

# MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, JUNE 30, 1885.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### "LOVE IS ETERNAL."

[Inscribed in a Wedding Ring.]

My bonny bride can aught betide  
That shall my heart from thine divide?  
The troth we plight must know no blight,  
Nor perish as the years take flight;  
For time shall bring eternal spring  
And Hope's perpetual blossoming.  
Dear, love is strong, and love lasts long,  
This is the burden of my song.

Nor doubts nor fears shall cause sad tears,  
As trust grows strong with lapse of years;  
Nor care nor fret shall bring regret,  
Nor loosen bonds so firmly set;  
Nor passion's dart cause bitter smart,  
And leave its scar upon the heart.  
For love is strong, and love lasts long,  
This is the burden of my song.

### A COMPANION PICTURE.

We often see pictures in pairs, one the antithesis of the other, so if I undertake to furnish a companion picture to Old School Teacher's dinner piece, it will be totally unlike, yet fit to pair with it. Some years ago I went with a friend to pay a visit to a married lady who resided a number of miles from us, and with whom my friend had formerly been very intimate. We arrived in good season, finding our friend at home, house neat, herself tidy, and after laying aside our wraps, prepared to enjoy a good long afternoon. We were, however, soon invited into the "sacred best parlor," and I do think that if there is anything that will stiffen the spinal column and chill the warmth of friendship to zero, it is to be inducted into a room which bears impress of being set aside "for company," whose chairs are set in a straight line and everything else disposed with mathematical regularity. I always feel an insane desire to "muss things up," to pull the tablespread on the bias and kick over a foot-stool so as to give an inhabited air to the premises. But *revenons a nos moutons*. Shortly after we were established in state, our hostess murmured an excuse. That was the last we saw of her for an hour or more. Then she re-entered, evidently warm and tired, sat a few moments and again vanished with another murmured apology, leaving us to commune with the furniture. When she reappeared it was to invite us to the tea table. It was a glorious spread, and the secret of her absence was revealed. We had custard pie and short biscuit, and sponge cake and jelly cake, *all warm!* Canned fruit, pickles, cold meat and "snaps" finished the menu. Immediately after tea we had

to take leave, to reach home before dark. There is no use denying there were some comments made on the peculiar character of our visit on the homeward journey. It had been a dismal failure. There had been no opportunity for conversation, because our hostess had been so solicitous to set before us an elaborate meal, which we ungratefully felt we could have eaten at home without the discomfort of the dusty ride in an August sun. We had seen some fine damask and china and silver, but we were not in search of table napery or crockery. We did not ride ten miles for the sake of our supper. The simple fare our hostess might have put before us with no trouble beyond setting her table, would have suited us best of all, if only we might have been entertained with pleasant converse. But housekeeping treasures must be displayed, there must be cake and pie, and so we sat in state in the parlor while Madame cooked in the kitchen. We felt as if our visit, which was intended as a pleasure to the visited, since the friend had not been met for some years, was inopportune and failed of its purpose, that it was a cause of much labor and perspiration; and we pictured to ourselves the rolling up again of the silver forks and knives and the return of the cake basket to its flannel nightgown as we rode through the twilight; and laughed again next night as we ate crackers and milk and gingerbread for supper, with the front doorstep for a table. The essence of hospitality does not lie in what a bright eyed girl of the period calls a "swell tea," but in the welcome and entertainment. One can get a meal at hotel or restaurant for money, but money cannot buy a welcome. And so, dear ladies, I pray you when you make pictures not to follow after the pattern herein sketched, but let your gracious hospitality be modeled after the simple, hearty cordiality of Old School Teacher's example, which made friends welcome to what was prepared, with no ostentation, no added toil.

BEATRIX.

### A PERPLEXING QUESTION.

Can none of the correspondents throw light upon the subject perplexing the Editor, "why are so many farmers' wives and daughters invalids?" Since reading the assertion that many if not invalids are far from well, I have been looking around for evidence to refute the charge, for I sincerely thought it a mis-

take or confined to some particular locality, but was astonished to find it too true in these parts also. In a large neighborhood there are but few who can answer the salutation, "How do you do?" with "Well; I thank you."

What is the cause? In individual cases the attending physician is responsible for the answer. In general it is of course the violation of the laws of health, by ourselves, or our ancestors; from necessity, through ignorance, or willfulness. The necessity refers only to our ancestors, for in these days no farmer's wife need overtax herself to the injuring of health to procure the necessaries of life, as did some of the pioneer mothers; and this is the very cause of the poor health of some in the present day. There comes to my mind now, just such a case of an over-worked woman, who, by means of a strong constitution, was herself able to endure the strain, yet her children from infancy have been sufferers.

Much is the result of ignorance of the laws of health, which fact is a strong argument in favor of teaching physiology and hygiene in the common schools, where the rising generation is supposed to be congregated. But it is in the school room many times that diseases are contracted, partly owing to the construction of the building, and partly to the teacher, for any room with doors and windows can be ventilated. How the subject widens! Ventilation, pure air, the right temperature to be maintained, pure water, drainage, and wholesome food are all essentials to good health, but I will not attempt to discuss them. There are the wilful violators, those who will do things they know will be injurious. We have no right to overwork, no right has ever been given us to unnecessarily expose ourselves or children to the inclemency of the weather; and it is downright wickedness to compel another to sleep in the damp spare bed.

The subject of farming is something of a hobby with me, and yet I will not claim for it that it will restore health, though in some cases I have known it to do even that. Out door exercise, plenty of fresh air, pure water, and wholesome food will not always avail after the constitution is broken down, no more than it will answer to lock the barn door after the horse has been stolen.

Our bodies if properly cared for would simply wear out, and not suffer pain from sickness. Time alone would make inroads upon this, the most wonderful of



mechanism, just as it does upon any other machinery, were it not for the violation of the laws of health. For each violation there is a penalty attached, a penalty that no one can escape. It follows as surely as there is a broken law; no plea of ignorance or insanity can be made, no hiding from justice, the suffering will come.

After all, if statistics could be obtained, where think you would be found the greater proportion of women in poor health, in city or country homes?

JANNETTE.

PALO.

### BE GOOD TO THE GIRLS.

I heartily endorse the remarks of our Editor upon the necessity of a young girl's having the true, earnest friendship of a married lady. How many times in my own girlhood's experience have I wished for such a friend, one whom I could love and trust with all that my heart contained. I had one such, but she died just when I most needed her advice and council. I never met another like her. She was too pure and good, too frail and beautiful for this world, and God took her to himself in the midst of the second year of a happy wedded life. She, too, like most girls, had had trials, which to her seemed almost overwhelming. She had realized the utter loneliness of the young heart when assailed by many temptations, with many eyes watching every action; evil minds unjustly criticising and misconstruing the most innocent pleasures, and mistaking for willful flirtation the freedom and natural vivacity of a buoyant young life; with no restraining hand to guide her aright, or kind, unprejudiced friend of whom she might inquire wherein lay her seeming fault, or who might by kindly counsel, keep her feet from treading "the road that leadeth"—where? I tell you most girls have hearts which need sympathy and other training than that which they receive in so-called society. I speak more particularly of country girls (for our little paper is a country paper, is it not?)

How often does the tempter enter in the form of some prepossessing biped of the "male persuasion," who is conceited enough to imagine he can capture the hearts of all the maidens who look upon him. And alas! how deplorably often he does succeed in darkening forever the once fair future of the innocent object of his wiles.

As we all reflect we can all think of at least one to whom life once looked beautiful, but who will carry a life-long burden of grief, perhaps, because of that very reserve existing between herself and some older lady friend, who saw from the beginning what the end might be, and who by a little timely advice, quietly offered, might have changed the whole course of that now shattered life, and kept a world of sorrow from the hearts of that girl's parents.

It has been aptly said, "Alas for the rarity of Christian charity under the sun!" I tremble for the girls who seem to have no thoughts of the future beyond the

mere giddy pleasures which they anticipate from day to day. My heart reaches toward them in sympathy, and I would earnestly warn them not to *trust* before they fully *test* their would-be friends and lovers. Girls, look deeper than the outward show, the stylish "rig," or fine clothing which the gentleman (?) sports. Look into his heart and see if truth and honor are there enthroned, and *do not* be in a hurry to decide life questions.

Now, friends, let us open our hearts to "the girls," and help them if we can. All around us are objects of pity rather than censure, and God will not hold us guiltless who have received abundantly of his abundant mercies, if we blame or pass coldly by the unfortunate ones who are in need of the sympathy and aid of Christian hearts.

MOLLIE MOONSHINE.

MAPLETON.

### CORSETS OR SKIRT SUPPORTERS?

I don't know but I am preparing myself for a hot bath in introducing this question, especially as I mean to boldly avow my preference for the much abused corset. When "cranks" are in danger of losing their chance to keep themselves prominently before the public and newspaper reporters are out of items, there is the ever ready topic of woman's dress at hand, and they "pitch into it" with all the zeal of people who know nothing practically of what they are talking about. Corsets or suspenders? In other words, will you bear the weight of your clothing suspended from your waist or your shoulders? Let me give a bit of my personal experience. Until about six years ago I never wore corsets. Previously I had worn my clothing fastened about my waist, suspended from my shoulders in masculine fashion, or attached to an underwaist with the effect of carrying the weight on the shoulders. I thought I could not wear corsets, believed them inventions of the Evil One, especially designed to kill off superfluous women. About that time I began to consider myself one of the latter class; then too, the long cuirass basques were worn, and it was impossible to fit a dress perfectly without a corset. I bought one to wear with my best gown, and found it so easy and comfortable, so much superior to other contrivances, that I now wear one constantly. I have found that it tires me more to have the weight of my clothing suspended from the shoulders than from the hips. Whenever the arms are raised the full weight comes upon the muscles of the shoulders; we lift the burden in our hands or upon our arms and the weight of our clothes in addition. At every movement of the waist and arms the weight of the clothes is felt in some new adjustment. I fail to see wherein hygiene is served by this way.

The modern corset is a comfortable, well fitting garment, curving readily to the form and quickly assuming the lines of the figure. My mother's corset was an instrument of torture, with its hickory board the full length in front, and its stiff and hard whalebones, which kept

the body perfectly erect and rigid. There is no comparison between the corset she wore and that I am wearing today, so far as health is concerned. I do not "lace," I like to be comfortable. I do not wear my dress as tight over my corset as I did without it, and I find I do not mind the weight of my skirts on my hips as I did before.

I think it is *heavy skirts*, not corsets, that are so injurious to women, and believe in putting the blame where it belongs. Of course if one gets a too small corset, and then laces it as tight as it can be drawn, the ribs are compressed, the lungs have not room enough, and the health of the wearer suffers. But I am not speaking of the foolish people who can never use a thing intelligently, but must run to extremes.

BRUNFILLE.

DETROIT.

### TRIED AND FAILED.

Our cucumber pickles were laid down with sugar according to the recipe given in the Household of June 24, 1884. They became soft and spoiled; and one of my neighbors tried it with the same result.

I also tried laying down ham in stone jars without cooking, and covering with lard; it kept well until July, when it commenced to rise in the jar and sour. I think it is a good plan for the first part of the season. I will give my way, by which ham will keep a year, for I have proved it for more than thirty years. Take the ham as soon as it comes from the smoke house, cut and fry just enough to heat it through; add enough lard so there will be no space for air when your jar is full, put a weight on and leave until cold, then remove and add more melted lard until all is covered; let it get cold before replacing the cover or it will mold.

MRS. R. D. P.

BROOKLYN.

### LIGHT THE FIRE.

It is very pleasant to read that Mrs. N. H. Bangs, of Paw Paw, cooks dinner for forty guests on her gasoline range, that the ponderous cook stove is consigned to the wood house, and that kindling wood vexeth the good man no more. But I protest that the banishment of the cook stove is a mistake, unless Mrs. B. has some other stove in which it is convenient to make a fire these cold mornings. [A wood stove in the dining room was radiating caloric on the occasion of our visit.—Ed.] I am using a gasoline stove for the fourth summer, and consider it more than a luxury; it is a necessity, an indispensable essential to comfortable housekeeping. But we cannot spare the cook stove. At this moment uncle John luxuriates in its genial warmth as he reads the *Post*, and I write under its influence while we wait a bit for the boys to come to breakfast. Grandpa will soon spread his thin hands to enjoy the warmth, and baby will be toasting her bare feet. Michigan mornings are usually chilly, and often damp.

I wish I could impress upon all minds as it has been impressed upon mine, tha



a damp house is a bad place to live in. A house will be damp that is not warmed by fire once or twice a week.

My practice is to light the gasoline whenever a wood fire makes the room too warm for comfort, and I never had occasion to prepare breakfast by it more than three mornings in succession. It is better to be vexed with kindling wood than rheumatism.

Flood the house with hot sunshine, build warm fires until all mold and the germs of disease are burned or dried up.

Who says that farmers' wives attend too many socials, church festivals and grange meetings? In this section they do not go enough. If any women need society it is farmers' wives; but few of us would step outside our door yards, if some public gathering with its appointed time, previous anticipation and preparation did not lure us from the unbroken succession of home duties. The endless chain binds us, but if a hard link be sometimes missed and its place filled with the fragrance and joy of social pleasure, who shall dare to protest?

AUNT BESSIE.

FAIRFIELD.

#### MAKING A HAMMOCK.

A pretty girl in a white dress in a hammock under the trees is a charming addition to a rural landscape. The hammock is an institution which has "come to stay." The children like to play in it, and the tired "head feminine" is not averse to a siesta in the out-door air where she is safe from snakes and other things that crawl. Hammocks are cheap almost any one can afford one or two I could buy a dozen, but woe is me, I don't own a tree, not even a sapling. But I don't mind telling my neighbors how to make one if money is scarce, especially when I can clip the information from an exchange. A Kansas lady says:

"I took two pieces of pretty striped awning cloth two yards long, a yard or a little more in width, laid them together and bound them strongly all round with heavy worsted braid. To each end I sewed eight or nine brass rings as securely as possible; to each of these rings I attached a strong cord. The ends of these cords were brought together in an iron ring. So my hammock consisted of two thicknesses of awning cloth, attached by rings and cords to two rather large iron rings. It only remained to fasten a rope to each iron ring and tie each rope to a tree or hook in a verandah post. To swing the hammock in the most comfortable position, I would shorten the head rope to about half the length of the rope at the foot of the hammock, and also attach it about two feet and a half higher than the point at which the foot-rope is fastened. This gives an easy curve for the body and a more desirable and gentler swing."

Another method given by *Good Cheer* is as follows:

"Bring your old flour barrel from the cellar or storeroom, knock it to pieces, clean and paint the staves. (I like red.) Procure a rope four times in length each place where it is to be suspended, and in size a little larger than a clothes line. Now halve the rope, double each piece in the middle, and commencing two yards or so from the end, weave it over and under each stave about three inches from the end of each one, which will bring the

rope crossed between each; do both sides the same and your hammock is complete. One end of the rope should be fastened up higher than the other. At first this may not seem firm, but when there is any weight on it, the rope becomes 'taut,' as the sailors say, consequently there will be no openings."

#### AFTERTHOUGHTS.

My gasoline stove is a "Jewel" both by name and actual worth; to steep tea on one take a griddle from the old cook stove, and place on the blaze, and set the teapot on this and it will steep without boiling.

I would like to inquire how to wash red table cloths without boiling, and get the grease spots all out.

If anyone has a room which is ceiled instead of plastered and wish to paper it, they can accomplish this very nicely indeed by pasting cheese cloth over the boards and then papering. To do this, brush plenty of paste upon the wall, and then, taking one end of the cheese cloth, commence at the top and brush smoothly upon the wall. It is some work to do it, but after it is done it makes a smoother, nicer finish than a good many plastered walls. I have one of those corner closets; had a corner shelf, and not being able to get the carpenter work done, I put up a pretty curtain, and like it very much.

MRS. C.

#### CANNING CORN WITH SALICYLIC ACID.

In a late number of the *Household* the Editor expressed a wish for some of the members to give their experience in canning corn, peas, &c., their failures as well as successes. My failures have been so numerous and so complete that they are not pleasant to even remember; but at last success crowned my efforts.

For every quart of sweet corn add one teaspoonful of salicylic acid, and the same quantity of salt, cooking until about half done, or thoroughly scalded through, then can and seal as for any fruit. When wanted for the table, add one-half teaspoonful soda, and one teaspoonful of white sugar. While boiling, season with butter and cream. I opened the last can in March, and it was as good and sweet as that I cooked last August. It is much better to put it up as soon as the corn gets its size. An ounce of the acid would be sufficient to can all the corn needed for a small family. It is said peas and beans can be kept in the same way, and I shall make the trial this season. OBSERVER.

LAPEER.

The following plan will keep butter cool and hard for the table without the use of ice: Get an unglazed clay flower-pot, as large a one as you can find, having a saucer. Fill the saucer half full of water, place a flat stone, or half a brick in the centre, set the butter on it and turn the flower pot over it, after corking up the hole in the bottom. Set in a cool place and pour water over the pot till it has taken up all it will; do this whenever the pot looks dry, and the evaporation will make the air inside and consequently the butter very cold.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

It is said on good authority that chloride of lime freely used about their holes and runways, will drive rats away.

POWDERED rice is said to have a great effect in stopping bleeding from fresh wounds. The rice powder is sprinkled upon lint, which is then applied as a compress.

If you would be "way up" in the latest parlor decoration craze, ladies, confiscate your husband's or your father's milking stool, paint and varnish its three legs, cover its top with embroidery, ornament with ribbon bows, and thus rescued from ignoble uses, consecrate it to the sacred best parlor.

THE *Bazar* tells how to seal up jellies, so as to keep them from mould, without the trouble and expense of using paper wet in brandy. Cut circular pieces of thin brown paper two inches larger than the glasses to be covered. Make a paste by stirring a tablespoonful of flour and a tablespoonful of water into a smooth mass, and thinning with more cold water until the paste seems no thicker than water. Dip each piece of paper into the paste until it is wet through, drain a little and spread over the top of the glass, pressing the edges firmly down on the sides. When dry the paper will be tight as a drum-head. The label may be laid on top of the paper as soon as put on the glass; there will be enough paste on the paper to hold the label when dry.

MARY WAGER FISHER, in the *Rural New Yorker*, tells how she makes what she calls a "swab," which she uses instead of a dishcloth: "The handle is a round stick the size of a broom handle, a foot long, with a hole in one end through which a string is passed to hang it up; around the other end a groove is cut. I wound the strings around my four fingers held flat, slipped a stout cord through the hole left when the fingers are withdrawn, and tied the loop firmly around in the groove; then cut the bottom of the loop of strings, which results in a heavy fringe falling all around the bottom of the handle. New strings can at any time be added to replenish the swab, which needs to be large and full. I have been thus specific about the swab, as there may be some unfortunate dish-washer left in the world who still clings to a dish-cloth, and if so, she may be hereby induced to make for herself a swab, and wonder evermore that she lived so long without one, for it saves the hands from being burned with hot water, the dishes are cleaned more thoroughly and quickly, and the swab never degenerates into a dish-rag."

"AUNT BESSIE" says: "Please stir up your readers to report their success or failure with different methods of canning fruits and vegetables. The only lady I know in Lenawee County who used salicylic acid lost the fruit."



We are glad to welcome "Mollie Moonshine" back, after her long absence. There are many others, too, who would be gladly received would they but renew their allegiance.

Mrs. W. J. G., of Howell, recommends this plan to rid a pantry of black ants: Saturate a large sponge with sweetened water, and place it near their haunts, it will soon be well filled when they may be destroyed by pouring boiling water over them; sweeten and lay the sponge again as often as necessary.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for July lies on the Editor's table, the 661st issue of this venerable magazine. Its contents are fully up to the standard of Godey's, its various departments being well filled with interesting and valuable reading matter, while its illustrations seem unusually excellent. The publishers inform us that those who desire to try it may subscribe for the balance of the year for one dollar, which allows every subscriber a selection of a full-size cut-paper pattern each month. As these patterns are noted for their accuracy, more than the price of the Magazine is received in the value of the patterns. J. H. Haulenbeek, P. O. Box H H, Philadelphia.

THE June number of *Babyhood*, the new magazine for mothers, comes to hand full of good things for reflective women who have the care of the babies. L. M. Gale, Editor, contributes a valuable paper on one of the most disastrous diseases to very young children, summer complaint. Marion Harland continues her familiar talks with mothers, one of the babies is supposed to express his first impressions of this life through a diary edited by a physician, and there are interesting letters from correspondents, hints on the baby's wardrobe, nursery conveniences and the like, which fully keep up the standard of the magazine. *Babyhood* Publishing Co., 18 Spruce St., New York City

A TEST OF SILK.—An extremely interesting and valuable article on silk culture and manufacture, by R. R. Bowker, in *Harper's Magazine* for July, gives the following method of testing the quality of silk goods, which will prove of interest to purchasers: "A silk-maker who has intent to deceive can make his yarn take 300 per cent of extra weight by the use of metallic substances in the dye-pot. This accounts for the cheapness as well as the bad wear of certain foreign fabrics which at first sight look as well as goods at a much higher price. Some foreign silks are so highly "loaded" with nitrate of iron as to give color to the belief in the "spontaneous combustion" of silk which caused the North German Steamship Company, in 1879, to refuse the weighter foreign silks. The carbon of the silk and the nitrate make a compound closely parallel to gun cotton, which is simply cotton fibre soaked with nitric acid. The American manufacturers challenge consumers to test the purity of their fabrics,

which may be done by ravelling the silk into threads. If heavily loaded they will break easily, feel rough to the touch because of the particles of dye, taste inky to the tongue, and burn smoulderingly into a yellow, greasy ash, instead of crisply into nothing. These are tests the lady buyers of silk should not forget." The description of the Jacquard loom sheds some light upon a process which to the inspector of some of our novelties in silks and brocades seems little short of witchcraft.

BEFORE we forget all the new ideas learned about coffee making in the late discussion of the subject, let us hear what Miss Corson says: "If you put boiling water on coffee, and do not let it boil, you have all the good qualities preserved. One reason dyspeptics can not drink coffee is because it is boiled. The style of coffee pot is just a matter of fancy. I have drank as good coffee from an old tomato can as I have ever sipped from a cup filled from the finest French coffee urn. When the coffee is ground as fine as possible, put it in a little bag of unbleached muslin, which should be tied tightly enough to prevent the escape of the grounds. If you use a cup of ground coffee you can make over a quart of very strong, black coffee. In making coffee many people sacrifice flavor for strength. Bitterness comes from boiling. When boiling water is placed on the bag of ground coffee it should stand at least three minutes before serving. Remember, the longer it stands the stronger it becomes."

#### Useful Recipes.

PICKLED CRAB APPLES.—Take nice smooth crab apples (large ones preferred), put them in a steamer and steam until tender, but not so they will come to pieces. Take out and fill your jars or cans. Have ready a syrup made of one quart of good cider vinegar to six lbs. of sugar, with spices to taste, pour the syrup over the apples boiling hot; when cold they are ready for use, and will keep well.

CURRENT JELLY.—One of the best recipes known to cooks for currant jelly is as follows: Pick the currants during dry weather when they are ripe, but not overripe. Place them in a porcelain kettle over the fire, mashing them somewhat to extract juice enough to keep them from burning. When soft, strain through a crash bag to get the juice, then through a flannel bag to remove all the pulp. Weigh the juice, and to every pound of juice allow a pound of granulated sugar. Put the sugar in a stone crock large enough to hold the juice also. Let the juice boil hard for five minutes, then turn the boiling juice upon the sugar in the jar, stirring all the time, and until the sugar is dissolved. Dip into tumblers at once. It will often jelly before it is cold, and will be firm and solid, yet break into ruby fragments at the touch of a spoon, and will keep a couple of years.

CANNED STRAWBERRIES.—Hull the fresh fruit and sprinkle with sugar, adding the sugar so as not to have to stir the fruit. Let stand all night. Next day drain off the juice, put in a kettle, adding one teaspoonful of water to each four quarts of juice. As soon as the juice boils put in berries enough to fill a can, stir

them down gently, let cook two minutes, lift out with a strainer so as to take no juice, put in the can, filling it two-thirds full, and set the pan in a can of hot water. Proceed in this way till all the cans are used, putting in berries enough for only one can at a time; then fill up the cans with the hot juice, and seal quickly.

#### Contributed Recipes.

RIPE TOMATO SAUCE.—Peel nice ripe tomatoes, pour over enough vinegar to cover them and let stand over night; then take half the vinegar, (throw away the other half), and add half the weight of the tomatoes in sugar. Add cinnamon and cloves if liked, and stew slowly until the juice has nearly evaporated.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

FENTON.

WASH DAY PUDDING.—One cup buttermilk, one cup fruit, two tablespoonfuls sugar, one teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful soda, Graham flour to make a stiff batter. Steam one hour. To be eaten with sugar and cream, to which a pinch of salt has been added. Mrs. W. J. G. HOWELL.

CANNED CORN.—To every six quarts of corn take one ounce of tartaric acid dissolved in boiling water. Cut the corn from the cob, and put in sufficient water to cook; put the acid in while the corn is cooking; can in glass cans as you would fruit. To prepare for the table, pour off the sour water and save it, put in enough fresh water to cook it; for every quart of the corn add one small teaspoonful of soda and a teaspoonful of sugar. If the corn turns yellow there is too much soda; pour back some of the sour water until it turns white again. When nearly done season with salt, cream and butter same as fresh corn. I have tried this two seasons, and have found it just as good as fresh corn.

MRS. R. D. P.

BROOKLYN.

#### Canning Vegetables.

THE *New York Tribune* gives the following directions for canning peas and tomatoes:

Tomatoes.—Immerse them in a wire sieve in boiling water for a minute or two and throw into cold water. This will make the skins come off easily. Peel and slice them, removing all the inedible portions, and put them into a colander to drain; then put over the fire and boil two or three minutes. Fill the cans partly full, then put in two or three whole tomatoes peeled cold. Fill up with the boiling fruit and seal. The cold tomatoes may be omitted if desired. The water drained off may be boiled down and spiced for catsup.

Peas.—For eight quarts of peas use one ounce tartaric acid; boil slowly three hours and can. When opened for the table, neutralize the acid with one level teaspoonful of soda to one quart of peas. Put the peas in glass cans in a dark place.

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