous painting, "The Last Hours of Mozart," owned by Gen. R. A. Alger, of this city, and valued at \$40,000. Whether due to design or accident, the choice of position was most happy. The visitor, who would naturally turn to the right on entering the gallery, saw first the sombre sadness of this pathetic death-bed scene, and later, as he was going away, Makoffski's equally famous and valuable "Russian Wedding Feast," in the left wing. Death and a feast! Two greater contrasts could hardly exist. Groups of gay sight-seers entered the right wing full of mirth and high spirits; before them sat the dying Mozart surrounded by his friends who had come at his desire for a last rehearsal with their beloved master—a final rendition of the requiem he finished as he lay dying, and for which one can almost fancy he caught the echoes of celestial harmonies from the unclosing gates of Paradise. This picture was very fully described in the *HOUSEHOLD* of July 4th, 1887, at which time Gen. Alger very generously allowed to be placed on public exhibition in this city, hence it is not necessary to describe it again at this time. It is a great painting, and one is quickly con-

vinced of the fact by noting the effect upon those who see it. Groups of gay girls with attendant beaux, gossiping women, men talking "horse" or business, chattering children, entered, riant with youth and energy, full of their own concerns, only to stop short, as the motive of the painting dawned upon them, awed into silence, as one would be if suddenly introduced into a death-chamber. Some went away after a brief survey, others remained to study, but all, I thought, went out a little more in touch with the "art spirit"—that quiet, contemplative, somewhat subdued feeling—most favorable to the study of pictures or statuary. We must bring ourselves into harmony with them if we wish to enjoy paintings, or I might add, music.

The main hall of the gallery was filled with paintings of various degrees of merit. Most were fairly good, some were excellent, two or three atrocious, reminding one of the "lightning artist's" handiwork. There were two lovely landscapes by Eastman Jones, which deserved better treatment at the hands of the hanging committee. Two flower pieces, Mermet roses on pale blue, and a jar of chrysanthemums, were beautiful; the lady in copper colored satin won many compliments on the manner in which the satin of her dress was painted, and there were a number of beautiful landscapes, quiet, pastoral scenes, well handled. The picture which in the opinion of many seemed to rival the "Wedding Feast" was Haberle's cabinet of coins. "Real or painted" was the question, and indeed it *was* a question. Were the canceled stamps, the worn bank bills and "shinplasters," the half scraped-off newspaper item, the tintype and the photograph examples of the artist's skill, or were they really and truly pasted against the cabinet door? And I think more than one went away but half convinced that they were counterfeit presentments. The artist is famous in this line, and one of his feats was to paint, upon the counter of a bar, a five dollar bill so cleverly that more than one covetously inclined person slyly attempted to pick it up. The want of apparent harmony between the title in the catalogue—"Grasshopper"—and the picture with the corresponding number attached provoked some amusing comments. One gentleman, while his companion was searching the catalogue for the number said: "Oh, don't you see! why that's 'Driven from Home' or 'Forsaken' or some such thing. She's sitting on the doorsteps in the cold, you see." When he

was showed the title, "Grasshopper," he looked very much disconcerted, and muttered "Some mistake somewhere." An old French fable, "La Cigale," furnished the theme for this. During the summer the grasshopper frolicked and had a gay time, and jeered the industrious ant who was busy providing for the future; but when the chilly days came and the ground was snow-covered, the starving grasshopper begged admittance to the ant's house, only to be reminded of her own improvidence and jests, and here she is, in her gauzy summer attire, sitting disconsolate in the snow, waiting to die.

But the "Russian Wedding Feast" was, as it was advertised to be, the great attraction of the gallery. Many had seen Munkacsy's picture, but this was new to all. And from the pathos of the "last rehearsal" and the mediocrity of the main collection, it was delightful to enter into the spirit of a feast—and such a feast!

The scene is a wedding feast among the Boyars of Russia, corresponding in social station to the baronial class of Great Britain, people of distinction, rich and influential. The time is the seventeenth century; and the banquet hall corresponds with the architecture of the period, low, with heavy beams overhead, showing that their luxury of personal belongings did not extend to the construction of their homes; the windows deeply recessed, having small diamond-shaped panes through which the sunlight makes a lattice pattern upon the dark stone walls. The moment chosen is that of the unveiling of the bride before the groom, who sees her then for the first time, and the wedding guests. Marriages among the Boyars at that time were arranged by the relatives of the contracting parties, all questions of rank, dowry and expediency being settled for the young couple, affection having nothing to do with the choice. By an ancient custom the groom first beholds his wife at the wedding feast, which was made an occasion for the display of much magnificence. In the picture the boyish, beardless groom is bending forward to look into the face of his just wedded wife, his expression that of eager curiosity and interest, mingled with deference. She stands at the head of the table, in profile, her countenance expressive of timidity, modesty and maidenly dignity. It is a beautiful, refined, delicate face; even the stiffness of the pearl bordered tiara above it cannot mar its loveliness. The wedding robe is of rich brocade, exquisitely painted. The



old nurse stands partly behind her, and seems to be encouraging her to be brave. About the table are seated the guests, on benches instead of chairs, the men on one side, the women on the other; a heavy robe of Russian sable thrown over one of the benches is so wonderfully imitated you feel certain its soft pile would give under your touch. A little girl is leaning her folded arms, child fashion, on the table, her eyes intently bent upon the bride; the face of the woman next her is dimpled and smiling, but the dark eyes of her neighbor are turned upon the bride in no friendly glance; jealousy and dislike are written there, it is the face of a rival. The men have given all their attention to the figure at the head of the table; one, bearded like a pard, holds a massive wine cup in his hand; his coarse, somewhat sensual face is in full light. He might utter some broad jest, with the license of the times, but for the purity and innocence of that sweet bride-face; his neighbors, too, seem equally impressed by the same qualities. In the perspective a man with reddish hair surveys the bridal pair with scowling eyes under heavy brows; he too seems to find something unpalatable in the union. Opposite him is one of the loveliest faces in the picture, though few, I find, search diligently enough to discover it in the dimness of the background. A servant is bringing in a superb swan, bearing it aloft on a great salver. ("Get on to the goose, Mary!" I heard a man behind me say.)

All the costumes are rich and elaborate; the women wear quaint head-dresses, some of which are bordered with pearls or confined by jewels. While the picture gives you the idea of luxury and magnificence, all the tones are subdued. In the background is the sacred shrine common to every Russian family, before which candles are burning.

And so, leaving this counterfeit scene of mirth, one went out again into the real jollity that prevailed among the crowds in attendance on the Exposition, ready to join in it. I find, on reading over the account in last week's *HOUSEHOLD* of what was to be seen in the Exposition that the half was not told. But to tell about it "the day after" is too much like thinking of yesterday's dinner. Everybody unites in saying it was a grand show; and next year make up your mind to come and see with your own eyes, not those of

BEATRIX.

#### OUR TRIP.

We hesitated and debated a good deal about going to the Exposition, and it was a pinch to afford it; for the drouth has put back our seeding, and the corn and clover seed amount to just nothing. But our orchard turned out pretty well, and when we sold its fruit for three hundred dollars we made up our mind to go; especially as people began to come back from it and tell what a big show it was. I thought I'd take a lunch to lessen expense, and had Phil kill a hen that had begun to set; I cooked and pressed that, made some biscuit and cake, filled a can with tea, and

filled up a pretty good sized basket. At first Simon said he wouldn't lug it round, but I figured up what we would have to pay for meals, and asked if he didn't think he'd make fair wages doing it, and he gave up; but I noticed he took up the basket and sort of slapped it down sometimes in a way to let me know how he felt about carrying it, but I didn't care, there was nothing in it to hurt, and it was some relief to him to act so. Well, I didn't sleep a wink the night before; we started at three o'clock and got to the Exposition just as it was waking up. There is no use telling what we saw for everybody knows. Simon had never seen any nice pictures before, and he said "I vum" and "I goll!" till I saw some city people laughing at him, and then I whispered to him to keep still and try to act as if he had seen a thing or two before. He was cross for a minute and said he was glad his wife could put on airs and knew enough for two. That hurt my feelings a little, but I will stick to it that a person ought to have pride enough to behave his best and try to remember what little he does know when he goes to such a place. I could not make Simon believe that the old money and litter was painted instead of pasted on the cupboard door. He could see some of the edges sticking up a little loose, and will never believe that it was anything but a sell. I wore new shoes and about noon I thought my corn would kill me every step I took. We found some chairs and sat down and ate our lunch, and rested awhile, and when we started off we looked back, and there, on the wall, right over our heads, was a sign to "Eat no lunches on these seats."

We tramped around another hour or two, and then I gave up and said I couldn't walk another step, so we concluded to go to Belle Isle (it only cost ten cents) and we could rest on the boat and still keep seeing. The Island is a lovely place. Mr. Casino has a fine house there, and keeps his walks and flower beds in perfect order. One of the flower beds in front of his house looks just like the block of a bed quilt. While we sat on one of the rustic seats on a bridge we overheard a dudish looking fellow inquire of a workman the way to "the Theological Park," and after repeating the question two or three times explained that he meant the place where the animals were kept. This pleased us both, for, if I do say it, we don't belong to the "singd cat" order, I taught district school when I was a girl, and Simon, if he doesn't show it, has a pretty good education. He will not read the *HOUSEHOLD* though; says he hears enough of it from me, he just measured Evangeline's "Plea" with his eye and said it was too "tarnation long," so whatever I write about him never hurts his feelings, for he never reads it. Well, we stayd around that island till the next boat whistled and then hurried, and then Simon swung the basket at them and I waved the umbrella, but they left us to worry and wait through what seemed a long hour. But it paid after all, for when we did go back the lights over the city shone down and down into the river, and I thought I

never saw anything so beautiful. We reached home about ten, tired to death, glad to get where we could turn around without hitting some one, and went to bed glad that we had been to the city and gladder yet that we didn't have to live there. I've always held my head up pretty well about being a country woman, and said I could not see why it wasn't just as much to be proud of as of being a city woman, but that day I felt ashamed of my class; for I could hear them everywhere going on about that "Chamber of Horrors," calling it splendid, advising others to see it, and describing the scenes there until I shuddered with disgust; and more than once turned away from some woman dressed in silk and plush, and thought of my bright schoolmate Bess who used to refer to such people as being "awfully poor inside of them."

SIMON'S WIFE.

#### ABOUT FRUIT-CANNING.

Although Mrs. E., of Grand Blanc, has had plenty of advice in regard to her fruit-canning, I do not think any one has come to the right conclusion. I think all her trouble lies in the sugar she used. If the syrup of which the sugar was made had begun to ferment, and the maker put in lime or some other alkaline substance to make it grain it did not kill the germs of fermentation, only caused them to lie dormant until there was moisture enough to revivify them, when they will make every thing foam in the effort to generate alcohol, which is the essence of death, because it is never there until life is gone; putrefaction begins and decomposition ends the scene.

Now I will tell how I can fruit. Being over ripe or rather green makes little or no difference. I prepare the fruit as for stewing, put it in as large a kettle as the quantity of fruit I have will fill; then if dry put in water until I can see it, set the kettle on the stove, heat through thoroughly, when it begins to boil dip from the boiling side into the cans and quickly turn the covers perfectly tight.

Now about the cans: When the cans are emptied wash them perfectly clean, covers and rubbers; dry them, put on the rubbers and turn on the covers, then no mould germs can get into them. When you wish to use them open one at a time, drop the cover into the pan of boiling water, roll the can over once or twice in the boiling water; then fill up with fruit, turn on the cover, set where the wind will not blow on it until it cools, then put it in the cellar in the darkest, dryest place there is, and I think it will keep until it is eaten.

I never put sugar in the cans for the reason given; if fermentation progresses so slowly that it only makes wine of it, alcohol is there just the same, which makes the fruit anything but healthful for body or mind.

Perhaps I have not made it plain about the boiling water. I turn the water from the boiling teakettle into the pan to fill it about half the height of the can when setting on the bottom.

ALZAIDA.

OLIVET.



## OVERDOING KINDNESS.

Is it not to be supposed that Mrs. E., of Grand Blanc, will be equally as glad and feel like holding up both hands and saying enough! enough! For with all the many different ways of canning and caring for fruit she ought to feel perfectly safe to undertake it another summer. And about those "horrid husbands" of whom so much has been said of late, I should like to ask how many would like to give them up, now hands up! Methinks I don't see any. Oh no! they do come handy sometimes. As for me I should much rather show up the good traits (if by chance he has any) of my bigger half, than like the chronic grumbler be always finding fault with one I have chosen for my life long companion. And of the three short years of my wedded life there is no one we (myself and five-months-old daughter) miss as we do the one who always greets us with a cheerful smile. And why? Is it because he is always greeted with a complaint of something he is unable to help? No, the reverse. If the cows have got in the wrong pasture, or the pigs have become too familiar with the cornfield while he has been away, I simply tell him of it and go with him and help if he needs any. But Polly would think he was the most unfortunate being, or one of them at least, for he had the "ill luck" to be elected pathmaster of this district this spring, and the readers of the HOUSEHOLD remember her saying "Pathmasters had little or no sense." But we will forgive Polly for being so cruel, for she wished every one to know she had a new carriage, and that she had the cleaning of it. CLO. S. PIN.

OAKLEY.

## A HOME-MADE RUG.

The rug question has gone to sleep, but just for once I thought I would awaken it. A friend of mine has the prettiest and best one of home make that I ever saw, and I thought I would describe it to the HOUSEHOLD, and perhaps some one will wish to try it. When you think your ingrain or three-ply carpets are past their usefulness, rip up and wash, then cut in strips about one and a quarter inch wide, with the warp, and ravel a third on each side of the strip and leave the other third of the warp to hold the filling firm, then lap and sew together. Catch down the ends so it will not ravel out the filling, wind in balls and take to your weaver and when done you will feel nicely over your old carpet in its new form. I have seen two or three breadths sewed together for the center of a room, while other carpets can be used for the outside of the room, thus making a nice carpet out of two old ones with harmonizing colors. The warp needs to be about one-fourth as thick as for rag carpet. The weaver twists slightly as she weaves it in, which causes all the fringe to come on the outside, where it will "do the most good." I think five pounds will be sufficient for a rug thirty inches wide and one and a half yards long. Of course one can have them any width desired; have a border across

the ends if you wish, and some tie in the ravelings for a fringe. When done you will have a plush rug an inch thick.

I have a warm corner in my heart for the little HOUSEHOLD that comes to us every week filled with so many interesting things to help us through many of the hard days. And how thankful we all have reason to be for many useful hints to us who live away out in "Wayback," and have so many inconveniences to put up with! It is restful to pick up the little paper and, as we often do, see that we do not have all the hard things ourselves. We should remember that there is no home without an occasional shadow, and that none of us poor mortals are without fault; if we were I'm afraid the wings would be growing to fly us away. It is when we are over-tired and nervous that we forget and speak

"Only a word or two may be, born in a thoughtless brain,  
Bearing away in its bosom seed of a terrible pain,"

and that pain will last until we have taken it all back, for who of all our acquaintances are so dear as our loved ones around our own fireside, where kind affection makes amends for all deficiencies? Do not envy Evangeline; she has sorrows and trials like the rest of the world, but she has a cheery way of keeping them out of sight. She makes all welcome and shows you that she wants you to be happy in her pleasant home. She has very efficient help the year around, which smooths out the wrinkles wonderfully and makes many things possible for her. Come and we will drive over the ten miles of dust and visit her. There! now I expect I'll get a scolding so I'm going.

MARGARET.

CALHOUN.

## ONE DINNER.

I must give you my "say" on the tablecloth and oil-cloth question. I should have kept silent had it not been for the articles written by Beatrix and S. J. B., but now I must speak. Being away on business once, I by chance passed the residence of an acquaintance and thought I would call, and did so. It happened to be near their dinner hour and as they pressed me to dine with them, and would take no refusal, I consented. As I was shown to the dining-room by the young lady of the house, I took a "look around" and this is part of what I saw: Their table was placed in a room called the kitchen, but more properly termed a "store room." As I took my assigned place at the table my hostess said "Had I known you were coming I should have set the other table," meaning the table in the dining-room. On one side of the room was an old fashioned safe; on the top of it were tin pans, cake dishes, a butter bowl, sieve, one or two drippers and a pan of apples; on the other was a long board extending the length of the room, on which was placed some baking dishes, out of which a goodly lot of flies were getting their dinner (there were no screens; the head of the family "don't like screens"). For dinner we had fried pork warmed over, gravy in

their death, boiled potatoes which were water-soaked, sour bread, (which was caused by the flour not being good, as is always the case when one has poor bread) cake, cookies and pie. But it was served on a table cloth which could have stood alone, not an oilcloth. There were no dogs under the table, but there were five or six cats all around the table waiting to be fed.

Now I do not think an oilcloth just the thing on which to spread a meal, but I do prefer a clean oilcloth to a nasty tablecloth any day. And when one sickly woman or one frail girl with only a sickly mother's help has to do all the housework and sewing for a large family—and there are many such—I think they are justified in using an oilcloth, when it saves washing and ironing two or three large tablecloths. We all know that men working in the dust and dirt soil everything that they or their clothes touch, it is impossible under such circumstances to use less than two cloths in a week; then too hired help do not always eat like Christians.

Thank, Beatrix, for "What Shall We Wear" in the HOUSEHOLD of Sept 7th. It raised a large load from my mind and now I have a neat dress out of one that I did not know what to do with.

Where are all the girls? I have not seen a letter in print from any of them in a long time. Beatrix, please tell us how to do our hair; do you think it good taste to wear fancy combs and pins in the hair on the street? If this does not find its grave in the big basket I may dare to speak again.

MINNIE WHITING.

AZALIA

## THE COTTON-BATTING PROCESS.

I see in our last HOUSEHOLD that Mrs. E. is surfeited with advice on the canning question, but as no one has said just what I want to, I shall say my little say. Last year the papers were full of the cotton-batting method and I tried a number of cans, principally defective ones, in that way with good success, not losing one. Fill the cans with boiling fruit, screw on the top, no matter if there is a hole in it or it is minus a rubber, tie over it three or four thicknesses of cotton batting; use plenty of string. It is exasperating to find after filling the cans that they will leak just a little bit, as we know that means emptying, scalding over and refilling. When you get in that predicament tie the batting over tightly, even if you didn't mean to; and your fruit will keep all right. In this way one can utilize the old fashioned cans, even those with corks. This year when sugar is so high if we can save buying new cans it is quite an item. The batting can be used again provided it does not come in contact with the fruit.

Does any one know what will give relief in hay fever?

An excellent remedy for croup is powdered alum and molasses. Take as much alum as will go on the point of a penknife blade to a teaspoonful of molasses; repeat the dose if necessary.

CERESCO.

MRS. NO NAME.



## HOME AGAIN.

"Wonder if any one has missed 'Mae?'" Probably the most of the HOUSEHOLD readers have forgotten me, as it is nearly two years since I wrote to the little paper. One day in December, nearly two years ago, I made a sudden decision to go "east." Then for a week there was a whirl of preparation, and January 3, 1888, at four p. m. I found myself on board the C. & G. T. train. We were late in starting and kept being delayed until on reaching Suspension Bridge we could not make connections, and a tedious wait of two and one-half hours, ensued. However it passed, and I was again on my way only to find on arriving at Rochester that I must wait till morning to reach Canandaigua, my destination.

Arrived at Canandaigua at nine o'clock the next morning. No cousin to meet me as had been planned, he having been down the night before. So I proceeded to hunt up another cousin who lived in town, and there my country cousin found me shortly after.

I spent many a pleasant day in Hopewell township and the pretty village of Canandaigua. But in all of that year I never saw the HOUSEHOLD. On my way home in January, 1889, I stopped a few days in Detroit, and should certainly have visited Beatrix had I had time. I found many new names in the HOUSEHOLD and some old familiar ones. E. L. Nye, I always intended to call on you, but waited for a convenient time to do so, and now you have left us. Is it too late for congratulations from a HOUSEHOLD sister? Simon's Wife, let me whisper to you. The next time you buy nice summer dresses for those girls get white. It may cost a trifle more at first, but with a little attention each year to keep them stylish they will last a long time, and be no harder to wash and iron than those gingham that "pinked the whole tub-full." And girls look so pretty in white.

I had a good mind to write a "week" too, but Beatrix called a halt before I could get time enough away from those six men (carpenters) to write at all. I wish I knew Keturah; that is my "pet name" down east. Some time when my letter is not so long I will tell you something of my visit in New York State. MAE.

FLINT.

## TIRE SOME CALLERS.

I like to have company. I enjoy having a neighbor come in and chat awhile, bringing a whiff of outside air, a new view of some topic of interest, a bit of her own experience, or of the happiness or sorrow that is day by day making her life history. But when she has told her story I confess I want her to go about her business and let me attend to mine. I am not so dull of apprehension that, having once heard a matter, it must be told me again and again. And heaven defend me from the woman who, as the poet sang of the bore, "comes but never goes."

The other morning I had concluded a

grand sweep of my sitting room and was just thinking, at a quarter after nine, that I had ample time to wipe the carpet and the blinds, polish off the woodwork and get everything in apple pie order by half past ten *sure*, when a tap came on the door and I opened it to disclose my neighbor over the way, who peeped in and said "Oh you're busy! Well I won't stay but a minute," and without invitation in she came. My heart went down into my slippers, for I know her to be an inveterate talking machine, and I saw she was "wound up" for some important communication. She took the big easy chair which was shrouded in an old sheet, and I leaned up against the mantle and balanced the duster on my finger, hoping if I didn't sit down she would take the hint and not stay long. But she talked and talked and talked, till in sheer weariness I had to get a chair from an adjoining room. All about her own affairs, and "the Company" and "my husband he" till nobody knows how I longed to put my fingers in my ears and say "Rats!" And it was not until twenty minutes past eleven that after saying goodbye three times, she got away! There it was, an hour to dinner, furniture all piled in the adjoining room, beds not made, and I in slippers and sweeping-cap, the morning I had meant to make such good use of, gone, frittered away worse than uselessly, and the forenoon's work left to drag over into the afternoon! I have no apology to offer my conscience for saying, under my breath, "I hate a fool!" as I shut the door after my decidedly fatiguing caller. And I had to hurry so to get things in even a semblance of order before dinner, that I was all tired out, breathless and perspiring.

Such experiences have been a lesson to me, for I believe in doing to others as I like to be done by. I never make morning calls, except upon business and on people whom I know have leisure. And if I chance to find any one busy, I hope I have common sense enough not to sit down and hinder them while I pour into their tired ears the thrice told narrative of my own personal affairs, in which they can have but the slightest interest. It is a dreadful strain on one's politeness to be courteous to such a caller as was mine that unlucky day. BRUNEFILLE.

## FALL AND WINTER CLOAKS.

The jacket, in spite of predictions, holds its own and more as an outside garment for autumn and winter wear. It is convenient, comely, becoming to most figures, and relatively cheaper than any other model, hence its popularity. The ready-made jackets are of Jersey or stockinet, fine diagonal or smooth faced cloth, or of the rough boucle cloth and Astrachan that were slightly out of favor last year, but have returned this season. The plain models are at once the most economical and most stylish; an excess of ornament should be avoided. Choose a double-breasted coat, with two rows of stitching finishing the edge, and flat cloth buttons about the size of a quarter of a dollar;

this is a simple, stylish—if it fits you and is becoming—and convenient garment. Jackets are longer all round than last year and fit smoothly over the hips. Some of them have open fronts with waistcoat set in; others are plain but trimmed with fur on the cuffs and collar, and sometimes a vest of fur is added. Single breasted coats of what is known as three-quarter length are sometimes braided in the corners, vests, cuffs and in yoke shape around the neck, but this length is not usually becoming. Astrachan, boucle, bourette, and other rough-surfaced goods are to be made up in such jackets and coats, and come at from \$3.50 to \$7 and \$8 per yard. But if one can be fitted it is much better to buy a ready made garment than to try to make up such goods at home; a home made cloak or jacket never has the fit or finish of those made in the great manufactories. It makes those unaccustomed to "tailor made prices" open their eyes to be told our Detroit "ladies' tailors" charge from \$12 to \$20 for making a cloth coat; this of course includes "findings"—those indefinite items which in this case at least seem to cover a multitude of little expenses.

Short mantles in cloth are worn by middle-aged ladies; they have long fronts and semi-loose sleeves, or the sleeve part is folded under to make the sling sleeve so popular a couple of years ago; these mantles are thinly wadded and lined, or a chamois jacket is worn under them. The trimmings will be the new cord passementeries and fringe.

If you have more grapes than you can consume fresh, prepare grape juice for use in cooking, as a tonic, and beverage for invalids. Scald the grapes enough to let the juice run freely, press, heat just to the boiling point, skim, put into bottles and seal securely. It will keep a long time and is a healthy and safe drink.

## Contributed Recipes.

CHOW-CHOW.—Four onions; six stalks of celery; two dozen tomatoes; one head cabbage, chopped fine. Boil in one quart vinegar and one quart water, then drain; take two quarts vinegar, two pounds sugar, one tablespoonful mustard, three tablespoonfuls mixed spices. Boil all together.

TOMATO CATSUP.—To one gallon of tomatoes, after being boiled and strained through a colander, add three tablespoonfuls salt; one tablespoonful each of cloves, cinnamon, allspice and black pepper; one small teaspoonful cayenne pepper; one pint good vinegar. Boil to the proper consistency and bottle while hot.

TOMATO SOY.—One peck green tomatoes; four large onions, chopped fine; one cup salt. Let them stand over night; put in a sieve and drain well. Take two quarts vinegar and one quart water, boil fifteen minutes and drain well again; then add three pints vinegar; two pounds brown sugar; two tablespoonfuls ginger; two tablespoonfuls allspice; two tablespoonfuls cinnamon; two tablespoonfuls cloves; half teaspoonful cayenne pepper; quarter pound of white mustard seed. Boil fifteen minutes and seal. RHODA.

BATTLE CREEK.