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THE HOUSEHOLD—Supplement.

THE NOBLEST LIFE.

Noble life is the life to God;
To follow the path the saints have trod;
With the bended knee each day begun,
On the bended knee when the day is done;
With the love and will of a dutiful child,
Maintaining the conscience undefiled.
Trusting His grace to bear me through,
Whate'er be the work I have to do,
Whether my talents be many or few;
My every thought and my every aim
Enkindled at His altar flame.
Careless of riches, honors and fame,
Careful alone of a spotless name;
Nothing to cause the blush of shame.
Ready to enter the fiery car,
And mount to the place where the sainted are,
To shine still for Christ as a lowly star,
To have fought the fight, the race to have run,
To have heard pronounced His own "well done!"
To have left the earth by the Seraph-road;
In love with man—at peace with God;
Lying calmly down on the pillow to die,
And waking up in Eternity—
That is the noblest life.

MORE ANTIC THAN ROMANTIC.

In a late Monroe paper is an item headed "Slightly Romantic," giving an account of the arrest of a man on the charge of abduction. It appears he had worked for a well-to-do farmer, and had been met half way at least, in his advances to the silly daughter of his employer; the father hearing that his hired help had a wife already, tried to interrupt the flirtation or *grande passion*, and discharged the man, who went home; the girl followed soon after; he met her and took her to his mother. The outraged father compassed his arrest and imprisonment, but the precocious maid of 15 went to his aid, declared she made the journey to his arms of her own free will, and would do so again when she saw fit.

This is only one instance of many we meet with in print, of the fatuity, ignorance or folly of so many "girls of the period."

Eloping with the father's coachman or colored servant is common also, but this, when followed by immediate honest marriage, is on a high plane when compared with the insane infatuation that leads a girl to become the paramour of a man already married. The fact that he does not live with his wife makes no difference in religion, morality or law. While the marriage tie remains unsevered, it is a gross insult to any maiden for him to talk to her of love, and the girl who listens and accepts such protestations, degrades her womanhood, and causes pure women to blush for her weakness and folly.

There are some of these unfortunates who seem so utterly infatuated as to have lost all sense of right, to have deluded themselves with specious sophistries, such as "If two persons love each other, love is greater than law, love is enough," and love's desires must be gratified, and no wrong results. O shame, that the divine passion should be thus prostituted! True love seeks to elevate its idol, instead of thrusting it down to eternal infamy.

Apply this sophistical argument to a practical test. If love is higher than law, and it is right for a girl to seek her affinity in a married man, no matter if not living with his wife, it could not be wrong for a married man or woman, who happened to possess roving affections, to violate the marriage vow, no matter if family ties are sundered, children worse than orphaned, parents' hearts wrung, humanity disgraced and outraged; no harm can ensue. "Love is higher than law," and men and "women of spirit" will not be held in check by the puny "prejudice of society." Poor blind, silly, wicked creatures! Such direful criminal fatuity causes demons to rejoice, and angels' pitying tears to fall.

To follow such interpretations of law and morals would be to set all law at defiance. Personal desires would brook no restraint, and "might would make right."

In this particular case noticed, no thought is given of the wife, as to whether she had any right to the care and affection of her husband. She, for all one can know, truly loves her recreant husband, who perhaps won her young affections, vowed to love and protect her as long as life should last; but to him, incapable of true love, knowing nothing but the charm of sensuous animal passion, possession was satiety, and the wronged wife was deserted or goaded by persecution and neglect into leaving her unhappy home.

We will suppose, however, that the wife might be in the wrong, that her temper was high, her failings many, and the husband, so long as they lived together, was altogether a model husband.

Still the case remains the same, so far as his duty is concerned, and the sin on his part, or on that of the girl who accepts unlawful love. She cannot be his wife; and both in their inmost hearts know their conduct is unlawful, sinful, and degrading to their own souls; to say nothing of the contaminating influence that results from all defiance of moral or legal restraints.

If, unfortunately, a girl contracts an unlawful passion for a man held by marriage and, turning in disgust from his lawful caresses, he in time finds his soul's mate in another, that other would fail entirely in love's highest instinct, did she permit that noble soul to be lost for her. Religion, morality and law all would join in love's self-sacrificing exhortation: "Go my love, go. Be true to yourself; pure as my love for thee, I also will walk in purity all the days of my life, all for love's sweet sake."

Girls, when a man is married respect the rights of the wife, as when married you would wish your rights respected. Flirting is a dangerous practice to indulge in with young men, and many innocent girls have found their fair fame compromised by its indulgence, but a married flirt of either sex is a contemptible character, that should be shown no quarter. When a man and woman have chosen each other from all humanity, and in matrimony dedicated their lives to each other, respect for themselves and each other, should preclude all silly pretense of lover-like attention to others. It is certainly not necessary for married people to make a ridiculous public demonstration of affection, but the affected disregard and depreciation publicly put on, is in quite as bad taste. A quiet deference to each other's wishes, and readiness to minister to their comfort, with respectful attention to requests, will elevate married people in the good graces of their associates much more than a contrary course of conduct. Toward young people they may consistently display an earnest friendship and friendly manner that may often prove of great advantage to both. But when it comes to love-making, real or pretended, it is all wrong. This evil, like many others, has its roots in the fateful mistake of too great freedom given immature youth. Thrown upon their own resources, without counsel or check, without knowledge of the world or its people, with an exaggerated idea of their own powers of brain and mind, the young are drawn into the vortex of pleasure, and blindly adopt any fashion; if it borders on impropriety, the danger gives an added zest and piquancy to the act. Many, strong in their own ideas of power of resistance to real wrong doing, are led to venture, step by step, until the maelstrom of evil engulfs them. Parents, while giving your sons and daughters all reasonable liberty, look well to the com-

pany they keep; instill respect for your authority and opinions from earliest childhood, and by your own observance of propriety enforce your lessons. Forewarned is forearmed. Teach them the perils they must meet, and how to overcome them.

INGLESIDE.

A. L. L.

THOSE CONUNDRUMS.

I have been watching with some interest the answers to the conundrums given by Beatrix for our consideration. I conclude most of the members have model husbands, or they think with Mrs. R. D. P., that it is unwifely "to show them up." Now, I do not propose to advise any one what to do if they have such a thoughtless or stingy, unkind husband, but will tell what I would do if I did not have a just proportion of tools and conveniences to lighten my labor. A man who will buy all improvements to lighten or improve his labor and not buy any for his wife, or even suggest that they would be a convenience, would not be likely to buy them with a good grace if his wife asks for them; but on the contrary, if she should allude to his improved machines or discarded old ones, would reply, "Well, it is *my* money that buys them, and besides, you need not think I am going to work without tools." The manly way would be to reply in the same manly spirit; but the womanly way is generally to have a good cry, give it up, and work on, patiently or impatiently, in the same old way. If I want a new convenience I expect to get it as much as my husband expects to get a new binder when the old one does not work to suit him. If I did not get it by asking in a reasonable time, I should go to town, buy it, have it charged, (and have a row with my husband, I expect you think; not a bit of it) but I should take every bit of the butter and egg money and pay toward it until the debt was cancelled, and my husband could say nothing, for it was *my* money that bought it.

Every woman who does her own work should have plenty of tubs, a pounder, and (if she does not want a washing machine) a good clothes-wringer, and an ironing board with legs to fold up, a good clothes-line, and plenty of clothes-pins. This much for washing and ironing.

She should have a good sewing machine, a work table to fold up, or lap-board, for cutting out and basting work. She should have a stove with reservoir and warming oven; a sink to wash dishes in; a good cistern, and the well as convenient as possible to the kitchen; then a good churn and a creamery (if her husband has a riding plow and cultivator).

Those who use gasoline stoves think them a great economy and comfort. I have never been able to think I could make one pay in our large family, but when I do I shall expect to have it. Now all of these conveniences that lighten woman's labor would not cost as much as one binder, and would last many times as long; and the man who will not buy them willingly for his wife is a—but I will not call hard names.

Conundrum No. 2: The father should have sent the boy to bed appleless at least, and the next time he had an apple he should have been required to divide with his older brother; and the father should have tried to teach him the pleasure of sharing his pleasures with others, and the sinfulness of selfishness. What the father did, depends upon whether he was a selfish man himself, or whether he was a passionate man, or was a good father, and had the highest good of his child in mind rather than immediate punishment.

OLD SCHOOL TEACHER.

TRUMSER.

HINTS TO HOME DRESSMAKERS.

It is not always possible to secure a competent dressmaker, and for the benefit of those who from necessity or choice make their own dresses, we give a few hints on making up new fall and winter costumes:

The foundation skirts of dresses must be narrow in order to be stylish; the mistake of amateur dressmakers is to make the back of this foundation skirt as wide as the outside, which gives a most ungraceful effect; two yards and a fourth of a yard is the greatest width of short walking dresses, but these must not have drawing strings too low down, or the back fullness will be tossed from side to side as the wearer walks. It is only the dressmaker who is mistress of her business who can cut a skirt which hangs so perfectly as not to require tying back slightly. Use silesia for the foundation skirts of heavy dresses; alpaca is much better if you choose to afford it. Face this lower skirt and bind it; on this sew the narrow pleating which is still used, though often omitted. The lower skirt, proper, is adjusted on the foundation skirt like a very deep, straight flounce, and falls loose upon it, except where sewed to it at the top. The drapery is then added.

A pretty way to make a dress in which velvet, either plain or brocaded, is to be used, is to arrange a wide box pleat of velvet from belt to foot in front, with four breadths three-eighths of a yard deep around the bottom of the remainder of the skirt. Line these breadths with thin crinoline and hem the velvet up on the crinoline at the bottom. Baste the velvet flounce thus made on the foundation skirt, and sew in place. Then arrange the wool goods on each side of the box pleat, laying three or four spreading kilt pleats to come next the velvet pleat, and raise on the sides to show all possible of the velvet skirt. The back drapery is made of long straight widths, shirred to the belt at the top. The basque has a velvet vest, with cuffs and collar of velvet. The velvet pleat can be stylishly set at the side, and the wool drapery extend across the front, if desired.

Polonaises are popular, but bear little resemblance to the garment usually known by that name. One very pretty style is very much like a plain pointed basque in front, which is lengthened behind by a length of the goods which is

tied in two broad loops with long ends which fall to the foot of the skirt and form the only drapery. This is a good model for combination dresses, as three materials can be used. The basque may be of plain velvet, the sash of striped velvet and the skirt of woolen goods. If made entirely of wool goods, an apron front is usually an addition.

A pretty way to arrange revers on a basque is to turn back the front edges of the dress goods at the neck, to the top of the darts or to the waist line, face with the dress goods, stitch the edges, and then cover the lining with velvet or plush, or whatever is used for trimming. Make a bow of the velvet to set on the point of the revers. Make the collar of velvet, or the trimming goods. Of course in turning back the goods for these revers you do not cut out the neck, except in the lining.

We have been asked which is best, to buy one kind of goods for a suit, or two for a combination suit. It is more economical to make the combination suit out of an old dress which needs remaking, and buy new for a full suit. But silk dresses generally have front or panels of velvet, either plain, brocaded or beaded, which with vest, &c., requires from two and a half to three yards of velvet. The trimmings of wool dresses are velvet and gay striped and broche goods, which are sometimes mixed with tinsel. If you covet the beaded velvets which cost \$5 per yard, let me whisper that you can gratify your longing by buying a brocade in small figures at \$3, and sewing small jet beads in the figures to suit yourself. "It cannot be distinguished from the genuine."

B.

"MY SUMMER IN A GARDEN."

I have just read Mollie Moonshine's experience with "resorters;" my heartfelt sympathy went out at once toward her. I'm sure I could not have controlled myself as well as she did, and see ladies (?) appropriating my treasures as she describes. I said to myself, how glad I am we live so far "from D—," that "Mrs. Dr. S." will not drive by and discover the beauties of my yard. These so-called "ladies and gentlemen" may help themselves to my pears, peaches and grapes, but when they ruthlessly pluck or pull up, root and all, my beautiful flowers, that seems too great a sacrilege. It is always a pleasure for me to accompany a friend through my flower garden, giving the names, explaining characteristics and extolling the beauties of each variety, and presenting the flower-lover with a bouquet.

My garden is very beautiful this year, particularly my pansies and dahlias, which are very fine. This spring I learned something which has been quite valuable to me, and I am not going to be selfish and keep it all to myself. If you wish to multiply your dahlias, and if you have a choice one you surely want all you can raise, the tubers must all be left attached to the stalk cut six inches above ground. Early in spring plant all together, or separate with part of the stalk, plant in a

box; as fast as the sprouts get large enough—I wait till three or four leaves have grown—break off, insert in a potato or piece of one, and if frosts are over plant in the open ground. I tried it this spring and they blossomed nearly as soon as those left on the tubers. I had only one white dahlia. I sprouted two in potatoes; now I have three very large white ones in bloom. I sprouted a maroon and have two in bloom. Some seed I bought for single dahlia, but many prove to be double, in beautiful colors.

I have not been able to work much this summer. My daughter arranged and planted the flowers, and when it became warm I sat on a box and dug in the earth, weeding and working among them. I was so thin my friends hardly knew me, and could neither eat nor sleep sufficient for health. I know the being out of doors and working among the flowers helped me. I had to begin very gradually; now I can be out hours at a time. I would like to interest farmers' wives in the cultivation of flowers, which I am sure will elevate the mind and furnish a topic for conversation in place of so much gossip and meddlesome talk, which make trouble and wound sensitive hearts. My flowers have been a never-failing source of health and happiness and interest to me, and I hope my talk of them will induce others to try "the flower remedy."

MRS. MARY E. HALL.

LESLIE.

THE CENTRAL MICHIGAN FAIR.

Wishing to attend the Central Michigan Fair at Lansing, we started Tuesday morning that we might be in advance of the crowd. On the way the Salvation Army boarded the train, and I trust I may never again hear the "Song of Victory" sung in a crowded car.

Arriving at the grounds, we first entered Art Hall, the youth's department arresting our attention. The liberal policy pursued by the managers of the fair towards the children have made their exhibit one of the most interesting features of the fair. The quantity, quality and variety of the work excited our warmest admiration; the artistic work, as painting, fancy needle work, scroll drawing, fancy whittling, &c., was highly creditable, as also plain sewing and knitting. Judging by the culinary exhibit, there are yet some mothers left who believe little girls should learn to cook. There was also a good exhibit of native woods, insects, seeds, vegetables and flowers.

Passing to the other departments crazy patchwork seemed to predominate in quilts, table scarfs, and sofa pillows; some of them very "mad" indeed, others with some method in their madness, while a few were genuine works of art, so beautiful was the needlework and so harmonious the coloring. To me this constitutes the whole beauty of this work.

There was some beautiful knitting, such as bed spreads, and one full size skirt was very pretty, the cotton being quite fine; the only objection would be its weight. I also noticed a pretty woolen rug knit by a lady of seventy years. It

is impossible to speak of the many beautiful things in the way of lambrequins, toilet sets, paintings and the like.

Down stairs we found an incubator busy superceding the hen; also a large brood of chickens three days old. The old gentleman in charge of them informed me they did not miss the hen at all, but every time I passed them I would find myself reciting:

"Little Dutch Gretchen came over the sea,
With an aunt in place of a mother."

We next noticed a taxidermic display; a black bear in particular appeared so lifelike the children were afraid he would step down and out. Next a sewing machine agent showed us some beautiful work in arrasene and chenille on toilet sets, portieres, and curtains, all done by a new attachment. I saw also a new rag carpet loom, which is small and portable; a great advantage, I should think.

In Pomological Hall the fruit interests were represented chiefly by a nice display of apples. Butter and cheese occupied the center of this hall; flowers, vegetables and fruit the sides. The flowers were choice and beautiful, and well arranged; a large vase filled with wild flowers pleased me very much.

I learned there was a very fine show of live stock, but the heat was so intense, and the dust so intolerable that we saw very little outside the halls.

On our return to the city we made a visit to the Capitol. The children were much interested in the museum, especially so in the relics of the war. To us it seems but yesterday that we were picking lint and scanning the newspapers so eagerly for the latest news from the front, while to-day our children ask: "Now, tell us all about the war, and what they killed each other for." Mrs. W. J. G.

HOWELL.

THE OTHER SIDE.

I read so much about women spending all their precious lives doing housework, keeping their houses so neat, neglecting their minds, and thereby making their families miserable, I am almost led to believe there can be only one side to this question. I would like to ask the ladies of the Household if they do not think there are nearly or quite as many men made wretched by untidy homes, as by those which are kept too neat. Is it essential to man's happiness that the dust and cobwebs be allowed to accumulate in the corners? I do not think it right or necessary for us to scrub and scour all the time, but keep slicked up by always putting articles in their places. It takes but a trifle if any longer to do anything well, if we educate ourselves and children to do so.

We must of necessity perform a certain routine of labor, but by doing it punctually and in a systematic manner, we may find time for rest, and to brush the dust and cobwebs from our minds as well as our houses.

If this finds a resting place in the wastebasket, you will never hear a murmur from

OBLIVION.

SUN.

INVENTIONS FOR WOMEN.

The lady who so earnestly desires new inventions for the household, I fear does not yet "understand the situation." A good doctor once told me that he was using his knowledge in compounding a specific for a disease prevalent among men, as he found they would buy for themselves when they were not able to buy for their wives. Is not this the case with inventors? They turn their attention to those inventions which will bring them the most profit, and they know if they invent anything to simplify men's work, men are going to buy it.

A new washing machine has recently been put on the market here which would perhaps come up to your expectations. It is in the form of a barrel, elevated on two posts so it will revolve with slight exertion, thus churning the clothes and doing away with rubbing.

MRS. J. A. M.

KALAMAZOO.

A WOOL MATTRESS.

Here is the exact *modus operandi* of making a wool mattress:

"Select and wash the long coarse woolled fleeces, and pull the wool after drying. Make a tick as near as you can like the one on a hair mattress or an excelsior, leaving open one side the whole length. Turning it wrong side out, thread a darning needle with coarse wrapping twine, and tie with this twine strings of about ten inches in length, ten inches apart, in rows the same distance, on both sides of the tick—not inside and outside, but top and bottom. Turn the tick right side out and begin to fill at the farther side, putting in enough wool to fill up to the first row of strings, which you now tie to strings directly underneath; thus making this row and all the others stand out like well raised light biscuit. The wool had best be crowded in rather tightly, as it will thus keep in shape for a longer time. After filling each row and tying as in the first, sew up the side left open. This is next best to a hair mattress, and if at any time you desire to wash the tick you can rip it open, untie the strings, and take out the wool, pick it once more, wash the tick, and fill as before. Once in two years is often enough, with ordinary care."

It is an excellent plan to make a cover for a mattress, to protect it from injury. Make it of cheap ticking, or heavy coarse cotton, and "box" it like the mattress. It can be washed and ironed at convenience, and will prove a good investment.

THAT SHOULDER CAPE.

Is anybody trying to knit a shoulder cape by my directions in the Household of September 15th? Because if so I know they are in trouble unless they are experienced with the crochet hook. I did not discover that I had made a mistake until I commenced my second cape. I said: "Remember always to skip the stitch just *before* the stitch skipped in the previous row." Instead, skip the stitch *after*; knit to the skipped stitch, then put the hook into the third loop. This keeps the number of stitches on each side of the point even. My last attempt is crocheted in ribs by putting the hook into the under loop of the stitch taken up; I find it is much prettier than the first, in which both loops were taken up. BEATRICK.

SCRAPS.

In the domestic department of one of our exchanges I recently saw a letter from a housekeeper who says she gets up at half-past three Monday mornings to wash! Well, "there's no law agin it," I suppose, but I think I would not tell of it. I should be ashamed to admit that I had not executive ability to get my work done in daylight hours, without taking time provided by nature for rest and recuperation for that purpose. This woman does not keep a hired girl. I should think not! What hired girl or other girl with good roundabout common sense, would live where she was expected to get up at half-past three to begin a day's work? She also says she does not "enjoy housework." This is truly remarkable! Perhaps she would find it more enjoyable if she would do her work by daylight. I confess I have no patience with women who work in this fashion, and plume themselves on the slow suicide. I do not recognize the necessity for any such excessive labor; it makes a woman a mere beast of burden. For what is life given us, to drudge eighteen hours out of twenty-four to accomplish a task as endless as the one Merlin set for Satan? Do you suppose children are going to stay content where they must take part in such slavish subjection to "work?" It seems to me a mighty poor compliment when all that can be said at one's death is "She was a good worker." It is a fitting epitaph for a horse, not for a sentient being. Temper labor with reason and judgment, and remember it is more a sin against self and society to neglect the immortal part of the individual than to omit the scouring of the kitchen floor.

Who talks about oppressed, down-trodden women, who can find nothing men will let them do but fancy work and fine arts? Last summer we were all talking of a woman who applied for a license to run her husband's steamboat, and the Secretary of the Interior, or whoever he was, thought a woman had as good a right to run a steamboat as anybody, providing she knew enough. Last winter we were called upon to admire the courage and independence of the young woman, daughter of the owner of a large manufacturing establishment at the East, who runs the engine that furnishes the power, does it as well, and earns the same salary, as a male engineer. Now, here's pretty Mrs. Walter Leighton, of Marlboro, Mass., who has entered her favorite horse in a trotting race for a purse of \$500, and will drive him herself, before the usual trotting sulky affected by jockeys. She says she is going to drive to win, too, and that she can get as much speed out of her horse as any one. What next, I wonder?

There are many times in life when we are forced to choose which of two things, both seemingly equally necessary and desirable, we will have for our own. We stand often, mentally, "where two ways meet," looking about us undecided what course to pursue. Needless to say we use our best judgment in selecting, and

often arrive at a decision through many doubts and much hesitancy, giving up the less for the greater good, and striving to look beyond the present to ascertain results both to ourselves and to others. Sometimes we see, later, that our choice was unwise; sometimes we are happy in feeling the happiness that comes from the fruition of our hopes. But happily for us, most of our decisions are in the minor matters, where we can (like the man at the restaurant who when the waiter asked, "Ros' beef beefsteak ros' lamb leg o' mutton ribs o' pork pork chops veal cutlets ros' duck n' chicken pie," replied, "I'll take a little of both, please,") combine some good thing from each way, to our own profit. So I believe, as I have more than once said in the Household, that the ability to combine good housekeeping with self-development, lies in a just perception of values, in the ability to decide what to do and what to leave undone. We can neglect everything else to cook and scrub and win the title of good housekeeper; or neglect the home and its duties in search of culture and be known as intellectually well developed. But we fail in something if we adopt either exclusively. Exclusive devotion to culture makes us unmindful of the physical comfort and well being of those who depend on us for such things; too much housekeeping means not enough home-keeping and neglect of the spiritual and mental growth of husband and children. Safety lies in combining self-culture and domestic duties and preserving a just balance between the two. B.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A LADY recently asked how to remove mildew from her muslin dress. The wearing of muslin is now postponed to the "sweet by and bye," but here is a recipe, clipped from the *N. Y. Tribune*, which will keep over: "Put on soft soap (hard soap dissolved in water will do) then scrape on chalk and lay in sun; repeat if necessary."

THE cheese cloth which has been so popular as inexpensive drapery for windows, etc., now comes in colors. Red, pink and blue can now be bought at the low price of ten cents per yard. When you do up your cheese-cloth curtains do not starch them; they will drape much more prettily and more artistically to simply iron smooth and hang without stiffening.

THE wood box is a necessary but not very ornamental bit of furnishing to the sitting-room. Many cover the box with paper like that on the walls of the room, but it will hardly do more than last through the season except with great care, especially if little fingers are fond of discovering the broken places and tearing them larger. But if you get a piece of oil-cloth, sufficient to cover sides and back, and tack it firmly in place, you have something which will last a long time and not get broken. Select a dark marbled piece, to look as much like wood as possible.


WE heartily agree with a correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker*, who says: "It is a great mistake of a mother to place one of the children to sleep with an aged person, no matter how crowded the home nest. A straw pallet on the floor even is far preferable. In almost every case the vitality of the child is imparted to the aged person, but at a fearful cost to the little one." It is also a very bad practice to have the baby sleep in the bed with its parents. Sometimes children sleep with the parents till they are three or four years old. This is very bad for the little people. A very young child can sleep in a crib drawn by the side of the bed, and there is not one half the danger that it will take cold, that there is in exhausting its vitality by absorption. And we would again counsel parents to buy single bedsteads for the children's sleeping apartments, even if two are placed in the same room. It makes a little more washing, but the children sleep enough better to pay. We have known two children of very opposite temperaments who were always restless and wakeful by night, nervous, irritable and ailing by day while they shared the same bed. Separated, both slept soundly, awakened refreshed, and improved in temper. This is fact.

Contributed Recipes.

PICKLED ONIONS.—Use the small, silver-skinned onions; remove all the outer skins. To a two gallon crock of onions put two teacupfuls of salt and cover with boiling water; let stand over night; pour off the next day; pour on more boiling water and let stand another night; then drain out and put in a kettle with white wine vinegar, two large red peppers, half cup mustard seed, and a small half cup of mace. Let boil a few minutes; then skim out and pour boiling hot vinegar on them and cover up tight. Mrs. J. B. DETROIT.

CITRON PRESERVES.—Pare the citron and remove the seeds. Cut into small pieces in any fancy shape, (diamonds and triangles are pretty). Weigh the fruit and then cook it till it is clear, and drain. Allow half a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit, and just enough water to wet the sugar so it will not burn. Boil till clear. When partly boiled put in two large lemons sliced and a piece of ginger root. Add the citron, and let boil about twenty minutes. For Mrs. L. C.

JAMES PYLE'S



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