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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

For the HOUSEHOLD.

### LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Love is a torrent rushing on,  
Impetuous in its flow;  
Friendship, the gentle stream that glides  
Serenely, soft and slow.

Love is the star that brightly glows  
Upon the hour of night;  
Friendship, the milder orb that shines  
With a serenest light.

Love is a moving flower whose leaves,  
May ere the noontide fade;  
Friendship, a plant that sweetly blooms  
Alike in sun and shade.

Love is a beam that dazzles oft,  
And sparkles in the light;  
Friendship, a gem whose gentle ray  
May cheer the gloom of night.

Yes, love may wither and decay,  
When life's young bloom is past,  
May fade, as often roses fade,  
Before the chilling blast.

But like the changless sky above,  
That smileth on us ever,  
And like the stars, that gem the night,  
Sweet friendship fadeth never.

—E. S.

### THE FATHER'S INFLUENCE UPON THE CHILDREN.

I think the assertion made by some of our correspondents that the mother's influence over her sons is negated by their father's example, while true in some cases without doubt, cannot be considered as expressing a general fact or condition. It is neither true or wise to talk as if all the love for the children is vested in the mother, and as if the father had no care for their best interests. He is I am well aware generally the more undemonstrative parent. Very likely he does not pet and indulge the youngsters as the mother does; nevertheless he is toiling for the money to support and educate them and to provide for their future; he is as proud when they are praised, as glad when they succeed, as the mother. Doesn't it hurt him as much when they stray away from right paths; doesn't his heart ache too over their wrong-doing? Never while I live shall I forget the heart-breaking agony in a father's voice as he cried: "My God! is this my son!" There is not such a difference between the sexes that all the love and tenderness abide with women and all sternness and wrath with men.

Love for his child or children, a desire not to disgrace them or lose their love and esteem often holds a man more

firmly to his duty than any other emotion to which he is susceptible. We all know women who give us to understand, by implication at least, that marriage has been a failure and that they are living for their children. I suppose men may not unreasonably be presumed to have exactly the same feeling; in fact, I know they do.

It was no doubt the example of a drunken, profligate father which was meant as nullifying a mother's teachings. Yet what a fearful object lesson is continually before the children of such a man, a warning of what they will become if they follow his course! The mother's task is difficult and delicate, for she must not destroy the child's love for the father, though teaching him to hate the vices which degrade his manhood. Her task is hard, I say, but she has a powerful lever by which to crush out imitation by pointing out the sure results. No doubt a good many of the failures of really good parents are due to misunderstandings relative to the ways and means of arriving at the right training. Fathers resign the training of the children to the mothers, believing them the proper managers. If the mother's training doesn't train, and the father in time to come interferes, he is then regarded as one who meddles without right, and child and mother alike resent and perhaps unite to resist his dictation. Herein lies the great advantage of a union of aims and training—the family discipline is a matter of mutual union and interest and neither parent is in any way contradicting or defying the authority or discipline of the other.

The father's influence is often negated by the weakly loving mother whose unwise tender-heartedness interferes to conceal the children's faults, help them evade their punishments or by injudicious sympathy make them feel themselves victims of a father's tyranny. A child should never be taught to conceal anything from one parent, by the other; because it will not be very long before the child will be in the hiding business on its own account.

Men, I think, generally allow more individual liberty of act and opinion than do women, and rely more on sense than sentiment. They realize there are some things children must learn by experience, dear bought though it prove,

and this I believe the real secret of their better government both as parents and educators. The eternal "don'ts," the constant espionage, the perpetual nagging of some mothers is sufficient to ruin their influence over their children.

Oh no; make up your mind your husband loves the boys and girls just as much as you do—if he isn't everlastingly "fussing" about them. Don't feel injured or grieved if he sees and corrects faults. Uphold his authority as well as your own. Don't threaten in his name; if the youngsters need the rod don't promise to "tell your father and he'll whip you," but administer the correction yourself. And above all, make your children a bond of union and love, rather than a source of strife and contention, between yourself and your husband.

BEATRIX.

### A POT POURRI.

So that Beatrix can have a good time in Chicago, and not have the word Copy suggested, I send a mental pot pie to the HOUSEHOLD, made up of scraps from my thought pantry. It is to be taken with a good natured sauce, and thanks to the maker.

Perhaps you have gathered the rose petals, and have them in a pretty jar. Now you can put them to a beautiful use. Instead of throwing rice at the bride, and getting it into the groom's pockets and shoes, and putting his eyes out, as they leave the house, send your symbolic congratulations through a shower of rose leaves.

It is a pretty custom, after gathering your flower seeds, to put them in neat paper bags, write the name plainly, and tuck one into a letter to a friend.

Keep a basket handy and put all the peach stones in it. Throw a handful on the grate these cool evenings, or in the stove. They burn with a clear flame, and send out a pleasant perfume.

Perhaps you are thinking you won't bother with house plants this winter, but there are reasons beside seeing something green in the windows. They make the air more healthy for the family, and help keep the piano and organ in tune.

Christmas trees are growing very scarce, and more costly every year. There is no reason why you should not have the same one season after season.



Select a small rooted evergreen, or buy one of the florist, and plant it in a butter tub painted green. If you have casters on the bottom all the better. It grows slowly, but will make a pretty plant for the corner of the sitting room, and be ready to trim for the holidays. In the summer put tub and all out doors, and see that the children water it. It will grow for years in this way, and really be like one of the family.

Don't insist on washing Monday. There are reasons why Tuesday or a later day is preferable. It breaks in on Sunday's rest to get ready, and all the good things are eaten, and cooking has to go on besides. It's a good rule not to let a young girl have a white dress until she can wash and iron it herself. She will be more careful in wearing it when she knows the labor of doing it up.

One of our neighbors had a delightful birthday gift. To look at, it was a very pretty chair; sitting down in it started a spring, and a music box commenced to play. If you stood up, the tune stopped.

Perhaps some of us, frightened to think our burying fund in the bank may be lost, have gone and drawn it all out. If so, the best thing to be done is to cut a firm sharp twig, go out in the back yard and beat ourselves black and blue for our foolishness and helping to keep up the tight times. Then we should take the money out of the chimney or the hem of our petticoat, or the old stocking leg where we have hidden it, carry it back to the same bank and humbly ask them to keep it for us.

DETROIT.

SISTER GRACIOUS.

#### A COMMON FAILING.

It is very amusing to listen to the things jealous persons will say. If one of their neighbors happens to own something which they are neither able or lucky enough to possess, it is this very article which they attempt by shallow speeches to belittle and pick flaws in. Perhaps they imagine that people don't "catch on," but they do, every time.

Maybe the family across the way has a neat turn-out, while the jealous person may not pamper his pride in that direction. He, or she it is, sometimes, I am sorry to say, soon discovers that Mr. Jones' carriage is a very poorly made concern, and must have been ridiculously cheap. The nigh horse is the proud possessor of three sprains and a ring-bone, while the off one is lame in all four legs, and has the heaves, and they must both be at the least calculation, sixteen years old.

Sometimes the jealous person allows so small a thing as an article of jewelry to disturb his or her peace of mind, and the first victim that happens along gets a piece of this identical disturbed mind. This extremely happy and much to-be-envied personage—the jealous person,

has made up his mind that that piece of jewelry is not good gold, he is ready to take his oath on "Fox's Book of Martyrs" that the diamonds are paste, the rubies stained glass and the whole affair a brass fraud gotten up for the express purpose of fooling just such unsuspecting people as this fortunate neighbor.

If he, himself, happened to possess the abused article it would straightway assume a character nearest perfection of anything "on this terrestrial ball."

We all know some jealous people and feel an excusable aversion to them. But they are to be pitied for they must know the deepest pangs of discontent, even though their trouble come through no other source than a selfish heart.

There is real misery enough in life so that most people have all they can contend with, without borrowing more trouble simply because some one possesses something they can not afford. It is an inexcusable failing and one that finds but little sympathy.

We probably have all we deserve—most people do and if others have more perhaps they deserve more.

Making the best of what we have and striving to find the best things of life in our own lot, many bring peace unspeakable.

A blessed boon is content and brings a wealth of comfort to the heart.

Even if we have comparatively little, yet if our lives be "wisely and rightly ordered," out of that little may rise blessings so sweet that we may be enabled to forget all about Mrs. Smith's jewelry and Mr. Jones' turn-out.

MARSHALL.

CLARA BELLE.

#### THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

[Paper read by Mrs. Charles Baker before the Grand Blanc Farmers' Club, May, 1891.]

I do not wish anyone to think that I know everything about training children. I know very little; and sometimes the knowledge of my inefficiency in this particular and the thought of what might have been in years to come had a different course been taken comes upon me with almost overwhelming force. The other day Charlie found me having a little private weep, as we women will sometimes, and of course he wanted to know what was the matter. I told him I never was meant to train children. I knew I never could get through with it decently. He laughed a minute and said, "Umph! You do the best you can, don't you?" "Yes," said I, "but not the best I might do with the help I might have had I oftener crave it." You will excuse my using the first person singular, but it does seem that the father, although a most important factor, has very little to do with a child from one to ten years of age. It was suggested on the giving of this subject that we notice the difference in training of English and American children and which we consider the better way. One of the greatest differences to be noticed is that children of the old country are more diffident, do not rely on themselves so much, nor are they so self assertive as

our children; this comes from the fact that parental authority is much more strictly enforced there than here. Children pay much more deference and respect to parents there. Here you see a mother and daughter enter a store; the daughter takes precedence in everything, even sometimes seems to think her mother is not up to the times, is her own authority for what she wants and how she wants it.

In England a mother would pay even if her daughter was twenty-five years of age: "While you are under my roof you will do as I wish. When you have a home of your own you can do as you please." Children in England are taught to respect their elders, to speak when spoken to and are quite a secondary consideration; here they are all important and seem to take first place. Whether it be better for a child to be repressed, swear soft to itself, wring up its fist in its pocket and think what it will do bye and bye, or be able to do and say just what it likes, I leave you to decide; but I do think the happy medium is best and that we parents should try to govern with that authority which is needful to the comfort of all concerned. I never hear a child or one of larger growth be saucy to a parent, but I feel if I had the strength and dared, I could knock him down were he as big as Goliath.

English children too are healthier and rosier; motherhood is not considered so much of a burden, and it is a saying there that a woman at forty is fat and fair, though perhaps the mother of seven, eight, nine or ten children. The climate may have something to do with this, but I think it is largely owing to the fact that nature is allowed to take its course in the reproduction of the species.

The training of a child naturally implies four divisions, viz., physical, mental, moral and religious. The physical training and development is of the utmost importance for it is the basis of everything that is desired; as well try to erect a noble building on an unstable foundation as to raise a well rounded or perfect man from a diseased, sickly child. I think you will all agree with me in saying that people with consumption or any known hereditary disease, have no business having children, bringing innocents into the world to suffer; a sorrow to themselves, a constant source of pain and anxiety to those who love them. When the blessing of a good stout healthy child is ours, let us see to it that we try to retain and develop this gift.

Many a mother ruins the constitution of her babe by needless indulgence. Some people are devoted to soothing syrup, which if habitually given weakens the brain, making the child dull and stupid. As soon as he can toddle he runs around with a cookie or fried cake in his hand as many times a day as he chooses to call for it, interspersed with frequent additions of candy and sugar, when dinner and tea time arrive there is no appetite, the child is cross and peevish. The same programme is carried out the rest of that day and the days following. I have been where children are allowed to remain up until the older folks retire, thus robbing the active brain of childhood of its hours of rest and also taking from the parents two or three hours of evening quiet which is so needful after the fatigue of the day.

To keep a child healthy and happy is easy if we only have the firmness to do so. Deny him lunches between meals, and though hard at first you will soon be delighted to see the pleasure and zest with which your little ones despatch these meals. Any amount of



milk and oatmeal, good graham bread, fresh fruit in abundance, and plenty of fresh air and exercise, with good sweets thrown in occasionally, will constitute a diet on which any healthy child will grow happy and contented. I know some people are averse to giving their children much fruit but more harm is done by having too little than too much. It comes in the time of year when the system requires it, and the little ones crave it, so let us give them all they want, only at correct times. Children I think require very little medicine, some are doctored to death, of course they are bound to have measles, chicken pox, etc., that is natural, but with a little spring and fall physic they will usually come out right, for nature and dieting are with little ones great restorers.

I think it a great mistake in mothers to make their daughters believe they are not strong. Sometimes you hear one say, "Now don't do that, dear; you are not strong enough," "Don't you feel terribly tired after so much exertion," or "I don't want you to listen to that, you will be so nervous." Don't let them imagine, if you can help it, that they have a nervous or any other system; they will find that out quickly enough. A little girl came to me once and said: "Oh my, I'm so nervous!" "Pshaw," I said, "little girls haven't any nerves. When you are an old like me, it will be time for you to be nervous." I think to this day she imagines she is without those necessary articles, but I know if I had told her she had one she would have imagined she had a million and they were all bothering her at once. I allow you must watch children and see they do not overdo, but they will usually work twice as hard playing as working. Why should not a good healthy girl, all other things being equal, be able to take as much exercise as boys? Let them go out of doors, play ball, hitch up their horse and jump over a five-barred gate if they want to, without being unladylike or imagining it will hurt them in the least.

As we aim to develop part of the child we must not forget its mind, which is constantly asserting itself. As soon as a child is six months old, he knows a great deal, feels who he loves and who he does not, who he must mind and who he need not; and now commences the parents' influence over him. He can be taught many things before he goes to school. The art of observing is a very helpful one, to show a child the why and wherefore of a thing lifts him out of himself, and encourages him to look ahead and think for himself. A parent can do much towards developing a child's mind by interesting himself in his work, whatever it is, the books he reads and by trying to keep ahead of him in his studies, although in these busy days many parents feel that if they can satisfactorily provide for their backs and stomachs it is almost all they can do, and yet far from all they ought to do. English children are ahead of ours in this respect, there labor is cheap and a father who is tolerably well off can provide a nurse for his young children, besides a general servant, thus leaving his wife time for that companionship with her elder children which is so enjoyable.

Parents should gain the confidence of their children and learn if possible all their mental aspirations for all young people have them, if correct, do their best to encourage and assist. Your son, although his father is a farmer, may wish to be a physician, lawyer, architect or merchant; you may think it strange but I heartily agree with Pat when he said, it isn't because the cat had kittens

in the oven that they should be loaves of bread; it isn't because a boy has the good fortune to be born on a farm that he must of necessity be a farmer. If his mind turns to something else a good farmer he will never make, and as we have poor ones enough help him all you can to be a successful man in some other direction. Show him that firmness, endurance, good principles, perseverance, neatness, and dispatch are needful to the completion of an education which will fit him for any calling in life.

We should train our children for times of sickness as well as of health. There is no sadder sight than a sick child who is cross, selfish and unfeeling, keeping those around him on the constant jump to do his bidding. When with a little firmness the parent, though loving his little one just as fondly, requires from him self-forgetfulness and consideration for others in times of sickness. Believe me this will help on their recovery as much as doctor's medicine. But at the same time the nurse must be cheerful and never let her charge think he is very sick while there is hope of recovery.

With regard to punishments, children differ. You can accomplish wonders with some by moral suasion, while on others it has no effect. They are a good deal like young colts. With one you have much trouble and have to use a sharp bit and whip while you can hitch up another with very little training and it will always be docile and affectionate. I think most youngsters ache for a spanking two or three times in their youth. And let me whisper to you, sisters, don't be forever giving a little cuff here and a little spat there, but just make a business of it, although you must break your heart in the doing. Two or three applications are usually effectual.

You may save yourself much trouble by teaching your children, both by precept and practice the valuable lesson of presence of mind. It is usually acquired, natural to very few. If seated in a boat and it rocks violently show them that they must sit still and not jump from side to side; if the horse is running away, to retain their seats and not scream; if a wind comes up to shut all doors and windows. I once knew a little girl who seemed naturally afraid of a thunder storm and would scream and dance with fright at the first peal. Her mother tried to quiet her unsuccessfully, but at last told her that God caused the storm, that it was one of His ways of purifying the atmosphere, took her out after it was over and let her realize how sweet and fresh it was; she also told her when people got hurt by lightning 'twas frequently through carelessness, and had her put out of sight scissors, needles, knives and anything that would attract it, and now she is the bravest little girl in a thunder storm, and never jumps on a feather bed or goes in a dark cupboard and cries when it storms. In a thousand ways a child can be taught to be a great help in times of danger instead of an additional care.

No parent has done his duty to his child in a moral sense until he has made him thoroughly acquainted with himself in all the relations of life, and the time to do this is as soon as he can read, or reflect upon any subject whatever. I know this is a delicate subject; but an all-important one, and it is usually a false modesty which prevents it from being fully discussed between parent and child. Crime might be lessened, our prisons, insane asylums and county houses depopulated were men and women only faithful to this God-given duty. Who so

fitted to reveal life in all its phases to a girl as the one whom God has given her to be her helper and guide? It is a cruel awakening for any mother to find that her carefully guarded daughter has been initiated into the mysteries of her nature by a vulgar companion whose impure ideas she can never wholly eradicate. I think in no other way can she gain and retain the confidence of her children than by being open with them in these matters; and they will come to her with their perplexities and mysteries as naturally as they otherwise would have shunned her had she not pursued such a course.

"I raise up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it," is God's promise. Should we not teach him to live for eternity as well as for time that only as he tries to live unto God will he develop into a perfect man, with the promise of this life and of that which is to come. The child to-day is in our hands as clay to mould it or to mar it at our will, or idly to leave it in the sun, an uncouth lump to harden. The Bible teaches us that children ought to be a blessing, and that they are the heritage of the Lord. It almost seems in these days that by some they are considered a curse. I was once introduced to the wife of a minister and in the course of conversation it was said I had eight children. The good woman raised her hand in holy horror (I believe she had none), and said "My gracious I should place a placard marked 'small pox' over the door and never go out!" I was filled with silent indignation, but thought "You poor, silly fool!" and these words came into my mind, "When you speak contemptuously of the vocation of maternity you dishonor not only the mother who bore you, but the Lord Jesus himself, who chose to be born of woman and to be ministered unto by her through a helpless infancy."

#### CLEANING CHENILLE CURTAINS.

Professional cleaners charge rather high figures for cleaning chenille portieres, spreads, etc., whereas those who have facilities may do the work themselves by following *Table Talk's* instructions.

Purchase seven or eight gallons of gasoline. If you have a washing machine, put in enough of the gasoline to cover one-half of a pair of curtains; wash about 10 minutes, and then wring with the hands and shake thoroughly and hang on the line to dry. In half or three-quarters of an hour they will be ready to hang up in the house. Should you not be the possessor of a good washer, put the gasoline in an ordinary tub and shake the goods up and down until well cleaned. The gasoline may feel cold to the hands, but it will not injure them.

Clean all light-colored articles first. The gasoline may look black after cleaning heavy curtains, but put it in a vessel, and after it settles, pour off and remove the sediment. One great advantage in the use of gasoline is that it will not destroy the color of anything, even the most delicate coloring. You can clean white silk, white shoes or gloves and make them look almost like new.

Gasoline is very explosive and must not be used near a fire or in a closed room.

Do the work on the porch or in the yard rather than in the house.



## TWO DAYS IN ERIE.

Great was our disappointment when we found that the Uganda, on which we were passengers, would merely unload at Buffalo, N. Y., and return to Erie, Pa., to load again. We had confidently counted on a day or two in the former city, where we had friends; and felt rather dismayed at the prospect of spending the time in Erie. But we had to resign ourselves to the inevitable, and enjoyed every moment of our five hours' stay in Buffalo. It was hard to go back to the boat knowing that we might have been having a good time at the opera; and we "turned in" early, wondering what we would do with ourselves all the next day in a place where we knew not a soul.

The next morning we were awakened by the confusion incident to landing at Erie, and as soon as breakfast was over we started out on a tour of discovery. I have known things I would rather do than climb down a ladder to a coal dock, and dodge buckets which seemed about to deluge us with their contents of soft coal, but we escaped with no greater injuries than dirty faces, and a few minutes' walk brought us to the foot of State Street. One of the men from the boat kindly piloted us to a livery stable, where we obtained a horse and carriage. That horse was a most sagacious animal; kept, I verily believe, for the use of strangers like ourselves. There was absolutely no chance of being lost, for whatever street we took or however many turns we made we were sure to find ourselves back in the vicinity of the stable every fifteen minutes.

Erie is a city of about forty thousand inhabitants and is a very pretty place. We explored it very thoroughly and found many beautiful residences and charming grounds.

The Soldiers' Home, a little out of the city, is an immense brick building, or rather collection of buildings, covered with ivy and surrounded by extensive, well kept grounds. At the rear of the buildings and looking over the Bay is an old watch tower erected to the memory of General Anthony Wayne, who died there. As we drove slowly through the grounds and noted the care which everything received we thought we would not mind being old soldiers ourselves. At the entrance a group had collected under a big tree, and the fragments of their conversation which reached us showed that they were fighting over again in memory a battle of long ago. Probably their chief happiness now consists in recalling the dangers and hardships which at the time seemed almost unendurable.

After leaving the Home we caught a glimpse of twin spires of so peculiar a form that we decided to find them and see to what kind of a building they belonged. But it was a rash decision. Erie is hilly and the trees thick, and those spires proved to be perfect will

ow the wisps. In pursuing them we forgot to notice where we went, and but for our Bucephalus' propensity for returning to his home there is no knowing what might have become of us. But patience, perseverance, and many turns brought us at last to our goal, a Catholic church and academy.

By the time our curiosity was satisfied hunger convinced us that it was dinner time, so we allowed Bucephalus to take us once more and for the last time to the stable.

After dinner and a short rest in that most depressing of all rooms—a hotel parlor, we visited several of the stores and then returned to the boat, too tired and warm and dusty to do anything but read novels for the rest of the day.

The next morning we were ready to start out again, and having ascertained that there was no danger of the boat's leaving before the middle of the afternoon, we again descended the ladder. The first place which we desired to find was the post-office and we inquired the way of the first man we met. He was an exceedingly nice old man, for he was not satisfied with verbal directions, but insisted on taking us there. It took a long time to mail that letter, the multiplicity of directions was so perplexing. North, south, east, and west had each a separate box; and we were by no means sure that we started the letter in the right direction when we finally put it in the box marked "west."

As we went on up State Street we found that it was market day and the manner of conducting it was entirely novel to us, and seemed quite foreign. Along one side of the street for a distance of five blocks temporary counters had been erected; and the whole population seemed to have turned out, basket on arm, to buy its Sunday dinner. It was really much more picturesque than having a regular market building or square, and we enjoyed it greatly. However we found afterward that the people of Erie are rather ashamed of this institution and regard it as altogether too primitive for their progressive city.

We felt that we had "done" Erie pretty thoroughly the day before, so took a trolley out to The Head, a summer resort about four miles from the city. The ride was delightful, particularly the latter part, as we were approaching The Head. There the track passed through a ravine with beautiful wooded banks rising almost perpendicularly on either side. But I did want to massacre a certain boot and shoe firm for so mercilessly disfiguring the finest trees and most picturesque stumps with their signs. When we left the car we climbed a long flight of steps (encouraged all the way by a fat man who kept puffing out:—"Just keep going and you will get to the top," and found ourselves in a beautiful grove. From that we followed a path which led us down to the beach, where the hotel, pavilion, and bowling alley are built. It is a re-

markably pretty place,—the bay in front, the beach, the level lawn dotted with rustic seats; and in the back ground the woods in abruptly rising terraces. I think one might spend a month there very enjoyably. Our time was all too limited, and we were obliged to return to Erie on the next car.

We spent most of our remaining time in the Central Park which lies right in the heart of the city, and is evidently a haven of rest for "all sorts and conditions of men"—and women. In fact we were so comfortable there and so interested in the passers by that we stayed longer than we intended, and reached the boat so exactly on time that it rather scared us to think how near we had come to being left.

So our two days in a strange town proved to be a very pleasant part of our trip, and doubtless we enjoyed it much more because our anticipations were not of the brightest.

PORT HURON.

E. C.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING tells how to iron a shirt: Take well boiled starch in which has been mixed a tablespoonful of liquid glue, and rub it thoroughly into bosom and cuffs. When the fabric will hold no more, roll the garment up tightly and leave it for fifteen minutes. Then unroll and quickly iron the unstarched parts. Iron the back on the bosom board so as not to dry the front. Then smooth out the wristbands, wipe with a dry cloth, and iron quickly, drying on the underside and polishing on the right. Spread the bosom on the board, cover with a damp cloth and go over with a hot iron. Then take the polishing iron and boldly finish the work. If properly done there will be no sticking; the secret is to move the iron so quickly that it doesn't remain in any spot long enough to stick.

## Useful Recipes.

CREAM OF GREEN CORN SOUP.—Cut the kernels lengthwise and scrape out the pulp with a knife. Add nearly as much boiling water as there is corn; cook half an hour, or until it boils up thin. Season and thin with cream.

QUICK PICKLES.—Take small cucumbers, and put in a porcelain kettle, covering with cold water, and adding a little salt. Let them heat gradually and boil five minutes; then drain off all the water, and add good vinegar. To one gallon of vinegar add one cup molasses, one teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon; let boil five minutes; remove to an earthen or stone dish; pour over them the hot vinegar. Then cover tight, and when cool they are ready for use.

DRIED SWEET CORN.—Cut off the corn before cooking, and put it in a pan over a kettle of hot water until the milk is set, stirring frequently, then dry on plates in the oven as quickly as possible, without scorching. To cook, put it to soak in warm water immediately after breakfast, or the night before, and cook from fifteen to twenty minutes, seasoning as when green; it is tender and delicious. Do not make the mistake of thinking corn too old for the table is good enough to dry.