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DETROIT, OCT. 8, 1892.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

NEXT WEEK.

"The work will be easier next week," she said;
"The extra baking is done and the bread
Is the most I shall do in that line; Master Ned
Has a brand-new suit; no patches he'll need.
I shall get quite a rest—I need one, indeed!

"I will read my new cookbook—at Christmas it
came—

Charles said it would give me a 'pointer' on game,
In the cooking of which I'm decidedly 'lame,'
Alas, I confess my shortcomings are many—
Ah, me, that I might only live without any!

"And if I find time, I'll try over that song
That Isabel lent me—I've kept it so long
I'm really ashamed to return it! It's wrong
To neglect social duties—but then I've no time
To spare for society, arts nor for rhyme.

But I'll 'catch up' next week with some of
these matters,
And garnish both inside and out of the plat-
ters!"

These high hopes had possessed this poor house
wife before.

And as often been dashed upon fate's stony floor;
But the storm overpast—grew courageous once
more,

And, as "hope springs eternal," she gathered
them up,

Thinking some day to quaff from a high, brim-
ming cup!

But those dainty air-castles came down with a
smash,

As Jimmy came in "broken out" with a rash,
And she heard a wild yell and a horrible crash!

From the pantry it came—Johnny lay 'midst
the wreck,

And had broken his arm instead of his neck!

But time healed the wounds and hope came again,
To dwell a brief space with this mother of men;
But the rainbow wings pale in the strife that
came then.

For a new trial rose in the Buffalo bugs
That got into the carpet and nice parlor rugs.

"The work will be easier next week," she said,
"The west wind is warm, the clover is red,
I'll try a brisk walk, 'twill help my bad head;
Through bright country lanes I'm pining to
roam,

There's nothing whatever to keep me at home."

But when next week came she rode out instead,
With coaches and horses; her poor, aching head
At rest on a little square pillow. They said

'Twas a "beautiful funeral" the flowers "im-
mense,"

"Poor Charles did his duty, he spared no ex-
pense."

—Good Housekeeping.

A BEAUTIFUL LIFE.

Of all our American men of letters,
none have been so universally beloved
as the poet Whittier, recently deceased
in the eighty-fifth year of his life.
Many to whom Homer and Shakespeare
were but names, knew and loved the
gentle Quaker poet, whose poetry found
its way to the heart by reason of its

sympathy and sincerity. No man ever
lived and wrote whose writings were
more an epitome of himself, or a better
mirror of his own spiritual life; and
probably none have ever exerted a
more direct or more powerful moral
influence or breathed a more beautiful
spirituality.

It is well known that his youth was
trammelled by poverty, that he had no
"advantages," either social or educa-
tional; his was no college culture, nor
yet the range of vision gained by travel
and wide intercourse with humanity;
he never crossed the ocean or strayed
far from New England's hills, and he
missed all the influences that radiate
from domestic ties and affections for
he never married. Yet he has spoken
more words of comfort to the sad and
sorrowful, and held before the tempted
and struggling a higher pattern of
living than those with ten times his
sources of culture. He was outside the
world, far, far above it, beyond its
narrowness, its littleness, its meanness;
his isolation made him broad and
liberal whereas a less noble soul would
have become bigoted and narrow. He
drew his strength from the spiritual
world in which he dwelt, a Sir Galahad
in purity of life and soul. His interest
in the world was as wide as the world
itself, yet he dwelt unspotted within it.

A Quaker in creed, he held to the
simplicity and directness of his people,
to their peaceful ways and their "thee"
and "thou" in speech. Yet he dared
violence and stemmed opposition in be-
half of his convictions. His was no
weak, meek spirit, mildly negative.
He might not assert himself, but he
feared nothing in behalf of his princi-
ples. In the Quaker city, "the City of
Brotherly Love," a mob sacked his
newspaper office and burned it while
the mayor and officials looked on with-
out a protest; he suffered personal in-
jury through his denunciations of
slavery, and saw his hopes of a literary
career ruined by his advocacy of un-
popular doctrines, for magazines would
not publish his verses while he was
arrayed with the anti-slavery party.
Yet he never faltered, there was
neither "variableness nor shadow of
turning" about him. His pen was
silent and his heart sad during our
civil war. His soul and creed alike
abhorred strife, how bitter it was to

him to see brother arrayed against
brother, even in behalf of the cause so
near his heart, he never said.

After peace was established he gave
us those charming poems of nature
and religion—reflections from within—
which have so endeared him to us.
Critics may dispute his title to be called
a great poet. Yet, if the poet's defini-
tion be true, "A poem is a beautiful
thought put into musical words,"
Whittier was a true and a great poet.
Not all of us can furnish the music or
the rhyme, but we can feel thoughts of
another thus clad, and is not he the
greatest poet who most deeply moves
us to his mood, whose own spirituality
wakens ours, who stirs in us a longing
for nobler living and higher thinking?
The very simplicity and directness of
his muse appeals to us, he speaks of
themes dear to us. He has given us
no grand lyrics, nothing Homeric, but
it is written that

"Beside the mystic asphodels
Shall bloom the home-born flowers."

It is not always the grandest or the
greatest that we love the best.

Stedman, himself a poet of no mean
order says: "The imagination of the
poet is shown by his instinct for words
—those keys which all may clatter
and which yield their music to so few.

* * * The imagination begets origi-
nal diction, suggestive epithets, verbs
implying extended scenes and events,
phrases which are a delight and which,
as we say, speak volumes, single notes
which established the dominant tone."
Lowell possessed this gift in higher de-
gree than Whittier, he was a master
of the art of words, yet his poetry is
not loved as is Whittier's. And the
secret I think is in the personality of
the Quaker, and his nearness to and
sympathy with the great human heart,
whose depths he knew, intuitively it
would seem, since critical study would
have dulled his keen sympathy.

I should name the good Quaker poet
as an example of what is most truly a
beautiful old age. So calm, so peace-
ful, so beloved his closing years, so free
from jealousies and strifes and envy-
ings, the sunset of his life was in itself
a poem. Possessed of all his mental
faculties to the last, though the temple
in which they dwelt grew weak and
frail under the weight of more than the
fourscore years allotted to man, yet

"whose strength is labor and sorrow," his Christian hope and faith burned brighter and clearer, and the poems of a religious character which were characteristic of his later years were grand psalms, mighty musical chords on which were upborne the confidence and faith of one of the purest and cleanest spirits of our age, our dear dead Whittier. BEATRIX.

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When I wrote the HOUSEHOLD of a visit to Grindstone City Life Saving Station, I closed my description of a pleasant outing by promising a report of another day's pleasure at the same place. I wrote to Captain Gill for some information I wished, but the looked for reply never reached me, and I have delayed fulfilling my promise for that reason.

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This summer I have been reading and studying Grecian history, and in "Pausanias," a very interesting novel by Lord Lytton, I read a very fine descriptions of the Athenian boats; on this lovely day on Lake Huron, when our boat was running so rapidly and smoothly over the water, propelled by the measured dip of eight or ten oars, every move made under the direction and careful training of the commander, I thought of the story of ancient Greece, when every motion of the oarsmen of her galleys was in perfect time, and their greater advantage was being entertained by a special musician who furnished music to which the dip of the oar was timed.

But we must come back to the nineteenth century and our life boat. Captain Gill regards his boat with the same confidence as the owner of a speedy horse, and as we all stood around while he explained its good points, he said with pride "Oh, she's a dandy." The life boat is a great conveyance, particularly for storms on the lakes. It is the result of a century of study, and built of double diagonals of mahogany, with both bow and stern of cork air chambers as also the sides. Six holes in the bottom about six inches in diameter provide for self bailing, and whatever the load the deck is above the water line. The boat will ride any storm, but if once upset will immediately right itself and empty through self bailers. These boats cost about one thousand dollars each, and while they look large and unwieldy are very easily handled by those in the service.

While we were learning of the good

qualities of this boat, the men were making ready for their dip in the water, and when they returned we again got into the boat in which we were taken out to the house in which was kept the life boat. The crew then launched the boat and we were taken in tow by the crew rowing. The water is very shallow for a long distance, possibly for two miles out it is not over fifteen feet deep at the greatest depth, and the roll of the water was quite as much as our land party cared for. We were anchored out about a mile and a half from shore, our anchor being cast on the ribs of an old wreck, of which there were many, for we could look in any direction and see either a boiler from some unfortunate steamer, or the ribs of some vessel. In this location, with rock bottom, the exercise of upsetting the boat and have clear water below, was more uncertain than it would have been farther out in Lake Huron, but the captain gave the command and once they went with the boat over their heads upside down; but they all clung to the life line and came up smiling on the opposite side. Again and again they tipped and turned, and were like fish, perfectly at home in the water. From our location we could see something was not all right and they called to the captain; an oarlock and pin had dropped into the water. He told them to find it at once and dive for it. It would seem about as reasonable to us to command a hunt for the proverbial "needle in the hay stack;" but they knew no such word as fail, and after those in the life boat floated around a few minutes, and others in the water swam around, the articles were located, and one of the brightest of the crew, Winn Adamson, made a dive, like a fish, and after a few seconds came up with the lost pieces of iron.

There was Angus, a tall Scotchman, whom any one would recognize as one of the faithful, even before his name Angus was called. They were all very attentive and gave much interesting information which would require too much space to repeat.

We turned toward the shore again, and while on our way heard the shrill whistle of a tug calling for the crew from the life saving station to come out on the lake and help them in getting together the scattered logs of an unfortunate raft.

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If Honey Bee does not object to cow's horns, she can sand paper and varnish one; screw a brass hook near each end and three more in one side; fasten one and one-fourth yards of ribbon to the end hooks by tying bow knots to each hook; hang on the wall and you can always find scissors, keys, etc.

A pretty paper basket is made by drawing two shades of ribbon through the wires of one of the largest size bread toasters, or wire broilers; fasten a bow of ribbon to the handle by which you hand it, and the wires may be gilded if desired.

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TAXES.

[Paper read by Mrs. E. N. Ball before the Webster Farmers' Club May 18th, 1892.]

That the present system of obtaining funds for the maintenance of the general government by taxation is not only just but necessary, it seems to me no thinking person can deny, and yet they say there is no bill the farmer dislikes so much to pay as the one which cancels this obligation to the government, which protects his property and makes his own and his family's lives safe and valuable.

The inevitable visit of the collector has associated him with the most unwelcome of callers, and yet so certain are we of his annual appearance and its mission that "As sure as death and taxes" has passed into a proverb. What mean things men will do to conceal their property from the assessor, eluding questions, prevaricating, lying even, to diminish if but by a few dollars and cents the amount of their assessment, and as it is only cheating the great and mighty Uncle Sam a little they consider it rather a good joke.

Who ever heard of a man overestimating his belongings before the assessor, even though at other times he may be full of pride and boast loudly of his possessions! Neither are men usually troubled lest their neighbors pay too great a tax, but are much concerned lest they get off too easily. "If rich it is easy enough to conceal our wealth; but if poor, it is not quite so easy to hide our poverty." "We shall find that it is less difficult to hide a thousand guineas than one hole in our coat." For the poor man to dissemble as to his taxable property is not easy, hence is the disgrace more patent "Through tattered clothes small vices do appear; robes and furred gowns hide all."

All taxation for educational purposes must be conceded to be good. Our State University, Normal and many high schools are institutions of which we are justly proud, and without which now we would scarcely know how to do. Beneficent too are the taxes for the maintenance of deserted children, and for the care and training of the unfortunate who might become the criminal. If these were the only taxes we had to pay we might easily discharge them, but there are others from which the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement; some of these are just and many more unjust.

While fashion is a severe tax-master to him who follows her too closely, still when not carried too far the ambition to have things "like other people" is laudable. We are told to "avoid singularity," for "there may be less vanity in following the new modes than in adhering to the old ones." Many people pride themselves on being

conspicuously out of style, and accomplish little but to make themselves subjects for criticism and ridicule. Chamfort says: "Change of fashions is the tax which industry imposes on the vanity of the rich." So be it, if the love of dress and change indulged in by the wealthy causing large expenditure of money, gives labor to the poor man and thereby bread to his family, it is in a good cause, hence a just tax.

Farmers who drink and use tobacco are numerous. Some wear ancient garments that would subject them to suspicion as tramps in a strange neighborhood, and chew up the money that would provide better; while many spend freely in the saloon what if prudently used would buy comforts, and often luxuries for the wife and children, who now have hard shift to keep body and soul together.

Improvident, three-handed husbands—right hand, left hand and a little behind hand men—are great taxes on their wives' good nature and affection. While the wife is working hard and looking forward to the time when they may have, at least a competence, the husband is wasting time and money in one enterprise and another till hope ends in blank despair. This kind of men wouldn't for the world be known to consult their wife's opinions before going into a venture, they don't take much stock in a woman's judgment anyway. Then this being always a little behind-hand, while not one of the great sins is often a cause of great inconvenience. "'Tis the little foxes that spoil the vines," the petty worries that make wrinkles come. Milton wrote very prettily when he said, "They also serve who only stand and wait;" but he probably never got up a good meal, then waited around for a half an hour for the man of the house, or he might have changed his mind.

"Ignorance of how to prepare food well and palatably is a great tax on a woman's strength, as she will work harder for poor results than another who cooks intelligently and well. On her husband this tax falls grievously, as half cooked and unpalatable food must finally be wasted to be replaced by more, thus drawing heavily upon his resources; then too the tax upon the family's digestive organs is severe, as much ill health is attributed to this one cause.

The reading of trashy and sensational literature is a great tax upon the mind as well as morals, for if indulged in to any great extent it leaves the mind incapable of concentration upon anything good or useful. I have known girls who had the fascination of this kind of reading so fastened upon them, that when they came to have homes of their own they could sit down in the morning, with work piled mountain high, to follow the romantic fortunes of an impossible hero and heroine. I believe it unfits a girl for an every

day, commonplace life to be fed on such trash, and there is no excuse for it; there are plenty of novels that are healthy and helpful, if one wants romance.

The lazy man or woman pay heavy taxes by letting the golden hours slip away without improving, them and find too late that "Time, like life, can never be recalled." Laziness begins with the gossamer-like threads of idle moments, but ends in the iron bands of confirmed habit. Procrastination, so near akin to laziness, imposes its tax upon all who fall into its meshes and is well defined by Shakespere "Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow, creeps in this petty pace, from day to day, to the last syllable of recorded time; and all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death." Ill-natured gossip imposes a triple tax, first upon the reputation of the one attacked; we can tear down with tongue, and look and gesture in a short time, what may have cost another years' to build up. Next, upon our time, for we may count all time as lost which could have been put to better use; but last and not least is the tax upon our moral natures. While we may ruin another's reputation we are making great inroads on our characters, which is far worse; for while "reputation is what men think us to be, character is what we are; the one is mortal, the other immortal." Jealousy taxes not only our moral natures but often ruins other lives and breaks up homes and happiness. Malice and envy, twin sisters, do more harm to the one who indulges in them than to any one else, for they "suck up the greatest part of their own venom and poison themselves."

Overtaxing strength of mind and body is unjust to ourselves and our families; overlapping on to-day what in its natural order should be done tomorrow is only doing now what we shall have to pay for at some future time. We can not cheat nature out of her just dues; she will be revenged.

We are all familiar with the agitation of the unjustness of taxation without representation: What our great grandfathers fought for in that terrible war over a hundred years ago, their granddaughters are asking for today; but mark the difference. While it was a glorious cause then and made a Washington who has come down to us as an example to all youth, what has it brought to the brightest and best of our women to-day but ridicule and such titles as "crank," "strong minded woman," etc., etc.

Farmer's Clubs are taxes on our wits, especially when we are invited to furnish a paper at the time devoted by the household gods to the festival of house-cleaning, and as I plead guilty to having just passed through this old time custom, I leave it to answer for the deficiencies of this attempt.

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All taxation for educational purposes must be conceded to be good. Our State University, Normal and many high schools are institutions of which we are justly proud, and without which now we would scarcely know how to do. Beneficent too are the taxes for the maintenance of deserted children, and for the care and training of the unfortunate who might become the criminal. If these were the only taxes we had to pay we might easily discharge them, but there are others from which the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement; some of these are just and many more unjust.

While fashion is a severe tax-master to him who follows her too closely, still when not carried too far the ambition to have things "like other people" is laudable. We are told to "avoid singularity," for "there may be less vanity in following the new modes than in adhering to the old ones." Many people pride themselves on being

conspicuously out of style, and accomplish little but to make themselves subjects for criticism and ridicule. Chamfort says: "Change of fashions is the tax which industry imposes on the vanity of the rich." So be it, if the love of dress and change indulged in by the wealthy causing large expenditure of money, gives labor to the poor man and thereby bread to his family, it is in a good cause, hence a just tax.

Farmers who drink and use tobacco are numerous. Some wear ancient garments that would subject them to suspicion as tramps in a strange neighborhood, and chew up the money that would provide better; while many spend freely in the saloon what if prudently used would buy comforts, and often luxuries for the wife and children, who now have hard shift to to keep body and soul together.

Improvident, three-handed husbands—right hand, left hand and a little behind hand men—are great taxes on their wives' good nature and affection. While the wife is working hard and looking forward to the time when they may have, at least a competence, the husband is wasting time and money in one enterprise and another till hope ends in blank despair. This kind of men wouldn't for the world be known to consult their wife's opinions before going into a venture, they don't take much stock in a woman's judgment anyway. Then this being always a little behind-hand, while not one of the great sins is often a cause of great inconvenience. "'Tis the little foxes that spoil the vines," the petty worries that make wrinkles come. Milton wrote very prettily when he said, "They also serve who only stand and wait;" but he probably never got up a good meal, then waited around for a half an hour for the man of the house, or he might have changed his mind.

"Ignorance of how to prepare food well and palatably is a great tax on a woman's strength, as she will work harder for poor results than another who cooks intelligently and well. On her husband this tax falls grievously, as half cooked and unpalatable food must finally be wasted to be replaced by more, thus drawing heavily upon his resources; then too the tax upon the family's digestive organs is severe, as much ill health is attributed to this one cause.

The reading of trashy and sensational literature is a great tax upon the mind as well as morals, for if indulged in to any great extent it leaves the mind incapable of concentration upon anything good or useful. I have known girls who had the fascination of this kind of reading so fastened upon them, that when they came to have homes of their own they could sit down in the morning, with work piled mountain high, to follow the romantic fortunes of an impossible hero and heroine. I believe it unfits a girl for an every

day, commonplace life to be fed on such trash, and there is no excuse for it; there are plenty of novels that are healthy and helpful, if one wants romance.

The lazy man or woman pay heavy taxes by letting the golden hours slip away without improving, them and find too late that "Time, like life, can never be recalled." Laziness begins with the gossamer-like threads of idle moments, but ends in the iron bands of confirmed habit. Procrastination, so near akin to laziness, imposes its tax upon all who fall into its meshes and is well defined by Shakespeare "Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow, creeps in this petty pace, from day to day, to the last syllable of recorded time; and all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death." Ill-natured gossip imposes a triple tax, first upon the reputation of the one attacked; we can tear down with tongue, and look and gesture in a short time, what may have cost another years' to build up. Next, upon our time, for we may count all time as lost which could have been put to better use; but last and not least is the tax upon our moral natures. While we may ruin another's reputation we are making great inroads on our characters, which is far worse; for while "reputation is what men think us to be, character is what we are; the one is mortal, the other immortal." Jealousy taxes not only our moral natures but often ruins other lives and breaks up homes and happiness. Malice and envy, twin sisters, do more harm to the one who indulges in them than to any one else, for they "suck up the greatest part of their own venom and poison themselves."

Overtaxing strength of mind and body is unjust to ourselves and our families; overlapping on to-day what in its natural order should be done tomorrow is only doing now what we shall have to pay for at some future time. We can not cheat nature out of her just dues; she will be revenged.

We are all familiar with the agitation of the unjustness of taxation without representation: What our great grandfathers fought for in that terrible war over a hundred years ago, their granddaughters are asking for today; but mark the difference. While it was a glorious cause then and made a Washington who has come down to us as an example to all youth, what has it brought to the brightest and best of our women to-day but ridicule and such titles as "crank," strong minded woman," etc., etc.

Farmer's Clubs are taxes on our wits, especially when we are invited to furnish a paper at the time devoted by the household gods to the festival of house-cleaning, and as I plead guilty to having just passed through this old time custom, I leave it to answer for the deficiencies of this attempt.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

I too, have been interested in "Dead Man's" letters, and join L. A. in looking on what is chosen to be called the gloomy side. It seems in the last letter written by "Dead Man" that he has fallen from his high abode among the clouds and is again upon this terrestrial sphere with us common mortals. Such being the case it would indicate that he is in a much better position to exercise that charity and love that is so beautifully taught in the "Life of Christ" and the "Life of Paul."

From where I sit in my pleasant south window, overlooking fields from which the grain has been garnered, and the zephyrs are playing with the autumn leaves, my thoughts go out to my neighbors, and I see how easy it would be for me to find fault with them. In the house over yonder, I too can see the girl who married when so young, and is the happy wife of the young man, poor though he is. She is all patience, all kindness and charity, and though she may have secret thoughts that her girlhood was all too short, it is not for me to say that it was not for the best. I have no sight into the future and cannot say that it would have been better had she continued her course through college.

I have in my mind's eye now a family of college bred girls, and oh, as their behavior, and acts and deeds come up before me I could not, I can not say but what it would have been better, yes much better, had they all married at the age of fifteen. One of them is now the wife of a farmer living on a cross road, sour, morose, jealous uncharitable and mean; the husband a hard working, close-fisted, penurious man. No children play around their door, No papers come into their house to bring any sunshine, except those borrowed from some kind neighbor.

Another one of the family, at the age of thirty-five, married a minister with a salary of three hundred and fifty dollars a year. All I can say is God bless her, for the husband can never do it on that yearly stipend.

I will draw the veil of charity around the others. They are not married. I cannot help but think with the poet,

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us."

Methinks could such be the case we would not be so prone to find fault with our neighbors. We would not be so anxious to hold them up to the scorn of others if they did not walk in the patch we laid out for them. What right have we to say what this one or that one shall do? What right have we to say where this one or that one shall go? What right have we to say that this one shall have bric-a-brac in the house, or that one shall read *The Century*, *Frank Leslie's* or the *Review of Reviews*? Who knows what incidents and causes

have been interwoven into our lives to make them what they are.

"As the twig is bent the tree's inclined" is applicable to men's and women's lives, for it is the little things along the pathway of life that makes us what we are. Therefore I for one think we should not find fault with our neighbors, but accept them as they are.

ALBION.

FARMER.

CHAT.

MRS. D. H. F., of Springport, says:

"It is really refreshing to find there are some women who are not suffering martyrdom; some who, knowing they are their husbands' equals, take their position as such and keep it. The sensible woman does not clamor for her rights to the pocketbook. That right was given her when she became a partner and companion. If you are your husband's equal don't deny it by your actions."

A. E. J., of Grand Rapids, writes:

"I couldn't help smiling when I read Sister Gracious' letter, for it is true, every word. I too am hard of hearing, and had a pair of those patent ear drums. They did not do me any good. They were about the size and length of a pin; one end was tured over, the other end had a very thin round rubber that was pressed in the ear. I couldn't wear them. I have something I think is a good deal better. It is a coiled wire covered with black; one end is a speaking tube, the other end is for the ear. The speaking and ear tube are rubber, all black, and about two yards long. I wear it around my neck and can hear quite well on the street when any one is walking with me. It is only for conversation. You can get them at Jackson or Grand Rapids."

GREEN TOMATO PICKLES.

The *New York Tribune* says: "Very few housekeepers realize the possibilities in green tomato pickles. A sweet pickle of this kind when properly made, more nearly approaches the flavor of some of the East Indian sweet pickles than anything else we have; while a sour pickle of green tomatoes and white onions makes one of the best pickles to serve with fish or meat. It is well to buy the green tomatoes just after a frost, as they are then cheaper, and a slight frost, such as may kill the vines, will not affect the fruit. Select firm, light green tomatoes, which are just ready to turn, not the dark green, immature ones. Cut the tomatoes into thin slices, without peeling them. Lay them in a weak brine, made by mixing a cup of salt with a gallon of water. When they have stood in this brine for twenty-four hours, take them out, rinse them off in clear, cold water, and put them into a porcelain-lined boiler. The slices of green tomatoes should be firm in texture. Green tomatoes that are soft do not make good pickles. Cover the tomatoes in the kettle with vinegar, measuring the vinegar as you do so, and add two pounds of sugar to every quart of vinegar. Add also to every quart of vinegar an ounce of green

ginger root, scraped and cut in thin slices. Cook the tomatoes till they are clear and transparent and perfectly tender, but not till they break. It will take from ten to fifteen minutes after they begin to boil. As soon as they are cooked, add an ounce of cassia buds, an ounce of stick cinnamon, an ounce of whole cloves, and an ounce of whole mace to every quart of vinegar in the pickle. Pour the pickle into stone pickle-jars, set it away, well covered up, with a heavy cloth tied over it. It can be used at once, but will be better in two weeks, and will keep an indefinite time."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

GOOD *Housekeeping* says that whoever would have at hand an unfailing remedy for ordinary bowel complaints, and one, indeed, for even severe cases of dysentery, needs only to gather plenty of varrow. A strong decoction, sweetened with loaf sugar and drank freely, will cure the most obstinate case, if water is abstained from and proper diet observed.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Rural New Yorker* who makes very nice grape jelly, says: "I prepare the juice in the ordinary way; when it is ready for the sugar and while it is boiling I pour it into the cans and seal it. I open a can at a time and make it into jelly just as I need it. By leaving all the sediment in the can the jelly will be entirely free from crystallized sugar, and will be far better than if made up before it is canned."

THE *Christian Union* says, relative to the exhausting task of kneading bread: "Make the sponge just after dinner, stirring it with a spoon. At night cut it down with a knife, dredging on more flour if needed. The operation demands no more than a child's strength. Next morning use the knife again, and the air bubbles will as completely disappear as if kneaded a half hour. Then mold, and let rise for baking."

Contributed Recipes.

TAPIoca CREAM.—Two-thirds cup of tapioca soaked over night; in the morning stir into it four cups of scalding hot milk. When it has cooled a little, stir in the beaten yolks of three eggs and a cup of sugar; stir until it becomes creamlike in thickness; flavor with vanilla or lemon. Then stir in the beaten whites of the eggs; pour into the dish from which you mean to serve it, and set away to get entirely cold.

B.

TOMATO SOUP.—Peel and cut up a pint of tomatoes, more if the family is large, put on to cook with a level teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper and a lump of butter the size of a small egg. In another dish heat the same quantity of milk as of tomatoes. After the tomatoes have cooked ten minutes stir in a lump of soda the size of a bean. After stirring a minute, pour in the hot milk, and when it boils take up immediately and serve. Most people like this.

E.