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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

COMMENCEMENT ESSAYS.

I heard the essays. That one on
"The Magna Charta and King John,"
The head girl wrote. She with the wreath
Described Lear's wandering on the heath
Quite prettily. Another one
Explained "The spots upon the sun,"
"The Influence of Browning," and
"The early writings of George Sand;"
"The Transcendental Movement; How
It Touches German Letters Now"—
All these I sadly listened to.

"What earthly good can these things do?"
I asked myself: "Does old King John
Teach you to sew a patch upon
A coat?—or can the spotted sun
Say when the roast is rarely done?
Do Browning's tangled poems tell
The way to mend a stocking well?"

While I was wondering sadly there,
A sweet girl rose, and I declare,
She talked about the homely things
From washtubs down to muffin rings!
She had ten pages all on pie,
She knew the choicest way to fry
An oyster, and how best to bake
A good old-fashioned Johnny cake.

Next day the girl was asked to share
The fortunes of a millionaire;
She now reads Browning's wonderous books,
And leaves the cooking to her cooks.

The girl who wrote on Browning's work
Is married to a dry goods clerk
Whose income's small. No girl have they,
She scrubs and cooks the livelong day,
And sighs while bending o'er the range,
When she reflects upon the change—
The fall from school sublimities
To tattered books of recipes.

—Springfield (Mass.) Graphic.

AN AFTERNOON TEA.

Here's a little lady who is ambitious
to entertain some of her young friends
at afternoon tea, and asks help from the
HOUSEHOLD, saying: "The magazines
to which one naturally looks for help
in such things seem to write only for
those 'way up' in social life, and are
no aid to those who cannot have things
in 'footman style.'" So the HOUSE-
HOLD comes to the rescue.

For an afternoon tea, set the tables
with your nicest napery and your
prettiest dishes—but that goes without
saying. It is very nice to select some
particular color, and let that give the
tone to decorations, etc. If you have a
pretty pink or blue or yellow dress, or
wish to wear a white one, let every-
thing correspond with it as far as pos-
sible. Suppose you elect to wear white;
if your tea service is white, you have a
good beginning. Use white flowers on
your table, tie your sandwiches with

white baby ribbon, have white cakes
with white icing, choose veal and
chicken for your meats, and have white
candies and white favors; if yellow,
there's salmon salad, orange and gold
cake, sponge cake with the ice cream,
which can be made to tint toward
yellow by using eggs with dark yolks;
your favors could be yellow satin
oranges filled with yellow candy, and
there's great decorative virtue in the
yellow oxeye daisy of the fields, as well
as in coreopsis and calendula. But you
can have a very nice tea without ex-
pressing a preference for any color, you
know.

Do not try to have too much. Sand-
wiches, a salad, pressed chicken or veal
loaf, fresh fruit with cream—you can
fall back on the blessed, ever-with-us
banana if you cannot get berries—and a
couple of kinds of cake are enough,
with the ice-cream and the white cake
you will reserve to serve with it. To
make nice sandwiches you must have
light, white, fine-grained bread; slice
it thinly, spread it lightly with the
sweetest and best of butter and then
with a teaspoonful of whatever you
elect to use as "fillin'," and with a *very*
sharp knife cut them into square or
oblong shapes, removing every bit of
crust. Tie them with No. 1 ribbon of
the color you prefer, and for a table of
twenty guests have a plate of them at
each end of the table—not too many on
a plate either, it is better to have the
supply replenished. You can use
tongue instead of ham, and either
should be prepared in this fashion:
Boil and cut off all the dark and hard
bits; when perfectly cold, chop very
fine (see that about one-quarter of the
bulk is fat), almost to a paste. To a
pint bowlful of this (after it is chopped),
mix thoroughly together one even
tablespoonful of sugar, one even tea-
spoonful of ground mustard and one
saltspoonful of cayenne pepper, into
this stir slowly one small teacupful of
good vinegar, stir this thoroughly
through the meat, until it is well
mixed with it. This will keep a couple
of days in a cool place if packed in a
dish and the top covered with melted
butter. Pressed chicken or veal loaf
would be much nicer than fried or
baked fowl, which belongs more prop-
erly to "high teas."

Iced tea should be served in tumblers,

which are not filled until the guests
are seated; to serve the tea is first on
the programme. You can place the
tumblers at each plate and have them
filled from a pitcher, but it is nicer to
fill at and serve from a small table; then
the waitress can see that each glass has
a tablespoonful of cracked ice in it. The
tea should be very cold with ice, and
not have been steeped so long as to be
bitter. But I think I should serve
lemonade instead of tea.

The salad, decorated with slices of
lemon (and tiny sprigs of parsley if you
can get it), is served on a large platter,
which is taken from its place on the
table by the waitress and passed to
each guest, who helps herself. After
the sandwiches, salad and meats have
been discussed, the waitress may re-
move the plates and bring on another
set for the fruit and cake. But don't
try this unless you have plates enough
so none need be washed while your
guests wait. Almost any crockery
store will rent or loan any dishes you
may lack. The plates should be re-
moved before the final course of ice-
cream and angels' food or maccaroons,
and the salad and meats also. Forks
must be supplied for the salad, of
course; and two teaspoons for the fruit
and cream. And the hostess should *not*
wear a tea gown.

About the favors, there is such an
infinite variety from which to choose I
can hardly help you there, for I don't
know what you can get or what you can
make. Tiny baskets filled with flowers
or bonbons; little pails which you have
gilded or painted ditto; satin reticules
decorated with flower sprays; palm-leaf
fans with either real or painted blos-
soms; banners of silk muslin backed
with white ribbons bearing fancy heads
or flowers—there are such lots of things
used for the purpose, but whatever is
chosen should bear the name of the
recipient and the date. A tennis
racquet would be appropriate, and a
cluster of flowers could be tied to it
with a bow of ribbon bearing date, etc.
I saw a pretty favor, souvenir of such
an occasion, not long since. It was
made of what I think artists call water-
color paper—at least it was rough-sur-
faced and moderately stiff, and had
been in some way folded so that one
side formed a square and the other side
four smaller squares meeting in the

centre. The edges were then made to look as if the paper had been torn, and gilded, the gold being put on to produce a shaded effect, and combined with a beautiful shade of mauve. The smaller squares were thus colored, and when the paper was pulled out it formed a pretty basket form, in which mottoes and bonbons had been placed. Name and date were in gold lettering inside.

Don't hurry your tea. People are expected to linger over the repast in pleasant chat. Have plenty of everything, but not too much upon the table at once. Don't get nervous yourself, because that will make your friends uncomfortable; and if anything goes wrong take no notice—make believe you meant to have it that way—or if it *must* be noticed, laugh it off. If you have a good girl who doesn't get flurried, and tell her just how you want things, and if you do not get flurried yourself, you will have a delightful time—and though I'd be a pretty old "girl," I wouldn't mind if I was "in it."

BEATRIX.

TRUE COURAGE.

When Jennie L. married the young doctor and settled in a small village, with the houses far apart, we thought she would suffer not only from loneliness in the day time, but from nervous fear at night, for her husband was often gone from sunset to sunrise, and she had been one of a large family in her own town, and rarely alone. But Jennie loved her doctor, and as she said, "I have married him, country practice and all, and must make the best of it." The doctor taught her how to make bandages and apply them, and many other things as regards simple surgery, for as he told her, "There is no telling what good you may do by knowing these things." And sure enough, her courage and knowing what to do in an emergency saved a life.

The doctor had gone off on a long round and would not be back until late in the evening. Jennie had finished her dinner dishes, put on her prettiest calico, and with a book was resting in the hammock, when she saw several rough men come up the walk bearing a third man, so limp and white she thought he was a corpse. They laid him down before her, and asked "Where is the doctor?" She told them he was away. "When will he be back?" "Not till late in the evening." "Then we might as well leave Mike to die where he is, for he won't live to take him over to old doctor Smith's, five miles off, and look at the blood of him running off your piazza, miss!" Sure enough there was a small stream that made poor Jennie turn pale. But something must be done, and that quickly, so she said as quietly as she could: "Well, boys, bring him into the house, put him on the lounge, and with your help I will do what I can."

"You are a brick, sure ma'am," said the spokesman of the party, and while Jennie went to find a roll of bandages they brought him in and laid him on the lounge. Under Jennie's direction his coat and shirt were carefully cut off, and the bloody wound in the shoulder and arm laid bare. The blood was sponged off, and carefully the bandage was put on, the men helping in every way. They were rough, had joined in many a drunken fight, and this was the way Mike had received his wound. But the sight of this brave, true-hearted little woman, so earnestly trying to do her best for the poor man, so struck to their hearts that Larry voiced the opinion of the rest when he said "She was as good as gold. And she was a doctor every inch of her." The blood was staunch, and Mike was coming to when the doctor, having finished his round sooner than he expected, drove up to the door. Examining the bandage, he declared "it was just right," and said her courage and skill had saved the man from bleeding to death. And as the boys drove off with Mike carefully placed in the bottom of a wagon, he said, "Well done, little woman! you saved a life today."

DETROIT.

SISTER GRACIOUS.

FLOWERS IN THE WINDOWS.

I have just read about the window box that Beatrix enjoys—I can guess how much—and if I can "hit the mark" guessing where the trouble is about the fuchsia buds, I shall be very glad. If I could but see the plants a moment! I am a little suspicious of spider. When the sun shines among the branches take your pencil and pass among the leaves and stems and see if the least bit of fine web adheres; if so, you will know something made it. If the spider is too small to be seen with the naked eye, he is large enough for mischief. We often get these extras thrown in when buying plants; they are the torment of the flower grower in a warm crowded house. Fuchsias do better potted alone. It is nice to have a bracket, as fuchsias require light and air, though not partial to direct sunshine. It can then be turned away from the heat that the heliotrope glories in.

I don't want to tear that window-box all to pieces, but I would take out the rose geranium. They always need handling and dressing to dislodge aphid. If there are signs of spider among the plants there is no remedy but careful washing and removing all sickly leaves. Do not tuck them in the soil as often recommended, and if it does not improve, shade that plant in some way from the midday heat. You can dislodge aphid with pyrethrum; cover the plants and blow it among them, and instead of killing a few at a time you will vanquish a regiment by stupefying them.

Pyrethrum is preferable to tobacco fumes. Aphides are said to increase at a most wonderful rate, and prefer soft, young or fragrant plants; they suck away the juices until all vitality is gone. I battled with black aphid on the cherry trees this spring with kerosene emulsion, one application was sufficient. I am for war to the knife with insects. Perhaps it is wicked, for I could not make more, as they told me in childhood; however I have thoroughly treated trees, shrubs and vines with Paris green, hellebore, pyrethrum and kerosene emulsion until everything has been dosed with its own particular remedy, and I think to advantage from present appearances. I never saw the green aphides riot in apple orchards as they do now. They are the cause of so much dropping of fruit I think.

Sweet Alyssum and a small *Impatiens Sultani* may take the place of those you remove from the box, and would, I think, please you.

FENTON.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

ICE CREAM FOR COUNTRY FOLKS.

Seeing the article in a recent HOUSEHOLD on "Ice Cream and Ices," prompts me to tell a much easier way of furnishing that truly delicious hot weather dainty, than the old and laborious way of cooking the mixture before freezing.

In the country where cream is plenty, ice cream should be a frequent dish for dessert, or served with cake for tea these hot days. With plenty of ice it can be made in a short time, yes, almost within the "ten minutes" the freezer manufacturers advertise.

We never have any trouble in making delicious ice cream in the following manner: Take two quarts of pure cream. Cream raised in a creamery is superior to that raised in pans, as it is thin and perfectly smooth. Sweeten to taste, flavor and pour into the freezer. No cooking is necessary, and eggs are not needed except in winter to color the cream. Have ice finely chopped, or crushed, and use with salt in the proportion of two parts ice to one of salt. More salt will do no harm; indeed, nearly half and half, as the more salt used the quicker will be the freezing, and perhaps, who knows, but all salt would freeze it.

Pound the salt and ice well together in alternate layers and turn the crank vigorously until stiff enough, then take out the beater and let stand to harden, filling up with ice around the cream. Cream can be very nicely frozen in a small tin pail or can placed in a larger pail and packed in the same way, stirring occasionally with a thin bladed knife to keep the frozen cream from the sides of the tin.

The above quantity makes a gallon after it is frozen, as it swells in freezing by the constant stirring.

Chopped pineapple makes a delicious addition to vanilla ice cream. Serve in small dishes, instead of freezing it with the cream, as all may not like it.

FLINT.

ELLA R. WOOD.

SENSE.

A call in a recent issue of the HOUSEHOLD for "Less sentiment and more sense" seems almost like a personal appeal, and I come right forward, promptly and cheerfully, bringing all that I can spare. (I have to keep considerable for home consumption, remembering that "charity begins at home.") I feel under the more obligation to contribute, having so lately been the recipient of a generous supply of this very necessary article from the HOUSEHOLD—in fact, have had my head well filled, and of the surplus—what run over—I willingly offer.

Had the call been for dollars and cents, I might not be able to respond, but when it is for sense—just "common sense"—the call I cannot refuse, and I feel more like giving and being generous, now that housecleaning is over, and home is once more "Home, sweet home," and I can sleep peacefully without dreaming that I am attending church and wearing a length of stove-pipe for a necktie.

But to my subject, "Sense:" I am almost astonished when I try to realize what a call and need there is in this world of ours for *good common sense*, and that so often the demand seems to exceed the supply—in the aggregate. Then again, the supply seems abundant, but the individual demand is limited—*very* limited—"just a pinch" seeming to be "A great plenty, thank you," and don't know what to do with *that*.

But is not the real foundation of all that is good and desirable, and of all progress—nothing more or less than good common sense; and a combination—in right proportions—of skill, energy and common sense the material from which all worthy enterprises are made?

I have lately, for a few days, been manning the "rudder-end" of the plow—plowing summer-fallow. The ground was dry and hard, the hidden stones were "fixed" and as the plow pushed to the right and jammed to the left, with an occasional poke in the ribs when striking a stone, it is not difficult to see that plowing fallow, under these conditions, is a healthful occupation and a large-sized "earth cure."

Is not very much of life made up of the obstacles we meet—the influences which bear us this way or that way—to the right or to the wrong, and the strength of character that results from striving to "walk uprightly." Then after all this hard labor, when the field is plowed, how dry and drear it looks under the mid-summer sun! But wait a few short months and note the change. A field of waving, golden grain—the result of labor and trust—is here; and the husbandman rejoices, forgetting his days of toil in the cheerful prospect of garnered grain. And so with life's labors all, if only well done.

The heat of July and haying and harvest are again here, and the air is laden

with the scent of new-mown hay, of which the poet so enchantingly writes, but let me tell you, I'd just like to change places with him for a while, and let him lay aside the pen and grasp the fork-handle (I admit there are times when the fork only should be used); and while the thermometer registers 90 in the shade and the sun is nearly vertical, let him lift large and rapidly succeeding forks full of hay upon the load, never stopping or halting, though the perspiration does run into his eyes, drip from his nose and trickle down his back, and if hayseed gets in his ears, or a grasshopper meanders up his shirt sleeve, it need only serve to "tickle his poetic fancy" and increase his interest in the free and happy life of the farmer. And in the meanwhile, I'd be reclining on a couch of softest verdure, protected from the ardent gaze of "Old Sol" by the waving boughs of some grand old vanguard of the forest, and rest while I'd "poetize," but for fear that if I proceed I may leave sense and fall into sentiment, I will refrain for the present. THEOPOLUS.

COUNTING OUR BLESSINGS.

She was a dreadfully tired woman, as she went methodically through straining the milk, rinsing the pails and turning them on the table ready for morning. Tired! Every bone and muscle in her body fairly groaned in strain and agony. Since earliest morning it had been one thing after another; meals to cook, bread to bake, cherries to pick, jelly to make, peas to shell, cream to churn, chickens to feed, pet lambs and calves, and what made the case more agonizing, not a bit of help could she procure. There had been twenty applications for the district school, and there were four dressmakers in the neighborhood, but when it came to wanting kitchen help none could be had.

She dropped with a thud into the nearest chair, too tired to go to bed yet. The moonlight fell all around her, but she did not notice it. Her thoughts were bitter. No other woman around had it half as hard as she; the first one up in the morning, the last one in bed at night. Theodore had four men to help him through haying and harvest; he could sleep until breakfast was ready and at night smoke his cigar out on the front porch (the men did the chores), and he was snoring an hour before she could even think of bed, and then sleep refused to come. Tomorrow's mountain of work towered above her, would there never come a breathing spell till she tumbled into her grave?

All at once there flashed into her mind the sermon the minister preached the Sunday before. "My friends, at the close of each day count your blessings; you who think your cross is heavier than a neighbor's, you who live in the

shadows, you who are well off, but don't know it, count your blessings. You'll be surprised at the number." "Well," she thought, "I've got uncommon good health and strength to endure. There's poor Nell Reader, a helpless creature, has to spend her time in an invalid chair, no use of her lower limbs; rheumatic gout the doctor calls it, and it costs her husband a pile of money to keep her at the Sanitarium. I never could endure it, I know, but she takes a heap of comfort writing pieces for the papers. She says she forgets her pain in comforting others who are worse off, just as if any one was worse off than she.

"Secondly, I've got a good home and kind husband; that is, Theodore means well, though he's got a poor way of showing it sometimes; for instance he's eternally holding up some other woman who is such a pattern housekeeper, or is so wonderful good looking, never gets fretty nor out of sorts. Maybe there are such women, but they don't live on farms. Everybody was preaching to me that I'd better stay single. Marriage was a lottery and few drew prize tickets, but Theodore has turned out well enough; he's the only man I know of that can set up a stove and fit the pipe without swearing, he's a master to control his temper, considerate of his horses, he has some faults, but I do think he richly deserves his crown. Third, I have all the butter and egg money for my own use, and often I find a five or ten dollar bill tucked in my pocket book after the wool and wheat are sold. Jennie Dawson says her husband is fearfully stingy, she doesn't have one penny to spend as she wants to; he hangs around the store and nags the clerks till she's ashamed of him, and its save, save, save from January to December.

"Fourth, our children are all good, bright healthy children, no monstrosities or foolish ones among the three. I do feel that it is a blessing surely. There's Mrs. Blank lives in town in her nice big house, her husband has a paying position and money rolls in freely, but what a sight is before her morning, noon and night! Her oldest child is going on thirty and has never spoken a word; just makes an awful noise like a mad creature bellowing; they have to feed her and see to her like a baby—a full grown woman, but no mind, no reason or sense. Money doesn't always make things right, and there's a skeleton in her big house that makes her age so fast, her hair is white as snow, and there isn't a silver thread in mine yet. Fifth, never once has Death's shadow hovered over our home and settled down in it. Every night I tuck them up in bed. Oh! that poor mother who has buried her three boys, every child taken from her in one short year! There's a hungry look in her eyes when she sees mine frolicking about, she says "God isn't good;" her life is

full of burdens without one single blessing.

"Mercy me! my life that I thought was so hard and cheerless is brimming over with blessings, and which is my greatest? Good health may leave me in an instant. We may become poor in as short a time; friends may desert us; children are only lent, the Father may call them home. Even Theodore may change and cast me off in my old age, men are so fickle-minded and changeable. Let me be content; satisfied to live my life each day as it comes, whether it be happiness or sorrow, prosperity or adversity, receiving all the good I can; giving all the good I can, doing cheerfully in my imperfect way for those I love."

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

WASTE PLACES ON THE FARM.

[Paper read by Mrs. John Cook, before the Grand Blanc Farmers' Club, June 19th, 1891.]

On this subject, as on all others, there is a difference of opinion. First I would call your attention to the low swampy places on nearly all farms, which a few dollars' worth of work and tile would convert into nice pasture or tillable land. On many farms such low places where they have good outlets are neglected year after year, and recall to our minds the old adage of "Penny wise and pound foolish." Then again, bushes growing along fences to prop them up as it were, when if cut down and kept down, and the corners mowed this would add quite a little to the hay mow, and to the looks of the farm several dollars' worth. To my mind there is a great deal of waste in fencing a farm. Not every one can afford as many fences as does our worthy Secretary. First he planted one, then made one right along by its side to see that one grow; finally they both died (a natural death I guess), and another has taken their places, and looks as though it had come to stay. The barbed wire fence is quite prominent in some places, and if a farmer wished to spend thirty or forty dollars and several days of work, he would have a fence ready to kill his most valuable horse in a few minutes' time. The only place I would care for a fence of that kind would be around a pig yard, and only for my antipathy to pigs would I care for it even there.

Many farmers who pride themselves on their economy, waste many dollars annually by leaving their machines and farming tools of various kinds exposed to the weather throughout the year. In riding through our town last spring, I noticed one of our prominent farmers had left his binder in the field where he last used it. If this same farmer's wife had put her sewing machine out of doors and left it all winter, what an uprising there would have been in that household!

In keeping and feeding a low grade

of stock that is small of stature and always will be so, is another great waste of time, when a higher grade is always more remunerative.

It has always been a surprise to me that farmers so often let run to waste their orchards. After years of labor in planting and care, when grown to bearing age then comes neglect to prune and trim them. Thistles and weeds of all kinds if left to mature will choke out all the seeds we sow, and it requires "eternal vigilance" to keep them down, and yet in some places in our town the burdock flourishes with great renown. It does in front of the pleasant hall where our Farmers' Club often meets. And if perchance you walk on that side of the street, something more sticky than sweet may cling to your clothes.

LIFE IN TOWN.

Looking over a back number of the HOUSEHOLD, the old story of overworked farmers' wives meets my gaze and sends me off into a reverie. I think of the busy days when one pair of hands did all the housework; fed and housed the chickens, picked cherries and berries, dried apples, cooked for hired men, made rag carpet and wove it, cared for the sick; and in fact with the one exception of taking care of babies I feel that I have been through all the routine and can speak from experience. But I solemnly aver and without fear of successful contradiction that those were quiet days when compared with the constant hurry of town life. I used to read so many books and do much fancy work, beside all my own sewing, and now I seldom read even the daily paper. So much calling, something of interest for every evening, more time spent on the little accessories of clothing, a drive into the country every few days, plans and work for a trip now and then, so the time hurries by. Do I ever wish myself back on the farm? Oh, no! I enjoy just this way of living; but when I read so much of the overworked farmers' wives I know that they do not know what it means to belong to clubs and societies that require study and much time, to be ready every afternoon for the callers that surely come, and every night to know that what was planned for the day is not accomplished. There is no spare time for

EL. SEE.

ROMEO.

QUERIES.

I find the HOUSEHOLD very interesting and will ask a few questions, hoping some of the readers will answer them through its medium. How can you put wall paper on without its cracking off?

Will some one give me a good recipe for chocolate cake?

A good way to make ironing holders is to piece worsteds together and cut the

lining so that the corners will be rounded off, this will prevent them from burning.

SEELEYVILLE.

VIVIAN.

CANNING VEGETABLES.

Canning sweet corn is a rather tedious process, and not often successfully done in the average household. Mrs. S. T. Rorer, principal of the Philadelphia cooking school, gives the following directions: Select fine, fresh corn. Remove husk and silk, and cut the corn from the cob; pack into jars, pressing down closely, and fill to overflowing. Put on the tops, screw them down, place them in a White jar holder, and pour in sufficient water to half cover the jars. Cover the boiler tightly, and boil continuously for three hours, taking care that there is sufficient water to make a full volume of steam. When done, lift out the jars and screw down the covers as tightly as possible. While cooling, tighten the covers from time to time, and when cold screw tighter still, if possible. Keep in a cool, dark place.

Lima beans are treated somewhat differently. Fill the jars with uncooked beans, add cold water until running over, lay on the tops—do not screw them down, and pack closely in a wash boiler on a layer of straw or hay; pour cold water in the boiler to half cover, put it over the fire, fit the lid on closely and boil steadily three hours. Lift out the jars; see that they are filled to overflowing, and screw on the covers as tightly as possible. When cold, screw up again and keep in a cool, dark place. Asparagus and peas may be canned in the same way. It pays to use glass cans for home canning. The first signs of fermentation can readily be detected, and the flavor of the fruit or vegetables is far superior to those put up in tins. String beans are easiest to put up. Throw into boiling water, boil rapidly fifteen minutes, and then put up as you do small fruits—that is, in jars heated in warm water, fill to overflowing and screw on the tops tightly.

These directions have been frequently repeated, and tried with varying degrees of success. We give them for what they are worth.

Contributed Recipes.

SEVEN DAY PICKLES.—To half bushel of cucumbers take two cups salt, two gallons of water; let stand three days and scald every morning, pouring it on boiling hot. On the fourth morning make new brine, treat as before for three days; on the seventh make new brine, half water and half vinegar, adding a piece of alum the size of an egg; boil this and let stand on the pickles twenty-four hours, pour off. Take six quarts good vinegar, two pounds brown sugar, half pound celery seed, one ounce white mustard seed, one pound cinnamon and three green peppers. The pickles are extra nice, and are as good now as when first made. They should be left in the crock in which they are made.

PINE CREEK.

MES. L. B. SIMMONS.