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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

FLOWERS.

[Read by Mrs. Wm. Scadin before the Webster, Washtenaw County, Farmers' Club, Sept. 6th.]

Oh! let our hearts be all in tune,
With the lovely month of June,
June, the month of roses.

Flowers are blooming ever, where,
Flowers sweet, and flowers rare,
Radiant some in gorgeous hue,
Others transient as the dew.

Lilies, in their robes of white,
Yielding us a pure delight,
Kings of old could not aspire
To rival lilies in attire.

There are violets, bright and sweet,
With faces turned each one to greet,
Almost saying "Think of me,"
In their sweet simplicity.

The babe, with outstretched finger tips,
Quickly the tiny blossom nips.
Eager children in their play,
Search the woods for flowers gay.

Flowers adorn the maiden's brow
When she takes the marriage vow,
And when the last sad rites are said
Flowers are buried with our dead.

In the morn, at noon or night,
They are always a delight,
But the ones we love the best
Though we, too, love all the rest,
Are the ones that bloom so soon
In the lovely month of June,
June, the month of roses.

Thorns are there? Ah! yes, we know,
Thorns among the roses grow,
Emblems of the care and strife
That must come to every life.

Can we not endure them now?
Thorns once crowned our Saviour's brow.
Yes, we would the roses clasp,
Though the thorns we too may grasp.

But they fade methinks you say.
All things lovely pass away;
Fairest flowers soonest fade;
Dearest ones are lowly laid.

Brightest hopes are soonest crushed;
Fairest forms must turn to dust;
Yet their memory sweet and dear
Ever lingers with us here.

So the flowers' scattered bloom
Yields for us a rich perfume;
Though they fade and thorns annoy,
Naught has earth without alloy.

Oh! we love the flowers sweet,
Growing all around our feet.
Then in honor to our King
This shall be the song we'll sing;

Lord, we thank Thee for the flowers
That adorn this world of ours,
For the hope that Thou has given
Of that fadeless home in heaven.

HELPING OTHERS.

"Sometimes I think I never will let other people's troubles worry me, but try only to look out for myself. So often when you have done your best for others at great inconvenience to yourself, perhaps, they come out all right, just as easy as if

you had not concerned yourself in their behalf." So said a friend to me the other day, and continued in that strain until I felt, when she finally left me, that this was a cold, ungrateful world, full of selfish people seeking their own ends.

Were it possible for each of us to care only for ourselves and seek only our own good, it would indeed be a cold, cruel world. But, thank Heaven, while self-preservation is the law of life and nature, the first instinct of humanity, there are generous impulses in every heart however insensible it may seem, however it may have been hardened by contact with human misery. How badly the weaker would fare if the stronger never looked upon them with compassion! What should set bounds to a man's avarice and eagerness to possess, but the thought of his duty to his poorer, less favored neighbor! Is it not a blessing that the sense of duty which demands of those abundantly blessed with good things in this life that they shall be almoners of the bounty of the Great Giver, brings a glow of most delicious happiness in its performance? Ingratitude cannot rob us of our reward—the approbation of conscience. It is a good thing our reward does come from within, for as some one has beautifully and truly said, "Gratitude is an Alpine flower, that blossoms only in the most exalted altitudes;" and if we expect it we are apt to be woefully disappointed, perhaps driven to agree with the cynic who defined it as "a lively sense of favors to come." But since it makes us, individually, happier to do good rather than evil, to be generous and open-handed rather than miserly and stingy, and exerts a reflex benefit upon our character, making us nobler and better as well as happier, why need we mind how the benefits we bestow upon others are received? Much has been done for us for which we have made no adequate return; it is our pleasant duty to "pass it along" to our friends and fellow men.

So long as life lasts, other people's sorrows and disasters must trouble us. We must keep our hearts open to their complaints, our hands ready to relieve, so far as we may, their necessities; nor must we deny them sympathy. "I wouldn't give a cent for a bushel of sympathy," said a young girl, more in anger than regret at her misfortune. Yet to most of us sympathy is a soothing balm, full of comfort; it is necessary to us; it is the tribute others pay our misfortunes.

The person who can hear a story of des

titution, of great sorrow, of bitter grief, without being stirred with a generous impulse to relieve and assist, is growing hard and callous, an icy pall is settling over the unmoved heart and stifling its best emotions. We may think we shall be happier if we are unsympathetic, unstirred by pity or desire to aid, but it is not true. We miss thereby our dearest, purest happiness. Nor is it enough to feel these nobler emotions, we must put feelings into acts and befriend the unfortunate in practical ways. Most of all, we must not forget to speak the words of cheer and hope and encouragement which so revive the despondent heart and enable it to maintain its fortitude against "the outrageous darts of Fortune." BEATRIX.

A DAY AT CHATTANOOGA.

On the morning of June 27th, 1889, three tired travellers entered Chattanooga for the first time. I was one of the number and the other two were intimate friends. For several months we had been associated together, and had been planning for some time to spend a day at Chattanooga on our homeward route. We entered the city just at break of day. Our first thought was of Mount Lookout, and as we neared the city, three pair of eyes were eagerly scanning the windows to see who should discover it first. We soon saw a dim outline, which we imagined must be Lookout and we afterwards discovered that we were right. It was too early for sight seeing when we arrived, for nearly all the city was still wrapped in slumber. And we began to feel that we needed rest, for we had traveled twenty consecutive hours. So we went at once to the Read House, which is directly opposite the Union depot, and engaged rooms. Two hours was all the sleep we could afford, when there was so much to be seen. But we awoke greatly refreshed and quite eager to begin sight-seeing.

When I read what a traveler told Beatrix concerning Southern hotels, "I decided that he had never visited the Read House. Here we found excellent board, and the proprietor and his wife showed us personal attention, which we scarcely expected in a large hotel. Mr. Read took great pride in telling how rapidly the city had grown. At the time we were there the inhabitants were estimated at fifty thousand and the citizens were sanguine enough to think that the population would be increased twenty-five per cent in three years. Mrs.

Read acted as guide book and told us what points would be most interesting to strangers. They were both people to be remembered with pleasure.

Soon after breakfast we hired a carriage and driver for three hours. First we were driven through the principal streets of the city. The palatial residences set high upon the bluffs, and surrounded by beautiful trees and flowers were much admired. Romantic and poetic visions passed through my brain. My eyes seemed to pierce the solid walls and see the inmates of these beautiful homes always well dressed, always happy and as beautiful as their surroundings. But soon my castles fell to the ground and I was overcome by weariness, as I thought of mounting all those steps and climbing all those hills.

The next point of interest was Cameron Hill. Here we alighted for a few moments to gaze at Mt. Lookout, the Tennessee river and Chattanooga as it lay spread out before us. Descending to the city we drove out on the south side, to the National Cemetery. We were admitted through a great iron gate, which swings within a massive arch of Alabama limestone. On the outer entablature of the arch may be read these words: "National Military Cemetery, Chattanooga, A. D. 1863." On the inner entablature: "Here Rest in Peace 12,956 Citizens Who Died for Their Country in the Years 1861 to 1865."

The cemetery is circular, and contains seventy-five and a half acres. It is surrounded by a stone wall and well clipped osage hedge. Much of the wall is covered with ivy, which takes away its stiff and cold look. The grounds are situated upon a large knoll, the summit of which is one hundred feet above the gravel drive. Here our national colors float upon the breeze, borne upon a flag staff one hundred and fifty feet in height. Near it may be seen the speakers' stand, which consists of a brick rostrum, enclosed by twelve brick pillars, which support a roof of joists and purline. It is all covered with English ivy and presents a very pleasing sight. On the lawn surrounding this rostrum are four large cannons. On the sides of the knoll are the nineteen special interment sections, each marked by a granite obelisk surrounded by small marble headstones. The trees and flowering shrubs are beautiful, and nature's carpet of blue grass shows that it has been well tended. The superintendent's lodge is a pretty building covered with ivy. In the porch a massive book lay chained to the desk, where visitors inscribed their names. I remembered that certain friends of mine ridiculed the idea of leaving names in strange places, but it did not hinder me from writing mine in the big book. When I am in a strange place enjoying the beauties which surround me; it always gives me a thrill of pleasure to find the name of some friend. I am glad to know that eyes I love have rested upon the same pleasing views. We found the names of two friends there, and left ours, not for strangers' eyes, but for friends who might follow.

After leaving the cemetery we drove to Missionary Ridge. When we arrived at

Bragg's headquarters, the driver seemed to think it proper for us to alight and stand upon the spot. I can not say that I derived any great satisfaction from the act. We tried to discover some relic but could not. One of our number proposed pressing a leaf; but mine was soon withered and I tossed it away. The leaf was no more interesting than those growing on my father's farm. Why should I carry it hundreds of miles, simply because it grew on Bragg's headquarters? Returning to the city we passed several fields covered with blossoms resembling our morning-glory, which were duly admired.

After taking dinner and a short rest at our hotel, we entered a street car and were taken to St. Elmo, a suburban town lying at the base of Lookout mountain, and three miles from Chattanooga. Here we took the incline railway which carried us to the summit of the mountain, and left us at Lookout Point Hotel. This structure has three stories and a basement, with balconies on every floor surrounding the entire building. The upper ones were reserved for hotel guests, and many cards about the place announced the fact in plain type. But our kind and hospitable hostess had been there in the morning, and secured us the privilege of wandering about at our own sweet wills. We spent two or three hours upon these balconies, drinking in the beauty which surrounded us. Below us lay the battle grounds where Hooker fought his famous battle above the clouds. From this point we had a perfect view of Moccasin Bend and the Tennessee river; Chattanooga lay spread out 1,700 feet below us; and our eyes were able to range over 500 miles of territory and view seven different States. We could not measure the distance or draw the boundary line of the States; but we enjoyed looking upon the river, the fields and the distant mountains.

Soon after four we took the narrow gauge railroad and went to Sunset Park. This is upon the mountain about one and a quarter miles from the Point Hotel. It is a charming spot containing one hundred acres. And our guide book tells of wonderful things we might have seen by traveling over it. But the day was drawing to a close, and we were weary, so we contented ourselves by taking the path which led to Sunset rock. This is a precipice 300 feet high, and from it we had a fine view of the setting sun and neighboring mountains. Here we met a young man who was taking pictures, and had views for sale; but he seemed to lack the true artist's spirit. We learned that he had always lived on the mountain, which fact probably accounted for his lack of enthusiasm in speaking of the beauties which surrounded him.

On our return trip the street car was crowded, and two things happened to form a discord with the sweet music our thoughts were making. First, two sisters dressed in widows' weeds, who had awakened our sympathy by their sombre garb, suddenly turned our sympathy into disgust by showing their pictures, which had been taken at Sunset Rock, and re-

marking in great glee that a certain friend had told them he did not wonder their husbands' died, because they were so homely. The next jar upon our sensibilities was caused by the remarks made by several passengers, when the conductor stopped for a moment to allow a colored woman to catch up with the car and ride upon the platform. They thought the audacity of "niggers" very shocking, and that white people should never be delayed or crowded for their comfort.

The following morning we resumed our journey. As we neared the depot I noticed in large letters over one door "Colored Waiting Room." In all my southern travels I had noticed that colored people were not seen in our waiting room and did not ride in our car. But this was the first time I had ever noticed that their place was pointed out in bold, staring letters. I can not say it would be pleasant for the whites to have it otherwise; yet my sympathies go out for the down trodden race, and I hope the time may speedily come when they may be treated with more respect.

OLIVET.

C. M. CURTIS.

WHAT TO DO WITH A BARE CORNER.

Just let me tell you what to do with that bare corner in the parlor that always looks so unfurnished. You see you never considered the possibilities of a common clothes horse, now did you? Well, try it. Get one with three divisions in it; set it in the corner so that the centre division faces toward the room and the other two along the walls, meeting in the corner. See? Have some shelves cut to rest on the three sets of bars, and to make them fit round the upright poles mark a semi-circle with a button mould of the right size and cut it out. Paint the rack with white enamel paint, which you can get for twenty-five or fifty cents by sending to the English Enamel Paint Co., 10 East Fifteenth St., New York City. You will need about two coats of the paint, probably. Make decorative bands of chamois or morocco leather by cutting an open-work pattern and underlaying it with red or yellow satteen, and tack to the front edges of the shelves with brass headed nails. Or if this is too much work, pink some strips of red or russet morocco, and use in the same way. Then the cabinet is ready for your china, books, or these decorative trifles that accumulate in every well-regulated household. You will be surprised to see what a pretty, graceful piece of furniture this will make.

I suppose everybody knows that this same style of clothes-horse can be used as the foundation for a quite pretty folding screen by covering the panels with gay cretonne, with bands of plain plush, velvet or satteen put on top and bottom. A pretty screen I once saw was thus made, only the panels were covered with unbleached cotton on which was pasted, on the centre panel large sprays of roses and peonies cut from cretonne, and small sprigs scattered over the others. The woodwork should be painted white or ebonized.

ALMA.

KETURAH.

OFF TO ALASKA.

At Douglas Island we went on shore to inspect the great stamp mill. Here is the Treadwell mine, with its 240 stamps, run by the power of the drainage of the mine. The tunnel is 46 feet in diameter; the monthly supply of ore crushed is 20,000 tons; the cost of converting it about one dollar per ton; with an average yield of four dollars per ton. Two hundred men are employed, many of them Indians. The ore after being pulverized is run with water over aprons or concentrators until thoroughly washed, when it is taken up by quicksilver in amalgam, which is then chemically removed, leaving the gold free. The buildings are extensive and substantial. We left them, crossed to Juneau, which lies nearly opposite. This is the most important town in Alaska, containing 1,500 inhabitants. Some buildings are comfortable in appearance. Two newspapers are published here. Indian curiosities are plentiful, but of fabulous price. Most of the houses are small and dingy, those of the Indians are particularly odorous. There is an Indian Home where children receive religious and manual training, being sent to the government day school. This mission is in charge of Rev. and Mrs. W. Willard. Near this town is the celebrated "Silver Bow Basin," where several rich silver mines are located. On a mountain near is the Ibez mine, at an altitude of 1,800 feet. The Silver Queen last year shipped the ore at an average profit of \$57 per ton.

While Wrangel is built on a narrow beach at the mountain foot, Juneau is built on a foot hill, plainly a landslide from the mountain in the ages past. One feature not before noted, but first met with at Wrangel, is the native "totem poles" or tribe symbols. These are poles twenty or more feet in height, erected in front of their houses and carved from top to bottom with barbaric figures of men and animals, uncouth in form, but displaying much genius. These are reproduced in miniature for sale to tourists; the material being wood or slate. Their places of burial are sometimes very curious; one near Wrangel being known as the Whale and Wolf, where there are quite extensive buildings, surmounted by colossal but rudely carved figures of the animals named.

We left Juneau at two p. m. for Chilcat. That afternoon we saw a shower gather on the mountain. At first a black speck was visible, then vapor gathered from every direction. Blacker and thicker grew the cloud, then it began to roll down the mountain side. Rapidly it gathered until the neighboring peaks were involved; soon all was shrouded in mist and gloom. A change of direction at last hid the storm from our view. We passed Eagle glacier, 1,200 feet high, and glaciers show in every mountain defile. We saw Chilcat, a little town on the beach, but did not land. At 9:30, Pacific time, we turned the *Queen's* head southward, there being yet an hour to sunset. By our local time, it would be 12:30. In the afternoon a passenger was

lowered in a boat he had brought on board, supplies handed over, and with cheers he started for the shore, where stood two other huts. He was a prospector looking for deposits of ore. Soon after we were hailed by a steam launch from the United States cruiser Patterson. She took mail and supplies for the vessel, which was at work up another arm of the bay. The mountain scenery, always grand, reached its climax near the point of return. Oh ye eternal hills, cloud-capped and snow-crowned! In your immovable silence and grandeur ye turn to shame all puny efforts of man to build monuments of earthly display! Grand, rugged, vast they stand, some sharp peaks on which the clouds burn incense; others like sentinel pillars; others lie in heaps all linked in icy bands, or streaked with snow of virgin whiteness. In every ravine are glaciers and waterfalls of wondrous beauty, falling in sparkling cascades over their rocky beds.

Wednesday, July 23rd, we awoke to find we were in the ice fields of Glacire Bay, the most wonderful, desolate and forbidding country we have seen. Among ice and towering, rugged mountains we slowly move on. Mt. Fairweather, 15,000 feet high, is the crowning apex. Here is Muir glacier, a river of ice presenting a front of jagged broken points, facades, towers and crags 250 feet high, and two miles across. Shall I essay to describe it? As well attempt to paint a sunbeam. Stretched away as far as the eye can reach lies a wide valley between high rocky mountains, bare but veined and crossed in their gray rock with red sandstone, making them luminous in the sunlight. This valley is filled all the way across with ice from 200 to 400 feet in depth, following the windings and inequalities, reinforced from every defile, all being pressed forward and downward by the accumulations back of it; tearing, scraping and grinding the earth as it passes, at the rate of from 10 to 40 feet daily, the part forced over the water breaking off from its weight and the pressure back of it; falling in pieces of all sizes, shapes and hues, with the noise of cannonading, and thus floating, while miles of water are filled. A strange spectacle is the huge rocks or smaller boulders that float on the icebergs, having become torn from the mountains and embedded in the ice in its march to the sea. We lay at the glacier nine hours, giving any who wished the chance to land and explore it. Prof. Muir and party were there encamped. He came on board to dinner and proved himself a pleasant companion, as well as a learned professor. Great flocks of gulls circled in front of the glacier. Their piercing, moaning cries might pass for the wailing of lost souls.

Weather so cold all were wrapped in winter clothing, then shivering. Several canoes of Indians came offering their wares. One fellow clad in rags opened an old cloth, showing several twenty dollar gold pieces and a lot of silver money. One squaw had her papoose with her, and contrary to tradition it cried lustily. Left the glacier at three p. m.; were four hours getting through the ice, which at times

rubbed so hard the ship shook in every timber.

July 24th we arrived at Sitka, Alaska's capital, really a pretty town, built in a little plain, encircled by mountains, with Baranov castle perched aloft on a central hilltop. This is a large, square wooden building with a cupola; the residence of the Russian governors. Back of this is the old Greek church, with its emerald dome and towers. The United States buildings give a smart aspect to the place. We ran the gauntlet of half a mile of squaws and Indians up the wharf and street, visited the Greek church, saw its wonderful paintings, said to be one hundred years old, its altar vestments and bishop's mitre, covered with gold and gems; visited the Mission school, where nearly two hundred Indian youths are taught to be clean, to work, and be Christians, and Indian river with its falls and sylvan beauty. Returning, we were favored with a serenade by the band at the Mission. The boys played nicely, though they have been in practice less than a year. A game of base ball was played between the ship's nine and a Sitka nine; the ship's boys winning. A ball was given by the military in the evening to the passengers, which was largely attended, although the evening proved rainy. Sitka claims 1,200 people, 250 of whom are Russians. The bay is beautiful, being locked in and studded with islands of various sizes, all green with verdure. Mt. Edgecombe, an extinct volcano, rears its lofty head near, and snow streaked mountains encircle the scene. Back of the town is the cemetery, with its ancient, moss covered stones with Russian inscriptions, as well as more modern ones. It is neglected; cattle and hogs roaming at will. The United States gunboat *Pinta* was lying at Sitka.

We left Sitka at four p. m. July 25th; stopped at Killisnoo awhile. This is a terring fishery. Saw Saginaw Jake, the Indian chief here. Rounding Killisnoo island we passed through Murder Cave into Prince Frederick's Sound, and from there returned by the outward route, stopping at Nabaimo to coal. We arrived at Tacoma at 8:30 p. m., July 29th, with a world of new experiences to assimilate and file for future use.

A. L. L.

(To be Continued.)

PECULIARITIES.

We all have our peculiarities. Some are peculiar in one respect and some in another. I have in mind the case of a young lady; she was one of those real good girls and worked out for a living. She was neat and tidy, spry as a cricket, and an excellent housekeeper. Of course she had admirers among the country swain, and of these there were two whose characteristics were exactly opposite. One of them was a very nice, quiet, modest, retiring young fellow, who blushed as easily as a fifteen-year old school girl. He was a church member, with no bad habits; neither smoked, chewed, drank, or used profane or obscene language, in fact was a model young man. His people were well-

to-do, and he was the only son. He had a comfortable farm of his own and was considered "a good catch."

The other was a rough, boisterous young fellow, who smoked, chewed, drank and could swear in seven languages; attended all the dances with reach, knew everybody for miles around and wouldn't be abashed in the presence of Her Majesty. One would naturally suppose *any* young lady would have chosen the former for a *life* partner, but this peculiar young lady seemed to prefer the latter, and married him. To an acquaintance who expressed surprise at her choice, she remarked: "Henry is a very nice fellow, but he is so green and backward, and his breath smells just like a calf's breath." (He didn't chew tobacco.) People are queer, anyway.

LANESING.

AUNT BECKY.

A VISIT TO THE EXPOSITION.

Who attended the Detroit Exposition? I for one spent two delightful days there, but alas! I didn't see our Beatrix; my old enemy, bashfulness, prevailed again over my good resolutions. When put to the test my courage all evaporated and I could not, for the life of me, enter that pretty Swiss chalet and introduce myself to our editor.

"You've never done anything to deserve her notice," argued my enemy. "You've never finished one of the many letters you have composed and partly written; you know you are extremely commonplace, with neither wit, wisdom or talent to recommend you, and you had better not expose your ignorance!"

These arguments being true, were convincing, and I turned reluctantly away, after vainly trying to decide for myself which of the several ladies in sight was the one of interest to us HOUSEHOLDERS.

Yes, I say us; for although I've never before written to the HOUSEHOLD, I've treasured up every paper from the first beginning, and find in them a never failing source of help and comfort. But to return to the Exposition: Didn't you want to bring home that beautiful parlor mantel and grate, *only* \$165; and the brass furniture, and the big white bear that stood in the fur department? By the way, I could not coax my other half to look at the furs and diamonds with me—he has a lofty contempt for such costly trifles—but I visited the stables with him and succeeded in getting up quite a fair show of enthusiasm.

"Old Pompey's last days" as I heard a young man remark, was to me a veritable scene of enchantment; it was not alone the brilliant mimic life before me, but the *real* scene was quite as beautiful. The tall towers of the Exposition pouring down their floods of electric brightness, the broad river melting away into moonlit spaces, and marked here and there by the flashing lights of the busy river crafts, while over and around and through all percolated the sweet strains of Cappa's band, blended past and present and all united to make me believe myself in fairyland. Then too I rode down Woodward

Avenue past those grand residences. I never observed before what a fine effect may be produced by trailing plants and vines; they adorn the grandest mansion or transform the most humble cot.

I might go on *ad infinitum* and tell of the Art Gallery, the lightning artist, the girl with a living bracelet of serpents, and Wonderland, but right there I'll stop; the very name makes me feel creepy. Let us hear from others on the same subject.

EAGLE.

CONSTANCE.

DISHWASHING.

"The idea of a man's presuming to give instructions about dishwashing!" no doubt some of the ladies will exclaim when they read this article. But the many complaints of greasy dishes, frowsy dishcloths, and half wiped dishes would seem to indicate that some instruction is needed in this matter, and as Jeanne Allison failed to give any specific directions in her article, I venture to make some suggestions, based on considerable experience and long observation.

First, let me say how this work should *not* be done. Dishes should not be washed in a small quantity of lukewarm water, and wiped right out of the dirty greasy suds, as is often done; but have plenty of warm suds as hot as the hands can bear and give each dish a good scrubbing, turning it bottom side up in the sink or pan to drain. Put all the dishes back into the pan right side up, and pour on scalding water. Wipe with a clean dry towel, wiping the glass-ware first. If the water is hot, and the wiping cloth dry and clean, the glass and earthen ware will be bright and dry. After the dishes are all wiped, rinse the wiping and dish-cloths out clean and wring them thoroughly, shake out and hang up evenly to dry, but do not gather them up and hitch them all wrinkled upon a nail, as is often done.

When one of the Roman consuls was deposed from his lofty position to a menial one, instead of sulking, he went bravely to work, saying, "If the office does not honor me I will honor the office." Let every dishwasher do the work so well that it will be dignified, though it may not be a very dignified occupation.

GRANDPA.

MUSKOGON.

A CAKE FESTIVAL.

It is quite probable that many of our readers have heard of, perhaps been interested in, a form of entertainment to raise money for charitable purposes which has met with success wherever it has been tried, and is known as the cake sale.

The only articles offered for sale are cakes in all varieties and the recipes for making them. The refreshments consist of cake served with coffee at small tables. At other tables cake is for sale by the slice, the pound or the dozen.

The recipes for the cakes are copied in various odd and attractive ways. Some are collected into small booklets, others are classed—several recipes for the same kind, others again include six favorite kinds, and recipes were also for sale singly,

so that one could buy the plans and specifications for any particular variety which happened to strike her fancy. There should be great diversity in the getting up of these recipes; a cookie recipe, for instance, is on a card the size and shape of a cookie and painted to imitate one. Others represent slices of cake, chocolate, raisin, layer, etc.

There should be plenty of nice white paper in which to wrap the large cakes, fancy boxes to hold quarters or halves, fancy paper bags for those sold by the dozen, and squares of tinted paper for the accommodation of those inclined to sample a cake out of hand.

Every cake must be the very nicest of its kind; no "not quite right, but guess it will do" work. And prices must be reasonable, considering the quality of the goods delivered. A cake sale, properly managed, will prove a success almost anywhere.

RIPE TOMATOES—Take a crock or jar as large as you want and fill with tomatoes, washed clean. Cover them with salt water, and let stand one week. Drain off the water and cover with vinegar; put a plate and weight on them to keep them under the vinegar. When you wish to eat them, slice and sprinkle sugar and pepper over them. They will keep till spring. The above was published in the HOUSEHOLD of August 24th, 1889, and is republished by request.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.—Pick, sort, wash, pack in salt, but add no water as they will make their own brine. When wanted, soak till fresh, boil till tender, pickle in sweetened vinegar, turn off and repeat, heating the vinegar each time. This recipe Mrs. H. C. Bradish furnished the Lenawee County Horticultural Society. Mrs. J. M. Blanchard said cucumber pickles scalded three times, once in strong brine, twice in vinegar, will keep a year. While in brine keep covered with cloth and weight.

TRY covering a few of the tomato vines with green boughs cut from trees, to keep them from being cut by the frost. The tomatoes will go on ripening till hard freezing weather comes.

Useful Recipes.

MASSACHUSETTS INDIAN CAKE.—Three cups each of cornmeal and flour; one cup each of sour milk and molasses; a saltspoonful of salt; one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk. Mix well. Bake in a moderate oven, in a deep pan.

PRESERVED CITRON.—Cut the melon in thin slices, peel and remove the seeds and boil in clear water till nearly tender. Make a syrup, using one pound of granulated sugar for one pound of melon, boil and skim. Slice five or six lemons for each ten pounds of the preserve, and remove all seeds. Drain the melon carefully and put it with the lemon into the hot syrup and boil until clear. Then can in self-sealing cans. Add a few raisins to a part of the preserve. To prepare it for use in cake, mince meat, etc., take what you need from a can of citron preserve, drain it carefully for several hours, then cut it into thin slices, and use as though it were dried.