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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

PUBLIC OPINION.

The most important thing in life
Is what the neighbors say,
The thing that stops or starts up strife
Is what the neighbors say.
No matter what the case may be,
Just look round and you will see
The thing that governs you and me
Is what the neighbors say.

Your wife thinks when she gets a dress,
What will the neighbors say?
She almost rests her happiness
On what the neighbors say.
The girl with the new diamond ring,
A sealskin sacque, or some such thing,
Thinks, as she gives her head a fling,
What will the neighbors say?

You know yourself how much you care
For what the neighbors say.
Sometimes the hardest things to bear
Are what the neighbors say.

You may pretend that you don't mind,
But still you wince when they're unkind—
The chief thing in this life you'll find,
Is what the neighbors say.

OBSERVATIONS AMONG PEOPLE.

"I've been entertaining company for four days and I'm just dead!" was the emphatic remark of a young friend who threw herself into my willow rocker as limp as if she were indeed in the lifeless condition indicated by her words. "Four days' work ought not to kill a healthy girl like you," I retorted. "Oh but you don't know," was the answer; "Wait till I tell you. I've had Minnie and Nell since Tuesday; mother's half sick with the weather, Julia's in the dumps because she can't sit in the lap of luxury and be fed candied violets, and I've had to do a good deal to keep things running, let alone entertaining unexpected company. I was up at four o'clock every morning, our breakfast ready at six, and when the girls came down to breakfast at half past seven, looking so cool and dainty in their white wrappers, I had done a day's work and was tired and hot. Then the next question was, 'What are we going to do this morning?' and after dinner it was 'What's going on this afternoon?' and after tea, 'Well, where shall we put in the evening?' And they seemed to feel as if I was neglecting them if I was not amusing them every minute. My head aches yet with trying to think up schemes for their entertainment. They did not have fancy work to take up their time, neither looked in a book, and as for doing anything, why I even had to take care of their room. I like the girls, but they'd have killed me if they'd stayed a week."

Poor Lu! I pitied her while I laughed;

for it is terribly hard work to have company that must be talked to or taken somewhere, or feasted or *feted* every minute. The only person who is "comfortable" as a guest is she who can enter into the family life in such a way as not to discompose or disarrange it, and can betake herself to her own room or a shady corner on the porch with a book and amuse herself while her entertainers look after their usual affairs. People who have no resources in themselves, but depend on something outside to amuse them or "kill time"—as if we have any right to so abuse the most precious gift of God—must be restless and discontented members of society. Try to "live inside" a little; and when you go visiting do not by your incessant demands for her attention, leave your hostess in the limp condition of my little friend.

"I wish to goodness I had the 'gift of gab'—excuse me! I mean a flow of eloquence equal to Miss A—'s," said one of those quiet little women who pass unnoticed among the noisier, chattering sisterhood. "If she only runs out to Wayne to spend half a day, she has as much to say about it as I would have if I had been to Chicago and stayed a week. It don't amount to anything—what she says; but her animated manner and her own immense interest make it appear important, somehow. If she tells you she went two blocks out of her way and had to ask a man to tell her the right road, it seems like an adventure. I suppose I could cultivate her lavish use of adjectives, but don't you know they'd sound perfectly ridiculous from me!" Of course I laughed too; how could I help it! The thought of the dainty, delicate, quiet little lady before me, talking as fast and as inconsequently as the lively, talkative, polysyllabled young woman mentioned, whom I had once heard a young man say was "a perfect talking machine," was indeed comical. I wonder why we are so seldom satisfied with ourselves but covet some other person's personality? Does the rose, I wonder, ever envy the lily's charms, or the modest pansy wish itself the stately tulip? Would the sweet pea exchange its pink and white banners for the poppy's silken petticoat? Yet for people to wish to change dispositions and temperaments is about on same order of things. My friend's quiet, retiring ways suit her delicate physique exactly. The vivacious talk and chatter of the other go with her quick, nervous movements; a third friend,

who is always wishing she were "not herself at all," has the quiet, dignified, gracious ways which exactly harmonize with her tall, stately presence, graceful and easy without being overpowering. Oh no, girls, don't waste your time wishing you were like some one else whom you admire, but study yourselves and see what "your style" is; harmonize yourselves and your manners, just as you suit your dress to your complexion. Did you never see a big fat woman trying to be kittenish, or an angular maiden lady attempting coquetry? And when the plump, dimpled girl tries to be dignified you'll find she only succeeds in looking cross.

As I go through the streets, meeting daily so many and such constantly varying faces, I think, as I look at the middle aged ones, how Time writes the characteristics of each human being upon his or her face with an indelible pencil. The feelings we harbor, the emotions to which we give way, all are written upon our faces as on an open book, and the passerby "sizes us up" accordingly. Here's a face where ill-temper has set its seal. No one can be habitually cross and ill-natured without having the fact expressed in the countenance. We may smooth out the lines in youth and present a smiling face to company, but old age sets them in unmistakable angles. So with fretfulness and peevishness; so with narrow-mindedness and prejudice. The face of the schemer comes with age to betray his characteristic; the miser's peculiarities, the suspicious man's distrust, the sensualist's passions, are limned by time with unflinching accuracy. The face is the mirror of the soul, after time has set the image. And it stands us in hand to be careful how we indulge our weaknesses and give way to our passions, since we carry about with us their external indications.

"My husband never notices any of my attempts to make things look nice or inviting indoors, unless to call them 'nonsense' and a waste of time and money, and I have given up trying to fix up," once said a weary, discouraged mother to me, as her languid eyes glanced round the bare, uninviting room, with its white-washed wall, its dingy rag-carpet and green paper shades. Alas, poor woman, she had lost heart in her work, and seemed to have no object beyond the performance of a certain amount of toil each day; and I tell you that life has lost its zest when a woman comes to that. Want of appreciation, lack of love and tenderness, ungrati-

fied longings for beauty and brightness, the feeling that they are valued only as machines capable of performing necessary household tasks, make life a barren desert to hundreds of women who might be happy and contented in the sunshine of loving appreciation, and an atmosphere of kind words and thoughtful attention. A woman will work hard for those she loves, but she wants her wages. She will not spare herself to please her husband, but she likes him to know, and say he knows, the value of her effort. "The sunshine of family affection"—no beams that ever shot from the orb of day are so bright and beautiful as it.

But if the husband is one of those sordid souls who measures everything by its money value, the wife must not lose heart. The mother, for the children's sake, must do the best she can. I think there is a great deal in early education, in teaching children to see and speak of what is beautiful in the world. Speak to them freely of the beautiful things in nature; the flowers, the stones, the sunsets, the shape of trees and their leaves, teaching them to take heed of them, educating them to appreciate beauty. To do so will partly satisfy one's own craving, and will help them to take thought of their homes, outside and inside, when they are old enough.

BEATRIX.

ONE OF OUR SUMMER PHASES.

One can hardly pick up a paper without reading some item concerning one of the numerous summer schools. It has been so for two or three years and they seem on the increase. Is it not partaking of the nature of an epidemic, and a dangerous one?

The idea was probably first advanced by the Chautauquans, whose school has doubtless served a good purpose as the work done by their students was not new and to be finished in a short time. Since the success of this great school many, where everything is taught, have like the mushroom sprung into being.

After some experience and more observation I believe that in large measure they are humbugs. Not that I deny that much good may be obtained by the coming together and exchanging of views and methods of those engaged in the same lines of work, and that even those who have no knowledge of the subject may gain ideas that will aid them to grasp the thought and the principle in those studies much better. But that a person who has only the most superficial knowledge of a subject can master it sufficiently in six weeks or two months to intelligently teach it I do not think possible.

These schools are designed mainly for the teachers or those who intend to teach, and they offer a boon to the poor men or women who teach all the year and can spend the vacation fitting themselves to take up the next term a new and much more profitable class of work.

Why are students ordinarily compelled to study three, four or five years and spend a large proportion of their time on some of these branches before they are qualified to

teach them if the subjects can be mastered in the brief time required by the summer school? You say they do not study as many subjects. Beg pardon, but they do; and give no more time to each daily than is required of regular students in the same branches. Is this not encouraging science falsely so-called, rather than the entire truth which real science teaches and is indeed its fundamental principle? that truth which we must have if we are to give our children the proper character training which is education in its best and truest sense?

Some attend the summer school in search of new methods. Would not the brain be better fitted to do the work required next year if the worn body was rested and what mental labor was done that of fully working out the ideas gained from her year's experience and contact with fellow teachers, pupils and parents, and more efficient labor be the result than from the half-digested ideas gained at some summer school, no matter how famous or capable the instructor?

In this connection the words of welcome spoken by President Northup, of the Minnesota State University, to the National Educational Association may be repeated as worthy consideration as coming from a prominent educator. He thought speeches and so-called new theories would do them no good, but the exchange of experiences and the social meetings would strengthen and enliven their work of the future. He wanted them to rise above routine teaching, and appreciate their greatness in the making of American citizens who would love and honor the flag whatever may have been their parentage.

Such sentiments are what we need, and if the summer school does encourage this character building let us have it but if, by reason of pretending to do what it does not and cannot in the very nature of things do, it unfits those who attend it to have the responsibility of character-making in their hands, then let us condemn it.

JEANNE ALLISON.

CANNING AND JELLY MAKING.

All the old housekeepers who know all about the above subject are politely invited to "skip this." There is always a lot of new beginners in house keeping coming on who are open to conviction, and are not ashamed to confess they have many things to learn. It is for these, the learners, that this article is especially written. Many a novice wonders why her canned fruit doesn't taste as it should, or why her jellies are strong and dark colored, and does not understand where the fault lies. Perhaps there is no one she can ask, just at the moment she needs advice and instruction, and hence this article, designed to help her out.

The process of fruit canning is really a very simple one, though many people make an "awful fuss" over it. Given perfect cans and good rubbers—and there is no use attempting to work with any other—and fresh fruit, there is no need of ever losing a single can by that process of fermentation we call "working." I put special stress on

having fresh fruit for two reasons; one that it is much more likely to keep well; the other, because the quality and flavor are better.

I think the Mason cans the best and believe they have that reputation generally. Buy those with porcelain lined tops by preference. In the first place, when you empty a can during the winter, don't wash it hastily, put the rubber on it and the top on, nor yet turn the can upside down on a shelf where no air can enter. They are apt to get musty. A slatted shelf is nice to turn them on. One in our cellar against the wall allows the open mouths of the cans to go half way between the slats, keeps everything out and admits air. When you bring the cans out for filling, they need a good scalding, rubbers, tops and all. Then put the rubbers on. I never use an old rubber. At ten cents a dozen it is cheap to buy new than run the risk of losing the fruit. But many use them two or three seasons with safety.

I spoiled all my fruit one year by using too much water in cooking it. Most all varieties of small fruits are so juicy that they need only enough water in the kettle to keep the fruit from burning till it begins to cook, when the juice is amply sufficient. Seems as if I canned principally weak fruit juice that first year. I have made currant jam and spiced currants without adding even a drop of water, but the fruit was very ripe, and I let the kettle stand in the oven until the fruit was so hot the ruby globes burst of their own fullness.

I want a porcelain lined kettle, or a granite stew-pan, and a silver or wooden spoon to stir with. Tin and iron discolor acid fruits; besides, now so much of our alleged tinware is really only washed with an alloy of tin I am afraid of the lead, which is so readily acted upon by anything sour.

Cook the fruit till it is all scalded though, but remember the less you cook it, after it is thoroughly scalded, the better. One teaspoonful that is not cooked enough will play the mischief in a whole can full.

A great many people putter dreadfully about standing the can on a folded napkin, putting in a silver spoon, etc.; and scald their fingers in the various unnecessary processes they go through. Just roll your can in a dish-pan partly full of hot water, stand it upright in the pan—after having emptied the water out of course, and dip in the fruit. A big wooden spoon and a can-filler are comforts at this juncture. Shake down the fruit, see there are no air-bubbles—if so run the handle of a spoon down and let out the imprisoned air, fill the can to overflowing with the juice, screw on the top as tight as you can, lift out the can and the task is done. When the cans are cool, have a stronger pair of wrists than yours turn the tops again, as the glass contracts in cooling. Wipe the cans when you take them out of the water, so the juice will not harden on them.

Always prick plums with a large darning-needle to keep them from breaking; and drop the pared pears into water to prevent them from turning black. Canned pieplant I like for tart pies in winter; they are eaten with relish, though I do not care for it as

sauce. Use more sugar than directed for berries.

Keep canned fruit in a cool, dry, dark place.

I forgot to speak about the sugar. I greatly prefer fruit canned with sugar, but I never put it in bulk. I make a syrup of one-third of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit, and a teacupful of water to each pound of sugar. Boil and skim, and turn into the fruit just before taking it from the stove. If you have but one or two cans to put up at a time a kerosene stove is a convenience in the way of saving heat and personal discomfort, but if I have more than that I want "room according to my strength."

For jellies, you must not have your fruit too ripe. I will not stop to explain scientifically why it won't "jell" if it is; the fact will be sufficiently exasperating in itself. I never thought it worth while to strip currants to make jelly. I always pick them clean, keeping out twigs and leaves, then add half a teacupful of water to a pound of fruit, boil till cooked well, using a potato masher I keep for jelly making purposes to squeeze and crush the fruit, pour into a linen jelly bag, let drip over night. To each pint of this juice allow a pound of sugar. Boil the juice twenty minutes, add the sugar, let boil five minutes, then put in glasses. Do not buy the sugar that has a bluish cast for jelly; there is something about it that prevents the jelly from setting. A very superior jelly is made by using equal weights of currants and raspberries. The process of jelly-making is pretty much the same for all fruits, and the same directions apply to all, except that one cup of water may be allowed to a pound of fruit. If jelly is dark colored and hard, it has boiled too long. The ideal jelly is semi-transparent and soft enough so it will quiver and shake when turned out of the mould. Cherries will not jelly unless gelatine is used; allow one package to two quarts of juice. But I have no particular affection for jellies in which this substance enters; they are insipid and not so apt to keep. The grocer's jellies are invariably made of gelatine and we all know what abominable substitutes they are for the real home-made fruit jellies. Gelatine, and chemicals for flavoring!

If you are lucky enough to have a wild grape-vine on your farm insist that its life shall be spared for the sake of the deliciously flavored jelly which its fruit will make. You can make your quince jelly half sour apples and no one will be the wiser. Cranberry jelly, too, will bear the addition of six tart apples to a quart of berries.

A good way to tell when jelly is just right to put in glasses I find in my cookbook. "Dip your skimmer into the boiling juice and hold it up; if the juice runs off in one place it is not boiled enough; if it runs round the edge and drops off in two or three places it is done."

Some fastidious people strain the jelly through cheesecloth into the glasses, but I have never done so; more work than benefit, I thought.

HOUSEKEEPER.

HOUSECLEANING.

[Paper read by Mrs. C. M. Lyon before the Essex Farmers' Club, June 13th.]

The topic which I have chosen is Housecleaning. I think that I hear some of you say, "A queer topic for a farmers' club," but as farmers' wives have as much of that kind of work to do as any one, and as the ups and downs of that period were fresh in my mind, I thought that perhaps a few words in relation to it might not be out of place. I shall give you no prescribed rules as to the mode of procedure, but will just say do it as best suits your own fancy or convenience. But I say clean house just the same, no matter if the lords of creation do object, and although I would not be the means of disturbing the peace of the household in the least, still I say clean house when it needs it and you feel like doing it. Dirt will accumulate even in rooms that are seldom used, and our own common living rooms need cleaning pretty bad by the time that spring opens.

Every good housekeeper hails with joy the approach of settled warm weather, that she may renovate, purify and repair. Curtains, carpets, wallpaper, bedclothing, and everything used by the family through the winter need an overhauling in the spring. Things must be repaired occasionally, and consequently must be cleaned, and if they don't get it it's not long till these same lords of creation can put their hands in their pockets, open the perhaps meagerly filled purse and purchase new ones, or go without.

Notwithstanding the good housewife is glad that the time has come when she can clean up and make things look a little brighter, it is with fear and trembling that she begins (unless she happens to be pretty independent) for she well knows what will happen every time the head of the family comes in sight of the house. It is impossible to accomplish all this without turning things upside down more or less, and no one undertakes this task, these long days of toil, of brushing, scrubbing, lifting and lugging, simply because she enjoys the hard work, or having the house in a hubbub. But as things will not clean themselves, she must do it, and when it is all over she and all the household may enjoy having things clean and tidy, and not be ashamed when their friends call to see them, for home is not home unless ordinarily clean and orderly.

There is probably not one of these same grumbling lords of creation who does not enjoy coming into a clean sitting room, away from the boiling sun, the dirt and dust of the plow, where the windows are so clean that as he looks from them over his field of growing crops he can tell a cow from a sheep. These same clean windows, shaded by clean white curtains, the carpet swept, the furniture dusted and every thing in its place, his arm chair placed by the shadiest window and coolest part of the room. As he takes his paper and sits down to read a feeling of rest comes over him, and whether he gives the dear good wife any encouragement or not, he can't help but appreciate her work, whether he

realizes its extent or not. Well, is all this to be accomplished in any other way than by going at it hammer-and-tongs, so to speak? It is said that cleanliness is next to godliness, and whether godliness has anything to do with it or not, no woman of ordinary ambition likes to be very far behind her neighbors in this respect, and as good evidence as we want that a tidy home is appreciated by our husbands, is the fuss that they make when things are in an uproar.

It is no strange thing for Mr. Jones to come in and say to his wife "What a neat little body Mrs. Brown is; what a splendid housekeeper; how tidy the children!" and almost hint that he wished that he had such a wife. Now it's all right to praise Mrs. Brown, but not to overlook the fact in the meantime that his own wife is perhaps just as good a housekeeper under the same circumstances. Suppose Mrs. Brown should call on Mrs. Jones soon after and things do look rather untidy. Mr. Jones will begin at once to make apologies after this manner: "Mrs. Jones has not cleaned house yet, she has not been very well, and I have not had time to help her," and so on, and look approvingly at his wife; and Mrs. Brown thinks, "Well, there is one man who helps his wife clean house and don't jaw about it. I wish that Mr. Brown was like him." When Mrs. Jones finds out that he likes this tidy style of a home she says to herself, "I'll see if I can win one word of praise or commendation from him," so the next morning she begins, thinking to make things look a little more to his taste, fully confident that he will appreciate her efforts in this direction, but alas, the first words that greet her ears are "Oh you are always scrubbing; things are always upside down. Why can't you wait till it comes warmer. Nothing to eat for the next month. I don't see the need of such an uproar. No place for the sole of my foot," (as though he had any other) and such like comments. Some men are not willing to stop there; they often put in numerous small words which they think make it a little more emphatic.

When the good wife is already worn and nervous with the care of the family, the hard work incidental to spring cleaning, and the study how to accomplish the best results with the least expenditure of money, and of annoyance to the husband, such remarks are not calculated to soothe and encourage her; and though she may make no moan or show no sign, the hurt is there just the same, and she has a fair chance to conclude that Mr. Jones abroad and Mr. Jones at home are two different men. If it did any good for these same heads of the family to thus increase the burdens and perplexities of the good wife, we would cheerfully forgive him and say, "Keep right on in this line till you are satisfied."

I am glad to say that all the men are not after this style, and I hope that none of our brothers of the Farmers' Club are guilty of so much inconsideration their wives all look too happy. It is possible, though, that is because the ordeal is past, the job

accomplished, and Richard is himself once more.

I know of one man who helps all that he can, and when the carpets are down and the curtains are up, and things put to rights he says, "Well, mother, this does look better," but I can't say that he never grumbles, for like one of old "I can't tell a lie," even to save his reputation for a second matrimonial alliance.

The good wife doesn't jaw and scold and make life a burden to the husband when he cleans up the barn or pulls down the fence or trims the orchard, scattering brush, boards and rails in dire confusion, even though for a time things do look unsightly. She knows that when all is done they will look much better, and the first time she has occasion to pass that new fence made out of an old one she says, "How much better this does look," and the husband feels encouraged and in a measure compensated; and though it is but a trifle it has the effect of drawing husband and wife nearer together.

Then the garb that we wear on such occasions does not escape the criticism of our editors even, just as though we could keep clean and look stylish helping to handle the stoves, taking down pipes filled with soot, shaking the dirty carpets and the like! I saw an article in one of the papers not long since where the writer said that there was no need of us looking so like scarecrows, but just get a new calico dress and apron and dusting cap, and put on a clean linen collar, (and I suppose she meant cuffs too) and we are ready to begin. Well, I wondered if the writer ever saw a house cleaned, let alone taking a hand at it. I'd like to have that lady see a blue gingham apron that I wore one day, and then the idea of a new calico dress to clean house in! Why, I'd be glad to get one to wear to the Farmers' Club.

Now brethren, we don't want men to leave their work and come in and clean house for us, but we do ask you to help us when you can and give us an encouraging word now and then. And if that is against your constitution and bylaws, to give us a word of cheer occasionally. Please don't look so cross and scold, and say those short but impressive words that make us all wish we had married the other fellow.

A VISIT TO DETROIT.

Mrs. W. B. O., of Charlotte, asks me to name the principal points of interest in this city, for the benefit of the stranger who is making a visit of a day or two in town, telling how to reach the various places. The subject has been treated several times in the HOUSEHOLD, in compliance with similar requests in previous years, but perhaps a brief review may not be uninteresting to many.

Strangers often complain that it is so easy to get "lost" in Detroit. If you will remember that nearly or quite all our street car lines touch the open area in front of the City Hall—please don't call it the "town house" or the "court house"—called the

Campus, and from which streets radiate somewhat after the fashion of the spokes of a wheel, it will aid in keeping "straight." All our great retail stores are on Woodward Avenue, which runs from the river due north. Take an open street car and ride out to the end of the road and back. Many of the most beautiful residences in the city are on this avenue, beyond the trading district. Some fine churches are to be seen too. This will take you through the Grand Circus park, with its plashing fountains, its shade and benches to rest upon. I would advise visitors to patronize the street cars liberally; the fare is only five cents whether you ride to the end of the road or only two blocks, and you will save much heat and fatigue. Nearly all women like to go through the large stores, like Newcomb & Endicott's, Metcalf's, the bazars, Smith's or Wright & Kay's jewelry establishments, where many beautiful objects of art are always to be seen. Back of Angell's art store is a little gallery where there are almost always a few good pictures on free exhibition. These places are all on Woodward Avenue. Turning on Gratiot St., on the east side of the avenue, a walk of one block brings us to the Public Library, one block further on is Breitmeyer's flower store and greenhouse. Just around the corner of the Russell House is the Central market, which is generally a pleasing novelty to strangers.

Then there is our grand river, and beautiful Belle Isle. Take one of the steamers which leave the foot of Woodward Avenue every half hour, and calculate to spend at least three hours on the boat and on the Island. The round trip costs ten cents. If one has time, it is a delightful way to spend an afternoon to take the 3:30 boat from the foot of Griswold St.—which runs parallel to Woodward, for a trip to "the Flats" and a fish supper at the Star Island House. The Flats are something new to most people—a street of handsome club-houses, hotels and private houses, with water instead of paving and boats instead of carriages. It has been called "the Venice of America." Fare for the round trip, fifty cents, supper ditto.

Another pleasant trip is to Sugar Island, down the river, passing Wyandotte, Ecorse and Grosse Isle, but the tourist must provide his own lunch. Of the two, the first named is most desirable. An all day's voyage takes one to St. Clair, Port Huron, Algonac, and returns him at night—pretty tired; so does a trip to Put-in-Bay, down toward Ohio. The city papers give hours of departure and tell from what docks boats leave.

A car on the Fort St. line, which passes the Bagley fountain south of the City Hall, going west, will take the passenger to Fort Wayne, or to Woodmere, as he pleases; the same road, going east, will convey him to Elmwood or Mt. Elliot. Brush St. cars will take one to the House of Correction. There are many institutions, such as the Old Ladies' Home, Home for the Friendless, Orphans' Home, Y. M. C. A. building, easy of access, and to be visited or not, according to one's tastes and time.

BEATRIX.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

BREAD bakes better and more evenly in single pans, a loaf to each pan. Pans should not be too large.

THE Morello, or sour cherry is much better canned or preserved than the sweet cherries, which lose their flavor in the process of preserving.

IF you esteem strawberry shortcake a delicacy and a delight, try a raspberry shortcake built on the same principle. Either red or black raspberries make a delicious cake.

ELDER-BARK ointment is the mildest, blandest and most cooling ointment which can be used. It is made by stripping the outer barks from the stalks and using the inner green bark. Simmer this bark in hogs lard until it becomes crisp, after which the ointment, while it is fluid, is strained through a coarse sieve.

THE following recipe is said to be sure death to the carpet bug or Buffalo moth. One ounce of alum, one ounce of chloride zinc, three ounces of salt. Mix with two quarts of water and let it stand over night in a covered vessel. In the morning pour it carefully into another vessel so that all sediment may be left behind. Dilute this with two quarts of water and apply by sprinkling the edges of the carpet for the distance of a foot from the wall. This is all that is necessary. They will leave boxes, beds and any other resort which has been sprinkled with the solution on the shortest possible notice, and nothing will be injured in texture or color.

Useful Recipes.

BUNS.—Pour one pint of boiling milk on three well-beaten eggs, stirring constantly. When cool add three tablespoonfuls of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one cake of compressed yeast and flour enough so the dough can be handled. If kept warm, this will be ready to shape into buns in four and a half hours. A shorter time will be required for the second rising.

HOME MADE YEAST.—Over one-eighth of an ounce of hops pour one quart of boiling water. Steep ten minutes. Make a batter of half a pint of cold water and half pint flour. Strain the boiling hop water into the batter, stirring constantly. Return to the stove and boil three minutes. Add half a tablespoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Pour into a stone jar, and when cooled to about seventy-five degrees, put in one cake of compressed yeast. Keep at this temperature for eighteen or twenty hours, stirring it down as it rises up; then put the jar in the cellar or some other cool place.

CHERRY TART.—Use three-quarters pound sugar to a pound of sour cherries, using the juice of the fruit and adding a little water if there is not enough. Cook the cherries in a syrup made of the sugar, juice and water for half an hour. Dip out the cherries and boil the juice until it is rich and of good consistency. Make your tarts with this preserve, using baked shells of puff paste, filling in the preserve and covering with whipped cream.