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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

HAVING COMPANY.

The letter read "My dearest Sue,
Next Thursday I will spend with you;
I won't enjoy my visit, though,
If any trouble I bestow."

"O! I'm so glad," cried Mrs. White,
"For company is such delight,"
But looking round her in dismay,
"I must get ready right away."

Armed with a dust pan and a broom,
She went to work in every room,
She oiled and polished, cleaned and rubbed
And mended, scoured, washed and scrubbed.

Then in the kitchen she began,
While perspiration down her ran,
At pies and puddings, cakes and bread,
As if an army must be fed.

She toiled and fretted, cooked and baked,
She hurried, worried, stewed and ached.
When Thursday came, she, nearly dead,
Just managed to crawl out of bed.

And Mrs. Company came, too;
They kissed and hugged like women do,
And then began tired Mrs. White
To make excuses, never right.

"Oh, dear! my house" (then waxen clean)
"Is 'most too dirty to be seen—
So shut your eyes—you're looking stout—
Take off your things—I'm just worn out.

"You must excuse my cooking, too,
It isn't fit to offer you."
('Twas fit for kings.) "Too bad you come
Just when I'm upside down at home."

And thus she welcomed and distressed
And spoiled the visit of her guest,
Who wished she hadn't come to be
A tired woman's "company."

MOUNT MCGREGOR AND WOOD- LAWN PARK.

Everybody remembers how eagerly the bulletins from Mount McGregor were expected five years ago this last July, when Grant lay dying on the mountain top. The place will long be famed as the spot where the soldier-statesman breathed his last. It is ten miles from Saratoga, and said to be twelve hundred feet above it. A narrow gauge railroad conveys passengers to the summit, winding around the side of the great hill, now crossing a trestle, now running along a shelf blasted from the mountain, so that on one hand you look straight down into the tops of full grown trees and on the other stare blankly at a solid wall of rock so near you could apparently touch it from the car window. Mount McGregor I should judge to be one enormous rock, scantily covered with soil, the result of ages of gradual disintegration and vegetable accumulation. Everywhere the rock crops out in ledges showing dis-

placed strata; in the crevices wherever a handful of soil gives foothold, the wild shrubs of the forest maintain a precarious existence. There is a little station a couple of miles from the top where another engine was attached—"one pushee, one pullee"—and a few minutes more brought us to within ten or fifteen feet of the top, where we left the cars and ascended on foot. On the northeast the mountain forms a bold bluff, its wind-swept side and summit showing it to be composed of solid rock. The descent is almost perpendicular, and again you look into the swaying tree tops which fill the ravine and cling to the hillside. From the bluff a beautiful view is obtained, long stretches of fertile farm lands, dotted with houses and barns, orchards and grain-fields; here a tiny lakelet cradled in its basin among the hills, there a church spire gleaming white in the sunshine. Slope rises above slope until they are lost in the blue lines of the Green Mountains across the border in Vermont. We looked over the Hudson river, without seeing it. A faint blue haze hung over the landscape; it is rare, they say, to have a perfectly clear atmosphere. We sat down on one of the rustic seats and took our fill of beauty and the pure, bracing air at one and the same time.

The cottage where Grant died was given to the Grand Army of the Republic by its owner, Banker J. W. Drexel, of Philadelphia. It is in charge of a fine-looking man who wore the Grand Army uniform. Everything is as nearly as possible as when it was occupied by its last tenant. There is the bed upon which he died, the clock stopped at the moment of his death—July 23d, 1885, five years the day we visited the place. In an adjoining room is the floral offering sent by the G. A. R., a very large pillow of immortelles, the design a sword and the general's star, and also a mammoth "gates ajar" likewise in immortelles. In the room back of this were the great leather covered chairs in which General Grant slept during that wearisome period when he could not lie down; the table at which he wrote, his writing materials, and other articles he used, just as he left them. I could not help feeling, however, as if really correct taste and a true appreciation of sentiment would have retired from public gaze, however reverent and sympathetic, the very ordinary hose and undershirts exposed in a glass-fronted cabinet. Napoleon's cocked hat might excite an emotion quiescent under the sight of his very unheroic flannel

under-drawers, though both were worn at Waterloo. Hero worship demands somewhat of the ideal, not the painfully prosaic. There were many visitors that day, but in that little cottage there was the hush and quiet that prevail in the presence of death itself.

The following day we visited Woodlawn Park, at Saratoga, the summer residence of Judge Hilton, whose peculiar administration of the A. T. Stewart estate has given him a somewhat unenviable notoriety. It comprises 1,800 acres about a mile out of the village, though the street—North Broadway—is lined with elegant residences, among them being "the bottle house," the residence of Judge Dillon, of New York, which is a curiosity in itself. Its exterior walls are covered with stucco, with the bottoms of bottles embedded in it; there are all sorts and conditions of bottles, from the harmless pop-bottle to the expensive champagne. The judge is "strictly temperate," and his fancy for a decoration so at variance with his principles is a freak, evidently. A thirsty friend once paraphrased the Ancient Mariner's famous line into "Bottles, bottles everywhere, and not a drop to drink." John Morrissey, gambler, pugilist, and ex-member of Congress for New York, has his beautiful lawn decorated by a fighting gladiator and a magnificent statue of the Apollo Belvidere. Upon one lawn we saw bananas and orange and lemon trees in fruit, growing and apparently flourishing in the open air, while fine specimens of palms and other stately and costly tropical plants were largely used for the decoration of the lawns and wide verandahs.

Woodlawn is entered between stone gateways surmounted by marble statues and busts. The landscape gardener who laid it out was an artist and made the most of its natural capabilities. Every vantage point has been seized and utilized to afford a fine vista or a glimpse of distant landscape. As the surface is diversified by hills and natural terraces, agreeably broken by level stretches, and the wood has been judiciously cut out, the effect is very fine. There are eighteen miles of drives, maintained at great expense, men being constantly at work upon them. Hay is the only crop raised, and large quantities are cut yearly; we passed the barns and stacks at which the men were still at work. Every winter when snow falls in sufficient quantity to permit, Judge Hilton orders the drives rolled, thus packing the snow and making fine sleighing when the

paved streets are bare, and the public are at liberty to drive there as much as they please.

Judge Hilton has two residences—"cottages"—at Woodlawn, not more than a stone's throw apart. One, "The Wayside," built of stone and wood, is his home when he chooses to pay Saratoga a visit in winter; the other is of brick, and occupied in summer. Both are beautiful, but "The Wayside" was rebuilt twice before it suited its capricious master. There is a small pond on the grounds, fed by springs, shut in by a fringe of trees, and with a boat house which indicates its use.

Judge Hilton's "Naboth's vineyard" is close under his aristocratic nose. He has a mania for buying land to add to Woodlawn, and after the initial purchase, taken under mortgage foreclosure at a low figure, has paid exorbitant prices for parcels he coveted. But there are two old couples, Irish by birth, owing about four acres each, who will not sell "for love nor money" though offered many times the value of their holdings. To all overtures they reply they have enough to last them while they live, and probably derive much satisfaction from the knowledge they have something which a many-time millionaire covets and which his millions cannot buy. So there they stay, their characteristic unthrift and untidiness in strong contrast to the immaculate trimness of things all about them. The Judge also wanted to buy the Drexel residence, as he owns the land on three sides of it, and it is but a small lot of perhaps an acre. But here again his desires were thwarted, and Drexel's refusal to sell broke up a lifetime friendship. Hilton planted a willow hedge along his "line fence," to shut off Drexel's view of the park, and Drexel turned his back whenever the Judge rode by, showing even rich and benevolent men are not above the gratification of petty spite in school boy fashion. Drexel's last will and testament also provided the place should not be sold, but that it should be kept up and some of the family should spend some portion of every summer there. Saratogians speculate as to the probability that Hilton will at his death leave this fine park to the town; and are divided between their wish to secure so great an addition to their "attractions" and a wholesome awe of the increased taxation which would necessarily follow the maintenance of such a large domain in proper order. But the owner's previous record for generosity is not such that it is worth while to worry much over the ultimate destination of the property.

St. Christina's Home at Saratoga is a noble charity of which I had never before heard. The Home and the beautiful grounds surrounding it were given by a wealthy resident of Albany as a summer home for sick and poor children, in loving memory of his dead daughter Christina. Some seventy or eighty are sent here every year from the city to gain health and grow fat and happy in country air and sunshine.

On the Ballston & Schenectady railroad,

ten miles from the former station, is Round Lake, owned by the Round Lake Association, a semi pleasure, demi-religio educational resort, after the order of Chautauqua and Bay View. It is quite a noted place, a great many conventions and assemblies being held there, as well as the famous Round Lake camp-meetings. There is a large auditorium, with wooden roof and canvas enclosed sides, and a grand organ; lots of boarding-houses, shops, cottages, postoffice, telephone, etc. It is regularly laid off in avenues, and shaded by plenty of fine trees. Here too is the George West Art Museum, the gift of Hon. George West, of Ballston, who claims to be the largest manufacturer of paper in the United States, and who came to America without a cent, saved money on a salary of \$5 per week, married on \$7; and proposed to build his own monument—the Art Museum—before he died so he could see how he liked it. The collection is very good in some points, especially archaeology, though a rather miscellaneous aggregation.

Round Lake itself is, as its name indicates, set in a perfectly circular basin among the wooded hillslopes which form its cradle. Its waters are blue as a June sky, its expanse unbroken by even the smallest of islands. It is said to be full of fish, but we watched the embarkation of two fishermen armed with every modern device of the angler's art without one aspiration to follow their example and engage in that laziest of occupations, going a fishing. I shall always remember Round Lake, because, as the little girl said, "I was so s'prised" there. We arrived late, hungry as hunters, breakfast only a memory. We dined abundantly and bound ourselves never to tell how much we really did eat on that occasion. Being conversant with the usual schedule of prices at "resorts," especially for "transients," the landlady quite took my breath away by charging but twenty-five cents for the meal.

BEATRIX.

MY TRIP TO FLORIDA.

I have just been reading and enjoying E. C.'s "Trip to Goderich," and it occurred to me that some of the HOUSEHOLD readers might be interested in hearing about my trip to Florida.

The drive was taken March 29th, 1889. I had been spending several months in Southern Georgia, and could not think of coming north without entering the State I had so often dreamed about and longed to visit. When we first talked of visiting Florida, we thought nothing less than St. Augustine or a trip to the Gulf could satisfy us. Later, we decided that a trip to Tallahassee would be interesting and more economical. But when vacation arrived and the contents of our pocket-books had been counted, and we began to realize that our week's vacation contained only seven days; we decided that a drive to Monticello would be very enjoyable. Monticello is a small town, located ten miles from the Georgia line and twenty-two miles from the place where we boarded. We could have reached the town by

rail, but wished to enjoy the scenery, so hired a double carriage and a colored driver for the trip. The carriage arrived at seven, and we soon stood upon the porch with our wraps and a lunch basket, receiving the kind wishes of those who were to remain at home, and determined in our own minds to leave all care behind and enjoy the outing to the best of our ability.

The day was perfect, not even a cloud in the heavens to remind us of a storm. In the early morning we needed light-wraps, but by ten o'clock were glad to lay them aside. The roads are excellent, and wound through the forest at least half the distance. The Southern forests are always pretty, but in March and April they are especially lovely. All winter we had admired the magnolias, pines, live and water oaks, and had wished many times that our Northern forest could keep its bright mantle on twelve months in a year. At this time the deciduous oaks, the sweetgum and some other varieties were just putting forth fresh foliage, and the light green of the new leaves blended well with the dark green of the evergreens. Everywhere flowers greeted our eyes and called forth exclamations of delight. Sometimes it was the Cherokee rose, which had climbed to an unusual height and covered some trees with beautiful snow-white blossoms. Even the yellow jessamine was not unheeded, though we had picked many a bouquet before. This is a vine that blossoms in February and continues in bloom many weeks. It is very plentiful in the South, and much admired for its delicate fragrance. In some places the pink azaleas grew in such profusion they seemed to form a wall of pink. The dog-wood trees, which grow large and more perfect than at the North, were in full bloom, also the pink crab apple; so the whole forest seemed one huge bouquet. And mockingbirds added to the pleasure of the occasion by singing their sweetest songs. Southern moss was festooned from many of the trees, but we had seen so much of this we hardly noticed it. I never admired it as some do, for a tree covered with long gray moss was always a solemn sight to me, and my thoughts invariably dwelt upon death and old age when I viewed it.

One distinctive feature of the South is the absence of bridges. A stream that can be forded by a horse is seldom bridged. We crossed a stream where the water was so deep we were obliged to lift our feet from the bottom of the carriage to keep them dry. We were in such an amiable mood that day this little excitement only added to our pleasure; but I usually felt like exclaiming with Miss Ophelia, "Oh! how shiftless!" We had much sport looking for the Florida line, and wondering if we should notice the difference when we passed from Georgia into Florida. We did not notice much difference in the vegetation, but after entering Florida, we saw several colored women plowing; and as we had never seen them thus engaged before, we concluded that must be a distinctive feature. Plowing in the South is

not much like plowing in the North. There they use a small shovel plow, often with only one mule attached, and only plow the ground three inches deep. At that season they were preparing the ground for the cotton crop.

We reached Monticello about eleven. After resting a short time at the hotel, we began to look about the town and seek out a suitable spot for our picnic dinner. We soon discovered the desired place under a large live oak, and proceeded to enjoy our well filled lunch basket.

The town is not noted for its fine buildings or any natural curiosity; and there were no orange groves to wander through. But we saw some fine fig trees and a few small orange trees. We purchased a bouquet which contained orange blossoms, and tried to imagine the beauty and fragrance of a real orange grove. Nearly every garden had a variety of rare rose bushes which were in full bloom at this time. The roses of the South are so beautiful I never found words to express my admiration for them. It seemed as though I must love them as I would personal friends. The wisteria covered the front of many houses with delicate bluish blossoms, resembling our sweet pea in shape.

The landlord at the hotel tried to add interest to the place by telling us of some nobleman who had once resided there. But I did not remember the name over night; for I never admired a foreigner, even though a nobleman, half as much as I do a good American citizen. And I would sooner meet some of the successful women in our own country than to see the Queen of England.

We bade farewell to Monticello about four p. m., and reached home soon after seven, somewhat tired with our drive of forty miles, but well pleased with our holiday.

OLIVET.

C. M. CURTIS.

KINDNESS TO THE LIVING.

As I was passing the cemetery one of those hot days the last week in July, there came out of the gate two poor women, on foot. They had been to shed a few tears and place a few flowers on the grave of a friend recently buried. They looked tired and heated, and they must have walked more than half a mile in that boiling sun for this purpose. I could not help asking myself how much would they have incommoded themselves for this friend if she were alive and well.

And the thought is just as applicable to the larger share of humanity. When we are all alive and stirring we are all too careless about speaking a kind, gentle, appreciative, encouraging or sympathizing word. We are too careless or selfish—which is it?—to incommode ourselves very much for the pleasure or benefit of others. If we knew they would live but a few weeks, we would feel we could not do enough for them. How much happier we would be, and our friends also, if we could only live each day as if we knew it was to be the last for either us or our friend! In-

stead, we all act as if we expected we were to live here always. The avenues of our hearts get choked up with the weeds of envy and jealousy; if our neighbor or friend has some attention that we do not, or buys something which we think we cannot afford, how easy to an undisciplined nature comes a twinge of jealousy or an envious feeling, though we may have many things the person envied does not, and perhaps they are much the more deserving.

Is there anything that causes more trouble than envy and jealousy! How many things will the jealous person try to ferret out to injure the one of whom they are jealous! They often are the originators of many false reports, causing many bitter tears to flow and many excruciating pains in the heart.

Envy and jealousy both arise from selfishness, and how can the selfish person be tender and considerate of any one who does not do as they wish them to, who does not administer to their selfish desires? We all know many charming people who seem almost without a flaw until interests conflict, or they wish us to see the things in which both are interested through their eyes; and because we cannot they accuse us and we accuse them of being selfish, of wanting everything their own way. We think the other party the most disagreeable person we ever met; and we are apt to say some not particularly kind things. (But it does not pay; the more a person gives their mind to this kind of thinking, the faster they will slide down to the level of those meannesses, if they were ever above them.) But let those persons die, how quick then we are to see the good, lovable qualities and recognize the worth which we overlooked while they were with us!

Let us each aim for a higher stand in life; let us strive more effectually to be what we wish people to think we are. Let us cultivate love and a kindly feeling where now it is perhaps only simulated. Some noted person has said "Our highest aim is the measure of our ability." Let us look for good everywhere; not only to find good but to do good while we and our friends are living and can see and feel grateful to us.

How many hearts there are all about us aching in loneliness for the sympathy which will be lavished on their senseless clay when they have no need of it! These do not "wear their heart on their sleeve;" they are those who always carry a smile on their faces, but you never get far below the surface until you have proved yourself a friend indeed.

In looking over one of our papers I saw in a Chicago correspondent's letter an account of some young ladies who became interested in a poor family, and found work for two of the girls. The warm weather and confinement told severely on them. One of the young ladies, a judge's daughter, offered to send one of the girls away to a resort for rest and recuperation, but the employer would not consent to spare her because he was pressed with

work. So the judge's daughter went every day for two weeks, leaving home at six o'clock in the morning and returning at seven in the evening, and filled the girl's place that she might have the needed vacation. Not until the rested worker had returned was it learned that the substitute was a judge's daughter. Does this not read like a fairy story? It is told for truth. If it is true, there is hope for this wicked old world yet. I wonder if I am acquainted with any young ladies who would sit in a tailor's shop ten hours a day for half that number of days that some other girl might rest! How many are the girls who will assume all the work of the kitchen and dairy that mother may take a few weeks' rest, when the needed rest may mean life or death; and in any case happiness or misery, the misery of a continued weariness in both body and mind, or the happiness of a rested body, as well as the happiness one must feel in being the possessor of a daughter who would feel it a pleasure to bear some of her burdens, a daughter who would be glad to suffer some of the heat and the weariness, that mother may rest and be cool and brighten herself up! Would not many more girls think of this and feel it a pleasure to do if mothers made their daughters companions, if they lived in intimate social relations, so they understood each other's thoughts and feelings on all subjects?

I have known mothers and daughters who were more strangers to each other's hearts than to any of their neighbors. I have known mothers who never said, "Daughter, I am very tired and my head aches; if you will get dinner for father and the boys I will go and lie down and rest awhile." Instead it would be, "Jane, go and get the potatoes and other vegetables ready, and when time put them cooking," and then walk off, nothing more said. Even when she got up and returned to the living room, the mother would take up her work, and the daughter would go to her room (as soon as the dinner dishes were washed) to do something in which she is interested, or to read a borrowed novel she does not wish her mother to see. This way of living is growing beautifully less, I am glad to say; since Young America has come to the front there is a different order of things, but there is room for a vast amount of improvement in the matter of showing and feeling more kindly thoughtfulness between members of one family, and also between members of the universal family. God speed that day.

RIVERSIDE.

POLLY.

THE Detroit Exposition opens on the 26th inst., and continues ten days. The headquarters of the FARMER on the grounds will be in the picturesque Swiss chalet which was purchased at the Flower Show last spring, and which will be located in "Newspaper Row," at the northwest corner of the main building; and here we hope to see many of our friends. We shall have samples of the sewing machines furnished by the FARMER on hand, and invite those interested to come in and inspect them.

FROM A SCHOOL GIRL'S STAND-POINT.

Although I have never occupied the unenviable position of district school ma'am I have occupied the equally unenviable and unsatisfactory one of district school girl. I attended a district school from the time I was old enough to say my letters and count as far as twenty, until a few years ago when I entered a high school. Since then I have had to unlearn a great deal that I had learned at the country school, and learn more thoroughly some things that were thought too inconsequential to be remembered when I studied them first.

Since I left I have had no desire to return to the scene of my earliest schooldays any longer than to visit my old schoolmates in the old schoolhouse. But only a few of the boys and girls of my age attend regularly now. The boys have become engrossed in farm work, at least the most of them, and are only found in their places during the winter months, when they spend the most of their time in reviewing arithmetic and neglecting the other studies.

Some of the girls have married, and others, backed by a third grade certificate, have entered the range of country school teachers, while the girls and boys who still scramble for the back seats at the beginning of each term are studying the same lessons out of the same books that they were studying when I left them.

The latest edition of youngsters who daily add reinforcements to the paper wads on the ceiling and fresh ink blots to the pine desks, are wriggling their way through the series of dog-eared readers which have descended from their older brothers and sisters.

Although I am only a school girl, inexperienced in educational work, I do not believe that the average district school will ever be of much advantage to the scholar after he has obtained the rudiments of his education, until higher wages are paid so that teachers may be obtained whose education has not been limited to the range of these same schools, with the theories and methods gleaned while in attendance at summer normals and teachers' institutes.

SCHOOL GIRL.

TO MAKE GOOD COFFEE.

Some of the sisters of the HOUSEHOLD will probably smile at the presumption of a man giving directions about culinary matters; but living in different families for twenty winters in my early life, "boarding around" while teaching district schools; living for a number of years in the latter part of my life among Spanish families on the Pacific coast, and having traveled somewhat extensively in the South, in both of which latter places the people justly pride themselves on making good coffee; and having done my own cooking for three years in California, I have the vanity to think my rare opportunities for observation warrant me in believing I can give some valuable hints on cooking.

To make a cup of coffee that will cause

one to get right up and howl, put a heaping tablespoonful of fresh, finely ground coffee into a tight linen bag, add to this in the coffee pot a cup of cold water for each spoonful of coffee, set away to infuse till morning, boil slowly for ten or fifteen minutes before serving, and you have the strength all extracted, and a clear amber beverage, requiring no settling material, and good enough for the gods or any mortal to drink.

MUSKEGON

GRANDPA.

SEVERAL THINGS.

Has anybody missed me? I have been traveling most a week. Who knows into what ruts they fall by years of round-and-round until lifted out, and then how they long to get back into them, like the Prisoner of Chillon to his cell! It is a strange sensation to one very rarely from home to find herself in a large gathering and realize "Nobody knows me;" and a very different feeling when on the train you unexpectedly meet a friend of your childhood.

I did not get out of Michigan, so on my friend's table lay the HOUSEHOLD. I asked "What do you think of one hundred and forty-seven napkins a week?" as I glanced at her neat breakfast table spread with a red cloth and napkin in ring at each place. "Why, the absurdity!" she replied. "We use our napkins a week, wonder if she uses twenty-one tablecloths!" and here followed some good words for the HOUSEHOLD. Just now while looking over the HOUSEHOLDS I find the Sabbath question will not down. Isaiah says: "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day, and call the Sabbath a delight, not doing thine own way nor finding thine own pleasure, then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord." The foundation principle of the gospel is self-denying love for the sake of others. One may be strong enough to forsake the assembling together, but what of the weak brother who in such diversion might be led into sin? "No man liveth to himself alone."

And now about work for children. As soon as baby can close a door or bring a paper let him do so, but do not tie him to one monotonous set of things every day. Children love to do what you are doing, and quite an experience has taught me that the time to teach children is when they want to learn; they will be awkward and hinder, but mind, *they are trying to learn* now with an enthusiasm that will not come again if repeatedly told "Oh go away, don't bother now." Grandma asks this, I suppose for the benefit of those not grandmothers yet. About family government, when the first half of my family gathered around my knee I could have given advice freely, but the experiences that have accumulated with the coming of the rest make me very silent. Of one thing I am fully persuaded and that is, that the unlucky last baby is spoiled more by neglect than by an undue share of love. Don't forget the baby in the demands for time made by the older ones.

I have just read an article on the "Work

Demon," and I fear it is true there is such a demon thrusting work upon us that steals our time from our children and starves love out of the family. Oh for divine wisdom to teach us what is essential and what non essential in our lives!

MRS. SERENA STEW.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

WRAP left over bits of piecrust in tissue paper and put them in a cool place, and they can be used at the next day's baking.

HUCKLEBERRY pie is rather tasteless stuff. Try the juice of half a lemon or a tablespoonful of cider vinegar in each pie.

It is recommended that new linen tablecloths, napkins and towels be not put through the wringer before hanging up, but put upon the line dripping wet. The fine wrinkles and creases made by the wringer are hard to iron out. If hung up while wet, there are no wrinkles.

A COMMON mistake is to boil green corn too long. When tender and fresh ten minutes is long enough, and even the oldest and hardest of green corn will cook in twenty minutes. Corn cut from the cob should cook in ten minutes. Always put green corn into boiling water.

THE *Northwest* says: To clean and restore the elasticity of cane chair bottoms, couches, etc., turn up the chair bottom, etc., and with hot water and a sponge wash the canework well, so that it may be well soaked; should it be dirty, you must add soap; let it dry in the air, and you will find it as tight and firm as when new, provided the cane is not broken.

Contributed Recipes.

TOMATO CATSUP—One peck ripe tomatoes; one ounce salt; one ounce mace; one tablespoonful each of black pepper and celery seed; seven tablespoonfuls ground mustard; one teaspoonful each of cayenne pepper and ground cloves. Boil the tomatoes till thoroughly cooked, put through a colander and then through a hair sieve. Return to the fire, add the seasoning and boil five hours, taking care to stir frequently, and almost constantly during the last hour. Let stand twelve hours in a cool place, then add a pint of strong vinegar. Bottle; sealing the corks with hot wax. The celery seed should be put in thin muslin bags.

KIT.

BEDFORD.

CUCUMBER PICKLES—To a gallon of cider vinegar add a teacup of salt. Wash small cucumbers and put in as long as the vinegar covers them. Cover with a plate and small weight to keep them under the vinegar. These are crisp and sour.

TO KEEP GREEN CORN—Cut the corn from the cob, and to each gallon add a very small cup of salt; stir well together, put in a stone crock and cover with a white cloth and plate and a weight on that. The cloth must be rinsed each morning for two weeks, and then the corn is fit for use.

DILL.

FINTON.