

# MICHIGAN FARMER

## AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, AUGUST 30, 1890.

### THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

#### THE COUNTRY-WOMAN.

Before the blacksmith's shop she waits,  
In her high country-wagon sitting,  
While the good smith with friendly haste  
Her horse's clumsy shoe is fitting.

He pares and measures, stirs his fire;  
His hammer blows ring out with shrillness  
Into the August afternoon,  
Steeped in its dreary twilight stillness.

With anxious eye she watches him,  
Her busy thoughts are homeward straying;  
Shadows grow long o'er field and road,  
And weary farmers leave their haying.

High in the elm-tree o'er the way,  
On sunlit boughs the birds are singing  
Their cradle songs above their nests,  
Within the whispering sweetness ringing.

She knows at home the patient cows  
Stand lowing at the bars to greet her,  
An anxious goodman scans the road  
And sends the children out to meet her.

She knows the supper fire is lit,  
The hearth swept clean, the kettle singing,  
The kitchen table cleared to hold  
The things from town that she is bringing.

And smiles in honest, rustic pride,  
At shrewd, hard bargains she's been making  
Of snowy eggs and creamy cheese,  
For cloth, and shoes, and "things for baking."

The setting sun lights up her face,  
Turning its harshness into beauty—  
Picture of rustic peace and pride,  
Of homely happiness and duty.

—L. B. Kirk.

#### IMPRESSIONS OF EASTERN FARMS AND FARMING.

I found that farmers in New York, or at least those in the eastern part of the State, complain of agricultural depression in much the same terms as do their contemporaries in Michigan, and for much the same reasons, viz., poor crops, low prices, high taxes; and take it out in "cussing" the government, on the ground that it, like the weather, is bound to be in the wrong anyhow. And yet, so far as Saratoga County is concerned, there's New York City, the metropolis of the country, with its two million of mouths to feed, within twelve hours—we measure distance by minutes, not miles, nowadays—and a dozen cities and thriving manufacturing towns within a radius of twenty-five miles, including Saratoga with its hordes of summer idlers who expect to be fed on the fat of the land. And every time I looked over the fair face of the country, I asked myself *why* is it that "farming doesn't pay." And I confess it is a conundrum. Can it be possible, I questioned, that farmers have got into ruts, and cannot get out of them? I don't believe there

are ten farmers in a township who know what it costs to raise a crop or whether their system of farming is paying or not; and for fear Michigan farmers may show symptoms of "congenital hydrocephalus," I will say I believe the same thing is true in a good many townships in this State. There is not a man doing business in any line of commerce who could run his affairs as lots of otherwise intelligent men run their farms without being sold out by the sheriff in less than two years. Hay was once a very profitable crop in Eastern New York; I was told there was no longer "any money in it," yet everywhere I looked I saw hayfields. So with rye. Rye straw was at one time worth \$20 per ton for the paper manufacturers; it is still fairly remunerative at \$10, as the grain is excellent feed. But if it were worth \$5 per ton, men would go on growing it just the same, being in the rye rut. I listened one afternoon to two farmers who were discussing the relative merits of coarse vs. ground grain for feed. Both agreed that the ground grain was more economical, and that stock thrive better upon it, yet both confessed to feeding it unground. That is, both *knew* a better way but, knowing, did not pursue it.

The fertility of the soil has undoubtedly been greatly diminished by continued cropping, without return of the elements of fertility. The old adage "You can't eat your cake and yet have it" holds true in farming. The "immediate dollar" has been sought, regardless of consequences. Michigan farmers also are "burning the candle at both ends," and will presently "know how it is themselves."

Rye, potatoes and hay are the principal crops; corn and oats this season are poor, especially the latter; apple orchards are bare of fruit. Dairying is considerably followed, most farmers keeping from five to ten cows, and packing the butter. Inquiries as to the quality of the stock kept disclosed it to be "just cows;" there are not half a dozen herds of thoroughbred cattle in Saratoga County. Poultry raising pays better than dairying, judging by the relative prices of eggs and chickens and butter, but the business is given over to the women, who struggle along as best they may with inadequate facilities. There ought to be, and undoubtedly is, a big demand for chickens, eggs and spring lamb at Saratoga. Small fruits would not pay in the immediate vicinity of Charlton, because of the distance they must be carried; nevertheless, the stage which runs

from Schenectady to Glenville and beyond, brought from Scotia, a suburb of the first named place, nearly \$100 worth of strawberries to the farm-houses along the route.

Farm help seems more readily obtainable there than here, at wages a trifle lower; but house help is scarce, girls preferring to work in the factories or at Gloversville, the great centre of the glove-making industry. The ten hour system obtains among men hired by the day, and doesn't quite suit farmers who have to board the men. If city hours are to prevail, they say, let the other city custom also come in by which the laborer provides his own meals. The hired hands quit with alacrity and despatch at six o'clock, and the owner of the farm hustles round and does the chores.

The poor farmer is everywhere known by his weeds. I noticed from the car-windows many fields that were literally covered with the purple-pink of the Canada thistle, which had entirely overrun the crop. The wild carrot or garlic, too, its great umbels of seed making it an ugly customer, is gaining a strong foothold; and daises and charlock or wild mustard are other persistent enemies. The farmer who can keep his fields free of this quartette is a vigilant and also a diligent man.

Stone walls are the principal fence employed; they are prettily picturesque when clothed with Virginia creeper or banked by elderbushes, but farmers say they are expensive and not durable. They cost a dollar a rod to lay, and the winds and the stock conspire to level them. Looking over the small fields, fenced into enclosures of five, six or eight acres, one wonders why, if fences are indeed so costly an item of farm expenditure, some of the division fences are not done away, and the expense of building and maintaining crossed off the farm account. But then the thought comes—very likely they don't know what else to do with the stones!

To one accustomed to the roominess and broad avenues of our western cities the funny old town of Schenectady, with its narrow streets barely wide enough for two teams abreast, and every street paved with cobble stones seems—well, "horrid." Evidently those who laid out some of these eastern cities did not realize what a big country they had come to and what a lot of land there was in reserve or they would not have been so economical of space. Schenectady had no Napoleon to widen its



ways perforce, and seems to jog on very contentedly. Narrow streets have an advantage when it comes to keeping one's eye on the neighbors over the way. Schenectady should be venerated for its antiquity; it was settled in 1621. In Scotia, a suburb across the lovely Mohawk, still stands a stone house with walls a foot or more thick, embowered in trees, which was built before the Revolution, and left standing when the French and Indians sacked Schenectady in 1690, two centuries ago. Descendants of its original owners still live in it.

Near Charlton is "Kirby Homestead," the residence of Col. F. D. Curtis, whose writings on agricultural topics, especially those relating to the dairy, in the *Country Gentleman* and *Rural New Yorker* have been widely read. Col. Curtis is also a prominent and popular lecturer at the dairy conferences and farmers' institutes of New York. Of course, therefore, "Kirby Homestead" was one of my objective points. Unfortunately Col. Curtis was not at home the day of our visit, but Mrs. Curtis kindly acted as cicerone. A herd of fifteen Jerseys is kept here, with Kirby Baritone at its head. We did not see the cows, which were at pasture at some distance away, but old "Kirby" was in the stable, contentedly munching his rations. He is a fine fellow, individually, with a massive head and neck and the yellow skin so admired by connoisseurs of this breed. Nine nice calves tracing to the Stoke-Pogis and A'phea families were stabled near by; the custom being to keep them up until a year old. They were large, well-grown fellows, brought upon the sweet milk from the creamer with oil meal added; and Mrs. Curtis said they soon learned to eat hay, and thrive better under shelter than at pasture. "Give the pig a chance and he'll be as clean as any other animal," says Col. Curtis. But regard for truth compels me to say the Colonel's Duroc-Jerseys had no better chance to be clean than swine that do not part their names in the middle. But they looked thrifty, and some young pigs were nice samples of this breed, well formed, with coats of reddish chestnut which fairly shone on their sleek sides. I was particularly anxious to see the process of butter-making in the dairy here, but the churning was just finished, and "Julia," the domestic assistant, was just drawing off the buttermilk. It was a warm day, and the butter, instead of making its appearance in that granular form—"the kernels of wheat" fashion which the colonel insists on at dairy conferences, and which is the acme of modern perfection in dairying—had "come" in a soft compact mass, very much as it used to in the old fashioned churn in the days when the application of ice was unpracticed in the dairy. The dairy at Kirby Homestead seems quite convenient; it comprises three rooms, in one of which is a Stoddard creamer, in another the Stoddard churn and the butter-worker, the ice house being accessible from it, and back of this a smaller room containing a stove and the "power." Master Crandall's pony does the churning by a tread power.

A large pear orchard promises well, though suffering from blight, that destructive agent against which all remedies seem powerless.

Charlton itself is an unpretentious country village; it is just one long street with a store and the postoffice at one end and a store and a hotel at the other. There are three churches, which cater to the spiritual needs of those who want to go to heaven the Methodist, the Presbyterian or the Episcopal way; and there is an "academy"—once quite locally noted and an adjunct of the Presbyterian society, now managed as a private school. The street is a "shady way;" fireflies glimmer in the grass at twilight, and in the kindly fashion of country folk everybody is interested in everybody's welfare. The country round about is beautiful. Just breaking into the foothills of the Adirondacks, the land rises in long undulating slopes, one above another, covered with farms and orchards, homes of neither poverty or riches, but of modest competence and content. Along the horizon are the dim lines of low-lying mountains, fading into the sky line. From many points beautiful views are obtainable, pictures one can not gaze upon too long, and which are carried away in memory and lovingly recalled.

Returning, I stopped half a day at Niagara to take a nearer view of the Falls. I think I "fell among thieves" in the matter of hackmen, but I shall never regret my visit. Goat Island, Luna Island, the Three Sisters, the Whirlpool Rapids where foolhardy Capt. Webb went to his death, have been so often pictured and described, and seen by so many, that it would be a thankless task to attempt to draw a new pen picture of them. I think I admired the wildness and picturesqueness of the rapids above the Falls quite as much as the mad plunge over the abyss itself. There was something very fascinating to me in that waste of waters plunging, tossing, flinging wreaths of spray high in air, so terribly restless, fretting around those islands so solidly anchored in its pathway as if it longed to tear them along with it. I had always supposed the deep green hue of the water as it plunges over the precipice in the paintings I have seen was enhanced by the artist's brush, but no mere pigment can do justice to the dazzling emerald of the Horseshoe Falls, and the less deep but quite as beautiful color of the American side. This peculiarity is due, I believe, to the fact that the river flows over limestone rocks, and so holds a small quantity of carbonate of lime in solution, which always imparts a green tint to water.

BEATRIX.

It is a mistake, says a lady of considerable culinary experience, to think that because "a little is good, a good deal is better." Many a loaf of cake has been a flat failure because of the extra bit of butter put in to make it a little richer, or the heaped up cup of sugar. The lady in question says she tried this once on cookies, using thicker cream and granulated sugar instead of coffee A, and her cakes were hard and brittle, quite unlike what they had been before.

#### WOMAN'S SPHERE.

I have been a constant and interested reader of the *HOUSEHOLD* for many years, as my husband has been a subscriber of the *MICHIGAN FARMER*. Long before the *HOUSEHOLD* was printed separately I used to think it was the best part of the paper; but it was nowhere compared to what it is now.

Last night, though very tired, I was awakened by some animal molesting my turkey coop, and with one bound was out ready to investigate. I think the old hen was dreaming, for I could see nothing, and the little turkeys were all there to breakfast. But I was too wide awake to go to sleep very readily and so I fell to thinking of a piece I read before I went to bed entitled "Up in a Burring Balloon," and describing the perilous ascent of a young lady, Miss LaMont, at Vandecook's lake on Sunday. When McEwen asked if all was ready, she shouted back, "All ready." The men who held the ropes were commanded to let go. "It's afire," came from half a dozen voices, but "Let go" was the command from the trapeze. The men obeyed; the balloon started on its journey skyward, bearing its burden of flesh and blood beneath a spreading mass of fire. The balloon arose just above the tree tops. The woman sat unmoved upon the trapeze, the fire eating upward and permitting the hot air to escape, and when the burning mass gently settled back to the ground, the aeronaut landed unscathed and unsinged. Every one expected her to land a mutilated mass; some of the ladies fainted, but she never lost control of her nerves for a moment. Another balloon and parachute were ordered from Jackson, and at 6:30 p. m. Miss LaMont made another daring ascent; this time she went like a flash, and succeeded in making the descent in the parachute gradually and easily, landing in the mill pond, in about ten feet of water, whence she was rescued by a gentleman. Now right here is the point I wish you all to see. Why is it that ladies, or rather women, will persist in such business? Webster defines "lady" as a woman of refined manners, and woman as the adult female of the human race. I think the last more appropriate, for what is there refined or refining for a woman to perch herself upon a trapeze bar, and go sailing through mid-air? Did God when He made woman as a helpmate to man design them for such purpose? No! He made them to be pure and noble, to help to build up and elevate mankind, instead of trying to outstrip him in gymnastics and other immodest exercises. I feel sorry for the poor men who are left so in the background; it must make them feel bad to think that after they have invented such a grand machine they cannot have the privilege of riding on it.

I think if instead of trying to imitate "Darius Green and his flying machine," they would take the kettle that he used, or a similar one, and learn to cook a good substantial meal, the men would appreciate it far more, and it would be less dangerous for the women.

The last part of the article reads like



this: "Miss LaMont has demonstrated both her nerve and courage after a discouraging failure, and will doubtless reap the reward that is due her." Again I would ask, what reward, or honor is due to a woman who will risk her life in that way for notoriety? I should think that Prof. Hogan's exit from earth was enough to put an end to balloon ascensions for a time, but it seems to have put new courage into the women. I think they sadly miss their calling.

JACKSON.

#### INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

Beatrix runs away from Detroit to Saratoga, while I run from Howell to Detroit; thus we both secure change if not rest. Still change is rest, and we come back ready to take up our respective duties with renewed vigor of mind and body.

To me Detroit is a never-failing source of delight. I think it the most beautiful of cities. The people seem to take so much pride in it, even the cottage of the mechanic has its small but well kept lawn and flower bed.

Belle Isle park has its labyrinth of canals upon which even children may row their little boats in safety; or one may take a lunch basket and sit under the trees and enjoy the beautiful flower beds and borders away from all dust and noise, with some of the grandest forest trees that I have seen for years as canopy. Or one may take a carriage as I did, and drive up Jefferson Avenue to the Bridge and make the entire circuit of the Island, breathing cool invigorating air at every breath even in the hottest weather. Truly it is an earthly paradise, and I was glad to see that the poor of the city seem to appreciate and enjoy it.

Detroit river is a blessing to the city, as one may for a very moderate sum ride many miles and be away from the city all day long. My friends and I took the City of Cleveland one morning for "Put-in-Bay" a ride of seventy miles and return for fifty cents. Arriving at the Bay we went to a hotel for dinner and then the hackmen began to shout "Carriages for the Cave!" "Where, what cave?" I asked. "Why, Perry's Cave, don't you know! Why, it tells about it in all the histories of the war of 1812." Ashamed to confess my ignorance I said "Oh yes, certainly!" and we were driven to the cave. Paying an entrance fee of 15 cents we were led down rude winding stairs and found ourselves in a large underground cavern lighted with kerosene lamps, the floor very wet as was also the roof; it seems to have been made by the action of water or perhaps partly by volcanic action. Both floor and ceiling are a sort of limestone, but there are no pillars; nothing of the nature of a stalagmite or stalactite, just one dreary waste of slimy cave with caverns here and there where they say the water is forty-five feet deep. I cannot estimate the size of the cave, but Perry might have hidden several thousand men there. Since coming home I have consulted all the authorities at my command and am

still in ignorance as to what transpired in that cave. Perhaps Beatrix or some one else will enlighten me and interest others by giving the desired information.

HOWELL.

MRS. W. J. G.

#### NOTES OF TRAVEL.

July 9th, 1890, we left Birmingham for a voyage to the "land of the midnight sun," and thinking the ladies of the HOUSEHOLD would be interested readers of the happening of the trip, from my daily notes I will transcribe a general description and history of the journey. Our journey across Michigan was pleasant but uneventful. Lake Michigan was on its good behavior, and we reached Milwaukee on the morning of the 10th, to find that city all "broke up" over the conclave of the Knights of Pythias. Military uniforms were everywhere; in the suburbs were acres of white tents spread, martial music was heard on all sides. One feature of headgear worn by some of the officers seemed strange. The hat was cuffed up over each ear to the width of a purple plume that crossed from front to back, falling down the neck with a mournful wiggle; but the wearers were a fine, soldierly looking body of men.

We left Milwaukee late in the afternoon, and the next morning rose to find we were going through a new, wild looking country, the crops poor and backward. Later, the country improved. We reached St. Paul in the morning and took breakfast in the fine depot, but oh! the files! We took a ride up the beautiful river to Fort Snelling. It is finely located on a high bluff. A Soldiers' Home is located here. The scenery is beautiful, rocky hills and cliffs, with fertile valleys, and islands dot the stream.

We left at 4:15 p. m. for Tacoma. On taking possession of our reserved section of a sleeper, another party claimed it, but were convinced of their error, and were moved twice ere they got settled. Our first stop was at Minneapolis. It is strange, the rivalry existing between these two beautiful, prosperous cities. The stranger stopping one day only will see it in many ways. The water power from St. Anthony's Falls, as utilized by flouring mills, is the great factor in the prosperity of Minneapolis. The country was fine, and crops looked well through the day's travel. Many prosperous villages were seen. A word about our quarters: The Bonita, a new Pullman sleeper, was our home; the train of ten cars was vestibuled; the road level and even; and in this palatial car travelling was a luxury. July 12th, we were in Dakota; the home of the blizzard and the wheat field, no trees, no fences, no barns, and such small, poor houses. Fine farming implements stand exposed. Mile after mile the same monotonous scenery. How lonely it looks! Trees are so much company. Brilliant flowers are on every hand, but they are strange. At Jamestown, in the valley of James river, trees have been planted, and a fringe of them shows along the banks. How good they looked to us! This nice

little town was ambitious to become the capital of North Dakota, but Bismarck got the plum. Here we saw the first "prairie schooner." The State buildings at Bismarck are good. We crossed the "Big Muddy" to Mandan, fifteen minutes later. The railroad shops here are very extensive. Here we stopped ten minutes, and left fifty minutes earlier; the arbitrary change of an hour from central to mountain time taking effect here. The museum of Indian curiosities at Mandan is full of interest. Sage brush is found, and mud or sod houses, low and small, a door, often no window, with a stovepipe through the roof. How can people live in them? Acres of flowers, herds of cattle and horses with the cowboy attendants, are on the plains. The hills, which have been for a long time in sight, here approached and their red formation gave them a very strange appearance. At Sully Springs we strike the "Bad Lands," so called; to me a great surprise. I had read of them but had seen no description. Indeed they are indescribable. The features are rocks of a strange look, form and combination. They consist of upright corrugated pillars, surface perforated; crossed at various points by horizontal layers. The rocks all tend to a mound-like, pyramidal or conical form, whether in detached pieces, or piled in heaps, or massed until hills and mountain chains are completed. Out of a confused mass a turret or spire will spring, or a rounded mass will support a level plain. A group will suggest sleeping giants, monstrous forms of animals, or visions of childhood's illusions; one's ideas of gnomes, genii, and other uncanny goblins seem realized. As a mountain chain in the distance, it presents the appearance of a city built on terraced hills; citadel, dome, minaret and spire are there. Long ranks of houses, row above row, are visible while the varied colors, which are a feature of the formation, add to the illusion. Even the clay banks present a similar moulding. Bare, verdureless and forlorn, it is a most desolate looking and forbidding country. With a feeling of relief we leave it behind us, after a companionship of hundreds of miles. This peculiar formation is followed by, or runs into what are called "hummocks," which are rocky knolls. Even the hills and mountains are exaggerated "hummocks." This formation occurs at intervals from Sully Springs, in Dakota, until near Miles City, Montana. We reached Glendive and the Yellowstone river at eight p. m.

A. L. L.

(To be Continued.)

We take the following remarkable culinary recipe from the Royalton correspondence of the *Benton Harbor Palladium*: "To preserve pie plant: To water enough to cover a three gal. jar that has been cut in small pieces, add one tablespoonful of salt. Pour over, and set away for pies next winter." A "three gal. jar" cut in small pieces would undoubtedly make substantial pie timber, but what puzzles us is to know where the "preserved pie plant" finds its sphere of usefulness.



## SOUTHERN COOKERY.

The experience of a gentleman who has recently traveled through the South, as related in the HOUSEHOLD of Aug. 2nd. has brought vividly to my mind what I experienced there soon after the war.

The first meal I ate in Virginia was at a farm house half a mile from the railroad station. Going to the house early one morning I inquired of the woman of the house if I could get a meal of victuals. She assured me I could, "Just as soon as Sam could kill and dress a chicken." Going into the house I asked for some warm water to bathe my feet. This was brought to me in an iron bake kettle or Dutch oven, which was used to scald the chicken in, and cook it. Soon breakfast was announced, and I sat down to a dish of boiled chicken, a fitch of cold bacon with bristles half an inch long sticking up all over it, a cup of coffee as black as dye, no milk, cream or sugar, but instead New Orleans molasses; warm corn dodgers, but no butter. For some reason my appetite left me, but I was charged seventy-five cents for the meal all the same. At another place near Caroline Court House where I stayed a few days, we had warm corn dodgers, sweet potatoes, salt mackerel fried in bacon gravy, cold bacon, black coffee, but no butter, sugar or milk. I asked the woman how she made her dodgers. She replied: "After feeding the chickens I take what dough is left and make it into cakes, and bake in the hot embers on the hearth."

I didn't gorge myself with food at that plantation.  
MUSKOGON.

## A FLORAL LETTER.

The reason rhododendrons are not, or rather have not been seen in our gardens, is because of the idea that they are too tender for our climate, but their power of endurance of cold and heat has been tested and they are found very well adapted to general use by giving the protection required by the most of our flowering shrubs. A dressing of autumn leaves with brush to hold them in place will do. It is imperative that they should be set in light, well drained soil, enriched with decayed sods and leaves; and as the intense heat of summer is detrimental to their bloom they should be placed in partial shade; not under trees however, but near a building or like shade, as we set our pansies and more delicate kinds of lilies. Rhododendron is a Greek name meaning Rose-tree—a beautiful evergreen shrub or tree according as it is pruned when small, and promises to become a general favorite. The reason "ever-blooming" roses so seldom bloom more than once in a season is generally due to neglect to clip off all fading flowers, as soon as their freshness is over, and cut out all unhealthy branches, which will not be so plentiful if no blossoms die on the stem, or seed buds develop. The soil should be stirred and kept clear of grass and weeds, and given fertilizers, as the rose is not a dainty feeder, and can assimilate rather abundant

nourishment. There is nothing better than decayed sods mixed with cow manure for roses, and a compost of this is easily prepared and kept on hand by any one in village or country. No shrub that is under cultivation for ornamental purposes can give such satisfaction in every way as the rose; and its bloom and beauty can be easily redoubled if only its modest requirements are satisfied.

If annuals are now allowed to go to seed by not being gathered there will soon be very few to gather, and those by fair-time not fit for exhibition or to beautify the house or garden. They cost a little in stamps and more in labor and care; but if we give our friends' pleasure by sharing with them they serve a double purpose, and that is their mission—to breathe consolation to the weary and worried ones around us. I cannot refrain from speaking their praise whenever I have the opportunity.

In reply to Mrs. L., who asked questions that are answered here, I reply, all questions of the kind likely to interest other readers are freely noticed in this manner, and a stamp is all that is required for a reply by mail.  
FENTON.

## APPLES.

I chanced upon a freshly opened barrel of Red Astrachans down on the Central Market, where I went to discover the price of cucumbers for pickling. "How much?" I queried, feeling for my pocket-book, for my favorite bet is "a big red apple" and I owe—oh I don't know how many, a whole barrel-full, I guess. But I shall not clear the slate this season, for the answer made me gasp for breath. "Two cents apiece, ten cents a quart, sixty cents a peck!" and the marketwoman hadn't the grace to blush the least little bit in the world. A rapid calculation showed me that a barrel of apples sold at retail at these figures would bring in about \$8. Evidently the man who has apples this year is going into the list with the coal barons, the plumbers and the icemen, and I shall have to risk something cheaper than apples, whether red or yellow. But these were beautiful specimens of this fruit, well colored, even in size, and so packed they had not bruised in transportation. I would advise those fortunate enough to have fruit to remember that "apples is apples" this year and not sell their surplus for a song. Good winter apples will be scarce and high next December or I'm no judge of winter prices from August indications.  
BEATRIX.

WE have received a specimen copy of *The Working Woman*, edited and published by one Charlotte Smith, at Washington, D. C. The paper is small, but there is quite enough of it, such as it is. We always like to say a good word for woman's work, and to encourage those who are truly laboring for the advancement of the sex. But we see nothing in this paper which calls for the good word. Instead, we are disgusted with its slang, its coarseness, its personalities, not to speak of its typographical errors. Think of a woman who publishes a personal letter to let us

know she is "entitled to wealth and social position," yet who editorially calls Secretary Rusk "an unsophisticated rural rooster;" and in direct address to a correspondent who differs with her and whom she styles "a fellow," prints in her own paper such language as this: "You cowardly contemptible cur you. We would like to make you hoist the white flag of distress with your suspenders aimlessly sailing in the air, while you were making a flying trip down three flights of stairs from our office." The working women are not fortunate in their self-elected champion, for of all organs those which advocate woman's cause, in any sphere, should command respect by their dignity and refinement of thought and diction.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

If you are compelled to use dead ripe grapes for jelly, slip them from the skins, using only the pulp. Thus handled, the common black Concord makes a bright red jelly free from the sharp glassy crystals of grape sugar found in jellies where ripe grapes have been used and the skins left on.

BUTTER which has been changed by keeping can be made available for culinary purposes—"shortening"—by melting and frying raw potatoes in it. Fry the potatoes a light brown, and pour the clear, clarified butter from the sediment. This process destroys the butter flavor, but the resultant can be used for all purposes for which lard is employed.

## Useful Recipes.

PEACH BUTTER.—Pare ripe peaches and put them in a preserving kettle, with sufficient water to boil them soft; then mash them through a colander, removing the stones. To each quart of the peaches put one and a half pounds of sugar, and boil very slowly for one hour; stir often and keep it from burning; put in stone or glass jars; seal tightly and keep in a cool place. Grape butter is also excellent. Grapes can be used that do not ripen.—*Germanatown Telegaph.*

QUINCE PRESERVES.—It is a slow process to make fine quince preserves, but none are handsomer or more delicious. If the quinces are cooked too long at the first boiling they will break in the syrup, and if boiled only in the syrup they will be tough and hard. Reject all knotty and stunted ones. First rub off the down, then cut cut the flower end, pare, quarter and core. Place them in the preserving kettle with just water enough to cover them, and boil slowly, covered closely, until tender. Skim out carefully on a platter. Add the parings and cores to the water in which the quinces were cooked, stew it three-fourths of an hour, and strain through a jelly bag. To each pint of this liquor allow a pound of sugar. When it is dissolved, put in the fruit and boil very slowly until it is tender but not broken. Skim out the fruit and boil the syrup down. Fill the jars two-thirds full of the fruit, and cover it with syrup. Quince and apple preserves are made in a similar manner, using an equal amount of quinces and firm, ripe, sweet apples, and boiling, both in the same water, but separately.—*Rural New Yorker.*