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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

ABOUT HUSBANDS.

Johnson was right. I don't agree to all
The solemn dogmas of the rough old stager,
But very much approve what one may call
The minor morals of the "Ursa Major,"

Johnson was right. Although some men adore
Wisdom in woman, and with wisdom cram her,
There isn't one in ten but thinks far more
Of his own grub than of his spouse's grammar.

I know it is the greatest shame in life;
But who among them (save, perhaps, myself),
Returning home, but asks his wife,
What beef—not books—she has upon the shelf.

Though Greek and Latin be the lady's boast,
They're little valued by her loving mate;
The kind of tongue that husbands relish most,
Is modern, boiled, and served upon a plate.

Or, if, as fond ambition may command,
Some hom-made verse the happy matron shows
him,
What mortal spouse but from her dainty hand
Would sooner see a pudding than a poem?

Young lady—deep in love with Tom or Harry—
'Tis sad to tell you such a tale as this;
But here's the moral of it: do not marry,
Or, marrying, take your lover as he is—

A very man—with something of the brute,
(Unless he proves a sentimental noddie),
With passions strong and appetite to boot,
A thirsty soul within a hungry body.

A very man—not one of nature's clods—
With human failings, whether saint or sinner,
Endowed, perhaps with genius from the gods,
But apt to take his temper from his dinner.

—John G. Saxe.

THE TEACHER AND HER WAGES.

In the columns of one of our State exchanges I recently saw a paper read before a Farmers' Association, the subject being "Our Schools." The paper was a good one, full of uncontrovertible truths. Among other reasons given for the inadequacy of our schools was the incompetence of teachers, and the time-worn allegation that girls teach for two or three terms to earn money for a trousseau, or while they are waiting for "the coming man," once more received the baptism of print.

Well, I suppose it is true that a good many girls take up teaching as a temporary makeshift, a means to earning a little money, with no liking or natural adaptability for the work. But so do a great many young men, who find a term of school work a great help in getting through college. The determination to secure an education evidenced by their endeavor to help themselves generally insures their being competent, so far as knowledge is con-

cerned, though not always successful in government. So the charge of making teaching an expedient—a means to an end—does not attach to young women only.

But when you are finding fault with the girls for not putting more heart into their work, consider, if you please, for a moment, the outlook for a woman who determines to make teaching her life work. She spends, at the least calculation, from eight to ten years of her life in school—or eight or ten years of constant attendance and hard study, and usually supplements her high-school course by six months' or a year's training in methods of teaching and school government. You may say she would give the time and study anyway, whether she teaches or not, in the general task we call "getting an education." But the girl who has a purpose in view studies harder and digs nearer the roots of things than she who goes to school because she is sent, and barely keeps her standing high enough to pass with her class into the next grade. And this time is money, not to mention tuition, books, perhaps board away from home. When the girl has prepared herself at this expense, and is ready for work, her want of experience is a bug-a-boo which compels her to "teach for nothing and board herself" for a year at least, until she has made a record. Then she is ready for an engagement at such wages as an economical school board, bound to squeeze her stipend to the lowest possible figure for fear of "them taxes," will allow her. If she teaches a country school, she may get from \$22 to \$26 a month, out of which she must pay board bills. There are books she must have, and little aids in teaching which she pays for herself for the sake of the help they are to her, so that when her accounts are balanced she finds she has not cleared as much as a servant girl in the city, who gets four dollars a week and her board.

If she gets a place in a village school her wages will run from eight to ten dollars a week. If she can board at home, she can make much more of this than if she has to go among strangers. But at the end of the year she will be fortunate if she has fifty dollars remaining of the year's salary, over and above board, clothes and those *et ceteras* which don't cut much of a figure ex-

cept in the summing up of accounts; and may take that \$50 as evidence of strict economy and diligent looking after the pennies.

To keep up with educational progress, she must subscribe for educational publications and somehow get hold of the new books, that her patrons may not find her wanting in knowledge of what is going on in the world. She must always appear well dressed—isn't she a teacher! Much is expected of her on account of her position. She must board in a "nice place," and have a good standing socially. And when she has done her best, there will always be the grumblers, who are dissatisfied because their children do not get on faster, because others are promoted above them, because she is too strict or too lax, requires too much or not enough, or who want her to furnish brains for stupid ones. And there are always those who think she only half earns her salary and has "a snap," and wish they had "nothing to do but teach school." Only she herself, as she fingers the meagre remnant of her salary at the end of the year, knows how dearly it has cost her in strength and health and wear and tear of brain and nerves.

I have had the pleasure of knowing, quite well, some half dozen of the teachers in the Detroit public schools. They are the hardest worked women I know. They show in their faces the nervous strain under which they live. One who has spent her life in teaching, gets \$70 a month—\$700 a year. Unless she should happen to get the principalship of a school, this is the most she can ever earn. And her years of service have left her a bundle of nerves, shrined in a frail physique. The long summer vacation, which she makes a period of absolute rest, recuperates her so that she begins the school year in September with a fair amount of vitality and ambition. Then, like a wound-up clock, begins the process of "running down."

The salaries here in Detroit range from \$35 per month to \$70 and \$100, the latter for those who are fortunate enough to get principals' places. The principals of the larger schools—especially if men—get salaries above the \$100 limit. The principal of the Normal training school gets \$150 per month.

The great number of teachers are paid from \$45 to \$55 per month. The schedule of wages paid in the Flint schools, as published in the *Globe* of that city, show there is but one place in the ward schools which is worth \$45 per month; from this, salaries range from \$40 to \$32. Better wages are paid in the High School; the principal gets \$100; the French and German teacher \$60; the remainder, a uniform rate of \$55. How much of a competence can one amass on such wages, especially when out of employment one-sixth of the year, during which time she must go on living and paying bills just the same, though not earning?

I do not know and never heard of a person who ever became rich or even comfortably well off through teaching alone. Couldn't do it. Investments in real estate or bonds have made some in fairly good circumstances, but those who are "well fixed" owe their comfortable position to other causes than the profits of teaching *per se*.

The rank and file in the teacher's profession give more and get less than any class of toilers. They are like the privates in the army, they do the work, get the hard knocks and stand the assaults, while the principals, like the commanding officers, get the credit and the salaries. A principal is powerless if he has a corps of incompetent teachers under him, whereas in this city a force of good instructors has more than once successfully carried on a school in spite of a principal with no executive ability worth mentioning.

I do not wonder that girls get out of the business, preferring to please one man and govern their own children to the task of satisfying a district and governing and also instructing a large and varied assortment of youngsters. The bright, capable women see other and more remunerative employment opening for them, and we never shall have better schools, especially in the country, until school boards adopt a more liberal policy toward teachers. It is the most egregious folly to think "anybody" can teach a school because it is small and the children young; it is the poorest kind of economy to save \$50 to the taxpayers in a district as the difference between a good school and a poor one, and waste a year of school life to the children, with the more serious result of weakening their ambition and allowing them to form idle, careless habits. If you do not want half-hearted service, be willing to pay for good work. In the school room, if anywhere, "the laborer is worthy of his hire." Apply the maxims which govern your business, your buying when you are laying a foundation for a herd of cattle or sheep, your policy when making a permanent investment which you mean shall pay in the end. You choose good material and you do not grudge a fair price for it. Every year your children waste without

progress is irretrievably lost. Time is money, but money cannot bring back lost time. Time is more than money, it is opportunity, it brings advantages. If we miss them, they never come again.

It is natural and inevitable that the best schools shall be in the cities where there are great accumulations of wealth and population. But it is not entirely a case of wealth against poverty. Where many children can be gathered into one school, the burden of its support is divided among many patrons, and the best teachers can be obtained. But farms are scattered, and children few, and it is really a question of dense vs. sparse population. The expense of supporting the country schools, despite the liberal aid of the primary school fund shows itself in the tax roll, and prosperous men often grumble at having to support schools they do not patronize and which they say do them no good. The schools *do* benefit them, largely too, by making better citizens, better communities, and wealthier ones, better places to live in. Whatever uplifts the tone of a community benefits the taxpayers and raises the value of the farms. I am coming to heartily despise the man who complains of his taxes, anyway, and especially he who growls over his school tax. Any one who is not willing to pay his share toward supporting our institutions ought to emigrate where they are unknown. He should try living without them for awhile.

I wish something I have said might induce school officers to pursue a more liberal policy toward teachers in our district schools, and make public opinion uphold them in the innovation. The only hope of a country governed by the people is in the intelligence and uplifting of the masses. And in every farming community the district school is the initial step to educational advancement. Only when it does its work well is it performing its duty in laying the superstructure to be completed by high school, college and university, institutions which may supplement its work but can never take its place.

BEATRIX.

ONE OF NATURE'S WONDERS.

I find within the covers of a choice work of great and good men recently sent me by a dear friend, many articles pertaining to the noted places of our beautiful earth, and thought perhaps the young readers of the *HOUSEHOLD* might enjoy a brief description of a few of them. There are so many good things found all the way through, I hardly know which to select. In describing one of the wonders of the Yosemite Valley, which is attracting sightseers from all parts of the world the author says: "This valley, as every one knows, is in Central California. It is a wonderfully secluded valley, shut in on all side by high mountains.

When the stage coach reaches "Inspiration Point" the view that breaks upon the tourist is superb. The waterfall of "The Bridal Veil" full on the right; the huge rock nearly perpendicular, upwards of three thousand feet high (think of it!) called "El Capitan" on the left; and the mass of picturesquely shaped heights clustered between, domes, cathedral spires, sentinel rocks and what not, rising out of the pine forests, reaching to their very summits, form a combination of singular magnificence. As you explore the valley you come upon new beauties in every direction." There is also a picture of the Cathedral Spires which makes it doubly interesting, portraying rough, jagged, sharp, slender spires of very curious formation.

A description of the Colorado River is also pleasant to read and think upon. The writer tells us: "There is perhaps no river in the world which presents a greater variety of scenes of rugged and strange beauty than the Colorado, or as it was sometimes called, particularly in the early days of our knowledge of it, 'The River of the West.' Its headwaters are among the snow-capped Rocky Mountains; its general course is southwest, until after traveling something like two thousand miles, now falling in pretty mountain cascades, now flowing through the quiet valley, and now almost lost in the depths of some immense canon, it finally reaches the Gulf of California. The canons of the Colorado River and of several of its tributaries are the especial feature of which all travelers tell us. The word 'canon' comes from a Spanish one which means 'tube' or 'channel.' When we remember that the Spanish language is largely spoken by the dwellers of Mexico and the southwestern part of the United States, it will not seem strange that they use the word to designate the deep defiles through which the waters of these rivers have forced their way." The Grand Canon is the largest of all. It is three hundred miles long, and its walls rise almost perpendicularly from the water's edge to a height of from four to seven thousand feet (almost beyond our comprehension, isn't it children?). There are others which, were we to see them, we would think them very wonderful, but which can scarcely claim distinction after these figures have been given. This is a wonderful open page in God's book of nature, for it shows to the eye of a scholar the geological formation from the solid granite, which we might almost call the foundation stone of our earth, to the recent strata of later days. This river is navigable for about five hundred miles from its mouth.

Hoping this letter may please some of our youthful members, and thanking all for the many interesting, encouraging articles.

MAYBELLE.

WOLVERINE.

AT BAY VIEW.

Not all the attractions of this northern country are literary, and the Assembly programme would make many a tired brain were it not for the excursions that give a delightful change.

We (a party of thirteen) decided to go fishing, and it would be a long story to tell of all the fun and frolic of that long day, for we were up at 4:30 to catch the early train that would take us to Oden, nine miles away. The four boats furnished to our party rode the water like ducks and were dry and clean. It is cruel, but a sport nevertheless, to sleepily dangle a pole and line in the deep green water, and when hope is long deferred to feel a little premonitory nibble and then a strong jerk and straightway draw in a shining pickerel.

On one side of the lake the stony bottom was plainly visible, tall ferns and aquatic plants, grasses, and clams in their slightly opened shells, with the fish darting about until we almost forgot our piscatorial mission in our admiration of the beauties beneath the smooth, mirror-like water. On the other side we were obliged to fish by faith and not by sight, for the murky green water gave no hint of what was hiding there. The fiercely burning forest added to the weird scene, sending up clouds of smoke and tongues of flame, and occasionally a roar and crash told us of the fall of some large tree burned away at the bottom. We landed for our picnic dinner, one of the men wading ashore and drawing our boat up to the little pole dock belonging to a lone old bachelor settler who was fighting the fires, then the other boats coming up to ours made a pontoon bridge that carried us safely to land.

Another morning we were up betimes to catch an early boat, but sat on the dock in a blazing sun until nine o'clock before its arrival. That day we went to Harbor Point and Harbor Springs, the two lying side by side, or end to end, for the resort at the Point presents both sides to the water, the narrow wooded strip of land jutting far out between Lake Michigan and Little Traverse Bay, one side being a quiet, safe harbor dotted everywhere with pleasure boats. The cottages are very pretty there and at the Springs—the latter being a town and not merely a summer resort. While there we visited the old Catholic church with its profusion of images, paintings, cheap pictures, paper flowers and evergreen wreathing, with the desolate-looking cemetery adjoining, where the graves are only marked by a rude unpainted wooden cross; then we went to the home of Aunt Margaret, supposed to be the oldest Indian inhabitant, then toiled laboriously up the bluff for the beautiful view of lake and bay and far-reaching wooded shores.

Petoskey, with its many fantastic bazars and its wonderful flowing well is

only a mile away from Bay View, with car connection every twenty minutes, boats ever and anon, and a good sidewalk all the way for those who prefer that slower mode of travel, so the overflow from these two places is constantly exchanging. During the Assembly season there are few entertainments at Petoskey, so the residents from there fill cars or boats after every evening attraction here.

On one day of every week there is an excursion to Mackinac Island, about forty miles away, the fare by boat or rail being one dollar for the round trip, and these are always well patronized.

East Jordan and Charlevoix, with the Chicago and Kalamazoo resorts on opposite sides of the small lakes, are of convenient access and are therefore popular excursion routes.

A pleasant walk back from here and where every one wishes to go, is to visit the big cedar, the largest in the country, being probably fifteen feet in circumference, but it cannot be measured for, as a protection from vandal hands, the authorities have set a circle of strong posts about ten feet away and woven them closely with barbed wire. From there we continued our line of ascent up the rugged side to Pisgah's height and felt rewarded for so doing by the views afforded.

This day, Aug. 12th, closed the programme here, the last three evenings having been very pleasantly spent in traveling with Mr. Roberts Harper, of London. "A Holiday Trip to Europe," "Paris and the South of France" and "Switzerland Mountains and Valleys," with the finest stereotyped illustrations that have been given and a faultless lecturer to whom it was a positive delight to listen.

Many remain for a few weeks' rest after all this excitement is over, for the bracing air is a tonic to the weak and weary and they are loth to leave it and "go below."

EL. SEE.

BAY VIEW.

MORE QUERIES.

About a year ago, I read in the *HOUSEHOLD* that asparagus dried while tender, made an excellent dish in the winter if soaked over night in salted water. As we are very fond of this vegetable I tried it. I soaked it for forty-eight hours, but it refused to soften, and continued to taste and smell like so much hay from the mow. Did any one else try it? and if so with what success?

Will some one tell me how to make good fritters. Somehow mine will not stay up, but as soon as taken from the fat, subside into a rich, indigestible pancake.

Have you ever tried escalloped potatoes? They are splendid. Grease a small pan or pudding dish, in the bottom put a generous layer of cracker crumbs, then a layer of cold boiled potatoes very thinly sliced; butter, salt and pepper them; another layer of cracker crumbs, more potatoes, and so

on until the dish is full, being sure to have crackers on the top. It needs to be highly seasoned. Then pour on milk until you can just see it at the sides of the dish. Bake in a moderately hot oven three-quarters of an hour.

What could be more appropriate for a farmer's daughter than the clover wedding Beatrix described?

LESLIE.

JULY.

A NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT.

There is always a demand for something "new" in the way of entertainments, whether intended for home amusement solely, or to coax the reluctant dollar from the public's pockets in aid of some worthy cause. The novelty draws best, always, for human nature is still very much as it used to be when the Athenians of old spent their days in "hearing and telling some new thing."

A "Conundrum Banquet" is described in the August number of *Good Housekeeping*. The bill of fare was published in the papers a couple of days previous, and was as follows:

1. New England Brains.
2. What Asthmatic People Are.
3. Intoxicated Bovine.
4. What Most People Need.
5. Food of the Spinning Wheel.
6. Women of Grit.
7. Boston's Overthrow.
8. Spring's Offerings.

APPETIZERS.

9. Salmagundi.
10. Labor's Stronghold.
11. What a Boy Calls His Sweetheart.
12. Unruly Member.
13. Fruit of the Vine.
14. Tabby's Party.

DESSERT.

15. Musical Confection.
16. What I Do When I Mash My Finger.
17. Delight of the Orient.
18. Ivory Manipulators.
19. Changeable Politicians.
20. A Wise Beverage.

Orders were taken by number, choice of six for twenty-five cents. Extra dishes five cents. Little tables were arranged at which the guests were seated; a printed bill of fare was presented to each, with a slip of paper on which to write the order. Suppose a young man ordered 5, 8, 10, 14, 18 and 20; he would be served to rolls, a glass of water, cheese, catsup, toothpicks and a cup of sage tea, and naturally would have to supplement his order by a few extras to make out a meal. If he then ordered 11 and 19 he got a dish of honey and a turnover. A great deal of amusement was furnished by the odd melange obtained by the orders. The key to the conundrum is as follows.

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| 1. Pork and Beans. | 5. Rolls. |
| 2. Coffee. | 6. Sandwiches. |
| 8. Corned Beef. | 7. Tea. |
| 4. Bread. | 8. Cold Water. |

APPETIZERS.

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| 9. Salads. | 12. Tongue. |
| 10. Cheese. | 13. Pickles. |
| 11. Honey. | 14. Catsup. |

DESSERT.

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| 15. Oakes. | 18. Toothpicks. |
| 16. Ice Cream. | 19. Turnovers. |
| 17. Sherbet. | 20. Sage Tea. |

Of course this menu can be changed by the substitution of other "conundrums," and promises plenty of amusement for its originators and their victims.

GOOD LITERATURE FOR THE CHILDREN.

The subject of supplying our children with good books is so important that I feel impelled to have my say about it, believing that many a mother hesitates in this matter because she does not know what to get for them. I have found that good, first class magazines, to be bound at the end of the year are a great help to a child, giving him an interest, something to look forward to. When my little boy took *Babyland*, a five cent monthly for the wee ones, he used to say "Mine Harper's 'tun, Mamma?" about once a week, and he looks forward to having that peerless magazine *St. Nicholas* as eagerly as he ever looked for his first pair of pants. Then there is *Wide Awake*, *Harper's Young People*, and for children not quite old enough for these, a very good publication, *Our Little Men and Women*, a dollar a year and second to none. By giving our children the best and reading for them until they read for themselves (don't wait but begin as soon as you begin to tell them stories) a taste will be formed which will not be satisfied with "milk and water" or sensational books. They will probably read some objectionable ones in after life, but the mischief will not be as great, nor will the children be so likely to care for them, as if they had never known anything better.

Miss Alcott's "Little Women" and the sequel, "Little Men," should be read by every child, aye, and every mother, too. Consider the difference in tone between her books and those of Mrs. Holmes, for instance, and decide which girl would be more likely to prove a useful woman; the one with the Marches for her heroines, or the one with any of the love-sick damsels of the author of "Lena Rivers." For the books we read do influence us all, especially young girls, and the love of good books is a comfort and solace known only to those who have made good books their friends. As Saxe says:

"I call them friends, these quiet books,
And well the title they may claim,
Who always give me cheerful looks,
What living friend has done the same?
And for companionship, how few
Save these, my cronies ever present,
Of all the friends I ever knew,
Have been so useful or so pleasant!"

But they will not need to usurp the places of our living friends, only to supplement them. And now, I beseech you, mothers, don't say, "We can't afford these magazines and books." You can if you will regard them as a necessity, as they truly are and should be. I know by experience whereof I speak, and sometimes when money is scarce you may think, "Well, we must give it up," but regard it as a paying investment, and you will not regret it.

WHEATFIELD, JAY.

We recently saw quite a pretty crumb cloth made of blue denim, with a border of blue and white striped bed-ticking.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

ICING for cake may be prevented from cracking when cut, says an exchange, by adding one tablespoonful of sweet cream to each unbeaten egg. Stir all together, then add sugar till as stiff as a can be stirred.

AN economical western woman had a dingy, faded rag carpet which she was ashamed of. She was a woman of expedients. She obtained a quantity of patent dyes, prepared them, and with a couple of brushes, one wide, one narrow, went over the stripes with the colors, brightening them so the carpet looked "almost as good as new."

SOAP should never be applied directly to black dress goods of any kind. Shave the soap and dissolve it in boiling water. Wash black lawn very quickly in hot suds, rinse in deeply blued water and dry in the shade. Iron on the wrong side while still damp. If starch is desired, make it blue and very thin; dry the dress, dip it in the starch, hang in the open air and iron when nearly dry.

A GENTLEMAN for many years connected with a large shoe house in this city gave the Editor of the *HOUSEHOLD* a trade secret the other day, to the effect that the injury done by the patent liquid shoe-polish to the leather of the shoes may be prevented by rubbing them first with a little castor oil. He says any polish which gives a lustre will rot the leather; the only way to prevent injury is to fill the pores with oil before applying it. He recommended Brown's Dressing as the best polish he knew.

A CORRESPONDENT of *Good House-keeping* says her own experience and that of several of her friends has plainly demonstrated that the clearest, most transparent and finely colored jellies are made by preparing the juice in the usual way, turning it into earthen vessels and letting it stand at least over night—on the ice if possible, then adding the sugar and making up as usual. The juice must be carefully poured off the sediment which will be left in the bottom of the pitcher or preserving pan, and the absence of this sediment is what makes the jelly so beautifully clear.

THE *Ohio Farmer* tells how to make hulled wheat. Pick over two or three quarts of good wheat; wash it; put it in a porcelain kettle, and with it a pint of clean wood ashes tied in a coarse cloth. Cover with water and set on the fire and let it boil one to two hours. Drain the water off, put the wheat into a large pan, or pail, pour on cold water and wash it, rubbing it between the hands to get the hulls off. If these come off right they will leave each a kernel as

white and about the size of a kernel of rice. But if they do not all come off it will do no especial harm, as the bran is so softened by the alkali that the wheat will cook with it on. Now the wheat must be washed over and over, then put on and boiled, then washed again. This must be done until all the hulls that will come off are removed and it is entirely free from the lye formed by the ashes. We put ours over and scald it twice and wash it in ten waters. Then put it over the fire with hot water enough to cover, salt well and boil four or five hours. The two quarts of wheat will make eight or ten quarts when done.

Contributed Recipes.

CANNED PLUMS.—Prick the plums to prevent bursting. For every three quarts of fruit prepare a syrup of one pound of sugar and one pint of hot water. When it comes to a boil add the plums, let them boil slowly five minutes, then fill into the cans. Green gages and damsons are nice prepared as above.

BRANDIED PEACHES.—Eight pounds of peaches pared and cut in halves; eight pounds of granulated sugar; one quart of best brandy. Make a syrup of the sugar and enough hot water to dissolve nicely. Let it come to a boil, skim and add the peaches, boil fifteen minutes. Remove the fruit, boil the syrup fifteen minutes, add the brandy, put back the fruit and can immediately. Pears and plums can be prepared in a like manner.

GREEN TOMATO PRESERVES.—Eight pounds of small green tomatoes; pierce each with a fork. Seven pounds of white sugar; the juice of five lemons; one ounce of ginger and mace mixed and tied in a thin muslin bag. Heat all together slowly and cook until the tomatoes are clear; take out with a perforated skimmer and boil the syrup thick, then add the fruit, fill into cans hot and seal. Very nice indeed.

CRAB APPLE JELLY.—Cut the apples to pieces, but do not pare or remove the seeds. Put into a stone jar, set the jar into a kettle of hot water and let it boil half a day or more, then turn into a muslin bag. Hang it so it will drip; do not squeeze it. Allow one pound of white sugar for one pound of juice.

BLACKBERRY CORDIAL.—One quart of blackberry juice; one pound of loaf sugar; one-half ounce of grated nutmeg; one-half ounce of cinnamon; one-quarter ounce of allspice; one-quarter ounce of cloves; one pint of best brandy. Tie the spices in a thin muslin bag. Boil the juice, sugar and spices fifteen minutes, skimming well, then add the brandy; set aside to cool. When thoroughly cold skim out the spices, bottle, and seal the corks.

RASPBERRY JAM.—To each four pounds of mashed berries add one pint of currant juice and three pounds of granulated sugar. Cook the berries and juice one-half hour, then add the sugar and cook twenty minutes longer. Blackberries can be made the same way, omitting the currant juice.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.