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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

CHILDHOOD'S CHARMS.

I placed my boy in the barber's chair,
To be shorn of his ringlets gay,
And soon the wealth of his golden hair
On the floor in a circle lay.

'Twas a trifling thing of daily life,
And to many unworth a thought—
Too small a theme, 'mid the toil and strife,
Of this world's changing lot.

But the ringing cut of the cruel shears
To my heart-strings caused a pang,
For they changed the child of my hopes and fears
With the scornful tune they sang.

My thoughts were bent on the little cap,
And the curls that round it twined,
Like golden clasps with which to trap
The sunbeam and the wind.

No more shall I see those flying curls,
As my homeward steps I wend;
Another stage of his life unfurls,
Where youth and childhood blend.

So when from the chair he stepped at length,
He stood with his artless smile,
Like Samson shorn of his locks of strength
By Delilah's treacherous smile.

Thus, one by one, will vanish away
The charms of his childish life,
And each bring nearer his manhood's day,
With its scenes of toil and strife.

God grant that my lease of life may last,
Through his changing years of youth;
Till the danger-rapids of life are passed,
And a Samson stands in truth.

—Walter M. Rogers, in *Good Housekeeping*.

THE FASHIONS.

The bonnets of the season are beyond description. The toque, which has been a prime favorite so long, goes to second place, and the little, low-crowned infinitesimal bonnet, a hybrid between the toque and what we have known as bonnet so long, takes first position; it is "new," you see. One very *recherche* (as the milliner assured me) affair consisted of a roll of cardinal velvet outlining a wire frame covered with an open-work pattern in jets, with a cocque's plume edged in jet at the back, backed by a stiff bow of cardinal velvet. A gray hat for a miss had a wide felt brim bound with a ribbon and a soft loose velvet crown which was raised on one side to meet the turned-up brim, against and on which was massed a loose cluster of purple and yellow pansies. This style—felt brim and soft velvet crown—is to be quite fashionable, combining as it does the two leading materials for winter millinery. A very pretty bonnet shown was of black velvet with the pointed Marie Stuart front so

becoming to many faces, which was edged with cut jet beads. Jet, it may be said here, is very fashionable on everything this season, especially millinery. There are bonnets in open work patterns of finest cut jet, and large coronet-shaped pieces intended for fronts, also bandeaux and crowns to be applied upon velvet. The gold laces which were so popular last season seem to be out of favor entirely this year. Walking hats of black and brown velvet are heavily trimmed with wide ribbons and ostrich tips, also fancy ostrich pompons and impeyan feathers. Birds, I am glad to say, are out of style, and though we use plumage no less lavishly at least we are spared the pitiful sight of impaled songsters with glass eyes and ruffled feathers, perched at uncomfortable angles upon a nest of ribbons and lace. Not to mention the sentimental feature, such use of birds has always seemed to me to be incongruous, suggestive of a museum, a trifle unwholesome and totally un-beautiful. Some of the hats shown have wide bindings of astrachan, and others have shaggy brims and smooth felt crowns in conical shape. We may say briefly that bonnets are very small—mere apologies in jet and feathers; and hats are quite large and very abundantly trimmed. Middle-aged women who wear hats choose the English walking hats, trimmed with a large velvet bow at the back, a jet ornament in front and long ostrich plumes on each side.

Ties are wider and shorter than last summer. Two-inch velvet or ribbon is used, and they are pinned with a fancy pin, or fastened under a small bow. A very pretty black velvet toque was edged with a narrow band of cut jet set on the velvet, which was laid in loose folds on the sides. The crown was plain and covered with a wide band of jet, and where the folds met in front was fixed a large jet ornament. At the back were a few short tips and a loop or two of velvet. It was very stylish and could be duplicated in any color. Flowers are seldom seen on millinery this season, but when used are of velvet. A great many fancy ornaments in plumage, pompons, agriettes, panaches, etc., are worn.

Coats and jackets are considerably longer than heretofore; the former are in what is called three-quarter lengths,

while the very shortest *la mode* jacket covers at least one-third of the dress skirt. On the other hand, the long close-fitting cloaks, which have been worn to entirely conceal the dress, are shortened by at least ten inches. The Muscovite and Russian cloaks are still popular; these entirely cover the dress and are worn with capes which fall to the elbow. Capes in an infinite variety are worn, and grow longer with the advancing season. They are high on the shoulders, and have either the high wired collar or are worn with boas of ostrich or cocks' feathers. These feather boas are seen in great variety, both the long ones and those which tie close round the throat with ribbon strings. They are imitated in cheaper material, and that is a sure sign that their days are numbered. As soon as a thing becomes common and is cheapened so everybody can get it, it is no longer stylish. Jacket collars and revers are faced with fur, mink being a favorite; mink muffs are carried with them. Sealskin has risen in value since the closed season has been ordered, and other furs will have a chance. Mink jackets and capes are seen in the furriers' windows, and will be fashionably worn when snow flies.

As before noted, there are no pronounced changes in the styles of making dresses. The plain close skirts, with the fullness—what there is of it—still massed at the back; the absence of skirt trimming or at most the adornment of the foot of the skirt at front and sides with bands of velvet, passementerie, ruffles or ruches, and the increased length, still obtain. The velvet band is no longer set directly on the edge of the skirt, but is placed an inch above it. On some dresses a narrow velvet panel is seen on one side; sometimes wide passementerie is laid half on this, half on the skirt; another style is a row of eight or ten large buttons with simulated buttonholes.

The "bell" and "umbrella" skirts are seen, composed of gores, and having a bias seam in the back, but not one woman in five can wear them with grace. They define the figure with startling accuracy. Said a friend in her first skirt of this kind: "I don't feel like a modest woman in this dress!" Such skirts are lined throughout and worn without a foundation skirt and

with a silk petticoat, which is often a feature in the landscape when the skirt is lifted, as it must be on the street. Plaids are cut so that the front of the skirt is straight and the back bias. The seams of the bell skirt are often outlined with gimp, but it is hardly a pretty fashion, and there is no denying that the skirt with the front very slightly draped, just enough to break by a fold or two the plain outline, and made moderately close-fitting, with a full or large box-pleat in the back, is the "happy medium" and the most generally becoming style.

But if skirts are plain, fancy runs riot in corsages. Everything is worn; the waist gives character to the gown. The coat, and the coat-skirted basques remain the leading models, but the latter is becoming terribly hackneyed. Coat skirts and frills are in all materials and on all women, consequently it is the fit and the wearer which give the style. Some women—slender women, with slight hips—look well in coat skirts; a stout woman's figure reminds one of a barn-door in them. But, being in fashion, no one minds a little thing like that. Other corsages are blocked in deep points or battlements, the seams open to the waist line and the outlines edged with narrow gimp. One of the newest shapes is pointed in front, short on the hips, with a very long postilion back, reaching half the length of the dress skirt. Waists for evening dresses are almost invariably cut with moderately sharp points front and back; many have surplice folds which make the popular V-shape both front and back; and if one does not wish to disclose so much of the throat and neck, the V is filled with passementerie sewed together or with a pretty patterned lace, fastened into a close collar.

Velvet was never more used in combination with cloths than this year. It trims the skirts; is used for entire sleeves or for very deep elbow cuffs, for revers and pocket laps, for coat skirts and girdles, in short, wherever it can be used, except, queerly enough, for vests. These are made by preference on wool dresses, such as chevots, tweeds, and the rough-surfaced novelties, of smooth-faced cloth. A pretty green cheviot had a jacket front with waistcoat of plain green broadcloth, crossing to leave a V-shaped opening at the throat which was filled in with green bengaline, with collar of the same. The edges of the vest, which formed a point in front, were braided with gold braid in Greek key pattern; and the jacket had a deep coat collar and revers of green velvet. A band of velvet underlaid by an inch wide fold of the broadcloth was set down the left side, the fold turning toward the front.

Sleeves are still full, loose and long, and high on the shoulder though not so exaggerated as heretofore. The mutton-leg remains the favorite; this sits moderately close below the elbow.

In trimmings, there are new patterns in gimps and cord passementeries, used for borders. Narrow gimps are much used to form large braiding patterns, scrolls and arabesques, and put upon sleeves and vests in curves and "curleques." They range from ten to fifty cents a yard. The newest trimmings are the feather edges, at \$1 and \$1.50 a yard; these are ostrich barbes, arranged on a foundation so they may be used to outline revers and collars. Bands of cocks' plumes are \$2.15 to \$2.75 a yard and seen in black and brown; ostrich feathers are mixed with the pretty iridescent barbes from peacock feathers to make showy bands which are used on wraps, or to trim the fronts of corsages. The gaudy metallic passementeries worn last year are out of favor this season.

BEATRIX.

GETTING READY FOR SPRING.

Now while our gardens are glorious with a profusion of autumn flowers, let no one forget that this lovely weather will soon change, and if a spring display is desired beds of bulbs must be planted or transplanted, and prepared to meet our expectations. The present month is the time for the work, and do not delay until the last days of it, for these faithful bloomers are impatient of neglect. A good rich top dressing is essential as a finish to insure flowers of rich color and substance.

The only plant honestly entitled to the fanciful name of "Snow on the Mountain" is *Euphorbia marginata*; it is one of our most vigorous annuals, coming self-sown after the first season's sowing. It is indigenous west of the Mississippi, and blooms so profusely its snowy appearance suggested its appropriate pet name. Any good garden soil is all it requires.

Florists use lime water usually for white worms; some stick matches in the soil. I prefer a fresh supply of soil and a clean pot. Carbolic acid is not a good application to plants.

Plants when in good soil and in good healthful growing condition I consider conducive to health, rather than the reverse.

I will add to the Editor's instructions in regard to the gladiolus, that if one has patience to raise plants from the seed found in the flower pods, they are quite sure to get some new varieties as they are not, like the bulblets, sure to duplicate the parent. When growing choice sorts in abundance I have been delighted with my success, and it is very little extra care, no more than the bulblets require. A good gladiolus is worthy of a good price, or time and patience to originate a new variety.

Every lover of flowers should pot a few Holland bulbs for winter; they will charm the whole family, and after planting out will continue to bloom every year as long as they live. The

last of this month and next is the time to pot them. I have given directions in the HOUSEHOLD in the past, but will cheerfully repeat them if desired.

FENTON.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

Brothers and sisters (mostly sisters), the spirit moves me to speak of some things I saw at the Hillsdale fair. Don't be alarmed now, I am not going to talk about the mammoth cabbages nor the crazy quilts. It is of other things I will discourse—when I get to them. Mrs. D., Maude and I were the only ladies of the originally planned party who finally boarded the excursion train before the dew was off the clover on the morning of the first of October. Mrs. D. gave one despairing look at my lunch basket and meekly asked how long I intended to stay. Mr. D. wanted to know if I didn't think we had better commence to eat "right off." I managed by a little generalship to protect my basket, and about eleven we reached the fair grounds. Saw all there was to be seen except the stock, and the reason we did not see that was because our male escort disappeared from mortal sight as soon as we had explored the lunch basket and was not seen again until the pangs of hunger, the shades of evening and the near approach of train time drove him to seek his nearest relatives again. The great feature of the fair this year was Vick's vegetable show, which was certainly worth seeing. But it is not of that I am going to speak. Then we saw some very fine furniture which seemed so reasonable in price. But that is not what I am going to talk about. I hear some one say (presumably a "brethren") "Get to the point, sister; get to the point." All right, I will; but I must say I saw the loveliest blue satin sofa pillow—hand painted. It certainly was the loveliest thing. There is a man not a thousand miles away, in fact he is out in the second field cutting corn, the one with that old straw hat on I have talked so much about, who always supplements a particularly extravagant statement with the remark "speaking after the manner of women." But I don't care; that sofa pillow was a beauty.

Well, what I want to talk about is other folks. (A voice from the rear: "Don't doubt it in the least; most women do.") Will some one please put that brother out? There! now we will go on with our meeting in peace and quietness, I hope. I will commence by remarking there is no place like a big crowd in which to show out dispositions. One's true self generally comes to the surface at such a time. When tired with walking and seeing, Mrs. D. and I thought we would rest awhile provided we could find a seat. The benches all seemed pretty well filled, but at last we spied one, only one end of which was occupied and that by a youngish sort of

couple with a small lunch-basket between them which they were preparing to open. Elated with our luck we sank down upon the seat, whereupon the woman eyed us coldly and suspiciously and remarked "We are going to use all of this seat; we are going to spread our lunch all out." You should have heard the importance of the tone and remarked the size of the basket to have appreciated it. We didn't stop to argue the matter, but sufficiently awed moved on. In a moment we came upon another seat which was pretty well filled, but looked as if there would be very comfortable sitting for one toward one end where sat a rather elderly lady and little girl four or five years old, her grand-niece, we learned afterward in a burst of confidence. Mrs. D. insisted upon my taking the seat by reason of a slight indisposition. In fact I left home under protest, but then you know how you like to go after you have planned it so long, even if you do eat too many plums the day before. Well, I sat down, whereupon the sweet-faced grand-aunt looked up at Mrs. D. and said, "Wouldn't you like to sit down." "Oh," said Mrs. D., "I don't think there is room for me." "Oh yes," the lady replied, "we will make room; you know we have to crowd a little such days as this." Such a warm, delicious feeling stole over my heart, which a few minutes before had been slowly congealing. One needed but to look at her and hear her full sweet voice to feel sure she would be willing to crowd on all days. Does a voice ever make any difference with your enjoyment of a person? It does with mine. So many funny things we saw that day. I was much more interested in the display of human nature than in any other department.

And the babies! Oh the babies! Every time I heard a poor tired baby cry it went through my heart like a knife. So many nursing babies—though really they were better off than those who were able to walk. But I couldn't help remarking one thing. There was not a woman there who would have dreamed of going into the ladies' closet to eat a dinner, but they took their little babies in there to give them their meals. I saw a little girl about two years old who was crying, "Take me home, so tired; want to see papa; take me home; take me home." The mother said, "Shut up; you ain't going home; keep still or I will slap you." The child continued her wailing cry of "take me home; so tired." The mother shook her roughly and threatened again to slap her, but could not hush the child's crying. She shook her again and again. It made me boil. I heard a woman near me who was watching the performance say "Land! aint that young one got spunk?" I snapped out "Don't that woman lack sense?" Finally, when I could stand it no longer I went to the woman and asked if her

child was sick. "Oh, no," she said, "she ain't sick now but she has been, and she's awful cross. I can't do nothing with her." The child cried till she was exhausted and then fell asleep, her breath coming in long heavy sobs. Much relieved, her mother laid her down with a shawl for a pillow and had a good time hearing the "musical genius" sing and play.

But the most hopelessly helpless looking creature I saw was a man carrying a five or six months' old baby and leading a two year old; both babies crying at the top of their voices and the man looking as if he wanted to cry too. Where his women folks were is more than I know, but he surely needed them mightily, for a more dejected looking mortal I never gazed upon. Saw another baby about two years old being dragged along almost as fast as its mother could walk, and when the mere toddler stumbled and fell was jerked up again by one arm and dragged along even faster than before. Oh, how I longed to gather up all the tired little creatures and hustle them home and into their cribs! How thankful was I that my own little "chappie" was safe at home at his sand heap with his shovel and cart, and his dinner and nap in due season!

The lengthening shadows at last warned us to get back to the depot, which we did speedily. After feeling positive we never in all this world would get through the crowd and into the right train, we finally steamed out of Hillsdale and in course of time arrived at home, agreeing we had had a splendid time watching other folks and looking at fall wraps and hats.

ALBION.

EUPHEMIA.

GOOD HUSBAND?

"I've got such a good husband," she said in a confidential moment. "Monday mornings he gets breakfast and I go right to washing. I use pearline; soak the clothes over night, and by eight o'clock the washing is on the line. Breakfast over, and he has gone to his place of business. If the babies are sick he is over them as much as I, and just as anxious. He is always kind and tender of me, so loverlike—I often wonder why he chose me, when he could have had his pick among lots of girls," and she hid her blushing face behind the baby, a lusty little fellow of perhaps eight months, and there were two others not much more than babies. Here was a honest, just tribute to a noble, good fellow, and my heart swelled with pride toward the sweet little woman who was just as much in love with her husband as when he came courting. In a cozy little nest of a home—for he worked on a salary—they were happier and more contented than had they owned millions. "'Tis love that makes the world go round," nothing surer under the sun.

I don't really suppose there is any fixed rule whereby a good husband can

be measured; if there were we'd have them made to order. They do not spring up in a night like mushrooms; they are made much like the earth's strata, layer upon layer, one good quality overlying another, mellowing as the years get into them; and while it may not be true in all cases, it is in a majority, the wife has very much to do in molding the husband. It is just as she begins. There is no better way to commence the day than with a kiss and a cheery word; it will lighten the heaviest burden, it leaves a pleasant memory. It is the best lubricator known to prevent friction in the home machinery. A kiss and cheery word are so easily given; yet how chary we are of them! The young husband needs more sympathy than he usually receives—he has never had the least idea how fearfully and wonderfully the modern woman is "gotten up;" a perfect martyr to backache, headache, feet ache, hysteria, neuralgia, variability of temper, an odd mixture of sunshine and clouds, smiles and tears. It is something new to him, these periodical attacks, and if he should not immediately fall into spasms don't consider him entirely devoid of sympathy; he may suffer as much mentally as though he voiced it every three minutes.

A good husband is particular as to his personal appearance—that is, as far as he can be. No man can follow a team through a cloud of dust after a dry summer fallow and not be considerably mussed up; in fact it would be the poorest place in the world to wear a Prince Albert coat and high silk hat. It is but natural to suppose that his face would be reeking with perspiration, and grimy with dirt, but if the spirit should move him to kiss you and hug that new lawn waist, that is so becoming to you, don't for mercy's sake say a word; don't show the least reluctance, for in these uncertain times there may come a day you'll want a kiss and a hug and the spirit won't move. A husband to be good the year round must have considerable encouragement, else he'll kick over the traces, faint by the way; he must have fully as much attention lavished upon him as in the days preceding matrimony. If he likes his meals right on time, study to have them so; find out his favorite dishes and prepare them. Food is best enjoyed where both parties like it, it loses half its good qualities if one is forced to eat it alone. If he likes a good cigar or will chew occasionally on the vile and obnoxious weed, why make the best of it; buy him a nice pretty cuspidore, set it handy to his big chair and read him the newspaper while he indulges. By tact and patient and persistent effort maybe you'll succeed in uprooting the habit, but you never will by tabooing cuspidores and scolding about smoke ruining the lace curtains.

Good husbands like to see things

cheerful, so light up the parlor evenings; fix up just as if you expected company and open the piano; if he likes cards, backgammon, checkers or tiddlerewinks, learn to play and get so you can beat him, even though it is against your principles, or I am afraid—he's human you know—you'll spend an evening alone and wonder why he slipped off on the sly.

Perfection, if ever attained, comes through years of discipline. The good husband is not selfish; he sees and appreciates all that the wife does—prompt meals, a wardrobe in order, "buttons where buttons should be," a cozy well kept home, the cheerfulness with which she bears her share of the burdens. She is dearer to him than life, and "he'll kiss her and tell her so."

"There's a cross road somewhere in life, John,
Where a hand on a guiding stone
Will signal one 'over the river'
And the other must go on alone.
Should she reach the last milestone first, John,
I'll be comfort amid your woe
To know that while loving her here, John
You kissed her and told her so."
BATTLE CREEK. EVANGELINE.

A HIGHER STANDARD.

I have been reading the HOUSEHOLD of Sept. 26th, and think it good reading. One of its articles especially interests me—"Men and Women;" and why shouldn't this subject and thoughts upon it and pertaining to it, interest us all? If in seeking to determine the proper status of man or woman—either as individual, sex or class—we would use more good common sense, I think the work would be very much simplified, but the demands of the times, and more especially of custom, have taken the subject in hand to decide, and it would seem in some cases removed it from the domain of good sense.

The relations which should exist between the sexes, whether viewed from a moral, social, or business standpoint, compose a question of the very greatest moment and importance, one which lies at the foundation of all that we cherish, and as a Christian nation, should rightly determine and maintain. I am glad to see the practical view taken in the article referred to, and I wouldn't like to say it's a dreadful sensible article (dreadful when speaking of those "prosaic, stuffy, poky, homely old men") just because it agrees with my views, but will only say I agree with so sensible an article.

A Frenchman who lately traveled in this country expressed much surprise at the freedom accorded to American women, and especially to young women, in going about in our cities and elsewhere unattended by a male escort. I think he failed to see that they were escorted by a healthy moral public sentiment, and their own pure motives and right acts, and were therefore safe; and yet it has seemed to me that, in some cases, the deference paid to woman has resulted injuriously to her; that is, she has taken these acts of courtesy,

and the deference paid to her sex, viewing them in a wrong light, and has assumed, but not possessed, that which would entitle her to be the recipient of courtesies and deference.

I am glad that so many of the business avenues of life are open to woman, and that she is availing herself of the same. The experiences there gained ought but to fit her the better for the work and duties of wife and mother, and to be the light and life of that best of all earthly places—an American home.

Do we not as men and women fail—lamentably fail, in placing our standard of life too low? A higher standard and more earnest, persistent and heroic efforts to reach the same is the great need of the times; and may the efforts of the HOUSEHOLD in this direction—leading to a higher plane and a better and more correct view of life and its duties—be abundantly blessed.

UNION HOME.

J. T. DANIELLS.

LENAWEE COUNTY FAIR.

The Lenawee County fair for 1891 is a thing of the past; numerically and financially it was a grand success, for there were more persons present on Thursday than on any day at a previous fair. The railroads carrying passengers for half fare, and a balloon ascension every day drew the crowd. Everybody went, men, women and children. We heard of one baby there only two weeks old, but did not see it ourselves; we did see lots of tired mothers and tired children. It is a good place to get tired. A lady made the ascension on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday; and as she performed on the trapeze bar, I could think of nothing but one of those toys called jumping-jacks, she looked so small in the distance. Wednesday was Children's Day, and the schools all over the county let out to let the pupils go to the fair, the officers of the society giving a nice banner to the school having the largest per cent in attendance. A company of Alger cadets from this township (Palmyra) consisting of fourteen young ladies, with navy blue dresses trimmed with gilt buttons and braid and carrying guns, gave a very fine military drill on two days of the fair. The ladies of the Methodist church had the dining hall this year at the fair; and never before was the weather so intensely hot all the week, and such crowds of people waiting at the doors to gain admittance to the tables. The many other places where hot lunches could be obtained were kept well filled, for everybody must eat even at the fairs, though many took their lunches and ate them from their buggies or on the ground in groups, scattered here and there, I was only able to go on Wednesday and Thursday and was willing enough to stay home and rest on Friday.

MRS. B. J. LAING.

LENAWEE JUNCTION.

WORKING THE BUTTER.

Henry Talcott, of Ohio, the great dairy expert, says:

"The buttermilk should all be washed out of the butter so it will not color the last water. The butter should then be allowed to drain. It needs no working whatever, but should be carefully weighed; then press in or squeeze in one ounce of good, fine dairy salt to the pound of butter, and if you intend to pack it down for shipment or to keep in crocks or tubs, you never can have it in as good condition to pack as the minute you first get the salt into it. The butter will retain its rosy flavor better to pack immediately; every moment's exposure to air lessens its goodness; every particle of working above what is actually necessary to press in the salt, injures the grain of the butter and reduces its value in market. You must have some brains or gumption about you, to be a good butter-maker."

AN exchange recommends the following method of keeping grapes fresh for winter eating: "Use the common pasteboard boxes which accumulate in every family. Cut a layer of cotton the size of the box and put it in the bottom; over this a layer of grapes, then more cotton and grapes until the box is full, ending with the cotton. Cover, and paste paper strips around joining of box and cover. Keep in cool, dry place.

Contributed Recipes.

CANNED GRAPES.—Pick the grapes from the stems without pulping. Have ready a syrup made in the proportion of a heaping coffee cup of sugar to one pint of water. Over the stemmed grapes pour boiling water enough to cover. Let remain until the skins crack open, which should be in about one minute. Then pour off the water and put the grapes in the syrup. Let stand just long enough to come to a boil, then can. Concord grapes, fully ripe, meet with the best results. This process possesses the merit of retaining the natural flavor of the grape.

DUNDEE.

DOT.

GRAPE CATSUP.—Boil and strain ten pounds of ripe grapes, add three pounds of sugar; one quart of vinegar; two tablespoonfuls each of ground cinnamon, pepper and allspice, and one tablespoonful each of salt and ground cloves. Boil until the catsup is thick as liked, then bottle and seal.

GREEN GRAPE PRESERVES.—Pick them over carefully, and reject any that are injured; wash them, and to every pound of grapes allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Put the grapes into a preserving-pan; then a layer of sugar, then a layer of grapes. Boil on a moderate fire, stirring it all the time to prevent its burning, and as the grape-stones rise take them out with a spoon, so that by the time the fruit is sufficiently boiled—about one hour—the stones will all have been taken out. This is a good way to use grapes not quite ripe when frost comes. DAISY.

DENTON'S.