

MICHIGAN FARMER

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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

"MUZZER'S CHILLUN."

"My muzzer's almost trazy,
Her chillun is so bad,
An' my drate bid sister Daisy
Does make her drefful sad,
So she says.

"And Daisy is a norful dirl;
Her nice new frock she tored,
An' tause she had her hair to turl
Why she—why she just roared
Yesterday.

"When baby owyed, an' muzzer said:
'Go an' wrock little Claire.'
She put trums in his tradle spread,
An' chew-dum in his hair
Tozzer day.

"What you sint one time she did?
Why, runned away from me,
She went and runned and hid.
I didn't know where she be—
Couldn't find her.

"Dees I see sometimes norful too—
Of course I is, I know;
But what's a yittle girl to do
When she don't wort or sew
Tause she tarnt?

"She dot to try; be tross too,
When she's so small as me,
That's all the way she has to do
When she's tired—don't you see?
Tourse you do.

"When I see weally dood and nice
Through all the drate long day.
Papa tells me a 'pearl of prize,
An' muzzer's dlad to say
'She was dood.'

OUR BEST REASONS.

"However our conduct may appear to others, we act wisely when we have the best reasons for pursuing any given course," says our "Strong-Minded Girl," in the Household of August 18th. This is almost axiomatic in a certain sense, but who is to judge of the validity and force of "the best reasons?" If, as I infer from the sentence which immediately follows, "We may not judge, since we understand not others' needs," the idea is we are the best judges of our own conduct, as governed by what we consider the best reasons, I must take exception to this statement as being too broad, so broad as to be misleading. We may not sit in judgment on another's motives; we may, we must, as life and society are constituted, judge acts and conduct. Can we rely implicitly upon that inner, calm revealing of which she speaks, as our highest authority? No. Our acts, if governed by unbiased judgment, free from prejudice, or passion, or desire, might be always wise, always right. But this is imply impossible; we cannot judge im-

partially, dispassionately; we cannot so abstract ourselves as to give purely im personal judgment to our own acts; we are swayed by many influences outside an inner revealing or intuitive knowledge. We see many things not as they actually are; not as they appear to others, but as they strike our imagination.

"Action treads the path
In which Opinion says he follows good
Or flies from evil; and Opinion gives
Report of good or evil, as the scene
Was drawn by Fancy, lovely or deformed."

Do not our desires often so warp our judgment as to make the wrong appear the better reason? Our opinions are the measures of soul-growth, and it takes time for all development, but our deeds live and act apart from our own will; their consequences are felt both in our consciousness and beyond it. A profound moralist, in speaking of our relation to others, says: "We must, in all cases, view ourselves not so much according to that light in which we may appear to ourselves, as according to that in which we naturally appear to others," which is simply equivalent to saying that in addition to considering the consequences to ourselves, of acts which are governed by our opinions, we must be able to see how the acts influenced by these opinions affect others. Then is it not true that one who knows and loves us, and has a warm personal interest in us; one who has the wisdom and experience of years, can judge more wisely than we of reasons and opinions, though to our cruder minds our own wisdom seems best? Does not a simple, joving, untaught heart often see through the mists of sophistry which bewilder us, and warn us of danger we cannot as yet recognize? Does not the disobedient daughter who has chosen her way according to those "best reasons" which are sufficient unto herself, but found it after all the wrong way, often acknowledge this as she creeps back, humbled and repentant, and ah! so much less confident of self, to the mother who warned her of danger? "None can at all times choose wisely; as consequences prove." We admit it, and so we ask counsel, we listen to the advice of friends, we defer to society, as represented by public opinion; and act wisely when we give this influence and opinion of others due weight in our balance. We learn, by and by, that trust can be misplaced, affection misguided, and thus make our reasoning a guide to error.

It is no light thing to accept the responsibility of guiding our own conduct, without the governing, moderating influ-

ence of those whose hearts are bound up with our lives by love and relationship. Yet it is in youth, when we most need the wisdom and counsel of others, that we are the most arrogant, most certain of ourselves, most sure our way is best. As we grow older, we see that though our own happiness is of more consequence to us than to any other person in the world, to secure that happiness it is not our privilege to ignore the rights of others; and of these rights inexperience is most unmindful. We see there can be no perfect development, no beautiful life, no attainment of life's noblest heights, in which our obligations to others, reciprocal, moral and legal, are not recognized and respected. This precludes the idea that each inner life is a law unto itself; this principle is the foundation of that moral selfishness by which we persuade ourselves that our own desires, what we arrogantly assume are the necessities of our natures, are paramount to all other rights. No full, complete happiness was ever won, no noble life ever builded, by our sacrifice of another. We must take into our hearts and lives that "higher law," founded on the Christ-life, which includes our duty to others also, as the guide, the balance wheel, to our inner, calm revealing.

BEATRIX.

A LESSON.

One day a short time since, I gathered a gem of use set in the full beauty of a rich life.

"My young friend," said a grand old lady to me, "try always to keep in your heart the beauty and helpfulness of trust; trust in human life."

I looked into her calm, happy face with the serene eyes, and crown of beautiful white hair, and as the influence of her words thrilled my heart with warm, responsive feeling, I said: "I thank you for those words and the thoughts they awake in me. I feel the need of others' trust in me, that I may more fully believe in myself. I think we may often influence people in the direction of our fixed thought, and belief in regard to them, so they will, respond to that thought and belief. Trustful hope, is half of fulfillment."

"That is true," she replied. "One of the most helpful, formative influences of my early womanhood was the firm faith and trust of another heart in my life,—a faith which hoped in my strength over all my failures, a trust believing in the ultimate triumph of my womanhood." She sat for a few moments in pleasant reverie, and half to herself asked: "I wonder where that friend is now, and what is the reward for all the kindness performed for

others?" Then as if anticipating my desire, she proceeded:

"He was many years my senior; his warm nature and true manliness constituted him my youthful ideal of manhood. His life was a sorrowful one, but he gathered rich experience from its field. His rare spirit wooed from the burdened sears a mighty meaning. He had, I believe, the most buoyant, hopeful nature I ever knew. You would think all life a joy to him, and it was, in a sense, for he found all the gold of sorrow, all the value of pain. I was self-distrustful, and always depreciative of my abilities, fearful of assuming responsibility. That irresolution, timidity, was the one burden of my life like no other, the one sorrow like none beside. One day when speaking of some deficiency painfully felt, he replied, 'You are all right!'"

Oh, the power of those words! How strong to lean upon, how full of glad surprise they were! In them the voice of supreme faith spoke to my life. They occurred often to my mind, until they began to grow in me as a desire, a purpose; and every desire is a prophecy, every purpose a living influence seeking to become an actuality in our lives. I was not vain enough to forget my faults, but my mind became occupied by the thought of my strength, and strength and weakness, light and error, cannot dwell together. I tried to realize the hope of another in my life, thus hope became my own, and hope seeks to realize all of life's possibilities. Trust, hope, it is, through love, which builds about the loved one the soul's beautiful ideal, and strives to raise the real into oneness with this ideal. We may read everywhere, trust, as the thought of God. All the heart of nature throbs with this helpful word."

Here the old lady was interrupted by two tiny hands placed over her eyes, and a sweet, childish voice from behind her chair cried: "Guess who it is, Grandma!"

"Oh, you little rogue," said she, taking the child up in her arms and kissing her; "did you mean to frighten Grandma?"

"No," replied the little girl, "but I wanted to see you." Then climbing up, she put her arms around the old lady's neck and resting her head on her shoulder, looked laughingly and earnestly into her face. Suddenly she said, "Grandma, how old you are!"

"Why, what makes you think so, my child?"

"Why, your hair is so white," replied the child, laying her hand on the soft white locks, and contrasting them with the red gold of her own long curls.

Ah! the mystery of the years, the wondering question of the child-heart! Those white locks seem so far along the pathway of Time!

The old lady smiled, and looking up at me, asked: "Have you solved the mystery of the years?"

"But in part," I replied; "yet I see my life must be in its fruitage of deeds, not years."

"That is the thought," said she. "The way of the years is weary and fruitless."

The path of time is beautiful only by the blossoms of opportunity, hope and fulfillment."

"Ah! little one," said she, stroking the child's fair hair, "it will not be very long even to the 'white hair,' if love and helpfulness be the companion of your life."

S. M. G.

LESLIE.

CHAUTAUQUA.

Nearly eight hundred feet above Lake Erie's level, nestling amid the clustering hills of southwestern New York, lies Lake Chautauqua, that charmed spot which is rapidly becoming the modern Mecca of the literary pilgrim. It is twenty miles long, with an average breadth of more than a mile. About midway the length, long points of land approach each other, leaving only a deep narrow channel, hence the significance of the lake's Indian name, which means "a bag tied in the middle." The lake has no visible inlet, but a narrow outlet turns and twists its way into the Allegheny, thence to the broad Mississippi by way of the Ohio, and finally becomes swallowed up in the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

Nine well managed steamers ply to and fro during the summer days and moonlight nights; and competition has this year reduced season tickets to one dollar, for which small sum one can ride sixteen hours per day, if he choose, for six weeks.

Taking the little steamer "Hiawatha" one morning for a tour of the lake, we stopped full twenty minutes at the dock at Mayville waiting for the crowd on the daily excursion train to settle aboard. It is such a pretty, quiet little village, straggling over the hills at the head of the lake, we became enamored with it, and took up our abode at one of its cottages during our stay at Chautauqua. It is here that Judge Tourjee, author of the popular American historical novels, resides, in a pretty, modest home far up Main Street, where he can command a fine view of the lake and its distant rim of purple tinted hills. The Hiawatha does not deign to stop at Wooglin, a mammoth club house, filled with guests, a house as ugly as its name, but speeds away like a water bird, straight for Chautauqua Point, the Baptist camping ground. To my mind it is the finest and healthiest location on the lake. Its one hotel, The Grand, is fitly named. It is large, handsome, and stands upon a high point, commanding a view of the entire lake with all its curving shores, a view that excites an exclamation from the most phlegmatic gazer. There are some fine cottages near by, large, airy, and standing in the broad sunlight, an item in their favor, for at Chautauqua one is never troubled with torrid summer days, indeed, it is almost too cool for comfort some of these August mornings. At the left of the hotel extends a pretty grove, and near by a large, rather overgrown looking tabernacle, where concerts as well as religious services are frequently held. Aside from its pure air and commanding position, there is nothing to attract the chance visitor, and so few linger long, but speed away across

the lake to Fair Point, or as it is now called, Chautauqua. Here are the classic shades that once were termed the Methodist camp grounds, but under the generous management of Dr. Vincent, have become a fostering mother to every class and every denomination who seek her privileges.

One's first impression as the steamer points up to the narrow dock, is that Chautauqua is a kind of human menagerie, because of the gates which resemble nothing so much as the cages one sees at a circus. At the right, is a small window where tickets, costing forty cents for one admission, or two dollars for an *open sesame* for a week, must be obtained before you can pass through the turnstile and worry yourself through the crowd into the grounds. At the left of the window and under the same low roof, an enclosure about twenty by thirty feet is crowded with people, who peer out between the slats at the incoming throng from the boat. As the last one leaves the deck the gates open and out pours an eager throng rushing for the best seats on deck, and thus it is repeated every hour of the day. The average daily attendance during the entire Chautauqua season this year was estimated to be twenty thousand. Here, in a magnificent grove of grand old oak, chestnut and maple trees, some of them veritable patriarchs, is a busy, crowded city of cottages. Streets and avenues extend in every direction, but usually leading directly or indirectly to the commodious amphitheatre containing the great pipe organ, and where I judge two thousand people might be comfortably seated. Here are delivered at stated hours during the day lectures on various topics by prominent professors and lecturers; and here also Prof. Sherwin gave delight to all by his charming concerts. The admission fee at the gate admits one free to all entertainments here offered, which are in every respect always first class.

Members of the "Chautauqua Course" I think will experience a feeling of disappointment on first viewing many of the noted points here. For instance, Palestine and the Pyramids are ridiculous caricatures, and Jerusalem reminded me of nothing so much as the piles of elegant mud pies of my childhood recollections. The hall in the grove is much handsomer on the cover of *The Chautauquan*, as in truth might be said of the other public buildings. A fine chime of bells echo over the lake at morning, noon and night, and the great bell of the chime tells each passing hour. At ten o'clock evening "drum taps and to bed," for here one gets rest as well as recreation.

Whatever temporary drawbacks one may find at Chautauqua, it cannot be denied that the "Chautauqua" idea is a grand one, for it furnishes food for famished minds, rest for weary bodies and society for lonely or isolated breadwinners, and is not that enough? I wish that every reader of the MICHIGAN FARMER would enroll as a member of the C. L. S. C. For full particulars address the obliging secretary, Miss K. F. Kimball,

Plainfield, N. J., not forgetting to inclose stamp for reply.

The boats down the lake stop at various points, none of special interest except Lakewood, the N. Y., P. & O. R. R. station, where are also some of the finest hotels and cottages, all filled to their utmost capacity.

By far the prettiest part of the whole trip is down the outlet to Jamestown, a distance of three miles. It seems as if the river were trying to see how crooked it could be, and turning some of the sharp narrow curves becomes a trifle exciting. No rim of pebbled beach is visible, but luxuriant shrubs and weeds bend low over the dark water or half draw back to reveal a dim, reedy cove, losing itself in the swampy wood. At every bend, short, sharp steamer whistles resound, and frequently we pass at given points. Somehow the loud jest and laugh and song has died away as we glide through the silent forest, and all seem content to hail the passing steamer with the "Chautauqua salute," so like in its first surprise to the silent fall of large feathery snow flakes. Gracefully, and as if proud of the achievement, the Hiawatha glides up to the dock at Jamestown, and Babel once more begins as all join in an unseemly scramble for cars and carriages, eager "to do" this pretty city so perily perched on the steep hill slopes, at the foot of Chautauqua Lake.

I. F. N.

NAPLES, N. Y.

THE HEALTH QUESTION.

The subject of the health of farmers' wives and daughters, and, in fact, of women generally, is a most important one. If women as a sex, or if any class of them, are enjoying poor health, or fall below any other class or the average status, it is well it should be known, the cause ascertained and remedies found. I quite agree with other members of the Household that farmers' wives and daughters do not have enough of out door air, but Myra shows them a simple plan of securing a good quantum.

There are very few farmers' wives who can arrange to go away any length of time for rest and recreation. If there are children to be left, the thought of what may happen to them fills the mother's mind, and the feeling that the little ones are defrauded of mamma's companionship, and she from home for enjoyment, fills the heart with guilty qualms, and does not conduce to rest or improvement. To take them with her is still worse, for all the world bears witness to the fact that children require more care away from home. They miss the familiar scenes, the regular hours, and pleasant freedom; new scenes excite them, the necessary restraint is irksome, they grow restive and rebellious, and mamma finds her pleasure excursion a tiresome affair.

A day's trip, a boat ride, a drive, a few hours spent in the woods, will make a grateful change to child and parent, even if it brings fatigue; but as a usual thing the children are better at home, and the

mother with them, unless she can leave them in good hands, and take with her a contented mind. But when she can sit down in the midst of warm weather, the piazza or yard is a good place to sit in, and the little ones can safely range about, content that mamma is there, while her watchful eye can follow and her eye and ear can take in the beauties of nature, while her body drinks in new life from the sunshine and air.

Nature rebels against overwork, the penalty must be paid. But is overwork so general as is claimed? I verily believe that if women will put brains into their work, lop off the non-essentials without reference to Mrs. Grundy, and put the essentials in business order, and then use the leisure saved wisely, they need not, as a rule, suffer in health from their exertions.

If children suffer from the overwork of the mother, why is it that the penalty falls only on the girls? We hear no complaints of the deterioration of masculine health, and yet the boy with the girl is the child of his mother.

I have seen the statement several times lately in the public prints, that the health of American women is improving, and the herey is also promulgated that the English woman, the synonym for robust health, is far more culpable than her American sister in the sin of tight lacing. List, ye shades!

I would be very glad to see the subject exhaustively discussed. We cannot too closely scrutinize a subject of so much importance.

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

THE VALUE OF FLOWERS.

When death enters a beloved family circle and removes the dear object of care and solicitude, we naturally turn to something to replace our loss; our hearts cling to the material; we beautify the sacred spot where our loved one rests.

My daughter, now lost to us, loved the flowers in art as well as in nature. With her pencil she drew the lovely forget-me-not and sweet mignonette, with her tiny brush painted roses, fuchsias and the clinging vine. She cultivated the lowly "Flowers of Thought" (pansies). She selected many choice house plants, which she left to "mother's care,"—think you not each one now sacred to her memory? Yes, the flowers have won their way to my heart and many choice varieties adorn our yard. The flowers are sweet, silent messengers of hope to the sorrowing heart.

I would say to our sisters, cultivate flowers. If you have children teach them to love the beautiful flowers,—their hearts will be more pure, their lives will feel the sweet influence in after years, they will revert with pleasure to the happy childhood days. Where is the mother who cannot find time to care for a few plants to cheer the sitting room, or some favorite window.

Now is the time to repot for winter. I will say for the benefit of those who wish to slip plants, cut up the end, insert one or two oats and drop one or two in

ground with slips. I have better success in rooting slips since reading this in Floral Magazine. I have tried it.

I would say to all who read this take a floral magazine, don't plead poverty, for at each visit you will feel richer as well as happier. Don't say you have no time to cultivate flowers and don't need it, you are the very one; if you can't have flowers the next best thing is a picture and talk of them; if you do have flowers a paper will be of much interest and great help.

I have for years welcomed the Household and watched with satisfaction its growth. Many times have thought I'd like to give my testimony in favor of this, or experience in that, but others can write so much better I never have ventured before. I am interested in all topics. My heart is in love with flowers, I want every heart to rejoice and every home be made beautiful with the bright tokens of our Father's love. After the toil of the day, when one feels too tired to think, how restful to get out among the flowers; their sweet fragrance and the pure cool air is certainly invigorating.

MRS. MARY E. HALL.

LESLIE.

A "BLUE ROOM."

In response to Beatrix's desire, "If you have made a pretty ornament write and tell the Household about it," I come to tell how I made a very pretty rug. The material is four pairs of old socks, cut into pieces about an inch wide lengthwise of the sock. Ravel out the strips, leaving enough room to sew upon the foundation, which should be a piece of strong carpet, or coarse canvass about a foot and a half square. Now sew the strips upon the foundation, taking care to have the colors blend prettily, and you have a pretty rug with no money outlay at all, except perhaps for coloring.

As some have inquired about the cost of furnishing a bedroom, I will tell you what I did last spring when I was cleaning house: The bedroom was already furnished with bed, stand, carpet and white cloth curtains on rollers. I like to see everything in a room match; and for a bedroom I like blue the best. I first papered the room with paper in which there was plenty of blue. I then took two yards of blue paper cambric, cut in lambrequin shape, pinked round the bottom, and put them over my white curtains. I then took enough of the same cambric to cover the stand, and edged it around with lace. For my bed spread I used an old blue opera shawl, taking care that the squares should come straight; the shams I ruffled, putting in the center 'sweet' in one, and "rest" in the other. The "sweet rest" is worked knotted stitch in blue. Then my husband made me some shelves in the corner, on which I put lambrequins, pinked and feather stitched with blue yarn. My rug I put at the side of the bed.

I was very tired when I had finished everything, but as I was surveying it my husband came in and said, "Well, little Bonnie, your busy hands have made this

room look very nice;" my tired all left me, and I was glad to know that I was doing what I could to make our home beautiful.

BONNIE SCOTLAND.

MASON.

A HOME MADE SCRAP-BOOK.

During the years I have been a reader of the Household paper I have often cast a wistful eye to the band, and felt like asking them "to open the ring and let another in," but a moment's reflection upon my own inability to furnish articles of pleasure or profit at all equal to the pens already enlisted, would check my aspiration until the next Household came. I have glanced over every column and wondered if I could do half as well as they do, for I think they all do splendidly.

I will tell the ladies of the Household how to make a scrap book either for their own pleasure or children, or to give to a friend; these scrap-books are sources of enjoyment to children who have been ill and are getting stronger, and some of us know crippled children or even grown people who are shut in from busy life by weakness or disease. We ought to try to brighten these lives if we can. Gather together all the pictures you can, cut them out neatly and carefully with smooth edges; then there are the Christmas, New Year and birthday cards, which nearly all of us have. If you cannot afford to buy a scrap-book, take paper muslin or common glazed cambric; cut this into pieces ten inches long and eight inches wide, three or four pages will make a book large enough to begin with. The cambric may be all white, or any color you choose, pink, blue, red, or a part of each. On these pages paste the pictures neatly on both sides, using your taste as to which pictures look well together, and fit them nicely; the covers may be made of the cambric neatly lined, but if you aim at durability take light pasteboard covered on both sides with cambric, and sewed together over and over, or what is better finish in button hole stitch with colored worsted, then with the scissors make holes through all and tie the covers and pages together with a narrow ribbon or twisted worsted.

RHODA.

BATTLE CREEK.

RAILROAD "RISING."

Why does not Huldah Perkins make the quick or railroad rising as it is called, for her salt rising bread? I make it as follows: Put three teaspoonfuls of cannelle or shorts, or cornmeal, into a teacup; then on the tip of the spoon take a little each of sugar, salt and saleratus; mix all together, then add scalding or boiling water until it is a thin paste; set in a warm place and keep warm until it rises, which will be in from six to twenty-four hours according to the warmth of the weather and the heat of the water used. The hotter the water the longer it takes to rise. I would say that the corn meal does not rise like the shorts, it only becomes a little foamy. If your shorts or cornmeal is sour, your rising will be sour. The next morning I make the salt

rising as usual, adding this quick rising, and it is usually up in less than an hour. For an ordinary baking I add to the sifted flour one tablespoonful each of sugar and salt; sponge it and let rise; then mix the loaves so soft that they stick to my fingers as I place them in the pan. Bake half or three-quarters of an hour according to size. This is nice bread for summer. In the winter I frequently make hop yeast bread, as it is sure to rise.

LEONE.

BIG BEAVER.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

THE paper bags which come from the grocer's are very handy in many ways. Their best use is perhaps to slip over the cans of fruit like a cap; this keeps the light away and keeps the color of the fruit. A paper bag slipped over the water pitcher will keep its contents cool, and ice will melt more slowly if the pitcher is thus covered.

AN omelet pan and a pancake griddle, says an old cook, ought never to be washed. Thoroughly rub the pan and griddle after and before using, with a clean, dry cloth. Of course these dishes, if so handled, are never to be used for any other purpose than omelets and pancakes, and there will be no trouble with either sticking to the pan or griddle.

Good soups and gravies are never greasy. The good cook never serves a gravy on which a stratum of clear fat is floating. Generally the soup or gravy is permitted to get cool and the fat removed in a solid cake; sometimes there is not time for this. Then wet a cloth in cold water and strain the soup or stock through it. Every bit of grease will remain in the cloth.

REMEMBER that one of the very nicest, if not the nicest, ways to prepare pumpkin for pies is as follows: Cut the pumpkin in half, put it in a dripping pan, skin side down, (after the seeds are removed) in a slow oven; bake until all the good can be easily scraped from the rind with a spoon; if it is as brown as nicely baked bread, all the better; mash finely, and to one quart add a quarter of a pound of butter, while hot. Then make up after your usual formula.

RUSKED bread and milk is a new dish, very fashionable at city lunch tables, and a great help to the housekeeper in disposing of stale bread. But perhaps you do not know what rusked bread is. It is simply bread dried quickly in the oven till it is a light brown, then pounded till about as fine as rice. It is "just delicious" with milk and berries, better than bread or crackers; and we suspect might serve as foundation for a delicious pudding to replace the usual "bread pudding."

"E. L. NYE's Guardian" makes the "amende honorable" for her mistake in crediting Brunefille's opinions to Beatrix. No harm done, E. L.; Beatrix was not offended, and Brunefille will not prove implacable.

F. E. W.—We will give directions for crocheted shoulder cape next week.

PANSY.—Letter forwarded as desired. Let us hear from you in the Household.

I. F. N. interrupts her series of letters on care of the sick to give us her impressions of Chautauqua in this issue, but will continue her valuable hints on nursing on her return to her home, later.

"STRANGER," of Plainwell, advises a trial of bread-making methods advocated in the Household heretofore. She says: "I think that if Huldah Perkins will follow the directions for salt-rising bread given by S. M., in the Household of April 29th, 1884, she will have no trouble in making good bread. I have made bread in that way a number of years; can get it baked for dinner, and raise it by a common cook stove."

THE Editor takes the liberty to extract the following bit of encouragement for the ladies who have so kindly furnished recipes for the Household, from a private letter received the other day. "Only two days ago one of my neighbors came to me with a long face, complaining of failure to secure good pickles. I went down cellar and brought up samples of mine made from directions in the Household, with a feeling very much akin to pride, and then loaned the two papers containing recipes at her request."

Useful Recipes.

MIXED PICKLES.—Equal parts of chopped cabbage and green tomatoes. To eight quarts of this mixture add one pint chopped onions, one pint chopped green peppers, and one quart of salt. Mix thoroughly and let stand over night. In the morning drain until the juice will drip no longer; then scald for five minutes in good cider vinegar, pack into glass cans, fill up with hot vinegar and seal. This will keep a long time.

CHOW-CHOW.—One-half peck finely chopped green tomatoes; five white onions, chopped; salt these over night; in the morning squeeze as dry as possible; then add one small tablespoonful of ground black pepper, one of ground allspice, two of ground cloves, four of mustard, one and a half tablespoonful of horseradish, grated, six peppers sliced very finely, one-half pint of white mustard seed. Mix and add one quart of cold vinegar; then bottle.

CHILI SAUCE.—Nine large, or 18 small, ripe tomatoes, two Chili peppers, one large white onion. Pare and chop the tomatoes very fine; also chop the peppers and onions; then add one tablespoonful of salt, two of sugar; one teaspoonful each of ginger, cloves, cinnamon, and one-half of allspice; one nutmeg, grated. Boil twenty minutes; then add two small cups of vinegar; boil ten minutes longer; cool a little; then bottle and cork tightly.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Half a bushel of tomatoes, six onions, half a pound of sugar, one pound of salt, quarter pound ground mustard, two ounces ground cloves, two ounces black pepper, quarter ounce cayenne pepper, a handful of peach leaves. Boil all together two hours, or longer if the tomatoes are very watery, and just before taking from the fire add one quart cider vinegar. If it boils after the vinegar is added it will turn dark. Pour through colander; bottle and seal.