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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

MINISTERING.

What though your feet are often over-weary,
On ceaseless errands sent!
And tired shoulders ache and ache so sorely
'Neath heavy burdens bent!
Be patient, lest the ones whom you are serving
Be soon beyond your care;
Lest little wayward feet that you are guiding,
Slip past you unaware.

Ah, then, no joy would seem so dear and blessed,
As spending months and years
In ceaseless service for the vanished darlings,
So vainly mourned with tears.
But while you have your dear ones still around
you,
Do not regret your care;
Far easier aching feet and arms and shoulders,
Than aching hearts to bear.

TAKING CARE OF THE CLOTHES.

Why is it that two girls can expend the same sum of money for their clothing, and one will always look well-dressed and the other dowdyish and shabby? Generally speaking, because one takes care of her possessions and the other does not. The wear of many articles depends greatly upon the care taken of them. One girl will slip her dress-skirt down on the floor on retiring, or toss it half on, half off a chair, and if it is at all damp, or of goods easily crushed, she finds it a mass of wrinkles when she gets around to hang it up in the morning. Or she goes out for a walk and on her return hangs up her dust-laden skirt, to be shaken out when she next wishes to put it on. It is but a little time before a new dress looks shabby under such treatment, and just so with other things. I know two sisters, one of whom has a good deal more to spend upon dress than the other, yet the one with the least always manages to look the best dressed, one day with another. One is in a chronic state of having "nothing to wear," the other always looks fresh and trim in her old dresses, though she may have to wear an elbow turned in to hide a darn. One is just as likely to throw her coat on the back of a chair and her hat on the seat, and the total depravity of inanimate things is sure to cause the coat to eclipse the hat, to the irretrievable damage of its trimmings. If she has on her best dress and is called upon to go down town, if only to the meat market, it is too much trouble to change, even though it may be raining; and just so with shoes and gloves; and all such things. She wears the best every day, and consequently has nothing in which she feels "dressed up;" and when she wishes to look particularly well, "Oh what a fuss is there, my countrywomen!" One thing after another is regarded as too shabby or "mussed," and

she generally retires into her pocket-handkerchief before she is done reviewing her dilapidated belongings.

A good many young and thoughtless girls seem to think a "noble disregard" in these matters is indicative of family prosperity and abundance; it is equivalent to saying that when these are gone they can get plenty more. But usually, after they have learned how hardly money is earned, and how easily it is spent, they are more careful of what money buys; though some seem to never learn habits of order and care.

Every dress should have loops attached to hang it up by; then use them for that purpose. If you have plenty of closet room let each dress have two hooks; the drapery will not then be crushed. If you have no closets, make one according to the directions given in the HOUSEHOLD some months ago. Or curtain off one corner of your room with cretonne or calico, and hang your dresses in its seclusion. Never put away a dress when it is damp or dusty, under penalty of wrinkled shabbiness; nothing takes the "new" off a dress so quickly. Two loops, one at each armsize, keep a basque in better shape than one at the back of the neck. All heavy wraps, like cloaks and wraps, should have a shoulder form, such as they are kept upon in the stores, to keep them in good shape. Provide a velvet brush for use upon velvet or brocade goods; and *don't* use a whisk-broom on silk, or a bristle brush either, for that matter; a piece of crape or old velvet is much preferable to remove the dust as it does not wear and cut the silk like a broom or brush.

Plumes will keep in curl much longer if after having been exposed to dampness or dew, the hat is shaken gently over a fire, or even the flame of a lamp or a gas-jet as soon as removed, care being taken not to get them too near and so scorch them. The heat "liven" them again and dries out the dampness, whereas if put away without this preliminary drying they will soon look so draggled that even a disreputable old ostrich would scorn them. It is not often that a bonnet or hat will be worn a second season without some remodeling, therefore it is best to rip up the trimming, brush the dust out of the ribbon loops, and roll them up tightly without pressing; usually when undone in the spring the wrinkles will have disappeared. The plumes or wings should be put away in a box, out of the reach of moths, which love to nest in the soft fibres; and the flowers and lace also in a box beyond danger of damage. One reason why some ladies can afford so many bonnets in a season is because they take

care of their materials, which reappear again and again in new combinations. Last winter's velvet bonnet is made over for this, with other trimmings, and perhaps the same velvet will trim next spring's walking hat. One of our city milliners is very popular because of her taste in thus combining old materials into stylish shapes, and because she never "snubs" those who thus economize.

Going to the other extreme, what is so unsatisfying as a shabby shoe! To keep them looking nice and new, have a partly worn pair for rainy weather, for wear under rubbers, for nothing spoils them so quick as mud and water, and rubbers. If the buttons are all on, and the convenient liquid polish used at need, one need not be ashamed of boots past their pristine newness, for with most of us a partly worn shoe is "comfortable as an old friend." A little pure glycerine—a very little—carefully rubbed on when the toes and sides begin to look worn, discourages the tendency to crack and keeps the leather pliable.

If you jerk off your kid gloves in a hurry, and crush them up in a wad while still moist with perspiration you need not wonder that they soon look old. Pull out the fingers and fold them together lengthwise, then lay them straight in your glove box. When gloves get dirty, have them colored; I see so many soiled tan colored gloves that I hate the color. A good kid glove can be colored nicely, and the work is so well done one need not be ashamed of them, nor do they discolor the hands as when the art of dyeing was less practiced. But it will not pay to have a cheap kid colored. Any glove shrinks a little in the dye, and will be a tighter fit than before; it costs 30 cents to have them colored.

Now everybody knows these things I have just mentioned, but how few, especially among the girls, are careful in these and other respects! To look well dressed it is not necessary to be richly dressed, but it is essential that there be no rips or missing buttons, no tagged-out dress-binding, no places where a stitch is manifestly needed, and no pins doing duty for stitches.

BEATRIX.

THE oldest canary on record died at Philadelphia recently, 24 years old. His owner attributes his long life to the practice of feeding him small quantities of meat, of which he was very fond, and never giving him any anything sweet. Twice a week he was fed meat, and sometimes treated to a bit of salt pork.

HOME TALKS.

NO. VI.

We will make strawberry jelly and jam to-day, as we have all the berries canned we want. We will use the berries that are white, just before they begin to color, they makes much nicer jelly. Fill the kettle full and add a pint of water, let them boil thoroughly and turn them into the jelly bag; do not squeeze; let them drip. Clean the kettle and weigh the juice before returning to the kettle. Eight pounds, you say? well, weigh eight pounds of granulated sugar, but do not add it to the juice until it has boiled up and been skimmed; you will find the jelly will be made before the sugar is fairly dissolved; dip up a spoonful; see, it is thick jelly all over the bowl! Set it off the stove and fill the cups as fast as possible. You can fill eight of these tumblers for you—put mine in the cups. We've had splendid success with this, Hetty.

Now for the jam; we will make about sixteen pounds—six for you and ten for me. Weigh the berries and mash them as fine as you can, that prevents them from becoming hard; allow three-fourths of a pound of granulated sugar to a pound of berries. Cook the berries twenty minutes before adding the sugar, then simmer slowly half an hour, it wants close attention and frequent stirring. Take out a little in a sauce dish as it cools; if no juice runs from it and it looks shiny and glistens, it is done; we will put this in these small stone jars. When this is cold cut some letter paper to fit the jars, and moisten in brandy, lay over the jam and tie closely. Tie the jelly cups up with that straw colored tissue paper, two thicknesses.

I never want an elaborate dinner nor any baking on hand when I am taking care of fruit. With too many irons in the fire some are apt to burn. It was just handy, to-day, to have this roast and it is a good large one too, for I want a meat pie to-morrow for dinner. Allow about twenty-five minutes to a pound for roasting meat, and then basting it often seasons it through; some cook-books say never season it until it is done, but I always salt and pepper it when I put it in the oven and spread on some butter. Fill the dripping pan a third full of hot water and have a hot oven, brisk fire and keep it so. Sear the meat immediately, then the juice will not drip out, and when it is done there will be a thick brown glaze on the bottom of the pan, that is the foundation of the gravy. Take the meat out and set in the warming closet; keep it hot as you can, set the pan over the stove and turn in hot water, this will make two quarts of rich gravy; we want some for to-morrow, you know. Make the thickening of the browned flour, take three tablespoonfuls, mix it with sweet cream instead of water; now stir it free from lumps. Always have your gravy smooth. Taste and see if it is all right and thick enough, it ought not to be thin like water, nor thick as pudding; yes, that is right. Now you know how meat is roasted and gravy made, don't you? Our dinner to-day is roast beef; boiled new potatoes; beets sliced with sugar and vinegar over them; water cress salad, strawberries and cream. How deli-

cious this cress is! it grows so plentifully too and so few know about it; the creek is full of it. Now this common purslane "pusley" most people call it—that is such a pest in gardens makes one of our most delicious salads, city people go wild over it, it is so crisp and juicy and the least bit of snap to it. Wash the cress thoroughly and shred with the fingers—always avoid using a knife as much as possible, then set on the ice to crisp. I like it best with sugar, salt and vinegar; but a good salad dressing is made with the yolks of three hard boiled eggs rubbed smooth; half a teaspoonful each of mustard and salt, a tablespoonful of melted butter; one of sugar; mix thoroughly, then add slowly a small teacupful of vinegar. For lettuce slice the whites in rings and lay over it. There is nothing more appetizing than salads of different kinds; some are very much opposed to their use, thinking that the free use of condiments will create an appetite for strong drink.

This afternoon we will get the dishtowels hemmed and the comforters cut off and sewed up; next week we will have our company and tie them off. Here are two dozen towels all a yard in length, and this bath toweling is for the dish cloths—eight of those; your hand towels are all fringed, you know. This cheese cloth I will make in foot comforters, cut them long enough to fall over the bed on either side and one width across, we will put the nice wadding in these. What a pretty fashion it is, to lay them over the foot of the bed! I am so glad that the craze for sheet and pillow shams has died out. I saw your aunt Mira had her pillows with plain hem-stitched slips on, laid down flat on the bed, then a bolster was set up on them against the head board; that had a slip on, then there was a lace curtain, lined with satteen, a very delicate blue, another pink, another old gold, these were brought up over the bolster and then twisted around in the center of the bolster and held in place with a beautiful bow of ribbon, the color of the satteen. I never saw such handsome bedcovers. You have lots of splashes and toilet mats and tidies, all you will need. A great many consider them superfluities, but they are not, they are very useful, as well as making the toilet table more attractive; and show a great deal of skill in the designer.

I declare it is teatime and you must get the potatoes ready for the bread; pare six medium-sized ones, cut them small and boil them in two quarts of water; when they are done rub the whole through the colander; that takes out all lumps, and set it on the back of the stove to keep warm; sift your flour and add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a lump of lard the size of a black walnut and one coffee cup of yeast to the wetting, which must be lukewarm. Stir the sponge quite stiff and beat it about ten minutes; this will probably be the kind of bread you will make, but in the whey bread you must exercise much care in cooking the whey. Four quarts of thick milk will need one quart of water, and it must boil gently for two hours or until it tastes sweet and looks a clear greenish color; the curd will be in granules, and will settle to the bottom of the kettle as it cools. While it makes

whiter bread and finer texture, it is seldom made in town, for sour milk is not to be obtained always, and then too it is more work to prepare it. You can make bread cakes for breakfast. Put three pints of sour milk in a small pan and add two slices of bread; in the morning it will be soaked fine; then add half a cup of sour cream and one egg; two teaspoonfuls soda; one teaspoonful of salt, and flour for a batter not quite as stiff as cake dough. The bread makes them light, and you will find some maple syrup in cans down cellar. Pick up some codfish and soak that over night; in the morning drain off the water, you will need a pint bowl full of the fish, add a pint of new milk; a well beaten egg; lump of butter the size of an egg; or a little larger; a little thickening, pepper and salt. Plain boiled potatoes, doughnuts and coffee. I will help you, as you have bread to mix. You will not make such a mess with the flour after you have mixed and stirred a few times; practice makes perfect and you are doing finely; it is half in having the desire to improve.

EVANGELINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

FEMININE APPAREL.

I would commend E. B.'s idea of gaining warmth by wearing flannel drawers over the knitted underwear instead of a flannel underskirt; the drawers are much warmer, protecting more completely the lower limbs. Wear but one skirt, and that a light one, and seek for warmth by increasing the underclothing.

I've heard so much said about the weight of feminine apparel, its burdensomeness, that heavy skirts are dragging us to untimely graves, and that men's clothes were so much lighter, etc., etc., that I really began to feel as if my raiment must be making an angel of me, gradually. I've learned that a great deal we read and hear talked passes current as truth, simply because it is presented to us in an authoritative manner. One has only to advance some theory with a good show of confidence to convert somebody to his peculiar views, however erroneous, simply for want of original thought or investigation. A good many of our beliefs are accepted as we take medicine; somebody has prepared it, says "Here, open your mouth," and down it goes. We take it for granted it will be good for us. Well, I weighed in the balance a full set of feminine paraphernalia, excepting shoes, including the abused corset and despised bustle; everything I wear, even to cuffs and linen collar—with the buttons in 'em. The dress was the heaviest article of the outfit, of course; it was made of heavy all-wool goods, and 11 yards double-fold, went to its making; it is faced with canvas and has its complement of steels, etc.; a regular street toilette, in fact. How much do you think the whole outfit weighed? I confess I was surprised, as I think you will be. Seven and three-quarter pounds. And of this, the dress alone weighed not quite four pounds. Considering I've heard it charged that a woman's dress weighed from 10 to 30 pounds, I was so delighted I kept on weighing. A silk dress heavily trimmed with jet weighed 3½ pounds, a camelette walk

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ing dress something less than three pounds; in fact the dress weighed with the whole outfit weighed the most of any I possessed! These dresses are made in the prevailing mode, for I have no ambition to make a guy of myself trying to "reform" the fashions; I follow them humbly, but nearly enough not to be conspicuous; and I am tall, and it takes a good deal of drapery to a dress-skirt.

The next problem was to ascertain the weight of the average masculine outfit. A little diplomacy put me in possession of the fact that a suit of clothes, heavy enough for wear the year round, tipped the beam at a fraction less than eight pounds, between that and seven and three-fourths. I am firmer than ever in my opinion that all the talk about women's clothes is merely the ravings of those one-ideal individuals we call cranks, and of newspaper reporters who whenever they are out of a subject, give us a jeremiad on feminine frailties because they know the women will not bother their pretty heads to contradict whatever they may say, and that men will be pleased at the superior sense of their own sex by contrast with the follies of womankind. But its just "six o' one and a half dozen of the other." The fashions of one sex have as many weak points as those of the other.

Somebody will perhaps rise to remark that eight pounds of clothing is a good deal of a burden to carry round. I suppose one might lessen it by wearing a Roman toga; but judging from those I've seen worn upon the stage, which were said to be historically correct, we would be glad enough to get back to our present modes—at least during the winter. I believe it to be possible to considerably decrease the weight of the clothing we wear, simply by a little thought in making the underwear warmer, and using lighter goods for dresses, though adequate protection during our severe seasons inevitably entails greater weight.

I find the disagreeable feeling—and appearance—caused by the dress skirt slipping down, leaving a space between skirt and basque, on slender women, particularly, can be remedied by having a band attached to the two side-form seams at the back, at the waist line, fastening in front, and having a buttonhole about half an inch in front of each point of union. Buttons are attached to the band of the skirt, at the corresponding place, and the skirt buttoned to the band after the basque is put on and before it is buttoned. This allows part of the weight of the skirt to be upheld by the shoulders.

BRUNEFILLE.

TRAINING THE CHILDREN.

I have been reading the letters written by the HOUSEHOLD members for some time, and have been tempted to answer some of their sayings. As regards training husband and raising boys, I think I know something about both. I find it much easier to talk than to do, and the one who does the most talking generally does the least training.

My husband was an only son, having a mother and two sisters; his father died when he was 14 years of age. Of course he was mother's pet and sisters' pride; they were always ready to go at his calling, yet

he was not spoiled. He was taught to hang his coat and hat on such a nail, and his underclothes were put in one place so he could get them when needed; thus cultivating his bump of order, which now does its work at the barn as well as at the house.

I find it much easier to have old coats and hats hung up than thrown down, and I give my mother-in-law, who is now 84 years of age, many thanks for training her son in the way he should go, saving her many steps and perhaps not a few cross words.

I have helped raise four boys and have tried to teach them order and neatness, by giving them a trunk or drawer to put their things in, and showing them how to place them that they may not be soiled. Every week their clothes are put away; when Sunday comes they know where to go to get ready for church. It is amusing to look into my youngest boy's trunk; he has a box for this and a box for that, placed in proper place, and they must not be disturbed; anything he thinks of value he locks up, showing care and order.

There is a great difference among children in one family, and there must be great care in governing, in order to have them grow up to love each other and to honor their parents. Love is the fulfillment of the law, and where that reigns peace and happiness will reign in the family, causing contentment among the boys and a desire to stay at home. I think mothers have more responsibility resting upon them than fathers, because they have the children under their care from babyhood, and should watch and teach them everything for their good through life. Fathers who govern their children and have them do right, are respected; they will try to do as father wants them, and they will grow up good kind men and husbands, having a nail for all coats and hats and bootjacks.

HORTON.

MRS. E.

FROM OVER SEAS.

"Come up and see my treasures, just through the custom-house from Germany," said a friend the other day, and so I followed her up-stairs and into "my lady's chamber," all littered with bric-a-brac and the like, souvenirs of a two years sojourn in the various cities of the German Empire, but chiefly from Leipsie and Munich. The principal part of the collection consisted of specimens of Bohemian glass, bits of Dresden china and Royal Delft and Wedgewood, for my friend has a weakness in that direction. The vases and pitchers, of many styles and shapes, in Bohemian glass were exceedingly beautiful, all emblazoned with gold and dazzling with dashes of white on their rosy sides. Some were very small, tiny cups and glasses holding a scant thimble-full, so fragile one felt almost as if she were attempting to handle soap-bubbles. There were acorn-shaped vinaigrettes, the acorn part of the brilliant glass, the cups of frosted gold, furnished with little chains to attach them to belt or chatelaine; I took a great fancy to these, they were so unique. A flat piece of blue-and-white earthenware, about twelve inches long by six inches wide, with one end curved and having a round hole in it, was a bread board; the loaf of bread is cut at the table during the meal,

each slice as it is needed, and the cutting is done upon this "board," which when not in use is hung upon the wall in the kitchen. Then I was invited to give an opinion on the German beer-mugs, which would hold almost a quart and were in shape not unlike the brown earthen teapots we find here, minus the spout, and with large handles; some of these were rimmed with silver. The jolly Dutchman who drinks the health of King Gambrinus in these great mugs, often keeps his individual tankard at his favorite resort, where he spends his evenings with pipe and bowl. Some beautiful specimens of wood carving had survived the ordeal of an ocean voyage; a salad set exquisitely carved in oak leaves and acorns was too handsome for use; while pipes and cigarette-holders were cut in grotesque figures and faces. There were some dolls, designed for little nieces, dressed in their picturesque peasant costumes, the gay short skirts, black velvet bodices and white sleeves which make up their holiday dress; there was also a doll dressed as the German women dress their babies. It is a solemn thing to be a German baby. Till he is seven months old he is kept on a pillow-shaped contrivance which has a sort of flap which folds up over the little occupant, keeps him warm and obviates the necessity of skirts, keeps him out of his mother's way and right where she can put her hand on him any moment. The mothers of those youngsters who are as restless as the Irishman's flea will doubtless consider the Teutonic method an improvement. He is never taken out of those swaddling clothes except to be washed and his clothing changed, till, as I have said, he is about seven months old; the result is a great many bandy-legged children, for of course the limbs are weak and unable to support the body when finally released. Some of the most beautiful silver and amber jewelry was also shown me; and a piece of amber $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches long and half an inch thick with a mosquito prisoned in it. Beads of the clouded amber, which is rarer and more valuable than the clear, and a brooch cut in a fine floral design, made a set destined for "Missy," and pins and brooches of the clear amber, which seemed to have prisoned the sunshine in their sparkling depths, were very handsome. But to my fancy the prettiest bauble of all was a silver pin in edelweiss pattern, its petals in frosted silver, and the heart of the blossom faceted globes of bright and frosted silver there was a bracelet composed of smaller flowers arranged in a band; another pretty thing was a large "blue-bottle" fly, as we call them here, perfectly imitated in the same material.

Everybody has heard of the Edelweiss, the Alpine flower so famed in song and story, and which blossoms on the snowclad Alps where nothing else can subsist. My friend brought home some dried specimens of this plant, which, though they had lost some of their beauty and all their fragrance, were yet very interesting to me. The blossoms, though tarnished and blackened in drying and the long sea voyage, evidently resembled in texture our own early spring blooming plant, *Antennaria*, which has a white "wooly" bloom, covered with down, as if nature provided her firstlings with a blanket

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for protection. But the Edelweiss is beautiful in form. There are wide rays from a centre of soft downy spheres; the whole plant is downy, and flowers and leaves alike purely white. It only grows six inches high. Amid Alpine wastes it flourishes in the scanty soil, nourished by the few sunbeams which penetrate to the ravine or recess among the rocks which conceal it. The Swiss peasants have hunted it so persistently in response to the demand for it by tourists, that some of the cantons have forbidden its further sale, and have taken measures to prevent its total extinction, providing gardens for its cultivation. But the specimen from the garden loses much of the romance and mystery attached the plant when it grows at its own sweet will on its native crags.

The legend of the Edelweiss, which brought the modest plant into prominence, is that there was once a maiden so fair, so pure, so heavenly-minded that no suitor could be found worthy to win her; and so, though all men sighed for her, none might possess her. She was therefore metamorphosed into a flower, white and star-like, and placed high up on the mountain tops, close to the snow she resembled, to be a type forever of purest and loveliest womanhood. And because the flower was found only by peril and toil and upward struggling, it became a saying that to win the love that was highest and noblest was to pluck the Edelweiss; and no higher honor could any lady merit than to have this white flower placed in her hand as her own emblem.

BEATRIX.

HOME AMUSEMENTS.

Nearly every one will remember the once popular game of "authors' cards." A variation on this which may serve to amuse a party of young people for an evening or two, is played with the alphabet blocks often bought for children. One box of letters to four persons is necessary, and the blocks are turned face down on a small table round which the players sit. The first player takes up a letter, and if he can form a word he places it in front of him—I, O, and A are classed as words—and draws again; if not he says "pass" and pushes the letter, face upward, back among the others. The next player takes up a letter and if he can form a word with that letter and his neighbors' words or the faced letters on the table he makes it, and draws again. Thus if one player has formed a word "hat" and another picks up the letter t, making "that," he can take it. Inversions are allowed; "sum" can be made into "mush" if one picks up an h, but plurals and slang are not allowed, nor can two words be formed of your own letters, the pool, and one word taken. Ten words form the game.

Mummy parties are very amusing. The company divides into two parts, one division goes into an adjoining room where they range themselves on chairs, arranging as much as possible to be nearly of the same height, when seated. Each person is then carefully wrapped in a sheet to conceal every bit of the dress and features, leaving only the eyes visible. The disguise should be so complete as to conceal the sex of the

individual completely; the hand holds the drapery in place. It is not so easy, when the remainder of the company returns to the room, to guess the identity of the ghostly, uncanny eyes peering from the enshrouding whiteness.

"Donkey parties" are an intellectual form of entertainment suited to the mental scope of nearly everybody; few get below the level, at least. The figure of a donkey, as comical as you can make him, is sketched on heavy paper, cut out and covered with grey canton flannel. The donkey is then pasted on a piece of white cotton goods, stretched against a blank wall or on closed folding doors. The donkey should be large, four or five feet long, and tail-less. A variety of tails are provided, some orthodox, others ludicrous, as the ace of hearts in red flannel, a spade in black, a large initial letter, etc., and at the top of each tail is attached a bent invisible hairpin, by which it may be attached to the unfortunate donkey. A member of the company is blindfolded, given one of these tails, turned round three or four times and started in the direction of the donkey, with instructions to remedy the misfortune of the mutilated donkey. The tails are left in position till all have had a try, and hence one for each member of the company must be provided. It is very funny to see how far from the mark some very confident decorators will get, and really a "donkey party" furnishes plenty of amusement, especially for young people.

There is a literary flavor about the latest Boston idea, the "quotation party," a pleasant recreation for those fond of reading. The hostess prepares a list of perhaps thirty or forty familiar quotations; the guests come provided with pencils and paper, and as the hostess reads off the quotations, the guest writes the name of the author, and the papers—which are not signed—are collected and compared. Three prizes are given; half the quotations must be correctly named to secure the first, one-third the second, and one-quarter for the third. As the papers are not signed no one is mortified by failure, or falling below the others, and the successful ones are very willing to claim their own papers. The quotation party is instructive as well as pleasant, and it is quite an honor to win a prize, even the lowest.

A SUNDAY REVERIE.

What a type of some lives this day has been! Dark, filled with storm until late in the afternoon, and at the very last the sun breaks forth, in an effulgence of golden glory that makes its setting a something beautiful and sublime, long to be remembered. And so there are human lives that from the cradle to the confines of life's latest limit—be its years many or few—are filled with the drip and the pour, the crash and the lull of storms, chilled by fierce winds and shadowed by perpetual cloud, until as if to prove that earth holds of Heaven a part, suddenly this is all changed, and a brief respite of terrestrial joy is vouchsafed to the too weary one, ere a new existence is entered upon. And if ever orthodoxy with its stern, inexorable damns and curses, whispers to our hearts a perilous fear in their behalf, we have but to

recall the look of infinite, of perfect peace, of immortal, unending rest that left the dear face looking as though a Righteousness whose fullness is as the waves of the sea, washed head and hands and heart free of all earthly stain.

Goethe says, "Nature will be obliged to give us another form of existence when that which we have can no longer contain the spirit." And I have often thought in contemplation of this and the preceding evidence that in this, Nature, which is but another name for God, is very kind. Lifting the storm-driven, cross-bearing, ever sacrificing soul instantly from the entanglements and slavery of the flesh into the fullness and freedom of the sphere that is to that soul sustaining, satisfying.

I never realized the possible power of a firm, unquestioning faith in the tenets of the Christian religion, as taught by the churches, as I did to-day while listening to a prayer offered at a morning service by one of Flint's most popular divines.

And this faith in its entirety, its perfected form as required in the gospels, can only be held by "the pure in heart." The rest must rough it, as best they may.

FLINT.

E. L. NYE.

AN Old Farmer, in the *Indiana Farmer*, advises the women of farm homes to make overshirts of coarse bedticking for their husbands and sons to wear in the stables when cleaning them or grooming the horses, removing them when these tasks are performed. Then the men can come to their meals without bringing the offensive "stable odor" with them, or scattering the stray horsehairs over the house. Moreover, these shirts are a great protection to the clothes, saving them from dirt and wear. It is a good idea.

Confectionery.

VANILLA CREAM.—Break into a bowl the white of one or more eggs, as the quantity you wish to make will require, add to it an equal quantity of cold water, then stir in XXX powdered or confectioners' sugar until you have it stiff enough to mould into shape with the fingers. Flavor with vanilla to taste. After it is formed into balls, cubes or lozenge shapes, lay them upon plates or waxed paper and set them aside to dry. This cream is the foundation of all the French creams.

CHOCOLATE DROPS.—Take French cream and mould into cone-shaped forms with the fingers. Lay them on waxed paper or on a marble slab until the next day to harden, or make them in the morning and leave them till the afternoon. Melt some chocolate (confectioners' chocolate is best) in a basin set in another basin of boiling water. When melted and the creams are hard enough to handle take one at a time on a fork and drop into the melted chocolate, roll it until we'll covered, then slip from the fork upon waxed paper and set them aside to harden.

ALMOND.—Make an oblong roll of French cream and press into the side of it an almond meat, or blanch or chop the almonds and mix them through the cream.

MAPLE SUGAR.—Grate maple sugar, mix it in quantities to suit taste with French cream, adding enough confectioners' sugar to mould into any shape desired.

SPICED CHOCOLATE.—Have some chocolate grated in quantity desired, as some prefer more than others. Add ground cinnamon to taste. Mix these ingredients into French cream and form into small cubes.