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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE DINNER BELL.

They may boast about that grand old bell,
That first for Congress rang;
And of curfew bells and silver chimes,
Famed poets oft have sung;
But I will woo the muses,
For words wherewith to tell,
Of hungry man's firm, constant friend,
The plain old dinner bell.

Was there ever sound so pleasant,
As high noon draweth near,
When a man feels 'neath his waistband
Mighty lean, and lank and queer?
Was there ever sound more welcome,
Now I'd like to have you tell,
Than that cordial invitation,
Of the whole-souled dinner bell?
Ding-dong, ding-dong!
Come along, come along,
Ding-dong, dong-ong!

We will say 'tis in the spring time,
When you're breaking up for corn,
It was such a meagre breakfast
That you ate at early morn;
And the wonderment keeps growing,
If it isn't almost noon,
And you knew that you will famish
If that bell don't jingle soon.
Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling!
The pot-pie 's done.
Ling-a-ling, ling-a-ling!
Come on a run.

Do you mind that day in haying,
When the mercury with ease,
Played away up in the nineties—
There was not a sign of breeze—
And an "all gone," fainting feeling,
That you think precedes a "stroke,"
Made you think of "home" and "mother,"
As the bell the silence broke?
Ding-dong-dell, hear me tell!
Roast veal and green peas,
Macaroni and cheese,
And a piece of red raspberry pie.

Then that sweltering day in harvest,
When the clouds piled in the west;
But to try and clear the wheat field
Each man did his "level best;"
Then a sudden flash of lightning,
And the rolling thunder warned,
When there goes that blamed old dinner bell,
You know the bees have swarmed.
Come along as quick as you can,
Throw some water, beat a pan,
Gone—gone—gone!

Then again 'tis in the autumn,
And the scattering snow-flakes fly;
And the wild geese flying southward,
Make one think that winter's nigh;
And you pull the cornstalks closer,
As your hands begin to tingle:
The yellow ears toss right and left,
Hark! to the merry jingle;
Hear the loud cry,
Roast pork and pumpkin pie!

They may talk about the blue bloods,
And about the F. F. V.'s!
And of titled aristocracy
That reign across the seas;

But I'd stake my bottom dollar,
Throw myself in too, if—well,
I could come a mash on Phyllis,
The girl that rings our bell.

EVANGALINE.

BULBS IN THE HOUSE AND THE GARDEN.

I know of no more interesting feature of floriculture than that branch which includes the growing of bulbs. The growth of a bulb is in itself a beautiful mystery. We hold in our hand the bare brown onion-like root, covered with its dry scales, inert, apparently without life, yet we know that packed away in that rusty overcoat is a wealth of luxuriance, of brilliant coloring, of intoxicating perfume, of charming beauty. Stores of plant food to sustain its growth are there also, so that a little water, a handful of sand, will serve the purpose of the plant. Color and perfume are wonderful things, giving us exquisite delight, yet baffling our efforts to explain their origin. We recognize the odor of a rose, of heliotrope, the spicy fragrance of carnations, as quickly as we do the flowers. A single truss of hyacinth will perfume a room for hours, yet whence comes that intangible odor, which so multiplies itself that it becomes overwhelming! The fragrance of tuberose is associated with death; violets smell of spring, the arbutus makes us think of damp woods and pine needles, the breath of lilies recalls the church and organ music softly pealing through dim aisles—and so it goes; odors as well as scenes and words and voices, have their memories.

The lover of flowers finds purest pleasure in watching their growth; and for winter entertainment it is worth while growing a few bulbs in a sunny window, just for the satisfaction of seeing how easy it is to do it. You don't need hyacinth glasses nor a costly jardiniere, though they are nice to have if you can afford them. You can raise a Chinese lily in an old glass sauce-dish or a glass butter-dish, in a handful of sand and pebbles and a little water; the bulb will cost you thirty cents, and you'll get three dollars' worth of delight out of it. The Chinese lily is a variety of the *Polyanthus Narcissus*, and produces clusters of waxy white flowers with cup-shaped centres of clear yellow; the Chinese call it "the flower of the gods" and always manage to have quantities of it in bloom on their new year, which, if I remember aright, is in January. Fill the dish you select three-quarters full of clear sand

and pebbles, set the nice fat bulb half its depth in the sand, then pour in water enough to cover the surface about half an inch deep, and in about a month you may expect your reward.

Plant a half dozen bulbs of the "Butter-fly lily"—*Calochortus*—which will cost you twenty-five cents, in good earth in a common six inch pot, water and set in a cool cellar for a month, looking at them occasionally to see they are not becoming too dry; then bring to the light and delight yourself by watching the growth and blossoming of a floral butterfly, gay and bizarre in its markings.

You can buy single hyacinths for fifteen cents each, and these are the best for forcing in winter. Plant three in a large pot, or one in a smaller pot, in sandy loam mixed with well-rotted manure; water, set in the cellar for about six weeks to allow roots to form, then bring to light and air and growth will at once begin.

In planting, set the base of the bulb on a little clear sand to prevent rotting, and leave a little less than a third of the bulb above ground, though many florists cover entirely but not deeply. By making plantings two weeks apart it is possible to have hyacinths in bloom all winter, as the trusses last a long time in a cool room, if kept out of the sun after being fully developed. Roman hyacinths are very easily grown in an ordinary living room, in the same manner; they are ten cents each or a dollar a dozen, and as sweet and rich in fragrance as one could desire.

Get a window-box made, which will fit the length of some sunny window, paint it dark green, then get a couple of iron brackets to fasten on the wall and support the box, these will cost you ten cents. Plant tulip bulbs in your window garden, treating them the same as hyacinths. Single or double unnamed sorts are as good as any and can be bought for 35 cents a dozen; and when they have done blooming indoors can be planted out in the garden. The window box comes handy for many uses; in it a few tomato plants or flower seeds may be started, and in summer it will hold a wealth of fuchsias and geraniums. Remember to fill it a third full of broken pots for drainage.

But it is a great pleasure to the amateur florist to try experiments. Buy a bulb or two of some strange variety, for the sake of watching the development of something new and novel.

The *Ixias* are odd, and do well in pots. There's the *Colchicum*, too, that queer

plant that gives its crocus-like flowers in the fall and its leaves the following spring. The Scillas, blue as the skies or ruby as wine; the "Glory of the Snow;" the Snow-drop, all for five cents a bulb. The Freesia is deliciously fragrant, and a stranger to many who cannot visit green-houses, yet thrives under intelligent care in the house. Half a dollar's worth of bulbs, carefully chosen for the purpose in view, will prove a never-ending source of pleasure to old and young during the winter, and help waken a love for nature and a knowledge of her ways in the minds of both young and old. And now is the time, "right away quick," to decide what you will try and order the bulbs.

BEATRIX.

A FEW STRAY THOUGHTS.

The bright, beautiful days of summer have passed away and as I read the many different articles in the *HOUSEHOLD*, all very interesting to me, I cannot help wondering if we have made the best use of those days that are passed into eternity. I enjoyed the words of the poem entitled "True and False" very much indeed. How beautiful the thought our characters are like the iceberg or like the solid rock in ocean! True principles are the rocks which abide; their foundations are laid deep and wide. Those with noble, upright spirits are ever ready to realize that among the many of God's earth, there are lonely hearts to cherish "while the days are going by."

I feel in sympathy with Simon's Wife, also Bruno's Sister, in the lack of means to buy necessary articles and comforts; some men are very careless and some, I think the majority, are very kind. When riding to town with the rough-clad farmer with the soil of the week's wear on his clothing, we feel how useless it is to urge dressing up. But let me whisper to Simon's Wife that there are lots of worse things than those she has told us of. I try to ever remember to pluck first the mote out from my own eye before trying to discover the wrong doings in another.

I enjoyed our Editor's description of the Exposition at Detroit very much. I have been there myself all the week in imagination, have longed to be there in reality and see all the beautiful things. I have not visited there since 1879, was at the State Fair, but had not learned of Beatrix; if I should be fortunate enough to go again, I would most surely call at the office and see the album and pictures of our many contributors, and make the acquaintance of our Editor.

I spent the afternoon a few days ago with a lady dying with consumption; a young woman, with a lovely, refined face, a sweet gentle smile, so patient and kind I could not help but think how little patience and forbearance a great many of us would exhibit in her condition. She is not able to sit up at all, and has four little children around her, and her sad-faced husband. She is ever willing and ready to accept the will of the Father who doeth all things well. As I held her head during

a fit of coughing the great exertion and sharp pain caused the tears to fall, but not a word of complaint; and when I kissed her good bye she raised her sweet blue eyes and said: "I am ready and willing to go at any time the Lord see fit to take me; of course I would like life for my little children's sake and to be with my family, but I feel that I am prepared. Not that I have always done just right, but wherein I have failed I know He is willing to forgive." I could not speak words of comfort for I felt she already possessed that precious key that admits all into everlasting glory and happiness. If any of us are inclined to grieve over the burdens of this life, let us remember that others have trials, compared to which ours are trivial and sink into insignificance.

I enjoyed Evangeline's trip to and from church, the waving golden rod and pleasant pen picture she painted for us; it gives me pleasure to read her sentiments. I love to converse with one who brings sweet and pleasant thoughts, but the person who brings news of a great crime and goes into explicit details concerning the victim, turns my thoughts into gloomy channels and I feel depressed.

MAYBELLE.

WOLVERINE.

A TEST WANTED.

The spirit says "Write," but the flesh says "You cannot." However, as Beatrix has told us how we may tell a gentleman when we see one—though I do not quite accept her rule as absolute, for I have known true gentlemen who never lifted a hat to an acquaintance—I would like to know how we may tell a lady. Suppose at an entertainment an invited guest should deliberately take off her spectacles, replace them with another pair, lean forward and critically examine the table scarf, this during the programme, and at the close of the meeting should express herself as being highly entertained—perhaps with the programme and perhaps with the table scarf. Now would it not have looked better to have seemed interested though she was not, and was it lady-like? And this leads to a question—Is true courtesy consistent with perfect sincerity?

EUNICE.

ABOUT THE HAIR.

"How shall we dress our hair?" asks a young correspondent. I find as great a diversity in styles of hair-dressing as in fashions of dress. At a little *musical* I attended recently where "our girls" were numerous represented, I noticed each seemed to have studied the style which best suited the contour of face and head. One wore a Psyche knot which was just the thing for her small, classic, well-poised head; a number wore fluffy bangs with the back hair neatly plaited low on the neck and tied with bright ribbons; a brunette with a low broad forehead had dressed her jetty tresses a la Pompadour, and tied them with a bit of cardinal ribbon. The Cadogan braid is also popular. The two blond misses who performed a very rigidly correct duet had their flaxen locks braided

in two tails apiece and tied half the length with lettuce-green ribbon, the ends being slightly curled. But the bright-eyed girl who divided the duties of hostess with her mother had just run a thread of gold colored velvet through her nut-brown hair, which kept it out of her eyes, and left it free to break into curly locks in her neck. Nature did the curling and her hair is never "out of curl," even on rainy days.

Young ladies wear the French twist a good deal; others coil the hair half low on the back of the head; the untidy "slouch puff," which always looked as if true charity would donate a comb and a box of hairpins, is no longer seen. The hair is worn in braids wound round and round the head by those to whom this style is becoming. The weather—or something—seems to have had a remarkable effect this fall and late summer in developing an unusual luxuriance of tresses, as much more hair is worn than heretofore.

Our correspondent also asks about the wearing of fancy pins and combs in the hair. Good taste would reserve showy ornaments of any kind for home or evening wear. Certainly the jeweled pins or combs set with Rhinestones, silver and gilt pins, etc., should be reserved for indoor wear; shell and jet pins are often worn to hold the bonnet in place; and little shell combs to hold in place the untidy, blown-about "scolding locks" are not objectionable.

A great deal of out-of-place finery is seen on the streets because people who have money to buy fine clothes do not seem to know where to wear them. Our most fashionable people dress most plainly on the street; they have other and more suitable places to wear their plush and velvet costumes, their dress bonnets and brocade cloaks. But people newly come to their wealth and who lack that most priceless gift of discretion, and have no assured social rank are those who most often commit solecisms of dress and manner. I dined one day at high noon in mid-winter with a woman who wore a black brocade dress with white satin front overlaid with black lace, V-shaped corsage, and sleeves which would have required a twelve-button glove to meet; a dress handsome in itself, but utterly out of place for a shopping expedition in the city. I once saw a young lady in a white cashmere and lace party dress placidly spending an afternoon on the ferry boat, I dare say ascribing the notice bestowed upon her unusual costume to admiration and envy; and the other day I read of a woman who went to an afternoon reception in décolleté dress, *en train*, and wearing a bonnet! It is infinitely better to wear unobtrusively shabby clothes than to have beautiful and costly ones and make one's self ridiculous by not knowing where to wear them.

BEATRIX.

At the Dowagiac fair, Mrs. Neal, of that place, made a large and interesting exhibit of silkworms and their eggs and products. Mrs. Neal has been engaged in silk culture for several years, and this season fed 200,000 worms, which produced 100 pounds of cocoons, valued at \$1.15 per pound.

AN ENDORSEMENT.

I want to shake hands with B. E. M., and shake long and hard, as expressive of my agreement with her opinions about "Simon's Plea." I think as she does, that when a woman gives her whole time and strength to the interests of the family, she should not be reproached for her fading beauty by any one, much less the one who made such fair promises earlier in life, and the very service she is rendering him is the cause of the loss of freshness and beauty. An equal chance for both, I say, and nothing less is fair. If the husband cannot find a regard in his heart for the wife who is cooking his dinners and washing his clothes every week, even if she does all this minus collar and cuffs, he is not worthy of respect from her or others. Perhaps this is a little too strong, but you see I too was somewhat wrathful over "Simon's Plea." My sympathy is with Simon's Wife; her week was very interesting, and such weeks are far more numerous than the more flowery ones, though life is (in a measure) what we make it.

MASON.

MRS. H. E. S.

WOMAN.

[Paper read by Mrs. Palmer, of Albion, before the South Albion Ladies' Literary Society Oct. 3rd, 1889.]

From the earliest period of the creation of man we find it was not well for him to be alone, and God immediately made woman to be his helpmate. We certainly infer from this that the Allwise Being gave woman this honored position for the best of reasons. And while we as a sex have always had brought to our minds how woman was the root of all evil, if she had never been here, man would not have been tempted and the world free from vice, we have submitted to this rebuke most quietly for hundreds of years, in fact this very argument may have been the prime factor in putting woman in the position of nearly that slave, or menial. So stereotyped have the words of Paul become in their most literal sense, "Wives, obey your husbands" that generations of women have passed away not doing their duty for the world, feeling while here they were ignored, trampled, belittled, always remembering the apple, in submission, patience and meekness. But the light of another day dawns, and we see a new thought in our mother Eve's acts, that brings new light, encouragement and force. The wonderful lesson comes like this: The plan for woman was so great, her influence was to be felt so far, her work so complete, her presence so necessary that this object lesson has been given us, a picture for us to study and learn the silent lesson—the woman suggested, the man accepted. We admit he most willingly broke the command when the beautiful woman said come, so easily did he succumb to her influence, caring not for the consequences.

The influence of woman has remained through all these years; no matter where you find it, for good or bad, it is the same. See the woman in her house, watch her as she ministers to every want; only the wife

and mother can fill this place, only mother can soothe the sick child, only her sweet lullabye can make the pain bearable.

Only a woman can watch and wait for the erring son's return, again and again; only woman can cover up the faults of man, and bring him back. She will hold out, tempt him for good and love him, and he will come.

Woman does not value this power to its fullest. She possesses an influence that many times she does not give its largest scope to develop, she does not do even what she may find to do.

But woman must grow; she must see for herself; times demand this growth, with all this opposition that has been brought to bear upon woman she could not be kept out man has been slow to see this, or rather to acknowledge it. It comes slowly, surely. Fifty years from to-day the man will not be found who will tell you women cannot be ministers, lawyers and merchants, farmers; cannot fill positions of importance and influence, for they are having proof of that fact now. This silent influence of woman is proving to the world that she can and must be the helpmate of men, without her they are helpless.

Marriage is not a failure, and surely will not become so, no matter how educated and capable of business woman may become. Grow more practical women, and we will show you a coming generation of better men and women. Educate girls in the matter of finances; let them grow up with an aim, a business, a trade; let them know one hundred cents make a dollar; let them spend that dollar for value. Give them a chance when they are at home, as you give the boys. If you give a colt or calf to the son, then let the daughter have the same, to raise, manage, increase in value. Don't dole out the money to the daughter or allow bills to be made at the store, and never question the sons what they may do with their allowance. We plan ways wherein sons can earn spending money, giving them a greater feeling of independence, but when daughter wants a new dress she worries over it for days; at last the exact amount comes, from father.

That is a blessed feeling that comes to every individual when his possessions are his by rightful ownership, "Mine, for I earned it!" It is not American to be dependent; descendants from the grand old fathers who signed the document that declared us free and equal cannot be happy in a state of utter uselessness. It is this kind of education that makes marriage a failure, the home miserable, the wife wretched; it is this that will fill coming generations with hatred of themselves and the world, cramp the mind and dwarf the intellect.

The good seed is being sown every hour in the day, and the work is moving on so silently, that gentle influence creeping over each individual, that we shall have what we may ask for in the future, be capable of doing what we should do, and loving to do it. Man will see as we see, and be as willing as Adam. The pursuits of women are many, and this great work is

within the hands of every woman. This state of utter helplessness that would be ours by common consent would ruin the nation, and while years of struggle have passed for woman to gain the foothold she now has, the way becomes more easy.

The physical part of woman demands great attention and care; our women must become stronger by inheritance and management. Mothers must think more, study more, act more. Let girls give up the idea that feebleness is a requirement of a lady, and feel instead that they must be cheerful and endure the backache. Let the mothers' pride become in the grand physical as well as mental conditions of sons and daughters; be proud to show to the world an offspring sound and strong; teaching them the temptations that are waiting at every turn for them and using every influence to destroy these vices. Never turn a deaf ear to the existence of such; only open wide your faculties of perception and force, these qualities are what give to us the power of coming most rapidly at the conclusion, and they will aid us in doing the work.

The women of this land are the mothers of the nation, good or bad you are responsible. Women must fill places of business, we are here and must be sustained; the work is ready and every position that is filled by man can be equally as well filled by woman, and she should receive for such labor equal pay. Shame be to our sex who will work equally with men, and receive one-half as much money, giving no reason other than that woman can live cheaper than man. This cheapness can only refer to the indulgences, for surely my landlord demands the same board per week for myself as husband, he never told me he would take two dollars from me because I was a woman and ask four dollars from my husband. If you are to be judged by the law you will hang or be imprisoned, as the law may be; you are not exempt by being a woman. You pay your taxes if you own property the same as your masculine neighbor, and why should not this matter be equal?

I see a wrong that has come from this very plainly. Girls fill places with but little interest in them; paid only one-half enough, still they exist upon it. They work along with no aim at business, only waiting for the proposition that makes them a wife, doing something they abhor. Still it is a custom, marrying for a home, an escape from a meager life hoping to get more. A girl is already spoiled for a good housewife, ready to be unhappy, forlorn and wearying to those about her.

We must right this mistake, the aim in our life must be our object. A man with three trades well learned is not spoiled for the fourth, and so with woman. Let her be so capable in the many avenues of life that she will select from choice one that brings pleasure and remuneration to her; let her understand finances, plan for herself the income and the outgoes. When our girls are thus raised we will see fewer unhappy homes. Never fear to educate women, or that they will leave the home,

or have less interest, or that there will be no fireside, no bright little faces, or cheerful voices to welcome the home coming. There will be more. No power on earth can rob woman of that innate principle of home, wife, mother; the power to produce that haven of rest, or the love for it. Only let it be hers because she is the helpmate. The partnership is equal, she is filling the place God gave her to fill, shedding its influence everywhere. Let her feel and know she can say Mine and Ours by common consent; and not until this state of society exists will this world be happy, and home mean what it should.

CLOAKS AND BONNETS.

The long cloaks displayed in the merchants' windows are very beautiful and as costly as they are elegant. The farmer's wife could not afford them; and would have no proper place to wear them could she buy them. They are too heavy for anything but carriage wear, too showy except for receptions and "full dress parades." A mode bordering on the Newmarket, with certain modifications, is the popular long wrap. The sleeves are loose, sometimes cut in with the side back forms, the fronts have revers, or vests, or are closed down the waist and outlined with fur or passementerie or braids. The peasant and Connemara cloaks, which were ungraceful garments, even admitting their convenience, have vanished. Long garments should reach to the bottom of the dress; insist upon this, even if you have to sacrifice other points to secure it. These long garments have one serious disadvantage; if warm enough for adequate protection they are so heavy that walking becomes fatiguing, they drag so heavily upon the back and shoulders. The waist and sleeves should be lined with silk or farmers' satin. Short mantles covered with braiding are popular, and ball fringe is a favorite decoration for them. Now that the bustle has been so diminished it will be found necessary to "take a reef" in last year's garments.

For the real old ladies, the grandmothers, there are sensible demi-length mantles of camel's hair lined and wadded, which are warm and comfortable without weight. Drap d'ete may be used, or a good quality of cashmere or drap d'Alma; any of these may be bought for \$2 to \$2.50 per yard, and will make a wrap at once serviceable and suitable. Satin for lining may be bought ready quilted; the trimming may be a narrow band of fur around the edges, passementerie or fringe. Fringe, by the way, is very fashionable this year, the heavy "sewing silk fringes" as they were called thirty years ago being thought very elegant.

A diagonal cloth cloak has a round velvet yoke, deeper in the back than in front, and the parts forming the sleeves are set on under it in front, and bordered with a two inch band of velvet. It has a regular Newmarket back, and the side back skirt seams are ornamented with disks of black braid, graduated in size, from the waist

down. A similar and pleasing effect could be obtained by using velvet-covered button molds in assorted sizes.

Little girls' cloaks are made down to their heels, of cashmere, flannel, silk or plush, and have round waists, full sleeves, a deep collar or a cape, and a full skirt pleated to the waist. Bonnets match in color, are made of velvet, and have a full lace pleating inside the pleated front. For girls over six there are long cloth cloaks in tan, blue, red, and tobacco brown, cut princess in the back, with loose fronts lapped to the left, sleeves full or loose, as preferred, fur collar and a narrow fur edge bordering the lapped front. The Tam O'Shanters, the felt caps, and the wide unwired "cowboy" hats are all popular this winter.

A very pretty long cloak for the baby is of white cashmere, with a three inch hem above which is a vine in white silk embroidery, and above this three half inch tucks. The same ornamentation is seen on the little round cape which reaches to the baby's waist and is cut square in front; there are white satin ribbons to tie at the throat, and white pearl buttons close it down the front, the buttonholes being on a fly. The sleeves have a narrow vine of embroidery, and the tucks not quite so wide. This of course could be duplicated in any color.

Hats and bonnets are made to match the cloak rather than the dress this year. A long cloak and a large hat matching it in color make stylish and serviceable street wear. Large black hats with many ostrich plumes and huge bows of black ribbon trimming are very popular. No small hats are seen this year. Toques fill the gap between the large hats and small bonnets very satisfactorily; and all millinery is much lower in the crown and trimming. Birds have reappeared as adornments of both hats and bonnets. Felt and velvet contest supremacy; many of the felts are partly covered with bands of cord passementerie. Full crowns are fashionable. A simple and yet stylish bonnet for a middle-aged lady has a full crown in broad fan pleats, and a silk-lined velvet bow confined by two large jet ornaments for trimming; the ties were of double-faced striped satin ribbon. Few tips are used on the small bonnets, the milliner using velvet, brocade, fancy ribbon and birds for ornamentation.

MAYBELLE, of Wolverine, Cheboygan Co., asks if Mrs. Fuller will kindly give some directions relative to chrysanthemum culture; and says she has a number with the lower leaves brown and dead, and with no indications of buds or flowers. At this time of the year the buds should be formed and beginning to break. Probably Maybelle has not handled her plants quite right, and will get no bloom this season. A few directions relative to the proper culture would aid many flower lovers, and we hope Mrs. Fuller will be able to enlighten us. Will not Maybelle describe her surroundings in her northern home, tell us how climate, crops, fruits, etc., compare with those of her old home at Bridgewater?

AN INQUIRY.

As the ladies have been so kind to respond to my call, I desire to thank them through the HOUSEHOLD. In reading the various letters from week to week, and especially the different experiences of the weeks, I have come to the conclusion that "This world is not so bad a world as some would like to make it, But whether good or whether bad depends on how we take it."

I would like to ask if there is nothing in our well regulated liquor law that will reach a person who will sell his neighbor hard cider. I thought it could not be possible that our wise legislators would overlook that, and as some say there is nothing, write for the opinion of the Editor, who usually solves all problems propounded to her. MRS. E.

GRAND BLANC.

[There is no restriction in the liquor law in this State relative to the manufacture and sale of native wines or cider made from fruits grown in the State, unless the wine or cider is sold by the drink. Should a man sell hard cider by the glass he might be considered a retail dealer, and a license demanded. The point would be to prove the intoxicating nature of the cider.—HOUSEHOLD ED.]

We have about a dozen poetical contributions on hand, of varying degrees of goodness and nimbleness of poetic "feet," nearly all of which are too lengthy for our little paper. We much prefer your thoughts in plain every day dress of straightforward prose, for it is only too true that between *rhymes* and *poetry* "there is a great gulf fixed."

Useful Recipes.

TO GREEN PICKLES.—After the pickles have been soaked in brine and freshened, put them over the fire in a porcelain lined or agate iron-ware kettle, cover with cold vinegar, and bring this slowly to the scalding point. Do not let them boil. Let the pickles remain thus until they are of a good green, which will be in several hours. Another way is to line the preserving kettle with green grape or cabbage leaves, put in the pickles as above, cover with cold water, then put on top a layer of green leaves and let them steam slowly for a couple of hours.

SPICED VINEGAR FOR PICKLES.—An excellent recipe for spiced vinegar, good alike for gherkins, cauliflower, green tomatoes, string beans and radish pods is as follows: To each quart of vinegar allow twelve cloves, twelve peppercorns, six allspice berries, six blades of mace, a quarter of an onion, sliced, and one-third of a cup of sugar. Tie the spices and onion in a bag, and boil with the sugar and vinegar for five minutes. Pour the boiling vinegar over the pickles, let stand three days, pour off, scald and turn on again on the third, seventh and tenth days, covering closely every time.

SWEET PICKLED QUINCES.—Weigh the pared fruit, and allow three-fourths of a pound of sugar to a pound of the fruit. Arrange fruit and sugar in alternate layers in a preserving kettle and bring slowly to a boil. To each five pounds of sugar and fruit (together) allow a cupful of strong vinegar, and a teaspoonful each of whole cinnamon, cloves and mace. Turn over the fruit and boil six minutes; put fruit into cans; boil the syrup down until it is thick, then fill up with the boiling syrup and seal. Peaches, pears, plums and crab-apples are all good if pickled by this recipe.