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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

SOMEHOW OR OTHER.

Life has a burden for everyone's shoulder,
None may escape from its troubles and care;
Miss it in youth, and 'twill come when we're
older,
And fit us as close as the garments we wear.
Sorrow comes into our homes uninvited,
Robbing our hearts of its treasures of song.
Lovers grow cold and our friendships are
slighted,
Yet somehow or other we worry along.
'Midst the sweet blossoms that smile in our faces,
Grow the rank weeds that would poison and
blight;
And e'er in the midst of earth's beautiful places,
There always is something that isn't quite
right.
Somehow or other the pathway grows brighter.
Just when we mourn there was none to be-
friend;
Hope in the heart makes the burden grow
lighter,
And somehow or other we get to the end.

HOME-IN-THE-HILLS.

Ah, how natural! Coming around the
"bend," every old familiar tree standing
in its place and wearing a regal crown of
June's richest treasures. High towering
over all the stately old elm! My dear old
friend, much converse we have had to-
gether. Once I addressed a little poem to
you. It was just after the lightning
struck you! Dear old tree! How grandly
you have survived it, scarcely showing the
the scar now, which then was a wound
that might cause your death. The light-
ning that struck you is not the only sort of
of lightning that strikes, wounds, disables
and kills in this world. Blessed are they,
and well rooted in the strong soil of a life
that hath foundations who can, like you,
survive the shock and seal the scar, and
sing and smile and be a source of gladness
in the midst of the people still.

And there is my battalion of sumacs!
June has dressed them up oh how daintily.
Will I see them again when they lift their
red lances and call on the autumn winds
to shout their victories?

And the house, the home! It looks as
though I left it but yesterday. Four
years have made no changes in the exter-
nal appearance of the farm house whose
every room, window, door, porch and
pathway is replete with remembrances.
But the dooryard fence is demoralized, to-
gether with all of my beautiful plants and
flowers. It was very wise in the Creator to
make something beautiful and ornamental,
and have it grow so big and stout that

hogs, hens, sheep and cattle can't kill it
nor mar its beauty. Yes, I thank God for
trees, green grass, blue sky and dandelions!
These are proof against the ravages of
hoofs, toes and noses. These are always
beautiful. Here they are always bounti-
ful, restful to the eye, soothing to the
mind; while the wind sings a perpetual
and ever varying melody in the leaves and
branches of the tall trees, and hosts of
singing birds fly and swing in the ever
resounding air. Elder Rea, the "grand
old man" as his acquirements caused him
to be denominated, named our place here
the "Sough of the Winds." And he used
to sit on the east porch and gather inspira-
tion from the converse of the winds and
the trees. Bob used to say "He seems
like some old king." He has gone to his
long home—dust to dust and spirit to
spirit. Whither?

Well, here we are at the door. Yes,
this is Bob here with me in the carriage,
but he does not step out, let the top down
and assist me to alight. No, there's a
pair of crutches here in the buggy. They
are Bob's. The accident, you know, three
years it will be the 18th of next month,
which crushed him in the binder, paralyz-
ed the lower half of the trunk and the
lower limbs. But Bob keeps his smiling
face and cheerful spirit through it all.
Will the scar of this "lightning stroke"
wear away as the years go by and leave
him some day hale and hearty again like
you, old elm? Softly the winds whisper
through the shining leaves, but the ma-
jestic tree locks their answer fast in his
secret heart.

But we are inside now—dining-room,
pantry, kitchen, cellar, parlor, chamber,
the same, and not the same, all over the
house. Ah, too free I am! for that is not
E. L. Nye's guardian getting dinner. No,
it's Hi's wife. She smiles, offers me an
easy chair (yes, 'tis the very same chair)
and asks me to "take off my wraps,"
and—well—I begin to realize that I am
"company!" The sensation is a trifle
painful, but I must get used to it; and
then four years have done something in
the "cauterizing" art. Yes, for you
know nothing short of heroic treatment
will reduce some wounds to scars. To
these the Great Physician applies the hot
iron. Strange, isn't it, that in physics
and in metaphysics methods in treatment
of disorders and diseases follow the same
lines? Fact, though.

Here is Hi; sick. There's a baby's crib
in father's bed-room, and a two year old

baby boy rocking in a little red chair in
the dining-room. Hi's baby, a sturdy
little fellow fed on Jersey milk, an indus-
trious student of Mother Goose, whose
rhymes are to him a series of delights.
But what he loves best is a rousing old
Methodist hymn, sung in the spirit and
with the understanding also

Here comes the hired man turning out
for dinner, "A fine looking team" I say
to Hi as I note the handsome span of iron
greys to which baby calls out "Whoa,
Nip 'n Dan!" "Yes," Hi says, "that's
Maggie's son and daughter. And there
never was a better horse than Dan. Dis-
position just like his mother's; Snip is good
in every way, but more excitable." And
so in all things we change, and the change
comprises only a continuation of the same.

It seems strange that I shall go down to
the "Vale" and up to Sand Hill, and fall
to find at the Vale good, kind, gentle,
wise old Elder Moon, or that I shall never
see his familiar form and smiling face here
at home again, and listen to his edifying
and instructive conversation. "The wind
bloweth where it listeth," so also is his
spirit fled from amongst us. And the
good friends, they of the iron nerve and
frame, who from the wilderness hewed
wealth, who set their will to do a thing or
accomplish a task and did it—they too are
"dust to dust," and the spirit has gone
"to dwell in another star." This was
Uncle Mose's idea of what we call death.
The clayey garment that this planet clothes
the spirit in becomes worn out or dilapi-
dated, and the spirit seeks a newer and
better enrobing in another sphere, or in
some other "star." And all of these
most familiar friends and neighbors for
years when father and mother and a
rollicking troop of boys and girls were in
this home-in-the-hills, and many more
less familiar and more remote too, have
passed forever from mortal sight within
the four short years that are just closed.
And yet the world is as gay, as beautiful
as though we did not know that some-
where, hidden by the growing grass, the
waving boughs or flowing water, Mother
Earth has in her keeping a grave for each
of us. 'Tis nature's law, the stoutest
must fall therein no less swiftly and surely
than the weakest. Well if Bellamy's
prophecy is to come to pass, and I trust it
may, I hope it will be just my time to be
a dweller in this same old earth again
about those days.

Yes, I've read "Looking Backward,"
and consider it the most wonderful book I

ever have read. Only two things stand in the way against its fulfilling—selfishness and ignorance.

E. L. NYE.

HOME-IN-THE-HILLS.

HOW A BUSY LITTLE WOMAN EARNS MONEY.

I too, have learned how to earn pocket money, and it is very nice to have money that you feel is your very own, to do just as you please with. Though my better half has always been as liberal as his means would allow, I never saw money to spare to buy pictures, books, or anything except the necessities of our farm life. But now I can purchase a few of the luxuries and not feel that I had taken from our necessities.

In the fall of 1887, I purchased three colonies of bees, for \$10, of my brother, who was going away, so he wished to dispose of them, or he would not have sold them for that, as they were Italians. One of the colonies was robbed before I brot them home. They wintered nicely the first swarm "took to the work." Then I saw an advertisement in a bee paper of a drone and queen trap; sent for a half dozen and have not lost any since. In the fall of 1888 I only had three colonies, but sold \$11.50 worth of honey, besides having 75 pounds at least for our use, which was a liberal reward for my labor. Out of "my honey money" I purchased two nice books that I had long wished for, but thought I could not afford, but now I had some money of my very own, to do just as I pleased with, and it did please me to get the books.

My three colonies came through the winter of 1888-89, and increased to 12. I sold \$18 worth of honey, used and kept as much more, purchased two more large books to add to my small library. In February of 1890 I lost a colony by starvation, for which I take all the blame on myself, as I knew it was extra strong in bees, and would consume a large quantity of honey, but I did not think they would consume it so soon.

This spring I purchased Hilton's chaff hives through a dealer, who purchases them in the flat, puts them up, and sells them; had a swarm the 19th of May, have had four swarms since, but with the traps I can handle them as I please, so I took off the queen cells, and let them go back to the hive they issued from. I want them to make honey now for me; later I will divide them if they do not swarm. They are working in the surplus cases now like well bees.

Besides my bees I have an incubator and brooder which I purchased myself with money that I borrowed from the good brother from whom I bought the bees. Last year (which was my first season with it) I sold enough poultry to pay for it, besides keeping 30 nice Plymouth Rock hens. This year I have over 100 chickens and 34 nice young Bronze turkeys, with a lot to hatch this week. I intend to sell for breeding purposes, as we keep no other kinds of chickens. Last

year I sold young turkeys that weighed 22 pounds in November.

I also make lots of butter, as we keep from five to seven cows. I use the proceeds from the butter for groceries, dry goods and other household needs; have a Mosely & Stoddard creamery; get four cents above market price, from the same brother, who is a country store keeper and ships it for me. I practice Mrs. J. M. West's way of making butter, which I thank her very much for telling us about through the HOUSEHOLD.

Some may doubt one doing all the work this would seem to be, but I think most any one with good health could do as much as I. One of our hired men (we keep two a good share of the time) said he did not see how so small a woman as I could do so much work (weight 95 pounds). My "Bs"—babies, bees, butter and biddies—do keep me busy, so will sign as

HASTINGS.

BUSY BEE.

THE MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

In looking over my pile of FARMERS the other day for the purpose of selecting the HOUSEHOLDS to file away for future reference (which I would advise every one to do) my eye fell upon an article on the first page of the April number, by Beatrix, on the mother's influence, which touched a responsive chord in my being, and I cannot resist the temptation to add my experience, that the mother's influence in moulding the character of children is far superior to any other, if not all others combined. All of our natural tendencies, emotions, if not inclinations were undoubtedly given to us by a wise Creator for good; and on the mother's watchful care at first dawn of the characteristics depends whether they shall be directed into pure and healthful channels that will flow out into the great ocean of a useful and honorable life, or into morbid, noisome streams that flow into the great Stygian sea, whose surface is strewn with the wrecks of humanity.

How best to use this influence is the great desideratum. Example will be found to be far more efficacious than precept. If we want friends we must show ourselves friendly. If we want neighbors we must be neighborly, and if one wants good children they must be good themselves and set good examples.

Parents and teachers often fall into the pernicious habit of threatening certain punishments for infractions of duty before any such violations occur, than which nothing can be more harmful. This threatening to "lick," "skin," "flog," "break your back," etc., if a child does this or doesn't do the other thing, inflicts a double injury, for the child knows the person making these threats is lying, and is thus taught to indulge in this same vicious habit; besides, the child is encouraged to persist in wrong doing, knowing full well these threats will never be executed. The better way is, make no threats, but watch carefully the first infraction of duty, and punish mildly at

first, but surely. More depends on the certainty of punishment for the prevention of crime than on its severity. Be sure to praise and commend when the child does well. Lynch law did more towards the suppression of crime at the west in an early day, than all the criminal laws ever enacted, for the reason punishment was swift and sure. Let it be understood that punishment is just as sure to follow the commission of crime or neglect of duty as thunder follows lightning, and crime will cease.

Those who threaten most, punish least, and usually have the most unruly children, just as those who profess the most piety often fail to practice what they preach.

MUSKEGON.

GRANDPA.

ADVICE TO BRUNO'S SISTER.

As Bruno's Sister wants suggestions from the readers of the HOUSEHOLD, I can't help giving her this advice. Don't try living with Bruno and his wife. Remember that two is company and three a crowd. I think when a couple get married they ought to live alone for a few years at least until they get used to each other's ways. They will not be half as liable to find out each other's faults as though there was a third party to speak about them. You and Bruno have lived together some time, and you know all his likes and dislikes. You would be very apt to advise Bruno's wife as to what dishes she should cook to best please him and how everything should be done. Now I don't think any wife, no matter how much she loves her husband, likes to be dictated to by her husband's sister or mother. Most wives like to find out for themselves what their husbands like to eat and how they like the work done. Then it is a pleasure instead of a duty to do it their way.

There would be times when Bruno would be going to town and his wife would like to go along even if she did not have any errand. You would be of the opinion that she might find work at home, and hint as much. Or you would want to go too, and that would break up the nice little tete-a-tete she had been anticipating. Bruno's wife would soon get to dislike you and you her. There might be no open rupture, but the feeling would be there. On the other side, it will perhaps be hard for you to find another home, but you can do it if you only try. You seem to have some good sensible ideas on the subject and may think me rather severe in my remarks. But this may perhaps meet the eye of some one else situated in a similar manner who might feel disposed to act in a very different way. I hope you will arrange your affairs to the satisfaction of all.

AUNT SILENCE.

"BUSY BEE," of Hastings, sends the latest addition to the HOUSEHOLD Album, a fine cabinet of her family—husband and two handsome boys six and three years of age. She will soon have help among "her bees and biddies," with two such young lieutenants coming on.

AN IMPROMPTU AFFAIR.

The description Beatrix gave of her dreams haunted by imps demanding "more copy," made me feel guilty, especially as I have no housecleaning to plead as an excuse.

I suppose every one expects to attend at least one picnic during a season, so I will describe one which I enjoyed last year; perhaps somebody may wish to do likewise. No day had been set, because the conventional picnics with the white dresses, elaborate lunch, melted ice-cream and thundershowers are a terrible bore; but one Saturday morning, not too warm, just warm enough, three girls appeared at the door with well filled lunch-boxes and big umbrellas, and announced that I was to get ready at once, for we were all going to the Beach for the day. I packed a shoebox with biscuits and whatever else came handy, and we were ready just in time to catch the open street car for Huronia. In about half an hour we left the car at the little station where they sell peppermints, chewing-gum, and "ice-cold lemonade, only five cents a glass," and made our way through the strip of woods between the track and the beach. There we camped out under the umbrellas and enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. How I pity people who live inland! I staid six weeks once where there was not even a duck pond, and at the end of that time I felt that I would give anything I possessed to see some water that was not pumped. I wonder why it is that the very sight of water makes one feel a desire for lunch. We were soon hungry enough to heartily enjoy the plain lunch we had brought.

On our way back to the car we filled our empty boxes with ferns of many varieties, and violets—white, yellow and blue. We had to wait a few minutes for the car, but when one can sit under a tree with violets and anemones growing within reach, it is not quite so tedious as the usual waiting at the dusty street corners with the sun beating down on the hot pavement. When the car came we found that it was going on up to the Windermere hotel at the farther end of the beach, and we accepted the conductor's invitation to go too. Anyone who saw this part of the lake shore ten years ago, and had not seen it since until now, would find very little to make him think it was the same place. Then it was water, sand and woods, now it is water, sand, and cottages. Opinions differ as to whether it is really improved or not.

I am afraid the other passengers were shocked at our appearance late in the afternoon in blue calicoes and sun-hats, but we had had a good time and didn't care just then for criticism. We wound up by having ice-cream soda just as we were after we left the car.

When we separated it was with the agreement to go again on a certain day in the near future. But alas! naming the day spoiled the charm; it rained and the north wind blew. So we decided that the only picnics worth having are impromptu.

PORT HURON.

E. C.

SEVERAL THINGS.

Like Ella R. Wood, I usually look at the HOUSEHOLD as soon as I can get it after it comes to the house, but unlike her I exemplify one of the characteristics of women; I am quite as likely to begin at the very last page with the very last recipe and read "frontward" as to read the poem first.

My eye was caught by the caption, "M' Husband" and I read it at once; then I re-read portions of it and finally turned to my adjunct and said "Have you read 'M' Husband?'" "Yes," was the reply; "and it is not nice."

Now I may as well own, at the outset, that "M' Husband" is as yet rather ethereal and quite ideal, but I am quite as willing to give you the benefit of my experience and opinions as if the former were more extensive and it is possible that my opinions are quite as firmly fixed as would be the case if I had more of the former article.

Now dear friends, does it not seem that if a woman is determined to take a man even if she knows that he is one of the "boys," that she should use all the tact possible to win him from them, if she does not approve, shows her good sense? It is usually conceded that a man who has been "one of the boys" is not fond of being driven about at the end of anything, be it club or tongue of the woman he has promised to love and cherish; he is quite likely to remember at that time that she is the one who was to obey. If one is sure that one can't be happy if a man does certain things, has certain habits, is it not better to be sure before you marry him that he has renounced them, lost his taste for them, or else make up one's mind to live in single blessedness until the ideal man comes?

It is a great deal nicer and more satisfactory to get your own way by seeming to yield and yet carrying the point than to insist that your way is the only right one and drive your husband or wife into doing what at first they had no intention of doing.

If you marry a spoiled child you must make up your mind to take him as he is, or if you are going to change him you must be wise and wary. I have seen wives that I have no doubt would have been much better women if the men they married could have brought them up, but that was impossible; the only thing was to give them all the help possible in the kindest and most tactful way and be thankful for any improvement, however small; so with husbands.

I reiterated the old statement not long ago, that I believed if there was any manhood in a boy or young man it would be brought out by his love for wife or sweetheart, and that the fact that he had some one to care for would be of great help. "Yes," said my auditor, "on the same principle that you would give him a calf to care for." I laughed of course, but I believe it just as much as I did before. I only regret that the calf does not answer the purpose longer, and so save both man and woman from some bitter disappoint-

ments. I wonder if our friend is so unlike most women that she does not like to have the man or woman or child that is so near and dear close beside her.

Can't you, dear sister of Bruno, raise sufficient funds to build a nice little house of two or three rooms, just large enough for you and the cat, not too near and yet near enough so that you can call for help if needed or can respond to such call; with your flower beds and your garden "sass" and the chickens and perhaps the calf that no one else could raise, to look after and keep you busy and furnish pin money? I am sure you will like it better than any other life if you are attached to the farm and its life. If you try it let us know how it works, for many another will do likewise if some one will only say, "I know it can be done."

Beatrix's cry for copy is responsible for this effort, and then the opportunity to give Bruno's Sister the benefit of my favorite plan for farmers' daughters who have no special training or liking for any other life and yet find that they must make for themselves a home, was a temptation too strong to be resisted.

JEANNE ALLISON.

ITEMS FROM MY EXPERIENCE.

The best way to hang up a broom is by means of a hole bored with a half inch bit in the end of the handle, so the broom will hang flat against the wall. Buy brooms by the dozen, or half dozen, and get them cheaper.

If your little turkeys or chicks have gapes, put a little kerosene in the feed for a day or two. It has proved a success with me. The only food for young turks or ducks should be bread dipped in milk, then squeezed dry as possible; with occasionally a good sprinkling of cayenne pepper—or black pepper will do.

If coffee at thirty or thirty five cents a pound seems a rather expensive item in the family grocery bill, try this: Take two quarts of clean bran, one of corn meal (if you have not the meal add another quart of bran in place of the meal), one half or a little more of molasses, and three or four eggs. Stir all together until well mixed, then brown in a dripping pan in the oven, as you would coffee. When browned evenly add half a pound (less if you choose) of ground chickory. Incorporate thoroughly and it is ready to use. It makes a pleasant drink by itself, with a liberal addition of cream, but we use it half and half with Java coffee, and the coffee bill is less this summer than it has ever been, with no detriment to those who drink it.

For little boys who wear short pants, buy blue denim for every day wear in summer. It wears well, looks well, is cheap and cool, four very desirable items. Make to fit neatly; not loose and baggy like overalls. A blouse of the same makes a very neat, durable suit, much liked by many mothers.

If you want the dooryard mowed, or any other job done that you can not do yourself, and husband or the hired man are too busy to do it, don't wait all summer

for them to get around to it, but hire a man to do it for you, and pay him too; there is no reason why you should not. Many a woman to whom an uncwown doorway is a source of annoyance keeps silence, patiently waiting her husband's leisure to mow it, which leisure on many farms never comes. Have the dooryard mowed, you can rake it yourself.

FLINT.

ELLA R. WOOD.

AN INVITATION TO BRUE.

Permit me to introduce myself as Mr. Punch. This lady with me is my friend Judy. We have come over to see Bruno's Sister.

Brue, when Bruno "brings his wife home on a wheelbarrow," you come and live with us, and we will try to make it pleasant for you, Judy can keep house, (she's a splendid cook) you may attend your flower beds and I will raise chickens. Then Judy can test all the cake and bread recipes sent by the HOUSEHOLD sisters, cousins and aunts. Won't we have a jolly time! I wish you would give us an invite to the wedding. It would just tickle me to see you "give Bruno away." Boys like to be "given away" so well, you know, especially by a sister.

I wanted to tell about my "Michigan Girl Cake," but will save it for next time. I promise not to come oftener than three times a week.

PUNCH.

CHAT ABOUT BACK NUMBERS.

I have often thought when some particular subjects were being discussed in our little paper, how much I would like to have my say on some of them, but never dared cherish the thought more than two minutes.

Not long ago I saw our Editress and she had such a kind look in her face, I thought I might venture to send a short letter, feeling if consigned to the waste-basket it would be done with all sympathy toward the writer. I have the HOUSEHOLDS since 1885, with a few out; was looking them over this morning and found so much good reading and so many useful recipes that the spirit moved me as never before to add just a mite to its columns.

In the way back numbers there is so much said about woman's sphere. I wonder if she has found her true sphere yet? And then whistling girls are quite freely discussed. I did not read all the articles so cannot tell which come out ahead, whistlers or non-whistlers. Then there are those "Weeks." Well, Beatrix had to call a halt on them.

I often thought when reading of Evangeline's work in learning Hetty to cook before she was married, how nice it was to be taught how to do so much and do it so nicely, by a good, gentle mother.

District schools have had their turn, the teachers also. A good school depends more on the fathers and mothers who send their children to them, than on the teachers nowadays, at least I think so.

Then I saw several articles in those old

papers telling how to be a good wife and how to be a good husband. I felt very much interested in the former subject as I belong to that class and have a great desire to be a good wife to that good husband. I cannot see how a husband can be otherwise than good who has such a good wife as the HOUSEHOLD of June 7th tells about. I would like to see a few who were willing to grant their wives what they claim from them.

CHARITY.

CHAT.

Our good Editress calls for letters, but these June days are almost too perfect to permit us to spend the time with pen and ink. All nature seems to be calling us to witness her beauties. I have long been a reader of the HOUSEHOLD and have wanted many times to put in a word in the discussions going on among the contributors. Don't it strike you that some of the things said about husbands, napkins, etc., are a little silly? Let common sense reign. Timidity forbids my saying more at present.

ALOE.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

BEFORE you begin putting up fruit, see that you have good rubbers for your cans. Those that are hard or worn are "no good;" it is a waste to try to use them.

FEWER articles of glassware would be broken, if housekeepers would temper them before using. Put them in cold water and gradually heat them up to the boiling point. Anything hot can then be poured into them without danger of breakage.

Do not put vaseline on a burn that has blistered. The water which oozes from the blisters contains an acid which forms with the vaseline an irritant poison, causing inflammation. Where the skin is not blistered, vaseline is a very good application, though there are some delicate skins that cannot bear it.

THE simplest way of setting the color in navy or indigo blue cotton dresses, so it will not run into the white trimming, is to rinse them thoroughly in a solution of weak salt and water. Use about two tablespoonfuls of salt to every gallon of water. Be careful to wring out the garments from the salt rinsing water as dry as possible and hang them up at once.

IF possible, buy your new towels and table linen, especially the unbleached if you use it, in the winter, that they may be wet and hung out of doors to freeze, which softens them wonderfully. Don't try to use cotton towels; the lint they leave behind is very exasperating to the tidy housewife who dislikes to see it on her glass and china. Use the half worn roller towels for dish towels, cutting in proper length.

Do not use ammonia or borax in the water in which you wash your head. Yes, of course it takes off the dust and dirt, but

it dries the hair bulbs and will make the hair itself harsh and wiry. Moreover, it fades the hair, unless a copious rinsing is given. A well-known hair dresser of this city strongly discourages her patrons from using anything but soap and water on the hair.

A USEFUL attribute of paper not generally known is for preserving ice in a pitcher of water. Fill the pitcher with ice and water and place in the center of a piece of paper; then gather the paper up together at the top and twist the ends tightly together, placing a strong rubber band around the coil to hold it close so as to exclude the air. A pitcher of ice water treated in this manner has been known to stand over night with scarcely a perceptible melting of the ice.

A VERY nice way to serve strawberries—especially at breakfast—is to put them on the table with the hulls on; and pass powdered sugar in which those who do not relish the delicious tartness of a well grown berry may dip it for the needful sparkle and sweetness. The berries must of course be large, fine, well-grown specimens to be thus presented "on their merits," so to speak; and only those who can grow their own or afford to buy the best and freshest fruit should venture on this style of serving.

SEVERAL letters addressed to "Bruno's Sister" have been received and forwarded. In reply to a request for the addresses of two of our HOUSEHOLD contributors, we would say letters may be sent to the HOUSEHOLD Editor to be forwarded, but no addresses are ever furnished. This leaves the correspondent at liberty to disclose or reveal her identity, as she chooses, to reply or be silent, as seems good in her sight.

Useful Recipes.

PRESERVED STRAWBERRIES.—Weigh the hulled berries, put them in the preserving kettle, add as many pounds of granulated sugar as there are pounds of strawberries. Stir together and place over the fire, stirring occasionally until it begins to boil. Cook ten minutes after it begins to boil. Pour into deep platters, having it about two inches deep and let it stand in the sun ten hours. No water is used, and the fruit is put into the cans cold. This makes a very rich and delicious preserve.

STRAWBERRY TAPIOCA.—Soak half a cup of tapioca over night in a pint and a half of water. Take a pint of nice fresh strawberries, sprinkle half a cup of sugar over them, turn on the tapioca, after slightly salting it, and bake an hour in a slow oven. Serve with cream and sugar. You can make delicious desserts of almost any fruits, fresh or canned, in the above fashion. Whipped cream is the nicest.

CANNED TOMATOES.—Pour on boiling water to remove the skins. Fill the preserving kettle but add no water. Boil five minutes and can. Add no seasoning of any kind.