

# MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, DECEMBER 26, 1897.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### THE FIRE OF HOME.

Sometimes I hear of noble deeds,  
Of words that move mankind;  
Of willing hands that to other lands  
Bring light to the poor and blind:  
I dare not preach. I cannot write.  
I fear to cross the foam;  
Who, if I go, will spin and sew,  
And light the fire of home?

My husband comes as the shadows fall,  
From the fields with my girl and boy,  
His loving kiss brings with it bliss  
That hath no base alloy.  
From the new-plowed meadow, fresh and brown  
I catch the scent of the loam;  
"Heart, do not fret, 'tis something yet  
To light the fire of home."

### BE CHEERFUL!

It really seems to me that farmers' wives are the most "preached at" class of women in existence. They get so much advice from people who know little or nothing of the conditions of their lives, so much instruction about their duties and responsibilities that the only wonder is that they bear it so meekly; and like children who are over-governed do not rebel, cast off their chains and "let natur caper." There is a great deal of anxiety manifested by mankind, anyway, for fear women will not attain their "highest possibilities;" there are columns written describing what a woman ought to be and to do, principally on the text

"A woman shy and sweet should be,  
And rule at home right modestly."

yet every woman knows right well that not one of these men who feel called upon to offer so much instruction "free-gratis-for-nothing," could or would perform the multifarious duties that fall to woman's lot, with one-tenth of her ability, courage or patience. If the average man was as good, as honest, as conscientious, as deeply impressed by a sense of his responsibilities to his family as the average woman, half the laws might be stricken from our statute-books. Man's nature, in its strength or its weakness, is not so widely different from woman's that the same general laws do not govern each, the same passions and impulses influence both; though woman's nervous organization is the more sensitive, her moral perceptions more acute, perhaps more by education than by nature, however. But it is a solemn thing to be a woman, when there are so many self-elected advisers and critics in the world. A good deal that is said is at least entitled to the respect accorded to age, it has been said often enough.

One of the themes on which prolific advice is offered is the necessity of cheerful-

ness. We are told to be cheerful very much as we are ordered quinine—as a tonic, and as if we could take it in powders. We must "be cheerful" to avoid the fate that sends so many farmers' wives to the lunatic asylums, a result due, we are told, to overwork and monotony of life. But if the wife works herself to death, is it not for some man's benefit, and for the sake of their mutual "hostages to fate," their children? Who is responsible for the monotonous life many women endure? Is it the woman, who can go nowhere except to a near neighbor's unless her husband takes her? If she goes away from home one day in the week does not her neighbor's husband tell his wife "Mrs. — is on the road again," and wonder "when she gets her work done?" How many of these husbands who preach the duty of cheerfulness, will cheerfully harness the horse and drive two miles of an evening to some gathering not entirely to their own taste, but which their wives wish to attend? If a woman has not been out of the house for a week, is not an excuse always ready if the husband is not inclined to go out? Most farmers' wives are willing to "be cheerful," but they must have help in that line. Set a man in the kitchen seven days in the week; let him see only visions of open mouths to be filled three times a day, fill his days with a wife's daily duties and his evenings with the mending basket, and the house would not hold him the week out. Any woman who ever tried to get along with a husband too sick to work yet not sick enough to be flat on his back knows three days of the confinement she bears patiently week in and week out, transforms him into a fretful, irritable "crosspatch." Many a man who stands up before a farmers' club or institute and advises his neighbors' wives to be economical, spends more for tobacco in six months than the personal expenses of any one of them amount to in a year; many a man who on paper extols the virtue of good temper at home and harps on the always-meet-your-husband-with-a-smile idea is more arbitrary and disagreeable than a turbaned Turk in his own home when there are no observers present. It is easy to "be fuller of virtuous precepts than a copy book" on occasion; it is quite another thing to practice them.

Let us have a truce to this preaching, then. Women are without doubt poor, weak, frail, miserable creatures, but also, without doubt, God made them, and we also know it was a part of the Divine plan that they should somewhere nearly "match the men," for whose companions and helpmates they were created.

BEATRIX.

### THE CHILDREN.

Among the Christmas gifts described in the HOUSEHOLD, some one at last has given a few to be made for children. If there is one day above another that the children should be made happy it is the 25th of December. Costly toys, perfect in their completeness, are less acceptable to children than rough unfinished toys that leave room for the constructive powers, for the play of the imagination. Anything that will give them employment and cause them to exercise thought is far preferable to a toy that is simply to be looked at for its beauty. The building blocks, the dissected maps and pictures, will give greater pleasure and the interest in them will last longer than in many other things.

The interest of children in any object, or in their work or play is in proportion to the activity of mind or body it calls from them—and upon their interest depend their attention, and upon the fixedness of the attention depends the certainty of knowledge—that is, the thoroughness with which a thing is learned. The teacher has learned the difficulty of teaching any branch the pupil is not interested in, and will not attempt much until an interest has been awakened.

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If we would have children do their work willingly and well, it must be by creating an interest in it. An empty wood box has not much of interest in it to the twelve year old boy, but love for mother, that love that manifests itself in deeds, in little acts of helpfulness, will keep that box full. What boy has not at least once filled that box without asking, and while doing it, pictured to himself the surprise and pleasure it will give? Ah! mothers, here is your chance; greet your boy with words of praise, for certainly it is an act worthy of praise, and you have not only made probable the repetition of the act, but you have influenced the very character of your boy; greet him with words of fault-finding, say to him: "Why can't you bring in wood without making



the fire so every cake is done alike, instead of having a black patch on either side of some.

Stir up the graham bread to-night; one quart of warm water, a teacup of brown sugar and molasses equally divided, lump of lard size of an egg, use two-thirds graham and one-third roller flour and one teacup yeast; mix as usual in the morning, using graham flour, and mould into the tins, as once rising is sufficient; mix it soft as you can handle. I sometimes stir it stiff as I can and put it right in the tins, letting it rise only once. But your father likes it best made the other way. It makes delicious toast when it becomes stale.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

#### THE LAST INSTALLMENT.

This issue of the *HOUSEHOLD* will reach its readers just as the last gifts of the season are being finished. These then are afterthoughts, and mostly directions for gifts which are easily prepared.

First, however, a few directions for dressing the Christmas tree. There are very pretty fancy ornaments expressly for this purpose to be bought at the stores, but if money is scarce, one feels as if it ought to be spent more wisely than in the purchase of purely ornamental things. A good deal can be done at home. Cornucopias of fancy paper and lace bags to be filled with candies are easily and cheaply made. Strings of popcorn and cranberries can be used for festoons; red apples and golden oranges make bright spots of color. Stars, circles and crescents cut in thin pasteboard, covered with gilt or silvered paper, and arranged behind the tapers so as to reflect the light, add much to the beauty of the tree. Clusters of autumn leaves, gilded, and others dusted with diamond powder, are very pretty; while gilded fir cones and acorns are both new and "too sweet for anything."

A mirror in a plush frame like those in the fancy shops may be made at home easily, and at very small expense. Procure a smooth board eighteen inches square, and cut an opening in the centre; get a carpenter to bevel both edges of the opening and of the board, then cover neatly with plush or velvet, which may be decorated or left plain. Behind the opening fasten a piece of mirror, pasting strong paper over the edges to hold it in place. Hang diamond-shape.

A pretty plaque is made by taking a common tin pieplate and painting in any way desired. Gild the edge of the plate. A light blue ground with spray of apple blossoms or daisies is very pretty. If you cannot paint you can make quite as pretty a one by painting the plate the color wished, and in the centre glue an embossed picture, a group of pansies or roses. A cream ground with pansies is pretty, and a cluster of fruit or blossoms cut from one of our seedsmen's catalogues might be used.

For a shaving-pad, get a sheet of blue or pink blotting paper. Cut out of it pieces about five inches square. Take two of these pieces and ornament each on one side with a pretty flower or picture pasted on. Pink the edges, or they may be left plain, and between the squares put a num-

ber of smaller squares of different shades of tissue paper. Do not be afraid of putting too many leaves of tissue, for it presses very close together and you can hardly have too many of them. Make a hole in one corner of the pad and run through a strong cord for a loop by which to hang it up. Have the loops quite short, and on the corner of the pad where the cord runs through, place a bow of satin ribbon sufficiently broad to conceal the cord. The pad must hang diamond-wise.

A very dressy apron may be made of seven-eighths of a yard of black silk. Choose silk having a gold colored selvedge, which should be left on. Fold over one end an inch deep and briar stitch with gold-colored silk, and on the same end at one corner, outline a cluster of buttercups, the blossoms in old gold, the leaves and buds in green. Turn this end up ten inches and overseam the edges together, this makes a pocket deep enough to hold the fancy work or sewing. Fold the top over an inch and a half and shir five times across, drawing up the right size for an apron, add a belt and loops of ribbon. If your silk has a different colored selvedge, make the floral design to correspond; daisies with a white selvedge, carnations with a red one, pansies with purple. A bow of ribbon can be added at the other corner of the turned-up portion, if preferred. This same method may be employed with other materials; the blue or red checked linen sold for glass toweling makes very serviceable aprons, the white checks being worked with polka dots in red working cotton, and the red with white, for a border across the top of the pocket.

The prettiest sachet of the season is a bag of white satin on which is painted a sprig of red-berried, prickly-leaved holly; the bag is tied with a bit of ribbon matching the berries.

OUR correspondents are kind enough to tell us how much they prize the *HOUSEHOLD*, how welcome its weekly visits, how much of practical help and mental inspiration they get from it. It is always cheering to know that the work we are doing is enjoyed and appreciated by others, and the *HOUSEHOLD* Editor acknowledges, gratefully, the many kindly words from our readers vouchsafed her the past year, and acknowledges also with sincere gratitude the obligation the *HOUSEHOLD* is under to those who have helped make its pages so bright and helpful by their letters. We hope to make the little paper better than ever this new year. We ask our readers to help us, not only by their letters, but by saying a good word for the *FARMER* and its little annex, the *HOUSEHOLD*, and inducing a neighbor or a friend to subscribe. That is a practical way of helping that assists us in making the paper better. We have no chromos or jack-knives to distribute, we will not insure anybody's life, we do not insult the intelligence of our readers by offering to bribe them to read the *FARMER*, but it will visit you fifty-two times in 1888 for one hundred and fifty cents, less than three cents per visit, and we can safely promise three cents' worth of good reading and information in every issue. We invite a renewal of subscriptions, then, with confidence that every reader will get full "value received" every week of the year.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Rural New Yorker* says: "I had a tin slop-pail, the bottom of which was so worn out that I could not use it. I cut two round pieces from strong manilla paper, just the size of the bottom on the inside. I then gave the bottom a good coat of paint, and while wet pressed in one of the rounds of paper, smoothing it well. After it had dried a little, I painted the paper and sides of the pail, then put in the second round, smoothing it in as I did the first. When it was dry I gave it another coat of paint all over the inside, and dried it in the sun for several days. Now I can use it as well as ever. I mended an ash pail in about the same manner, using instead of the paper, one round of thin tin."

A HOUSEKEEPER thus describes her home-made wood box, which she says is a great convenience and at the same time a decided improvement on the old fashion of papering or tacking oilcloth on a box. She procured a shoe box at the village store, turning it so that the broadest sides were perpendicular, the narrower forming top and bottom. She had a cover made, rather larger than the top, and secured by hinges, then painted it black, with a yellow stripe half an inch wide all round, about an inch from the edge. The wood is put in endwise and the box holds a good supply.

#### Useful Recipes.

**CREAM CHEESE.**—Three quarts of sweet cream and three quarts of warm milk just from the cow. Heat to 62 degs. Add to each quart of the mixture ten drops of liquid rennet and one teaspoonful of whey. Stir for ten minutes, let stand twenty-four hours, salt to taste, turn into a cheese cloth and let drain twenty-four hours, then change the cloth and press lightly. It will keep six days, in a dry, cool place.

**GINGER COOKIES.**—Two coffeecups of New Orleans molasses, stand it on top of the teakettle with the lid removed, or some good place that it may warm through. When the ingredients are all ready stir into it a teaspoonful of soda, same of ginger and salt, four tablespoonfuls boiling water, and the same of melted lard. Stir together until it is all a foam, and then put in flour enough to make a good firm dough, roll out and bake in a hot oven, hot enough that they will begin to bake pretty soon. Do not have them crowded in the pan.

**USE FOR DRY BREAD.**—Cut your bread into dice, and if you have a quantity of gravy from which fat can be taken, left from any kind of roast (though a piece of butter will do as well), thoroughly grease the bottom of the spider; put in the bread, with some little chunks of butter and plenty of seasoning, then pour enough boiling water on it to moisten it, cover tightly, and in a moment it will steam through and you can stir it, and either brown a little or have it moist like dressing. It should be eaten with gravy over it, and is a good substitute for potatoes.

**MRS. CLEVELAND'S BROWN BREAD.**—One bowl Indian meal; one bowl rye flour; one bowl sour milk; one large cup molasses; one teaspoonful soda; one small tablespoonful salt. Steam two and one-half hours and bake from twenty minutes to half an hour, according to heat of oven.



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such a litter;" or, "Do keep the door shut and bring a pail of water," and that boy will be discouraged and will rightly feel that injustice has been done him.

There is nothing more dampening to the spirits of children than to have their efforts to help and please unappreciated and condemned. While learning to walk a child is encouraged by every possible means, a failure or a fall only calls for help and sympathy on our part. Even so ought it to be encouraged and helped in all efforts to do right. But praise should ever be given judiciously and with discrimination. Of the two children, the one bright, quick to perceive, and to memorize, does not need nor does not deserve the praise for a faultless lesson easily learned as does the sensitive, dull, plodding child, who, though giving close attention and steady application has a faulty lesson. There is but little danger of bestowing upon this class too much praise. Still I would not praise over and over for the same act. After the child has learned to walk and runs along everywhere, it no longer needs the words of encouragement that it did in its first feeble efforts. To praise for every little thing is also bad; it tends to make the child do things for the sake of the praise it is sure to receive rather than because it is right to do them. However, the bad results rising from continual praise are far less dangerous than those arising from continual reproof. There is a time for praise and there is a time for reproof. If a child does wrong it merits and ought to receive punishment; the only question about it is in what degree and how shall it be administered. It is easier to tell how not, than how. It should never be in the presence of company, and seldom if ever in the presence of companions, for that quite often creates a spirit of defiance in the culprit, or the mortification of having others witness the punishment may fill the child's mind to the exclusion of all thought concerning his guilt, and is apt to produce a rebellious feeling. Never correct while angry yourself for you will be unjust; nor while the child is angry, for an angry child and a calm child are as different as are John and Harry. You might as well correct Harry for John's conduct as to correct angry John; at least the result will be just as good.

Early childhood days are days of intensity and reality. A child's life is not in memories of the past nor in imagination of the future, but the present only. It is this that makes its joys and sufferings, though brief, severely intense and real; therefore, on no account punish a child by sending it into a dark room you have peopled with hobgoblins, or with the idea that there the bears will find them. To the child's mind the danger is as real as though it actually existed. I, for one would not compel a child to go to bed supperless as a punishment, though I might make it go without some favorite dish if there were any connection between the favorite dish and the offense, like the stealing of preserves. The inflicting of bodily pain to correct and influence the soul is strongly advocated by some, and there does seem to be a few cases where this is the only possible way of reaching the soul, but it does not correct it—only cowers it into obedience.

Strange wandering this from Christmas gifts into punishment. Do not leave me to wander but let some one tell how to punish.  
JANNETTE.

# CHRISTMAS.

Dickens says "Christmas is the only holiday of the year that brings the whole human family into common communion; the only time in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut up hearts, freely." There are always such glowing anticipations, such pleasant, comforting memories connected with it. How real it all comes back to me, the Christmas at the old home! For weeks before it was talked about, and great preparations were made.

The largest turkey—sometimes two—geese, ducks, chickens, were shut up for an especial fattening; sometimes a small pig, just large enough to be a good roaster. For a week profusion and confusion reigned; mince-meat and pumpkin were cooked and made ready, and when the great baking day dawned we felt as if business had commenced in earnest. One of the boys had to mount the loft over the woodshed and throw down the oven wood, for the big brick oven was to be heated; we gazed in wonderment into the mouth of the huge oven—how the wood snapped and cracked, how the red blaze roared up the chimney place! When it had burned down to coals, mother proceeded to clear out the ashes with a long-handled shovel. Then came the critical time, to find the right temperature. It should not be too hot, but just hot enough; not too cool but just cool enough; this was found out by putting flour on the shovel and holding it in the oven so many seconds, if it just browned it was the exact heat, if it burned that was too hot. How many times I have wondered if I should ever arrive at such an age of wisdom and judgment that I should be considered competent to bake a Christmas dinner in that oven! Alas! to my shame be it spoken I never did. First the loaves of bread were put in to the farther end, one at a time, on the big shovel; then the sheet iron door was fitted in, for the first heat must be used for the bread; then what a hurrying to get the pies ready. We children were set to picking over raisins, we had a few rules that we always observed when set at that business, one was to eat the largest, softest ones, the thin delicate slices of citron, the nicest currants, sample the cocoanut and various spices. The richest, flakiest crust was made for the mince pies; they were spiced and filled with fruit, the crust marked in fanciful designs, then came the cranberry pies, with the crust fluted and the top covered with criss-cross strips, then the pumpkin pies; they never loom up before my mental vision but the lines of Whittier fill my mind:

"Then thanks for thy greatness, none sweeter  
or better  
Ne'er smoked from an oven, or circled a  
platter;  
Fairer hands never wrought over pastry more  
fine,  
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking  
than thine.  
And the prayer which my mouth is too full to  
express  
Fills my heart that thy shadow may never  
grow less,  
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened  
below,

And the fame of thy worth like the pumpkin  
vine grow,  
And thy life be as sweet and thy last sunset  
sky  
Golden tinted and fair as thine own pumpkin  
pie."

And now the pies are all ready. The bread is done, with that most delicious crispy, brown crust that can never be attained or produced in any but a brick oven, is taken out on the self-same shovel, twelve big loaves, removed from the tins and covered close, to cool, then in go the pies, just one-half hour, mother says. And now the cakes come on the carpet—delicate cream cake filled with big seeded raisins; Washington cake, a wonderful cake, in which all kinds of spices were mingled; French loaf cake—these must bake after the pies, and then be frosted, that thick white frosting imitating the crust on snow. When everything was cleared away the poultry must be dressed.

And Christmas eve has come, the stockings are hung in a row, eight pairs besides father's and mother's. How hard it was to go to sleep with such an anxiety on our minds! our eyelids would fly open spite of all we could do; occasional rattling of paper fell on our ears, but finally quiet settled down over the house, and several times have I crept noiselessly from my bed and felt of my stocking, to make sure that the secret longing of my heart was contained therein. It generally was, and I returned to my bed a wiser and perfectly satisfied child, and in the morning when one vied with the other to scream "Merry Christmas," there was no happier band than we; each one had just what he most longed for. Fires are lighted all over the house, for when they all get here there will be not few, but many; the chickens are cut up and put boiling for the pie, the turkey, geese, ducks, are stuffed and laid in the dripping pans, and again is the oven heated, again is it filled with the dishes of the dinner table. Now everything is put in apple pie order, and each and all array themselves in their best "bib and tucker;" we children amuse ourselves with our presents. Mother, flushed, anxious and smiling, vacillates from oven to china closet, from parlor to pantry, and before one can hardly realize it, dinner is announced; there is room for all, two long tables just loaded. Father presided at one table, Uncle Stephen at the other; he always said grace. Every Christmas since my recollection had he stood in the self-same place, every time uttering the self-same words, while we gravely folded our hands and reverently bowed our heads. Many long years have intervened, but it seems as yesterday that I heard his voice saying, "and at last, bring us all together, for the kind Father's sake." And the prayer has been answered, for more are gone than are left. "It is the old, old fashion; the fashion that came in with our first parents, and will last unchanged until the race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—death?"

What a joyful, jovial time our dinner hour was? The older ones equalled the children in a flow of spirits. "It is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas; when its mighty Founder was a child Himself." If through the long year just closing, there had been petty dif-



ferences, little misunderstanding, hard and bitter feelings, open ruptures, it was all bridged over by this Christmas time, which I always try to associate with everything kind and forgiving and charitable; a time when all animosities and feuds should be annihilated forever.

"There's a song the angels sing,  
And its notes in rapture ring  
Round the Throne whose radiance fills the  
Heaven above,  
Shepherds heard the wondrous strain  
Watching on India's plain,  
'Glory be to God, to man be peace and love,'  
Hear the strain forever new  
Rising up in Heaven's blue,  
The 'Glory give to God, and peace, good will  
to man.'"

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# THE HOUSEHOLD.

such a litter;" or, "Do keep the door shut and bring a pail of water," and that boy will be discouraged and will rightly feel that injustice has been done him.

There is nothing more dampening to the spirits of children than to have their efforts to help and please unappreciated and condemned. While learning to walk a child is encouraged by every possible means, a failure or a fall only calls for help and sympathy on our part. Even so ought it to be encouraged and helped in all efforts to do right. But praise should ever be given judiciously and with discrimination. Of the two children, the one bright, quick to perceive, and to memorize, does not need nor does not deserve the praise for a faultless lesson easily learned as does the sensitive, dull, plodding child, who, though giving close attention and steady application has a faulty lesson. There is but little danger of bestowing upon this class too much praise. Still I would not praise over and over for the same act. After the child has learned to walk and runs along everywhere, it no longer needs the words of encouragement that it did in its first feeble efforts. To praise for every little thing is also bad; it tends to make the child do things for the sake of the praise it is sure to receive rather than because it is right to do them. However, the bad results rising from continual praise are far less dangerous than those arising from continual reproof. There is a time for praise and there is a time for reproof. If a child does wrong it merits and ought to receive punishment; the only question about it is in what degree and how shall it be administered. It is easier to tell how not, than how. It should never be in the presence of company, and seldom if ever in the presence of companions, for that quite often creates a spirit of defiance in the culprit, or the mortification of having others witness the punishment may fill the child's mind to the exclusion of all thought concerning his guilt, and is apt to produce a rebellious feeling. Never correct while angry yourself for you will be unjust; nor while the child is angry, for an angry child and a calm child are as different as are John and Harry. You might as well correct Harry for John's conduct as to correct angry John; at least the result will be just as good.

Early childhood days are days of intensity and reality. A child's life is not in memories of the past nor in imagination of the future, but the present only. It is this that makes its joys and sufferings, though brief, severely intense and real; therefore, on no account punish a child by sending it into a dark room you have peopled with hobgoblins, or with the idea that there the bears will find them. To the child's mind the danger is as real as though it actually existed. I, for one would not compel a child to go to bed supperless as a punishment, though I might make it go without some favorite dish if there were any connection between the favorite dish and the offense, like the stealing of preserves. The inflicting of bodily pain to correct and influence the soul is strongly advocated by some, and there does seem to be a few cases where this is the only possible way of reaching the soul, but it does not correct it—only cowers it into obedience.

Strange wandering this from Christmas gifts into punishment. Do not leave me to wander but let some one tell how to punish.

JANNETTE.

## CHRISTMAS.

Dickens says "Christmas is the only holiday of the year that brings the whole human family into common commission; the only time in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut up hearts, freely." There are always such glowing anticipations, such pleasant, comforting memories connected with it. How real it all comes back to me, the Christmas at the old home! For weeks before it was talked about, and great preparations were made.

The largest turkey—sometimes two—geese, ducks, chickens, were shut up for an especial fattening; sometimes a small pig, just large enough to be a good roaster. For a week profusion and confusion reigned; mince-meat and pumpkin were cooked and made ready, and when the great baking day dawned we felt as if business had commenced in earnest. One of the boys had to mount the loft over the woodshed and throw down the oven wood, for the big brick oven was to be heated; we gazed in wonderment into the mouth of the huge oven—how the wood snapped and cracked, how the red blaze roared up the chimney place! When it had burned down to coals, mother proceeded to clear out the ashes with a long-handled shovel. Then came the critical time, to find the right temperature. It should not be too hot, but just hot enough; not too cool but just cool enough; this was found out by putting flour on the shovel and holding it in the oven so many seconds, if it just browned it was the exact heat, if it burned that was too hot. How many times I have wondered if I should ever arrive at such an age of wisdom and judgment that I should be considered competent to bake a Christmas dinner in that oven! Alas! to my shame be it spoken I never did. First the loaves of bread were put in to the farther end, one at a time, on the big shovel; then the sheet iron door was fitted in, for the first heat must be used for the bread; then what a hurrying to get the pies ready. We children were set to picking over raisins, we had a few rules that we always observed when set at that business, one was to eat the largest, softest ones, the thin delicate slices of citron, the nicest currants, sample the cocoanut and various spices. The richest, flakiest crust was made for the mince pies; they were spiced and filled with fruit, the crust marked in fanciful designs, then came the cranberry pies, with the crust fluted and the top covered with cross-cross strips, then the pumpkin pies; they never loom up before my mental vision but the lines of Whittier fill my mind:

"Then thanks for thy greatness, none sweeter  
or better  
Ne'er smoked from an oven, or circled a  
platter;  
Fairer hands never wrought over pastry more  
fine,  
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking  
than thine.  
And the prayer which my mouth is too full to  
express  
Fills my heart that thy shadow may never  
grow less,  
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened  
below,

And the fame of thy worth like the pumpkin  
vine grow,  
And thy life be as sweet and thy last sunset  
sky  
Golden tinted and fair as thine own pumpkin  
pie."

And now the pies are all ready. The bread is done, with that most delicious crispy, brown crust that can never be attained or produced in any but a brick oven, is taken out on the self-same shovel, twelve big loaves, removed from the tins and covered close, to cool, then in go the pies, just one-half hour, mother says. And now the cakes come on the carpet—delicate cream cake filled with big seeded raisins; Washington cake, a wonderful cake, in which all kinds of spices were mingled; French loaf cake—these must bake after the pies, and then be frosted, that thick white frosting imitating the crust on snow. When everything was cleared away the poultry must be dressed.

And Christmas eve has come, the stockings are hung in a row, eight pairs besides father's and mother's. How hard it was to go to sleep with such an anxiety on our minds! our eyelids would fly open spite of all we could do; occasional rattling of paper fell on our ears, but finally quiet settled down over the house, and several times have I crept noiselessly from my bed and felt of my stocking, to make sure that the secret longing of my heart was contained therein. It generally was, and I returned to my bed a wiser and perfectly satisfied child, and in the morning when one vied with the other to scream "Merry Christmas," there was no happier band than we; each one had just what he most longed for. Fires are lighted all over the house, for when they all get here there will be not few, but many; the chickens are cut up and put boiling for the pie, the turkey, geese, ducks, are stuffed and laid in the dripping pans, and again is the oven heated, again is it filled with the dishes of the dinner table. Now everything is put in apple pie order, and each and all array themselves in their best "bib and tucker;" we children amuse ourselves with our presents. Mother, flushed, anxious and smiling, vacillates from oven to china closet, from parlor to pantry, and before one can hardly realize it, dinner is announced; there is room for all, two long tables just loaded. Father presided at one table, Uncle Stephen at the other; he always said grace. Every Christmas since my recollection had he stood in the self-same place, every time uttering the self-same words, while we gravely folded our hands and reverently bowed our heads. Many long years have intervened, but it seems as yesterday that I heard his voice saying, "and at last, bring us all together, for the kind Father's sake." And the prayer has been answered, for more are gone than are left. "It is the old, old fashion; the fashion that came in with our first parents, and will last unchanged until the race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—death?"

What a joyful, jovial time our dinner hour was? The older ones equalled the children in a flow of spirits. "It is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas; when its mighty Founder was a child Himself." If through the long year just closing, there had been petty dif-



ferences, little misunderstanding, hard and bitter feelings, open ruptures, it was all bridged over by this Christmas time, which I always try to associate with everything kind and forgiving and charitable; a time when all animosities and feuds should be annihilated forever.

"There's a song the angels sing,  
And its notes in rapture ring  
Round the Throne whose radiance fills the  
Heaven above,  
Shepherds heard the wondrous strain  
Watching on India's plain,  
'Glory be to God, to man be peace and love,'  
Hear the strain forever new  
Rising up in Heaven's blue,  
The 'Glory give to God, and peace, good will  
to man.'"

Is not it beautiful to think of, that ever since the little child Jesus lay in the manger, ever since the shepherds watching their flock saw the star in the east and followed it, and the wise men brought their off-rings for the child Jesus, down through such a space of time we do the same; gather our loved ones, the dearest of earth around us, and prepare and buy the nicest of presents for them. Are we not a little selfish, is it really and truly the spirit of the Great Master? Do we not forget those who have no means, the old and infirm, alone and helpless, the little ones, homeless, without tie of any kind, the sick and suffering, the poor and needy? It is such a great world, peopled with all classes, the rich and poor, the good and the bad, the sick and well, the deserving and the worthless. Christmas is almost here, it will soon be gone, just as everything goes that we look ahead to anticipate so long. It will be a time of feasting and happiness for many, it will also be a time of hunger and discontent for many, but let us say as Tiny Tim did "God bless us all."

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## A REPLY.

Euphemia thinks that my breakfasts are elaborate, but does not mention anything that is extravagant except chocolate and marmalade. Chocolate is not more expensive than coffee at the rate the latter is selling, and marmalade made last summer when peaches were only fifty cents per bushel, is no dearer than apple sauce made fresh every day when apples are a dollar per bushel. That is the retail price in Paw Paw now.

If we were obliged to buy all the fruit, canned and fresh, that we consume in a year it would indeed be an expensive way of living. But we raise our own fruit, and I fill every can, jar and crock full. If the sugar "gives out" I can the fruit without and when cool weather comes we put apples, pears and grapes into the cellar, enough to last all winter. Pears will keep until Christmas or New Year; grapes until February, or some varieties until March, and apples until apples come again. We are never without fresh fruit; and any farmer or farmer's wife can do the same who will hang a thermometer in the cellar and keep the temperature not below thirty-five and not above forty-five degrees. Every farmer should raise enough fruit for his family's use, so that there may be fresh fruit on the table twice a day from strawberry time until the season of grapes is over.

Without the fruit, I think my breakfasts are very plain and I find only one thing—the fishballs—that would be injurious to a person's stomach (but not to his brain); the rest is certainly healthy, nutritious food. As Mr. S. did not know that he was being favored with extra breakfasts, I think I shall keep right on in the same way. If Euphemia would write down a week's breakfasts or dinners, she would find that the meals look more on paper than they do when set on the table.

The most convenient kitchen utensil here in our family is the patent potato masher. It is used for potatoes, turnips, squash and apples, and in the canning season it is almost indispensable; hardly a day passes that it is not used. If the dumb waiter were not more properly a part of the house I should name that.

E. R. S.

PAW PAW.

## DISPOSING OF FRESH MEATS.

I have been a reader of the *HOUSEHOLD* for some time and have never taken part in any of the discussions although often tempted to; I suppose it was the courage I lacked. I think if Hetty fails to be a good housekeeper, it will not be her mother's fault. I wonder if Hetty will live on a farm and how she will plan for all those nice cakes when there is a scarcity of eggs in the market, and the hens won't lay and only a few packed eggs on hand, for I think the recipes her mother gives, in some respects, are a little extravagant. Perhaps she is not having the trouble to get eggs that I am. I wanted to try her recipe for watermelon cake, but when I looked it over and found it called for the whites of six eggs I thought I should have to give it up; I have only a few packed eggs and being rather miserly with them, I hated to use so many at once. So I

resolved to make a cake after my own fashion, and as it was a success I will give the recipe just as I made it. [The recipe will be found on the last page.—Ed.] When eggs are plenty I shall certainly try the banana cake, for I think it would be nice.

I have been taking care of meat this week and it might not come amiss to mention my ways of preparing it. After the lard was taken care of I used the hearts and part of the meat from the backbones, with some beef, for mince-meat. The scraps that were left from cutting up the hogs I made into sausage, seasoning with pepper, salt, sage and a very little ginger. I took the jaws and two large chickens, cooked until very tender and made into pressed meat, and the hocks and tongues I boiled until tender, then put in a jar and poured hot spiced vinegar over them. Our vinegar is very strong so I weakened it and added some sugar. I like fresh meat when one can keep it, but the weather has been so warm that I was afraid I should have a lot of spoiled meat on hand, so I baked the spare-ribs and fried the tenderloins and packed away in lard. I intend to prepare some bacon and then I am through with taking care of meat until time to smoke the hams and shoulders in the spring. It was lots of work, but now it is all done and I have a nice variety of cooked meats put up in such a manner that I think there is no chance for spoiling, and to my way of thinking, much nicer than the one dish of fried pork every meal.

ETHELDA.

NILES.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

BORAX and red pepper scattered on the pantry shelves will rout the ants.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Rural New Yorker* says that she saved a barrel of pork which had become "rusty" because of the unnoticed bursting of a hoop which had let the brine off, by taking it up, packing it in salt again, and pouring over a fresh brine to which several ounces of saltpetre had been added.

THE common granite ware is considered a great improvement over the iron pots and kettles that are so heavy to handle and so disagreeable to wash. And the agate granite ware is even better than the common, as it is free from the faults of chipping and scaling, sometimes observable in the ordinary granite ware. It may be well to mention that to prevent unused iron ware from rusting, it is only necessary to rub it over with grease, not a pleasant task, perhaps, but better than having it a mass of rust.

THE following is recommended as an excellent method of cleaning a very dirty carpet. The work is best done in the spring, when windows and doors can be opened without danger of taking cold. Scrape fine a pound of the best white castile soap, add a quarter of a pound pulverized washing soda and as much spirits of turpentine as will serve to make it of a dough-like consistency. This quantity will be sufficient to clean a very large and dirty carpet. After the carpet has been beaten and tacked down, take a pail of hot water and a flannel cloth, wet the carpet, rub over with

the ball of soap, and wipe off the soap with the flannel wrung out of the hot water. For a very dirty carpet apply a scrub-brush after the soap.

AN exchange says: If milk is heated to the boiling point it kills all ferments which it may contain or which may have been absorbed from the air, and if then it is excluded perfectly from the air, it will keep sweet and sound for an indefinite length of time. It is only necessary to heat it and seal it up hot to have it keep just as well as berries and fruit do that are soft and perishable, and for precisely the same reasons, viz., killing with heat the ferment, which consists of living organic germs that either exist in the fruit or milk, or are taken into them from the air, and by sealing to prevent the introduction of any new germs by absorption. Milk can therefore be canned for use during an interval when one expects to be without, and save the trouble of securing a supply from a neighbor. Use only glass cans with porcelain-lined tops.

## Contributed Recipes.

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NILES.

ETHELDA.

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T. MURRY.

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B.



A REPLY.

Euphemia thinks that my breakfasts are elaborate, but does not mention anything that is extravagant except chocolate and marmalade. Chocolate is not more expensive than coffee at the rate the latter is selling, and marmalade made last summer when peaches were only fifty cents per bushel, is no dearer than apple sauce made fresh every day when apples are a dollar per bushel. That is the retail price in Paw Paw now.

If we were obliged to buy all the fruit, canned and fresh, that we consume in a year it would indeed be an expensive way of living. But we raise our own fruit, and I fill every can, jar and crock full. If the sugar "gives out" I can the fruit without and when cool weather comes we put apples, pears and grapes into the cellar, enough to last all winter. Pears will keep until Christmas or New Year; grapes until February, or some varieties until March, and apples until apples come again. We are never without fresh fruit; and any farmer or farmer's wife can do the same who will hang a thermometer in the cellar and keep the temperature not below thirty-five and not above forty-five degrees. Every farmer should raise enough fruit for his family's use, so that there may be fresh fruit on the table twice a day from strawberry time until the season of grapes is over.

Without the fruit, I think my breakfasts are very plain and I find only one thing—the fishballs—that would be injurious to a person's stomach (but not to his brain); the rest is certainly healthy, nutritious food. As Mr. S. did not know that he was being favored with extra breakfasts, I think I shall keep right on in the same way. If Euphemia would write down a week's breakfasts or dinners, she would find that the meals look more on paper than they do when set on the table.

The most convenient kitchen utensil here in our family is the patent potato masher. It is used for potatoes, turnips, squash and apples, and in the canning season it is almost indispensable; hardly a day passes that it is not used. If the dumb waiter were not more properly a part of the house I should name that.

E. R. S.  
PAW PAW.

DISPOSING OF FRESH MEATS.

I have been a reader of the *HOUSEHOLD* for some time and have never taken part in any of the discussions although often tempted to; I suppose it was the courage I lacked. I think if Hetty fails to be a good housekeeper, it will not be her mother's fault. I wonder if Hetty will live on a farm and how she will plan for all those nice cakes when there is a scarcity of eggs in the market, and the hens won't lay and only a few packed eggs on hand, for I think the recipes her mother gives, in some respects, are a little extravagant. Perhaps she is not having the trouble to get eggs that I am. I wanted to try her recipe for watermelon cake, but when I looked it over and found it called for the whites of six eggs I thought I should have to give it up; I have only a few packed eggs and being rather miserly with them, I hated to use so many at once. So I

resolved to make a cake after my own fashion, and as it was a success I will give the recipe just as I made it. [The recipe will be found on the last page.—Ed.] When eggs are plenty I shall certainly try the banana cake, for I think it would be nice.

I have been taking care of meat this week and it might not come amiss to mention my ways of preparing it. After the lard was taken care of I used the hearts and part of the meat from the backbones, with some beef, for mince-meat. The scraps that were left from cutting up the hogs I made into sausage, seasoning with pepper, salt, sage and a very little ginger. I took the jaws and two large chickens, cooked until very tender and made into pressed meat, and the hocks and tongues I boiled until tender, then put in a jar and poured hot spiced vinegar over them. Our vinegar is very strong so I weakened it and added some sugar. I like fresh meat when one can keep it, but the weather has been so warm that I was afraid I should have a lot of spoiled meat on hand, so I baked the spare-ribs and fried the tenderloins and packed away in lard. I intend to prepare some bacon and then I am through with taking care of meat until time to smoke the hams and shoulders in the spring. It was lots of work, but now it is all done and I have a nice variety of cooked meats put up in such a manner that I think there is no chance for spoiling, and to my way of thinking, much nicer than the one dish of fried pork every meal.

ETHELDA.

NILES.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

BORAX and red pepper scattered on the pantry shelves will rout the ants.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Rural New Yorker* says that she saved a barrel of pork which had become "rusty" because of the unnoticed bursting of a hoop which had let the brine off, by taking it up, packing it in salt again, and pouring over a fresh brine to which several ounces of saltpetre had been added.

THE common granite ware is considered a great improvement over the iron pots and kettles that are so heavy to handle and so disagreeable to wash. And the agate granite ware is even better than the common, as it is free from the faults of chipping and scaling, sometimes observable in the ordinary granite ware. It may be well to mention that to prevent unused iron ware from rusting, it is only necessary to rub it over with grease, not a pleasant task, perhaps, but better than having it a mass of rust.

THE following is recommended as an excellent method of cleaning a very dirty carpet. The work is best done in the spring, when windows and doors can be opened without danger of taking cold. Scrape fine a pound of the best white castile soap, add a quarter of a pound pulverized washing soda and as much spirits of turpentine as will serve to make it of a dough-like consistency. This quantity will be sufficient to clean a very large and dirty carpet. After the carpet has been beaten and tacked down, take a pail of hot water and a flannel cloth, wet the carpet, rub over with

the ball of soap, and wipe off the soap with the flannel wrung out of the hot water. For a very dirty carpet apply a scrub-brush after the soap.

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