

# MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### WHAT IS SHE LIKE?

Handsome? I hardly know. Her profile's fine—  
Delightful, intellectual, aquiline.

Her keen eyes light it; keen, yet often kind;  
Her fair hair crowns it to an artist's mind,

Well educated? Certainly well read;  
Well born, of course, and (not of course) well  
bred.

Provincial? Never! Cockney? Not at all.  
Her world is small enough, yet not too small.

Accomplished? She says not, but who can tell?  
She does some simple things and does them well.

She walks well, stands well, sits well—things so  
rare,

To praise as they deserve I hardly dare.

What to take up she knows, and what to drop;  
How to say clever things and when to stop.

Few dress so well; she does what few can do—  
Forgets what she has on, and so do you.

She's not too careless, not conventional quite;  
Does what she likes; knows what she does is right,  
—*Elaine Goodale.*

Stand close to all, but lean on none,  
And, if the crowd desert you,  
Stand just as fearlessly alone  
As if a throng begirt you,  
And learn what long the wise have known,  
Self-flight alone can hurt you.

### "TO PUT-IN-BAY AND RETURN."

"What! lived in Detroit eleven years  
and never been to Put-in-Bay? Well!!"

There was a whole volume, from  
frontispiece to finis, expressed in that  
ejaculatory sentence, but it was destined  
to be condensed and epitomized into an  
"all day one-act play;" and on one of  
these beautiful July mornings when it  
was neither too warm nor too cool, but  
just altogether lovely, "Us four"—and  
ever so many more—took passage on  
the Kirby, which like an overgrown  
white duck scudding before the breeze,  
steamed gayly down our magnificent  
river with its hundreds of human souls  
on board. "Thank Heaven for the De-  
troit River, and my lucky stars that I  
live near it!" ejaculated the Commo-  
dore, as he removed his hat and let the  
cool, fresh air blow away the traces of  
the week's fatigue and worries. "All  
other streams are dwarfed by it. Did  
you know the tonnage through it equals  
that of the famous Suez Canal? If  
Chief Pontiac could waken today I  
wonder if he would know his old battle  
and hunting grounds! What would he  
say to a great steamer like this, that  
could ride down a whole Indian fleet; or  
at nightfall, to the hundreds of flashing

lights above the land on either shore?"  
And imagination pictured the contrast  
between the scene in savage days and  
now, as at the rate of a mile in three  
and a half minutes or less, we sped  
down the channel, past the pretty new  
Des-chree-shos-ka, with its quaint In-  
dian name meaning "Here is every-  
thing;" the little towns along the shore;  
Wyandotte, with its great black fur-  
naces and rolling mills; picturesque  
Grosse Ile; the lighthouses lifting their  
round heads from marshy points and  
winking and blinking at night in a  
manner totally inexplicable to any one  
but mariners; past little islands which  
none of us could name, and out into  
open water upon the fourth of the Great  
Lakes, the most willful and capricious  
of them all, but which that day was of  
a tranquil mind, and spared us our store  
of lemons for another use.

I wish I could describe how fresh  
and invigorating is the air from a great  
body of water. It is so entirely dif-  
ferent from any other atmosphere. It  
seems as if you couldn't get enough of  
it. I always feel as I used when a child  
and very thirsty, and some one else  
held the cup out of which I drank. I  
knew there was plenty there but I  
wanted it all at once. You breathe  
more deeply and the air "tastes better"  
than where it is semi-saturated with  
smoke and soot and dust.

And so, straight as the bird flies the  
Kirby sped through the water, leaving  
a gleaming wake of foam behind; the  
shores grew dim and faded; we were  
out of sight of land. Presently there  
were some tiny islets, then North Bass  
island and Middle Bass, spots dear to  
fishermen; and then, veering a little, the  
Kirby swung into the Bay, circling  
Gibraltar—a high, tree-crowned island  
of five or six acres, on which Jay Cooke,  
the New York banker and capitalist,  
has built a summer residence of which  
only the turreted towers are visible  
from the Bay.

The Bay itself is of the exact shape  
of a scallop, with Gibraltar for an eye-  
let, to use terms common in embroi-  
dery. The island is of the same name,  
very irregular in shape, and contains  
about 1,500 acres, principally devoted  
to grape-growing. We saw acres upon  
acres of vines, and the wine trade is of  
large proportions, with fishing a good  
second. There is a United States fish

hatchery here where one billion eggs  
can be hatched each season. We also  
saw some young peach orchards. The  
island is of limestone rock, and as is  
often the case in such localities there  
are several caves, one of which, called  
Perry's, is much visited by tourists.  
Here, it is said, Commodore Perry hid  
many valuables for safe-keeping before  
the memorable naval engagement with  
the British in 1813 which practically  
ended the war of 1812, in which some of  
our grandfathers had a hand. The  
island takes its unique name from the  
fact that Commodore Perry "put in"  
his fleet here, after the battle during  
which he wrote his memorable message,  
"We have met the enemy, and they  
are ours;" a saying which has come to  
be as noted as Caesar's terse and tri-  
umphant "*Veni, vidi, vici*," but which  
I suspect the old Roman would never  
recognize in the "Weeny, Weedy,  
Weekly" of modern High School clas-  
sics. An old weeping willow near the  
landing marks the spot where those who  
fell during the engagement were buried.

On shore, it reminded me of nothing  
so much as a county fair in full blast.  
Small boys ringing big bells announced  
dinner in voices all out of proportion  
to their size—and the merits of the  
meal; and every other door led to a  
wine hall. The virtues of ginger beer  
and pop corn, native wine and ice-cream  
soda were vigorously extolled by men  
who make their living by their mouths.  
A beautiful grove was fitted up with  
tables and seats for those who brought  
lunch baskets. All was life and bustle,  
for Put-in-Bay draws visitors from four  
cities—Detroit, Cleveland, Toledo and  
Sandusky; and later in the day we  
watched from the Kirby's deck the  
disembarkment of at least a thousand  
people from the "City of Toledo,"  
which had literally only standing  
room for the crowd that swarmed over  
her from hold to hurricane deck. The  
possibilities of the place as a summer  
resort are immense, but it made me  
think of a pretty girl in a soiled dress.  
Nature had been most lavish, but the  
narrow walks, the temporary cheap  
buildings, the tawdry decorations  
spoiled it. I should go again for the  
ride, not for the stop.

Of course we were hungry, such air  
gives one an appetite as sharp as a meat-  
ax; and we sought a place to dine, for



the dinner bell on the Kirby at 11:30 was too soon after breakfast; besides, we were having a "fresh air feast" on deck. So we essayed the Put-in-Bay House, and if you ever go there don't you do it. We were assigned seats, and there was a great calm for a long time. The Commodore's eyes began to glitter ominously; Madame's nose assumed a *retroussé* effect foreign to its usual aspect; the Critic inspected her soup-spoon and declared audibly it was dirty. The Observer leaned forward to say, "I had decided that woman must be a schoolteacher, she looks so prim and dignified, eyeglasses too; but I heard her ask that man what he did with 'them fish.' Guess I was wrong." At last Sambo gave us each a glass of ice-water; on this we subsisted for another fifteen minutes, by which time even the mild Observer began to look savage. At last, oh joy! just as we had reason to believe an explosion of wrath was imminent, soup and fish appeared and the storm passed by with only a little growling like subdued thunder. The Critic, who has "views" on hygiene, asked the Commodore, "How can you eat soup in hot weather?" "'Cause it's cold!" he retorted, in a tone that set her to looking for the fish-fork that wasn't there. And so all through the meal (which we were fifty minutes in getting); everything was cold but the Roman punch, which ought to have been frozen and wasn't. The coffee had no fresh grounds for being such and even the tea seemed to apologize for its infirmity. The bill of fare had apparently been gotten up in a spasm of emotional insanity, for lemon ice was classed among "boiled and roast" and the Roman punch with the pastry. But perhaps that's summer resort style, I don't know. Madame's neighbor was served to a new dish, which must have been invented by some desperate cook in that fruitless season known to the old-fashioned housekeeper as "between hay and grass;" it was macaroni pudding—sections of "biled pipestems" interspersed with a tertiary sub-stratum of baked custard.

On the deck of the Kirby, as the City of Toledo lay at the dock alongside, a question was asked by a woman standing near which caused four several and individual pairs of eyes to be fixed upon her in amazement, and four pairs of ears to doubt their own evidence. The steamer was gay with flags, each bearing a name. She read them off, "Put-in-Bay," "Middle Bass," "Toledo," etc., then, "Charley, what's that one at the end?" "Which one?" "Why this one right here, there!" "That one? Why, that's the national flag!" That woman didn't know the Stars and Stripes!! She was well dressed, well looking, middle-aged, spoke good English, but where on earth do you suppose she came from?

We wished the distance twice sixty

miles when all too soon a gleaming white spot, the light house in the distance, showed we were nearing the mouth of the river; and while twilight was hiding either shore in tender mist and sunset colors glowed in the west, we were once again at home in the City of the Straits.

BEATRIX.

#### HARRY'S IDEAL.

Is Harry's ideal, as described by Sister Gracious some weeks ago, so difficult to find as she would seem to indicate?

I know not the rare creature for whom she searches, but I do know many girls who have doubtless as many of the qualities desired by Harry, as he of those manly virtues that would make him acceptable to the young woman he longs for.

I know a girl who can walk three or four miles an hour, climb the fences on the way if need be, and not be weary at the end. She has never had a touch of powder on her face, except in tableaux, and has never been under the physician's care; is not a fright, knows something of a good many things, enough of some to gain a comfortable livelihood, but alas, she wears a corset waist! Even did she not I doubt if Mr. Harry would give her the second glance should he some day meet her on the street; for she is not "stylish." Not because she scorns such things; dear no, but there are other things more important. For, dear sisters, the girl who must earn her living soon finds that the struggle is hard enough at times without any hindrances, and concludes to sacrifice dress to business rather than strength and business to dress. True, it takes time and perhaps some tears, but I believe that in the end it is not loss. This of course is not true of the young "lady" who enters the field of labor for the reason that without she cannot have all the ribbons and laces she desires. I am speaking of the young woman who is working not for more sweetmeats, but for bread and butter. If thoughtful, she will soon come to consider carefully what shall be her choice in many ways; and if wise will spend her money, not in fine clothes but for those things that shall aid in building true and noble womanhood; that shall fit her for the highest and sweetest of life's duties, if they fall to her lot. She learns the value of money, knowing its purchasing power as many a political economist can never know it. She knows how much and how little it has to do with human weal and woe, at least as she individually is concerned; and knowing all this, not from the theorist's standpoint but from that of the practical worker, she is determined to marry only a man who commands her honor and trust, and because honor and trust, her love; a man for whose happiness she is willing to sacrifice some of the trifles that in her life alone

she could have. Is it easy, think you, for a woman who has, for a decade of years perhaps, had the control of purse strings to accept a position where every time fifty cents is needed she must appear, in her own behalf, before the committee of ways and means; to forfeit and forego many of the pleasures that as a girl, caring for herself, she enjoyed; to do disagreeable work; to know there is no hour of the day which she can call her own? Yet many do all this for the men they love? Why? Because few are the women who in their inmost hearts do not believe that a woman is happiest and best when making a home for the man she loves above all others. Too, the spirit of sovereignty is strong within us and we love a realm whose peace or war is so largely dependent upon us. So many a woman gives up much that has made life pleasant, cheerfully, even thankfully, and no one ever hears from her lips how much she sacrificed, for when true love is given, self is given too.

Why do so many men fail to find such wives? Women of this character demand men of sterling qualities, manly men; sometimes I think the men do not always know where to look. Women of this stamp wear not their hearts upon their sleeves; it takes more than a day or a week of chance acquaintance to discover their qualities, so if man would win he must search. If he does not find her in the parlor of his confrere let him look in other places.

If Harry is faithful in his search he may find the girl who can walk with him, does not need the physician's care more than a third of the time; but he will also be quite likely to find one who has advanced ideas as to the requisites of husbands; for the woman wise enough to care for and strengthen her body, at the same time opens to broader thought and feeling both head and heart. May there be many such, and Harrys wise, brave and true enough to search and find.

JEANNE ALLISON.

#### OUR GIRLS.

[Paper read before the Grand Blanc Farmers' Club by Mrs. H. R. Dewey, July 10th, 1891.]

To me has been assigned the topic "Our Girls." This subject is so broad, so sweet, so numerous, I feel quite incompetent to deal with it in its entirety, so will limit myself to those girls which, as an organization, we may be permitted to claim exclusively as "ours," i. e., farmers' girls.

We often see, in reading the discussions of various meetings of people devoted to farming, the question anxiously asked, "What are we going to do to keep our boys on the farm?" The ease with which they drift away from the farm into other professions is duly bewailed, and a remedy sought for with earnestness. But has any one asked the question, What are we doing to keep our girls on the farm, and to make



them thoroughly in sympathy with farm life? I quite believe that when we shall have learned to so teach and train our girls as to make them recognize the fact that the farm home affords as worthy a field for their developing powers as the schoolroom, the committee, the manipulation of the typewriter, or many of the various occupations now open to women, we shall have answered the question, "What shall we do to keep our boys on the farm," once for all; for where the girls are contented and happy the boys are sure to be.

During the last month the voice of the "sweet girl graduate" has been heard in the land, as she completed her school life. A goodly proportion of these graduates are farmers' daughters. Their parents in many instances have afforded them these educational opportunities only by the practice of strict economy and self-denial at the farm home. Each daughter is supposed to have fitted herself to begin the performance of life's practical duties; to have laid in, as it were, a store of useful knowledge that shall prove to her an "open sesame" to the problems of daily living and thinking.

But how many of these fair daughters look forward to the farm home of their parents, or even a farm home in that unknown land of the future, of which every girl sometimes dreams as a probable or even possible field for their future usefulness? Too few, I fear.

It is the proud boast of Michigan that she is a State of homes. While we may not boast of the immense farms of the farther west, we have a larger number of farms, owned and occupied by the men who operate them, than any of our sister States. This is a state of affairs to which we point with pardonable pride and satisfaction, for it is generally conceded that to be prosperous morally and financially, a State must have a solid backing of producers, a foundation of agricultural interests upon which to build her manufacturing and commercial life.

The girls of today are to be the wives and mothers of the future, but if, as seems to be the case, there is a growing disinclination on the part of our girls to assume the duties of farm life, what can we expect of the farm homes of that future, and we do not wonder that "Our Girls" should form a topic for discussion in a farmers' club.

Mr. President, to convince another of any truth we must first believe it thoroughly ourselves, and if we would cultivate in our girls a love and enthusiasm for farm life, we must first be earnest and enthusiastic ourselves; believing fully in the dignity of useful labor, and fully alive to all the possibilities of our profession. I use the word profession advisedly, for the time has passed when, as the old saying was, "Any fool can be a farmer." It has

brains are as necessary a qualification for farming as for other professions. Fathers and mothers have been and are still too apt to speak only of the unpleasant side of farm life; we have, as Mrs. L. B. Bacon very aptly expresses it in the *HOUSEHOLD* of June 13th, "talked it down, not up." We forget to appreciate at its true value any blessing constantly enjoyed, and have dwelt too much on home's monotonous duties, too little in its freedom, its independence, its healthfulness. Is it any wonder then that the girl fresh from school life, with all its pleasant associations and companionships, finding mother perhaps a little pale and worn, and father hurried and nervous, takes her cue from all this talk of the unceasing drudgery of farm life, and concludes that she will teach, clerk, dressmake, do anything in fact, rather than housework on a farm, not realizing the fact for herself, never having it impressed upon her young mind, that there are some unpleasant things to be met with in any vocation, and never once thinking that she, the daughter, can be and should be one of the most important factors in making the farm home what it may be, one of the happiest places on earth. Fresh young life and enthusiasm are needed on the farm. Youthful ambition welcomes responsibility, and when we learn to take our girls as well as our boys as active partners in our homes, we will have taken one step in the right direction. Parents often err through a mistaken tenderness, thinking to save their girls some of the hardships that have been their lot, and forgetting that through discipline only comes truest development. We shall have taught our girls one of life's best lessons when we have made them truly feel that no duty is prosaic or commonplace if performed to promote the comfort and happiness of those we love. Woman's life is necessarily made up of details, of a multiplicity of details. I suppose that is the reason God created her more patient than man, but quaint George Herbert says, "Who sweeps a room as to God's grace makes that and the action fine." And so girls, although the thousand and one little everyday duties of housekeeping seem very commonplace affairs, when we learn to regard them as our contribution towards the welfare and happiness of the home circle, we shall have lifted them out of the realm of drudgery into that of loving service, which is always twice blest.

In these days of improved labor-saving implements life on the farm, either in doors or out, is not necessarily all drudgery. There is a solid sort of satisfaction in work well done; this satisfaction is in proportion to the thought put into our work, as intelligence always tells quickly in results obtained from our labors. There is scope for much executive ability in planning and caring for the comfort of a

household, that each individual member is remembered and made comfortable in his or her individual way. The girl's knowledge of chemistry finds field for use in cooking, in bread and butter-making. To have learned something at a school is one thing; to know how to put that knowledge to practical every day use is another. I know a young married lady, a fine student at one of our best colleges, who graduated with high honors, who now after some years of housekeeping regrets that she did not spend a little more time in mother's kitchen mastering the arts of bread-making, fruit canning, etc. If our girls are well taught in these useful arts at home, with mother to assist and correct mistakes, it is much easier for them when they go to homes of their own. Some previous training is usually deemed requisite before entering on any new occupation, in none more truly required than in the fine arts of housekeeping and homemaking, arts in which if we fail we not only, but those most dear to us, pay the penalty of our deficiencies.

But noble sentiments and faithful performance of duties on the part of our girls are not all that is required. I would like to see farm houses more like other co-operative industries. No man would like to contribute his labor to the State, as a whole. He wants to feel individually repaid for his labor. True, also, of our daughters. When the girl teaches school or engages in any other occupation, it is for the purpose of earning money, money that shall be hers to use for any purpose that best suits her. A boy when he becomes of suitable age and capacity, is usually given some tangible return for his labors on the farm, either a share in the stock, the profits of the business, or monthly wages; so I think if a girl is expected to be contented and happy in a farm house, she should be made to feel that she is not only a participant in the labors of the house, but in the returns from those labors also, not only in a general way, as in being provided with food and clothing, but to the extent of an occasional ten or twenty dollar bill, when the head of the farm comes home from selling the wool, or the wheat, or the cattle or the sheep, in short any of the various products of the farm. (I am not going to even speak of his remembering his wife in this way, because it is presupposed that no member of our Club ever makes it necessary for his wife to ask for money.) Teach your girl to know the worth of money, not by being niggardly with her, but by letting her know what it is to earn it, and to use it wisely, and if you give her a pet colt, or calf or sheep, let it be hers; and if, after she has petted and cared for it, and it has grown to a salable age it is sold, let the money received for it be hers to invest as she will. The greatest reason that young wives are sometimes more extravagant than their



husbands' means will warrant, is not because they do not wish to be prudent, but because as girls they have had no financial training.

I know one farmer who makes his daughter his bookkeeper, of another, an extensive breeder of all kinds of thoroughbred stock whose daughter, an accomplished lady, has for some years attended to the voluminous correspondence and record-keeping that business requires. And I say it is with mutual profit and satisfaction to both father and daughter. It should be more universally practiced. Many a farmer never takes his wife, much less his girls into his confidence as regards his business affairs. This is all wrong. If a woman is worthy to be a man's wife she is also worthy to be a partner in his business; and if, as I heard a man say once, "His wife had no head for business," this is the way to make her have one. Plan, consult, advise with wives and daughters as well as sons regarding the business management, the income and expenses of the farm, thus making all feel that theirs is a common interest, having for its object the up-building of a home in its truest sense.

"Home is not merely four square walls,  
Though with pictures hung and gilded,  
Home is where affection calls,  
Filled with shrines our hopes have builded."

Again, there is much that an intelligent girl can enjoy on a farm in watching and understanding the processes of nature from seedtime to fruition. There is no reason why a girl should not understand the "whys and wherefores," the rotation of crops, the value of different fertilizers, the cultivation and care of different kinds of fruits and grains, the care of different kinds of stock. It should be a pleasure to fathers and brothers to interest and instruct our girls in all these things. It broadens a girl's mental horizon and causes greater respect for the farmer's vocation. Many a girl dislikes, or thinks she dislikes farm life because to her mind, woman's part in it is limited to a dull round of dishwashing, cooking and babytending.

Let women clamor less for the ballot, but learn to use the rights she already has, that God and nature have endowed her with, bringing to man's side an intelligent comprehension of his life work, and she can exert over our fathers and brothers, husbands, sons and lovers, an influence that is immeasurable, and that the ballot can never give her.

If for a change the father sometimes invites his girl to a seat on the wheel cultivator, the hay rake or tedder, she will enjoy it and the roses on her cheeks bloom all the brighter. There is nothing unwomanly or debasing in these things. Closer communion with Nature in all her animate and inanimate forms broadens our sympathies and makes us more truly womanly. If we help a girl to a more intelligent observation of the great working forces of nature now, at a time when she is comparatively un-

fettered by care and responsibility, we have provided her not only with a present amusement, but a means of restful enjoyment in those later years when she shall assume life's sterner duties. Ask those whom the changing vicissitudes of life have transplanted from the farm house to the city's restless life, and they will tell you they long with an inexpressible longing for the peace, the quiet, the freedom, the rest, the abundance of the farm home, finding amid these surroundings a balm for troubled hearts and sore spirits.

Our everyday surroundings and influences have much to do with the formation of character, making it according to the nature of these either a weed by the wayside of life tossed by every wind of selfishness or caprice, or a beautiful plant blossoming into kindly deeds and loving words. True education has been defined as "the gradual, careful, symmetrical unfolding of all our powers, showing itself in the individual not so much by the sum total of knowledge, but in the balance of judgment, the power of concentration, and the genius for hard work." Where in all our broad land is a better opportunity afforded for the symmetrical development of character than in the farm home of today, where it is, as it should be, the home of education and refinement?

But mere theorizing is not enough. If we wish our girls to love the farms, we all have something to do. We should make our homes attractive, as far as our means will permit. If "music hath charms to sooth the savage breast," it is also as powerful in softening the asperities of every day life. The man who said "Let me write the songs of a people, and I care not who makes its laws," understood human nature. Where the voice of song is frequent, quarrels are few, so if possible let music add its charms to our home life. The very best of reading matter is also a necessity, even if the father doesn't buy that "forty" he is longing for, or goes with one less cupola on his barn.

I do not deny the fact of hard work on the farm. It is there, and plenty of it, but farm life may have its compensations for girls as well as boys. There is much healthful pleasure in riding and driving. Let these be numbered among our girls' accomplishments; only if you give her a horse let it be a good one and not some broken down "slow poke." There can be a variety of enjoyable amusements varying with the different seasons, and if enjoyed together by parents and children will do much towards keeping them in close sympathy. If parents will keep young at heart, and in touch with their young people, it matters little how many years they can count, they are one in feeling.

In the slender hands of "Our Girls," not farmers' girls alone, but all our girls, lies, I firmly believe, the settle-

ment of the vexed temperance question. We may educate the children, wise men may declaim on this great evil, and legislators frame prohibitory laws. It all helps. But when young ladies refuse all attention, and socially ostracize in every way all young men who are not strictly temperate, then and only then, will young men recognize the truth that intemperance is a sin against nature, and we shall all hold in higher esteem even than we now do, one of God's sweetest, tenderest, purest forms of humanity, "Our Girls."

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

MASH and season carrots just as you do potatoes. They are very nice thus prepared.

AN English paper says if you want flavor to your green apple sauce or in jelly, always cook the parings with the sauce, even if you tie them in a tarleton bag by themselves. Apples boiled in cider are delicious. Sweet apples and pears baked till jellied in their own juice ditto.

AN exchange gives the following valuable "hint:" "A good way to kill the mosquitoes that come into your room in the day-time is to take the top of an ordinary blacking box and tack it on the end of a broom handle; then put a very little coal oil (or alcohol) in it, and hold it under the mosquito, and press it up against the ceiling, when the fumes of the oil will stupefy him, and he will fall into the lid." The mosquito will, of course, remain perfectly quiet while you thus compass his destruction. But what's the matter with "smashing" him on the good old-fashioned and expeditious plan?

THE best way to take ink out of table linen, says an exchange, is to soak the spots in sour milk. Put the cloth in the fresh milk and set it where it will turn sour. The process of souring seems to assist in drawing out the stains. Rub the spots after they have been soaking twenty-four hours in the milk after it has curdled, just as you would wash any spot in water. They finally become very faint, and may now be washed out in water, and the first time they are put through the weekly washing the probability is that all traces of the ink stains will have disappeared.

#### Contributed Recipes.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.—Pick cucumbers, wash very clean, pour boiling water over to cover, and let stand until cold. Then put in the following pickle: One gallon cold vinegar; one teacupful salt; two tablespoonfuls each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice and black pepper, and one of pulverized alum; add a little horseradish. If you use ground spices, tie in bags, if whole, throw in loose.

MRS. GLENN L. WHEELER.

PENN YAN, N. Y.