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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

WHY GIRLS WILL WED.

She arose at the early daybreak,
With a sick and aching head,
And she said—this cross little woman—
“I wonder why girls will wed?
They wouldn't, I'm sure, if they reckoned
The things that a wife must bear,
The never-done work of a household,
The never-done mother care.

“Sixdozen pieces to wash to-day,
And the children must go to school,
And every one knows on washing-days
Baby is cross as a rule.
And Bridget is not to the work yet;
(Oh, dear, how my head does ache!)
Yet I shall have the dinner to cook,
And all of the beds to make.”

But as soon as the breakfast was ready,
Father came in from the yard;
He kissed the sick little mother,
“Was sure that the work was hard.”
He said to the noisy boys: “Be still!
Your mother's not well to-day;”
And when he bade her good-bye,
He “would kiss the pain away.”

And the coffee or kiss—which was it?
He'd like a magical charm!
The spirit of diligent gladness
Was every where on the farm.
The father worked hard at the plowing,
The mother forgot her pain;
Bridget did we'll with the washing,
There wasn't a drop of rain.

The baking and cleaning were over
When the boys came home from school,
Baby forgot it was washing-day,
And pleasantly broke his rule;
And at night the house was clean and bright—
There was not a thing amiss.
“'Tis only a wife,” the father thought,
“Would do so much for a kiss.”

And the wife sitting down in the firelight,
The baby asleep at her side,
Her husband chatting, and watching her
With a husband's loving pride,
Thought much of her full and pleasant home,
Of her children asleep in bed,
And said, with a sweet, contented laugh,
“No wonder that girls will wed!”
—Lillie Barr.

WASHING BUTTER.

With all deference to the twenty years' experience in butter-making, which entitles Mrs. R. S.'s opinions to respectful consideration, I confess myself unconvinced of the expediency of not washing butter. We may look to far other causes than washing or not washing, as giving us rancid or “frowy” butter. Butter is a perishable commodity, so far as its flavor and quality are concerned, and only by diligence in many respects, can we expect to make an article which will keep any length of time, and retain its excellence. It is not the water “which

gets all through it, and causes it to work and ferment;” it is the buttermilk that does the mischief which Mrs. R. S. ascribes to the water. Pure water contains nothing which can induce fermentation, while we can see without a microscope the particles of unchurned cream, and other matter suspended in the buttermilk. Just as soon as the buttermilk begins to change—which it does within forty-eight hours—a decomposition takes place, more or less rapidly, as favored by the degree of heat and exposure, and this decomposition makes the butter rancid. L. B. Arnold, T. D. Curtis, John Guild, Mrs. Fanny Morley, all our practical dairymen and writers on dairy topics, tell us this. It has been demonstrated beyond a doubt by repeated and re-repeated experiments. Now I leave it to a “jury of my countrywomen” which method is best calculated to remove this deteriorating element, the washing the granulated butter—each granule an aggregation of atoms of pure butter—while suspended in the buttermilk, in weak brine or pure water, allowing it to carry off the sugar, caseine and acids of the buttermilk; or the attempt to accomplish the same thing by the pressing and squeezing out process which we call working. The sugar and caseine are soluble in water, the brine coagulates the albumen; it seems plain enough these foreign substances can be dissolved out much more readily than they can be worked out, which latter method is far more apt to divide and subdivide the drops of buttermilk, and incorporate them in the butter, only to be removed by laborious working at the risk of injuring the texture of the butter. If washing butter is “contrary to the laws of nature,” it is no more so than the manufacture of butter itself, which is nowhere taught by nature's processes.

Mrs. R. S.'s excellent butter owes its good qualities, I am inclined to believe, more to her care and painstaking in the matter of getting out the buttermilk than to its never having been treated to a bath. If the working is thorough, and not continued till the grain and “waxy” appearance is destroyed, we shall have good, well-keeping butter. But if worked too long,—and the time of working can never be arbitrarily fixed, since temperature varies, with other conditions—we have salvey, “greasy” butter, with no “grain,” which, however long it may keep, is never classed as “gilt edged.” Our best butter makers, who pride them-

selves upon their reputation for a strictly first class article, all our standard creameries, wash their butter as described in the Household of August 12th. L. B. Arnold says no butter is considered “fancy” which is not separated from the buttermilk in this way.

As regards the keeping qualities of washed butter, Henry Stewart, the well known authority on dairying, tell us he kept a fifty pound pail of washed butter one year; it then brought three cents per pound above the price of fresh butter, sent to the New York market with it, from an ordinary commission man. It was washed in the churn with weak brine, after the buttermilk had been drawn off, and was salted.

Yet I will admit such butter as I have described seldom keeps; there is such a demand for it that the supply is never sufficient. But it would not disturb the serenity of the manufacturers to know that, properly packed, it was to take an ocean voyage to Denmark, to be compared with the famous Danish butter made in the same fashion, which bears an excellent reputation in London and Continental cities.

The selection of a churn is often a matter of debate. Good butter can be made in any form of churn, if only its principle of working be understood. A churn too full of cream will waste butter, much of the cream will be taken away with the buttermilk. Too thick cream may be wasted because it cannot be churned evenly; while thin cream, if churned rapidly with fine floats, may be beaten into a froth from which no good butter can ever be produced. I incline to believe a churn should never be more than half full of cream—better less than more—when churned. Given the proper temperature of the cream, good “sound” cream, neither too thick nor too thin, and not too great a quantity, and good butter can be made in almost any churn.
BEATRIX.

EXPERIENCES.

Whether we search high or low in life's domain, whether through the teachings of our daily lessons we climb nobly into the years, or blindly stumble, our experiences lead us, give to us individuality. They constitute our intelligent, reasoning life; through them we are preserved from confusion and inanity; by their light we plan the future.

The only person whom one might envy is he whose nature has, through many and

rich experiences, been freed from prejudices and unjustness, whose heart has become the dwelling place of purity and charity.

One of the first lessons experience endeavors to teach us is that life is not as we fancied or planned it. In our early youth and inexperience we build the life we hope will come. Along the waiting years are only gems of joy; gladness is the sum of every dawning day, and hope's roseate hues envelop life in resplendent beauty. But as we pass from each to-day we see with pained surprise our ideal life still beyond our grasp. We gather no sweetness from the joy-gem disguised in pain. Days come and go which have no sun, and we grieve and doubt life's purposes, because we do not understand them.

When we let our experiences teach us, whatever they may be, we see gain coming from all the varied changes of the years. We learn more from an experience of pain growing out of even our errors than the grandest experience of another can teach us. We must realize states of being, and in order to do this, we must live them. In its possibilities lie all the grandeur of being. These are manifold and wonderful. Through development alone we discover the resources, and come into possession of life's rich heritage.

Another of our difficult experiences is to learn to wait. The waiting times of life are so hard to live nobly, yet are they the hiding places of power. In these seeming rests, or unrests, there is a great work to be accomplished. Our natures are opposed to rapid growth. Slowly and painfully the dross is eliminated; slowly life throws out the sweet influences wrought by the pain and teachings of our waiting times.

One of the lessons of life most slowly comprehended is the great one of charity,—love for, and faith in humanity. Every one is working out life in accordance with the influences which have been impressed upon him, in harmony with the conditions and environments of that life. We little know what strange combinations of tendency and force the spark of being attracts. Life is an experiment, a battle-ground wherein contending forces struggle. We must be contented to let each work by his own methods, not condemning because of dissimilarity of views. Human life is closely woven and interwoven; we can judge of right motives, of what is good and true in others, only as we ourselves are good and true. Of the secret trains of thought and energy, of the silent, hidden influences brought to bear upon another life, leading to action, we know nothing.

"What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

Perhaps the most severe of all discipline is the perfecting of our natures through suffering. Life's grandest and most satisfying lesson is to learn to suffer patiently and nobly. We have grasped the sweetest possession of the spirit when we find the rest and peace born of pain, when our hearts are filled by the inspiration of sorrow. We require to think and feel earnestly, intensely, in order to in-

corporate healthfulness into our active life. Through the gateway of pain we enter the sanctuary of the heart. Those who have suffered most are richest. They are those who comfort us who are but entering into life's heritage of pain and disappointment.

In the morning of life you must find that the world is full of sin and injustice, that the beautiful innocence of childhood will vanish, and you will sadly wonder if these things were always so, or if it is that you have just come to know them. You must learn to look at life not as satisfactory because your wishes are fulfilled, but because it may be made satisfactory through endeavor and patient endurance. You will plead for truth and justice, but you will feel your heart sometimes crushed by the power of wrong. Sympathy is a necessity to helpfulness, and only through your own suffering needs can you appreciate and minister to the wants of others.

"What one hath lost tho' he daily pleads,
Is now fully given unto the whole."

The growth upward is momentarily accomplished. Every experience yields its lesson, learned with pain which crushed a heart to bleeding; or through gladness which illumined all the soul. When the spirit's vision becomes clear and unerring, we shall see how life's bitterest lessons helped us to touch the heavenward paths. We shall feel the uplifting light of the thought, "all is well;" we shall know that all the varied experiences and rapid changes, all the good and seeming evil of life,—all is well.

STRONG-MINDED GIRL.

LESLIE.

THE GIRLS AGAIN.

As I was the one who caused the ripple to broaden in our Household, in regard to the responsibility of mothers for the fault of the boys, I expect Daisy thinks I or some other may take exceptions to her bold assertion, that "mothers are in fault for the idleness and unprofitableness of the girls of the period." I shall not be the one to disagree with her, for I firmly believe the greater responsibility rests with mothers.

The only point of much difference between Beatrix and I, was the ease with which she said mothers could train the boys. I am not willing to place the whole responsibility upon mothers, and let the fathers wash their hands of the whole business, and fold their arms in contentment. That it is the manifest duty of every mother to be as careful in the training of her sons as daughters, I believe; but I also believe example has a greater influence than precept; and unless the father cooperates with the mother in precept, and particularly in example, I fear much of her training is in vain. The boys as they grow toward manhood, naturally look to their father for example, and want to do "as father does," for he is a man, and are not they going to be men? For this very reason the greater responsibility rests with the mother in regard to what her daughters shall become. The girls grow up with the mother, and if she is a true mother they are her companions. She

spends the morning hours with them about their household duties, encouraging and instructing, and when the hours of leisure come they are still her companions. If they are not, if they choose other companionship, and the mother cares not, or does not know whom they associate with or where they go, or if she sets the example of extravagance, vanity, gossiping, idleness or wastefulness, or if she fosters any of these when she sees them budding, they will grow, and surely as "she hath sown so shall she also reap."

I have read Daisy's questions carefully over, and my heart pleads "not guilty." Perhaps you may think I have no daughters. I have three just growing into womanhood; two are still attending school, and the oldest is my daily companion. We live on a large farm, and do our own work, so you see they are not very idle, for I assure the members I do only my share, and we keep three hired men; but we do not have as good luck as Mrs. R. D. P., in her forty years' experience. I think she struck the keynote out of the difficulty when she says her husband is as particular as herself, but around here hired men are in great demand, and it is impossible to get such as you would like very often.

To Beatrix's last question to me, I candidly answer no. I have voluntarily assumed the greater responsibility of guiding my daughters, but if my son lives to grow to manhood, I shall expect the full sympathy and support, as well as good example of my husband, in his training and formation of a good character.

OLD SCHOOL TEACHER.

TECUMSEH.

FALL FASHIONS.

That subtle, indefinable element in the air which attends the advent of a new season, has impressed us now for several weeks. The shortening days, the leaves already falling, the golden rod flaming on the hillsides, the dahlias and asters in the garden, re signs of the presence of beautiful September, the brown-tressed maiden with hair wreathed with corn and wheat, and her lap filled with grapes and peaches. In the shop windows diaphanous muslins and tissues are displaced by warm hued browns and soft grays in light woolen fabrics, and maids and matrons are shopping, and dressmakers "full of business." Talk of dull times! One would not think it to see the crowds who jostle each other in our mammoth dry goods stores.

In new dress goods we note the revival of the old-fashioned alpaca and mohair, which promise to be much worn this season. Otherwise the usual light weight cashmeres, reps, camel's hair, serges, bison cloth, seem in favor. Woolen goods are still as fashionable as ever; no one need mourn inability to purchase silks and satins as long as Fashion gives us such soft, fine woolen stuffs, and decrees them suitable for all occasions. A pretty cloth costume is more fashionable for street and church wear, at the moment, than richer goods. It is noticeable how very plainly our society ladies dress on the street.

Quiet, plain dresses, beautifully fitted

and made, are voted the most stylish. The new autumn dresses are not exceptions to this, they are severe in design and very simple in trimming. The round waist, made separate from the skirts and a few inches longer, to come well down under the band, is to be very much worn this year for all kinds of dresses. This waist can be varied in many ways, made perfectly plain, with fullness at the neck and waist line in front and back, tucked, pleated, or plain on the shoulders and with fullness at the belt. For heavy wool goods the preference is for the plain waist, with a flat or puffed vest, with revers, or a square plastron. The surplice waist, so popular this summer, is reproduced for autumn dresses, and is very quaint and pretty. Sleeves are still tight, and shoulder seams short, and a welting is sometimes used now to strengthen the arm-hole.

For those who prefer basques, the postilion, with back shaped in a narrow square, very short sides and pointed front, is stylish; or a basque which has its lower edge cut in leaf points, corded, or edged with beaded cord. Double breasted basques are fashionable, as are also those crossing the bust diagonally. Stout people wear flat vests which taper at the waist line. Jackets with waistcoats are very stylish; dress waists are made to have the effect of opening over a waistcoat or vest of the trimming material.

In dress skirts, we have those without flounces for very heavy goods, a blessing to the fragile women who have so long suffered under dresses weighted with heavy pleatings. These are made over the usual foundation skirt, which is wider by an additional back width and straighter front and side gores. These have a narrow pleating at the foot, over which the lower edge of the smoothly adjusted dress material falls. The drapery over these plain skirts must be very full and high in the back, over the bustle or pleatings of crinoline which serve as such. Or else the drapery must be very long, coming nearly to the bottom of the dress in front. Bias folds, three overlapping each other, are a popular trimming; tucks are also much seen on woolen dresses. The folds may be of satin, velvet, or the material used as trimming. Some very handsome dresses have backs composed of what are called waterfall pleats, straight widths of the goods, lined, laid in two pleats, and the pleats held in place by elastic bands; the pleats should be defined the whole length of the skirt. The front of the dress may have side panels open over a kilted front, or a long apron, trimmed; and the waist may be round, with a belt; or a basque. Some "accordeon" skirts, those laid in very fine, close pleats, are seen here, but their beauty does not counterbalance the amount of goods to be used and their great weight.

Polonaises are quite popular, and what is called the waterfall polonaise is a leading style. This has the fullness of the usual pleats in the back laid in box pleats, held in place by tapes, which extend to the narrow pleating on the skirt. Sometimes part of the fullness is added at the

side back seams, and four single box pleats take the place of the two double pleats. The fronts may be double-breasted; the drapery of the front parted into side paniers, or fall in long points over the lower skirt. The "bib" polonaise, with full fronts gathered in at the neck, belted at the waist with ribbons, which are sewed into the side seams, the skirt forming an apron draped high at the sides under ribbon rosettes, is also a pretty style.

In drimmings for wool dresses we have velvet, plain or brocaded, which is used for the wide cuffs, the high collar, vest, for revers on the drapery and folds or bands upon the skirts. Braids of various kinds are much used, some wool dresses being made with extreme plainness, and heavily trimmed with braid. Ribbon velvet is also to be used. There are jetted braids for silk dresses, and rings of silver braid for more elaborate decoration. Last winter's dresses, if modeled in the plain, severe styles which prevailed, can be worn this winter without alteration.

In colors, the warm, yellowy browns are extremely popular; also deep shades of red. Orange, just a suspicion of it in a loop or knot of ribbon, a plume or flower, seems the favorite "fad" of the moment.

A REMEDY FOR FELONS.

Through the Household I wish to tell those who may suffer from that terrible scourge, felons, of a painless remedy that will effect a perfect cure in twenty-four hours, as I have had occasion to prove within the last three days. A lady came here who had been suffering over two weeks with a felon on the end of her middle finger. I saturated a bit of grated wild turnip the size of a bean with spirits of turpentine, and applied it to the affected part. It relieved the pain at once. In twelve hours there was a hole in the bone, and the felon was destroyed. I removed the turnip and applied healing salve, and the finger is well. Having myself nearly lost a finger with a felon, I appreciate the remedy, and would like to benefit others.

MYRA L. PARSONS.

LINWOOD, Bay County.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

We have discussed bread making until any teachable person must know how to make good bread; and the season is about here when a very poor butter-maker can make tolerable butter. Would it not be well for us to follow the example of our Editor, and turn our attention to the district school for a time?

Can any one tell why the study of botany is so entirely neglected in our common schools? There can be no more interesting study for children, and few more profitable to them when grown up. We shall be the nearer the solution of the problem "how to keep the boys on the farm," when we interest them in the beauties and wonders of nature. Take the simplest plant with which a child is familiar, and describe its component parts, with their offices, and at once they

wish to take another, until in one day they will arrive at questions which our most distinguished botanists have not been able to answer; for although nature is willing to tell the reason why she keeps the "how" to herself in many cases.

To my mind a knowledge of botany would take the "humdrum" complained of by so many of our young people entirely out of farming. A fresh interest and beauty would attach itself to everything. All our poets love nature. Burns at the plow cannot trample the daisy under foot without saying:

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy sle der stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r
Thou bonnie gem."

MRS. W. J. G.

HOWELL.

A WELCOME NEW COMER.

I am glad to read the different opinions on butter-making. I have been a farmer's wife for sixteen years; knew very little about farm work when I was married, having taught school for years before. I have had to learn nearly all from experience; but I remembered something of my mother's process of making butter, and I tried to do just as she did, then I felt satisfied it would be right.

In the first place I see that my milk dishes are perfectly clean, using earthen pans mostly. I have a tin pail for my cream; nothing else is put in it. I have no ice-house, so the day before I churn I hang the cream in the well, and churn as early as possible the next morning. The butter comes in a few moments nice and hard. (I will say right here I use the Champion churn, and like it.) I wash it in two or three waters, working all the butter-milk out I can, then salt it with nice fine salt, set it down cellar until the next morning, then work as little as possible to get the brine out, then I pack in smooth clean crocks, when full cover with brine. I never have any trouble in its keeping sweet. I like the milk to be thick when I skim it.

EVERGREEN FARM.

OSHTEMO.

TURKEY RAISING.

"I thought I would report my success (or failure) in turkey raising this year. I will first state that I have raised turkeys for a number of years, and always have had the best of luck, until this season. (Well, there must always be a first time.) I have fifty-one now, part of them are very nice; but I have lost one hundred and thirty more. I think had I commenced sooner to treat them for lice, I should have had better luck, although I lost one a few days ago that I think had gapes; it kept gasping and rattled in the throat, as if filled up with phlegm. I am quite confident that the principal trouble with most of them was vermin. I shall try again next year.

Some time ago there was an inquiry how to cleanse wool. I will give my method, and think those who try it will be pleased with the result: To every three gallons of soft water add one pint

of soft soap and one teacupful of salt. Put the wool in a tub, pour on the preparation boiling hot; (there should be plenty to cover the wool;) let stand till cool; wring out and dry in the sun.

WHITE LAKE.

MINNIE.

GOOD SOUND SENSE.

Under the head of "Crazy Work and Sane Work," Harper's *Bazar* thus speaks of a "crazy" quilt made of nine thousand scraps of silk and satin, set together with much fancy stitching:

"To the maker and her friends it appeared a monumental labor of taste, industry and artistic talent. To us it stood for a misdirected energy and perseverance, too common among women. If it cost but ten minutes to add one scrap to another—an allowance far too small—the quilt represented an outlay of fifteen hundred hours, one hundred and twenty-five working days of twelve solid hours each, or one hour a day for more than four years. Fifteen hundred hours would have developed an admirable and remunerative skill in embroidery or painting; they would have sufficed for the acquisition of a modern language, a solid knowledge of history, poetry, literature, art, music. Devoted to educational work their helpful influence could not be reckoned.

"It is the chief misfortune and limitation of women that their aims are petty. When these are conscientiously petty, as in the misguided struggle for decoration, it is naturally difficult to substitute larger ones. The cumulative teaching of all time having been that women should be satisfied with patchwork, mental, moral, and manual, it is perhaps unreasonable to expect them to repudiate it. But most women have ambitions, if not aspirations. And most women need to be reminded that the time they daily industriously waste would do for them what it does for men—conquer new worlds."

We commend the above to those of our readers who have the "patchwork craze," whether it finds expression in silks or calicoes. To keep one's thoughts down to a patchwork level, is to ignore the fact that civilization waits for the intellectual advancement of women. "It is not high qualities that women lack, but high directions."

USEFUL TO KNOW.

In reference to several of the popular brands of domestic goods, the *American Cultivator* says:

"New York Mills is heavy, but turns yellow unless very carefully laundered, and is apt to split in the wearing. Utica Mills and Wamsutta are generally regarded as the best brands for heavy underclothing, shirts, chemises, etc. Davol Mills and Fruit of the Loom are lighter and cheaper brands, excellent for night-gowns and skirts. Lonsdale cotton, heavier than Lonsdale cambric, is also an excellent skirting muslin, while Pride of the West, a very fine and soft brand, is especially liked for ladies' underwear, having the weight of muslin with the softness of cambric. There are innumerable other grades, but it is impossible to do more than mention the standard brands.

"In selecting Hamburg edges be careful to choose those with a well-worked and strong scallop which will not split into ragged fringes. The strong cotton edges known as 'everlasting' are to be recommended for trimming childrens' underwear. They claim twelve yards to the piece, but rarely run over ten. In

buying buttons, tapes, sewing cotton, etc., it is always economy to buy by the quantity, since all such goods are much cheaper when thus bought. Very few people are so extravagant as to use regular sewing cotton for basting, and basting cotton, at six cents the dozen spools, forms part of most sewing outfits."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

It is now the fashion to put a shelf covered with dark velvet or Canton flannel, over the door to hold china and other bric-a-brac.

If you have a handsome dining table, whose polish you desire to preserve against the possibility of accident, get a length of double fold white Canton flannel to place under the tablecloth. Most people are pleased with the softness thus gained, whether they care for their table or not.

THE peach pie of the poets is made as follows: "If your peaches are juicy, do not put a drop of water in a pie. Scatter at least one teacupful of sugar over the peaches in a medium sized pie; wet the edges of the crust so that no juice will escape; have the oven hot when the pie is put in, and let it cool gradually. When you can see the juice bubble through the openings in the top of the crust you may feel reasonably sure that the fruit is cooked enough; to be absolutely certain let the pie stand in the oven with the door wide open for five minutes, after you have noticed the bubbles, and after the crust looks done."

If you are annoyed by flies, see that the swill barrel and swill pail are carried away from the house; they are breeding grounds of flies, as well as prolific of bad smells. A box with a hinged cover to set the swill pails in is a convenience in "fly time." Cremate as much refuse not appreciated by the pigs, as you can, and see that the dishwater and washing suds is not thrown out to form a puddle by the back door. Keep a pail by the washstand to throw slops from the bowl in; it saves steps and the constant splash of water out the back door, for such slops rarely go further. A little pains in these particulars will diminish the number of scavengers—flies—and help to keep the premises healthy.

AN exchange recently related that the mother of a little girl who was gradually growing deaf, had in fact nearly lost the use of one ear, was asked by the physician to whom she had taken the child for treatment, whether she had not been in the habit of boxing the child's ears. The mother was compelled to reply in the affirmative, and the physician then told her that by so doing, she had so injured the sensitive inner ear that it was only a question of time when her daughter would be entirely deprived of hearing, no remedy being possible. Remember this, mothers, when you are tempted to give the hasty blow, for in your careless anger you may inflict life long physical damage. I cannot too severely deprecate the injudi-

ciousness of those mothers who govern on the old plan of "a word and a blow," the blow often first. If a child needs punishment, as most of them do at times, take time and fitting occasion; explain to the child why it is punished, and do not "kick and cuff" the little ones about as unceremoniously as you would a dog.

Mrs. W. J. G. asks some of our readers to furnish her with a tested, good recipe for preserved tomatoes.

Contributed Recipes.

CORN FRITTERS.—Grate twenty ears of sweet corn; add one teacupful sweet cream, and one-half tablespoonfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of salt; (if the corn is quite old, it may require more cream; or if young, more flour.) Bake on a griddle, and eat with butter. They are very nice.

WHITE LAKE.

MINNIE.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.—As the season for pickling cucumbers is not yet over, and I think my method of pickling them so much superior to any I have ever seen in print, I send it to the Household: When the cucumbers are picked from the vines put them in cold brine until the next day; then take them out and place in a stone jar; first a layer of cucumbers and then a layer of green horseradish leaves from which the center stem has been stripped, alternately, finishing with the leaves; then pour on cold vinegar enough to cover them. Proceed in this way at each picking, until the crock is filled. Pickles made in this way will be ready to use in two weeks; or they may be covered closely and kept until the next spring, when they will be crisp and good.

GINGER SNAPS.—Heat together three cups molasses, one cup sugar, one cup butter and lard mixed, and one tablespoonful of ginger. When cool add three beaten eggs and one tablespoonful of saleratus; roll thin and cut with a biscuit cutter.


SUGAR COOKIES.—Two cups white sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of sour cream, two eggs, one tablespoonful of saleratus; flavor with nutmeg.

SPONGE CAKE.—One cup white sugar, two eggs, one teaspoonful baking powder, sifted with one and a half cups flour; a little salt; when well stirred add one-third cup of boiling water.

P. W.

GRAND BLANC.

JAMES PYLE'S



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