

# MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, JULY 20, 1889.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### LIVE IT DOWN.

Has your heart a bitter sorrow?  
Live it down.  
Think about a bright to-morrow,  
Live it down.  
You will find it never pays  
Just to sit wet-eyed and gaze  
On the grave of vanished days;  
Live it down.  
Is disgrace your galling burden?  
Live it down.  
You can win a brave heart's guerdon;  
Live it down.  
Make your life so free from blame,  
That the lustre of your fame  
Shall hide all the olden shame;  
Live it down.  
Has your heart a secret trouble?  
Live it down.  
Useless griefs will make it double,  
Live it down.  
Do not water it with tears—  
Do not feed it with your fears—  
Do not nurse it through the years—  
Live it down.  
Have you made some awful error?  
Live it down.  
Do not hide your face in terror;  
Live it down.  
Look the world square in the eyes;  
Go ahead as one who tries  
To be honored ere he dies;  
Live it down.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

### THE MISADVENTURES OF THE B— FAMILY.

It seems to be the style lately to bring into the HOUSEHOLD our worries and disappointments, for the reason, I suppose, that there ought to be a dark side to the bright picture which Evangeline presented in her "One Week," or we will have too many aspirants for situations as farmers' wives. But I see even her "system" occasionally succumbs to a nervous headache and has to lay up for repairs; and hence feel encouraged to offer some of the misadventures of the B— family, of which I am the feminine head centre. I was much interested in Simon's Wife's "Cloudy Week;" I wish she had made it a fortnight's history. My experience is a good deal more like hers than like Evangeline's; I presume because I have not the house-keeping faculty. I don't mind the work when things go right, "on velvet," as she says, but there are days and weeks when "all goes wrong and nothing goes right" and there are a good many things to grumble at. And it is nobody's fault, either; seems as if it were more due to what Fanny Fern called "the total depravity of inanimate things."

I seem to have spent most of the

spring chasing after chickens. I don't think housekeeping qualities have anything to do with the disposition of a sitting hen to get giddy and abandon her prospective family just at a time when there isn't another hen on the farm that has any inclination to assume the responsibility. I don't know how many times that has happened this spring, so that instead of having a flock of one hundred chicks, as I ought by rights to have, between this and the rats and cats, the turkey gobbler and the brood drowned in the coop by a sudden rain, I've only got about forty. I've made up my mind that the business don't pay; I had almost rather go without the things the chicken money buys than to work so hard to earn it, in addition to all the other things expected of a woman on the farm. And there is another very discouraging feature about the case. When we began house-keeping, it was with the distinct understanding that the returns from the poultry were to belong exclusively to me—my spending money, as it were. But it beats everything how a man does grudge a woman the spending of a little money, even when she has earned it. He'll trust her with the bringing up of his children and with the honor of his name, but a five dollar bill is an awful lot of money for her to spend without any restrictions. Half the time the egg money has to go for groceries, though the tablecloths are getting so thin I am ashamed of them; and I've been disappointed so many times in my planning to get a three yard tablecloth and a dozen napkins to match, with a "B" woven in the centre of each, that I've about given up hope and expect to continue to put two short cloths together every time we have company to the end of the chapter. A man never thinks it means anything to a woman to have things like other folks, but he's pretty sure to keep up with the procession himself. Last Thanksgiving when we sold the few fowls that were left after the chicken thieves had paid us a visit, Bruno borrowed the money to help pay for the new hay-rake he got in June, the note being just due and he "short"—as usual. Of course I let him have it, though I knew it was good bye to it. And so it was. I reminded him of it once and he seemed to have great difficulty in recalling the circumstance, but finally said he'd give it to me when he sold a load of wheat. But he didn't. Wonder whether if he had borrowed the same amount of anybody else he would have considered repaying it a gift? Sometimes I get so mad at never having

anything of my own, and always going without, and being everlastingly reminded about being economical, that I am tempted to go to the store and buy the things I have wanted and needed so long on credit, and "face the music" which would follow when the store bills are looked over. I suppose I would do it anyhow, if I were some women, but I do hate to have Bruno get mad at me; he's so disagreeable.

I wouldn't mind the going without so much if it did not seem as if I were the only one who had to practice economy. It's preached at me all the time, but not much practiced on the other side, seems to me. I've got so I regard every machine agent as a foe and long to set the dog on him. If I had half as slick a tongue as some of them have got, I suppose I might have got Bruno to let me carry the pocket-book long ago, for they can talk him into buying most anything, from a machine to bore square augur-holes to the latest and most expensive twine-binder.

But while I've been scribbling this stuff, which just as like as not will get into the waste-basket instead of into print, the calves have been calling for their supper, and Ned, the pet lamb, has entirely demolished the mosquito net on the screen door. Bruno thought he couldn't afford wire screens, so I tacked the net on some frames I coaxed him to make one day early in spring. I hate that phrase—"can't afford it!" Nine-tenths of the time it is only another name for downright stinginess.

(To be continued.)

PLEASE don't send us any more "Weeks." The HOUSEHOLD readers cry "Hold, enough!" Evangeline "opened the ball," we will let Laurel Vane close it.

THE CURRANT.—I hope everybody who has a currant bush has its fruit upon the breakfast table. There is no fruit, not even the apple, which is so healthy as this. It is a better remedy for biliousness than all the drugs of the pharmacy; it is a sovereign relief for constipation; in short it is for summer what lemons are in the spring. Eat currants freely, not smothered in sugar nor stewed into pies, but just as they come from the bushes. At our boarding house the nice long clusters are served on the stem, and those who prefer dip them in a spoonful of sugar at the side of the sauce-plate. And the dish is always emptied. B.



## HIDDEN MOTIVES.

[Paper written for the meeting of the Calhoun County Grange, June 20th, by Mrs. Kate Woodworth.]

From the evolutions and changes of time come new ideas, thoughts and sentiments; the expressions of which, when they are the offspring of thinking minds, have a great influence on the masses—who accept results without looking into the causes. In this age of progress and invention, the master minds have wide scope; a grand vista opens before them; allowing them to use their influence for unlimited good, if this intellectual expansion is controlled by truth and good will to others. Where there is mind, there must be sustenance, and the food for the mind is truth, all else is husks. The plain principles of truth and honesty are familiar to most of us and need no elaborate argument to elucidate them. The motive power of the world is self interest; through a thousand channels it is all an appeal to self, to the individual; an incentive to seek his own self aggrandizement, his own self indulgence, and to make life pleasant and easy for himself. Consequently we may expect to meet with duplicity and deceit, even from those who express the most philanthropic and liberal views, for selfishness dwarfs the noblest influences of the soul, makes truth subservient to self; and turns many an honest man into a deceiver, and then reconciles him to the change, for the reason that it will present a wrong in the guise of the only practicable right.

In this busy scheming world men do not wear their hearts upon their sleeves for the inspection of the public, but establish for themselves a standard of action by which the world may know them and judge them. The world argues, and with seeming logic, that actions are but the expressions of the sentiments and principles; but there is a great difference between argument and deductions. Many act in direct opposition to the dictates of their own consciences and better nature. In this continuous warfare between right and wrong virtually we lead a dual existence; we have a life that is known to the world, and a soul life in which is cherished all our dearest hopes, fears, aspirations and ideals, which are not revealed even in the sanctity of home or to our most intimate friends.

"And in the ocean are billows that never break on the beach;  
So in the heart are feelings that never find voice in speech."

Some natures are so constituted they shrink from baring their thoughts and emotions to others; they live an ideal life. Only by occasional expressions do we gain an insight to the hearts of those with whom we associate, and perhaps are connected by ties of kinship. The productions of the brain—that complex machine from which are eliminated so many theories, doctrines, creeds and visionary speculations—are given to the world without hesitation, but the heart, with its argosy of hopes, disappointments, suppressed affections, all the unrealized longings for the good that would make life beautiful to us, is sacredly guarded from every eye. If we could look beneath the surface of many lives

whose hearts have been baptized in the waters of affliction, we might find those waters that nearly closed over them, brought back treasures from their depths, treasures of patience, meekness and faith which enable them to walk steadfastly on while the shadows are clouding their pathway. We would be filled with admiration, and would recognise the invisible Presence that supports them as they walk "through the valley of the shadow of death."

But the soul life of many persons is a sealed book, their actions being the exponent of their character. We are sometimes led to make erroneous judgments respecting them, to speculate as to why they did thus or so when we were led to expect better things of them. I am not thinking of cases of emotional insanity, but simply wondering why rational, sensible men and women will do and say things that will astonish and mystify those who know them best. The hidden motives which in most cases have a bearing on their self interest and supply the solution must excuse the deviation from avowed principles.

Our actions should be governed by truth and sincerity, for these are duties we owe to the family, to society, to those who come within the range of our influence, or within the circle of our friendships, and those with whom we have business or other relations. Society lives and can only live upon the purity and truth that pervades the domestic circle and on the truthfulness and integrity that governs the social relations of life. It must have honesty for its basis and purity for the keystone of its arch, or the structure will crumble and fall. Without those principles society would practically be reduced to a mere saving of appearances before the world—a mask to conceal wickedness and sin that destroys the spiritual lives of old and young. The young often lack stability of principle and are easily influenced by evil associates and examples. In the home life are the fundamental principles of right and wrong best inculcated; while the mind is forming it readily absorbs and makes a part of itself the sentiments and truths of right living. A good example in the every day affairs of life is more eloquent than the voice of any preacher. Of this silent force it is truly said,

"The pebble on the streamlet's brink  
Has changed the course of many a river,  
The dew drop on the acorn leaf  
May warp the giant oak forever."

These are insignificant things. But like them, the hidden motives of our lives have great results. There is something awful in the thought that there is not an act done, a word uttered by a human being but carries with it a weight and influence, the end of which we may never see.

To a certain extent each one of us gives color to the lives and influences of those around them; no one is so insignificant as to be sure that his example will not do good on the one hand or evil on the other. The only safe way is to establish firmly in our minds the responsibility to God and our fellow men for the motives and actions of our lives; and to live the as if All-Seeing Eye was ever upon us. If we fail in this

it is in vain that we have accumulated wealth, in vain we have achieved every other purpose in life; of our own strength we cannot resist the world. Of ourselves we can do nothing, but we can do all things through Him.

## FOUNDING A NEIGHBORHOOD LIBRARY.

Here is a question that has perplexed me many a time, and in talking with a neighbor this afternoon I find her in the same dilemma. Where men are traveling through the country buying stock, or produce of any kind, or with something to sell, and happen to call about dinner time, is it the duty of the host to ask them to feed their horses and take dinner, or should they call for refreshments, same as at a hotel? Will some one tell us, who has had experience of this kind.

I do not think it was the sulphur that killed (I came near saying Polly's) the young turkeys, but the grease on their heads. My poultry book says never grease the heads of young poultry.

What is a sure cure for the lice, or the little spiders that infest the under side of the leaves of the fuchsia? I am trying laying them down on the side on the grass, then sprinkling them once a day with the watering pot after it has been used with Paris green on the potatoes; this reaches the under part of the leaves.

In answer to Ella R. Wood, I hardly know what to say unless I tell how the idea first originated. It was first thought of by one of our number in attending an exhibition at the close of a winter term of school, two years ago last spring. She thought we as a neighborhood might get up something of the kind, and by charging a small fee raise a little money with which to start a circulating library. One year ago last March we acted upon the suggestion, and earned enough to buy twenty-six books for the first order. According to the treasurer's report at the annual meeting, the last Saturday in May, we had received from entertainments of various kinds, membership fees, fines, etc., over one hundred and twenty-two dollars, seventy-four dollars of which had been expended for books. This sum, with thirty volumes that were kindly donated, made a neat little library of about 122 volumes.

We found, as was once suggested in the HOUSEHOLD, that it was a difficult task to select the books, so we gave each member the privilege of making a selection of one or more. The title, with name of the author, was written on a slip, and handed to the librarian, subject to the next order; this makes variety. Although before we came to the end of the first year we struck on a rock, and nearly foundered (owing to putting on too much sail without sufficient ballast), I have never for one moment regretted the effort made, as I consider a library a fine thing to have in a country neighborhood. As we are never too old to learn, I am sure a little more knowledge of business matters will not harm even farmers' wives. I have heard of some men who had a very limited knowledge of business



matters, even in their own town, but then of course it was no one around here.

Will Ella R. Wood please give us a little insight into the way the business part of their association is managed?

I extend a hearty welcome to Bonnie Scotland, and Maybelle has my heartfelt sympathy.

BESS.

#### THE LAST WEEK.

I think I will keep a diary for a week, and will commence with to-day, July 1st. I am not going to see how much I can accomplish in the way of hard work or fancy cooking, but just take things as they come; the weather is too warm to exert one's self more than is necessary.

Well, to begin. I arose at five o'clock, and started breakfast, skimmed the milk, set the table, then while waiting for the milk mixed my bread the first time (I use preparation, so do not have to set it over night), then took up the breakfast. We had coffee, bread, butter, creamed potatoes, sauce and cookies; after breakfast I did the usual morning's work, then began washing. Had the white clothes on the line before nine o'clock, and my bread was ready to mold; it made three loaves in a long dripping-pan and two small ones—or a double loaf—in a bread tin. I like to put bread in tins so as to break the loaves apart. I rub butter between the loaves and they come apart looking flaky and delicious. I also rub butter over the loaves after they are baked; it makes the crust so tender. But "to resume." I finished my washing; had one hundred feet of line as full of clothes as it could be. I mopped the kitchen, made the beds and swept, by that time I had to get dinner. Potatoes, scrambled eggs, warm bread, butter, green currant pie, apple sauce, and tea. After doing up the work I sat down and read about an hour, then crocheted until supper time. It was so warm I did not start a fire but made lemonade instead of tea, had bread, butter, young onions, pie, cookies, cake and sauce. Then I took down the clothes, sprinkled and folded them, picked over beans for tomorrow's dinner, washed milk pail and strainer, fed the chickens, and my day's work is done. Perhaps it will be well to state here how large a family I have to do for; we are just three, Adolphus, myself, and our little Roy.

We expected the men who are putting down a well for us to-day; they began last week but had bad luck, had to pull back twice on account of striking rock, so did not get through; it will seem good to get a well again. Our stone well went dry last fall; since that time we have carried water from the neighbors. On looking over what I have written it appears more lengthy than I intended, so to avoid repetition and take less room I will say I have milk to skim twice a day, always wash my dishes and straighten up the dining room after each meal, make the beds, sweep and dust the bedroom and sitting room every day. I like to let the beds air thoroughly before making. I have chickens to tend, and occasionally, when I feel like it, I work in the

garden. We usually have breakfast at six o'clock, dinner a little before twelve, supper at five.

Tuesday we have for breakfast potatoes, bread, butter, sauce, cake, cookies, coffee. I have to churn, so after clearing the table I go at it; it is very warm and takes a good while. The men came to work on the well; after the butter is cared for I begin to iron. Roy comes in bespattered from head to foot with muddy water; he got in the way of the sand pump while it was being emptied, so I had to get clean clothes and change him, meanwhile charging him to keep out of the way hereafter. For dinner we had baked pork and beans, creamed potatoes, butter, currant pie, sauce, and tea. Adolphus went to town with his wool, got home just in time for dinner; he brought the mail, we did not get it last Saturday, so the FARMER came. After dinner I picked up the HOUSEHOLD and sat in a rocking chair while the men lay under the trees taking their nooning. I took mine reading.

How many "weeks" we are having! It almost discourages me from trying to write my account when I read how much others do, and what lots of good things they have to eat; makes me feel as if I would like to "board around." However, moralizing over others will not do my work, so I "get to business," feeling considerably rested. I do not make it a practice to indulge myself much in this way, "business before pleasure" being one of my mottoes, but the HOUSEHOLD looked so tempting, and I was so warm and tired. After the work is all done I look over the rest of the mail, do the mending, and crochet until supper; we have bread, butter, cold meat, beans, lettuce dressed with sugar and vinegar, cake, cookies, stewed cherries, tea. After the work is done I set the table for breakfast, then take my crochet work and the water pail, and go to the nearest neighbor's, spend a pleasant hour and return in time to retire at nine o'clock.

Wednesday, for breakfast we have potatoes, beans, bread, butter, cookies, sauce, coffee. Besides the usual morning's work I have to bake, also have two callers. For dinner, mashed potatoes, beefsteak, brown gravy, bread, butter, stewed cherries, cherry pie, tea. After doing the dining-room work I washed the kitchen windows and mopped the floor, watered my houseplants, and was ready to sit down at half-past two. For my afternoon work I selected a tidy I am working. It is made of butchers' linen, one-half yard wide and one and one-fourth yards long, with a design of twigs and birds stamped on each end. It is to be tied in the center with ribbon. I am working it with red embroidery cotton. It is very fascinating work and time flies swiftly. I love to do fancy work, and have different kinds started, so that when I get a few moments of leisure, I work on whatever I feel the most like doing. However, I never neglect the more important work for that which is merely pleasing, but less essential. Supper consists of warmed potatoes, bread, butter, cherries pitted and stirred in sugar, young onions, cream pie,

cherry pie, fruit cake, cookies and tea. After the work is done Ray and I go calling. The men report eight feet of water; they are down fifty feet, can not tell until they begin to pump whether it will be good or not, and as to-morrow is the Fourth they will not try it until Friday.

(To be continued.)

#### A PLEASANT CALL.

As Evangeline has put us all to thinking, and interested us so much in herself, her family, and her home, it may not be out of place for me to tell you of a happy circumstance which lately occurred. My cousin whom I was visiting invited me one pleasant morning to ride, and drove me over to call on the author of "One Week." It was one of those beautiful June days when the grass was so green and the skies were so blue, that of course the heart could not help but be true, and when our hostess greeted us so cordially we really believed, and always shall, that the welcome was genuine.

Well, ladies, Evangeline is not a myth, but a genuine woman (not over-grown as many of us are), blest with a happy face and musical voice, and we should judge a real homekeeper. The aforesaid home is located in a slightly spot on a pleasant road, and is surrounded by a fine farming country. Our call was long and very pleasant, and we were sorry she asked us to spend the day, for we could not, and did not like to think of what "might have been." We made the acquaintance too of little Evis, and saw Raymond, a bright boy. Children brought up in homes like this, with plenty of books and newspapers and lots of love, cannot fail to make good men and women. I shall always look back with pleasant recollections to our call, and hope "Evangeline" will pardon me for thus "exposing" her. I thought those of you who were not so fortunate would enjoy hearing of our friend and her home, and although the pen-picture is not as good as many would make it, it is on the principle that "half a loaf is better than no bread."

KATHERINE.

ALBION.

MRS. T., of Mendon, says: "Tell Dill those twins should have the milk from a fresh cow, and always from the same cow. If the mother takes them away from home, the milk for them should be carried along. It should be slightly warmed and sweetened with a little loaf sugar until they are three months old. I have raised two children in this way. The great thing is to keep the bottles and all their fittings perfectly sweet and clean."

MRS. GULLEY, of Dearborn, says any one desiring instruction in drawn work can obtain of G. L. Fox, 230 Woodward Ave., this city, a little book, costing but twenty-five cents, which contains a variety of pretty patterns, as also fancy darning stitches, and directions for making point lace and paper flowers.



## SAVING WORK.

I would like to say a word to Dill. Don't use the tubes at all if you love your little ones, but visit a drug store the first idle day, purchase some common rubber nipples costing ten cents; they will slip over any bottle and will be no trouble to keep sweet and clean. I know whereof I speak, for I have three small children and found I lost a good deal of time cleaning tubes. As I live on a farm and do all my own work like to do all things the easiest way. I never warm my babies' milk and never use sugar. My babies are good, strong and healthy.

I will tell how I iron, though some will say "She's lazy!" With a family of eight, five beds and three small children, the oldest not yet four, I find little time to read if I do everything the nicest way. When I wring my clothes from the wringer for the line I fold sheets, everyday underwear and diapers smooth, then there will be no wrinkles in them if hung up properly. When dry, I fold each piece with care as taken from the line, and none of the things mentioned do I touch with an iron. They smell just as sweet. I fold my calico clothes also, that I may have no extra wrinkles to press out.

If not snubbed too badly I may call again some day. DEBORAH.  
WILDERVILLE.

[Instead of considering Deborah "lazy" for abridging the hot, tiring work over the ironing-table as much as possible, the HOUSEHOLD Editor would commend her good sense and wisdom to others who are trying to do too much work in the old pains-taking, woman-killing fashion. Never mind if somebody does whisper "lazy;" such laziness is truest wisdom and the best economy.]

## FOOD FOR THE BABIES.

From the first day of July, up to and including the tenth, there were thirty-six deaths of babies and very young children in this city. Most of the deaths were due to the infantile complaints prevalent during hot weather, of which cholera infantum was chief. In the poorer quarters of the city, where the houses are close together and two or three families are crowded into one small dwelling, the mortality was of course greatest. Fancy what 95 deg. in the shade means to a little one whose parents live in two or three rooms over a saloon or store, where the sun beats down upon a roof undefended by a single green leaf, and the reflected heat from the street and adjacent buildings comes up like a blast from a furnace! What wonder the babies droop as the daisies would, and die for want of fresh air? One woman with twins six months old, told an acquaintance that she rose at four o'clock one of those hot mornings, put her babies into their carriage, and trundled them through the sweltering streets over the bridge into the quiet and coolness of Belle Isle, where she fought mosquitoes while they enjoyed the first refreshing sleep they had obtained in thirty-six hours.

When you add to the heat, the improper

food many children must eat in summer, owing to ignorance of how to feed them, or poverty which compels the cheapest, not the best, the farmer's wife ought to bless her stars that pure air and good milk are always at her command.

Concerning the food for babies, the *New-England Farmer* gives a timely and sensible article, which mothers may read with profit:

"The food of a child fed from the nursing bottle is of the utmost importance during the summer months. A smooth bottle holding just enough for one feeding and a rubber tip is sufficient apparatus. Discard all tubes and intricate arrangements for feeding. After using the bottle remove the tip, rinse in cold water and scrub with a brush. It should be turned inside out and again scrubbed, after which it can be kept in perfectly clean cold water until needed. The bottle should be washed out with boiling water, and then put into a pan of water to which a teaspoonful of baking soda has been added for every pint. Before using it again it should be thoroughly rinsed with cold water. Pure, sweet milk ought to be easily obtained in a country home, but the day's supply is not always kept sweet and untainted after it is brought into the house. Don't put it in the refrigerator with boiled vegetables, fruit and fish, or down in a musty cellar.

"It has been discovered that milk boiled under pressure in small bottles will remain sweet for eighteen days. This method of preparing it is called 'sterilization' and is coming into use for artificial feeding of babies. Each morning the milk is put into five or six ounce bottles, one for each feeding, and in each is inserted a perforated rubber cork. The bottles are then set in a boiler of water reaching nearly to their necks and the water raised to the boiling point. Glass stoppers are inserted in the corks and the milk boiled twenty minutes."

Dr. Starr, physician of a children's hospital at Philadelphia, does not recommend condensed milk as preferable or even equal to common milk. When long kept or packed in imperfect cans it often undergoes decomposition which unfits it for use.

Children fed upon condensed milk, though fat, are pale, lethargic and flabby; although large are far from strong; have little power to resist disease; cut their teeth late and are very likely to drift into rickets.

Farinaceous foods, often preferred to milk, are bad for the digestion. The so called "infants' foods" are not equal to milk from a good, healthy cow.

"Mothers frequently think the addition of a teaspoonful of lime water to baby's milk is sufficient, but the best authorities say that at least one-third part should be added to the milk.

"To make lime water take a piece of unslaked lime as large as a walnut, drop it into two quarts of water, stir thoroughly and allow it to settle. Dip and use from the top and add more water and stir again thoroughly.

"Boiled flour or flour ball is an old fashioned food for babies which physicians highly recommend to-day. Tie a pound of good wheat flour in a strong pudding bag; drop it into boiling water and boil continuously for ten hours. When it is cold take from the cloth, remove the outer crust and grate the hard inside to a powder. The starch of the flour by long cooking has been converted to dextrine and chemically described, the proportion of nitrogenous principle to the calorific is as one to five—nearly the same as in human milk.

"Sometimes a child of two years or more cares for no other food than milk and a

worried mother occasionally tries to force it to eat from the table. The milk is sufficient nourishment, and a desire for solid food will develop by the third birthday. Several such children have come to my notice, two of whom clung to the nursing bottle in spite of coaxing and teasing. They grew to be stout, healthy children, with perfect digestion, which would never have been the result of tasting of this and that from the table."

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

WASH dark lawns, cambrics and satteens in water in which soap-bark has been washed.

BLACK kid gloves may be freshened by a very little olive oil in which has been stirred a few drops of black ink. Benzine will clean white kid gloves, and light colors may be treated with dry corn meal.

A WASH which will remove the sunburn acquired by outdoor sports is made by adding to twelve ounces of elderflower water six drams of common soda and six drams of powdered borax. If applied to the skin it will make it clear and soft.

IN making jelly, boil the juice *before* you add the sugar. Fifteen or twenty minutes is long enough, then put in the sugar, previously heated in the oven, stir till thoroughly dissolved, let boil two or three minutes, and your jelly will "jell" and also be of the highest flavor.

WILD grapes make the most delicious jelly. Its flavor is not to be equalled by the cultivated sorts. Cook the grapes in a stone crock in the oven, without the addition of water, before straining. A gentle, continuous heat is necessary. Strain once, without pressure; use three-fourths of a cup of sugar to one cup of juice.

## Useful Recipes.

LEMON HONEY.—Put three ounces of butter—which should be washed if it is salt—and half a pound of sugar into a saucepan. While it is melting over a gentle heat, beat the yolks of three eggs and the whites of one thoroughly, and grate into it the yellow rind of one large, fresh lemon, being careful to get none of the white pith; squeeze into it the juice of the lemon and mix with the melted butter and sugar over the fire, taking care it does not scorch. When done, it will be thick, smooth, yellow and semi-opaque. Put in jelly glasses, and use instead of jelly for cake.

VEAL LOAF.—Three pounds of veal and a quarter of a pound of salt pork chopped very fine. Mince an onion very fine. Grate a nutmeg and mix it with an even tablespoonful of salt and an even saltspoonful of cayenne pepper. Add three well beaten eggs, a teacupful of milk and a large spoonful of melted butter. Mix thoroughly, form into a loaf, cover thickly with bread or cracker crumbs, and bake three hours, basting now and then with a little butter and water. Use cold. Nice for tea, for picnics, or to serve with a salad. □

CANNED TOMATOES.—Pour boiling water over the tomatoes to aid in removing the skins. Fill up the preserving-kettle, but add no water; cook five minutes and can. Do not season until wanted for the table.