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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

UNDIVIDED.

They sat in peace in the sunshine,
Till the day was almost done,
And then at its close an angel
Stole over the threshold stone.
He folded their hands together,
He touched their eyelids with balm,
And their last breath floated outward
Like the close of a solemn psalm.
Like a bridal pair they traversed,
The unseen mythical road;
That leads to the "beautiful City"
Whose "builder and maker is God."
But the shapes that they left behind them,
The wrinkles and silver hair—
Made holy to us by the kisses,
The angel had printed there—
We will hide away 'neath the willows,
When the day is low in the west,
Where the sunbeams cannot find them,
Nor the winds disturb their rest.
And we'll suffer no tell-tale tombstone,
With its age and date to rise,
O'er the two who are old no longer
In the Father's house in the skies.

OUR ECONOMIES.

Sometime I mean to take a "day" off and a trip out of town especially to make the personal acquaintance of Simon's Wife, and talk over the economical question with her. Because I too agree with her that "buying cheap" to-day does not always prove to be economy the day after tomorrow. The transactions of nature and business are alike based on the law of equivalents—of value received. Out of nothing to make something implies the superhuman power of creation; out of little to make more and better than the beginnings is quite as miraculous. It rouses my ire to read in some "ladies' journal" (published for advertising purposes) how some economical soul evolved such a sweetly stylish bonnet, quite Parisian, you know, out of a scrap of velvet fished out of the rag-bag and "carefully steamed," a bit of ribbon cleaned with benzine and colored with Diamond dyes, and a "lovely little plume" out of the rooster's tail. It is not the bonnet that disgusts me, but the pretense that it is elegant. I remember a book on domestic topics sent to this office for review, which told how one spring chicken made a meal for four grown persons, what was left was picked from the bones and made chicken croquettes for four again, while the bones made soup for the next day's dinner. That's cheap living—on paper; but I think those who ate the soup may have felt it would have been well to have let the chicken waded through it once more. Only the other day I saw how

\$50 was spent to furnish a room, yards upon yards of yellow satteen, scrim and dotted muslin being used. That it would be pretty while fresh and dainty, no one would deny; but after a year's dust and wear it would be faded, soiled, and need renewing. The \$50, put into substantial furnishings, would not have given so showy an effect at the time, but at the end of the year there would have been something to show for it. Moreover, it is not economy of time or money to embroider "poppies and morning-glories" in silk on so unsubstantial a material as cheesecloth.

I believe a great deal of the unhappiness and hard feeling which often seems to exist in families comes from the strain on the wife and mother in trying to make herself and her children look respectably dressed on half the money needed for the purpose. It is a constant planning and contriving, twisting and turning, to get the most out of the least, ruinous alike to nerves and temper. The man who has tried to pay ten dollars' worth of debts with nine dollars' in hard cash ought to have some sympathy and understanding of the trial of the woman who tries to make nine yards of goods do the work of ten. There is a difference on the man's side, even then; he can "stand off" his creditor for the odd dollar, but the woman cannot thus manage a half of a sleeve. As the children grow up, especially if they are girls, many men fail to realize that with growth comes added necessities and expenses in the way of dress, and expect wife and daughters to dress on what once sufficed for the wife alone—or less, if "times are tight."

I have seen life through a country school-ma'am's spectacles, and my observations all through life have gone to show that those homes are happiest and the most prosperous where the wife's right to a share in the income was practically acknowledged; and in the most wretched family I ever knew the wife could not get three cents for a postage stamp without being asked "What do you want it for?" I think that woman at last actually hated her husband, and I believe the beginning was his penuriousness. There is nothing more destructive to love and confidence than a sense that one is unjustly treated and subjected to unneccessary privations.

We ought all to be economical, and I believe most farmers' wives are adepts in saving, and good at that kind of economy which consists in going without what they feel they would like. But the economy

which pinches and scrimps till its influence reaches the soul and makes us hesitate over every kind impulse till we see what it will cost us, is wicked. Yes, wicked! It narrows the mind and the heart; it makes us selfish; often it makes us mean and paltry in our dealings with others; we even become stingy of our kind and loving words, and noble thoughts and generous promptings become strangers to us.

The mother, to dress her girls like their mates and satisfy their thoughtless "Why can't I have?" denies herself and goes shabby. Then her husband begins to see she is growing old and faded, and wishes she would "fix up," but never thinks of giving her ten dollars to do it with. Probably he remembers the

" * * * cheek like the wild red rose "

and the "fawn-like shyness," and wonders why five children and fifteen years of married life should have transformed his wife in temper and appearance. Does he ever compare the spruce young man "who did a wooing go" in gloves and with Jockey Club on his handkerchief, with the middle-aged man in check shirt and buttoned overalls, and a week's stubble on his chin? Oh dear no! It is not husbands only who are "disillusioned" by marriage.

"Simon Simple" could not understand how his wife "wasn't as trim as she used to be" and grew inclined to "fire him out." He could not even guess why bitter thoughts took the place of loving ones, and there came to be words that occasioned silence and heat that brought about coolness. Nor does he seem to consider he had any responsibility in bringing about this condition of things. I've seen many such simple Simons, great, good-natured, obtuse husbands, content if their wives will "carry their share" of the work and worry, but never thinking of giving their share of loving, appreciative, encouraging words. Pat, when he carries the hod, often puts a bit of old carpet or the like on his shoulder to ease the load; and loving words are the cushion on which many a hard-worked woman's burden might rest, relieved of half its weight.

And after all, was not Simon's Wife, in the view of his own case which Simon presents, the nobler of the two, the more forgiving, the first to seek to re-establish old relations? When she cruelly wished she "had stayed with Ma," did he not as cruelly reply "Them's my sentiments tew?" Must all the affection, the patience

under irritation, the soft answers, be given by the wife? Might not Simon have said, tenderly, slipping up to this wife of his—in whom I am woman enough to know anger struggled with sorrow and strangled a sob in her throat as she said it—"My dear, you know you don't mean it! What would I do without you?" Suppose too he had kissed her just as he used to when she had that "wild rose cheek!" That unaccustomed caress would have been more to her than all the kisses of courtship. Did he respond, I wonder, to that mute appeal for love and tenderness made when she stole to his side in the twilight and slipped her hand into his? Did he squeeze it, ever so little?

I would have all married people read "The First Settler's Story," and bear in mind a part of its conclusion:

"Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds,
You can't do that way when you're flying words.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead;
But God Himself can't kill them when they're said."

BEATRIX.

OUR LIVES.

"Our lives are songs, God writes the words,
And we set them to music at pleasure;
And the song grows glad, or sweet or sad,
As we chance to fashion the measure.
We must write the music, whatever the song,
Whatever the rhyme or meter;
And if it is sad, we can make it glad,
Or is sweet, we can make it sweeter."

Two misses were preparing for an outing of two weeks. "What shall we take along to read, Mignon?" "I don't know, what is good?" "Have you ever read 'The Fatal Vow,' 'Donald the Bandit,' 'A Leap in the Dark,' 'Miss or Mrs.,' 'Witch's Head,' 'She?'" I turned away musing. It could not be called a summer idyl, though it might perhaps, be an idle summer, and I thought there is no accounting for tastes, they are as varied as the people we meet—the landscape spread out before us. Two boys were stretched at full length under a big maple; school was ended, vacation lay before them. "I can tell you what I shall do," says master Ned. "I shall get all the fun I can out of this summer. I shall hunt and fish, go boating, and uncle Hal promised me a cruise in his steam yacht." "Fool away your time if you want to," says sturdy Fred; "I'm going to work, pick berries to sell, drive the horse for the hayfork, run errands; I'll work at anything that is honest, and will turn me a penny, and compare notes with you the last week in August." He did, too. One had had his fill of indolence and fun, and had contracted a habit that would stay with him each succeeding vacation. Fred's hands were stained and calloused, and his cheeks browned, but he had fifteen dollars in the bank toward his winter clothes.

Two women in a town of some size were talking about the hot weather and how it could be made endurable. "Well," says one, the wife of a bookkeeper on a salary of twelve hundred, "we, or rather I shall go to the mountains, close the house of course. Howard can take his meals at the restaurant and lodge at home; and where

will you go?" "I was intending to have a trip to the seashore; but I have found this season, in one of the wards I visit occasionally, a poor consumptive, who would be so much benefitted by the trip that I have made arrangements whereby she will go, and I will remain at home. No, it is not self denial, not a bit. I believe that I can pass a pleasant and profitable summer with my books, light needlework, my usual family cares and the babies. Oh! my dear Mrs. — I have learned that life is what we make it."

Two men past middle life met. One exclaimed at the silver hair, bowed form and furrowed face of the other. "Why man, what you been doing to grow old so fast?" Both were the same age, but there was twenty years' difference as far as looks were concerned. "Oh, I have to tend so close to business; the children require so much money, and night after night I do not leave the office until long after midnight. What do you do to keep so young?" "I attend to business during business hours, then I am a child with my children." And he grasped the little boy's hand that was clinging to him and both went off laughing and talking. Let the years get into us if they will, let us gain more wisdom, more judgment, let us be more charitable, but take care that we do not get into the years foolishly, unreasonably.

Two farmers' wives were visiting over a basket of mending. "How I dread the summer that is coming so fast!" says one. "My sewing isn't half done. I could hire a girl cheap, but I won't; they waste and break more than their work is worth; I'm going to pull through somehow and take the money this fall and buy a black silk. I've always wanted one, and at my age a woman ought to have one, they're handy to lay a body out in when they die." "Well," says wife No. 2, "I planned this spring to do the work myself and then this fall fix the house all up nice. I want the parlor and sitting-room decorated, new lace curtains and an oak bedroom set. But I read a piece in the paper a week or so ago, and I have changed my mind. My girl commenced work the week before haying, and I shall pay her two dollars and a half a week. She is capable, strong, reliable, she can bake, wash, iron and mend just as well as I can. I will take care of the milk and tend to the butter, that is do the light part of it, and this fall I believe I shall feel better satisfied with some flesh on my bones and strength in my body, than if I had saved that money and fixed up the house. I missed it last year when I did the work alone." "Time will tell. Folks will call you lazy if you keep a high priced girl, and sit around all day." "Time will tell," and it did! One worked and saved. All through the hot summer weather she stood at her post; she broiled over the cook stove, she roasted over the ironing table, and she filled in her time during the fall drying apples. The black silk was bought and made, and sure enough it did come handy to lay her out in. The kind neighbor with whom she had visited robed the poor wasted body,

folded the hands so misshapen and hard with toil, and as she brushed aside a tear said: "Poor soul, she was always saving since I knew her, and her last words before she died were that she had always tried to be saving." She was saving of every thing but herself.

There is always some one just below us, reaching for the round we stand on. Is it best to keep the place when we can go one round higher? "No, she isn't what I call a good woman; seldom attends meeting, never goes to prayer meeting, she never spoke a word for Jesus in her life; she seems to enjoy life first rate, I guess she aims to be harmless, but her influence isn't what it would be if she was real orthodox." If all souls were saved churches and ministers would not be needed. Just as long as there are heathen we shall want Bible societies, and missionaries will endure hardships and face death in various forms. Humanity is a living sea, a crawling, seething human mass, with hopes and aims and prospects beyond enumeration. Some cry "My way is right;" another says "I will go my way." One man will admit that every human being is morally responsible to his Maker for his life. Another will say he is not beholden to his neighbor for his actions, so long as he keeps the ten commandments and is a law abiding citizen.

A German writer has said "Keep true to the dreams of thy youth." It is good to have a happy life; better yet if it is the happiness one has chosen. If we could be content to leave the thread in wiser hands than ours, the web perhaps would be brighter. But the universal law of change all should recognize. Each in his place is fulfilling his day, and passing away giving room to some one else. And the way we know yesterday, to-day and forever.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

ABOUT CANNED FRUIT.

I think the secret of Mrs. E.'s difficulty in keeping canned fruit will be found in the bent can covers, caused by standing them on the covers. When the cans are reversed they admit air. This was my experience. My method of canning, which to me is very satisfactory, is this: Look the fruit over carefully, removing all that is too ripe, as the germs of fermentation are already forming, and not using fruit too green, as cooking does not ripen it nor make healthful food of that which is green. Put into the cans, filling and shaking down until the can is full. Fill the boiler with the cans, lay on the covers (not screwed on); fill the boiler with water within three inches of the covers, placing strips of boards under the cans. Let the fruit boil from one to two hours, according to the kind of fruit used, large fruit requiring more heating than the smaller fruit. Dissolve sugar by melting and add as much as required, filling the cans from other cans or from fruit heated in a stew pan. The boiler can be removed to the dining room to fill the cans and the hot water keeps them always hot. Be careful that they do not run over, and wipe the top dry before sealing.

LILLA LEE.

IONIA.

SILVER SPOONS AND TABLE CUTLERY.

Miss E. T., of Howell, recently asked information on styles in silver teaspoons, etc., whether plain or engraved handles were preferred, and several other questions in that line. So the other day I called at Wright & Kay's, one of our leading dealers in such wares, and of a very obliging gentleman obtained the information I desired.

Solid silver teaspoons, as nearly every one is aware, are bought by weight, though the engraving has something to do with the price. Plain spoons can be bought all the way from \$7 50 up, according to weight—this of course for the half dozen, and for sterling silver. Although the plain are kept in stock, many more are sold of the engraved and fancy styles than of the entirely plain. Wright & Kay carry twenty-seven styles, at prices ranging from \$7 50 to \$12 per half dozen. A set I admired very much was called the "Antique Lily;" the handle was very prettily engraved, with a space left for the initial or name; price, \$8 50, weight, four ounces seven pennyweights; this pattern runs up to \$18, according to weight. Other styles are in relief, a floral or fruit pattern being thrown up on the broad part of the handle. The stems of the spoons are thicker than they were formerly made, and the spoon is correspondingly stronger; bowls are shallow rather than deep, with a blunt instead of pointed curve at the end. Spoons with oxydized silver handles begin at \$7 50, and like the others, increase in value with weight. A handsome pattern at \$9 had a longer, narrow handle, beautifully decorated in a raised pattern, *repousse*, it is called. Table and dessert spoons, after dinner coffees, dinner forks, oyster and fish forks, all are to be had in patterns to match the teaspoons; and like them, values depend on the weight. The styles are named, thus there is the Lily, the Palm, the Shell, the Pomona, and others.

A lady in this city has quite a unique set of teaspoons, no two alike, which are souvenirs of her visits to various cities. Wherever she went on a journey she bought a silver teaspoon as a memento of her trip, and soon had quite a number. And it is so fashionable to collect in this way that our large stores keep broken lines to afford opportunities for selection.

About the marking, it is largely a matter of taste, I am told. If the handles are engraved, oxydized or *repousse*, the initial or name is put on the back. The fancy is again for plain script, though fancy and Old English letters are still used. Monograms are not so popular as formerly. An unmarried lady, or a young lady about to be married, has her silver marked with her family name; and wedding gifts should always be marked with the family name of the bride.

Rogers plated table knives range from \$3.25, \$3.50, \$4.50, to \$5 per dozen, according to quality. The Rogers plated ware is standard and the best—or as good as the best—there is made. But you must look out for imitations. Forks are from \$3 upward, according to size, etc. The handles

of some of these goods are very finely finished in frosted silver. Solid silver knives are worth \$60 per dozen.

And now E. T. asks me if steel knives and forks are not used on a good many well-spread tables. I think that to a very large extent, the silver plated ware has displaced them. It is so cheap, so durable, so much better than steel in doing away with the tri-daily scouring needful to keep the latter fit to use, that one seldom sees the steel, especially steel forks, on a well appointed table. To have something more than my own impressions to guide me in answering this question, I inquired of the proprietor of our largest house-furnishing store. Here is what he said: "No, madam, we sell very little steel table cutlery. Once in a while we sell a set to some farmer or mechanic, but we sell a dozen sets of plated ware to one of steel." Then he waxed confidential as I turned to go. "In fact, madam, we wholesale most goods in that line to small dealers in country towns. Ain't no call for them in the city."

BEATRIX.

THE BENEFITS OF AN ECONOMIC TRAINING.

The enthusiasm of even the new contributors was not all expended on the "Weeks," although the brightness of Evangeline's might have dazed us all but for the "Cloudy Week" which soon followed, and called forth so many responses, proving anew that it is through sorrow that the kinship of the race is established.

"For we have common joys and common fears
But the tenderest tie is our common tears."

But the petty annoyances of housekeeping are too trivial to be classed as sorrows, even though it has been said that it requires more courage and grace to patiently endure the little irritations of every day life than to face cannon on the battle field or the martyr's stake. If that be true, the discipline received from patiently bearing the little ills of life must be correspondingly great. Those who have criticised "Simon's Wife" and "Bruno's Sister" have failed to read between the lines if they have not seen that love only prompted the exclamation, "It has always been a grievance to me that Bruno *will* go to town looking so." Would she have cared how Bruno looked, but that she wanted to be proud of him! If he had been the hired man or a neighbor, his appearance would have given her no concern. Patient endurance of the trials of life is well, but to seek a remedy where one can be found is better; when this cannot be done the brave heart bears on, comforting itself with the thought that whatever is, in the providence of God, is well.

Allow me to add a thought by way of postscript to my former letter, which is this: If both boys and girls were early taught the art of earning and saving in some practical way, such as having a plat of ground to plant to vegetables or flowers, and were allowed the entire charge of it, both in raising and selling the produce—the parents aiding only by advice—and when sold the money invested by the child,

who should be exclusive owner of the investment, there would be fewer fortunes wasted by heirs. The child is commonly allowed to grow to manhood or womanhood with almost no practical instruction in money-making or saving, and then the community is shocked to learn that he so lightly prizes the accumulations of a lifetime of toil which the father has bequeathed to him. The child's character would be developed and strengthened by the mere fact of proprietorship which the little plat of ground would give him. How valuable it would be in his estimation, since it is all his own! How much pleasure he would experience in its cultivation; and how much profit he would receive that is above money values! It is just this self-reliance which would thus be taught the child that women lack when permitted to remain dependent for life, and which dwarfs character whether in man or woman. Self reliance is essential to self respect. The time is drawing on when women, through industrial schools, and changed social conditions, will have better opportunity for the cultivation of those traits of character indispensable in a well-rounded life.

LILLA LEE.

IONIA.

FOR DEFECTIVE FRUIT CANS.

I would like to say to Mrs. E., of Grand Blanc, who is in such dire trouble about her fruit cans, to try this way of treatment. I have never tried it until this season, but a friend of mine has kept her fruit in this way for years with perfect success. The fruit should be thoroughly cooked in the first place, put into the cans and the covers secured. Then with a stiff bladed knife, scrape common bar soap, which makes it pliable, and place a generous quantity around the top of the cans where the covers meet the rubbers, letting it cover the rubbers entirely. It can be easily removed when the fruit is wanted and used in the dishwashing, which if it has filled its mission with the fruit, makes it quite valuable and worth being saved for a second use.

A. H. J.'s little poem went straight to my heart; it seems as though it must make every true mother more tender and careful of the feelings of her little ones.

MASON.

MRS. H. E. S.

MRS. EMMA P. EWING, who teaches the art of cooking at Purdue University, Ind., says the woman who uses a dripping-pan and bakes two or three loaves in it, is guilty of a serious offense against good bread-making, and her bread is not at all likely to be a success. Loaves should be baked separately, in small pans. The loaves should be oval in form. Mrs. Ewing also says she who tightly covers a loaf of bread with an old table cloth, or any other thing, is guilty of a criminal offense against good bread-making. Bread needs oxygen as much as human beings, and without pure air, speedily spoils. Any covering thrown over it should be light, and porous in character.

THOSE HUSBANDS.

I read the HOUSEHOLD, every word, each week, and often think I will write, but you all know how it is; anything not done at the moment is apt to be neglected entirely.

If I were inclined to parade my husband's faults to the public gaze (he has one or two), I have a neighbor who would cure me of all such inclination. She is a good-hearted woman, the very best of neighbors, but she will tell what "he" has said and done to us all. I do not think I will ever fall into that habit, whatever other faults I have or may acquire, I am so thoroughly sick of hearing it.

I want to ask E. L. Nye what is the difference between a pieced quilt and a patchwork quilt, according to the premium list of fairs? I believe that is what she warned us not to confound, a long time ago.

How many of you are going to attend the Exposition? I expect to be in Detroit—my old home—for a few days, and if I thought she would be glad to see me I would call on our Beatrix. I wish all of the HOUSEHOLD correspondents who attend could meet. I believe it would be a pleasant greeting we would give each other.

I have cooked corn in the cans several years and it is splendid; it is an awful day's work to do a boiler full of cans, but in the winter I feel well repaid. I save dry shell beans to cook, and sometimes I have succotash; we all like that. Well, the waste basket looms before me, so I will say good night and retire.

MRS. ED.

OXBOW.

A LITERARY SALAD.

A pleasant entertainment by way of amusement for a quiet evening party, a fair or bazar, is called "A Literary Salad."

The "literary salad" is composed of a number of green paper slips cut in the shape of lettuce leaves, and gracefully arranged in a salad bowl, to resemble as much as possible the original of that name. These harmless looking green leaves have each a stalk of white paper four inches long and one inch broad.

On each stalk is written a quotation from some well known author, and the sport is to guess where the sentence came from. The occasion, let us say, is an evening social gathering of young people, and each person approaches the salad bowl and takes out a stalk, makes his or her guess and hands back the leaf and stalk to be replaced in the bowl. If the drawer of the leaf has guessed the source of the quotation, he or she is rewarded by a dip in a "lucky bag" which is filled with a number of trifling presents. From fifty to one hundred quotations are prepared for the salad, and (at fair or bazar) every one who draws a leaf pays five cents for each guess he makes. The person who draws and makes the greatest number of correct guesses wins the chief prize. Some people add a booby prize for the one who guesses the greatest number of times and makes no lucky hit.

If you want a pair of summer slippers, get a pattern for the upper part and be-

ginning at the toe, crochet in treble stitch and with black linen thread No. 30, a piece like the pattern; sew this to a sole, put a narrow black elastic around the top of the slipper and a loop at the heel to go around the ankle and keep the slipper on the foot. These are the most comfortable slippers imaginable for summer weather. They are easily made, and cost, not counting labor, about thirty-five cents.

I suppose Beatrix has bought her "a love of a fall hat," by this time, to take the place of the one she lost by that luckless wager. Never mind, Beatrix, you will not be bothered by the bonnet box lying around in the way now. E. S. B.'s bread recipe is well liked in our family.

FOREST LEDGE.

MILL MINNIE.

CANNING FRUIT.

In regard to Mrs. E.'s fruit I think perhaps in the sentence, "I never took so much pains as this year," lies the secret, not of success, but of failure. In filling the cans with the fruit boiling hot, and fastening the covers quick as possible, lies the secret of success.

One of our neighbors was once complaining that he could get no good cans, and the fruit his wife put up nearly all worked. I mentioned two or three kinds that I liked; he said they had tried several, but one seemed to be no better than another. I found out afterwards that the good housewife believed in loosening the covers after the cans had stood five minutes "to let out the air!"

Another time a friend came here and put up twelve two-quart cans of peaches. When I saw her filling the cans and fussing with a spoon handle to get out the air bubbles, with the can half full, then a few more peaches and a little more spoon handle. I thought if I had never canned any fruit before, I should say good bye to my canned peaches. However, the peaches were left for a time in my care, and five of the twelve cans worked. I laid it to too much delay in filling, taking too much pains. My fruit sometimes moulds on the top, but very seldom works. The mold I think is caused by the cans being imperfectly sealed.

This is my idea of farm hospitality: Where men are buying stock, or anything else for their own use, I think it is all right to ask them in to eat, or spend the night, and treat them as visitors, but where they are buying or selling for profit, and make that their legitimate business, let them call for their meals and horse feed, and expect to pay for it. The host can suit himself about making out a bill. The merchant or the grocer do not invite us to dinner, no indeed, not if we trade at their store every day in the week. I say let every one pay their own way, whether they are buying sheep pelts or selling tinware. Who will agree with BESS.

PLAINWELL.

STAR, who flashes upon us without name or postoffice and hence more resembles a meteor than a star, says some very kind things of the HOUSEHOLD, and adds:

"I have kept house only a short time and find my work does not always pass off as smoothly as I would wish, but I am like Polly, I "never cry over spilt milk." I almost always laugh and let it go at that. I am a farmer's wife and there is no one in the family but myself and husband." Our correspondents will please remember to give name and address, for the Editor only. The wish to be known only by *nom de plume* is always respected.

Mrs. E., of Grand Blanc, can surely realize that "in a multitude of counselors there is safety," so much advice on the canning question has been offered. Several who have written on points covered by previous letters will understand why their letters are not published. Will not Clo. S. Pin write for us again? Her *nom de plume* is so unique we feel sure she must be a Clo. S. Pin with a head.

If Mrs. Ed., of Oxbow, will offer her patterns for exchange over her own name and address, so that those who may wish to avail themselves of the offer can address her directly, there will be no objection to publishing her wish to exchange. But we cannot undertake to conduct an exchange through this office. And call on Beatrix, by all means; she will be glad to see you.

A NEW use for vaseline has been discovered. It is said to be one of the best things in the world to soften shoes that have been wet and made stiff and uncomfortable thereby. Apply a dressing of vaseline, rubbing it in well with a cloth. It is especially excellent for fine shoes.

Useful Recipes.

MUSTARD PICKLES.—One quart cucumbers, sliced—soak over night in salt water; one pint of small onions, scalded in salt water; one cauliflower, scalded as above; three peppers, sliced; one quart green tomatoes, scalded. Drain them and put in jars. Pour hot vinegar over and let remain three days; then drain the vinegar from them. Take one box ($\frac{1}{2}$ lb.) ground mustard, one pint vinegar, one and a half cupfuls sugar, and half a cupful flour; mix the flour and mustard smooth with cold vinegar. Pour into the boiling vinegar and then over the pickles.

CANNED GREEN CORN.—Cut the corn from ears selected as if for immediate use; fill the can with this corn, working it down repeatedly with something like a pestle handle, so the milk will cover the corn and just fill the can. Much care should be given to this part, as when you are sure the jar is full, a little manipulation will enable you to put in much more. A dozen large ears will no more than fill a quart jar. When full, put on the rubber and cover as tightly as possible; put the can or cans in a kettle or boiler, being careful to raise them slightly from the bottom of the vessel; completely cover with cold water, put on the fire and boil four hours. Remove and allow them to cool gradually; then wrap in brown paper and keep in a dark, cool, dry place. The time should be reckoned from the moment when the water boils hard, not from the time the cold water is put on them.