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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### A LESSON FOR LAGGARDS.

You think of taking a journey some day;  
You have talked it over for years and years;  
Yet somehow or other you make delay,  
Until further and further away appears  
The beautiful goal: and I tell you now  
To bind yourself by a solemn vow  
To cross the Rubicon. Pluck up heart!  
For you'll never get there unless you start!

There looms before you from day to day  
A task that you dread to undertake;  
So it hangs like a cloud upon your way  
Through which the sunshine can never break.  
And I tell you now that the better plan  
Is to do the work as quick as you can;  
Over your fears a victory win,  
For you'll never get through if you don't begin!

With the bravest and busiest keep abreast,  
Nor through love of indolence lose your place,  
For in each endeavor to do your best  
You raise the hopes of the human race.  
Be not content to grovel below,  
But rise to your duties with faith aglow!  
Let your aims be high, and strive to excel;  
For he who does better must first do well!

The heart that gives way to its doubts and fears,  
That idly dreams when there's work to do,  
Will find itself, before many years,  
Beggared and bankrupt through and through.  
There are journeys to take and tasks to be done,  
From early morning till set of sun,  
And triumphs to win, as none can deny,  
And you'll never succeed unless you try!

—Josephine Pollard, in *N. Y. Ledger*.

### THE MOTHER AGAIN.

I am reluctant to let this subject of the mother's influence drop without a few more words upon it, though the congregation may be longing for a fresh text. Lilla Lee, in the last *HOUSEHOLD*, quotes the father's example as more potent than the mother's influence. Is then the mother's example, constantly before the child in his most impressionable years, to go for nothing? I admit that the fathers ought to bear an equal share in the training of their children, but we all know that the instances are rare where they do so. The children are practically under the mother's control. The father is off about his work. On the farm, the boys may follow him about the barn and fields; in the city, the man who pursues almost any occupation is up early and off to work, and gets acquainted with the children in the evenings; that is, if he is not down town or stretched on the lounge snoring. The wives of these men must necessarily manage and train the children. The average boy of ten and eleven years is still "mother's boy." If at fourteen he is beyond her control, you will

find, in nine cases out of ten, it is because she relaxed her hold on him. As he outgrew her small ministrations and constant watchfulness she let go her hold upon him in other ways, often not intentionally, not willingly, but none the less surely. In some families I have known I have been struck by the similarity to the bird family, where the mother bird, who is tireless in her devotion to her little ones while they are helpless, pushes them out of the nest and compels them to begin an independent existence the moment they are able to care for themselves.

If the boy finds his mother's precepts are not those by which the world is governed, there has been a grievous mistake made somewhere, for the right training is that which fits the boy for his entry into the world by making him manly, truthful, self-reliant, having a knowledge of what is right and strength of character to resist evil. I would rather a boy of mine would make manly, unsought confession of a fault than be able to say a very great deal of catechism. I should be much more certain he was coming up the kind of boy I should want to raise. The great object of youthful training is to build character on lines of honesty, integrity and virtue. Every reputable business is built upon these principles and the business world is governed by them—but not, I am obliged to admit, as much as it should be. Yet the trade built up by dishonesty flourishes like the "green bay tree" of the wicked, and like it, it perishes at last. Even men who have no firmness of moral principle are forced to admit that "it pays" to be honest, in the long run. I don't see then why the boy need abandon his youthful principles.

Most of our very good mothers wish to bring up their boys like the heroes of Sunday school books. They would at least model them after that precocious young prig, "Little Lord Fauntleroy;" it's a real pretty story, but the average boy is not built on those lines, and it is a healthy thing for the world that he isn't. One of the axioms of natural philosophy is that to every action there is opposed an equal reaction. It is true as in morals as well as in physics.

Boys of fourteen are beginning to put away childish things and to look forward to being "men." It is their nature at this trying period to be headstrong, impatient of advice and full of the arrogance of youth. If you attempt to put an extinguisher on them, you'll probably have an

explosion. The seed sown in the garden lies dormant for a time, the beds are bare and brown, and perhaps we despair of a harvest. But by and bye it comes. So it is with our children. It is not the boy nor the young man who acknowledges the guiding influence of a mother's early teachings, it is the middle-aged man, who takes a backward glance over his life and sees the mainspring—the impulses, that prompted his acts and biased his character. Nature never models two faces or two forms alike, and in humanity's characteristics we find as great—even greater—diversity. The mother of a half dozen children will tell you no two are alike in disposition, though born of the same parents. The means that would restrain and guide one are useless with another. Children will "go to the bad," in spite of earnest and well-directed efforts; God only in His infinite wisdom knows why. We cannot put evil out of the world; the best we can do is lay the foundations of character so wisely that youth may have strength to resist it. Our children must become independent, self-governed individuals; and the best equipment we can give them is not to remove all temptations from their way (we could not do it if we would); but to establish a firmness of character which will enable them to say with resolution that little monosyllable which means so much and is often so hard to speak.

But the motherless waifs of the street drift to the jail or the reform school, and motherless children the world over are felt to have lost that which can never be replaced; when the mother dies we know the sheet anchor of the home is lost, and why all this unless indeed her teachings, her influence, her example and precept have a power that moves the world? Nurses and servants could give physical care for hire, but only the mother with the father's aid and example can give the ideally perfect discipline, but the "real mother" stands as the one thing on earth for which there is neither substitution or adulteration possible.

BEATRIX.

It is not every twelve-year-old girl who can write as neat, regular and legible a letter, without a misspelled word or a misplaced capital, as that sent the *HOUSEHOLD* by the little housekeeper who in this issue tells us she can make pie, cake, cookies and bread. If her bread is as good as her writing and her cookies as crisp as her letter, we would not mind taking tea with her some time.



IS IT A MEANS OF SALVATION OR  
A TRUCE TO CIVILIZATION?

"They are perfect barbarians! They eat without napkins!" My companion, a high stepping miss of sixteen summers, threw her head another tack backward and struck the toe of her stylishly shod foot to the rocky walk in strictest harmony with the dancing master's directions as she closed her little harangue with the above startling statement. Said companion was teacher in the primary department of a school in which I also was licensed to say "Toe the mark!" and she had been giving me an inside view of the homes of some of our pupils, children whose fathers worked in the mines, men mostly of Swedish, English, Irish and Welsh extraction or immigration. I had not as yet been in any of their homes, being but a stranger in this, to me, unique land which flowed with copper, and where the homes of the "officers" were elegant indeed and those of the "officered" humble enough, generally speaking; where the lines defining the social status of the various machines supposed to be vivified by that mysterious presence called a human soul were so rigidly and deeply drawn that the most democratic mind must recognize, and in a way subscribe to them, I was naturally much interested in all that in any way tended to elucidate points of difference. And this was one very important point of difference, according to my informant's isothermals in social geography—the unpardonable barbarism of eating without napkins.

I confess that something like a broad grin conquered my physiognomy as I turned to look at passing cars of copper rock going to be crushed, which gave me time to ejaculate "Indeed! possible?" Also to put on a surprised look, and consider the fact that the high stepping miss at my side was to the manner born, that she had always eaten at an "officer's" table, and that in all probability *she* had never eaten a meal in her life without a napkin at hand. That—well, in short, that the greatest hardship of her life was that for the sum of \$50 per month, she had been such a fool as to allow herself to be brought in such close communion with a small multitude of very juvenile minds, rendered the more irksome by the visiting or calling across the line which it curtailed. Then my lady proceeded to recount numerous other domestic shortcomings, berating all with most expressive and emphatic adjectives. When she had run through the scale of them I said, "Oh Lizzie, how little you know of life as it is lived by the masses whose muscle moves the enginery of the world's mighty workshop! Life is bought at the price paid for labor. The price in the case of the grand majority is low, very low. To you it would be nothing. See, you will put your year's wages all into a couple of articles for personal adornment, while for three-fifths or four-fifths of the same amount one of these men must feed, clothe and warm himself, wife and a more or less numerous family of children—generally more. Labor, food

and rest are imperative; to fulfill the requirements of these consumes time, strength, ambition. You say they are 'sodden, sordid elods.' Possibly. It looks to me as though they had small chance to be more."

But somehow Lizzie's old index to barbarism often recurred to my mind, never though, in view of certain facts, without provoking a smile, and inwardly resolved that napkins "etcetera" should henceforth and forever be a utilized fixture on the family board in a certain far away log house, a farmer's home that was very dear to me, where a lot of boys and girls were developing, and as I well knew, doing daily this sin of omission denominated barbarously by ye aristocracy, so styled.

Within one short year it was my sad duty to guide the household affairs of that same family; and true to my resolve I made all reasonable endeavor to bring the table napkin into its much hoped for indispensability and usefulness in that barbarous (?) crowd. No use! There seemed to be an incongruity, an out-of-jointness with the eternal fitness of things, somehow, when the boys took up a snowy napkin, that made them lay it down again saying "I don't need that!" as they surveyed their dinners. The same grew to be true of myself in my print dress and apron. Still, the napkins were always on the table ready for use if any person did need.

But I find that men and women who perform actual manual labor in city or country, no matter in what line, and who as a rule, sit at table in working clothes, ignore napkins. Not out of disrespect for it, or indifference, or contempt for its usefulness, not because they could not if they tried real hard make one just as offensive to gather up at the close of the meal as any "dumb fool" of a man or woman who must have a fresh napkin at each meal, to save themselves from drowning in their own slop. Aren't these disgusting though? But they don't use it simply because they have no use for it. And whose business is it?

E. L. NYE.

## WOMEN OF TODAY.

Woman's position today in these United States is far different from that occupied by her half a century ago. It is certainly not yet fifty years since women who had not a house to keep, or did not teach school, or fit dresses, or work as domestic servants, must depend on their male relatives or friends for support, regardless of the fact that they might not be able, or did not wish to be so taxed. To do otherwise was not only unfeminine and unheard of, but they did not know how to vary the conditions if they wanted to. But today woman stands in a different light. There is almost nothing now that men can do with credit and advantage that women cannot honorably attempt. And it is right that they should be able to. Some may ask, "Why is it right? Is it not enough that we train our men to support those depending upon them, without having our women enter the ranks of the wage-earners? Woman's

sphere is pre-eminently that of queen and guardian of the home. It is thus that she appears to her best advantage. Why thrust her from her natural position to battle with the world and thereby lose her innate delicacy?" The last census taken in Massachusetts shows the State to contain over sixty thousand more women than men. This large majority does not greatly consist of unmarried or divorced women, as might be supposed, but of widows; and of these latter fully one-third have a family depending upon them for support. Florence Nightingale says, "Half the trouble in women's lives comes from their excepting themselves from the rules of training considered necessary for men." Undoubtedly many of those women, thrown on their own resources for self-support, will agree with her. Ladies who conduct helpful institutions for assisting women to find work, give as their experience that in asking an applicant, "What one thing can you do well?" they seldom get a satisfactory reply. "But," some child of fortune may exclaim, "I have wealth. Surely there is no need for me to lend my energies to do one thing really well!" Fortune is subject to a thousand risks, not merely from fires and failures, but it is also often at the mercy of the possessor's own ignorance. Is it not better for a father who wishes to guarantee a life of comfort to his daughter; to see that she has good health, good abilities and a good education, rather than money which seems to be invested in the safest manner? A woman now, can and should take that position in the world which her talents and energy fit her for. She can preach, and practice too, as well at least as the multitude, and take her degree in medicine and make a fortune by means of it, prepare her legal case and try it in court, all without the least injury to her position in society.

Why should not the girl as well as boy be asked in youth, "What is your aim? In the future what would you like to become? If the question be addressed to an unthinking, untaught girl, she would very likely answer, "My mission is to marry." A wise parent would answer, "Then your education for it must begin at once. You have no time to lose. It is still necessary that you attend your school, for in the position which you ultimately expect to fill, you will at least need to be 'well informed.' As your health and that of the other members of your family will in a large measure depend upon the food eaten, its condition and the way in which it is prepared, you should have a thorough knowledge of the art of preparing food hygienically. Still almost as necessary will be a familiarity with sanitary regulations. And if you become a mother it is quite necessary that you should become competent to have the care of little children. For this latter duty your knowledge of physiology is not sufficient. What would give you real and practical information is a course of one or two years in a training school for nurses. This curriculum is quite necessary. You may add other studies as time and inclination permit." However, the



girl addressed may have given the future much thought and answer thus, "Will it pay me to work for a future? Does skilled work remunerate women?" It does. The tendency of modern society is "to convert all trades into arts," and just as fast as this process goes on, rude strength becomes less essential, and fineness of touch is more needed. The reports of our college alumni show that many women graduates have chosen the "professions" but there are many other fields of usefulness open to them.

In Tiffany & Co.'s factory, in New York, there are about twenty-five women employed as workers in silver. Wherever their work is equal that of the men their wages are the same. At the headquarters of the Western Union Telegraph Co. in the same city, over one hundred are employed as operators. The most skillful of them earn sixty dollars a month. In this establishment a somewhat higher salary is paid to the best male workers, but the difference is not great in proportion to the work done. In telegraphy man's endurance is greater than woman's, the men also are liable to be called upon by night as well as by day.

Should woman be subordinate to man? Granted that men are stronger and perhaps more profound thinkers than the opposite sex, still women have qualities to offset these. Though Howells and James spend their lives in trying to do justice to the commonplace, they never get quite so near it as does George Eliot. While physically the weaker, woman is just as courageous as man, as well known instances of her bravery will prove. She is also persevering, and competitive examinations do not result in disparagement to women's mental power.

Let woman be educated at her highest and take a position in the world for which her position fits her, and not until she finds herself to be so ought she to regard herself as subordinate to man.

DUNDEE.

CALLIOPE.

#### ABOUT FLOWERS.

I wish all my flower-loving friends could enjoy this spring the delicious fragrance of the Hesperus, called by some sweet rocket, confounding it with a variety of candytuft to which it is no kin. It is related to the Stock, which to my mind has very few if any superiors in gardens, and is grown freely in greenhouses too, where it produces its lovely white or tinted flowers, laden with spicy carnation-like odors. The Hesperus has coarser foliage, is a larger plant and suitable for backgrounds of gardens. Unlike some of the perennials, it will continue its blooming all summer as well as spring, if the flowers are gathered often, to prevent the seed from ripening. The Delphiniums are similar in that respect. I like some good things that will come to me early with no spring culture, and new plants appear from self sown seed without deteriorating. It is pleasant, in an old-fashioned snowy winter, after the snow is melted away, to see some remnants of the garden remain sturdily defiant of cold

and snow, like the glaucium, fern-leaved parsley, carnation, Hesperus, all of which do well in colder latitudes than ours.

I have enjoyed many of those somewhat rare hardy plants many years. The Fraxinella, although old with florists, is still a stranger to the majority of amateurs, but well deserves the patient waiting for seeds to germinate, for then you have something unique and interesting, at least I find it so. Among the many visitors to see my flowers in the years past, I think not one has recognized it or failed to admire its beauty. It is a native of Southern Europe. The spring-like weather of February has revived the interest in out of door plants, and if the weather king does not give us winter in spring time, now very soon we may see the bulbs sending up their leaves and buds again, and we will "plot and plan" for flower beds and borders. We may sow seed to our heart's content, as it is so cheap everybody can afford it.

While purchasing seeds of annuals always get some perennials as stand-bys. Sow them in a cool bed, and if the weather becomes hot and dry spray occasionally, and scatter a few dead leaves over the bed and they will come up all right to bloom another season and all your lifetime after if not destroyed. Shrubs, bulbs and hardy climbers are too satisfactory to be left out, and by a small amount of pruning into form and keeping clear of weeds and grass are beautiful ornaments on garden or lawn.

DETROIT.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

#### A GUARDED GATE.

I have come from church, have had dinner, and rested and read a little, but our minister's sermon or lesson keeps going through my mind. It seems as if it meant me, not me only, but many more as well. I will tell you one of the points which impressed me so much, one which I think we are all so apt to forget or ignore; it was "Let us not judge another by any different standard than we wish to be judged by." And I began to think by what standard do I judge others—and then, by what standard do I wish to be judged!

How it hurts us if some one picks up any act of ours (which is done with no thought and almost unconsciously) in a criticising spirit, and represents it in a wholly mistaken light. Perhaps there is no living person who has not been so misunderstood or misrepresented sometime in their life. It seems as if that alone would be all the lesson ever needed, but we outlive the pain, then we forget; soon we are judging some other person in the same way, perhaps not publicly, but in our thoughts and possibly to a friend. I think now I can always remember; yet I know time obliterates all impressions. But I am determined to be more watchful over my own thoughts and remember what my father, gone to his last resting place many years ago, taught his children, "if they could say no good of any person to say nothing." I thought I had learned that lesson perfectly, but well, I'm human. But I am determined to be more watchful of my thoughts and words. If the thoughts are

right, the words will be, and the actions not far wrong. No matter what others say of us if our conscience gives us its approval.

With McGinty I agree it is not good to pick others to pieces and show up their faults (McGinty said eccentricities) for I really believe the person who does this is more harmed by indulging in the unkind spirit that the person they wish to harm. We shall all be valued pretty much at what we are worth; people can see the good and the weak points in us, they are not blind—only as they blindfold themselves with prejudice.

I found a beautiful bit of poetry in a scrap-book in a friend's home a few weeks ago. I will send you one verse which I like so much, and have thought over and over again:

"Only a thought, but the work it wrought  
Could never by tongue or pen be taught,  
For it ran through a life like a thread of gold  
And the life bore fruit a hundred fold."

ALBION.

M. E. H.

#### WOOL COMFORTS.

In the HOUSEHOLD of March 22d, Carrie wishes Mrs. No Name to tell her about wool for comfortables. I know how to cleanse wool the way an old clothmaker used to cleanse it. I will tell the readers how it is done.

If you have tag locks, prepare a warm suds, add a gallon of chamber lye and a quart of salt, they need not be measured, to a half tub of water. Let the tags soak all night; if you can, pound them, if not stir them with sticks. I let them drain and wash them till clean, then wring them with the wringer, spread them out to dry. I wash the whole fleeces the same way, only they do not need to be soaked all night. If a sheep dies I have the wool pulled and cleanse it. When the wool is dry I send it to the woolen mill and have it made into bats; you can open them like batting. I use about four pounds to the comforter and you will be surprised at their warmth and lightness. If they can be used without sending them away I would be glad to know it. I have no other kind. I have a mattress made of wool; it is very nice; cleansed in this way all disagreeable smell disappears. I do not know as a wool comforter ever wears out; I have some that have the third new cover and are good yet. If I did not have wool I would buy it to make them.

EATON.

MRS. MOSES.

OUR HOUSEHOLD family seems "on the move" this spring. A. L. L. has left beautiful Ingleside in her adopted daughter's charge and gone to live at Birmingham, a pleasant village about eighteen miles from this city. Mrs. M. A. Fuller has left her lonely home at Fenton and established herself with her daughter in Detroit for the summer at least; and El. See. has ceased to be a wandering planet and become a fixed star at Romeo. El. See.'s photograph is the latest addition to the HOUSEHOLD Album, a favor for which we return many thanks. That Album fills up all too slowly; at this rate we shall see the new century before having occasion to enlarge it.



# THE HOUSEHOLD.

## PLAY, AND ITS INFLUENCE UPON OUR LIVES.

[Paper read at the Clinton County Stock Breeders' Institute at St. Johns, March 5th and 6th, by Mrs. J. T. Daniells, of Essex.]

Recreation has been suggested to me as a better heading for my essay. A longer word with a Latin ancestry would give a more dignified title, but it would not give my meaning; as play is active, its result may be recreation or it may be the opposite—dissipation.

Webster defines play as "Any exercise taken for pleasure or amusement." Dr. Holland, in one of his lectures, defines it thus: "Play is the exercise of the mind or of the mind and body guided by the impulses without any object beyond momentary satisfaction." To more clearly bring out his meaning we give his definition of work: "Work is the exercise of the mind or body or both under the command and control of the will for the attainment of an object." You see by this definition that the same action may be work or play according as the will or impulse is the motive power for its performance, but the object is always different. Work is performed for a definite object beyond the performance itself, while play is taken for the pleasure the action gives.

Play acts an important part in the Divine economy of life, for the full development of all the organs of body and attributes of mind in the young. The child plays because he cannot help it. Every muscle of his body and faculty of his mind are crying out for action, and act he does, to the great discomfort of those around him. He shouts, stamps, climbs and tumbles; being hushed or made to sit still is quite beyond his comprehension, and his activity and ability to make a hubbub is quite beyond the comprehension of those who care for him. The child has no purpose in this. He is simply led on by his impulses. But nature has an object in all this seeming surplus activity—the symmetrical development of the whole being. He is taking lessons from experience in motion, inertia, gravity, color and light; and his soft muscular system is being developed and hardened by the same action.

It was not my purpose in taking this subject to champion the privilege of Young America to tear around to the detriment of their clothes and the nervous systems of their seniors. The young are a privileged class in this country, and generally play all that nature calls for wherever they are. But for the comfort of tired mothers let me quote Dr. Holland again: "A boy who does not play or does not love to play is not a healthy boy mentally, morally or physically, no matter how well he can say his catechism."

Having defined play and shown its object let us consider its influence upon our lives.

I am well aware I have chosen the weak side of our character as my subject; that the person of mature years who lets himself be guided by his impulses, even when they are good, justly renders himself an object of ridicule, while the course of him whose only aim in life is to have a good time must ever be downward. This

is abuse of a good thing. Properly used, play becomes an important factor in that which makes life a success. It takes the mind off from work, thereby relieving the tired faculties, and raises it out of the rut in which steady persistence in one kind of work places it. The person who works fourteen hours out of the twenty-four at hard labor, and drops to bed because he is too tired to work longer, does an injustice to himself. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is a serious truth, as illustrated in the burdened lives that sometimes come under our observation. A work is taken up and carried on, sometimes of necessity, sometimes of choice; that the individual can but stagger under. One set of faculties are tasked to exhaustion, the rest lie dormant. Like the galley slave chained to his oar he becomes one-sided; and thinks, acts and enjoys life, only in his work. In reality he becomes the slave of work, a fate for which his Creator never designed him.

The different kinds of farm work, the open air, the ever changing landscape, give to it, laborious as it may be, a variety that is restful in itself; yet a noted writer says: "If you want to find invalids and lunatics go among the Yankees, especially Yankee farmers." The reason for this state was attributed to their continually holding their minds upon their work, not allowing themselves the song even which the poor slave takes while pursuing his daily task. Are Michigan farmers taking the same course?

Max O'Rell in "Jonathan and his Continent" says that from observation he would conclude "the men of this country lived in a furnace of activity and the women in cotton wool."

This remark certainly does not apply to farmers' wives. Had Max O'Rell passed one forenoon in a farmer's kitchen he would have excepted farmers' wives.

The cooking, butter-making, poultry-raising, and all the work that comes unavoidably in caring for the inmates and making home pleasant, leave little chance for rest even, much less for that happy state of being cared for termed "done up in cotton wool." The work in the house has not the redeeming points of farm labor. A thousand steps in small compass, a never varying round of duties that begin with the sun and seldom stop with it, makes the work of the farmer's wife very exhausting to the nervous system as well as wearisome to the muscular; and the fact that there are more farmers' wives in the insane asylums of Michigan than any other class gives emphasis to the call for more play in their lives.

Then for her sake as well as your own, my farmer friends, don't stand on the street corners and talk politics all the hours of your play-spell, but lay aside work, take her and leave the farm for a day or a week; go to Bay View or a-fishing and see if it is not a profitable investment.

The kind of play that shall be interwoven between the warp and woof of our daily work, each individual must determine for himself, guided by the influence it will have upon himself and those around him.

It must be that which rests from work, and in that way prepares for it. Looking upon play in this light we should consider it a sacred boon to be used daily.

## A LITTLE HELPER.

I am a little girl twelve years old and would like to join the HOUSEHOLD band. As we do not keep servants I assist mother to do the housework during vacation. I can make pie, cake, cookies and bread. I have tried several times to make biscuit but do not have good luck. I first learned to carry the salt and pepper. Oh! how "big" I felt when I could arrange the table for company without assistance, and later on when I could serve the dessert! I think Evangeline about right when she said there were no two tables arranged alike, but people can have manners at any table, or at least be half way decent. Children who have the daily use of napkins and are taught the fork is used to carry the food to the mouth instead of the knife will not act "strained up." Our Queen B. and Bess created quite a commotion in our little HOUSEHOLD by their articles, and I am not ready to have the contest cease, although it has been partially called to a "halt."

MAUDE HITCHCOCK.

STELLA.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To prepare beef for drying, rub the pieces over with fine salt, leaving on all that adheres; pack closely in a crock, tub, or other receptacle suited to the quantity you have. In two days take out, drain, re-salt and pack as before. Then leave in the brine from six to ten days according to size of pieces. Hang in a cool airy room or kitchen, and let hang a month.

A RECIPE said to be excellent for cleansing the blood, consists of one ounce each of burdock root, yellow dock, dandelion, juniper berries, sarsaparilla, red clover blossoms and wintergreen leaves. Steep in four quarts of water, covered closely, for two hours. Two pounds of white sugar may be added if desired. Dose, a wineglassful three times a day, after meals.

## Useful Recipes.

MAPLE GINGERBREAD, WITHOUT EGGS.—Six cups flour; one and a half cups butter; three cups maple syrup; one tablespoonful ginger; three teaspoonfuls soda, dissolved in a cup of milk.

MAPLE DROP CAKES.—One cup maple molasses; three cups flour; half cup butter; two teaspoonfuls lemon extract; one teaspoonful soda. Beat well; drop in spoonfuls upon a buttered pan. Bake six minutes.

MAPLE CARAMEL CAKE.—Two cups granulated sugar; one cup butter; whites six eggs beaten to a froth; one cup sweet milk; four cups flour; two tablespoonfuls baking powder. Caramel: Three cups maple sugar; one cup cream; two teaspoonfuls vanilla; boil twenty-five minutes; stir till cool; then spread between the layers and on top.

The above recipes are from the "Maple Sugar Cook Book," issued by the Vermont Maple Sugar Exchange.