MICHIGAN FARMER
AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, AUGUST 24, 1889.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

SUMMER BOARDERS.

They came out of the house, two friends,
  Calm, familiar, indifferent—
Strayed to the woodland, careless each
  As to the way the other went.
He to the brook with his line was bound,
While she with her book meandered round.

Such things will happen; hence poets sing!
  Some hours afterwards, face to face,
These two young people astonished came
  In the greenest, leafiest, loneliest place;
They laughed for a moment, and then a flush
Stole over her cheek, and made him blush.

He showed his trophy—one silver fish,
  She pitied its fate, and her lashes fair
Lay on her cheek; and he noticed now
  How bright in the sunlight shone her hair,
How white from its soft lace gleamed her throat,
And then he thought of his rough old coat.

They sat on a rock near the talking stream,
  She read him a poem. He leaned more near
To look on the page; or it may have been
  That for some strange reason he could not hear.
He looked at her dimples, sweet and meek,
And now, as it happened, he could not speak.

But nearer he leaned to her, yet more near,
  Till somehow her hand slipped into his;
The book was closed, but the poem still
  Went on with the music of kiss for kiss,
"I love you, I love you," the old, old rhyme,
In breathless murmur from time to time.

Ah, lovers can tell, for lovers know
  How Love comes suddenly into life.
She had roamed to the woodland, a girl heart-free,
  But came from its shadow a promised wife;
And he in his mind kept wondering so,
Why he had not proposed to her weeks ago.

M. G. B.

INDICATIONS OF AUTUMN.

Dressmakers and merchants are already beginning to manifest interest in the autumnal fashions. The new styles are being discussed, and everything made ready for fall openings. All this work goes on quietly and unostentatiously, very much as nature manages her own changes of attire. You know how, in what we call "a growing season," a tiny green point which was but a thought of a bud yesterday, surprises us to-day with its unfolded beauty. While the fortunate ones who can visit the sea or the mountains are airing their toilettes on the piazzas of summer resorts, those who minister to their luxurious needs are studying and designing and adapting those styles which still come from Paris, though the beautiful Empress who was once the highpriestess of fashion is a childless, heart-broken, aged widow, having no part or lot in the gay world she once charmed by her bewitching attire.

The merchants' windows which were lately given over to airy muslins and fifteen cent satteens, are now filled with wool goods in autumn colorings. Some of them the earnest shopper recognizes as souvenirs of last season, a trifle fly-specked. But our larger stores do not thus trifle with their reputations; everything they show is of the newest and latest. The favorite new colors to be worn this season are dark purplish red shades, known as dahlia and rosewood; they are not new shades, but have new names, and are less showy and more likely to be becoming than the lighter mahogany and copper tints. One of the favorite browns is a dark oak shade, like English black oak; nickel gray is the color of old nickel. Most of the new browns have a good deal of gold in them.

Solid colors will be most in fashion; and combinations, as represented by the union of two colors of goods in one dress, will not be approved for new costumes. Pattern dresses will be very fashionable, if one may judge by present promise; each pattern in plain goods will have a separate trimming woven especially to be made up with it. These pattern dresses had quite a run last spring. The trimmings consist of a panel for the skirt, a border for draperies, a scarf, a plastron for vest and narrower stripes for sleeves. The pattern is wrought in black on the solid color. The design is often geometrical figures, sometimes disks or balls, sometime leaf patterns, like the oak. Ladies who have plenty of leisure—and patience—can make for themselves very elegant dresses by purchasing the required quantity of goods, and having a design for vest, or what is more stylish, a border for the full vest of silk pleatings, the sleeves, and a narrow panel for the skirt stamped upon a portion of the material. Line these portions with crinoline, and with coarse black embroidery silk chain-stitch the pattern neatly. Braiding is out of style, but the chainstitching—the needle being set every time in the previous loop or stitch—gives a handsomer and finer effect. If too much work, only the borders for the bodice, and a border to be placed across the foot of a panel to be set in the skirt and framed in side pleats need be made. Another pretty and showy way to embellish a dress is to lay diagonal lines of narrow black velvet ribbon over the parts needed for vest and panel.

Concerning styles, we are glad to hear dressmakers are instituting a revolt against straight, plain skirts. And no wonder. Too many young—and old—women look like chambermaids on duty in them. They are bewitchingly pretty on some young girls, combined with the Empire waists, the low surplice front and the innocent sash, but there are a good many who are wise enough to see they "aren't built that way" and will not make themselves ridiculous by adopting the mode. It is said that none of the new skirts are entirely straight. While the tendency is to straight lines, there are curves at the sides or back, or in front, made by slight drapings. All the new materials are soft and clinging.

Autumn wraps, they say, will be short, and made up in wool goods of light tints. Capes of wool goods with velvet in combination will be liked. The ugly peasant cloak is a thing of the past.

The high standing collar has been lowered somewhat. House dresses are often made with no collar, not even a band, and there is a tendency to cut the necks of such dresses quite low, disclosing the throat, and surround them with a turned-back pleating of lace or an embroidered collar. A white, slender, well turned throat looks well thus dressed, but alas for the skinny woman and the one with a large neck! Such dresses have been worn on the street here to a certain extent, but there seems to be a feeling that the exposure is hardly seemly for out door wear in public. Whether the cool days to come will bring us the high collars again remains to be seen; probably at least the new way will be restricted to proper bounds in the privacy of home.

The favorite head gear for autumn will be the toque, which was fully described in the HOUSEHOLD last spring. It is a compromise between a hat and a bonnet, fits the head quite closely at the sides, and is worn without ties; flowers and ribbons form its adornments, the crown being often covered with long loops of ribbon falling over it from back to front.

BEATRIX.

HERE is something new, vouched for by a correspondent of the *National Stockman:* To preserve corn for winter use, boil on the cob as if for immediate use. When boiled put the corn into the oven heated about as hot as after bread is baked, and dry the corn carefully and thoroughly, or it will become musty, then put away in a close, dry place. When you wish to use it soak the ears over night and put them on to boil in cold water. Boil them until they become tender and the corn will be almost equal to that which is plucked fresh from the stalks.

THE ROADSIDE.

"Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what sort of a person you are," says a writer having pretensions to wisdom. "Tell me who his friends are, and I will tell you what sort of a character he has," says another. "Show me her handwriting; that is an index," Miss Know-everything says. This may be true and it may not, but of one thing I have satisfied myself. Give me a look at a man's premises, his fences, his roadside, and I can tell you how he financiers, how he manages, how his crops turn out, how he looks when he isn't dressed up. Now I have a great respect for mankind; in fact I have a genuine liking for them; and when they are raked over the coals, shown up in their worst light, in other words, abused, I feel like unfurling my banner for them and speaking a few words in defense. There is an old saw, "What's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh." So we must conclude of course that it is perfectly natural for some persons to be shiftless, careless, not particular as to the way things look. While admiring neatness and order in other people, it is a moral impossibility for them to "slick up" and stay so.

I took a ride one beautiful, bright day in June. Our route lay along the central and western part of a town in Calhoun County. I was informed that there was a great number of wealthy farmers living there, and I should judge so from the houses, barns and stock in the pastures, size of the fields. I cannot say that I passed one yard that rejoiced in a good, first class fence or hedge, and the underbrush and noxious weeds at times obscured a view of the fields. Occasionally, like an oasis in the bleak desert, would appear a clean, well-kept roadside, but it would be a small farm, the case was exceptional. At times the hedge row came down to the wagon track, so that the wheels grazed the brush, again an enterprising German had cleaned out a little space and planted it to potatoes, which he was cultivating; whether it was owing to beauty of situation or steady labor, I must say they were the best looking potatoes I saw that day. In a number of the orchards the trees had been trimmed, presumably in the early spring; the brush remained where it had fallen, or else was in unsightly heaps on the green sward. Then we would come to a drove of cattle pasturing out and in the brush, with the musical ting-a-ling of the cow-bell. The air was heavy with the fragrance of full blown clover in one place, but not one glimpse of the field could I catch for the thick brush, but I imagined acres of the lovely pink blossoms, scattering perfume and supplying the bees with honey. And next a barnyard opening on the road, that certainly was not cleaned out in the spring. The manure was knee deep for man or beast, an old straw stack held a place of honor, while a pigsty wafted an aroma on a gentle breeze that was anything but agreeable.

But as we neared the terminus the view was splendid. On each side of the road a mower had been run, the fields were enclosed with either slat or board fences or hedge, which latter is my idea of a fence for the road, a wall of living green, well trimmed, well kept; not a weed to be seen, not a bit of brush. There were plenty of trees, poplar, maple, mountain ash; here a field of oats showing darkly green against a wheat-field just turning, then a corn-field well cultivated, or field of timothy, then a clover bloom in which the mower was commencing operations; by evening all those lovely heads would lie limp and wilted. Then we passed a field in which a large number of horses were lazily crunching the sweet grass, little colts scattered over the field, some of them trotters no doubt.

It is said that there is nothing so catching as goodness. A good example works wonders in a community. If one man keeps up his line fences in good shape, cultivates the side of his road, seeds it down and each year mows it, the chances are his neighbor on either side will follow suit. A good substantial fence in front of a farm, a clean roadside, shade trees set at regular intervals, add twenty per cent to the farm. A man gets value received in the satisfaction derived from such labor. People riding along will say "He's a good farmer, nothing goes to waste here, look at the roadside and fences." One man may try to keep his farm freed of noxious weeds—dock, Canada thistles, mullein, red root, daisies, etc. He gets out dull days, looks the fields over carefully, pulls all the dock and carries it to the house. And if he is like a man I know stuffs the kitchen stove with it, no matter what use his wife is making of the oven. His neighbor perhaps has a bountiful crop of it; in August it sets off the fields and roadside with a dull reddish brown; and next year's crop is insured without doubt. All over one can see the mullein stalks standing like hollyhocks. The majority of farmers are not as particular as they should be about sowing clean seed. One farm may be quite free from weeds, the grass and clover seed bought for seeding may have been grown on a farm that was literally sown with pernicious weeds. Just so with seed wheat. A man might better thresh early and sow his own wheat, if he knows it is a good variety, than run his chances on getting foul seed elsewhere.

Michigan is full of "slouch" farmers—men who try to raise too much wheat; try to make too much money; who half-plow too much land. The papers are full of "over production." Instead of having a good mellow summer fallow, corn fields are cultivated and sown to wheat, which only produces a half crop. Better have left the field, sowed it to oats the next spring and then to wheat in the fall. If a man has a good crop of clover, instead of turning it under and insuring a wheat crop that will average thirty-five bushels to the acre, it is cut, made into hay and sold. And he wonders the next year why he didn't have more wheat. Anything that is worth doing, is worth doing well.

When the standard of farming is raised there will not be such a surplus of everything. Men will till the soil, not so much to drain every bit of goodness out of it, but to raise the largest crops on the least surface. There will be more attention paid to surroundings. There will be more time spent in pleasing the eye than in stuffing the pocketbook. Roadsides should be made fertile and beautiful as yards. I would like to say to every single man who reads this little HOUSEHOLD, "If you want to appear well in the eyes of the 'milder persuasion,' if you want to leave a record behind you that will be lasting and enduring, if you want to set an example for your boys to follow, if you want to be spoken of and pointed out as an A No. 1 farmer, get out and clean out your roadsides and fences." Then the community as one individual will rise and say, "Better than gold and silver, better than vast possessions is the one acre, well tilled, and the clean neat roadside."

BATTLE CREEK. EVANGELINE.

THE PICNIC, SENSIBLY CONSIDERED.

I think I can tell M. E. H. something that will make her think better of picnics if she can not bring herself to really like them.

First, don't spend a day baking fancy fixings to decorate a long table set in the woods, but prepare a good, plain, substantial lunch of whatever you have nearest at hand; then with a few of your friends, say three or four families, select a shady spot, spread your cloth and place your lunch thereon, all gather around and partake. I have always been quite a friend to picnics, but this setting a table and getting up a grand dinner has played out with this child. Then the picking up makes the day nothing but work from beginning to end for somebody.

Don't dress the children up so you are in a constant worry for fear Maggie will spoil her new dress, or Bobby will just ruin his nice suit, but go for a rest, and be bound to have it. If some one says "Oh, it will not be nice unless we set a table," just tell them you have enough of that at home, and there is something in this world to be thought of besides eating.

Last summer we attended what was called a farmers' picnic, in a pleasant grove. There was a stand for the speakers and seats for all. We had addresses, with music, both vocal and instrumental, in the forenoon and afternoon. There were swings and hammocks for the children, and about two hours at noon devoted to dinner and chat. There was no big hubbub setting tables, but small groups enjoying themselves immensely (judging by appearances) eating their dinner. I for one went home thinking the day well spent. I am expecting every day to hear that it will be repeated; I hope so, for I want to be there, too.

Coming home from the Soldiers' Reunion, like M. E. H. I asked, "Does it pay?" I say no, decidedly not, for those who had the dinner to arrange at least. I offered my assistance, but my dinner was eaten quietly under the shade of a friendly tree.

PLAINWELL. BESS.

A FESTIVAL OF DAYS.

A comparatively new form of entertainment for the benefit of church or charitable work, is that introduced under the above name. As I know how eagerly every such scheme which has the attraction of novelty is seized upon, to coax the reluctant dollar from the pockets of the outsiders who will not give without a *quid pro quo*, I will try to describe a festival of this kind which I recently attended. It was held upon a large lawn, abundantly shaded. The plan was, at first, to have seven small booths, each decked in one of the prismatic colors, and each containing a table presided over by two pretty maids attired in the same color. But the weather being known to be more fickle than a woman's whims, it was finally decided to put up one large tent, which was really nothing more than a canvas cover over a dancing floor hired for the occasion. This pavilion was decorated with tarleton and muslin in the prismatic colors in proper order. Each table took a color, beginning with violet for Sunday, and the attendants were dressed in that hue also. On Sunday's table were Bibles, prayer-books, hymn-books, Thomas a' Kempis, and other devotional works. These were secured from a bookstore for sale on commission, unsold goods being returned. There were also photographs of a few renowned clergymen for sale. A uniquely framed etching of Millet's "Angelus" formed part of the decorations of this booth, and was sold for a good price.

The next table was suggestive of "blue Monday" in its indigo blue decorations; and its burden was appropriate to the day. There were plenty of big aprons with pockets, made of ticking and jean, clothespin bags of every description, filled and empty; clothes bags; laundry lists; nice clean clothes lines; large pieces of cotton with rows of buttons on which to button cuffs, collars and other small articles, so that they may be quickly hung out on a co'd day; boxes of bluing and packages of soap embellished with ribbons, and then more ornamental articles, such as little plush washtubs and barrels, some being satin-lined for jewel cases, others stuffed for pincushions; there were also painted clothes-pins for whatever use one might find for them.

Tuesday's table was for ironing day. Shirt boards, ironing-holders, polishing irons, and any quantity of new clothing nicely done up as if just from the hands of the laundress.

Wednesday was mending day. Various shades of green were beautifully combined to form the decoration. Work-baskets and work-bags, of every size and style, mending bags, boxes of assorted cottons, darning baskets, needle-cases, tape-measures and emery bags, scissors, thimbles and little cakes of wax, filled the table.

Thursday was reception day, and the table was covered with everything lovely and serviceable. Lunch cloths, tea-cosys, doyleys, tray-cloths, tea-table spreads, table mats, card cases and little ivory tablets for memoranda were a few of the many pretty things offered for sale. Tea was served in Japanese cups and saucers, and in a little grotto of evergreens a fantastically dressed maid with a remarkable imagination read your fortune from the tea-grounds in your just emptied cup.

Friday, being "sweeping day," dusters, big aprons, sweeping caps, bags for dust cloths, decorated dustpans and whisk brooms were appropriate articles for sale.

Saturday's table looked like a bakery and did a big business in homemade cakes, biscuit, bread, buns, gingerbread and cookies. A few pots of baked beans, so arranged they could be easily carried home by the purchaser proved a great success, and the supply fell far short of the demand.

A few small tables scattered about under the trees were for those who wished cake and ice cream, and were waited upon by misses dressed in white with rainbow ribbons and caps.

Everybody seemed pleased with the pleasant entertainment furnished, and the ladies in charge of the enterprise realized a very satisfactory amount in return for their exertions.

BEATRIX.

ABOUT JELLIES.

It is too late of course for currant jelly, which is the most delicious of all jellies, but some good fruits are just in season, such as the grape, blackberry, quince and apple. I prefer blackberries made into jam, and plums into marmalade.

The greatest trouble in jelly-making is to know when it has boiled just enough so that the jelly will set without being too firm. If boiled too long it will be hard; if not enough it will be semi-fluid. Experience is the best guide, and a little close observation during the process is a great aid. Use your brains. There is no need of gelatine if your fruit is good and not too ripe; jelly from over-ripe fruit will sometimes refuse to set. Gelatine jellies lack richness and flavor.

For jelly-making a flannel bag cut to form a point is the best. Stew your fruit with the addition of just enough water to prevent burning; when soft turn into the bag and let drip. The juice that runs through should be measured, then boiled twenty minutes, and skimmed. Add the sugar, which should have been heated in the oven. The rule is a pound of sugar to a pint of juice. Boil the juice and sugar from three to five or six minutes, then turn into the glasses. By squeezing the jelley-bag you may obtain juice which will make a cloudy jelly which will do for cake, but which on no account should be put with that which ran through unaided.

The Red Astrachan makes the nicest apple jelly. Its red skin gives a beautiful color, and its flavor is deliciously tart. Crabapples, according to my notion, are not much good except for jelly; they make a firm, useful sort, good with meats but not as nice as currant. Grapes make good jellies, also; green grapes make a light colored, pleasant jelly, but require more sugar than a pound to the pint.

Peach jelly needs the addition of the juice of one or two lemons. I think a little is also desirable in making quince jelly. Quince jelly can be made of one-quarter apples to three-quarters quinces, and be better than if all quinces are used; and three-quarters of a pound of sugar to the pint of juice is better than more. Probably most housekeepers know raspberry jelly is greatly improved by the addition of one-third currant juice.

You will have better success if you do not try to make too much jelly at one time. Three pints is enough to undertake at once.

L. C.

DETROIT.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

To mark dishes for picnics write your name on the under side with steel pen and good black ink, let dry and it will last for days.

When marking eggs to put under the hen, write on part of the eggs with a toothpick and good ink the date the hen will hatch; barring mishap, you know when they should "come off."

Cucumbers would not be called so unhealthy if always picked fresh from the vines.

In using any ordinary recipe for hickory-nut cake, one-fourth cup milk should be added; if not the meats make it too dry.

All scraps of fried or boiled ham, chopped fine and mixed with salad dressing, make excellent sandwiches for tea, picnics or Sunday dinners.

Tomatoes scalloped the same as oysters are much better than when stewed.

Chocolate icing can be and is better made with yolks of eggs instead of whites; making a softer icing and disposing of the yolks of the eggs.

Can any of the readers furnish again the recipe for "Boss Gingerbread?" It was excellent, but the paper is lost that contained it.

E. S. B.'s bread recipe is in constant use in this family, so please ma'am I'll take the strings of that bonnet.

The HOUSEHOLD is always looked for on Monday night and always "devoured," so to speak, immediately.

M. I. G.

BATTLE CREEK.

THE GARDEN.

Laurel Vane writes about the garden. I wish to tell about ours. As a general thing the farmers around us have good gardens. Ours is not much trouble, and we have most vegetables in their season, besides raising plenty to last the family all winter.

Our garden is fenced with a strong lathe fence; fowls cannot enter. It is planted in rows, to be cultivated at any convenient time. It takes but a few minutes, and he who is wise will take the few minutes just to escape the doctor's bills. In our garden are three rows of onions, one of lettuce and radishes, and one each of early and late peas, beets, salsify, parsnips, beans and tomatoes. besides about one hundred and fifty late cabbages. Our sweet corn, cucumbers and squashes are put in the corn field.

Our garden was cultivated four or five times with a horse and hoed two or three times, and we have plenty of vegetables to use.

DEBORAH.

WILDERVILLE.

GOOD HUSBANDS VS. POOR WIVES.

I wonder why the poor wives with good husbands do not give an account of their prizes.

There is one husband who stays at home Sunday morning while his wife goes to church, does up the morning work, dresses the children (the little ones), sometimes cleans the windows and the kitchen floor, and has dinner on the table for her on her return. He also knits his own stockings and some of the children's, makes soap, packs the pork and fits his wife's dresses. Besides, he thinks he has a good wife, and would flame with ire if one should express a doubt.

Another takes all the care of the children at night, including the baby of two weeks. (It is a bottle baby.) He can make bread, sweep, wash dishes and sew.

Another works out by the day, comes home and does the washing for the family in the evening, studies half of each night to acquire a profession, makes his wife presents to not bother him with small talk while she is up, and never scolds.

Another washes the evening dishes, then reads aloud to his "lady" while she reclines on the sofa. In the morning he milks the cows, gives her a cup while in bed, strains and skims the milk, and gets the breakfast. None of these wives are invalids, yet none are very strong. I leave the readers to decide whether any are lazy.

There are two sides to most questions, and I would like a description of the ladies who have been sending pictures of their husbands, by the said husbands.

INGLESIDE A. L. L.

THE BABY'S BATH.

Choose the time in the morning when he is the most wakeful for the first bath under this new regime, and afterwards always give the bath at that hour. After a few days he will naturally keep awake until the same hour. Most babies take an early morning nap; the bath should come after this, and at least an hour after his breakfast. Get everything in readiness before you begin, in order not to make him nervous by delays. Fill the tub two-thirds full and be sure that the water is exactly the right temperature. If it is too hot or too cold, he will shrink from it ever afterwards. It should be a little more than blood warm, and your hand, which is much less susceptible than his tender body, is no test. Plunge your elbow in, but a safe rule is one part boiling water, and five of cold. A half teaspoonful of borax will make him clean and sweet, and in hot weather a small handful of sea salt, which comes in boxes ready prepared for the bath, will strengthen him. A silk sponge, a piece of scentless soap—Ivory is good—towels, and all his little clean clothes must also be in readiness. Lay a large piece of old blanket with a piece of rubber cloth under it on your lap, disrobe his baby majesty, lay him on his stomach, and sponge him all over quickly, being very careful not to let soap and water get in his eyes, or ears. Wet and soap the sponge, and wash carefully in the creases of his neck and arms and under his arms, lathering the stomach well to get up circulation. Now lower him gently into the tub, and amuse him by letting him splash the water with his hands while you sponge him rapidly all over the body for four or five minutes. Many young mothers are clumsy and awkward, and baby, who knows a great deal more than you give him credit for, feels that he is not treated properly, and resents it in the only way possible to him, by a free use of his lungs. Lift him out on a piece of dry blanket, cover with a soft Turkish towel, and dry thoroughly; then rub chest, back, armpits and the entire body well with an old piece of gauze flannel. All this takes longer in the telling than in the doing. Plain rice powder is the safest and best. By the time baby is arrayed in his dainty, clean garments, he will be tired and ready for his next meal, after which a healthy and properly brought up infant will take the long nap that gives mamma time for the thousand and one duties that she cannot always perform in his waking hours, or for her own much needed rest.—*Country Gentleman.*

E. S. B.'S RECIPE FOR BREAD.

We have received so many requests for a copy of this now famous recipe that we have concluded to republish it yet once more, for the benefit of those to whom it may be unfamiliar.

Prepare a fermentation as follows: Take two cups of flour, one cup of sugar, one half cup of salt; thoroughly mix with one quart of lukewarm water; add two yeast cakes previously soaked. Set this in a warm place and it will rise in a few hours—you can tell when it is light, as the flour will rise and form a sort of scum. Secondly, take two quarts of hot mashed potatoes, pour over them three quarts of clear cold water, which will make them about lukewarm, strain through a colander, add the fermentation and let rise again. This makes between two and three gallons, and can be set away in a cool place in the stone jar in which it is made. To make the bread, sift the flour at night and set in a warm place near the stove, but *never* sponge the bread until morning; then it is quickly and easily done by stirring into the flour two or three quarts of the prepared liquid. Do not use either milk or water with it; just the preparation. The sponge will rise in an hour; mix into one large loaf and let rise; when light, cut into small loaves and let rise again. Have the oven moderately hot and bake forty-five minutes. It comes out white and sweet and "good enough to set before the king."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

SALT is also good to remove the discoloration on cups and saucers caused by tea stains. Damp salt will also remove the deposit made on the basins of marble washstands.

AN exchange says: Peach leaves are as good as hops for yeast. This should be remembered, as it sometimes happens that the hops bought at stores are utterly worthless.

SALT is an excellent weapon to use against moths. Sprinkle your carpets with coarse salt and sweep it off; cover upholstered furniture with it, and let it lie a day or two if you suspect the presence of these voracious insects. It is also good to use on willow furniture, to clean it. Use a brush and a strong solution of salt and water. If your willow is stained or painted do not use this prescription.

AN exchange gives the following as effectual in restoring the color of faded switches. We do not vouch for its efficiency: Take old pieces of brown cambric, boil them well in an iron kettle. After washing the switches in castile suds thoroughly, put them in the kettle and boil them until the desired shade. If not dark enough add pieces of black cambric. Put in the sun to dry.

Useful Recipes.

TOMATO PRESERVES.—Choose small, green tomatoes; pierce each one with a large darning needle; allow four pounds of sugar and a pint of vinegar to every seven pounds of fruit. Heat all slowly together and boil until the syrup has thoroughly penetrated the fruit and it looks clear. Season to taste with ground spices, cloves, cinnamon, ginger and mace; add a pinch of salt. When the tomatoes are done skim them out; boil down the syrup and pour it hot over the fruit. Lemon juice can be substituted for the vinegar if preferred; the juice of four or five lemons would be sufficient for the same quantity of tomatoes.

TOMATO JAM.—Take ripe tomatoes, peel and take out all the seeds; put into a preserving kettle with half pound sugar to each pound prepared tomato; boil two lemons soft, pound them fine, take out the pips, and add to the tomatoes; boil slowly, mashing to a smooth mass. When smooth and thick put in jars or tumblers.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Half peck of tomatoes cut fine; one teacupful grated horseradish root; half teacupful salt; one teacupful each of sugar, black mustard seed, white mustard seed and celery cut fine; one teaspoonful black pepper; one red pepper, without seeds; one teaspoonful each of cloves and mace; two teaspoonfuls cinnamon; one quart good cider vinegar. Boil from two to three hours.

RIPE TOMATOES.—Take a crock or jar as large as you want and fill with tomatoes, washed nice and clean, cover them with salt water one week; then pour off and cover with vinegar, put a weight on and set them in the cellar; when you want to eat them, slice them and sprinkle sugar and pepper over them. These will keep till spring.

CANNED TOMATOES.—Pour boiling water over the tomatoes to loosen the skins. Remove these, pressing out the seeds also; drain off all the juice that will come away without pressing hard; put them into a kettle and heat slowly to a boil. Let boil ten minutes, then can. Tomatoes prepared as above can be put into stone jugs, filling the jugs quite full, and after putting in the cork turning melted wax over it for further security.