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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

ANSWER TO THE GIPSEY'S WARNING.

Lady, do not heed her warning,
Trust me, thou shalt find me true;
Constant as the light of morning,
I will ever be to you.
Lady, I will not deceive thee,
Fill thy guileless heart with woe;
Trust me, lady, and believe me,
Sorrow thou shalt never know.

Lady, every joy would perish,
Pleasures all would wither fast,
If no heart could love and cherish
In this world of storm and blast.
E'en the stars that gleam above thee,
Shine the brightest in the night,
So would he who fondly loves thee,
In the darkness be thy light.

Down beside the flowing river
Where the dark green willow weeps,
Where the leafy branches quiver
There a gentle maiden sleeps.
In the morn a lonely stranger
Comes and lingers many hours;
Lady, he's no heartless ranger
For he strews her grave with flowers.

Lady, heed thee not her warning,
Lay thy soft white hand in mine,
For I seek no fairer laurel
Than the constant love of thine.
When the silver moonlight brightens,
Thou shalt slumber on my breast,
Tender words thy soul shall brighten,
Lull thy spirit into rest.

THE BUTTER QUESTION.

Since the appearance of C. N. H.'s letter, stating her desire to secure city customers for her butter, we have received a number of letters from other parties who say in effect "Me too!" Some complain of the treatment received at the hands of country merchants, others growl at the city commission men, all are unanimous on one point; they are anxious for better prices. Such letters indicate a good deal of dissatisfaction with existing methods of local markets which recognize so little distinction in quality. And indeed there is little incentive to effort where all the receipts are valued at the same money and paid for in barter at the village stores. Country merchants are no better pleased than producers; often they lose on the butter they buy, and but for the profits on the goods given "in trade" the loss would be one they could not stand; city commission men find the receipts of low-grade stuff yelet butter very hard to work off, and claim it has a damaging effect in depressing values. The truth is, no one makes anything in its handling. Obviously, the reform must begin with the producer.

Any one who has watched the comments on the butter market in the FARMER from

week to week must have seen that choice dairy butter commands a uniformly good price in the city market, unless temporarily during the flush of the season. There is often ten cents per pound difference between the price quoted in the FARMER and the local markets of our State exchanges. The consumer pays it and the commission man gets it, and he gets it because the good butter has to help pay the expense of handling the poor, on which he is lucky if he clears himself. Plainly, it is to the interest of all concerned to handle the best article.

The question any dealer would put to a congress of butter-makers would be: "Why don't you make better butter if you want better prices? If you make good butter, why don't you get it into a market where good butter is wanted?" It is popularly supposed that city people don't know what good butter is. It is a great mistake; it is more often the farmers who do not know the really good butter. They make their own the standard; and have eaten it till they think the famous Darlington butter that sells the year round at seventy-five cents per pound cannot compare with it, and that if put on a millionaire's table he would be rushing round to find who made it so he could pay a dollar a pound for more. All they think they need is to be known to be appreciated. And they believe the dealer a son of Ananias when he reports its sale at about what the butter would have brought at the country store, leaving them the freight out of pocket. One thing is very certain; there is no money to be made in sending butter to a city market, unless you can reach the city standard of *high quality*. City consumers don't want what you think is good butter; they want what they think is good. People who want the best—and there are plenty of them—are willing to pay for it, but those who are to get the money must reach *their* idea of quality. It is simply "business" to produce what people want to buy.

No one can make high-grade butter without proper appliances; you may think butter made from milk set in a cellar where potatoes and cabbage, soft soap and codfish are stored, is good; you are used to its peculiar flavor; the Esquimaux, we were told a week or two ago, are accustomed to raw seal's flesh. You cannot salt butter enough to disguise its poor flavor, or its want of flavor, or mask the peculiar taste due to keeping the cream too long. You cannot pack two or three churnings, differing in color and saltiness, into one crock with a layer of coarse salt between and a piece of an old shirt on top, and sell it as first class,

even if of good flavor; its differences deprecate it.

What does the dealer require? I hardly know which to place first, uniformity or excellence of quality; both are absolutely essential. The dealer sells his goods—which you furnish him—under a guarantee that they are first class. If they do not prove so, he is notified to come and take them away, as not being up to his warrant. For instance, my landlady bought a crock of butter of one of our leading grocery firms recently; the top layer was of high grade, but about one-third down another color and quality was found. She telephoned to the firm to come and get it; she had paid 30 cents for "prime," and proposed to have what she paid for. Now whoever furnished that butter will be the sufferer; if sent on under a contract, it is a violation of agreement; if as a sample, the firm will decline to contract for further supplies. To illustrate the infinite pains taken by butter-makers who can command high rates to preserve their reputation for a first class article, a certain gentleman who owns a fine herd of Jerseys and contracts his butter at fifty cents per pound the year round, personally inspects and tests the butter before it is shipped, whenever any change in the management of the dairy is calculated to at all disturb the usual average of quality. Sometimes he will reject all that is made for several weeks, because it is not up to his standard, selling it for what it will bring in the open market. The butter is put in prints, stamped with the name of his dairy, and that "trademark" is his guarantee to the dealer, and the dealer's warrant to the buyer. It is sent to market in Reed's patent package, each print wrapped in new, clean cloth, and it is "butter as is butter." Such butter is "standard." How does the ordinary farm product compare with it?

It is but rarely that country makers are willing to wait till they can establish a reputation; they want the highest retail rates at the outset. It is this which deters many private families from placing orders with the producers. They say, and with reason: "Every butter-maker believes her butter to be the best made, and wants a big price for it; I may not like it at all; may not be able to use it perhaps, but am compelled to keep it, whereas if I go to a commission house, if the butter is not as represented I can return it." Is it to be wondered at that city people decline to pay highest city retail quotations, and freight or express charges in addition, for what they can purchase more safely through a dealer? If they are pleased with the first shipment,

what test but time will convince them the second and third will equal it?

What is the solution of the butter problem? Don't keep cows if you have not conveniences for dairying, or sell the cream to a factory, and thank your lucky stars for escaping much hard, profitless drudgery. If you must make butter, insist on having the proper appliances for making a first class article and cows enough to make it an object to establish a reputation in a city or town where you can get what it is worth. Get a creamery, or have a room set apart especially for milk and butter, and a churn adapted to the process of brine-salting, which is now universal in all first class dairies. It is also necessary there should be a man at the head of the establishment who will not water the cows at a pond-hole, feed them marsh grass full of pungent weeds, give them a dessert of cabbage or turnips, drive them with dogs or persuade them to "stan' round" by a whack on the ribs with a fence rail. Having won a reputation keep it, by maintaining the integrity of your shipments—if a churning of butter is "off" in any respect, not quite up to your usual standard, do not think it will "do," or that your reputation can stand it; your standing is more easily lost than made. Adopt some distinctive mark, under which to sell your butter, and have it so stamped on your packages that buyer and consumer may become familiar with it and associate it with high quality: the name of your farm is very appropriate. If you are able to furnish butter of uniformly excellent quality, one week with another, of firm grain, sweet flavor, neither over-salted nor over-worked, packed in an attractive manner, you can send it to any commission or grocery house in perfect confidence that you will get pay for its actual value, and a call for more of it. "There's room at the top" applies to butter, as well as to brains. And if you send on your butter, or a sample of it, and get low rates, you can safely wager your best cow that it is not because the dealer is a thief and a liar, or has some spite against that particular lot of butter, but simply that it is not up to the standard he requires. It is to his advantage, both in reputation and pecuniarily, to handle the best, and he'll do it with alacrity if you give him the chance. BEATRIX.

OUR INFLUENCE.

I wonder how many of us realize the responsibility resting upon us, by the influence which we inevitably and often carelessly exert over our associates. So many of us are apt to speak in a petulant and fault-finding manner to those with whom we associate in every day life, for

"We have smiles for the weary stranger,
Kind words for the sometimes guest;
But off for our own the bitter tone,
Tho' we love our own the best."

These hasty words are nearly always spoken without really meaning what we say, and in fact often without thinking what we have said, but they leave their mark. We must every one exert an influence, and that influence must be good or bad. If good, then those persons with whom we are thrown into daily contact are made better by associating with us, for un-

consciously we help to mould a character in each and every one of our companions. But if our influence be bad then we must not be surprised if our friends exhibit, at times, traits in their character which we dislike to witness.

Miss Morris once said, when speaking to a crowded assembly at Chautauqua: "Why, one move of your hand moves all creation! and as surely does one thought of your soul grow and spread and roll through the universe. Why, you can't sit in your room alone, and think a mean thought, or a false thought, or an unchristian thought, without its influencing not only all people around you, not only all people in the universe, but nations yet unborn must live under the shadow or the glory that the thought involves."

We cannot say, "I keep my thought or my belief to myself," for we must unconsciously and inevitably influence even by them, our fellow men. "No man liveth to himself." What an influence have had the writers of yesterday and to-day! Look at John Milton, who has done good to millions of minds by his beautiful, soul-stirring and inspiring poems; and at our own Henry W. Longfellow! Who has not felt the soothing and restful influence which is afforded by reading "The Day is Done," "Sandalphon," or "A Psalm of Life." Shall we look at the other side? Think of Col. Ingersoll, who is influencing millions of minds for evil to eternity. We do not like to have our friends associate with evil companions, both on their account and ours. The influence exerted over them will certainly be evil, and they in turn will have over us that same evil influence. But how different should be a mother's influence! What can be said of that? It is the mould in which is formed the characters of future generations. Her influence is half her teaching. We remember what mother did, and the look on her face, after what she said has been forgotten. Now, how can we be sure that our influence is for good and not for evil? There is but one way; that is to have a pure heart and pure thoughts.

MARSHALL.

CLARA BELLE.

THE KINDERGARTEN SYSTEM.

With the first of the current year the Board of Education of the city of Philadelphia adopted the system of free kindergartens, incorporating it as part of the public school system and appropriating \$15,000 for its support. The public school system of that city deserves more than a passing mention, embracing as it does not only primary, secondary and grammar grades, high and normal schools, but also industrial art, manual training and sewing departments; it is one of the best and most complete "educational machines" in the world. A description of one of the rooms devoted to kindergarten work, in which half a hundred children from three to six years of age are taught, will prove interesting. The room is large, lighted by many windows, on whose wide sills are growing plants, with blackboards along the walls within easy reach of small fingers, and on which are drawn pictures illustrating the lesson of the day, in this case the plowing of a field, sowing of

seed, harvest and flour-mill. The talk will be about the growing of wheat and its uses. There are small chairs arranged in the center of the room, and at each end an open space formed by three long low tables, whose surfaces are covered with a network of lines making one inch squares. There is a piano, a globe, and boxes of cubical blocks. A description of a day's lesson would no doubt illustrate the "kindergarten principle" better than anything else.

There is a talk by the teacher about the drawings on the board and the way grain is grown. A box of earth is brought into the ring of children; each plants a grain or two with eager interest, then each is seated at the tables and given a box of blocks, with which he builds a fence of blocks, enclosing a field in which the farmer may sow his seed; after this permission is given them to make what they please. One builds a house for the farmer to live in, one a barn for the grain, another a stable for his horse, or a trough for watering him, and tells what he means to represent. Often it requires a good deal of imagination to detect the connection between the child's ideal and the result as shown by the blocks, but always the child himself sets about his task with a definite idea of what he wishes to produce. The blocks are built into cubes, and a game with bean bags follows. They sing a little catching song about sowing the seed, and imitate the motions as they do so, their bean bags on the shoulder or under the left arm as they swing the other to scatter the seed. Lunch follows, daintily served, each child bringing its own; they are taught to be unselfish and share with one another. Then balls of modeling clay are given out and they make apples and pears, singing the while.

Colors are taught with bright balls, giving the primary colors first, strips of gay tissue papers are plaited in fancy chains, rings, fans, anything the busy ingenuity of the kindergartner can invent. Then the children go to the blackboard and, crayon in hand, face the teacher who holds a ball suspended by a string, which they are to draw "just as they see it." The results are various and amusing; some are more square than round, some have the string in the wrong place; they are not able to reproduce what they see; and it has been discovered that the tendency is to draw what they remember, rather than what is actually before them. But the lesson is an educator, evidently.

And so it goes; the children are taught many things, most important of all perhaps is the habit of observation which they almost unconsciously acquire and which is fixed upon them for life; they are amused and pleasantly instructed till almost as if by magic they can read and add, and are ready to be promoted to a higher grade. The work is not allowed to become wearisome, a three hours' session only being held.

A SOUTHERN housewife affirms that vinegar or muddy wine may be effectively clarified by pouring into a bottleful of it half a teacupful of fresh, sweet milk and letting it stand twenty-four hours. The sediment will settle to the bottom with the curdled milk, and the clear liquid may be poured off into another bottle.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HOME TALKS.

NO. III.

The first thing this morning, Hetty, is the yeast. Put on the kettle and put in two dippers full and about one cup over of cold water, add a big handful of hops, let that boil while you get the potatoes ready. You will need six good sized potatoes, pare them, then grate them into a pan of cold water—what for? Why, if you did not grate them in water they would turn red and the yeast would be dark; those hops have boiled about fifteen minutes I should say; turn them through the colander, return the water to the kettle, and now drain all the water from the potatoes; see how white they are, put that into the hop water, and stir it until it boils up a minute or two; put it into that pail with sloping sides; add a cup of sugar and half a cup of salt; stir it well—see, it looks like boiled starch; put two yeast cakes soaking in a little warm water, and when the yeast is lukewarm stir them in and set it in a warm place to rise. No; it does not take long to make yeast, the main thing is to know how. The two prime factors in making good bread are good yeast and good flour. If a girl is taught to make bread properly on the start, she will never be likely to forget it. Your father now don't know anything about eating poor bread, he's always saying, "Wife, you just beat the world on bread." The strawberries are getting ripe fast. I wouldn't wonder if you could get enough for supper; if it is favorable for them—frequent showers and heavy dews—there will be bushels of them. We will have to get new cans for your fruit. So many are afraid to can strawberries. I don't remember of ever losing but two cans, and those had defective rubbers. The currant bushes hang full, you see you dusted them with the hellebore in the nick of time, and unless the gooseberries drop off, there will be a good crop of those. If there is anything that I like to revel in it is lots of fruit. A well filled fruit closet is not to be despised, I tell you; plenty of jelly and pickles, jam and marmalade is a sight that is pleasant to my eyes. They may talk about feeding the mind and soul, but according to my experience, there's nothing so satisfying to an empty stomach as good food and plenty of it.

You can cook the whey for the bread, and I will sift the flour; always sift your flour, Hetty, for everything, and use half patent and half the common flour. I find the bread does not dry out so much as when I used all patent flour. For the sponge take one dipper and a half of whey, have it just lukewarm, one coffee cup of yeast, two spoonfuls sugar, one of lard, stir the sponge quite stiff, cover it close and remember, Hetty, you must be up at five sharp to mix it. A great deal of bread is spoiled by leaving it in the sponge too long. How forward the garden is, we have had lettuce and radishes quite a while, and the peas are nearly ready to pick; how time is flying! I think one reason is, we are so busy, and are entering so heartily into our work. I never saw you so interested and happy before, and I am forgetting myself, thinking and working with you. I am glad we are so happy, for who can read the future as Nyleptha tells

Sir Henry in "Allan Quatermain," that we are reading "Happiness is the world's white bird, that alights seldom and flies fast and far, till one day he is lost in the clouds. Therefore should we hold him fast, if by any chance he rests for a little space upon our hands. It is not wise to neglect the present for the future, for who knows what the future will be? Let us pluck our flowers while the dew is on them, for when the sun is up they wither, and on the morrow will others bloom that we may never see." And when you are married, Hetty, and begin your new life, for it is comparatively a new life, you cannot think of self alone, you must conform your thoughts and mode of life to another's, you have another's interest at heart, another's welfare to look out for. If—as it sometimes will be—your opinion is exactly the contrary from what your husband's is, think before you speak. Words are far easier spoken than forgotten, and though we may ask and receive forgiveness we know from experience that the hurt and smart remains. There are so many little things you can do about your home, so many little attentions that you can show your husband that will cost scarcely an effort, if your heart is in your work, and it will make him so happy. No, I do not mean making a slave of yourself running after him to pick up whatever he is pleased to throw down, blacking his boots or shoes, etc. You never want to begin that; begin as you will hold out. But there are so many wishes you will learn to anticipate: you will learn his likes and dislikes; and remember, just as you respect yourself; he will respect you. If you settle down into a dowdy, a household drudge, in time, he will think of you as such. Keep up your personal appearance, dress as becomingly as you did before, read, play on the piano, ride, walk, keep him a lover always. Hetty, the majority of women lose their husbands blindly; see to it that he is just as madly in love ten years from now as he is to-day. Have perfect confidence in him, and never harbor jealousy; from a tiny speck it will assume monstrous proportions; as I have told you so many times, half our troubles are imaginary ones. Keep that song in your mind, "Never trouble trouble, boys, till trouble troubles you." We can make our life a blessing or a curse, the colors, the lights, the shadows that the world throws are according to the eyes we look with, bright or dark; and too, life is not a succession of new things, a kalaidoscope with ever shifting scenes, it is the same thing over and over.

"We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower;
Or check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour;
But the morning dews must fall,
And the sun and the summer rain,
Must do their part, and perform it all
Over and over again.

"Over and over again,
The brook through the meadow flows,
And over and over again.
The ponderous mill wheel goes:
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain.
And a blessing, failing us once or twice,
May come if we try again."

You need not always be thinking of your work. I have moulded bread, stirred cake, pared potatoes, ironed, and all the time I was so happy, repeating some helpful poem, or thinking of my reading or writing.

Keep the heart young and you will hardly know when old age comes. Have happy thoughts, and when trouble or sorrow or affliction knock at the door, it will be time enough to let them in. We cannot expect that life will be perpetual sunshine, there will be rough as well as smooth paths, bitter as well as pleasant lessons; but remember

"The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to the feet;
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat;
Though sorrowful tears may fall,
And the heart to its depths be drawn
With storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us fit for Heaven."

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

A WEEK'S DINNERS.

(Concluded.)

THURSDAY.—Beefsteak, mashed potatoes, boiled turnips, sliced tomatoes. Dessert, apple pie, cranberry pie, grapes and peaches.

There is nothing in this day's bill of fare which calls for comment, except that beefsteak is much more generally a breakfast dish than the *piece de resistance* of a dinner. But this innovation was excusable, because the oven had been in requisition during the morning, to prepare delicacies for a small party to be given in the evening. The berries were stewed for the cranberry pie, liberally sweetened, and it was very juicy and good. A part of the somewhat bitter tang of this fruit may be removed by putting the berries into cold water in the preserving kettle, letting the water come almost to the boiling point, and then pouring off and putting on more from the teakettle. The fruit must be carefully tended, otherwise the berries will begin to "pop" before you know it.

FRIDAY.—Barley soup; roast pork with apple sauce, boiled cabbage; baked tomatoes. Dessert, rice pudding, Catawba grapes.

Any mention of roast pork always reminds me of Charles Lamb's gentle rhapsody on the subject of "crackling." Apple sauce is the natural adjunct of roast pork; why I cannot tell, unless in memory of the old days when the cook bore to the table on a salver like the shield of a man-at-arms, the roasted pig with a baked apple in its mouth. The boar's head, thus garnished, was a dish greatly favored in days of feudal splendor. The barley soup was, in this instance at least, simply the usual stock with pearl barley as an addition.

SATURDAY.—Vegetable soup; veal cutlets, breaded; mashed potatoes; lettuce salad; celery. For dessert, pudding, and Catawba grapes and peaches.

I hardly know how to name the pudding we had for dinner this day. Slices of stale cake were dipped in sherry wine, a pudding mould lined with the slices, a layer of peaches steamed till soft spread over them, and more cake added; the pudding was then steamed twenty minutes. I've eaten those I liked better, but it was a good way to dispose of stale cake. Over the whole was spread a meringue of white of eggs and sugar.

SUNDAY.—Baked chickens, stuffed, with cranberry sauce, cauliflower; sweet potatoes, baked; celery. Dessert, apple snow and cider jelly; Catawba and Niagara grapes and bananas.

The cranberry sauce served with the fowl deserves a passing mention; it illustrated the cranberry at its best. Usually, cranberries are cooked to an almost jelly-like consistency, and are strong and dark-colored; these were lighter in hue and of a delicious flavor. They had been cooked till done, in just enough water, and the sugar added just before taking from the stove. The sweet potato is at its best when baked; a boiled one is an abomination. Yet one "boarding-house missus" encountered in my experience always boiled them because they "went further." They did, for the boarders would not eat them. "You don't have any such sweet potatoes here as we do in the West Indies," said the swarthy gentleman from Cuba. "There they are—what you call it? e—mense; so big (embracing an imaginary potato as big as a peck measure with both hands); one make a meal for three-four mens." The long, slender sweet potato is sweeter and better flavored than its larger, coarse-grained cousin, and if you buy for quality always choose it.

This closes the list of the week's dinners, with an extra meal, the second Sunday dinner, thrown in for a "make-weight." The bill of fare is not elaborate, but everything put upon the table is good of its kind, well cooked and neatly and deftly served. I've dined where the interval between dinner and dessert was so long that one got hungry again, and where everything was cold but the ice-water and nothing hot but the plates. It is not until one is made conscious by their omission of the importance of these small attentions which add so much zest to a meal, that he is impressed with the care and thought which must be expended on every meal set before him.

BEATRIX.

LADIES' LONG SHAWL OR SHOULDER SCARF.

Ladies who prefer the new and much admired shoulder scarf, to the older but quite as pretty shoulder cape will find the following one of the favorite patterns, worked in cream white Saxony, with a coarse ivory hook, in shell stitch.

The border of this scarf is worked of the same material, with a rolled picot heading and crocheted fringe. Make a chain of 80 stitches. 1st row: Miss 4, 4 trebles in the 5th (these form one shell), *, miss 3 stitches of chain, 4 trebles on the next, repeat from * to end of row (20 shells).

2d row: Two chain, miss 3 trebles of the first shell, 4 trebles between the 3d and 4th trebles of previous shell, 4 trebles between the third and fourth trebles of the next shell, repeat from * to end of row, ending the row with a shell between the third and fourth trebles of shell, instead of under the chain at the turn of last made row. Continue repeating this row for the length desired, remembering that each shell must be worked between the third and last trebles of each previous shell, and also in ending each row.

For the border work five rows, or as many as may be preferred, of roll picots, thus: 1st row: Wool over the hooks as for ordinary treble stitch, put it under the foundation chain

between the first and second shells and draw through, wool over hook and draw through again: repeat four times, then catch the wool and draw through all the loops on the hook at once, finish with a chain stitch; 1 chain, 1 roll picot between the second and third shell; repeat all around. 2d row: One roll picot under the 1 chain between the first and second picots, 1 chain, 1 roll picot between the second and third picots, repeat all round. Work several rows in the same manner, and then for the fringe make a chain of 30 stitches and loop it with a double crochet in first stitch of the previous row, repeat all round, putting a loop in every stitch. If a longer fringe is desired increase the number of stitches.

For a pretty crochet lace for flannels, etc., make a chain of 20 stitches, turn. 1st row: Pass over four chains, one treble into each of next four stitches, one treble into each of next two stitches, three chain, pass over two stitches, one treble into next stitch, turn. 2d row: Four chains, pass one stitch of last row, one treble into the next three chain, pass over three stitches, one treble into each of next six stitches, four chain, pass over four stitches, one treble into the next stitch, turn. 3d row: Four chain, four treble under four chain of last row, one treble into each of next six stitches, three chain, pass over three stitches, one treble in next, one chain, pass over one stitch, one treble into next stitch, turn. 4th row: Four chain, pass over one stitch, one treble, in next stitch, three chain, pass over three stitches, one treble into each of the next six stitches, four chain, pass over four stitches, fifteen trebles under four chain, one double into the three chain at the side of the preceding scallop. 5th row: One chain, pass over 1 stitch, one double into next stitch, *, four chain, one double into the first stitch, pass over one stitch, one double into the next stitch, *, repeat from * to * five times, three chain, four trebles under four chain, pass over four stitches, one treble into each of next two stitches, three chain, pass over three stitches, one treble into next stitch, one chain, pass over one stitch, one treble into next stitch, turn. Repeat each time from second row. When the edge is long enough make the following heading: *, one treble under the four chain at the turn of the row, two chain, *, repeat from * to *.

Yes, Azalia, that "Lily of the Valley" pattern in February number should have the same number of stitches in every row as it is intended for tidies, counterpanes, afghans, etc.

MILL MIMMIE.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

The following is the recipe for pickalilli used by a noted English firm engaged in the manufacture of sauces, pickles, etc: "Cut the cauliflowers into small pieces, place in strong brine for seven days, then strain off and pass the cauliflowers through luke-warm water to take off the strong smell; have ready small onions, gherkins, and beans. Mix one quart of vinegar with a quarter pound of mustard, add a little tumeric, let it simmer over the fire one hour; then add ginger, peppercorn, capscums, etc., to taste, and tie down when

thoroughly cold. The pickle will be ready for use in six weeks."

UNLESS you want your silver to look dull and old, and like pewter, do not clean it too often. Nor ought it to be washed in soapsuds. Ammonia and whiting makes a good cleansing agent, mixed to the consistency of cream. Apply this to the article with a bit of flannel, let lie a few minutes, then clean off and wipe with another flannel. A toothbrush is convenient to use on chased work or raised work, using one to apply the creamy paste and another to brush and polish after.

FANNY FIELD recommends for the women who splash soapsuds upon themselves while washing, an apron made of two pieces of gingham with a layer of cotton batting between, quilted together and three edges bound, the other fitted to a band. Such an apron is better than oilcloth or rubber, for the suds runs from these down on the dress and feet, whereas it soaks into the quilted apron, which can be dried.

Contributed Recipes.

CORN STARCH HASTY PUDDING.—One quart milk, bring to boiling heat; four tablespoonfuls cornstarch; one tablespoonful butter; one teaspoonful salt. Stir until it thickens; it should be like cake batter. Eat with the following sauce: Stir one egg into one cup of sugar; stir this into half a cup of hot milk; flavor with vanilla.

CREAMED SALT MACKEREL.—Soak a mackerel over night in milk and water; before using, wipe it dry. Broil on a well buttered gridiron; lay on a hot platter and pour over a cream sauce made as follows: One cup of rich milk; one egg; two tablespoonfuls butter; two teaspoonfuls cornstarch; salt, pepper, chopped parsley, if you have it.

BATTER PUDDING.—Four eggs; two cups milk; two of flour; a teaspoonful of baking powder; salt. Bake and eat with hard sauce.

GINGER SNAPS.—Two cups brown sugar; one of molasses; half cup melted butter; one of water; one of melted lard; one tablespoonful each of saleratus, cinnamon and ginger; a little salt; mix soft; roll thin; bake quick.

DORCHESTER SPONGE CAKE.—Six eggs, beaten very light with egg-beater; one cup fine granulated sugar; two cups flour; two teaspoonfuls baking powder; a little salt; lemon. After adding the sugar continue to beat with the egg-beater until it is all in a foam, then add the other ingredients, and just stir very lightly until the flour is all in—do not beat it; pour into two tins and bake fifteen minutes in a moderate oven. Do not open the door until that time has elapsed. The beauty of this cake is in the beating and baking. It is a convenient cake to keep on hand, as so many nice things can be made from it.

SPONGE CAKE CUSTARDS.—Bring three cups sweet milk to a boiling heat. Rub the yolks of three eggs into one cup sugar until light; stir slowly into the milk until it thickens; remove and add vanilla to flavor. Set aside to cool. Slice some stale sponge cake; spread with jam, jelly, or marmalade; arrange around a glass dish. Pour over a glass of sherry; now pour in the custard, beat the whites stiff; add half a cup of sugar, vanilla, and pile on the custard and cake. Set on ice is until served.

EVANGELINE.

BATTLE CREEK.