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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

For the Household.

FOR THE BEST.

BY CLARA BELLE SOUTHWELL.

"The cruel winds of fate blow anguish to each heart,
Into each mortal's life "some raindrops fall,"
For every soul God loves is pierced by sorrow's dart,
He metes with nicest measure grief to all.

Our quiet hearts felt their first bitter, awful woe,
Their first great anguish, dread and dark and deep,

When those who loved us and whom we loved long ago,
At last forgot the world and fell asleep.

Then came a grief still more to bear than that was known

When friends still true the untried river crossed;

For hearts that we thought faithful turned to hardest stone,
And confidence in man, alas! was lost.

Then sorrows came relentlessly into our life,
Not one by one as drops the summer rain,
But crowding, rushing onward, sorrow, care and strife,
Temptation, grief, and sin, all fraught with pain.

So all the pearls which gem the crown of happiness,
Which lent a separate blessing to our heart,
Not e'en Briareus in his hundred fold caress
Could grasp, so wide are scattered they apart.

As berries which have ripened in the deepest shade

Are fairer and are sweeter to our taste,

So lives which have matured in grief are purer made,

Like vast untrodden snow, all white and chaste.

MARSHALL.

A TRIP TO SARATOGA.

We arrived at Saratoga with a circus procession. As we did not travel with the circus, and as circuses are by no means unknown in Michigan, I should not mention the fact except to explain how it happened that we were able to take in at one comprehensive glance, in the moment of our arrival, the principal part of the population of the place, the permanent residents and the visiting strangers, who crowded the wide pavements on each side of Broadway, the chief and most beautiful avenue of the town. There is nothing like a circus procession to draw a crowd. The horses may look like the broken-down stock of a street railway company; the Arabs and Moors may owe their allegiance to the shamrock of Erin, and the steam calliope be a trifle more ear-splitting than the shriek of a locomotive, yet everybody goes to see the free part of the entertainment at least.

Saratoga is a beautiful place. It is a bit of city built into the country. Its "cottages" are what would be called elegant residences anywhere else, except perhaps at Newport; its hotels are magnificent in size, style and appointments, and the streets are crowded with all sorts of "turn outs," from the capacious barouche and the finely appointed landau, to the cart with the immovable footman perched behind and the children's pony carriages. There are five great hotels, the United States, the Grand Union, Congress Hall, the Windsor and the Clarendon, each able to accommodate from one thousand to eighteen hundred guests. Then there are a dozen or more smaller hotels, which can care for four, five or six hundred apiece; an unknown number which have room for two or three hundred each; and then begins the great host of private boarding houses which can entertain from fifteen to seventy-five people. Almost all the permanent residents take boarders during the season, and it is claimed Saratoga can take care of thirty thousand people, if they will only present themselves, at rates ranging from ten to two dollars a day, "you pays your money and you takes your choice" in accommodations.

The large hotels, like the United States and the Grand Union, are built on three sides of a court, and occupy an entire block. There are piazzas fifteen or twenty feet wide, fronting the street and looking upon the court, and the Grand Union has balconies on the second and third floors. The courts are beautiful grassy, tree-shaded lawns, with fountains and flower-beds, and walks lined with seats where one may rest and enjoy the morning and evening concerts, for each hotel has a full orchestra of more or less musical fame during the season. We spent a delightful evening in the park of the Grand Union, listening to the soft, dreamy music of Lothian's orchestra. The piazzas were crowded with elegantly attired ladies and gentlemen, all the settees in the park, under the leafy canopy lit up by electric light, were filled, while the two fountains were now wavering jets of crimson and blue, of rose and mauve, of gold and green, and then dazzling yellow light. The effect was indescribably beautiful.

Under the hotels all along Broadway, are bazars filled with every variety of fancy goods; china of all descriptions, from rare Limoges to common Majolica, jewelry, bric-a-brac, Turkish wares, and Japanese curios sold by a swart-skinned subject of

the Mikado. Many New York firms have branch stores here during the season, the Jew drops out of the old clothes business and sells plated jewelry at three times its value; in fact, if any trifle takes your fancy you may become its possessor by paying about three times what you could buy it for in any other town. These bazars seemed to me like glimpses of Aladdin's magic palace when I was in Saratoga seventeen years ago; they are not so wonderful to me now.

The rents asked for the handsome residences out North Broadway are frightful; the figures positively made my hair turn grey. A modest two story frame house rents for \$1,800 for three months; a nice brick villa for \$3,000. As the fashionables desert the place even before the butterflies have ceased to hover over the lawns, and the season when it is the correct thing to be at Saratoga includes only about ten weeks at the most, owners make their tenants pay roundly for what they want. But most of the houses are owned by wealthy residents of New York City, Albany, and other cities, who can afford to gratify their tastes in the matter of summer residences.

Saratoga is the most noted watering-place in the United States. For a long time it stood alone, famed on both continents for its medicinal springs. Its palmy days were before the war, when the Southerner brought his family and a retinue of servants to spend the summer, and threw about with lavish prodigality the proceeds of his cotton and sugar crops. During the war, and immediately after, it was largely the resort of the "shoddy aristocracy," who outvied each other in display of diamonds and dresses, and was consequently rather abandoned by the exclusive. The opening of so many other resorts on the seashore, and wherever the discovery of a spring of bad-smelling water warranted a boom of that locality, has operated to prevent Saratoga from regaining its old-time prestige and popularity, though there are many whose summer wanderings still include a few days at "the Springs."

The water of the springs, of which there are a great number of more or less note, is rather pleasant than otherwise. There is none of the disgusting odor of sulphuretted hydrogen which nauseates the would-be partaker of Mt. Clemens, Sandwich or Detroit mineral water, and makes him think a basket of rotten eggs has been broken close to his nose. The Saratoga water is

slightly saline, and is impregnated with magnesia, iron, and other mild salts, and it is very easy to learn to like it and sip a glass-full with the relish of an old habitue. Curiously, the water of each spring is different in taste and chemical ingredients, though all are situated in a ravine, evidently once the bed of a stream. The medicinal virtues of the waters were known to the Indians in early days; and a number of years ago I listened with much interest to the recollections of an aged lady, since deceased at the ripe age of eighty-six, whose girlhood's home was at Saratoga, and who described how she used to pick her way through the marshy hollow, pitcher in hand, to fill it at the springs which bubbled up among the stones. Seventeen years ago the High Rock spring had just been rejuvenated, a pavilion erected above it, and everybody was flocking thither to drink. Now it is almost deserted. We visited it, but were woe-folly disappointed. The elderly custodian accepted our nickels—in Saratoga you get "nothin' fur nothin' and precious little fur tuppence"—and we descended to see only a conical rock, perhaps four feet across and three feet high, with a hole in the centre through which the water is supposed to rise and overflow the stone, which has been formed by the slow deposit of the mineral constituents of the water through unnumbered years. A hastily summoned lad appeared and dipped up a couple of glasses of water from a wooden well near by, but it didn't taste good and we did not drink it. The lad said they had been pumping for the bottling house and hence there was no water flowing, but till I have ocular proof to the contrary I shall assert High Rock spring is a rock without water. Congress Spring was I think the first which became noted; it is alleged the spring has failed and that the water is charged with its chemical constituents in the basement under the beautiful and capacious pavilion, the largest and finest in the place, erected over the spring and at the entrance to Congress Park, a lovely park containing six or eight acres, laid off in terraces, with graveled walks, fountains, flower beds, statuary, a little artificial lake—everything to make it attractive.

The Hathorn spring is just now the favorite. It was discovered while workmen were removing the debris of a burned building, and a handsome pavilion rose upon the ashes of the old house. In the centre the water bubbles up six or eight feet in a glass cylinder, and boils and sparkles in two great crystal globes from which you are served. I like this water very much; it is clear—all the Saratoga water is beautifully clear—and the little bubbles of gas gem the sides of the tumbler as you drink. A drive of two miles took us to the famous Geyser spring, which with the Kissingen and Vichy, make a noted trio. The gas from the Geyser comes up with the water in a fine spray several feet high, through a tube connecting with underground regions; it comes in jets and spurts, hence its name. I did

not taste the water, there is a limit to one's capacity for even the untried. There is also a "spouting spring," which they say experiences an internal commotion resulting in an eruption which occurs with commendable promptness and regularity at five o'clock every afternoon. But I am always suspicious of these "fixed events," especially when they take place at the time best calculated to draw a crowd—at ten cents admittance fee; so we missed this phenomenon.

Saratoga people pray fervently for long and hot summers. Such weather sends visitors, and plenty of visitors means business. Even a goodly number of guests would look lonely in those great caravansaries, big enough to hold the population of a small village. It was said that on the third Sunday in July there were but four hundred guests at dinner at the Grand Union, with a waiter for each guest. The expense of maintaining one of these hotels must be frightful in the one item of help alone, for it is necessary to engage an army of table waiters, cooks, chambermaids, porters, at the opening of the season, in expectation of the people who may not come.

I noticed a lamentable dearth of young men and pretty girls. Most of the people seemed to pair off in that indefinable fashion which indicates they are already committed to matrimony. Many of the men were portly, middle-aged gentlemen whose tailors were obliged to provide ample latitude in the matter of waistcoats; and I never saw so many fat women at any one time and place in my life. Whether we chanced inadvertently upon a Fat Women's Convention—I never heard of one being held, but I do not see why the right to aggregate their avoirdupois should be confined to fat men—or whatever the reason I can't say, but about half the women on the hotel piazzas would weigh from one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred pounds apiece. Life at Saratoga is very much *al fresco*. Ladies go about the streets bonnetless, sheltering themselves under beautiful parasols, and trip to their favorite spring for the matutinal glass bareheaded, or with a scarf thrown lightly over the hair. Possibly some of the virtue ascribed to the waters may in some cases be due to the morning promenade prescribed by the doctors—and fashion. The Saratoga boothblack is the Hidalgo of his kind. He has no "kit" slung carelessly over his back, ready to "shine 'em up" on the spot if favored with an encouraging glance. People come to Saratoga to rest and be waited upon, and when a man has made up his mind that he will indulge in a shine, he deliberately seats himself in a large chair on a platform about two feet high, placed on the curb, often provided with a big umbrella, puts his feet upon a rest, and calmly surveys the passing throng while the artist deftly and respectfully manipulates his brushes. It is a dignified proceeding, conducted without unseemly haste and in an eminently aristocratic and high-toned fashion. But it seemed a trifle funny to me.

BEATRIX.

WOMEN'S SOCIETIES.

During the year several disparaging articles have been written in regard to the organizations of women. Some one was not appreciated, somebody dictated; some were not wise, and some gossipped. Now as facts are the best arguments let me give a few. Years ago a frail young girl came from India to rest. With a heart filled with love she told us something of the needs of that great people. The next Thursday eleven women put their odd pieces of calico into their pockets, with thimbles, needles and thread, and went to their first missionary meeting. With Scripture reading and prayer they consecrated themselves to the work of the gospel. The first quilt soon found its way to the bed of a sick mother near by. Since then many more beds have been made more comfortable, college rooms furnished, many garments remodeled for new owners, many quilts sold and contributions made for missions at home and abroad. Homes have been made glad at the coming of friends, as the meetings have passed from house to house; many whose fare at home might be limited have been refreshed by an appetizing meal furnished by all.

Many groups of children have smiled over the baskets of fragments gathered that nothing be lost; and best of all, several have said "It was in the society I first thought about being a Christian."

Sometimes our membership has been sixty, but no disturbing element has come among us.

We have broadened our work, but our hearts are drawn closer together. We have seen discouragements, but our consecration has been our balance wheel to keep us looking to our Great Leader. Death has left unfilled vacancies, but like a river with the bucket-full out, it moves on. In July was held our tenth annual meeting; tired shoulders were rested by exchanging burdens and by putting them upon younger ones, and thus organized we take up the work of another year. Delighted with the social advantages, cheered in the spiritual and strengthened in the physical man by a day of rest, we say we cannot give up our meetings.

The silence with which all these criticisms have been received has made me indignant, and I resolved to hold my peace no longer but to boldly declare women's organizations may be peaceable, profitable, permanent, interesting, and in every way equal to those of men.

J. M. W.

FAIRFIELD.

HARPER'S *Bazar* advises that in case of sunburned face or neck no water should touch the burned surface under twelve hours, unless one wishes to retain the red color of the skin and have it rough and peeling. Apply vaseline or cold cream, instead of washing the face. Before exposing one's self to the possibility of sunburn, or to drying or harsh winds, rub into the skin either almond oil or cold cream, and dust slightly with rice powder or sifted starch. This is better than the often recommended magnesia as a preventive, as it has not its drying properties.

GRADING COUNTRY SCHOOLS.

During the past four weeks I have been in attendance at the St. Clair County Institute at Fort Gratiot, and I heartily wish that all those who have been interested in the discussion in the HOUSEHOLD concerning district schools might have been there. With the conceit of a High School graduate, I went without expectation of much profit; but I came away ashamed of my own ignorance and full of respect for those who are devoting their time, thought and energy to the task of raising the standard of the common schools.

The work done by all the instructors was excellent, but the subject of which I wish to speak particularly is that treated by Secretary E. F. Law, of Yale, during the last week of the school—the grading and organizing of the country schools. The outline of the plan is to have in these schools eight grades, each grade to occupy one year. At the end of the eight years the pupil should be qualified to enter the sophomore year at any high school, and after graduation there, to enter the University. Thus we have a continuous course, and if any time is lost it is the fault of the teacher or the pupil himself. Any boy or girl who has been obliged to go back among the children on entering a city school, will plainly see the advantage of this.

At present we can have only loose grading for the older pupils; but those who now enter school for the first time will labor under none of the difficulties which beset ambitious pupils of ten or even five years ago. Each year's work is prescribed in a manual made out by a committee of capable men, and approved by Professor Estabrook; no material deviations from this course will be tolerated. A complete system of examinations is provided for, after the plan followed by most city schools. The teacher is to have occasional written reviews, and correct the papers with quite as much regard for punctuation, grammatical construction, spelling and writing, as for correct answers to the questions asked. If necessary the pupils are required to rewrite all or portions of the matter. At the end of each month a regular examination is given. At the end of the fall and spring terms, the county secretary furnishes questions for the three higher grades. These questions will be on the prescribed work, and the secretary can readily determine if the work has been well done or slighted; for the teacher is required to mark the papers and place them on file for inspection by the secretary at the earliest possible opportunity. At the close of the winter term the secretary holds a township examination, and all who obtain certificates at this are eligible to the final examination to be held at Port Huron in June. Those who pass this receive a diploma of graduation from the country schools.

A permanent record is to be kept in every school, stating fully the work done by each pupil, progress made in different branches, studies finished, etc., and reports are to be sent to parents and to the secre-

tary. Many objections are of course offered to this plan; every improvement whether in dress, steam engines, or education, has to fight its way against many obstacles. But the scheme has been successfully tried in Illinois and a few other states, and Michigan cannot afford to bear the reproach of old fogyism in educational matters.

One of the objections brought against the plan is that uniform text-books are necessary. While they are highly desirable under any system of education, the lack of them is not so great a hindrance under the new *regime* as under the old; for teachers are now required to supplement the text-books used in school with books of their own. The irregular attendance is against the success of the graded schools; but it is also against the success of the ungraded schools to quite as great a degree. One absurd objection urged is that pupils do not desire to take all the studies of the course, and that the parents do not care to have them do so. It is one of the chief objects of graded schools to oblige pupils to take the proper studies at the proper time. If they will not do this, they must be deprived of the privileges of the regular pupils. On the other hand, the advantages of the scheme are manifold. Pupils would be classified according to their ability and not their size, or the wishes of their parents. It would lessen the number of classes; and surely any one who has ever been in a country school and witnessed the almost endless succession of reading, arithmetic, and geography classes, will appreciate the reduction. There would be no going back over the old ground, for the new teacher will have before her a record of the work done under her predecessors. The school would thus be made far more interesting to the pupils; for they would always be sure of learning something new, and of advancing steadily. Of course it is a truism to say that in any work whatsoever the most interested do the best work. Thoroughness, which has always been an unknown quantity in district schools, would be secured, for without it no pupil could pass the examinations. Parents could judge accurately of the advancement of their children, while under the old system, or rather lack of system, the parents depended almost wholly on what the children themselves told of their studies. Children removing from one district to another would not lose time, since all districts would be expected to accomplish the same amount of work in the same time.

Of course all this brings more work to the secretary, and perhaps at first to the teachers, but after the routine is once established it will inevitably make the work lighter and more satisfactory than the antediluvian, go-as-you please method.

In order to have the best practical results, each teacher must provide herself with the latest and best books of all kinds, but especially educational, and must look upon her teaching as a profession, and not as a means of earning pocket-money. None of us are, or ought to be,

indifferent to the pecuniary side of the matter; but self interest alone should teach us to make the best of ourselves, put all the force of our wills to the work, and seek aid from the books and papers which are so cheap as to be within the reach of all. The teacher who does this is never at a loss for a good position, and may be sure that in time she will reach the foremost rank of the profession. Wages are raised by raising the standard of the work done. In the report made by the secretary to the school officers these things are taken into consideration, and a teacher who sticks to the old ways must not expect new prices; while on the contrary, one who is conscientiously trying to do the best work possible, even if it is with many drawbacks and failures, will receive all the recommendation and assistance to which her efforts entitle her.

When the coming generations look back upon the days of ungraded schools, they will bless the names of those who first started the good work and bravely sustained it against all difficulties.

I only echo the words of the teachers and of all who are interested in the school work of St. Clair County, when I say, "Long may Mr. Law continue in the good work which will owe so much of its undoubted success to him."

E. C.

PORT HURON.

UNGOVERNABLE CHILDREN.

The article by Beatrix on "Take me, Mamma!" in a recent HOUSEHOLD is an every day occurrence in some families of children. Beatrix asks, "What would you have done, good mother?" I can tell what I would have done in that particular case. If it were the first time Tommy had kicked up such a fuss, I would very firmly tell him he could not go with me and leave him at home. I should promise him a trouncing if he repeated the scene and I'd keep my promise, too. One good dose would probably settle the matter finally; if not I would repeat it. Some mothers have no government over their children, and it is sometimes very embarrassing to be in such company. Yesterday I was at one of my neighbors, and the little girl took up my best hat and whipped the cat with it, tore off part of the flowers, and played the mischief with it generally, while "mamma" was powerless to prevent it. The family had just left the table; the young miss seized one of my rubbers, threw it at another child and it landed in the butter dish. "Oh dear, what a naughty child I've got! Mamma is ashamed of you," said the mother. "I can't do anything with her. What *will* I do with her?" "Just loan her to me for five minutes, Mrs. Brown, and I'll wager a three cent calico dress she'll destroy no more hats—if she lives." "Oh my! I wouldn't whip one of my children for anything; they never would forgive me." And that's the trouble with many mothers. They don't govern their children, either with the rod or without it.

LANSING.

AUNT BECKEY.

A HOT DAY.

"Vacation" for those who think there's no place like away from home, but as for me I go out under the trees and care not whether I live or die, sink or swim, survive or perish, knowing full well that I shall do my level best to "swim" when the tide comes in, as come it will, for 'tis not always going to be so hot that one can do nothing but wear a three cent all around Mother Hubbard and loll, and be bamboozled by oily-tongued agents who come around with things to make woman's life in the kitchen a sort of ante-chamber to Paradise. "One been here to-day?" "Yes; the mopstick man. 'This mopstick, madam, is so arranged that it does all the housework and drives up the cows. See how it will climb to the ceiling, clean all to perfection, windows, woodwork, floors. By its aid you can make bread, pies, cakes, tend the baby, iron, and hoe in the garden all at the same moment without washing your hands.'" And the glib tongued young man's illustrations as he went along adjusting and readjusting the stick and the rag were so deft and indisputable that I thought, "Oh how nice that will be when housecleaning time comes in the little green cottage again." And as he offered to "give" it to me for fifty cents I paid the cash and took the stick, only to find later when I thought I would see if I could make the invention show off for all it was cracked up to be, that lo! it is of less practical value than the old mopstick that cost "ten cents" I guess and no more. Well, the chap sold one in nearly every house, and all find themselves "sold" to the amount of fifty cents. Such is life in hot weather. Had the weather been cool, civilly cool, I should have been less easily fooled by this labor saving machine, and thus should have saved my money to buy ice-cream and fire-crackers—something to cool the blood and fire the imagination, you know.

Well, it's no use! I cannot write when it is so sizzling hot! 'Tis no wonder to me that natives of torrid regions are forever indolent. What fools they would be to work as we commonly do, when they can get along with no clothes at all—scarcely—and can take browse and bacon for food! Oh, land of laziness and the lash! I long not for thee!

E. L. NYE.

THE HUCKLEBERRY MARSH.

It is said we cannot speak well on any subject we do not thoroughly understand. I have gotten to the bottom of one subject at least. We live on a farm only two miles from town, and in close proximity there is a huckleberry marsh.

Since the first of July we have had daily callers for this dainty fruit. Sometimes five or six hundred are here; at all hours come knocks and inquiries.

Think of the same questions and answers to go over twenty or thirty times a day for a month! There are faces peering in at you at all times. You seem to be holding daily receptions, with the difference that your callers request to come into the house to perform their toilettes. You are

sensitive as to the looks of your rooms when you are very busy with washing, chicken, etc., but it makes no difference. They borrow your wash-dish and then ask for your comb. You gaze longingly at that comb, but hand it out. If you refuse a request you get an indignant stare, and as they march away you catch the word, "cranky." One day a gentleman comes and claims to be a cousin of your third cousin. His wants are sundry and strange, but he makes them all known. It will probably end in his occupying your sitting room and lounge for the afternoon. How you would have appreciated his cool and restful slumber yourself!

The contents of your camphor bottle grow beautifully less as the days go by. There come calls for hartshorn, lemons, soda, peppermint, coffee, etc. They request to leave their berries, dusters, whips, dresses and change of hats in your kitchen; spill teagrounds all over your well platform; feed their horses in your front yard; tie to your shade trees, break down your fences, set a fire by smoking, make paths through your grain, break the pump, and when it isn't broken you hear an everlasting s'am-bang.

Now imagine people lounging in front and about the house, and your friends coming to call! It's pleasant! This is true, every word. Of course some don't bother. No wonder Joe and I look worried and tired. "Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long"—especially if it is a little farm with a huckleberry marsh attachment.

HOMER.

MRS. JOE.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

YOUR oil stove is a comfort or a nuisance, just according to how you handle it. Like a lamp, it will smoke and fill the room with soot if turned up too high, or if allowed to get dirty. It must be kept filled, evenly trimmed and clean.

EASTERN housekeepers make use of a fruit which is usually ignored by Michigan women—the elderberry. It is used for "pie timber" in its season and canned for the same use in winter. It is an insipid fruit, and needs the addition of lemon juice or vinegar to give it tartness and flavor.

WE commend to the attention of our readers, especially those who have a lively interest in our country schools, the article by "E. C." in this issue, which outlines the scheme of grading by which County Secretary E. F. Law hopes to reorganize the district schools of St. Clair County. This plan of grades, examinations, etc., has been practically tested in several States and found to work well and be a great benefit. It appears to be the most sensible and efficient plan as yet devised to accomplish what all will agree is badly needed—the establishment of country schools upon a basis which will bring them up with the times and make them worth the money they cost. The few objections which can be urged will be met and adjusted in the actual work. And one or two very excellent results cannot fail to

follow. The careless and incompetent teachers will be crowded out; there will be an incentive to do good work; the record of scholarship will encourage ambitious pupils and secure their proper advancement in their studies; there will be a definite object or aim in view to which they can work. Parents will see more clearly the necessity of prompt and regular attendance, and will take more interest in the schools and their children's progress. To make the system efficient, it should of course be general throughout the State, but if Secretary Law can make St. Clair County the initial county to adopt the graded system of district schools, he may live to quote "Behold how a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump!" A fair discussion of the merits and demerits of this scheme, with an earnest wish to "profit by what may be said for or against it," might be made a beneficial topic at the annual school-meetings soon to be held, and perhaps make the way to reform more easy.

A LETTER to the lady with whom "Amelia" wishes to correspond, sent under cover to the HOUSEHOLD Editor, will be forwarded at once to its proper destination. We will give information on the subject of "Amelia's" inquiries at an early date.

HON. S. S. BABCOCK, of this city, member of the State Board of Education, endorses "Jeanne Allison's" view of summer schools. He says: "Permit me to thank Jeanne Allison for writing, and you for publishing the article 'Ore of Our Summer Phases.' I regret that the last word in the title had not been written 'Evils.'"

MRS. J. T. D. asks whether back numbers of the HOUSEHOLD can be obtained, and how. We can usually furnish back numbers for the current year, and they may be obtained by sending to this office, enclosing postage. If those who wish to bind the HOUSEHOLD will look over their files at the close of the year and apply for missing numbers at once, they can usually be furnished. Directions for binding were given in the HOUSEHOLD last year, by "Judith." The bound volumes make a nice addition to the family library, and the HOUSEHOLD Editor surveys her six neat volumes with a good deal of satisfaction.

Contributed Recipes.

TOMATO JAM.—Six pounds of tomatoes, sliced and p.r.d.; five pounds sugar; one ounce white ginger-root; grated rind and juice of one lemon. Cook to the consistency of jam.

HERMITS.—Three eggs; one cup butter; one and a half cups sugar; cup seeded and chopped raisins; a very little citron chopped fine; one teaspoonful each of cloves, allspice and cinnamon; flour to roll. Cut in rounds. These will keep like fruit cake.

GINGER PEARS.—One peck pears; allow three quarters pound of sugar to the pound. Quarter pound ginger root cut in slices, and one bottle Jamaica ginger. Moisten the sugar with a bowl of water, and boil pears and ginger with it. Add the Jamaica ginger after the pears are cooked. CARRIE GARDINER. CHARLTON, N. Y.