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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### THE "GOODEST" MOTHER.

Evening was falling cool and dark,  
And people hurried along the way,  
As if they were longing soon to mark  
Their own home candle's cheering ray.

Before me toiled in the whirling wind,  
A woman with bundles great and small,  
And after her tugged, a step behind,  
The bundle she loved the best of all.

A dear little roly-poly boy,  
With rosy cheeks and a jacket blue,  
Laughing and chattering full of joy:  
And here's what he said—I tell you true:

"You're the goodest mother that ever was,"  
A voice as clear as the forest bird's;  
And I'm sure the glad young heart had cause  
To utter the sweet of the lovely words.

Perhaps the woman had worked all day  
Washing or scrubbing; perhaps she sewed;  
I knew by her weary footfall's way  
That life for her was an uphill road.

But here was a comfort, children d ar!  
Think what a comfort you might give  
To the very best friend you can have here,  
The mother dear, in whose house you live.

If once in a while you'd stop and say,  
In task or play, for a moment pause,  
And tell her in sweet and winning way,  
"You're the goodest mother that ever was."

—Margaret E. Sangster.

A little maid upon my knee  
Sighs wearily, sighs wearily;  
"I'm tired out of dressin' dolls  
And having stories read," says she.

"But here's your 'Old Man of the Sea,'  
And 'Jack the Giant'!" (Lovingly  
I tried the little maid to soothe.)  
"The interestin' one," says she,

"Is that high-up one!—seems to me  
The fings you want just has to be  
Something you hasn't got; and *that's*  
The interestin' one!" says she.

### THE WORLD'S BURDENS.

I read, with unusual interest, M. E. H.'s  
resumé of "Three Dreams in a Desert"  
which appeared in last week's HOUSEHOLD.  
And when I had finished, I found myself  
in a reflexive mood which caused me to  
lay down the editorial pencil and lean back  
in my big arm chair, to consider the inter-  
pretation of these visions. The brick  
walls and barren earth which alone are  
visible from my office window faded away,  
and instead I seemed to see long stretches  
of desert waste, burning under a torrid  
sun, "a weary land where no water is."  
Amidst the desolation, supine in her des-  
pair, half buried in the drifting sand—was  
that indeed woman? Why was she there?  
How was she there? And then the ques-  
tion, *Is she there?* Is woman indeed a  
thing prostrate upon the earth for man to

tread upon, and trample under foot? Is  
she really a slave to him, wearing shackles  
as emblems of her servitude? Are all the  
burdens of the world laid upon her, crush-  
ing her beneath the load? And somehow,  
to these queries heart and intellect alike  
answered, NO.

I am tired of this talk about women  
being slaves, oppressed, down trodden,  
kept in subjection by men. If women pro-  
claim themselves slaves, if they are not  
ashamed to liken themselves to beings that  
are bought and sold, who can blame the  
world if it believes they have the spirit of  
slaves? We are apt to be taken at our  
own estimate of ourselves, especially if it  
be a low one. The world may scoff if we  
over-value our own merits; it will accept  
our estimate if we put it low enough every  
time. It women throw themselves in the  
dust, then say "Look at me! See how I  
am abused and oppressed!" what wonder  
men take them to be the poor things they  
affect to be?

I do not dream, but with wide open eyes  
see woman side by side with man, recog-  
nized as his equal, often as his superior.  
I see him yielding her courteous place  
where her work is literally taking the  
wages from his own hand. I see him  
watching her progress with admiring eyes,  
and realizing that the more she knows the  
better able is she to be his companion. I  
see him reverencing her goodness and  
abashed before her superior virtue. I see  
too that as she has the training and direc-  
tion of his early years, if she brings him up  
to regard her as his subject, his slave, she  
has tied the noose, put her own head within  
it, and invited him to strangle her.

Are all the world's burdens laid on the  
women? I look around and see everywhere  
women—wives, daughters, mothers, sisters  
—safe and secure in the homes men are  
toiling to maintain for them. I see  
poverty, sometimes; humble homes, poor  
furnishings, plain food, and men struggling  
with might and main to secure even these  
to the women and the children they love.  
The wolf Hunger haunts the door, and  
man with his stout cudgel labor keeps  
him away. I see men swallowed up in the  
vortex of speculation and trade, in fiercest  
rivalry for money which their wives and  
daughters spend in extravagances; men at  
work in stores and offices during long  
torrid summer days while their families  
dawdle away the time by mountain and  
sea, spending the money husbands and  
fathers are earning in literal sweat of the  
brow. Man is the breadwinner, woman

the breadmaker. Which is the harder  
task, to fight the world and win the bread,  
or dispense it after it is won?

Life's heaviest burdens are borne by  
men. Women think them light, perhaps,  
because most men bear them after a manly  
fashion. But see how quickly the widow,  
feeling the burden of self support irksome,  
throws it back upon some man's shoulders  
by marrying him!

If woman must support herself, she finds  
a thousand avenues open to her, as to her  
competitor, man; the only requisite being  
that she shall be capable and efficient.  
Nor will men disdain her for her toil; that  
is left for the world of women, who issue  
the decree that the woman who is support-  
ed in luxury by her husband shall be  
honored, while she who must struggle for  
herself shall be socially ostracized.

What must be the thought of the man  
who tramps the city's streets for the work  
which alone stands between his family and  
starvation and cannot find it? The burden  
of their support rests upon him. It is a  
popular fallacy that there is always work  
for the man who earnestly desires it, but  
it is a fallacy, as many men know to their  
sorrow. At home, wife and children wait  
impatiently for the results of his labor.  
Neighbors condemn him, his wife perhaps  
despises him in heart because of his in-  
ability to provide her the comforts she de-  
sires. Who bears the heaviest burden in  
this case?

This talk of woman, crushed under a  
load heavier than Christian's allegorical  
burden, reminds me of a story I once heard  
of an old man and his wife who had their  
occasional "family jars." The old man  
had a gang of men building a barn, another  
gang threshing, a job of corn cutting  
under way, a sick horse, a broken wind-  
mill, and a cow just run over by the cars.  
The wife reproached him in those mild  
terms fretful women are apt to use toward  
delinquent husbands, with some trifling  
duty he had overlooked. He retorted that  
if he had nothing more on his mind than  
*she* had, he probably would have remem-  
bered it. "Nothing on my mind! nothing  
on my mind! I should think I've got as  
much on my mind as you have, *with all*  
*these dishes to wash!!*"

God Himself laid the burden of materni-  
ty upon woman—at once the sweetest and  
the heaviest she has to carry. The most  
irksome of her other loads she lays upon  
her own shoulders, then like the greedy  
child grasping the handful of sweetmeats  
within the narrow-necked jar, she will not



drop one whit of what she holds, yet cries "See, I am fastened here! Thus am I oppressed!"

The social world is ruled by women, who impose its duties and its penalties. What makes housekeeping so onerous a task that every woman who can evades it, and she who cannot makes a bugbear of it? What, but the standards raised—not by men, but by other women. What others think and do decides what she shall do. Who grumbles at her married life, the neglectful husband, the trials and toils of her wife's estate, and is first to apply the epithet "old maid" to the woman who takes fright at her warnings and stays single? Who is first to speak the unkind and uncharitable words concerning a sister woman? Who is first to condemn her unheard, judging her by hearsay or by appearances? Who first to frown down the woman who wants "to get in our set," not because she has not the brains and the Christian graces, but because she has not the money? Ah, when women are more just and charitable to their own sex, the heart burdens of many a sensitive sister will be wonderfully lightened.

The "land of Freedom," to which the dreamer would attain? It lies right here, in America, and its day is *Now*. No one has suffered to reach it; no corpses of those who "made the bridge" line its shores. The labor and the suffering are not past—they never will be; they are the common lot of both man and woman; the heritage of humanity; they have existed since the beginning, they will continue to the end.

And yet, with these manifold burdens so grievous to be borne, under which she supposes herself to be staggering, woman wishes to take upon herself yet another, the most onerous of all. She wants to vote, to make laws, to hold office; and complains not a little because men show a disposition not to endow her with this added care. But this, she thinks, hath magic in its touch; all that oppresses will vanish before it, all grievances be redressed, all wrongs made right. Nor will she be satisfied until she has had a trial and learned the contrary by actual experience.

BEATRIX.

#### IN THE FLOWER GARDEN.

In lifting gladiolus corms it will be noticed that numbers of small ones have grown at the base of each, and the question often arises, what are these good for? If one has the patience to plant them three successive years they will have raised just so many exact duplicates of the parent plant, which is well worth doing if of a good variety, for an abundance of these charming flowers is worth striving for. The way to secure new varieties is by planting the seeds, for they seldom come true, and it takes no more time than from the small corms; and if they are from good sorts and fertilized by equally as good ones, four-fifths will be worth planting, with a chance for something rare. It is a great mistake, but one often made in the flower garden, to retain and plant seeds from inferior things. It is a sure way to lose in

the fine rich coloring and texture, or rather substance, that distinguishes a well grown select flower of any sort. One who has raised flowers can tell at a glance which have had suitable care to bring about the best results. There is all the difference of real or shoddy, or well and poorly fed stock.

Another puzzle with many is whether the plain red gladiolus will "run out" the better sorts as it seems to do. The poor kinds of anything in the plant kingdom surely multiply faster than the superior ones; and besides, we are not dividing and exchanging away those as we do our fine roots that come so dearly; and by paring with the most or all of our increase in our best, and retaining and planting all our common kinds that multiply so fast, we are often led to believe they do really sport, which would be a new thing in floriculture except indeed through the mixing in the blossoms, as I stated before.

So I advise plant lovers to have none but good varieties of gladiolus—or anything else—lift them before the ground freezes and spread under shelter until dry. Cut away the stem within a few inches of the root, and keep in shallow boxes in a frost proof place during winter. Save all seeds if worth the pains, and those will be worth the labor of raising.

In reply to B, I have seen *Ampelopsis Veitchii* climb and cling closely to wood trellis work, and have no doubt of its taking a firm, tenacious hold on a wooden building of whatever dimensions.

FENTON.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

#### MISPLACED SYMPATHY.

It is nearing the house-cleaning time and again we shall read those semi-annual, pitiful stories of masculine grievances, all caused by walking over cakes of soap, being interviewed by inverted tacks or taking cold lunches from a barrel head in the wood house during the avalanche of house-cleaning; but who ever read a word of sympathy for the feminine members of the disarranged household, who have all the dust and discomfort, all the toil and trouble, all the planning to keep up appearances without extra expense? During this important siege what much-abused man ever passed through the mental agony endured by a woman when the door bell rings and, lacking a substitute, she answers the summons with all the alacrity of a martyr walking to the stake, and must meet and entertain for moments that seem like hours some over-polite book agent or vender of silver polish, conscious all the time while vainly trying to appear at ease (as no woman ever did or ever will), that her complexion has suffered from an accidental contact with stove polish and her attire is decorated with drops of whitewash or paint, with tumbled hair and worn slippers and, above all, the knowledge of masculine foibles by which she accurately anticipates the remarks that are sure to follow, sooner or later! What has man ever endured that can approximate to this? But so long as the average man's ideas of cleanliness never go beyond the washing

of hands, they can hardly be expected to comprehend the need of general renovation and womankind must wait, as heretofore, the coming of the millennium.

ROMEO.

EL. SEE.

#### FUCHSIAS.

At the east end of the house we have a small porch, and partly under this for a long while stood the swill barrel, and not being very tight much of the contents oozed through into the ground. Last spring I removed the barrel, threw some soft meadow earth over the spot, made a neat garden bed and put in the fuchsias. It was partly shaded, and the plants did wonderfully well. The blossoms came by hundreds, and were especially large and very rich colored. The Storm King was very fine. The plants hang down full of blossoms up to frost time. I shall take them up with earth around the roots, put in a basket and store in the cellar. The treatment agreed with them, so I shall dig a hole in the fuchsia bed and throw in swill through the winter. A little wood ashes now and then keeps the worms away and is a good sweetener. Early in the spring, I shall throw over soft earth, and put in the plants again that have been cut down and started in the house.

DETROIT.

SISTER GRACIOUS.

#### AN EXPLANATION WANTED.

I want some one to tell me *why* green corn, peas, fruits, etc., must be cooked in the cans in the wash-boiler, with a great expenditure of heat and time and an infinite deal of trouble. The recipes all order this to be done. Now I cannot see why the same results cannot be obtained by cooking whatever is to be canned thoroughly in a stew pan, then filling the cans. If necessary they could be set in the boiler long enough to heat the contents hot enough to expel the air before sealing, which I take it is the main object of all this fuss.

I can see it might save handling and consequently some damage to the appearance of tender fruits like strawberries, blackberries and raspberries to cook them in the cans, but I don't see the benefit in the case of vegetables. I always like a reason for troublesome processes in housekeeping, to make certain I am not wasting what is so precious to housekeepers, time and strength.

Will not some one explain?

FLINT.

EUDORA.

GRAPE WINE.—One gallon grape juice; three pints cold water; three and one half pounds brown sugar; stir the sugar into the grape juice; pour the cold water on the squeezed grape skins, and let stand over night. In the morning pour off, squeezing the skins again, and add to the grape juice and sugar. Fill a demijohn very full, reserving part of the juice in another dish; as the juice effervesces it must be skimmed every morning and the demijohn filled again from the reserved juice. When effervescence ceases, filter the wine, bottle and seal it. Keep in a dark cool place. From *Harper's Bazar*.



## FROM A VERITABLE GRANDMA.

In making my best courtesy to our own Beatrix and the many members of the HOUSEHOLD, I must assure you I am "really truly" Grandma, having my own chair and knitting the stockings for my grandchild, not in the famous chimney corner, but by the open grate fire, and every Saturday putting on my glasses to read the HOUSEHOLD next to my letters. I am much interested in each and all of the HOUSEHOLD family, and nod my head when "Grandpa" says it is no disgrace to be rocked in the cradle of the district school (or something of the kind); and say "Truly so" when "School Girl" says that district schools are very deficient. The cradle should be rocked in all directions. Teachers in the country fail very much in pushing one, or their favorite study, at the expense of other studies. The geography with its colored maps is more inviting, the examples in arithmetic much more enticing on the blackboard than sentences in grammar; but from my own experience I know that children can be made wonderfully interested in grammar by the examples on the board alone. Many bright scholars would pass to the grammar school in town in arithmetic, reading and writing, who would have to spend a whole school year and sometimes more in the ward schools to bring up grammar, civil government, etc., thus kept back with those much younger in years, and with a child's sensitiveness feel the lack in country school teaching. I hope the school question will "not down" until all schools, either in country or town, shall be graded alike; with a system of text books which shall be universally adopted, and a roll of scholarship which cannot be mistaken. Then will the assured growth of our children's education in the country be not impeded, but on the contrary the golden sunlight, the pure air, the broad green school grounds, the romping, joyous life of school children bring out the grand good manhood and the glorious womanhood of those whom nations would delight to honor.

I must tell you of a present I had. A kind friend gave me a tidy for my chair. It is crocheted of fine unbleached carpet warp in the form of a pillowslip; it is made by crocheting a chain as long as the chair is wide, then round and round in plain squares of four stitches for about six inches, then the spider web stitch fore and aft ten inches, and then six more of plain, finished with a neat scallop, making a very pretty ornament, always in its place, and a "joy forever" sort of tidy, thus making the taunt for naught "that a tidy is made to hang on the neck, or back button of a gentleman's coat."

Did you know that a square of cheese cloth folded to a suitable size and stitched around the edge is a lovely dishcloth?

Do not waste time by trying to remove the seeds of citron before heating in the clear water. They will nearly all come out by stirring them, and if not they are easily seen, as the boiling clears the melon. Cut the pieces larger than you desire them

when all prepared, as they shrink very much. And some ginger root with the sugar and raisins makes a sweetmeat of  
YE OLDEN DAYS.

## BULBS IN THE HOUSE.

I feel very much inclined to advise my friends who love flowers and keep plants through the winter, to put the fuchsias, geraniums and their kin into the cellar this fall and try bulb culture for one season at least. So few of our plants will blossom for us during cold weather, though it may be possible we prize the bloom all the more for its rarity; and then they are such an anxiety on cold nights, and take so much of the light and sunshine needed for our own well-being during dark days, that we may turn with relief to the bulbs, which give us bloom and perfume and take up little space.

There are many classes of bulbs that are adapted to window culture. Among the best known are the hyacinth, tulip, freesia, lily of the valley, cyclamen, crocus, and the Chinese lily. All these may be grown in pots or boxes of earth, with very little trouble. If hyacinths are chosen, select the single varieties; they are more satisfactory bloomers and quite as beautiful as the double. Owing to the fact that a good truss will last a couple of weeks in a cool temperature, more enduring pleasure is obtained than from any other bulb, though the tulip is a good second. Duc van Thol tulips are of dwarf habit and well adapted to growth in pots, though the double sorts and the bizarre Parrot tulips are fine. The crocus blooms are not as permanent, fading soon. Plant two dozen bulbs if you hope for anything like a display. The freesia is very satisfactory, its perfume is as delicious and less overpowering than the hyacinth's.

All these bulbs are to be planted in good mellow soil, and pressed down into it until about three-fourths covered. Water freely, then set the pots in a cool, dark place and cover with sand or leaves to a depth of about three inches. Let them alone for six weeks, then bring them into light and give plenty of water. They will have made a good start in the darkness, and have plenty of roots, thus ensuring free blooming.

The Chinese lily is managed differently. A shallow dish is chosen, filled nearly full of small pebbles, the bulb half buried in them, taking care it shall be firm in its place; then the dish is filled up to the top of the pebbles with rain-water and set in a warm sunny window. Of course the water must be renewed as it evaporates. Within a month after planting the bulb will blossom. A bit of charcoal will help keep the water pure. Hyacinths are often grown in much the same way, except that the base of the bulb only touches the water, which must be kept at that level, and the dish is kept in a cool place in the dark until a good root growth has been made.

If you have lilies of the valley in your garden, wait until after a black frost and a slight freeze, then dig up a few of the pips and plant them in a pot together. Keep

them in a dark cool place a week or two, then give air and water and expect bloom in about six weeks.

If you mean to have a gay garden next spring, now is the time to make ready by preparing beds and ordering bulbs, ready to plant the last of the month. There is a great deal of delight in growing bulbs either indoors or in the garden.

BEATRIX.

## FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

The scarcity and consequent high price of all kinds of fruit this year will prevent most housekeepers from putting up their customary quantity of canned, spiced, preserved and pickled fruits. There will be a dearth of jellies and jams, and later, a great demand for pie timber, for to the average man, pie, not bread, is the "staff of life." We give directions for the preparation of several rather unusual sweetmeats, prefaced by a plan to can pumpkin, clipped from an exchange. Pare the pumpkin, cut it into small pieces, and cook it until soft enough for pies, then rub it through a sieve. After it has all been through the sieve, put it over the fire and heat it thoroughly, and then put it into the cans scalding hot and seal immediately. Have your cans heated the same as you would for fruit. Some would rub the pumpkin through a colander as it takes less time, but it is much smoother and nicer for pies if put through a sieve.

Pumpkin may also be kept over by cutting in small pieces, boiling till tender, then canning before putting through a sieve, while the pieces still retain their shape. This requires more cans, but is perhaps surer to result satisfactorily. Pumpkin and squash may be dried—after being cooked ready for use in pies—on plates in the oven. When wanted, soak over night in sweet milk, thin to the required consistency and add eggs, sugar, etc. Some persons dry the pumpkin before cooking, but we consider this hardly as satisfactory as to dry after that process.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says a very delicious sweetmeat, resembling West India preserves, is made from those late tomatoes that remain unripe when frost threatens. Select those of a uniform medium size, wash and wipe with a coarse towel, rubbing off any adhering substance, but do not pare. Put them over to boil in cold water to cover and simmer gently until tender but not broken. Allow one pound of sugar to each pound of fruit, and add it to the strained liquor with the thin yellow rind and juice of a lemon and two or three pieces of ginger root to each pound. When the syrup has boiled up well and been skimmed, add the tomatoes and simmer gently until transparent and the syrup thick and rich. The ginger root, used in almost any of these recipes for preparing green or immature fruit for preserves, imparts a pleasant "foreign" flavor agreeable to most palates.

To make a preserve of ripe cucumbers split them and extract the seeds. Let them remain for three days in salt and water. Put them now into cold water,



with a small quantity of alum, and boil them till tender. Drain them and allow them to lie in a thin syrup for two days; then take them out, boiling the syrup again, and pour over the cucumbers, repeating this operation twice more. Now boil some clarified sugar until, when a spoonful of it is taken up and blown through, small sparks of sugar will fly from it; put the cucumbers into this and let them simmer five minutes. Leave them until the next day, when the whole must be boiled up again, and afterward put by for use.

The wild or fox grape makes a very acceptable jelly, about the only way in which it can be used, owing to its large seeds and the small quantity of pulp. The jelly imparts a fine flavor to mince-meat.

#### THE ELDERBERRY.

In a recent paper the elderberry was mentioned as forming pie timber for eastern housekeepers. The drought has injured them here for three or four seasons; but when the berries are plump, we Oakland County people think them very nice for pies. They are dried and put up in various ways, but the following method is the favorite in our neighborhood: Strip them from the stem and pour boiling water over them. Let it stand a few moments, then drain off, and to eight or ten quarts of the fruit add three or four pounds of sugar and one pint of vinegar; or, what is better, the juice of wild grapes. Cook slowly for two hours and can. They are said to keep well in stone jars.

A. H. J.

#### OFF TO ALASKA.

(Continued.)

The arrangement of conveniences on board the steamship will interest many, I think. The dining room is below the main deck, being lighted by "bull's eye" windows, and with lamps when necessary. About 100 could be seated at a time, making a second seating necessary. All seats are numbered, and guests are assigned to seats at first or second sitting, as may be necessary, and keep their assignment through the trip. The *cuisine* was all that could be desired, and table service excellent. On this deck was a well appointed bathroom, where sea-baths, hot or cold, could be had, the stewardess in charge being the only woman employe on board. On the main deck was "Social Hall" a cabin where tourists could meet for social enjoyment. A piano here gave its aid to any musically inclined.

The state rooms opened outward on the guards, so that passengers could sit in their rooms, and through the open door view the changing features of the shore. A second or hurricane deck above this gave another row of staterooms, arranged in the same manner. Wide promenades were left encircling the ship on both decks, with plenty of space fore and aft for outside sitting. There was also a large space on the roof of the upper deck. The whole ship was lighted by electricity, with lamps and bells in each room. Add to all these arrangements for comfort, that during

the trip the water was as smooth as the gentlest zephyrs could leave it, except where churned into fury by the tides in some narrow passages, and you will not wonder at the Captain's remark: "You have had an exceptionally fine trip."

We were told that all tourists, ladies as well as gentlemen, should take rubber boots and waterproof wraps, because there was likely to be much rain and fogs. Warm clothing and winter wraps would also be wanted. This advice should be followed, but while we found use for the warm clothing while on the northern part of our trip, we had no rain until at Sitka, when on coming on board after a day of sightseeing, the downpour came, and lasted nearly twenty-four hours. This sent the people into "Social Hall," and gave them an opportunity of becoming acquainted, of which very little had been done before. The wonderful scenery had kept every one intent, and groups of people already acquainted had kept together while admiring and commenting on the passing views. The return, after leaving Sitka, was mainly over the same route as going, and as people became acquainted, plans of evening amusement were matured.

At eight p. m. court was convened, Hon. Charles L. Colby on the judge's bench. Court being opened in due form, the prisoner, Dr. Shelton, of New York, as "Alaska Charley" was brought in by Sheriff Lawrence, charged with having kidnapped several native Indians, to wit: Sitkomtakee, Tosknoosh, Takootee, Takeenootaklee, Ondekoo, Koowhikla, Buckadowa, Wokeeseon, Nikoma, Matwoukoo. The prisoner was fearful and agitated; shook his manacled hands, shouted war-whoops, and tried to escape, but all to no purpose. Being without counsel, he could only moan when ordered to plead to the charge. But a gentleman volunteered, and by his direction a plea of "not guilty" was made. Witnesses were offered, but defendant's counsel moved to release the prisoner on the ground of want of jurisdiction, the boat being in British waters, while the alleged offense was committed in United States territory. This was promptly overruled by the judge, and the trial proceeded. Witnesses were sworn by Clerk Fee, "to tell no truth, the whole of the truth, or as little truth as they pleased, under the penalty of the great horn spoon," which weapon he raised threateningly over their heads. Evidence was given to show that the prisoner had been seen to talk with the Indians, to offer them money, and apparently force them away in his company; his object as related being to make showmen of them, thus degrading them and injuring their morals. Wang Ling, a Chinaman, told in inimitable style what he saw of the abduction, talking "pigeon English," and in pantomime illustrating at the same time, but making "washee" more prominent than all else. The abduction evidence in, the abducted were called in to show the progress made in their demoralizing education, when several comic songs were sung in character, and farcy dancing indulged in, the ladies

wearing masks on the back of their heads, giving a look of two-faced beings. (Was this a revelation?) The counsel for the defense declared if it was a misdemeanor to abduct Indians to teach them such things, in so short a time, he thought misdemeanors should be common, but still thought it best to rest his defense on the ground of insanity. Witnesses testified to the most absurd acts of the prisoner. Doctor Si Wash, Easton, and others, as experts, pronounced him insane. The prisoner raved and gibbered, the prosecutor and defendant's counsel with their sharp hits and sparkling bon mots kept the spectators in shouting glee. Finally the case was summed up and given to the jury, composed equally of ladies and gentleman. When they marched in with their verdict the prisoner made a daring dash for liberty, but was overcome and made to listen to the verdict of "guilty," when he wailed piteously, and spoke in his own behalf most eloquently, but without effect. The judge sentenced him to be immured in the caverns of "Muir Glacier," until its forward movement should release him, hoping by that time his sins might be atoned for, and purified and bleached, he might commence life anew, with prospects bright and fair. The characters were all well sustained, and the original play upon words, the scintillations of wit, the absurd rulings of the court, and his owl-like gravity amid the shrieks of laughter around, all combined to make this mock court one of the most enjoyable reminiscences of the trip.

Another laughable affair was the great courtesy and attention given to a cub on board as mascot when the ship's nine were victorious in a base ball game at Sitka, and their ducking him in the sea as a Jonah, when they were defeated in a game at Nanaimo.

A. L. L.

MAPLETHORPE.

(To be Continued.)

#### Contributed Recipes.

**TOMATO CATSUP.**—One gallon ripe tomatoes; four tablespoonfuls of black pepper, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of cayenne; three tablespoonfuls mustard; one tablespoonful each of cloves and allspice. Simmer slowly for four hours; strain through a sieve, and bottle. Cover corks with hot wax.

**MUSTARD PICKLES.**—One quart each of small cucumbers; button onions; sliced celery; tender string beans; two quarts cauliflower cut into small sections; six green peppers, sliced. Put the vegetables in weak brine over night, then scald till tender in the same brine. Drain. Mix six tablespoonfuls ground mustard, one tablespoonful turmeric, a cup and a half of sugar and a cup of flour with a little cold vinegar; stirring in two quarts boiling vinegar. When it boils put in the vegetables and let them heat through in the dressing. B.

**RIPE TOMATO PICKLES.**—Scald and pare. For four gallons of fruit, mix together one cup of salt and two of sugar. Pack a layer of the fruit closely; sift over it a portion of the mixture; then nearly cover with horseradish root sliced fine. Put down another layer in the same way, and when through cover and weight it. They will soon form a brine, but are not good for several weeks.

A. H. J.