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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

DROPPED STITCHES.

With the dimples all playing at hide and at seek,
In the little round chin, and each soft little cheek,
A bonny wee maiden sat knitting away,
Forgetful of dolly, of books and of play.
"Do you ever drop stitches, my girlie?" asked I,
"Oh, lots of 'em!" was the confiding reply,
"But grandma takes up all my stitches for me,
An' so I don't worry about them you see!"

I wonder when we who are busy each day
With the hundreds of duties which fall in our way,
Will cease to grow anxious, and worry and fret
O'er the stitches we drop, and try not to forget
That One who is wiser and stronger than we,
Our very hard struggle and error can see,
And for love of His children, with patience so rare
Takes up the dropped stitches, and lightens each care.

Dear Father, the work we are bidden to do
Is oftentimes hard, and ill-done, it is true,
And try as we will, there are faults every day,
And troubles and cares we cannot put away.
Take up the dropped stitches, dear Father, and so
To work with new courage again we can go,
—Christian at Work.

LESS SENTIMENT AND MORE SENSE.

Most of the reports of women's meetings, societies and clubs as published in women's papers and magazines, make me tired. Why am I so fatigued? Because of the gushing sentiment which characterizes them. The members of these organizations seem to feel that they will not do justice to their theme unless they "slop over" in a stream of adjectives which would do credit to the "fresh" reporter who writes up a burning horse-shed as a "lurid conflagration." The grim editor says something profane under his bristling moustache and ferociously cuts out the embellishments till the bare facts alone remain. Suppose a reporter on a daily paper were to present to his chief copy reading like this:

"The learned and accomplished Mr. Julian Jones-Smythe, for whom Prof. Gush wrote his charming lyric 'Fiddle-Faddle,' gracefully advanced before the large and cultured audience, and in a few gracious words introduced the beautiful and talented Mr. Smythe Jenkinson Jones, the distinguished gentleman whose exquisite address upon 'Simplicity of Style' was now offered to the appreciative assemblage. Bowing courteously to the beloved president of the club, Mr. Jones Smythe Jenkinson, a man of fine character and genial presence, Mr. Jones commenced

his address, which charmed and enthralled all who had the felicity of being present."

About the time the reporter saw his effort in type, reduced to "S. J. Jones addressed the — Club on 'Simplicity of Style' last night," he would "tumble" to the truth that cold facts are what the public wants—just plain facts, without frills or furbelows.

If some one would kindly edit most of our women's magazines—especially those which profess to tell what "advanced women" are doing—after a similar prosaic fashion, it would be a great improvement, not to speak of a reduction in space required. And that is just the trouble with nine-tenths of the women who set out to revolutionize the world, using the lever of sentimentality on a fulcrum of personalities. We are emotional by nature, and we try to effect by sentiment what we ought to effect by sense. We are "gaining on" this tendency—conquering it, I mean; and you will find that the woman who succeeds in any work which takes her out of her home is esteemed in direct ratio to her ability to talk, write or act directly to the point.

In every woman's meeting I ever attended I have been wearied by the "dear sister racket." Too much "taffy," too much compliment and flattery exchanged upon the platform, too much sentiment and not enough sense. I do not enjoy hearing the men who attend out of curiosity or interest, or who read the newspaper reports, laugh at "the way the women taffied each other."

BEATRIX.

NO RIOT.

I have been an interested reader of the correspondence between Theopolus, Beatrix and others on the mental worries and physical discomforts of housecleaning time, and am moved to put in my say likewise.

I cannot agree with either Theopolus or Beatrix that the adversary had anything to do with instituting this very necessary and proper pastime.

Theopolus may be right in his opinion of the general purpose of the adversary, but as woman was first drawn into trouble by the wily arguments and sophistical reasonings of the serpent, and man was by her statement of facts,

without craft, led into the dilemma with full knowledge of consequences, I think a full test of character was then made, and no new invention to supplement it was needed.

If in time of worry, contention or riot a man gets mad and complains that his wife is to blame because the pigs get out of the pen, or the horse loose in the stable, or the stovepipe will not fit and his fingers get pinched, I do not blame him. He is of the earth, earthly. But when in sublime disregard of all these vexations he gives the help called for by woman; when, equally overcome with spring fever and other seasonable ailments as the man, she conscientiously battles with their mutual foe, he rises to the occasion and cheerfully gives the aid needed, he rises entirely above the groveling earth-man, and we recognize his right to fill the HOUSEHOLD throne as King, equal in honor with the Queen.

I think when Theopolus gets to cleaning up his barn, as he wrestles with the cobwebs in the rafters, as he brings his currycomb and brush in play to effect their destruction, he will be glad to have Mrs. Theopolus on hand to steady the ladder, and hand up the tools he may drop. As to the improvements he contemplates, they might wait until his wife finds time to fix up the toilet of the fowls on the same high plane. By the time the barn is scrubbed up, the yards all in order, and the lawn mowed, he may tire of his new notions and go on in the humdrum way of old, plowing, seeding and reaping as the seasons move, and perhaps in a forgetful moment tell his wife or daughter that "ribbons cost money."

Beatrix asserts that the matter of housecleaning comes about to teach men their weakness. I cannot think so. I think it is only one of the necessities of modern life; that man is as much benefitted as woman by its annual recurrence, and that each may find cause for exasperation or comfort as they choose to manage it.

Beatrix asks: "Do women enjoy the riot?" and replies "A. L. L. says she does." Here she is mistaken. I do not enjoy a riot, but with me no riot exists. You ask in wonder how this can be. Simply because my better half is kindly disposed. He puts his shoulder to the wheel and peace reigns. A little help

from him in the morning lifts the heavy furniture and removes the carpet from one room. This room is by noon ready for the carpet, which willing hands make ready, and before the afternoon is far spent that room is in order, rest prevails and patience has her perfect work.

No, Theopolus, if the "gude mon" does his part he may have quiet instead of riot. But housecleaning must be done.

FAIRBOLM.

A. L. L.

THE TRIALS OF A HOUSEKEEPER.

"Dropping the Dishcloth," by A. H. J., is safely put away in my scrap book. I admired it very much and expected that she would receive many compliments as a poet.

Some time ago I read the suggestion that we save our baking powder cans for jelly. Will Beatrix kindly tell us what effect the tin would have upon an acid like jelly, with the cans simply covered and not sealed hermetically.

I have the most implicit faith in the "earth cure," and wish that all might test it. Not that all will be made well by it, but I believe that a greater number will be helped in that way than by medicine. I speak from experience; and the cure was recommended to me by one of Detroit's most distinguished physicians. As I was hoeing the strawberries some time ago Mr. B— went past. He looked at me in surprise. "What do you suppose he thinks of you, mamma?" said Hezekiah. With my sunbonnet over my face he probably took me for a fresh importation from Holland, but it doesn't make a bit of difference to me; I shall continue to use the garden tools and put my hands in the fresh soil in preference to all other amusement or medicine.

Would Mrs. Fuller kindly tell me what is the trouble with my jonquils. They bud so freely every spring and never bloom—just dry up.

We should all enjoy housecleaning if we could do it by proxy like A. L. L., but I for one do not enjoy it. No sooner do I get up stairs and begin pitching out the old hats, when I hear a low plaintive cry, and you may set it down for a truth when a child cries that way he is hurt either in body or mind. I never pay much attention to a loud ill-natured scream. Going down stairs I am met by a tearful little face and "Me tut mine finnew mit one nipe." I charge him to let knives alone in future; get an election slip, moisten it and roll it around the cut member—this beats court plaster—and giving a kiss to make it well retreat up stairs, hoping to get something done. But the hope is vain, for soon I hear unpleasant words, and putting my head out at the window I inquire of Hezekiah why he is scolding his little brother. "Well I guess you would scold; he has taken off his shoes and stockings and is scrubbing his toenails with my tooth brush!"

"Well, let him have it now and get another." I proceed, when, "Mamma, there's a man down here wants to see you!" I go down those stairs to be met with "Madam, I am introducing a very excellent —" "Well, you can't introduce anything here this morning!" Another climb and those hateful feather beds go out at the window. "Mamma!!" "What?" in no very pleasant voice. "What did you put in the oven before you went up stairs?" That is the straw that broke the camel's back, and that dirt will stay there or come out by proxy. What is the use of one's trying to do anything and getting old and cross and sour over it, and at last accomplishing nothing? And then men like Mr. Baker say naughty mean things about us; when if we would just let it all go everything would glide along so smoothly, and one might keep her hair in crimp and her temper sweet, even if the moths did eat up the husband's best coat and spoil the parlor carpet! I am just in the mood to try it, and see whether my better half will say "My dear, you are the light of my life!" instead of waiting, like Thomas Carlyle, to say, after his beloved Jane was beyond the reach of kind words, "The light of my life has clean gone out."

HOWELL.

MRS. W. J. G.

[We should not recommend the putting of jelly or any other preparation of fruit in baking-powder cans or any other tinware. It is not safe. It might be done without harm, and yet it might not. It is a risk we do not advise. Only glass, earthen or stone should be used in cooking or putting up fruit of any kind. Every housekeeper should have her agate, granite or earthen kettle in which to cook fruits.—ED.]

MOVING.

"To that bourne from which no traveler returns."

My neighbor just across the way is moving. Various motives actuate her, but it is hard work. She has found a cheaper rent and better conveniences, but this step means throwing away many keepsakes that are not worth moving. She has lived in the house across the way for seven long years; the house is dear to her, and yet she hesitates not to move. She is bettering herself by making the change. She is cleaning, dusting and brushing up many a little thing before she carries it to her new house just a few blocks below. My good neighbor! I shall miss her, and yet, had she not left me, I should have left her, for I, too, am going to move. For seventy years this old homestead has been my home, but now I can better myself. I have no keepsakes valuable enough to carry with me. I am cleaning, repairing and dusting my soul, for my new landlord cares for perfection.

"Of that city where I'm going,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the King."

I would not move except that th

King has invited me to share His palace. He has given his angels charge concerning me; they will come to guide me on my journey. I am too old and feeble to go alone, but with an angel of God at the helm I can shut my eyes and sail silently out into the shoreless sea. It is sweet to be able to trust Him; otherwise my journey would be filled with terrors. I am about to give up the heritage of mortality, disappointments, broken faith, and misunderstandings, and robe myself in the garment of the soul's immortality.

"It is a perpetual summer there. But here
Sadly may we remember rivers clear,
And harebells quivering on the meadow
floor.

Far brighter bells and bluer;
Far tenderer hearts and truer,
People that happy land,—'Tis the land of Ever-
more."

ELIZABETH DIMON PRESTON.

CREAM CHEESE.

Few country people appreciate what luxuries to city folk are the cream, butter, milk, eggs, and all the good things in which these so lavishly enter real good country living. Cream cheese, for instance, is a dish seldom seen on an average city table, but one always esteemed a luxury. The fifteen-year old miss belonging to a Detroit household esteemed it such a dainty that she would coax the servants to save the surplus of the daily allowance of milk for her till it became sour, and then would make a very small quantity of "cottage cheese." As a special treat, the younger members of the family were allowed to taste the delicacy, of which there was sometimes not more than a sizeable mouthful for a hungry boy. The following formula given by Henry Stewart, is for an article of superior quality:

"The milk is set in shallow pans, and at the end of twelve hours is moved carefully, without disturbing the cream, on to a stove, where it is warmed until the surface 'crinkles' or moves in a shrinking manner. The pans are then set back again for the cream to rise fully. The latter is then quite thick and tough and in the condition of 'clouted cream.'

"The cream may be rolled up and lifted off in a mass with a flat skimmer. It is then put in molds, usually oblong square, about four inches long, three wide and two deep. They are bottomless, and are placed on a clean napkin or cloth laid over a straw mat. A cloth is laid upon the cream and a light cover of wood is placed upon it, with a very light weight to make it compact. In twenty-four hours the cheese is firm enough to move, and is fit to eat, having a very rich flavor, with enough cheesy taste to make it cheese. The heating coagulates the albumen in the milk, and this rises with the rest of the cream and gives it its larger bulk and toughness. Probably the albumen adds something to the flavor as well, and this is exceedingly delicate and pleasant."

SCRAPS.

ONE sunny Saturday afternoon in April a new business venture was launched on Woodward Avenue. A lad of a dozen years stood near the entrance to one of our largest stores, with a basket suspended by a strap round his neck in front of him. He was not saying a word. His wares spoke for themselves. What were they? Great dark-eyed pansies, bunched with their own foliage and the leaves of the fragrant rose geranium. They were so fresh and bright and of such generous proportions that they went off "like hot cakes," at a nickel a bunch, and the young merchant must have carried home a good sized handful of small coin. He seemed not elated but surprised at his success, and the mixture of shyness and business and his sense of the humorous, made his face very bright and pleasant. He appeared to regard the flower business in the light of a good joke. Later, we shall have the venders of water lilies and daisies, in their season, but the dealer in pansies struck a buoyant market and closed out his stock with a rush. He transacted more business in half an hour than the man in Turkish fez and white gloves who sold an alleged candy which looked more like soap, seemed to do in all winter.

ONE of the embroidered dress patterns shown in the windows of one of our large dry goods establishments was unique and beautiful, though I really don't think it was quite what a sober-minded woman would choose for a dress. The design for the front of the skirt represented water, from which arose the foliage and flowers of the wild iris. The work was exquisitely done, the form of the blossoms being copied upon a black ground in white and rose (a botanical anachronism) and the foliage and sprays of grass in palest olive green tints. Lily pads and buds lay upon the simulated water, and detached iris blossoms with stalks and plummy grass, were scattered above the border. It was very pretty as a work of art, but a trifle too loud, it seemed to me, for a dress.

I NOTICED two misses in a street car the other day who wore very simple and girlish looking wraps. They were capes of tan broadcloth coming well below the waist, after the present fashion, pinked on the edges, gathered to fit the neck, leaving a ruffle about an inch and a half high as a finish to the neck, and tied in front with ribbons to match. It seems as if any ingenious mother might make similar ones for her girls, with little trouble and no great expense. Three-quarters of a yard of 54-inch cloth ought to make one. The prettiest and most stylish spring wrap I have yet seen was one of the new long capes, of

black camel's hair, and worn over a black dress. It was so arranged as to be gracefully full without a superfluous fold, and had the fashionable puff on the shoulders—though not exaggerated to reach the wearer's ears. There was a yoke defined in jet passementerie, and the lower edge was unhemmed. The style of these simple garments depends, it is needless to say, on their fit and the manner in which they are adjusted.

I SEE a good deal of human nature in the street cars sometimes. I do not mean that I have discovered a very handsomely dressed person can be very unladylike in her manners, in the way of taking up the room of two people, looking savagely at the poor woman with a basket, or sneering at somebody's unfashionable raiment. I learned that little peculiarity of my sex long ago, and will confess that several times I have calmly and emphatically sat down on the spread-out raiment of some woman who was trying to secure the space intended for two and only surrendering one ticket. If she will not "take in sail" she must submit to be "sat upon." But I mean little displays of temper, and disposition, as evinced by people's behavior, their ways and airs. A young man and a couple of school girls were in the car the other morning, and chatting vivaciously—that is, the girls were; the young man wasn't saying much and seemed a little shy, besides, he really didn't get much of a chance to talk. One of the girls, a fresh-faced brown-eyed miss in a jaunty sailor hat and brown reefer jacket, chatted away as unconsciously and naively as if the young man had been only another of the girls. Not so the other miss. Her self-consciousness was plainly apparent, her airs and grace infinite. She sat next the young man, and the way she minced and bridled and dropped her eyes and lifted them to his face, and giggled and dimpled, was truly funny to an onlooker. She was prettier than the sailor girl, but spoiled her beauty's charm by her demeanor. The young man's eyes looked oftenest at the brown eyed girl, who met his glance frankly and unconsciously. Not a bit of coquetry or "flirtatiousness." She was a pleasing contrast to her companion. And when they left the car at Shelby St., High School-ward bound, I fell to thinking what a pity it is that beauty and vanity should so often go hand in hand, and that a pretty girl should thus lose half her charm by being so self-conscious and making it so plainly evident that she knows she's pretty and wants you to recognize the fact. It does not matter how beautiful a girl may be, if she is silly and conceited she is not pleasing. Her charms may attract a swarm of butterfly admirers, but her court is always changing; even boys tire of a fair face with no other charms; and when they choose a wife it is the girl

whose sweetness of disposition and goodness is written upon a plain face. Beauty attracts everybody, but it is the beautiful spirit that turns attraction into affection. What a tribute to their more enduring charms of mind and manner and heart is the devoted love that falls to some homely women's share! That is the love that lasts. The homely woman does not think so much about herself and has more time to think about others and make them happy and comfortable. I remember one of the stories about Talleyrand's wife, who was very beautiful but very ignorant and silly, not caring for anything but admiration, and who gave M. de Talleyrand many a "bad quarter of an hour" through her want of tact and *savoir faire*. She met an English traveler, a Mr. Robinson, at the court one day, and asked how his man Friday was. She thought he was the hero of DeFoe's romance! So, girls, do not value beauty too much; it is a great gift, but it needs many graces to supplement it and make you truly beautiful.

BEATRIX.

FOR THE BABY.

Babies' dresses are now finished at the foot by hems four or six inches wide, and rows of insertion are set above it if it is desirable to make the robe very handsome. They are a yard long after the hem is made; they are sloped narrower to the armholes and have short shoulder seams. Clusters of very narrow tucks are taken four inches deep, to form the waist, and the neck is finished by two rows of narrow lace, one up, the other down, with a row of feather-stitching between. The most approved christening dress is of white China silk, finished with hemstitched hem and tucks; it is a yard and an eighth long, and is made with a yoke.

The baby's summer cloak is of white cashmere lined with pale pink or blue India silk. The fronts hang plain, and the silk is turned over in revers three inches wide, feather-stitched in white. Six tucks shape the back; they are feather-stitched and a long looped bow of white grosgrain is added. A silk-lined hood is added to the cloak, to give protection to the neck and head. The cloak is 40 inches long, being designed to cover all the clothing.

Baby's summer cap is of French nainsook, with rows of tucks, insertion and drawn work; or else made entirely of Valenciennes insertion with a lace ruche on the edge and a lace rosette on top. On cool days a cap of crepe de Chine, having a net ruche and a rosette of baby ribbon, is worn.

Pretty blankets for the baby are of white flannel, fine and heavy, widely bound with white grosgrain satin-edged ribbon feather-stitched on; and powdered with daisies or pansies embroidered in white silk.

Baby's shawl is a square of yard wide

flannel bound with pink or blue ribbon feather-stitched on, or the Gertrude shawl, of the same size, with one corner gathered into a hood by ribbon passed through button-hole slits worked with silk; the edge is scalloped.

Baby's basket is a willow hamper which holds the clothing and has a tray for toilet articles. Line with silesia, over which is a gathered cover of sheer muslin or nainsook. The basket is often enameled in white paint. Lots of white ribbon is used in bows, etc., for the decoration.

FROM NORTH MICHIGAN.

Each week I have a pleasant visit with the HOUSEHOLD writers, and feel acquainted with many of them.

My husband is manager and superintendent of a large farm known as the "Carp River Farm," situated twelve miles north of St. Ignace. There are about two hundred acres under cultivation. Hay, oats and potatoes are the chief production. The trees are just beginning to put forth their dresses of green. Grass has just nicely started to grow.

I have tried Fannie's cake and soft ginger cake and have found them to be excellent.

Will any one tell me where I could get No. 1, 2 and 3 Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs, and how much it would cost?

OLIVIA.

St Ignace.

JAMS, JELLIES AND PRESERVES.

Some time ago a correspondent requested that before the time arrived for putting up fruit, some one would give directions for doing the work in the best way. A reference to the back numbers of the HOUSEHOLD will show this topic has been often discussed. But new readers and new housekeepers are constantly coming in, and some older ones need their memories freshened a little, and so we take up the subject again. In a late issue of the *Country Gentleman* we find an article on putting up fruit, from which we take the following extracts, endorsing the methods as being excellent. In the first place, always use a porcelain lined or agate kettle, and granulated sugar, remembering if you measure instead of weigh to use less of the granulated than of any other kind of sugar. The small berries of late pickings are the best for strawberry jam. Always put the fruit in glass or earthen; cans are excellent; pint cans good for jams and marmalades. And here are the recipes:

STRAWBERRY JAM.—Quickly wash the berries to remove any grit; hull, and carefully remove all crushed or overripe ones. Allow three-fourths of a pound of sugar and half a teacupful of water (less, if large berries) to every pound of fruit. Place the berries and water over a moderate fire, and as they heat, mash them with a wooden potato-

masher. Allow them to boil half an hour, stirring them almost constantly that none may adhere to the bottom of the kettle, as a very small spot will detract from the delicacy of their flavor. During this operation, have the sugar in a pan in the oven, so that it is well warmed through; add it to the fruit, and boil together fifteen or twenty minutes longer, giving strict attention to the stirring. Be sure the jars are perfectly sweet. Wet a towel or other large cloth very wet; fold it in several thicknesses, and stand the jar to be filled on it. A funnel having a short, large tube is very convenient when filling jars with small fruit. Fill to top of jar; wipe clean the outside of neck; adjust rubber and screw on top. As they cool, occasionally tighten the top, and again when cold. Set away in a cool, dry, dark place, and it will keep an indefinite length of time.

Red raspberries make a delicious jam; and so, too, a combination of currants and raspberries in the proportion of three parts of the former to one of the latter. For currants alone many prefer a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit, but when used as a meat sauce three-quarters of a pound will be sufficient. Gooseberries make a nice tart jam if made when the fruit is green or just commencing to ripen. Blackberries do not make a delicate-flavored jam, but it is relished by many people. It is often made by using only half a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit.

CURRENT AND RASPBERRY MARMALADE.—Take equal proportions of ripe red currants and red raspberries; scald them in a very little water, or what is better still, steam them. Then pass them through a sieve to separate seeds from pulp. Add an equal weight of sugar, and boil forty minutes, stirring constantly.

CURRENT PRESERVES.—All preserves depend upon the sugar for their keeping qualities, and the old-fashioned rule of a pound of sugar for every pound of fruit must be adhered to. Stem and wash the currants; drain on a napkin. Add the least amount of water possible to dissolve the sugar, and bring it to a brisk boil; put in the currants and boil ten minutes. Then skim out the fruit, and put it in the dishes where it will remain; boil the syrup ten minutes longer. Pour the syrup over the fruit, and stir them together with a silver spoon. It is not necessary to keep preserves in air-tight jars, but those which are unfit for holding canned fruit are preferable to large crocks. Dip a paper in brandy and place over the top of the fruit, and paste another over the mouth of the jar.

CURRENT PRESERVES WITH RAISINS.—Make the preserves after the same manner as above described, adding raisins in the proportions of one pound to two of currants. Pour scalding water over the raisins, and let them stand ten minutes, then remove the

seeds before using. They impart a delicious flavor to the sauce.

CHERRY PRESERVES.—Few people relish preserves made of sweet cherries; therefore choose sour cherries, and those under rather than over ripe. Do not remove the pits, as they add much to the flavor. If you have currants, add a little juice to the sugar instead of water. Then proceed in the same way as with currants.

JELLY MAKING.—We have learned much in the art of making transparent, quivering jelly, since the days when our grandmothers, with much trepidation and a decided feeling of uncertainty, stewed and vigorously squeezed the last possible drop of juice and pulp through a stout bag, and then boiled it till it "came." Now we know that in order to have the perfection of jelly, there must be less expenditure of strength in the squeezing operation, and less boiling afterwards. First, there should be a bag of strong, coarse linen crash, and another of cotton cheese cloth; have both in water while the fruit is cooking. The fruit for jelly should be under rather than over-ripe, and when cooked until soft in a very little water, should be poured into the linen bag, tied up firmly and suspended to drain over a large earthen bowl. When through dripping, all will have been extracted that will make clear jelly. Nearly all kinds require a pound of sugar for each pint of juice. Place the juice on the fire, and the sugar in the oven to heat. Boil the juice twenty minutes, skimming it carefully. Stir the sugar occasionally that it may not burn. Turn it in with the boiling juice; and after it comes to a boil, let it boil four minutes. Wet the jelly glasses or bowls in hot water, and stand them on a wet folded towel as directed for jars, wring the cheese-cloth bag dry and place it over some vessel that will be convenient for filling the jelly molds from, and strain the jelly quickly a second time. Pour directly into the molds and set it in a sunny place, where it should become solid in twenty-four hours. Should it fail to, let it remain in a hot sun until it is of the proper consistency. Re-boiling always makes it dark colored, and detracts from its delicate flavor. Cover the top with a nice fitting paper, wet in brandy; and the top of the mold with another, pasted carefully around the sides. To fit this part easily, cut slashes an inch apart around the edges before pasting it. Label each variety plainly, and keep in a cool, dry place.

CURRENT JELLY.—Wash the fruit before removing the stems, and then proceed as in the general directions above, remembering not to use very ripe fruit. If the jelly is intended to be used with meats, three-fourths of a pound of sugar will be sufficient for a pint of juice.

RED RASPBERRY JELLY.—Raspberries alone will not produce jelly of greater consistency than thick syrup, but by the addition of one part currants to two of raspberries, we obtain one of the most delicious of jellies.