

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, JUNE 10, 1884.

THE HOUSEHOLD--Supplement.

COUNTRY GIRLS.

Up in the morning early.
Just at the peep of day,
Straining the milk in the dairy,
Turning the cows away;
Sweeping the floor in the kitchen,
Making the beds up-stairs;
Washing the breakfast dishes,
Dusting the parlor chairs.

Brushing crumbs from the pantry,
Hunting for eggs at the barn;
Cleaning turnips for dinner,
Spinning stocking yarn;
Spreading the whitened linen
Down on the bushes below;
Ransacking every meadow
Where the red strawberries grow.

Starching the fixtures for Sunday,
Churning the snowy cream,
Rinsing the pail and strainer,
Down in the limpid stream.
Feeding the geese and turkeys,
Making the pumpkin pies,
Jogging the young one's cradle,
Driving away the flies.

Grace in every motion,
Music in every tone,
Beauty in form and feature,
Thousands may covet to own,
Cheeks that rival spring roses,
Teeth the whitest of pearl;
One of these country maids is worth,
A score of your city girls.

ONE REASON.

"Old School Teacher" asks why, if a mother can train her sons to be good husbands as easily as she can educate her girls to be excellent wives, there are not as many good, true husbands as wives. It seems to me that at least one great reason is because mothers do exactly as "Old School Teacher" says, lose their influence over the boys when they go into the field, and leave the husband to give the "training" along with instructions in husbandry. It is very far from my thought to say that unkind and careless husbands are such through the mother's influence, but I do say that unthoughtful, unappreciative husbands are sometimes such for want of proper training at a mother's hands. When the boys go to the field with the men is the time for the mother to double, not relax, her vigilance, and strengthen her hold on those boys by every means in her power. Undoubtedly in her "boarding round," "Old School Teacher" has known, as I have, mothers who would not exchange a dozen words with a dozen year old boy in all day, except to direct him to get a pail of water or an armful of wood. I call that a practical moral abandonment of the child. It

was not that the mother had no affection for her son, it was simply that he was "out of her way," her many cares had put him away from her. If he had missed his dinner, her maternal instincts would have led her to provide him a nice lunch; but, present, there was not a question as to his day's experiences, no interest in his employment, not a loving word to show that he was more to her than one of the hired men, who came and went with him, and whose influence was already undermining hers. I admit that this is an exceptional case, yet it is a "picture from life," and it goes to prove that the mother's influence is usually lost through her own fault; the many duties which press her on every hand conspire to this neglect.

And, how can a mother reprove or punish a child for imitating a bad habit, in which the father indulges? What is she to say to the little fellow, when he brings up that unanswerable argument, "Papa does so!" especially when she is not sure it may be a vice to which he is naturally disposed by the law of heredity? What a lesson to fathers lies in those youthful ambitions to have boots and pantaloons and moustache "like papa's." And what a mistake a man makes when he lets his boys grow up without winning their confidence? I once heard a gentleman say that he never got really acquainted with his own father, till he (the son) was about to be married, at the age of thirty-eight. The conversation in which he told his father his intention revealed depths of feeling and sentiment in the elder man's heart, which the son had never suspected. Yet that man's mother was very near his heart. Whether because of more natural talent in that direction, because she is better fitted for the task, more patient and painstaking, certain it is that the mother's influence is in most cases, that which controls and moulds the child; yet surely "Old School Teacher" is right when she says if fathers were as careful in precept and example as mothers, we would have better men and happier women.

To my mind one of the pleasantest pictures of domestic happiness poet ever portrayed, is Longfellow's "Children's Hour." When the "darkness begins to lower," the "blue-eyed banditti" assault the arm-chair fortress of the white haired rhymer, carry it by storm, and established in the citadel, claim the father from the world, and the twilight, the "blind man's holiday," is spent in loving converse, in

story telling, and all that sweet companionship which makes the young hearts glad, and the old hearts young again. It is a pretty custom, that of gathering the family together at twilight, for a "reunion" after the day's duties are done, and its influence tends to strengthen family ties and home affections.

BEATRIX.

HIT AND MISS.

How did people manage to keep house before "Households" came into fashion? Surely they are and have been of great service to me. A woman's life "on the farm" is such a nunnery like sort of an affair that she has little chance to gather any new and helpful ideas as to the hows, whys and wherefores of the never to be neglected army of manual labors and mental cares and tangles that hedge her about, except as she originates them or gathers them from consultations held in these same little useful and attractive Household conventions. The day seems near when the family newspaper that fails to go forth bearing on its forehead a "With Household" proclamation will take the back track.

Beatrix asked recently if any one could not do as good general cookery after a half dozen lessons as after years of practice? No one has answered yes or no; I answer "No," not by a good deal of bad cookery and any amount of dismay and vexation of spirit. The establishment of scientific schools of cookery, so numerous and so liberally conducted as to give all a chance, would of course go very far toward making Beatrix's hypothesis a sound one. But as things are now—the most of us getting our lessons in a word here and a line there, a failure yesterday and a success to day—it is not possible to attain even a reasonable degree of the desired and desirable perfection so swiftly.

Example: I have been trying at odd times for ten years to become mistress of the cue that turns "yeast" bread out of the oven in loaves that are perfect specimens of that variety. But there was always a discouraging fault somewhere in the bread. Now 'tis not as 'twas. Thanks to E. S. B. and the other ladies who have so patiently written out their "How I make bread" articles, my yeasty ambition is satisfied. Surely "in multitude of counsellors there is wisdom." No one tells all that should be told to the novice, but each tells something that the others forget, and so at last the said novice gets

the whole story. I have two conveniences that I use in bread making which the reporters have not reported; they are a soap-stone on which all emptyings, yeasts, sponges and many (but for lack of size in stone, not all) loaves of bread are raised. This is a great convenience, as its easily maintained equable temperature saves much watchful care. Next I have a "bread pan," which "Hardware" made to order for me. It is a pan holding about fourteen quarts, made like a dish pan, and has a tight fitting cover like a steamer. This is also boss, and saves much vanity and vexation of spirit. Next I have a flour-sifter; and tin "stew cups," which I also order at "Hardware's" to use in place of iron kettles, have been a part of my "pet economies" in the culinary department for five years. I never saw any one else have any, but I thought they would suit my "style," ordered one, it suited, ordered a set—"stewed" 'em till till they were done for, and have a six months' start on the wear of set No. 2. What I call a set is three cups—a one, a two and a three quart one—made of the very best tin, with handles and tight-fitting covers. "Hardware" is a generous chap, and allows Scriptural quarts. In these and my porcelain kettle I cook everything that otherwise would have to be cooked in the iron kettles except "boiled dinners" and now and then when an extra big cooking of something is required. Oh, but they're neat, ladies, try 'em, and give the old pots and kettles a rest! We fancy that food is better cooked in them than in the heavy, black iron kettles, too. When the "tin" is off too much to suit your ideas of what is the proper thing in "tin," the men folks appropriate them, and find them as handy around the barns and sheds as we find them at the house in the days of their savory brightness. Who is it that is sorry for the woman who makes bread every day because "John's mother did?" Poor thing! Has she no spirit? Why don't she say: "John, my father was a man, and I can't help thinking what a blessed good thing it would have been for me if either you or your mother could have been one too!"

I never hear of, or run across such a sample of the masculine biped of the genus homo as is that same "John" without thinking of that dry old joke that the Lord perpetrated when he had finished his work on the first specimen. We are told, you know, that he made man in his own image, and pronounced his work "good," but his opinion of the character of the work that the man would do is facetiously implied in the name he gave him—"A-dam."

A. L. L., you have given "our girls" some sound advice. I have heard some boys praising it, too; but I must beg leave to differ somewhat with Beatrix's opinions on "our boys" side of the question. She says, "One of a mother's manifest duties is to teach her sons respect for all other women." Now I would as soon say "It is one of a father's manifest duties to teach his daughters respect for all other men." The statements fairly gauged

measure exactly the same. No; rather teach the boys and girls alike to respect real merit in men and women the same. It will be a better day for the world when women are entitled to and receive "respect" because their worth and works command it, and not for the mawkish, pitiful reason that they did not happen to be men.

No; on this point teach the boys and girls alike to discriminate between the true and false, the noble and the base and then, after all, "Moses" and "Matilda," too, will make plenty of "mistakes."

E. L. NYE.

HOME-IN-THE-HILLS, June 2, 1884.

P. S. The bread confab has not only been of profit to me, but also to many of my acquaintances, who do not write for the Household, but who are carefully preserving its numbers for binding, all the same. And now who will lead off in a "How I Make Butter" crusade? Let us hear from "Creamery."

E. L. N.

MORE PICTURE FRAMES.

After reading the article on "Picture Frames" in last week's Household, I thought I would like to tell how I once made a novel and pretty rustic frame for an engraving, which was much admired, and drew out a good many queries as to "what is it made of, anyhow?"

In one of my country rambles I brought back a quantity of the grey and brown lichens which are found on trees and fence-rails. I had no purpose in gathering them, then, but afterward the thought occurred that I might perhaps utilize them. I made a rough pine frame about three inches wide, to fit my engraving, and arranged the lichens on it, filling the interstices with the grey moss which grew in tufts among them, and then gave it a coat of varnish, a thick sort which we had in the house, and which I believe had been bought to varnish our "one hoss shay." The frame was really pretty, "if I do say it as shouldn't," and hung in my sitting-room till the lichens, which were fastened on with flour-and-water paste instead of glue, which would have been preferable, dropped off. I think gold powder might be applied to such a frame with very good effect.

A lady in this city has a large fungus growth—"toadstool," as they are commonly called—which is very much like a bracket in size and shape, and which, after drawing an outline sketch of a rustic scene on it in crayons, she nailed to the wall, where it supports a small majolica pitcher full of pressed ferns and autumn leaves. Generally speaking I don't go much on cheap adornments, but think a few such little things make a room look "homey."

Calling on a friend the other day, I noticed her canary, just taking a hemp-seed lunch, scattered seeds and husks all over her clean floor and window-sill. A piece of coarse muslin, long enough to surround the cage, with a strong string run in the top edge, and gathered and tied with a ribbon under the bottom of the cage, will keep the litter within due

bounds and save work with broom and dust-pan.

Not being one of those who had "noticed the frequent occurrence of wine or brandy in Miss Parloa's cooking school recipes," as commented upon by some of our Household writers, and wondering if I had indeed carelessly overlooked them, I got out my "file" of Households—I am keeping them all, and mean to have them bound—and looked them over. I found one recipe, that for Imperial Pudding, in the paper for May 6th, which calls for wine in its proportions, none which require brandy. In the cookery for the sick, which embraces food we would not set before our families under any conditions except those of sickness, there are three dishes, out of directions for thirteen, in which wine is used, none where brandy is used. One of these three dishes is a jelly recommended for patients who are too feeble to swallow. Eggnog and wine whey are ordered by physicians for those who are unable to eat sufficient food to recruit their strength, but both are dishes no sane woman would serve as family food. I believe in temperance; temperance in matters of belief and opinion, and *statement*, too, is well as in abstinence from intoxicants.

BRUNEFILLE.

DETROIT, June 4th.

ONE PHASE OF INTESTATE LAW.

In a late issue of the FARMER the inquiry was made of the Law Editor, whether real estate could be sold for the support of a widow, she being old and helpless, the personal property having been used up, and the income of the real estate being insufficient to pay for her care and maintenance. It was stated that the property had been acquired by herself and husband, jointly, I believe, and the answer was, that the real estate could not be sold, and it was added: "The heirs ought to take care of her." But if they do not choose to do as they ought, what is the result? Must the aged and infirm lady be sent to the county house, while her unnatural children enjoy the fruits of her hard earned toil? This phase of law is certainly not justice. If a woman dies the law gives to the man in fee, the whole product of their joint earnings, with no delay or expense of probate, or fear that the children will be defrauded. But in its tender care of the children, its fear that the mother may wrong them by a foolish marriage or bad bargains, the property for which she has jointly labored with the father goes to them in fee, (a two-thirds share,) on their becoming of age, while she can only have the use or rental of one-third, with no power to sell it, no matter how sore her need, or how great the inconvenience, should she from any cause wish to change her residence. It may be said that she has the use of all until the youngest child comes of age, but until that time she is charged with their maintenance, and it is then she is most able to help herself. It is when age makes her helpless that she most needs the avails of the labor of earlier years. But the question of right underlies that

need. If a father is not bound by law to divide his property with his children, neither should a mother be. A change in the law that would vest the title of property acquired together, solely in the survivor, would be only manifest justice. There are many who are reaching this point by holding their property by joint deeds, but a just law would make such forethought unnecessary. A. L. L.

GREENFIELD, June 4th.

FLOWERS FOR THE SCHOOL.

A. L. L.'s ideas on fixing up and embellishing the school grounds are excellent. If those who read them would only practice, we should soon see different surroundings about our country school houses, which are too often oases of barrenness among fertile fields and tree-bordered highways. Thanks to the work of our State Horticultural Society and its auxiliaries, through the persistent efforts of the secretary, Mr. C. W. Garfield, much more attention is being paid to making the school property an ornament to the district. Where new school houses are being built, more ample grounds are secured, more commodious and finer buildings are put up, growing trees are spared and others are planted. The movement is slow, but sure. The planting of trees is the first step. We see how dear sunlight must have been to the first settlers of a heavily timbered region, by the remorselessness with which they cut down every tree in clearing up. The pioneers dethroned the old woodland kings, and planted aliens about their houses, (like the "American Acacia," under which grandiloquent name the common locust first was introduced into Michigan). The school grounds were neglected, on the theory that young plants are benefited by the sun.

In very conservative neighborhoods, where new ideas take root slowly, and are yet more tardy in bearing fruit, the proposition to plant trees and flowers in the school yard would be considered evidence of a deep laid scheme to waste the people's money. Here eloquence would be wasted; works, not words, are wanted. Can the teacher, coming for a few months and then drifting to new fields of labor, do anything in the interests of progression? That many think so is evident from the fact that our Teachers' Associations are discussing the subject, and are already beginning to work with horticultural societies toward the beautifying of barren places.

The teacher can at least sow the "little seed smaller than a mustard seed," and leave it to be smothered by indifference, or bear fruit abundantly, as Fate and Circumstance will have it. She has the means at her hand, and it is through her influence upon the children that the work is to be begun. The love of beauty exists in all children, however it may have been dulled by unlovely surroundings, and I would not give much for the child who cannot be interested in talk about the wonderful things in nature. Her processes are wonderful mysteries to childish eyes, which they are glad to

learn. An education which teaches habits of observation and thought discounts the alleged simon-pure article, which seems to principally consist in training the memory. If a teacher can rouse the children's enthusiasm and interest by her talk, and enlist their aid and support, she has engaged a force of "sappers and miners" who will undermine the old prejudice, sooner or later, or at least be amenable to argument in older years by force of early training.

It is not an encouraging prospect to the teacher as she surveys her desolate dominion, treeless, unfenced, with the debris of last winter's woodpile and resulting ash heap littering the yard. If the latter is unfenced, she can do little or nothing that will not be destroyed by stray animals or the wantonness of tramps. If fenced, she can do a little. By dint of hard work she can make a flower bed or two, or plant a tree, which shall stand as a memorial of "her term." It is but a beginning, yet "work well begun is half done."

The average spring term in our country schools is so arranged that it is not easy to grow annuals out of doors with reason to expect blossoms before school closes. Perennials, which bloom in May and June, are better and more ornamental for the school yard, and possess the added merit of requiring less care and attention. In almost any neighborhood enough such plants may be gleaned from somebody's garden to fill a bed or border. The window culture of plants still remains, a dernier resort. Any man who can drive a nail (believed to be a purely masculine prerogative), can make window boxes, which, filled with fertile soil and securely fastened to the windows, afford room for slips and seeds to develop into blossoming plants. (And a man who won't do such a little thing as that for a cheery, pleasant faced school ma'am, who asks as a favor what she assumes it will be a pleasure to him to do because she asks it, deserves the epithet of "cross old bear.") A zonal geranium, a fuchsia, heliotrope, a rose or two, or a carnation, with seeds of a few annuals, as candy-tuft, rocket, petunia, ageratum, an ivy and a morning glory vine, all to be bought for a very small sum, will transform a dull, dingy educational battle field into a cheerful school room, with a bright spot around which are eager questioners and quick eyes alert for every change.

I believe it will "pay" every teacher who has a difficult school to manage, to divert the inherent antagonism of the children into floricultural channels. I would make a window box rather than a set of rules, and I am sure there is more educational benefit in the first. It gives the teacher material for a series of object lessons right at her hand; she can teach the children what they want to know, what they ought to know, and what is of much more value to them than lists of adverbs and prepositions or the interminable "cases" of fractions. She need not expect the flowers to exert the subduing influence of Mr. Simon Tappertit's eye; it is not enough that they are there,

but by her own enthusiasm, her own intelligent talk of them, by the information she gives about how other plants in far off countries grow, she is to rouse interest and enthusiasm in these small people, and thrill through them the slow pulse of the fathers and mothers. It takes time; great bodies move deliberately, but it is being done all around us; everywhere we see how a "little heaven" works to great results. And the teacher, who gave of her strength and vitality to help compass it, shall long be remembered as "that dear Miss Blank, who had the flowers and kept such a good school."

BEATRIX.

BUTTER-MAKING.

"Farmer's Wife" suggested the butter topic, but I do not know whether she opened the discussion as we did not receive our FARMER of May 13th. It is a question in which every farmer's wife should be interested, as no one likes to think she sells below her neighbor. We keep from five to eight cows, and use the cabinet creamery of five cans; let the milk set twenty-four hours, then draw off; I let the cream become sour, then churn immediately. When the butter becomes granulated I stop churning, take up and wash, salt with Ashton's dairy salt, and work only enough to mix the salt. I let it stand about twelve hours, and finish working, unless it is too warm weather, when I partly work it and let it stand until morning to finish, as too much working when soft will ruin it, and I think many are inclined to work too much. It only wants working enough to press out the buttermilk.

I get a good price for my butter, but I hardly know whether my husband is proud to take it to market, as I do not think he takes it twice a year. He seems to relish it very much, but I use the money as I like, and he thinks I can sell it. I supply two families in Detroit, the rest I sell at our local market.

OLD SCHOOL TEACHER.

TECUMSEH, May 29th.

EGG-EATING FOWLS.

Will the people who are troubled with egg-eating fowls, give them vinegar three times a week, for two weeks, and report success to Household? One quart for 50 fowls given in water or mixed with bran-mash; or anything they will eat. Onions are nice for chicks mixed with their food. Please do not find fault about advertisements in the Household; but let each one send something to benefit her "fellow woman." H.

PORTLAND, May 28th.

SCRAPS.

THE prettiest dresses for girls of eleven to fourteen years of age which I see upon our streets, are those with round waists and full skirts with ample draperies; but they are invariably worn over a bustle, and often with small hoops. The "signs of the times" seem to indicate that we will soon all be wearing crinoline, and in spite of all that is said against it, the small

hoop is far preferable to the many skirts necessary to give the same effect. The round waists mentioned above are sometimes plain, oftener shirred or puffed in light wool goods, tucked or gathered in wash materials. The fullness thus given is very becoming to the slender, unformed figures of growing girls. The skirt is sometimes perfectly plain and straight, quite full, with bouffant apron draperies, or again is laid in kilt or box pleats. For younger girls the princesse dress seems to serve as a foundation, on which is laid a kilted or box-pleated skirt, with full blouse-like waist pleated, shirred or gathered, cut long enough to fall in a puff over the seams which unite it to the skirt. No sash is necessary. This style is varied in many ways. Little girls' hats are of all conceivable shapes, and simply trimmed with a band and ends of ribbon. There are quaint "Mother Goose" shapes copied in pique, edged with embroidery, with crown buttoned to the front, under which tousled yellow "bangs" are plainly to be seen.

FASHIONABLE young ladies of the city no longer wear the symbol of betrothal on their finger. Engagement rings are voted out of fashion. The girls do not like to "give themselves away" by showing by the suggestive circle upon the forefinger that they are "particularly interested" in any young man. They say it gives them no chance to flirt, as the other young men of their acquaintance are shy of attentions when warned that they are interfering with "some other feller's" schemes. So a bracelet which can be slipped under the sleeve is preferred, and many of them are very beautiful. The fashion at first was to have the bracelet lock with a tiny gold key which the gentleman wore on his watch-chain, but now a chain circles the wrist so securely that to remove it it is necessary to open a link.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

HELEN CAMPBELL, in her "Easiest Way in Cooking and Housekeeping," recommends a few drops of ammonia in washing greasy pots and kettles. She says the bottle of ammonia should always be handy, as it saves half the work of washing these dishes.

"AUNT ADDIE," in the *Country Gentleman*, says to rid the house of cockroaches, the best thing is a regular cockroach trap; the next best contrivance is a common tin basin. Put a little molasses in the bottom, and a piece of board for the insects to walk up on, when they will slide down the slippery sides of the basin in their eagerness to get at the sweet. They will be unable to crawl up and get out of the sides of the basin, and they can then be destroyed by emptying them into the fire. If you have a sufficient quantity of molasses, they will smother in it. Another correspondent says cucumber parings, scattered about their haunts, will rid the house of them.

A VERY vile decoction of some bitter herb is seemingly often substituted for

the poet's "cup that cheers." A really good cup of tea is a rarity. Either it is black and bitter, or too weak to have sufficient grounds for existence. Never use a tin teapot if you can get any other. The tannic acid of the tea acts upon the tin, making a chemical compound which is unpleasant to the taste and injurious to the stomach. Never boil tea. Scald the teapot with boiling water and pour it out. Put in one even teaspoonful of dry tea for each person, if you desire the tea "strong." Pour in a teacupful of boiling water and let stand a minute for the leaves to swell; then fill up with boiling water. Let stand, covered closely, five minutes. English breakfast tea requires ten minutes. Taken in reasonable amounts, and not boiled till it is a slow poison, tea is not hurtful. It acts partly as a sedative, partly as a stimulant, invigorating the nervous system.

If we find that our time passes slowly and heavily, we may be sure there is something wrong within. Either we have not enough to do or we work mechanically, without heart or energy. If past time looks short or empty, it is because it lacks a distinct record of noble aims, definite resolves, worthy endeavors; if the immediate future looks tedious and uninteresting, it is because we are not living full, rich and earnest lives.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Husbandman* says ham can be kept through the hot weather by cutting it as for frying, packing closely in jars and covering with melted lard. If desirable to keep a part of the ham in shape convenient for boiling, cut from the bone such pieces as you prefer, leave the rind on, put some lard in the place where the bone was, close it up, pack in jars, cover well with lard; when taken out it will be found all right.

JUST at this season of the year, the housekeeper is at her wits' ends to think up new dishes to please jaded palates. Rice, which is too frequently boiled in water, and served with syrup or molasses, or serves as the basis of a watery pudding, can be better treated by a good cook. It may make a most acceptable relish at the supper table, eaten with cream and sugar, or appear on the breakfast table *a la* "Spanish eggs," after Miss Parloa's recipe, or with apple and tapioca as dessert at dinner. The Southern method of preparation is as follows: Wash through two waters, then put the rice into an ordinary two-quart saucepan, cover it to the depth of a half inch with cold water, stir in a little salt, fit on the top carefully, and put the saucepan over a quick fire for twenty minutes. The rice will then be *done*, but not ready for the table. Pour off the water which is left, stir thoroughly from the bottom, lay a tin plate lightly on top, and set the saucepan where it will keep hot and steam very slowly for one or perhaps two hours. It will then be so dry that you can eat it with your fingers, but at the same time thoroughly done, and soft through and through.

Useful Recipes.

PINE-APPLES, now in season, very plenty and quite cheap, make a delicious preserve, far ahead of the tasteless citron in flavor, and as beautiful in appearance. Juliet Corson, a well known "professional" cook, gives the following methods of putting them up:

PINE-APPLE JELLY.—Choose perfectly ripe pine-apples, pare them thinly, remove the eyes and grate them; to each pound of fruit add a half a pound of white sugar, and let them stand two or three hours; then put them over the fire in a porcelain lined preserving kettle, and let them slowly approach the boiling point, and boil gently until the fruit is tender; hang a jelly bag over an earthen bowl, pour the hot pine-apple and syrup into it, and let the syrup run through the bag without pressing it; do not squeeze the bag, and let the pine-apple remain in it until every particle of the juice or syrup has drained from it; it is well to let it drain over night. To each pint of the juice add half a pound of sugar, and boil it gently and steadily, removing all scum as fast as it rises; after the jelly has boiled about fifteen minutes, take up a little on a saucer and cool it, to see if it will harden; if it does not harden, continue the boiling a few moments, and then test again; when the jelly hardens upon cooling remove it from the fire, cool it until it is lukewarm, then pour it into glasses and let it get quite cold; when the jelly is quite cold and firm, cover each glass with a piece of white paper dipped in brandy, and then paste over the tops of the glasses pieces of white paper dipped in the white of egg, slightly beaten, taking care to completely exclude the air from the glasses. Keep the jelly in a cool, dark, dry closet.

PINE-APPLE PRESERVES.—Peel ripe pine-apples, remove the eyes, and slice them in entire slices or in pieces. Put the fruit into a preserving-kettle, after weighing it, and for every pound add half a pint of cold water. Set the kettle over the fire, cover it, and, after the pine-apple begins to boil, let it cook very slowly until tender. When the fruit is tender, take it out of the water with a skimmer, and lay it in a bowl; add to the water as many pounds of sugar as there are fruit, and then stir over the fire until the sugar is dissolved; then put the pine-apple back into the syrup thus made and continue the boiling at a moderate rate until the fruit looks clear and semi-transparent. When the pine-apple has boiled until it is clear, remove the kettle from the fire and let the preserves cool in it, keeping the cover on the kettle. When the preserves are quite cold put them in jars, put over the top of the preserves a piece of white paper dipped in brandy, and close the jars air-tight. Keep the preserves in a cool, dark, dry closet.

BALL'S



CORSETS

The ONLY CORSET made that can be returned by its purchaser after three weeks wear, if not found PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY.

Made in a variety of styles and prices. Sold by first-class dealers everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations. None genuine unless it has Ball's name on the box.

CHICAGO CORSET CO., Chicago, Ill.