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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### QUIET WAYS ARE BEST.

What's the use of worrying,  
Of hurrying,  
And scurrying,  
Everybody flurrying,  
And breaking up their rest.  
When every one is teaching us,  
Preaching and beseeching us,  
To settle down and end the fuss,  
For quiet ways are best?  
The rain that trickles down in showers  
A blessing brings to thirsty flowers;  
Sweet fragrance from each brimming cup,  
The gentle zephyrs gather up.  
There's ruin in the tempest's path;  
There's ruin in the voice of wrath;  
And they alone are blest  
Who early learn to dominate  
Themselves their violence abate,  
And prove, by their serene estate,  
That quiet ways are best.

Nothing's gained by worrying,  
By hurrying  
And scurrying,  
With fretting and with flurrying  
The temper's often lost;  
And in pursuit of some small prize  
We rush ahead, and are not wise,  
And find the unwonted exercise  
A fearful price has cost.  
'Tis better far to join the throng  
That do their duty right along;  
Reluctant they to raise a fuss,  
Or make themselves ridiculous.  
Calm and serene in heart and nerve,  
There strength is always in reserve,  
And nobly stands each test;  
And every day and all about,  
By scenes within and scenes without,  
We can discern, with ne'er a doubt,  
That quiet ways are best.

—New York Evangelist.

### BRUE AND BRUNO.

Well, I've had it out with Bruno. I never saw any one more surprised than was he when I broached the question of a separation of our lives and interests. "Separate! Divide up! Why I never thought of such a thing. Of course I intended you should live with us. Why shouldn't you? I told Clara you would live with us and she hasn't the least objection." I could not help feeling a little hurt at having my future so coolly settled without the slightest reference to my wishes or inclinations, and I'm afraid my voice was as tart as a green gooseberry when I retorted: "Objection! It's very sweet of her, but perhaps I have the objections. I agreed to live with you, not with a sister-in-law." Then I reversed the question, for "It's a poor rule that will not work both ways," and asked whether, if I had been the one to marry, he would have been willing my husband should come

into the family, with the right to dictate and complain. It was a new idea to him, I could see, but he owned right up he would not like it, "Couldn't stand it," so he said. Then I asked "Do you suppose I would like it any better in the house than you would out doors?" "Oh, women get along easier together than men do," a statement which sounds well but won't wash. In my opinion it takes a double portion of all the Christian graces to enable two or three women, shut up in a house together, where there's little to take their minds from themselves and their petty differences to get on peaceably.

Of course it was not long before Bruno's marriage began to be talked about, for "Murder will out," and a young man has only to hitch his horse three times hand-running in front of the same house on Sundays to set the gossips' tongues wagging. And pretty soon I had a call from one of those prying individuals, with the kind of nose that is peculiarly adapted to poking itself into other people's business—one of the sort that if it belonged to a man would certainly get pulled. The question was put, point-blank, "What you going to do when Bruno gets married? It'll be kinder hard to have a stranger come in, won't it?" I hope she was wiser for the answer she got, but I don't think it. Then she told me "'they say' Clara says her only objection to Bruno is the old maid sister," and giggled amiably. I am thankful for the grace which held back the first words which crowded to my lips and kept me loyal to my brother's prospective wife. So I baffled Mrs. Fetch-and-Carry by saying calmly I did not believe Clara ever said such a thing, but that even if she had it was perfectly natural and I should not blame her at all, as I should feel just that way myself. And I guess she did not get much capital out of that. If there is any person I heartily despise it is the one who goes about a neighborhood trying to trap people into saying slurring or spiteful things about each other, then adds a little to it and tells it again.

The more I think about it the more certain I am that I don't want to be one of the angles of a three-cornered household. I've always believed it is best for newly married people to find out each other's faults and peculiarities and settle their differences without the presence of a third person. It is a good deal easier to make up a little difficulty or own to being in the wrong, if no third party has been a witness. Then, of course, Clara would expect to manage

the work and have me as a helper; but I've been accustomed to do the management myself, and I'm afraid I'm not angelic enough to submit to much dictation from an inexperienced girl, who would expect to plan for me to perform. If I want a hired girl's work without a hired girl's wages, I've had a situation of that kind offered me already.

Most of the things in the house are mine, bought with my own money, or were mother's and given to me. When they are worn out, the new things bought with Bruno's money would be theirs, not mine. I've seen that tried; finally the house was full of the wife's new things and the sister's tablecloth cut up for wash-cloths. An old maid sister-in-law is sometimes a nuisance and sometimes a convenience, according to circumstances. She's handy to have round to help about the sewing, see the dinner is properly served when there is company, tend the babies, and keep house while the rest of the family go visiting. It was Miss Alcott, I think, who said her mission in life seemed to have been to "fill gaps." She was a far nobler and better woman than I, but somehow I do not feel like giving myself for "chinking" in other people's lives.

What I should really fear most of all is the gradual alienation of affection which seems to often result from an attempt to make one family of what properly constitutes two. Of course the wife's right is above everything else, it ought to be. I should despise my own brother if he did not give his wife first place in his affection and his life. But if the wife has a nasty jealous temper and cannot bear to have her husband care for any one but herself, she can effectually alienate his love in those mean, underhand ways some women are not above using. I've seen that tried on, too, and a brother made to actually hate his sister through the petty spite and innuendoes of a wife determined to compass that purpose. No human being can stand being misrepresented, and having the worst possible construction put upon her acts. Of course I do not think this would happen with Bruno and Clara and I; I am just mentioning one of the possibilities.

I thank Jeanne Allison for her suggestion about a separate establishment. I had thought of it, I confess, but I hardly think I should like it. Somehow the stories about the poor old maids who live alone on a pittance, patter round after a hen or two, and cut about as much of a figure in the world as poor "Betsey Dole," in the July

*Harper*, never appealed very strongly to my imagination. I haven't even "Betsey Dole's" one comfort—I can't write poetry. I'm too sorry for their restricted lives, which seem bound in "shoals and shallowness," to want to live in that way, with a cat or a dog for companion. Besides, when Bruno has been off changing work with a neighbor, the hardest thing I had to do was to *eat alone*. Nothing tastes good. I want some one to talk to at meal-times if I do not say another word all day. And I don't seem to be inclined to set up housekeeping with some other woman, unless I have known her long enough to know the ins and outs of her disposition and she had enjoyed the same chance to know mine; perhaps we would not prove congenial; perhaps she'd want to eat onions, a vegetable I despise, and fried liver, my special abomination.

And I'm much obliged to the stranger who thought I'd suit him as a wife on account of my "sensible letters." But I have not seen any of *his* sensible letters, in the HOUSEHOLD or elsewhere; and it seems silly in a man to write to a woman he never saw and ask her to look up his antecedents with a view to marriage, very much as he might negotiate a horse-trade. When I marry, the victim must value me somewhat above what I am worth as a housekeeper, and I propose to be courted in the prescribed fashion. BRUNO'S SISTER.

#### MY TRIP TO GODERICH.

The weather may be a very trite subject, but it is really no wonder that people talk of it so much since it plays so important a part in every plan for amusement. Very anxiously did we watch the weather signals the day before our excursion; and very happy we were when the day itself turned out to be all that could be desired.

After the usual flurry over lunch baskets, books and wraps, we found ourselves at eight o'clock comfortably established on the upper deck of the *Wisconsin*. The boat was not crowded, only enough to make it amusing. There was the young woman in a white dress and picnic hat, the old woman quite prepared to be seasick before the boat was out of the river, and the inevitable bride and groom. The last furnished us with a vast amount of fun free of cost. They seemed desirous of finding a quiet place on the boat, but alas for them! if they went far up in the bow, we followed; if they decided to try the stern, so did we. At last they established themselves under an umbrella upon the hurricane deck, and evidently thought themselves safe; from behind a convenient pile of ropes, our artist made a sketch of them which is even now in my possession. Poor things! I guess they decided that a crowd like ours was no conducive to sentiment. "All the world loves a lover," but not the spoony kind.

The boat stayed at Goderich about two hours, and we made the most of our time. The town is on the summit of a lovely slope, and is itself very quaint and pretty.

It seems so strange that a place so near the boundary line should be so very different from American towns. We stopped at a small shop and asked the woman in charge to give or sell us a drink of water, but we were informed that there was "beautiful water" at the town pump, and we could drink there. We found the pump at last, but had to hunt up a tinshop and purchase a cup before we could quench our thirst. We noticed that everyone looked at us just as if we were excursionists! So we thought we might as well act up to the name, and off we started to find a photograph gallery and have our tintypes taken. Fortunately we asked the price before the pictures were taken; for the man seeing we were strangers charged us double the usual price. But he did not know our chaperone; she calmly marshalled us out of the gallery before he quite realized the situation. Since tintypes were out of the question, we had to have souvenirs of some other kind; and finally we found just the thing—little "dinky" dolls. We bought out the entire stock, much to the amusement of the clerk, who must have thought we were going to start a toy-shop and sell nothing but black dollies.

By this time we were warm and tired enough to be glad to return to the boat. The trip back was as delightful as perfectly smooth water and moonlight could make it; while in the cabin there was good music for those who wished to dance, and tables for the card-players were arranged at one end of the long cabin. It was after midnight when we reached home, and we were tired of course, but we could sleep late the next day, so what did we care?

PORT HURON.

E. C.

#### FANCY WORK.

Two little girls of this city have made for their dolls, clothes quite cute satchels out of cigar boxes. Two boxes were used, and the covers fastened together by pasting strips of ribbon over the edges, this formed a partition between the two parts of the satchel. The boxes were neatly covered on the outside with paper muslin, pasted on, and decorated with a couple of scrap pictures. Straps to hold the compartments together were made of whalebone casing, and two tiny steel buckles from a pair of discarded slippers fastened them. Handles of the casing were tacked on the fronts of the boxes, now the top of the satchel; and the children found pleasure in making their little receptacles for their "dolls' things" and their mothers find some litter is obviated.

Linen, though often recommended for aprons, is not the best material for that purpose, as it seems to possess a peculiar "faculty" of easily becoming soiled and mussed. Cross-barred mulls and muslins are preferable.

A bunch of pincushions, to hang by the dressing bureau, consists of a number of little bags made of soft silk and stuffed with cotton sprinkled with sachet powder. The silk is two inches wide, and tied at the top like a mealsack with a deep frill

raveled into a fringe. They are held together by inch wide ribbons of graduated length, so that the fine cushions hang like a bunch of grapes; the ends of the ribbons being sewed to a crocheted ring which serves to hang them up by.

A pretty headrest is made of two pieces of silk, twelve inches square. Fold them diagonally, sew up and stuff lightly with cotton sprinkled with sachet powder. Sew rings covered with crochet silk an inch and a half apart along the diagonal edges, and lace together with pretty ribbons.

A cheap and easy way to make the towel rings now so popular is as follows: Procure some long willow sprouts, peel the bark from part of them and coil them into rings, before dry, about four and one-half inches in diameter; the sprouts are usually of sufficient length to twist round three or four times, and the ends will remain in place without fastening. Some of the rings may be made of the clear red sprouts, some of the peeled ones, and some of the two colors combined; then they may be shellacked, gilded or left in the natural state. Now decorate them with ribbons, and hang like the more expensive ones for sale at the fancy goods stores. Three of these rings tied with ribbons of different lengths and colors, as pink, olive, and blue, and hung in the chamber, are as pretty an ornament as one can wish, besides having the merit of being also useful.

#### OUR LITTLE GIRL.

The sitting-room door opened one day some weeks ago, and Roy announced: "Mamma; your little girl's come."

I went to the door, and there beheld, for the first time, the little one sent from the State School at Coldwater to find a home in our family.

I saw a sailor hat, underneath which was a heavy, light brown fringe of hair. A rather sallow complexion, good features, and a pair of large dark-grey eyes fringed with black lashes. Those eyes completely captured my heart, as she shyly lifted them to my face, the tears not very far away I could plainly see. I took the child in my arms and pressed a kiss upon her face. "And this is Gladys?" I asked. The little sailor-crowned head solemnly nodded assent. Her small belongings being handed me, we went into the house and the man drove away. And so she is here, a little seven year old girl, among perfect strangers, not one of whom she had ever seen before that day.

Contented and happy, she is now as much at home as if she had never known another, in fact she says she was never so happy in her life. She seems to be possessed of a sweet, lovable disposition, doing cheerfully the light tasks assigned her, romping and playing with ten-year old Roy or Benny, the shepherd puppy, while like any other little girl she goes wild with delight over the four little kitties at the barn.

Make a difference in my sewing? Well yes! The first thing I did was to go to my

friends who had little girls, for patterns—as of course I had nothing of the kind—and I have used them pretty faithfully since.

Her story is a sad one. The mother died when she, next to the youngest, was three years old, leaving six little ones, the oldest ten. The father could not keep the family together, so they were scattered around among the friends and relatives, but after several years four of the younger ones were sent to Coldwater, there to be provided with permanent homes.

Poor little homeless waifs! Is it not a duty for some well to do family who could just as well as not, to take one of the many girls and boys from that institution and give them a home?

I shall expect to clothe and educate this little one exactly as I would my own, which in fact she is, from henceforth. I did not take her for the purpose of making her a servant, but a daughter, and I don't think I shall ever regret it.

FLINT.

ELLA R. WOOD.

#### SOME THOUGHTS ON SCHOOLS.

For the two weeks just past, the papers have been full of commencement news. Reports of exercises and costumes, brief or extended, from college, seminary and high school all have had a place that shows the large measure of pride we have in our schools.

As I read I could but wonder how many of these boys and girls appreciated the fact that with the education they had received came increased responsibility; surely if they do not and are not better fitted to assume life's duties, then the training was not what it should be. Some of you are perhaps thinking of sending the son or daughter to college this fall and to do it means much saving and even pinching on your part. If this is true think well before you do it, and if it is not think still longer. Not but that I believe in education and that of the schools too, but I want it to be the true and not the false.

The following extract from an article on "College Expenses" published in *Topics of the Times*, in the *Century Magazine* some two or three years ago embodies some of the thoughts I want to bring before you: "American parents must learn that education is not an affair of books alone; that it is not complete when so many books have been finished and so many term bills paid, but that a true education consists even more largely in the training of the character and the will than in book knowledge. When American homes send to American colleges boys who have been trained to discriminate between the accidents of life and its essentials, the complaints of college extravagance will disappear and a good many other evils will go with them." While every sensible reader will endorse the statement that the end of education should be the making of noble, pure character, we can't agree with this writer when all the blame of failure in educational lines is laid upon the homes. "Does not the system of education merit a share?"

Past generations have made the acquir-

ing of book knowledge, the training of the intellect, of chief importance. In recent years we have placed great stress on physical development and manual training. But the feeble bodies and unpractical wisdom of our book-worms, and the brawny athletes who too often think of nothing but their muscle, with the striker and the anarchist, are fast teaching us the need of a new and better education. It is but natural for parents to turn to the educators of the land for help, for it must be a union of forces if we are to stem the tide of evil. Nobly are the public school teachers responding, but too many of their college brethren seem not to have heard the battle cry.

Some one has said that this life is but given us to fit ourselves for the one beyond; if this is true then all education that does not seek to make strong noble character is false. For of what value is a man if after drinking the fountain of knowledge dry he can not make one little corner brighter, better or purer? Yet it is hard to realize that such is the object sought when faculties seem content with duty nobly done by providing pleasant rooms, good food and recitation rooms where the student can have a lecturer of ability to instruct in a subject on which he is authority, when college presidents seem to think they have done all that could be expected if each year they say good bye to a class that has several fine students and whose behavior has been such that they have not received suspension or expulsion, too often seeming to forget that it is the little foxes that spoil the vines, and that the little follies and faults should be checked less they grow to unsightly and uncoverable size. He may speak of their character, but how many hours has he spent pondering his words and deeds and those of the faculty under his direction, to discover if the influence they were exerting was building up pure, self-sustaining and helpful character. Professors may deem their duty fully done if they send from their class-rooms students who can accurately perform a chemical analysis, whose description of plant or animal is replete with scientific terms, or who can dissect one of Shakespeare's plays in a critical manner, and yet may never for an instant have considered the effect of their class-room methods on the student's character. When a college professor says of a young man that he was a fine fellow when he entered but is losing his hold, some one should certainly open his eyes to the fact that he and his colleagues are in a measure at fault and should at once seek the cause and cure.

Says the writer previously quoted: "The college should not be a place where young men are wrapped in cotton wool and kept from the temptations to which all manly life must be subjected." I admit that, and think that many times the home training is faulty, and then too boys and girls are sent from home too soon, when too young to be removed from home restraints, where for love of home they will stay, while taken from those they love the same request seems arbitrary. To avoid any

appearance of cotton wool wrapping some of our colleges allow students to exercise the control of matters. This would do very well were all possessed of level heads and of sufficient experience to be guided wisely. That they have not this is many times the fault of the home we must all admit. To right this some of our colleges place the government in the hands of students. If it is true then we must take things as we find them and adapt our remedies to the case; but is not this beginning at the wrong end? Young men must have a sense of moral honor before we can rely upon their exercising it; they must have firm principles before we can expect them to act from duty rather than impulse. The average boy of fifteen or sixteen is lacking in these directions, and here is where our home training fails; but, friends, will it help to increase his store of these two indispensable characteristics to be put at so young an age among boys who have no more moral character or not as much? Will it help him in right directions to allow him to decide how much time shall be devoted to work and to play, and will he not find too many times that the calls upon his talents outside of school are so great that he has too little time for lessons? True, ball team and glee club trips are very charming, but too many will be likely to send home a changed boy, and perhaps changed in a way that you fond mothers and sisters will regret. It is wrong to allow boys the opportunity to make mistakes that are often atoned for only by a lifetime of regret because forsooth some one's ease is contributed to by so doing. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," and in no place is the truth of the Apostle's words seen with more alarming results than in some of our American colleges.

We Americans are so fond of the gigantic that we are desirous of establishing large universities, forgetting that we lose in them the personal influence of the teacher. Yes, you say, but first impressions are strongest, and if it is true that a child's character is formed in the first ten years of its life what need to think so much about the moral aspect of our colleges? Well I don't believe that a child's character is formed by the time he is ten years old, nor do I believe the man or woman believes it that tells you so. They may want to get the child and seek to quiet your fears in that way. But if it was, each impression of the same kind strengthens the preceding one, it is hence important that they should be of the kind that we want our boys and girls to receive if they are to make good men and women.

Well, what has all this to do with expense? When you have made up your mind to send your boy or girl to a certain school, my good mother, just take an outing and visit that school. Don't let any one know that you have chick or child that you think of sending; don't go at commencement time, for some college parents are as fond of showing off their children as loving mammas. Just look about you and see all you can of how

students live, what they think, what their opinions are on the little things; look into the instructors' methods. If after this investigation, no matter how fashionable or how great the reputation of the school, you find that the teachers are thinking more of the fame they derive from their lectures and the *students* they are sending out than the *men and women*, or that the craze for amusements has such a hold that some mother has had to go without a much needed garment because John's year at college cost more than she had expected it would on account of the picnics, operas, etc., that it was necessary to attend in company with his fair friend, why, just let your boy stay at home a year.

The nation needs as much as ever men who can not be bought and who will not buy, men who are the personification of honesty and justice, who are not swerved by public opinion if they believe it to be wrong; on whose garments there is not the smell of fire. And you, mothers and fathers, are responsible to the nation for the men and women of the next generation, and if you send your boys and girls where they will see constantly before them living examples, and are taught by the daily walk as well as talk, you will have done something toward the right end.

JEANNE ALLISON.

#### SCRAPS.

Has "Josie" gone? Is the curtain down, and lights out? I want to call her back just a minute. I've a bouquet to present, have had it ready several weeks. Its a trifle faded, but accept it. Not for its worth I make it, but as the excuse for an opportunity to tell her of my admiration, and respect for one, who, knowing her duty has the good heart and good sense not to shrink it. A young woman, presumably in very moderate circumstances, who has a husband she lives happily with, a nice home in town, and nothing to do two thirds of the time but wait upon herself, while he is away earning money for her support, is somewhat better off than the school ma'am, music teacher, shop girl, or "Bruno's Sister," and if she can't find it in her heart to treat him like a prince when he is at home, she ought to be a farmer's wife with five children, two hired men, and a mortgage on the farm.

This is the time when every woman, I mean every cook, should produce and publish her to prevent the juice-running-out-of-the-pies scheme. Here is mine: Prepare the bottom crust as for custard pie, pinching the edge between thumb and finger, then fill and cut the top crust just to fit nicely inside, only a little too small so there will be a little space showing the fruit all round the edge. With a moderate fire you will have no trouble whatever. This is also nice for mince pies.

During this warm weather we often make tapioca cream. It is nice the second day after being made, and that is an item in summer desserts. When we have ice, we use whipped cream on it instead of beaten egg. But without ice we find it almost impossible to get cream to froth, and

as we like it for many things I regard the lack of ice as a calamity.

To cook chicken, cut up the chicken in nice pieces (by the way my mother always washes it in a little soft soap suds before she cuts it up, then in clear water as much as you like), dredge well in flour, salt and pepper, lay the pieces in a baking pan, lay on bits of butter; add about a pint of water; cover closely and bake. Add water if needed. It requires about two hours for a young chicken, perhaps some less when tender. Remove the cover and brown slightly. The gravy in the pan will be nearly thick enough. If you wish more add a little water and half cup of sweet cream in which you have stirred smoothly a little flour. Serve at once. Cooked in this way it is much like fried or roasted chicken without being dry and hard.

I want to tell you two nice ways to cook sweet corn when the time comes. This is the way mother does: She shaves and scrapes the corn off the cobb; puts a lump of butter in the spider and when it is hot pour in the corn; no water is required, the moisture in the corn keeps it from burning; season with salt and pepper and fry a light brown. We all like it cooked that way, but some might prefer this: Cut and scrape the corn off the cobb, so it is quite fine; put in a crock on the back of the stove where it will be in no danger of burning; as soon as it has cooked a little add a cup of sweet cream, more or less, salt and pepper to taste. I think cream is better than butter for all manner of vegetables.

AUNT YORKER.

#### IMITATION COFFEE.

We have all heard of wooden nutmegs, wooden hams, and shoe-peg oats; we know our red pepper is two-thirds brick dust and Venetian red, and that the void between black pepper berries at 28 cents per pound and ground pepper at eight cents must be filled with something cheap and probably dirty; we are so accustomed to chicory in our coffee that we would not recognize the beverage without it, and the willow leaves in it cease to give us concern. But it remains for a Philadelphia firm, to manufacture coffee berries right in the Quaker City, which "never grew nowhere" but are the product of a machine which turns out a fairly good counterfeit of coffee berries, nicely browned and ready for the grinder. The *Evening News*, of this city, first directed public attention to the sale of these imitation berries, which it thus describes: "They are composed of a mixture of rye flour; the dough, as readily seen by the naked eye and more clearly with a lens, having been subjected to the pressure of a mold, the thin and sharp edges showing where the molds came together. The dent in the imitation bean is also readily seen to have been made by a machine by the beveled sides of easiest release for the pressing side of the mold. Comparison with the genuine African Java, for it is apparent that this is the kind of coffee which it is desired to imitate, shows at once the wide difference in appearance. Crack the imitation and the genuine beans, smell of them

as they are cracked, and the imitation will be found to lack the pungent aroma of roasted coffee, but smell of burnt bread. Besides, the imitation has a shiny appearance, while the genuine is dull."

Without doubt ground chicory has been incorporated with the rye dough, but there is not a suspicion of coffee about the substitute. It is sold mixed with about half genuine coffee, put up in pound packages, at 20 cents per pound, under the label "Continental Java and Mocha Blended." A more truthful legend would be "Rye Flour and Chicory Blended."

Dr. Duffield, the health officer, does not say there is anything deleterious to health in the mixture, and the grocers who sell it claim it is pleasant and harmless. It is sold cheaper than any genuine coffee, even the poorest Rio, can be bought; and if sold on its merits the public would have no occasion to object. But it is labeled and sold as coffee, and coffee of a favorite quality. It will be bought and used as such by many, who will wonder what on earth is the matter with the matutinal cup.

There is nothing the United States needs more just now than stringent national laws against the adulteration of foods. There is absolutely no commodity free from adulterations, many of which are deleterious to health, all of which are frauds upon buyers, being sold for what they are not. No other country is so unprotected as ours, we are almost entirely at the mercy of the unscrupulous dealers, who ruin the business of manufacturers of pure and wholesome products by the substitutes which they sell cheaper than pure goods can be produced. Local regulations and State legislation are aids, but are not enough; we need national laws enforced over the whole of our land, violations of which shall come before United States courts, and be punished by severe penalties—severe enough to be disastrous to the business prospects of the offenders.

SIFTED coal ashes are a good medium with which to scour steel knives. Use a cork and save your fingers.

#### Useful Recipes.

**TOMATO CATCHUP.**—Boil a bushel of ripe tomatoes skins and all, and strain through a colander when soft. Add to this pulp two quarts of good vinegar; one cup salt; two pounds brown sugar; half an ounce cayenne pepper; three ounces each of allspice and mace; two ounces ground cinnamon; three ounces celery seed. Mix sugar and spices, add the vinegar, and stir into the pulp. Put this through a sieve. A good deal of thick pulp will not go through; put this into another kettle and boil twenty minutes. Pour all that runs through the sieve into another kettle and boil till it is reduced one-half. Bottle and keep in a cool, dark place. The pickle from the thick part of the pulp is nice with cold meats or to flavor soups.

**BOTTLED PICKLES.**—Pour boiling water on little cucumbers and let stand till cold. Take a gallon of vinegar, a cup each of sugar and salt, a teaspoonful of pulverized alum, an ounce of cinnamon bark and a quart of an ounce of whole cloves. Boil the ingredients in the vinegar and pour on the pickles while boiling; seal while hot.