

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, JULY 13, 1886.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

AN IDEAL.

I think the song that's sweetest
Is the song that's never sung,
That lies at the heart of the singer,
Too grand for mortal tongue;
And sometime in the silence
Between the day and night,
He fancies that its measures
Bid farewell to the light.

A fairy hand from dreamland
Beckons us here and there,
And when we strive to grasp it
It vanishes into air.
And thus our fair ideal
Floats away just before,
And we with longing spirit
Reach for it evermore.

WOMANLY WOMEN.

I feel that I have something to say upon this subject, introduced by E. L. Nye, so illustrative of the oft-repeated course in women's lives. I entertain precisely the sentiments which conclude her remarks, and wish to present in connection with those advanced by her, a retrospective view of the subject. It directly interests and enlists the sympathies and minds of humanity; for not only are women sunken in misery and degradation by the practices of their husbands, but the offspring of vile and vicious habits are brought into and cast upon the world in a greater or less degree, as a withering blight upon what should blossom from pure parentage, and obedience to the highest laws of married life. To me, the secret of marital success is not in "woman's servility" or loss of womanly respect, through obedience to man's dictation; but in a wise, dominating control over her own acts, and that knowledge of self-hood, which endows every woman with the might—as well as the right—to exercise a power over man, in whatever grade in life, to stay a downward course, and assist in developing a truer manhood. I go so far as to say, from the cradle to the grave the destiny of the race lies in woman's hands. Not for one moment do I believe that womankind has, as yet, cleared and poised her mental vision and strength, so as to comprehend even to the first degree, the subtle and direct influence she may hold over man. May the day hasten when she more fully understands a purer womanhood. Truly, "there is nothing noble in servility" and inasmuch as the maiden first begins to yield her proper sense of right and refinement to the young man who smokes, drinks and swaggers in her presence, because it is custom, places the first link of bondage in the hands of him who does so; and the long list

of selfish gratifications and desires may follow, in after years, should he become her husband. Mothers should instruct their daughters to honor the right, and dare to do right; then they may hold the sceptre to sway in the sphere of true womanliness.

I conscientiously aver, that if woman, true to herself, allows man to understand, for a certainty, from the period of a first acquaintance with him, that she demands the same retinue of moral practices and virtues he expects of her, and continues this throughout all after associations, the road to success is fairly opened for her, and time will prove it so, and crown her efforts, if they be not wasted upon material so combined as to bury every spark of manhood. Such natures have no attraction for true women. When at the altar's shrine, if he be her "heart's desire," and "by and by" he is not as "brave," and "noble," nor as "beautiful" and "strong," nor "as good," or in any sense as lovable, because he has developed moral cowardice, etc, then she has married blindly. Having previous to marriage enlightened your liege companion—as every woman should do—that your requirements of him are the same as his upon you, when "moral cowardice" first crops out, treat him as rigidly and earnestly as you would expect him to treat you—women are not half in earnest about their husbands' indulgences—and the restriction will stay the tendency toward wrong, if ever. Put not off the day of restraint, hoping for better things, until all the moral cowardice" he dares to practice, brings you so low in the scale of being you scarcely recognize in the wasted form, the paralyzed will and deplorable conditions, the one who stood at the marriage shrine with her "heart's desire." Being dragged to the level of degradation, by and for man, never yet touched a chord of sympathy for woman, or awakened a better resolve in his nature, but through respect for herself and right and justice, if redemption is to be found in man he will restore his balance, and thank woman for it if she practices a wise course in virtue.

MERCY.

A CORRESPONDENT says: "We were told the HOUSEHOLD could have but one "Mother;" what has become of her?" The Editor echoes the inquiry; we have also a Grandmother, several Aunts, and a Cousin, belonging to the HOUSEHOLD family, who should let their "affectionate relatives" hear from them more frequently.

THE HOUSEHOLD this week has an entire new "dress" of type. Neat as a new dress only can be, isn't it?

A PLEA FOR AFTERNOON VISITS.

In Beatrix's article on "Invitations" she says: "I am inclined to take it as a favorable symptom of the advancement of women that the call and formal invitation are replacing the old take-your-knitting-work-and-spend-the-afternoon visit." Perhaps I am blind to the advancement of women, but I plead guilty to liking the old-fashioned visit. I enjoy calls when I can spend the time, and many times they are more opportune and acceptable than a visit would be. If I lived in town I would surely be in favor of general calling, for there one can make a goodly number of calls in an afternoon, as the ladies generally walk or take a car, and the houses are closer together compared with those in the country; neither would I think frequent visits best or profitable among mere calling acquaintances, but in the country we have neighbors whom we consider more than acquaintances; we regard them as friends, and a formal call from them is very unsatisfactory, to me at least. If we attempt to make calls the undertaking seems quite formidable, as the homes are frequently half a mile or more apart, and think of making half a dozen calls in an afternoon, unless one can have a horse, which perhaps you can have and perhaps not, and even if you can it is quite a trouble to get out and hitch so many times. Many times we have an afternoon that we have some light work to do by hand, knitting if you please, and we can take it and walk half a mile and spend a pleasant afternoon with a friend; our work goes on, and we feel we have had an afternoon with a pleasant companion, and I do not hear "hurtful gossip" when I visit with friends. Do we not gossip? Yes, if talking about our mutual friends and speaking of their good qualities or pleasant ways is gossip. Our HOUSEHOLD members are frequently the theme of conversation, and I find many are curious as well as Bess, for the FARMER is generally taken in our neighborhood, and the ladies are much interested in the HOUSEHOLD. I have been a HOUSEHOLD member for some time, and is it a wonder I like to hear the members spoken of admiringly? I wish I might tell some of the pleasant things the ladies say, but they would be quite personal, and I see Beatrix pointing her finger to stop.

I know that the custom of visiting without formal invitation is being abandoned, and I am truly sorry, for there are so many times I would be glad to have friends come in unexpectedly and spend the day or afternoon, as then they expect to take things as

they find them, and I think they want to see me, and I can keep at my work; but if a caller, the work must be laid aside until their departure, and if three or four callers come during the afternoon the work is unfinished and perhaps it is necessary that it should be finished that day, in which case it will have to be done at night, when no man should work, or woman either.

OLD SCHOOL TEACHER.

TECUMSEH.

FASHIONS FOR THE BABIES.

The mothers who have babies to dress are always on the *qui vive* for new ideas in dressing them, for there are fashions which are quite arbitrary among these diminutives. For the babe yet in long clothes the pretty dresses displayed in our furnishing store windows are principally of fine French nainsook and lawn, a heavier quality being chosen for every-day wear. These dresses are now almost invariably made with high yokes, long sleeves, and a skirt which should be a yard and an eighth long when finished. A beautiful dress had a yoke made of lengthwise rows of fine embroidered insertion, alternating with puffs of nainsook. There were three rows of the insertion around the skirt, with clusters of very narrow tucks between, and an embroidered flounce. Lace insertion and flouncing may be used instead of embroidery. A pretty but more laborious manner of finishing is to make the flounce of rows of tucks and insertion, edged with a narrow lace or embroidery. The skirt to be worn under this dress must be of nearly equal length, and finished with a similar flounce. The plainer dresses are very neat when the tucks are hem-stitched, with rows of feather-stitching between them. The yoke is made of hem-stitched tucks, each a fourth of an inch wide, with a row of feather-stitching between each. The frills at the neck and sleeves are hem-stitched. The skirt has a four-inch hem, with four clusters of hem-stitched tucks with feather-stitching between them. This feather-stitching is a very effective decoration, wears and washes well and is very rapidly done.

Cotton cordurette, which resembles the corduroy so long in vogue, but can be washed as easily as pique, is a favorite material for infants' cloaks. It is made up in Mother Hubbard style, yoke plain, sleeves full, and skirt short enough to show the finish of the dress beneath it. A round collar deep enough to cover the yoke is added. The sleeves are finished at the bottom by a frill made by running a casing for a drawing-string of white ribbon, which is tied at the wrist in a bow.

The first short dresses are like those described above for infants, except that they are shortened to reach the ankles. At a year and a half belts are worn; the yoke should be very deep, making the waist a mere puff between it and the belt. Some of our Detroit ladies are making very short waisted, long skirted dresses for the two and three year old girls, some of which are of colored goods, and which give a very quaint appearance, especially when a close cap or Normandy bonnet is added. Some small girls seem quite eclipsed by the very large hats they wear; these are of leghorn,

with very wide brims turned up at one side, and square crowns; they are trimmed with white ribbons or soft china crape scarfs, with ostrich tips, and are too expensive to be very common. The newest caps for the babies have bands of insertion alternating with rows of tucks, running from the crown to the front, which is finished with a full ruche of lace. Others have rows of tucks and feather-stitching passing round the head. The strings are of the French muslin of which the caps are made.

Afghans for summer use on the cradle or carriage are of white canvas or scrim over blue pink or white satteen or surah, and are edged with wide lace. The scrim is ornamented with feather-stitching in colors, or threads are pulled and narrow ribbons run through the meshes. Some have a wide stripe of lace down the centre, with a row of wide ribbon on each side.

Flannel wrappers are made very handsome with feather-stitching on collar, sleeves and down the fronts. Daisies embroidered between the lines in front would make a wrapper of fine twilled flannel handsome enough for a cloak.

STILL UNCHASTISED.

I am sorry the task of correcting Beatrix seems always to fall upon me. I have a heresy of her's concerning patchwork quilts laid away in my memory, and since her ideas of home-made rugs need revising, I will attempt both at once. There is the same fascination in piecing quilts that there is in any fancy work. I found that out in the war times when prints (in the summer of 1864) were fifty cents per yard; then piecing both sides of a comfortable meant a saving of \$7 or \$8. Patchwork saves the old grandmother, with failing eyesight and trembling hands, from thinking she is no longer useful, for it is genuine creative work, making something out of nothing. Of course no busy woman to whom the days are all too short for all that must be done is going to undertake it, for the house-mother who is lacking in good common sense is a rarity; I never knew one. In fact, the brightness of intellect and kindness of heart we find in almost all women is continually a surprise to me, for their circumstances generally do not tend to develop either. But still they could be improved in the direction of never speaking slightly of each other. There is very little of that in this HOUSEHOLD, whether due to judicious editing or the real kindly tie that exists between our members; I prefer to think the latter. The advice to women to read more so as to be able to converse intelligently with their husbands, has ceased to make me sick at my stomach. I rather expect an insult in every newspaper I pick up, but I do hope to never again see the advice to women to culture themselves clear up to the level of their husbands, from a feminine pen.

Speaking of the war times, how oddly we used to dress in those days. Immense hoops, full skirts, Garibaldi waists and Zouave jackets. Then the first bonnet without a cape regularly gathered or pleated on the back was made, and was a startling innovation.

□ I have a neighbor, one of the very neatest of housekeepers, who because a tin wash-basin is a convenient size and shape for stirring cake in, bought one and uses it for that purpose. Occasionally a baked pudding is placed upon the dinner table in the same wash-basin. Isn't there something about avoiding the appearance of evil? But I have used my space in talking of my neighbor, so that Beatrix must go uncorrected and unenlightened concerning home-made rugs, until a more convenient season.

HULDAH PERKINS.

PIONEER.

THE WEBSTER FARMERS' CLUB.

In the HOUSEHOLD of June 29th the Editor expresses a wish to know something of the organization, programme of exercises, etc., of the Webster Farmers' Club.

I will endeavor to give such information as I am able; if it will benefit any who may wish to organize a similar society I shall feel amply repaid for doing so. That our Club "ranks with the best of its kind in the State," we feel to be highly complimentary, coming from the source it does, it being only in its infancy as yet.

In January, 1885, some of the farmers of this township and their wives woke up to the advisability of getting acquainted with their neighbors, and their different methods of farming, doing housework, raising flowers, etc.

They appointed a meeting which was attended by a dozen or fifteen, when they elected officers to act until they or others were elected formally; also committees, of which there are quite a number, essayists, time and place of next meeting, and such other business as was thought of at the time.

The committee on permanent organization, rules and by-laws, was able to report at the next meeting, and so get things into working order.

As the Club was not organized under State law there has been no printed report of the organization. I will say, however, that the officers consist of president, two vice-presidents, recording secretary, corresponding secretary and treasurer, elected annually.

A meeting is held each month in the year, excepting July and August, at the homes of the members, by invitation. A committee of ladies is appointed at each meeting to furnish refreshments. Our programme varies somewhat from time to time; it usually consists of a business meeting, which familiarizes the members with parliamentary rules; (if they are used) one or two essays, select readings, discussion of questions proposed by the chairman of the committee on topics, music, etc. There is plenty of time for social intercourse, there being about two hours' recess in the middle of the day. The hour of meeting is ten o'clock A. M., and we spend the day.

There is a committee on farms, whose business it is to look over the farm buildings, stock, and various other things, and report at the following meeting; and this we think a very good thing, as it is quite sure to produce improvement in the general appearance of the surroundings. The owner of the premises wishes to hear as good a report

of his farm as his neighbor gets. I think it is generally admitted that the members of the society have been greatly benefited by the organization, and work for its continuance. It is well in organizing a club, we think, to elect officers who will attend strictly to their business, and work for the success of the society.

As Natural History divides animals into classes, a farmers' club might come under division first, or vertebrata, having a vertebrated backbone. If it lacks this essential part, it will not long retain its equilibrium.

If a copy of the constitution and by-laws of this Club would be of any use to any person or persons, I think the Club would furnish such copies gladly on application.

A MEMBER.

WEBSTER.

CANNED CORN.

Ho! ye corn-canners, I am going right straight to the point of that corn-canning. If possible have your corn gathered on the morning of the day you intend to can; it is much sweeter. One bushel basket heaped and husked will fill about seven quart cans. Husk and silk all before commencing to cut off. Have good sharp knives, and cut fine. Cut all off before you commence to can. See that all the cans are perfect, good rubbers being absolutely necessary. Now set your clean can into a clean vessel so that what runs over can be saved; put in about two cupfuls, then commence to press down and continue to add and press to the very top. I use an old-fashioned rolling-pin, the top of a potato-masher, if flat, would do; press down until the milk runs out, and until you can see no bubbles or air-holes through the glass; press until you are quite tired, but knowing that unless you do this part thoroughly it will not keep. Round up the top and screw on the cover as tight as you can with your hands. When they are all filled put a thick cover of corn-husks on the bottom of your boiler, put in the cans, more husks and more cans until all are in. I put sixteen cans in my boiler at once; it is a large one, though; and in any shape but with the top down. Now fill with cold water, and after they commence to boil, boil slowly and steadily three hours. Take out while hot and screw up the covers with a wrench. Next morning move if possible, putting them in a clean dry box, and cover to exclude the light. I keep mine in the coolest and darkest place in our cellar. I have canned corn in this way six years with success.

I do not agree with Bess that the water in which it is boiled does not hurt the corn if a little boils in. Every can that I find "smelling" I attribute to the water boiling in. We found but one can spoiled last season. With my daughter's help we put up the sixteen cans last year, and had a seamstress in the house who demanded some of our time. I even had to go with my husband to help gather the corn.

Now, dear HOUSEHOLD reader, this is nothing but the truth, and if you follow out this, as I hope you understand it, you will feel fully paid. And before it is time to commence using your corn, I hope I may find time to tell you some of our ways of cooking it.

MINERVA.

"RURAL VALLEY."

CANNING RED RASPBERRIES.

I appreciate and value the HOUSEHOLD very much, and have often wished I could write something to help fill that "aching void" the editor complains of. But I always make such a blundering mess of it, if I undertake to write anything in particular. When L. C. told us that her red raspberries would not keep well, I thought to myself, now there is a chance for me to say something, as I know all about red raspberries, having put them up with perfect success for the last ten years. My method is to fill the cans as full of fresh berries as possible, put on the covers without the rubbers and screw down slightly, wrap the cans in a cloth, being careful to have the bottoms well covered. Invert a plate or pie tin in the bottom of a kettle in which place the cans, and fill the kettle with water, the water should come nearly to the top of the cans; heat slowly and let the cans remain fifteen minutes after the water commences to boil. Then lift them out, remove covers quickly, and fill up the cans with boiling sugar syrup; put on the rubbers and replace the covers and screw down tightly. Great care should be taken to fasten them very tight. If the berries seem inclined to separate from the juice and rise on top, stand the cans upside down until cool.

I agree with L. C. that light will cause fruit to fade, and therefore wrap the cans in dark paper, and keep them in a dark place.

If any of the HOUSEHOLD ladies have had experience with the Woodbury can, I would like to hear their opinion of it, and whether they consider it superior to the Mason.

VOLINIA.

AMELIA.

REPLIES.

L. C., of Detroit, inquires for new methods of canning red raspberries. I think the "active principle of ferment," of which she complains, develops in the time which must elapse between the picking and the cooking. I have never found more difficulty with this than with other fruit, but I have always had it direct from the plants. It is a soft, juicy fruit and quickly ferments on exposure to air. I like L. C.'s plan of making a hot sugar syrup in which to put the fruit, but I rarely skim out the fruit, as I like my canned fruit very juicy, in fact consider the juice the best part of it. I cook my canned fruit considerably more than some do, and think it an improvement.

I entirely agree with "Old School Teacher" that it is a "ridiculous custom" to carry away more than one can eat at a wedding repast. But while the dear girls are taught that marriage is the aim of a woman's existence, surely their innocent desire to dream of the "coming man" must be catered to, even if an extra tax is imposed on the lucky maid (or her mamma,) who has gained the coveted position of marriage. So let those who are preparing to enter the holy bonds of matrimony remember their former desires, and bake an extra cake or two for their less fortunate and yet anxious companions. If the bride or her mamma will just recognize the ex-

isting necessity, and prepare beforehand, they may limit the quantity and yet give full and unbounded satisfaction. But don't shut down on the custom entirely.

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

ANSWER TO INQUIRY.

The black millers, which trouble Bess and the rest of the human race, are nothing more or less than butterflies. They belong to that vast race of insects called hexapoda, under the sub-order of lepidoptera. The name is derived from the Greek *lepis*, a scale, and *pteron*, a wing.

The lepidoptera have a tongue consisting of two grooved threads placed side by side, so that the grooved sides come together, adapting it for sucking purposes. When not in use this tongue is rolled up like a watch spring, beneath the head, and more or less concealed by an organ called a *palpus*. The legs are six in number, but the forward pair is short, and sometimes rudimentary or wanting.

The lepidoptera include the butterflies and moths. The former are readily distinguished by their knotted antennae and size. The moths have variously formed, but never knotted antennae. All the lepidoptera undergo a complete metamorphosis in coming to maturity.

These millers are butterflies, not moths, as sometimes supposed. They do not possess the brilliant colors of the rest of the order, partly because they are nocturnal in their habits, but the leading characteristics are the same in all cases.

KATE.

BATTLE CREEK.

ANOTHER YOUNG CONTRIBUTOR.

As there are already two thirteen-year-old contributors to the HOUSEHOLD, I thought I would put in my mite, as I belong to that class.

It is vacation now, and I have plenty of time for writing and practicing on the piano, and helping about the housework.

I like to go to school, but in warm weather it is tiresome to walk so far, (for I have a mile to go) and I enjoy a rest.

How sorry I feel for Temperance! I don't know what I should do if I could not romp around. I wish I lived near her; I would take her out riding, for we have a gentle horse that I can ride, or drive.

I am a great girl for pets. I have a lamb, a bird, a kitten, and about sixty chickens. A few days ago thirteen were hatched out of a setting of twenty eggs. Thinking the rest of the eggs might hatch, I put the chickens in a box to wait till their mother came off the nest; but they made such a fuss I had to hunt up a mother, or rather a substitute for one. At last, I found an old felt hat with a hole in the top. I put this over them, and I actually believe they thought it was their own mother.

I should like to make Violet's acquaintance, as I sometimes visit Okemos.

GEORGIA.

MUIR.

UPON opening a HOUSEHOLD letter the other day, the picture of a sweet-faced lady dropped out, our latest addition to the HOUSEHOLD collection. We return thanks to Mrs. R. D. P., of Brooklyn.

"DEPOT," with the e long as in *even*; "depot," with the e short as in *elf*; "depot," as if spelled "daypo," "or deppo," which is the proper pronunciation? Opinions differ, and who shall decide when those disagree who are well versed in what may be called the "eccentricities of language?" I will tell you a neat and easy way of getting out of the difficulty, and yet being more correct than those who use the disputed word. Do not say depot at all. It is a French word, meaning storehouse, or building for the storing of baggage, and is not correctly applied to that built for the convenience of passengers. The correct term is station, referring to the building we usually call "the depot."

I HEARD the other day of a lady who termed an acquaintance "an ill-bred woman" because while being taken through the speaker's garden, she gathered several flowers without permission. I am inclined to believe the term was not undeserved, because people of good breeding are ever mindful of the rights of others, even in very small matters, and careful never to infringe upon them. This "ill-bred woman" would not have stepped up to her friend's tea-table and taken a biscuit or piece of cake, because it "looked good" yet she did not scruple to appropriate what her hostess prized far more highly, because "so sweet and beautiful." The rights of property in flowers are quite too much disregarded by the majority of people. They think it is "only a flower," not reflecting that care and culture and infinite painstaking wait upon its successful growth, and that people in general are not sufficiently public-spirited to grow flowers to give their acquaintances the pleasure of picking them. I was present at a little gathering not long since where a lady told of a visit she had lately paid to one of our city greenhouses. She said: "He"—referring to the owner—"is a stingy old thing, and I just made up my mind I'd have some of those flowers in spite of him. So while the rest were on ahead I dawdled behind, and whenever I got a chance I'd snap one off and slip it in my bag, and when we had made the rounds, I had enough for a nice bouquet, if you'll believe me, so I divided with the others and we had great fun over the way we outwitted old 'Cross-patch.'" I confess I was surprised and shocked at this boasting confession of violation of the eighth commandment, from the lips of a woman of education, culture, and—I had heretofore supposed—good breeding; withal a church member. These flowers were raised for commercial purposes; the fair thief—that sounds harsh, does it not?—might as well have filled her shopping bag with oranges from a fruit store, or lace or gloves from a dry-goods house, as to have helped herself to probably a dollar's worth of choice flowers from a florist's. Yet she would have been shocked at the thought of taking any such thing, and called the act by its proper name. In our city cemeteries stringent rules relative to the gathering of flowers from the graves, and from the shrubs planted in the general

plan of adornment are necessary to keep people from denuding them. In rural cemeteries, where the rules are less sternly enforced, plants are often carried off bodily, as also the cut flowers laid upon the little hillocks that mark the resting place of the beloved dead. All this goes to show that we need to be better educated in regard to the value of flowers, both monetary and sentimental, and also in regard to the rights of others in their possession. Make it a rule never to lay hands upon a blossom belonging to another without express permission, and you will avoid the epithet applied above to the unthoughtful woman.

WHEN "Old School-Teacher" names as a "ridiculous custom" the fashion of taking home pieces of cake from the wedding feast "to dream over," she aims a blow at the stability of one of our purely "American institutions." Did she never in her girlhood, may I ask, tuck a morsel of indigestible fruit cake under her pillow to ensure visions of "the coming man," and retire to dream persistently of a one-eyed individual with a green wig and a cork leg? Having enjoyed all this happiness in her youth, is she selfishly unwilling that the rising generation should participate in the same pleasures, know the same thrilling delights? Is she one of the iconoclasts who would do away with all the old and charming superstitions of the past, such as throwing a pinch of salt in the fire if you chance to spill the contents of the salt-cellar, sitting down if you are forced to go back for something forgotten, and implicit reliance on the "coming true" of your dreams in a strange house? But, jesting aside, I think I can match her "ridiculous custom" with another, equally as silly, and that is the unwritten law which exacts a gift as an equivalent for an invitation to a wedding. "Requests your presence," in an invitation of that character has been wittily paraphrased into "requests your presents." The custom, were it not made obligatory, is all well enough so far as the immediate relatives of the bride are concerned. But I have known some "big weddings" made, to which wealthy people were invited in the expectation that they would make handsome presents; and I have known some of these "great expectations" woefully disappointed. Everybody was expected to bring a gift of some kind, and the knowledge that these would be displayed, properly ticketed with the donor's name, led to much social rivalry both in the givers and the recipients, and to not a little hard feeling and jealousy in many instances. Knowing their gifts would be criticized and compared while *en evidence*, many gave beyond their means; and in a wide acquaintanceship the constant calls often became a heavy drain upon anything less than the purse of Fortunatas. It once required a good deal of moral courage to attend a wedding without laying an offering at the shrine of the fair bride; one was quite certain to be dubbed "stingy old thing" in the privacy of the family in conclave assembled. I am happy to say that the practice is falling into disuse. Many of our best people are putting the words

"no presents" on not only wedding cards, but also on invitations to those anniversaries known as wooden, tin, etc., weddings. Very rarely are the presents at weddings on exhibition, unless to a few of the family relatives, and this of itself has done much to check the ostentatious giving with the intent to outshine some one else. It is a custom "more honored in the breach than the observance," for presents extorted by custom, made because they are expected, or prompted by anything but love and affection, are forced contributions, not gifts.

BEATRIX.

A CORRESPONDENT at Bellevue asks whether the HOUSEHOLD Editor endorses all that appears in the HOUSEHOLD columns, the idea evidently being to ascertain whether any article advocating different theories than those held by the Editor, would be published. Well now, what a question? and from one who says she has read the HOUSEHOLD "with great interest and profit since its inception!" It would be a very dull department indeed did all its members think exactly alike, or if the Editor published only the echoes of her own opinions. No indeed, J. B., the utmost liberty is allowed in the expression of individual opinion, the only limit being courtesy toward those holding a contrary view, and this has, so far, always been manifested. That would be a remarkable occupant of the editorial chair who would insist everybody's opinion must be an echo of her own.

TO KNIT the heel of a stocking double, when the heel is set, widen two stitches, when you commence to knit, slip off the first stitch, knit the next, slip off the next, and so on all the way across. In knitting back, knit all the stitches, then repeat the former operation until the heel is finished. This makes a good heel and will last twice as long as one knit in the usual way.

Useful Recipes.

GREEN GOOSEBERRY JAM.—Having removed stalks and tops weigh the fruit and mash it slightly; boil six or seven minutes, stirring it well; then add two pounds and a half of sugar to every three pounds of fruit, and boil rapidly three-quarters of an hour. Stir constantly while boiling and skim carefully.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—Two tablespoonfuls of raspberry vinegar stirred into a glass of ice water make a delicious and cooling drink for a hot day. Put red or black raspberries into a stone jar and cover with strong vinegar. Let them stand one week; then strain, pressing out all the juice from the berries. Add a pound and a half of lump or granulated sugar to every pint of liquid and boil until the sugar is dissolved, skimming off all the scum. When it is cool bottle and cork it tight.

TO PRESERVE STRING BEANS.—The following is a simple method of preserving string-beans, recommended by an exchange: Fill a jar with alternate layers of beans and salt and place a board and weight over them to prevent the beans floating on top of the brine. When wanted for use wash them and soak in cold water over night; then after cutting them up let them stand an hour or two in cold water before boiling.