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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE DEPARTED.

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call;
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore,—
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up,
Where these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown;
But, oh, 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore!
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Though they are here no more.

More homelike seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them is not so hard
Wherever they may fare;
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
Our God, forevermore.

—John W. Chadwick.

Down in the meadow the little brown thrush's
Build them a nest in the barberry bushes;
And when it is finished all cozy and neat,
Three speckled eggs make their pleasure complete.

"Twit-ter-ee twit-ter!" they chirp to each other,
"Building a nest is no end of bother;
But oh, when our dear little birdies we see,
How happy we'll be! How happy we'll be!"

Up at the outtage where children are growing,
The young mother patiently sits at her sewing.
It's something to work for small hobbled boys
That will tear their trousers and make such a noise;

"And one must admit," says the dear little mother,

"That bringing up boys is no end of a bother;
But oh, when they kiss me, and climb on my knee,

It's sweetness for me! It's sweetness for me!"

THE STORY OF A DREAM.

I attended one of our literary societies a few days ago; the literary part of the programme was very small but the social part was a perfect success. I think I never met so tired a company of ladies, especially the elderly ones; so many of them were doing their own housework without help. Their families were not large, but the many steps for one pair of feet, the many motions for one pair of hands, the many burdens for one back to carry, perhaps none of them very heavy, but the multiplicity of them made them burdensome.

The thought often presses itself upon me, "What is it all for? Why can we not live more simply, making less labor of

sweeping and dusting, less washing and ironing of things which require much care, less sewing in the line of ornament and changing the fashion of garments, less labor of cooking and dish-washing?"

Some of the ladies had had a constant succession of company; when one party went another came. Can any one tell why it is that people who have leisure feel they have a legitimate right to come down upon their country friends in the hottest weather and harvest time, when there are more or less hired men to cook and clean for? It is sometimes the last straw to have company come. I can think of nothing but a poem I once read, called "The Eaters and the Eaten," the world being divided into the two classes. But I do not see any remedy for this state of things until the "Golden Rule" becomes fashionable, no matter how deeply I ponder.

A few days ago a lady placed in my hands a pamphlet to read; the title was "Three Dreams in a Desert." The dreamer was a traveller across an African plain. The sun poured down its powerful heat on the sand; the traveller drew up under a tree, took off the saddle and left the horse to feed among the parched bushes; after a while, feeling drowsy, she laid her head upon the saddle, fell asleep, and had a curious dream. I will nearly repeat the dreamer's own words:

"I thought I stood on the border of a great desert, and the sand blew about everywhere. I saw two great figures like beasts of burden; one lay upon the sand with its neck stretched out, and the other stood by it. I looked curiously at the one that lay upon the ground, for it had a great burden upon its back, and the sand was thick about it, as if it had piled over it for centuries.

"I asked one who seemed to stand by my side, 'What is this huge creature which lies here in the sand?' He replied, 'This is woman.' I asked, 'Why does she lie here motionless with the sand piled around her?' He replied; 'Ages, and long ages she has lain here, and the winds have blown over her, the oldest man living has never seen her move; the oldest book records that she lay here then as she lies now, with the sand piled about her. But listen; older than the oldest book, older than the oldest recorded memory of man, on the "Rocks of Language," on the hard baked clay of ancient customs, are found marks of her footsteps; side by side with him who stands beside her you may trace them; and you know that she who now

lies there once wandered free over the rocks with him.'

"I asked, 'Why does she lie there now?'

He replied: 'Ages ago the age of dominion of muscular force found her; when she stooped low to give suck to her young, man put his burden of subjection upon her back and tied it on with the broad band of "Inevitable Necessity." Then she looked at the earth and the sky and knew there was no hope for her, and she lay down on the sand with the burden she could not loosen. She has lain there ever since.'

"The ages have come and gone but the band of Inevitable Necessity has not been cut. I looked and saw in her eyes the patience of centuries."

The dreamer dreamed on. She dreamed that the Age of Muscular Force was dead. The Age of Nervous Force had killed him. And now she may rise. And the dreamer watched the struggle to first gain her knees and then her feet. (Was this to typify the struggle that women are today making to stand alone, self supporting in more ways than one?)

The dreamer awoke and slept again and dreamed the second dream: A woman came out of a desert to a dark river, and the bank was steep and high. An old man with a long white beard met her, and he had a curled stick in his hand, on which was written Reason. He asked her what she wanted. She said, "I am a woman, and I am seeking the land of Freedom." He said: "It is before you." She replied: "I see nothing but a dark flowing river with a bank steep and high." He answered, "Beyond that?" She said, "I see nothing; but when I shade my eyes with my hand, I think I see trees and hills on the further side and the sun shining on them." He replied, "That is the land of Freedom." She asked, "How can I get there?" "Down the banks of Labor and through the water of Suffering; there is no other way." She asked, "Is there no bridge?" "None!" "Is the water deep?" "Deep!" "Is the floor worn?" "It is; you may slip at any moment and be lost." "Is there any track to show where the best fording is?" "It has yet to be made," he replied. She shaded her eyes with her hand and said "I will go." He said "You must take off the clothes you wore in the desert." She threw from her the mantle of Ancient-received-opinions which she wore, for it was worn full of holes. "Take the shoes of Dependence off your feet."

And she stood there clad in one white garment; on its breast was written "Truth." And he said "Take this stick; hold it fast; in that day when it slips from your hand you are lost; put it down before you; feel your way; where it cannot find a bottom, do not set your foot." She said "Let me go; I am ready." He said "No, stay; what is that in your breast?" She was silent. "Open it and let me see." She opened it, and against her breast was a tiny thing with shining wings and yellow curls; he drew nourishment from her breast. And Reason said, "Who is he and what is he doing here? Put him down." She said, "He has been a child so long, so long I have carried him. He has lisped one word only to me in the desert—'Passion!' I have dreamed he might learn to say 'Friendship' in that land." Reason commanded "Put him down. When he finds you have left him he will open his wings and fly. He will be in the land of freedom before. Those who reach the land of freedom, the first hand they see stretching down the bank to help them shall be Love's. He will be a man then, not a child. In your breast he cannot thrive."

And Reason, that old man, said, "Silence! What do you hear?" She listened intently, and said "I hear the sound of feet; a thousand times ten thousand, and they beat this way." He said "These are the feet that shall follow you. Lead on! make a track to the water's edge! Where you now stand, the ground will be beaten flat by the ten times ten thousand feet." Have you seen the locusts, how they cross a stream? First one comes down to the water's edge and is swept away, then another comes and another and another, at last their bodies piled up make a bridge, and the rest pass over." She asked: "And of those that came first and are swept away, and are heard of no more; their bodies do not even make the bridge?" And "What of that?" he answered. "They make a track to the water's edge." She asked, "Over that bridge which shall be built with our bodies, who will pass?" He answered "The entire human race." The woman grasped her staff, and I saw her turn down toward the dark river.

In the third dream I saw a new land. On the hills walked brave women and brave men hand in hand, and the women also held each other's hands. And I said to him beside me, "What place is this? Where is it? And when shall these things be?" He said, "This is heaven! On the earth! In the future."

There are many thoughts suggested to my mind, but I feel I have not caught all these dreams are intended to convey. Is it intended to typify the result of the labor and suffering of the mighty hosts of women who work and struggle for the attainment of some good of which they can only discern the shadow a great distance away? Are we the locusts who will be swept away, whose bodies will not even help to make the bridge for the whole human race to pass over to that goodly land where there is rest and freedom from weary toil of mind and body; where society will be organized

so as to dispense with much which we now consider indispensable? Or was the allegory intended to represent that part of womankind who are giving themselves soul and body for the enfranchisement of women and relief from the bonds of dependence and subjection to their brother man, and let friendship take the place of passion? My vision is dim; I often strain my mental sight to catch a glimpse of the future, if only for a few decades in advance; but I cannot see, and I am no prophet; but I feel sure that any one of us who could wake up fifty years hence would see as great change, advancement, as we can see has been made in the last half of a century.

Let some of the wise scribes of the HOUSEHOLD interpret these dreams for us; I have taken so much space writing the dreams I must not take more in dreaming of them.

ALBION.

M. E. H.

"HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES."

I always had great admiration for beauty of form and feature. Some one might suggest the attraction of the opposites, but I'm not obliged to criminate myself when publishing the statement. When a teacher I think I succeeded in being impartial toward my pupils, but all the time, in my heart there was a "leaning" toward the bright-eyed, fair-faced, arched-mouthed, wavy-haired little ones more than to the freckled, snub-nosed ones, even though I knew by experience that the latter were often more tractable. Later on and all through life I have followed the sweet-faced children, the mothers and even the grandmothers, with glances of admiration; and in my roving life of the past year I have often seen a lady who seemed "a fair embodiment of my ideal." Beautiful dark eyes were set in perfect features and her form seemed all that could be desired, as her rich dresses always fitted as though she was "run into them;" but in all this time I had never heard her voice, only knowing her name and that her husband was wealthy. One day after meeting her on the street I said to myself: "If I were a man I should just fall in love with that lady, even though she has a husband," so I had mentally placed her on a pedestal as being of finer clay than ordinary mortals. Recently on one of my trips away from home we met by chance and were duly presented. Her modest, low-spoken greeting was quite in harmony with her style and I was delighted at the prospect of knowing her better. A number of ladies were present and some one made a remark about woman's work ere she had joined in the general conversation, and her reply was: "You bet, I ain't a gonn' to hurt myself to work." For a brief moment everything "turned dark," and I felt as though some one clutched at my throat, shutting off my breath. The shock was great, and in that short space my idol had taken an inglorious tumble and lay a mass of ruins, so that I no longer envied her fair face and model form. With all the advantages of good society there surely must be a deplorable lack of capacity when one can

use such language as that and the later conversation brought out; but "accidental wealth" has placed many a man and woman in positions that they were not educated to fill, while many a real lady is "out of the world" because she lacks the wherewithal to furnish the necessities for her appearance in society. It is not that society will not welcome her without the costly raiment but that she, herself, cannot overcome the feeling that she prefers to remain at home—to "blush unseen"—rather than endure the consciousness that accompanies the not looking "like other folks."

EL. SEE.

ROMEO.

WHAT OCCASIONED A "COLD WAVE."

We had some neighbors once who were as poor as skimmed milk. They struggled along on a farm and had up hill work to get a comfortable living without being able to "put on many airs." Finally they had quite a little property fall to them, and moved to town. They moved from an old tumble-down house to a tony modern flat, and of course must put on style. They attend a fashionable church and want to be considered "stylish." They have a daughter whose matrimonial prospects are not very brilliant, as she is on the verge of being an old maid, and they are very anxious to have some high toned city man gather her in.

I was visiting them recently, and as there were to be services at the church that night the daughter must attend and display herself. The mother wished to be considered "very dressy," and as the daughter had a newsuit and needed a little discipline, the mother thought it a good idea to have her take a lesson before going to church. So, dressing her out in her brand new suit with the polonaise cut bias, and a panier that reminded me of Barnum's double-humped camels, she prepared to astonish the natives. The parlor was to be the church and the chairs were arranged so as to form a sort of aisle; the piano was to represent the pulpit. The mother and guests were seated off at the left so as to get a broadside view of the ancient craft in modern rig as she came sailing in. The blinds were closed, the lights were turned on gently, so as to have a "subdued light" (I think that's what they called it), and every thing was ready for action. The door opened and in sailed the gallant craft under full head of steam, every sail drawing, with the "jib-boom and spanker set." Down the aisle she came in great shape, with a hymn book in one hand and a decorated fan in the other, moving with all the dignity of a French man of war. The mother was wild with delight. "Magnificent" she exclaimed. "Superb, you look as fresh as an early peach." What do you think of that, Beckey? "Why, that reminds me of one of Shakespeare's lines." "Oh does it indeed; and what would Shakespeare say about it?" "What fools we mortals be," I replied. So it's not surprising that "there's a coolness between us now."

LANING.

AUNT BECKEY.

"LADIES DAY" AT THE COLUMBIA FARMERS' CLUB.

The September meeting of the Columbia Farmers' Club was held at the residence of Evan Richards on Saturday, Sept. 18th. The members of the Club and invited guests made up a company of nearly 200, drawn together by the well known attractions of the place, not the least of which were the indefatigable efforts of Mr. Richards and his three sisters to make every one feel interested and at home. The family possesses one of the finest collections of coins in the United States, numbering about 8,000 pieces, some of them dating back to 300 B. C. They have also many other strange and curious articles from all over the world.

It was "ladies day," and the exercises throughout were conducted by them. Mrs. E. Gary, vice-president, presided in a manner that left nothing to be desired. The minutes were read and the record kept by Mrs. C. Hewitt, assistant secretary.

Five well rendered recitations were given, some by married ladies, some by the wee small ones. The exercises were enlivened by frequent musical selections.

Miss M. Blanche Richards gave an address of welcome. Mrs. Gary followed with a brief history of the Club, from which it appears that it numbers about eighty members and has had a harmonious and prosperous career.

The first paper for discussion was "Woman's Work," by Mrs. C. Hewitt. Carlyle says "Blessed is he who has found his work," and it is well for us to ask, what is woman's work? Formerly the answer would have been housekeeping, teaching and sewing; but now all fields are open to her. It is still true however that woman's kingdom is her home; and there her best and noblest work is done. Her influence is an essential part of her life work. The essayist expressed the opinion that woman would in time be given the ballot if for no other reason than that given by the unjust judge, "Lest by her continual coming she weary me."

When called upon for discussion nearly all seemed to wish to wait for the second topic, and little more was elicited.

Mrs. W. T. Raven introduced this in a paper on "Woman's Rights." This was a strong plea for the right of the ballot, urging man to let woman aid in guiding the ship of State. It is not mind alone that rules the world, but mind and heart. Governments exercise their just powers by the consent of the governed; woman cannot consent without the ballot, hence this is an unjust government. A man who thinks his wife must vote as he says is a poor specimen and not fit to be called a man.

Mrs. F. J. Randall said that according to the first chapter of Genesis men and women were created equal, and it was a great mystery why woman ever allowed herself to become subject to man. She would have woman given the right to vote because she is a human being, because she has to suffer the penalty if she breaks the laws, and so should have a voice in making

them, because she has to pay taxes; because her influence would be increased; because she would be likely to elect purer men to office; and lastly, because she would vote for prohibition.

The discussion was quite animated, and it is evident that the Columbia Club has a number of ladies who would like to vote.

The bountiful supper at four o'clock was followed by a number of toasts, responded to by the young ladies.

A. R. P.

CALLA BLOOMS ALL WINTER.

I have three Callas in separate pots, and in May I roll them on their sides under a bush in a corner of the yard, and don't think of them again until about the 15th of August. I then break off the hard soil around the bulbs, snip off with my thumb the small bulblets on the sides, put broken crock in the bottom of the pots, and above these dry hens' droppings, then soft meadow soil with muck, tree mold and sand mixed. Put in the bulbs, and that is all the attention they need for another year, except watering, and this must be attended to every day. In the winter I use warm water, but it does not make much difference whether the water is warm or cold. The buds begin to come in November, and one or the other, or perhaps all, will be in bloom at once, until it is time to tuck them in the fence corner again. They are very satisfactory window plants. Insects do not trouble them, and the old bulbs do well year after year. I have known one plant to bloom ten years in succession.

DETROIT.

SISTER GRACIOUS.

"OLD WORN OUT CUSTOMS."

Grandpa has been trying to call up reminiscences of the "Old Worn Out Customs," alluded to by School Girl in the HOUSEHOLD of the 13th inst., which in her estimation need to be "done away;" and while there may be some which appear ridiculous and absurd when caricatured, as they often are when the farce of "Ye Deestrick Skule" is enacted at church fairs, etc.; still, if some of those "old worn out customs" once actually practiced were still in vogue, society and the rising generation would be greatly benefitted. If the old custom of drilling children in school in reading and spelling, all the pupils reading at least twice every day, and the smaller ones four times a day, and then spelling from the reading columns, instead of barely reading once daily, as is customary in most of our graded schools, there would be more good readers and spellers than can be found in schools at the present day.

If the good old custom of requiring children to pay more respect to the aged and to their superiors were revived, one would not so often hear the salutation from nearly every urchin, "Hello, old feller! Hello, old man!" which now salutes one's ears on the street. The good old custom required the boy to pull off his hat and make a bow to every stranger he met on the road; the girls were expected to make a curtesy; when they entered the school

room in the morning they were required to say "good morning" to the teacher, and when they left at night to say "good night."

School Girl asserts she has the "welfare of country schools" as much at heart as the writer; of this the readers of the HOUSEHOLD must judge. "By your fruits shall ye be known."

I am pleased to learn that School Girl is "a farmer's daughter," and is proud of her lineage. Grandpa is also the descendant of a long line of ancestral farmers. Agriculture and horticulture have always been his chosen avocations, in which he still takes delight.

Grandpa is not a myth but a verity; a veteran of three score and ten years, of whose seven grandchildren he is justly proud, and is fortunate in having three granddaughters, who, though they never attended a district school, have great respect for Grandpa, who never attended any other; and they often come to him for help in their studies.

GRANDPA.

MUSKOGON.

MAKING A MATTRESS.

I have been making a husk mattress and feel so well pleased with the result of my labor that I want to tell the HOUSEHOLD all about it. I have saved the husks from the seed corn for two years, stripping them fine and packing away in flour sacks until I had enough, being careful to reject any very hard ones. I bought ten yards of mattress ticking at a shilling a yard; made a mattress needle out of a brace from an old parasol—which has an eye like a needle in one end, the other I filed to a point—cut some circular pieces of leather about an inch in diameter from the top of an old shoe and went to work. I made my tick in two parts, one a square, the same width as the bedstead, the other to fill out the space at the end and make it the desired size. In this way the square pieces can be turned around so that it will wear more evenly, thus preserving a level surface. But if I ever make another it will be in four pieces of equal size, so that the outside edges may be turned to the center, which will be an improvement over the two pieces.

I made a six inch boxing all around each piece, and in cutting out, allowed an inch to the foot for "taking up" in making. This was what the mattress manufacturer to whom I applied for information told me, but I found it too much; should allow not more than three-fourths as much next time. After the tick was ready I stuffed it with the husks, packing firmly as possible and keeping the center fuller than the edges. It takes about thirty-five pounds of husks, shredded into half inch widths. After the tick was well filled I tied it close with strong twine, using my home-made needle—which is about ten inches long—and putting a piece of the leather on each side to prevent tearing out the ticking. Make four or five tyings across the mattress, and the same distance the other way. When finished it will be a pleasure to use it in place of the commonly used, though not-to-be-despised raw bed.

FLINT.

ELLA R. WOOD.

OFF TO ALASKA.

(Continued.)

It may be of interest to give some items of note regarding the country we have been travelling in. At Sitka, on June 21st, the longest day of the year, the sun rises about three p. m. and sets about nine p. m. Further north, at Chilcat, the most northern point visited by tourists, the rising is considerably hastened and the setting later. Owing to the reflection from the snowclad mountains the twilight is prolonged, and daybreak hastened, so that it is really not fully dark at any time. But for all this a compensation of darkness comes in December, when the sun rises at nine a. m. and sets at three p. m. The temperature taken near Sitka for the year, showed the highest to have been in August, 63 deg., and the lowest in December, 27 deg. This was in the year ending Sept. 30, 1888. I have not found a later report. The weather is colder sometimes, as residents there say zero weather sometimes occurs, but very rarely. They say that 80 deg. is sometimes reached in summer.

It is estimated that from 90,000 to 100,000 fur-bearing seal are annually caught by the Alaska Commercial Company; which pays an annual tax to the government of \$55,000, and a royalty on each seal caught of \$2.62. These seals are caught principally on the islands of St. Paul and St. George.

In 1883 there were packed 36,000 cases of salmon, each case containing four dozen one pound cans. In 1888, 440,000 such cases were packed, equal to 12,060 tons. This total includes 15,000 barrels of salted salmon. About 40 vessels were employed in whaling the same year, and about 6,000,000 pounds of codfish caught; and of halibut 430,000 pounds. The value of the year's fisheries was considered by a conservative estimate at \$4,000,000. This did not include the seal, which are classed as fur-bearing animals. Here is a table of estimates of Alaskan products for 1888, the latest I have found:

Fish, oil, bone and ivory.....	\$4,000,000
Furs.....	3,000,000
Gold, (bullion ore and dust).....	2,000,000
Silver.....	50,000
Lumber.....	50,000
Total.....	\$9,100,000

A pretty good showing for a country bought for \$7,000,000, and declared to be of no value.

It is claimed that while the winters in the interior of Alaska are much colder than on the coast, the summers are warmer, and drier, and that there are regions where many cereals and vegetables could be grown and dairying be made a success.

Besides gold and silver, mines of iron, copper, lead and other metals are found; and coal of the best quality and exhaustless quantities is found.

At Sitka, fresh salmon costs two cents a pound; halibut and bass, half a cent; venison, eight cents; ducks, twenty cents a pair.

Mt. Edgecumbe, near Sitka, is 10,000 feet high, and was a volcano until 1851. It has precipitous sides, but can be ascend-

ed without great difficulty or danger. It presents the appearance of having its apex cut squarely off, leaving a plain on its summit. It has a crater said to be 2,000 feet in diameter and 200 feet deep. It is related that the Indians used to consider it a hungry and angry spirit in its days of eruption, and tried to appease and propitiate it by feeding it the carcasses of whales, and such rough food as they could by patient labor procure and carry up its steep sides.

The Indians have a tradition that all life comes from the raven. First he made man of a stone, but fearing he might live forever, destroyed the model and formed him of a leaf. But woman was first made of a strawberry blossom, and supreme as head of the crow family; while man, created after, was the head of the wolf or warrior family. From these sprang the sub-families of the whale, bear, eagle, beaver and fox. The raven was a white bird, but attempted to ascend a chimney with his beak filled with water he had stolen from his uncle while he slept. His uncle, who was water-maker, awakened, built a fire and smoked the raven black, who, as he flew away, choked and dropped the water, making the oceans and seas. Property descends on the mother's side, and children bear the tribal name of the mother. Thus women are not without "rights" in Indian Alaska.

It is said that within the last twenty years the natives have decreased one-half in number. Cause, epidemic diseases, the small pox having carried off thousands, the hardships of their lives, their dissolute and licentious habits, the exposure in infancy and childhood, sowing the seeds of consumption, which carries them off early in life. I noticed that many who came to trade where we anchored at Muir glacier had very bad coughs, and yet were so scantily clad they shivered as they sat. Some were barefoot, except as they wrapped up in the boat, their clothing only rags, except the blanket wrapped outside, gay in color, warm in texture, stiff with filth, but the pride of its possessor.

The Innuits of the north of Alaska are reported to be much more degraded than those of the southeastern coast. They kill off the old and helpless, and young infants if they think they cannot support them; take a daughter from one man and give her to another, if he bids higher; or sell them to lives of shame without remorse. Yet they are of a kindly spirit, and when missionaries were sent among them, they proved more easily won to Christianity than many on a naturally higher plane.

It is only since 1886 that the Moravians established the first mission at Bethel, on the Huskokwin river. A year later a second was started 200 miles further inland, and the Indians are coming in on every hand, crying for more. "Come to our villages," they cry: "We will build houses for you. We want a share of the blood of Jesus to wash away our bad (sin)."

MAPLETHORPE.

A. L. L.

(To be Continued.)

"JOHN'S Wife," of Hadley, Lapeer Co., asks: "Will some one please tell me just how to make grape wine from the Clinton grapes. Perhaps Evangeline will be so kind."

IN the HOUSEHOLD of August 25th, 1888, a lady advises putting sound whole tomatoes in not very strong vinegar. When wanted for use, drain and eat with sugar. She says they are delicious, and several of our readers who have tried this plan acquiesce in her opinion.

EDA, of Sand Beach, wants a recipe for sour green tomato pickles. Here is one from the "Housekeepers' New Cook Book:" "Chop a peck of green tomatoes and stir in half a teacupful of salt. Drain over night. Add three green peppers, chopped; one teacupful grated horseradish; two quarts vinegar; one teacup sugar. Let boil, stirring occasionally, till the tomato is tender, then add a tablespoonful each of cinnamon and cloves." Perhaps some of our readers will send a recipe they have tested.

GRAPE juice, for invalids' use, sells in this city at \$1 per quart bottle. If you have the grapes, you can make it yourself at far less expense, as a lady of this city has practically demonstrated this season. It takes about two and a half pounds of grapes to make enough juice to fill one of these alleged quart bottles. Stem the grapes, cook till thoroughly done, strain through a fine sieve or a jelly-bag, return to the fire, skim as it boils up, add about three tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar—less if you prefer—boil and skim again, strain and bottle, sealing the corks with wax. Even if you have to buy the grapes the total cost need not exceed ten cents per quart. For those recovering from illness this makes a strength-giving, blood-renewing beverage, a wineglass-full being given half an hour before each meal. For persons in an enemic condition it is also excellent. And it is "not bad to take" when one is tired or needs some light refreshment. The most enthusiastic blue-ribboner can take it freely, as it is absolutely free from alcohol, even though made from grapes.

Contributed Recipes.

TOMATO SOY.—One peck ripe tomatoes, peeled; one quart vinegar; one dessert spoonful salt; three and one-half pounds brown sugar; one ounce whole cloves. Boil all together very slowly until it is rich and thick, and reduced fully two-thirds. This will keep years and get better with age. Is delicious with poultry, game and meats.

SPICED GRAPES.—Seven pounds grapes; three pounds sugar; one pint vinegar; two teaspoonfuls cinnamon; one of allspice; half teaspoonful cloves.

GREEN TOMATO PRESERVE.—Eight pounds small green tomatoes, (pierce each with a fork); seven pounds sugar; the juice of four lemons; of ginger and mace mixed, one ounce. Heat all together slowly and boil until the fruit is clear. Take it from the kettle with a skimmer, and spread on dishes to cool. Boil the sugar until thick; put the tomatoes into jars and pour it over them hot. Keep in a cool, dry place. These are particularly nice, and taste much like foreign preserves.

SALINE.

MARY.