

# MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, MARCH 10, 1888.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### AN ABRIDGED TAIL.

There was trouble in the household,  
There were tears and noisy wail;  
For some cruel hand had cut the tip  
From Mabel's kitten's tail.

As the children gathered 'round her,  
Loud partners of her woe,  
To try to dress the bleeding wound,  
And say, "perhaps 'twould grow;"

Young Milton, with an air of guilt  
Which no one seemed to see,  
Said, "I know how it happened,  
Just as true as true can be.

"'Twas that old turtle in the pond,  
He took it with a snap,  
I saw him when he came to land  
To take his morning nap."

This version was accepted,  
But in his clear blue eye  
Lay sorrow for the thoughtless deed  
Which made him tell a lie.

THOMAS.

A. H. J

### THE PHYSICAL CARE OF CHILDREN.

It often occurs to me to notice how great progress has been made in the physical care and training of young children within the past twenty-five years, and especially in the direction of overcoming or avoiding tendency to deformity or bodily deficiencies. If the children of the present age do not come into the world perfect in form and senses, science can nearly always remedy, or at least alleviate the defect. A great deal of physical pain and suffering, not to speak of the mortification and embarrassment which produce mental tortures quite as keen, is saved to the youth of to-day, by the greater intelligence, the better understanding of physiological structure and the requirements of health, on the part of parents. Once, a deformity or malformation was thought to be "the will of God," and no measures taken to correct or alleviate it. The victim suffered all his life long.

I can remember crying myself to sleep, night after night, with an aching tooth, when I was a mere child of eight and ten years. Nobody thought of taking me to a dentist for relief. Ten years later a little cousin passed through a like ordeal, and again no measures for relief beyond an occasional poultice, were thought of. One of my school friends would have been a very fine looking girl but for her uneven, irregular, prominent teeth, which disfigured her mouth. A little forethought on her parents' part might have prevented this by the simple extraction of two of the crowded molars, leaving room for the others to straighten out. A lady friend recently told me that even after she had come to fifteen

years of age, when she herself first really comprehended that the irregularity of her upper front teeth threatened to "spoil her mouth," she went to a dentist and had one pulled, adding that had she possessed the courage to have had another taken out, as the man of pincers advised, her teeth would have undoubtedly been perfectly even and regular. "But," said she, "that gap right in the very front did look so big I did not think it would fill up, and regretted, at first, that I had done anything at all." But in time it did close up, and those teeth that were being crowded out edgewise, grew to fill it, much to her satisfaction. "Mother never said a word about my teeth; they ought to have been attended to when I was ten years old. It was not till I saw the difference between my own and other girls' teeth, that anything was done."

There are mothers in this city who take their children to a dentist once every six months, that their teeth may be examined and the first indications of decay checked or alleviated, faults of growth corrected, and the formation of tartar removed or prevented. It costs a little money and some trouble, but less than "store teeth" will cost by and by. The uses of a toothbrush were unknown in the youth of many middle-aged people of to-day; but now even the six-year-old is taught that he must brush his teeth as well as his hair.

We remember how, in "Little Women," Amy went to bed the night before some festivity, with a clothes-pin on her nose, vainly hoping to convert it from retrousse to classic over night. Well, it was so eminently girlish we all laughed, of course, but "there's something in it." The wife of the "big man" of a little village in Illinois had the sharpest nose I ever saw; it was almost a "needle point." Speaking of it one day, she said she was certain it was the result of the constant use of a pocket handkerchief in her childhood; she had a series of colds which developed catarrh, and the inevitable adjunct, the handkerchief, developed the nose.

Not long since, a correspondent of one of our exchanges asserted that the prominent ears her baby inherited from his father, were made much less conspicuous by the wearing of a soft ribbon over them, which held them closer to the head; and also by care in laying him down or holding him, never to press his ears forward.

How many hands we see, with ill-shaped nails; perhaps bitten to the quick and stubby and blunt because of the uncleanly habit, spoiling the hands. I like to see a well-formed, well-kept hand; it may be brown

or hardened by labor, but it can be well shaped, with trim-cut, clean nails; and to my thinking the firm brown hand, with perhaps a callus across the palm, is more beautiful than a soft, white "pin-cushion-y" one. There is a good deal of expression in a hand; I fancy it is something of an index to character. I would not take pains to impress upon a girl the propriety of keeping her hands white, but I would take severe measures to prevent her from spoiling her fingers by lurching on her finger nails. BEATRIX.

### APRIL HOPES.

Not quite April yet, but none too soon for planning and hoping for the coming summer. That is the beauty of farm life. Last spring's hopes may have failed of fruition, but who knows what this new summer may bring forth; so I study the seed catalogues and decide to have an acre of tomatoes as big as a man's head, just like Maule's, and a moon-flower all over the house like Wilson's.

But my poultry business shall first have a thorough renovating. I have been keeping pure bred Plymouth Rocks, but think they have been rather overrated. To be sure they are unexceptionable for table use, but they are only moderate layers, and if a Plymouth Rock hen thinks she wants to raise a family the only way to get the idea out of her head is to take the head with it. Then you may keep the poultry house free from lice, but it will not avail much as long as the fowls carry lice with them, and do not give themselves dust baths. The Plymouth Rocks do not scratch up your garden—no, they stand around and wait for you to feed them. In short, they are lazy; and I hate shiftlessness in fowls as well as in folks. Then I like to make the personal acquaintance of my hens, which I cannot do, as there are thirty precisely alike. So when I set one hen and seven or eight others conclude that nest is the only desirable place to raise a family and they all set there in a pile; then when I throw the surplus hens into the water to break up the setting idea, I am just as likely to douse the original hen as any of the others, they being precisely alike. Last summer I had one Langshan rooster which though only half grown himself took charge of three little chickens whom their "triflin" mother had deserted. He fed them days and brooded them nights, and did everything for them an old hen could have done except to cluck. Though he is not handsome, still as a recognition of his goodness

of heart and as a reward of merit, he shall for the coming summer be the Grand Worthy Chief of the whole flock.

To return to the fascinating seed catalogues: I want a large quantity of the little cherry tomatoes that grow with a husk, as they are better preserved than almost anything else. And for cabbages, any of the kinds that grow to a point the worms cannot damage as they do those with a loose habit of growth. I want a clump of peppermint, but I do not find the seed advertised in any catalogue I have seen. Can any one tell me where to find it? And flowers, I shall sow the seeds of perennials mostly, as they come up new every spring with no further trouble of sowing the seed. But among flowers it is hard to select only the few that my time, pocket-book and muscle will permit me to cultivate. I want a bed of glowing poppies, another of double portulacca, a root of the "August lilies, still and stainless" and morning-glories all over the kitchen windows. Is there a more beautiful flower than purple and crimson morning-glory? And perennial phlox that will be a perpetual joy, and pinks and pansies. Don't remind me that the ground from which all this loveliness is to spring is still three feet under the snow. Some of our joys we possess only in anticipation. Let us at east have that.

HULDAH PERKINS.

PIONEER.

#### A FEW FLOWERS.

It seems a little hasty to talk of flowers with snow drifts still neaped all about the yard, and the cold wind shrieking madly over them; and yet, it is the season when the most of us raise them in the greatest profusion and beauty. With our feet upon the fender and the early and alluring catalogue in hand, it is a pleasant and easy task to dot the lawn and fill the garden with bloom. With the advent of spring comes the real work, the busy hen, the marauding pig, the great family of insects and worms; and further on the drouth, with often a continual undercurrent of opposition from the men folks of the family.

In regard to flowers, husbands naturally seem to fall into three classes, the sympathetic, the passive and aggressive. The first admires and aids in their culture; the second merely lets them alone, but the third, just so far as he dares, makes war upon them. He sees the hen scratching up the seed, the duck dining off the tender cotyledons; or the pig doing a second plowing, with malicious satisfaction, for he regards them as a piece of feminine foolishness which has no money in it. Is it any wonder that the wife of such a husband with this opposition added to all of Nature's, should tire of failures, tire of the "shoo-shoo-ing," and give up the struggle only to have the few flowers her hungry heart craves laid upon her coffin! But when our worthy granger thinks there is no money in them, he makes a great mistake, for we all know the value of cheerfulness in its effect upon both health and labor. The ministrations of their beauty would pervade the whole house, keep out the blues and the medicine bottle, and even add to the flavor of the butter-pats.

Lest I am neglecting my chosen theme and dwelling too much upon the faults of mankind, I would say that the most of us in beginning the culture of flowers, attempt too much selecting rare varieties without being able to give them their favorite elements or needed care. For the first season I would recommend the "Ps—" pansies, phlox, petunias and pinks, as giving the most for the least care, blooming from July until after hard frost. Pansies are decided by their lovers to be the most human of all Flora's treasures; and certainly no woman can feel quite alone who has one to look at. "They are company," exclaims an enthusiast, "and better company than people, for I can talk to them and they never sauce me back."

They suffer from heat and drouth, but will bear a great deal of both and come on beautifully in the autumn, often in a sheltered place, turning their wise faces upon the Thanksgiving turkey, and if anything outside the human race understands the pathos of that fowl's fate we are sure it must be a pansy.

Sunflowers and single chrysanthemums, or "chamomile" as it is commonly called, are the best for chickens and children. The latter, set out in any vacant spot, will take care of itself and bear childish attention as well as a cat, while the former as a background will give us much coarse beauty, form a good screen for any unsightly object, and scientists say, make our malaria its daily fare. As a drouth is pretty certain to come at some time during the season, beds for the annuals should be situated near the well or kitchen where they may be easily watered and watched by their busy admirer within. Another good place to put them is in the vegetable garden, especially when this is planted in rows to allow cultivating. The cultivator leaves but little weeding and I am fortunate enough to have that done for me, when the garden is declared cleaned. Nature seems to thwart us in many ways, but after all she makes generous returns for whatever she receives from her lovers. The woman who leaves her breakfast table untouched and rambles out to see what fresh beauty the night has brought forth in her flower-beds returns in better spirit for her day's work; and going out in the early evening, "tired to death," she pulls a weed here and there, perhaps does a little transplanting, and feels rested, through the subtle agency of her "few flowers."

A. H. J.

THOMAS.

#### KINDNESS.

I have been reading many very scathing remarks because Evangeline would train a girl to be a tony housekeeper, by her friends. I remember that Evangeline has written very excellent letters for the HOUSEHOLD; in fact I have considered her one of the best. And when our Editor called for "more copy," Evangeline was ever to the front with something good, and not one kind word of approval has been written. No doubt there are families who live in that style, and although we may not approve, yet we may learn much by reading her letters and may in our practice leave the hard places out. In that

way there is good in criticising one another. I confess I do many things that my own folks do not approve. There is a house almost opposite; there is something going on there; and should we all go and see what it was, perhaps we would have as many different opinions. I hope Evangeline is not disturbed by these self-constituted critics.

PLAINWELL.

ANTI-OVER.

#### TRIFLES.

"Only a violet blossom  
You gave me in years long ago,  
And yet to my heart it still whispers,  
Recalling your cheek's youthful glow."

How sweetly the words, sung in a sweet girlish voice, floated out to the old man as he sat in the shade of the big maple! And it all came back to him, so real—the vision of the girlish wife as she stood that bright summer morning with violets in her hair, on her dress, in her hand; and with her lovely violet eyes beaming with such love and confidence in him, voiced the responses that made them one. Oh it seems such a long time since then! It seems much longer that she has lain so peacefully sleeping in the graveyard with the mound of violets over her. As he brushed the tears away, he blessed the words that made him both happy and sad.

Only an old canteen picked up among some rubbish, but the memories it awakened made the old soldier's cheek glow and his heart beat; again he is among his comrades on the tented field, on picket guard, out foraging, in battles; and always the canteen is by his side. Instinctively Miles O'Rielly's song trembles on his lips:

"There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours,  
Fetters of friendship; and ties of flowers  
And true lover's knots—I ween.  
The boy and the girl are bound by a kiss  
But there's never a bond, old friend, like this,  
We've drank from the same canteen."

Only a tiny pebble that the child threw into the pool, but he opened his eyes in wonderment that such a succession of ripples should come from it; wider and wider they grew, the pebble had sunk to the bottom, the ripples had floated off to the river, the surface smiled and sparkled in the sunshine.

Only a word, written by that awful Evangeline,—that utterly utter—immoral Evangeline, and had a bomb exploded in our very midst, there could not have been a greater furore. I felt like calling upon all the Muses and shades of departed grandeur and invoking the help of my lucky star, when I saw that array of cannons, all pointed in my direction, when all that fine rhetoric was hurled at my head, but was I annihilated? Oh no, I just lay back in my chair and laughed; not a little chagrined laugh, but a good, hearty, "solid comfort" laugh; and right here and now I extend the right hand of fellowship to every one of you and welcome you to our circle, not with the fashionable tips of the fingers, but a hearty squeeze. I am so glad that to me and me only, can be ascribed the glory of brightening up those ideas, bringing forth those dusty, cobwebbed views, inking up that pen, that had lain idle so long. Oh! my dear sisters, be true to yourselves. Do not, I beg, let any pet hobby run away with your sense. Evangeline's head is level. She is balanced evenly. That mother's "beau-



tiful boy" can eat a slice of my fruit cake, he will never contract a liking for strong drink from it; of course if he has a nice discrimination he will discover instantly that it is not sorghum cake with raisins in it; I should want him to, assuredly. No, I should not treat him to Charlotte Russe that had the cake soaked in port wine, nor the pudding sauce floating in raspberry wine. I have a boy of my own, and I learned the Golden Rule at my sainted mother's knee. The welfare of your daughters is very near to me, for I have two daughters of my own. With all my fine theories, with all my imperfections and shortcomings, I have a mother's heart. There are very few young housewives who commence life surrounded with a family of little ones. Must she renounce the tidy habits and neat ways with "the ring?" Her feet can be tidily dressed in soft slippers as well as buttoned boots. Better leave out one silk from the wardrobe and invest in some neat, everyday apparel. Sickness will not excuse dirt and slovenliness. Many things about the house can be left undone and have to be, when children are sick and but one pair of hands to do it all. But let the years bring their duties and cares, don't anticipate them. Be equal to assuming them when they do come. I believe my John would "kick" if I served the very same food every morning from Thanksgiving until now, with no variation, but I find there's nothing like getting used to a thing, we can bolt down most anything, just from force of habit. The biggest "pills" I ever swallowed had "nary a bit" of sugar coating. I have bolted them however, and smiled. The sweet potatoes I used last year, and in fact every year, I purchased in the market at Battle Creek; never having raised that commodity I cannot say when they would be fit for use from our Michigan fields. The Astrachan apples were bought also. My formula of work was given as each fruit and vegetable came along. I used two varieties of plums, one a reddish plum, the other the blue damson or frost plum, both purchased, not raised. The care of the pork came in November—the weather was variable, not warm—and as the men salted it, it is keeping all right. I judge it was taken care of correctly. The last of the sausage was eaten the 24th of January, and the hams and shoulders are just smoked ready for use when desired. We have used beef for some time.

All these daintily flavored, easily made soups the average country girl can make. There has been so much boasting in our little HOUSEHOLD about the facilities that the country affords at the present time for good living, the meat cart's regular visits to our doors, soup bones at twenty-five cents certainly are not expensive nor beyond the average family's reach. My theories amount to just this: That living ten miles from town I indulge in soup of some kind every week in the year, and have what vegetables I want, whether it is sweet potatoes or egg plant, or cauliflower; and while my bills of fare look well on paper, they are also satisfying and inviting on the table; it is not drudgery to prepare them. While a strip of codfish, boiled potatoes, rice or corn starch pudding, is a

good enough dinner for any hungry person, who would relish it three hundred and sixty-five consecutive days? It would be like boarding house hash and dried apple pie, good once in a while, but not so good for a steady diet. It is hard work to get out of an old rut, that one has been in a good while; it is hard to turn right about in one's manner of managing a household, and ministering to the wants of a family, and I would not advise any one to do it—if they are really satisfied that their way is good enough. This is a great big world, it is filled with enterprising, growing people. It is one of the privileges of our freedom, that we can think and do what we like, so long as it is according to law. We can all talk plain English, and when we don't like anything we can say so; but there are so many ways of saying the same thing, I find. There is the hard, unfeeling way that repels rather than attracts people; the suave, deceitful way that is as thin and flimsy as tissue paper; the kind, Christian, whole-souled, big-hearted way that leads us to mend our ways and inquire within, if we are all right. Now tell me, dear old HOUSEHOLD, which is the better—and where do we stand?

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

#### MOURNING WEAR.

When Henry Ward Beecher died, instead of the long drapery of black crape attached to the door-bell—the usual sign that death has entered a family—a cluster of fresh bright roses announced the demise of the great preacher. And Mrs. Beecher, I am told, wears no mourning robes in token of her bereavement; only her usual quiet, lady-like attire. But in spite of her good example, and that of others who dare to live up to their convictions and their religion, we shall wear our black crape, and be deeply solicitous about the make-up of our mourning.

Henrietta cloth, trimmed with crape, makes the regulation first dress for a widow. To indicate the most profound grief, the front and sides of the skirt are covered with crape cut straight, lined throughout with crinoline, and placed quite smooth on the foundation skirt. There is a very short drapery of Henrietta cloth above this; and the full back drapery is long enough to fully cover the foundation skirt. This back drapery has a ten-inch border of crape, which is cut to fit it all around, being square at the corners instead of being cut and joined in a seam. The basque is very simple in shape and has a band of the crape down the front, but is not trimmed round the bottom. The cuffs and collar are of crape. The wrap is of Henrietta cloth, in any becoming style, is wadded, and trimmed with a band of crape, made by laying the crape on the pattern and cutting it out in shape, to obviate seams. The bonnet is a frame covered plainly with crape, except the front, where there are a few folds; inside the brim is "the widow's ruche," a single, small puff of white crepe lisse; the ties are black gros-grain ribbon with cord edges, and are only half a yard long. The crape veil is long enough to come within ten inches of the bottom of the dress in front, and half that

length behind, and the hem is half a yard deep, turned up on the outside. When the veil is no longer to be worn over the face, but thrown back, one end is arranged on the bonnet in a high puffed crown, and then carried along the frame and caught in two groups of small pleats at the end of the crown; the other end of the veil reaches the foot of the dress.

For other dresses fine camel's hair and drap d' alma are worn; also wide-twilled serges and diagonals. These are not trimmed with crape, but the edges are finished by many rows of stitching, or with braiding. With these are worn single breasted jackets of heavy black cloth; and black fox or lynx furs are admissible.

Mourning dresses for other relatives—parent, child, brother or sister—are made in the modes prevailing for colored wool dresses, and trimmed with braid or dull jet passementerie. Very little if any crape is used in them, it appears as plastron and cuffs and collar, if at all. Dull jet beads in a single row edging revers, cuffs and collar, make a neat finish for black wool dresses. A good model for a plain mourning dress is a plain skirt with a six inch hem and a tuck the same depth above it; the drapery has a deep hem, forms a deep apron in front and two wing-like points behind. The basque may be tucked on each side the front, or have full fronts crossing surplice fashion. Bonnets are of crape laid on in folds or puffs, with a trimming of crape loops, and grosgrain ties; if a veil is worn it is only half length and worn over the face a couple of months, then draped on the back of the bonnet for six months; it is then removed entirely, and the bonnet worn without veil; the next transition is to straw, trimmed with loops of lustreless with

Children do not wear crape; misses only a little upon their first dress; their mourning is plainly made black goods, with perhaps a little braiding. Hats of black straw or felt are trimmed with soft rosettes of mourning silk, with a few black quills thrust through them. Young ladies sometimes prefer hats made of soft silk, trimmed with puffings of the same.

Widows wear Byron collars and wide cuffs of white organdy muslin finished silk. a deep hem, with their first mourning. These have an inch wide hem. If these are not liked, there are puffs of white lisse, or white crape, to be worn inside sleeves and collar. Black gauze ribbon is also pleated and basted in. Linen cuffs and collars are worn with plain wool dresses, and for more dressy wear white loop-edged ribbon is used as is the black above mentioned. A plain dress can be made suitably dressy for the small entertainments, family dinners, etc., which mourners may attend, by plastrons of alternate folds of crape and feather edged ribbon; or of crape folds framed in revers edged by or nearly covered with dull jet beads. The high collar is either of crape and ribbon folds, or covered with the beads.

Black and white satteens, gingham and plaids of black and white, and plain black mulls barred with satin stripes, are mourning wear for summer, as also plain black India silks and surahs.

I have spoken before in the HOUSEHOLD

of the necessity of preserving what may be called the unities of mourning. A crape veil over a silk dress is out of harmony. Black ostrich plumes are inadmissible on a hat to be worn as mourning; only stiff black wings are permitted. Lace also is barred, either for trimmings or for neckwear. Little jewelry of any kind should be worn; the widow wears a jet or onyx brooch; a long gold chain meandering over a crape trimmed basque—or even a plainer mourning suit—is out of harmony with the toilette; substitute a plain black ribbon if a jet chain is not at hand.

Handkerchiefs have borders of fine lines of black, in preference to the wide black bands once worn. Linen collars and cuffs are edged with the same sombre hue, but a line of black a quarter of an inch from the edge is much more becoming than the black band next the skin. Gloves are black kid or silk, with heavily stitched backs.

While on this sombre subject I want to say that here in the city the custom of watching with the dead has quite fallen into disrepute. The undertaker prepares the dead for interment, so that no further attendance is necessary; the windows are left open a little way and the blinds closed, a light burns dimly in the silent chamber of death, and the house is hushed in silence almost as profound. When we remember that all our offices for our beloved one are performed, save that of committing dust to its kindred dust, we see how unnecessary and uncalled for is the "sitting-up" which A. H. J. so justly condemns, and which among the young and unthoughtful, loses its solemn significance and becomes a serious annoyance to the bereaved mourners. I knew an instance once where one member of a bereaved family entered the room where the watchers sat, and found them playing cards. "It were all one" to the rigid form awaiting burial, but it was a decided shock to her nervous, sensitive temperament, already wrought to a high tension by days and nights of watching and anxiety. Let no one fear to adopt this innovation, which is sanctioned both by usage, good sense and propriety.

BEATRIX.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

It is with no ordinary sensation of regret that the book-loving public hears that Miss Alcott is dead. Everybody has read her books, and laughed at the adventures or sympathized with the misfortunes of the "real live" boys and girls who figured in them. And everybody will agree with the young miss who said, the evening her death was announced: "Is it not sad! Miss Alcott is dead and we shall have no more of her lovely books?"

Miss Alcott began to write stories when she was but sixteen years old, and for the next fifteen years wrote short stories, sketches and letters, with no particular success in a literary sense. During the war she worked in the Washington hospitals as a volunteer nurse, and when the close of the war released her, she visited Europe in search of health, which had been impaired by her arduous labors as nurse. Then she wrote "Little Women," the book that won her fame; published in 1867, 100,000 copies

were sold within three years. Her stories had heretofore been about boys, and it was at the suggestion of her publisher—or rather on his daring her to write a story about girls and intimating she could not do it, that she wrote "Little Women." Friends of the family recognize in it the members of the Alcott family, and in "Jo"—the jolly, good-humored, scribbling girl, with no nonsense about her—the authoress herself. Her literary work was performed very much as was "Jo's." When "genius burned" she shut herself up, in an attic perhaps, anywhere where she could be undisturbed, and wrote almost uninterruptedly until her book was done. Then she came out of her seclusion, as she says herself, "tired, cross, and hungry as a bear," to resume her social and domestic duties. "An Old Fashioned Girl" made hosts of friends, and those who read "Little Women" wanted to know how "Jo's boys" grew up to be "Little Men." These are probably her best known works, though "Eight Cousins" and "Rose in Bloom" were in her best vein.

Miss Alcott was in her fifty-sixth year at the time of her death, being born in Germantown in 1832. She was the daughter of Bronson Alcott, often called "the sage of Concord," and regarded as the apostle of the Transcendental school; he was scholarly and a deep-thinker, and contributed largely to the philosophical literature of the period. He died at Boston on the 4th inst., in his eighty-ninth year; and it was in visiting him on the 1st that Miss Alcott contracted the cold which developed spinal meningitis and caused her death two days after his passing away. She had been suffering from nervous prostration for a long time, but was thought to be improving.

Personally, Miss Alcott while not beautiful was yet attractive; she was tall and stately, with blue-grey eyes, dark hair which had a ripple in it and was always simply dressed in flat coils at the back of her large, shapely head, and a pleasant face full of character and expression. It will be long ere she will be forgotten, either by those who knew her personally or that far larger contingent who admired her through her pure, healthful, charming books.

BEATRIX.

#### PATCHING MEN'S CLOTHES.

I certainly think one of the most disagreeable tasks a woman has to undertake is the renovation of men's clothing, especially on a farm, where clothes are worn more closely than in cities. "A rent is the accident of the day; a patch is premeditated poverty," some one has said, but most of us prefer the latter—at least "our folks" do—and the great thing is to make the patch as unobtrusive as possible. A little good judgment expended in planning, and an effort to make the work creditable, pays. Generally, if one has a pair of trousers to mend, if the knees are worn through, it is better to set a piece in, rather than put a patch under and cut out and fell down the edges of the rent. Rip the seams of the leg, cut out the worn part, taking pains to keep the edges straight; use this for a pattern, and out of new or partly worn pieces, cut a piece just like it, allowing for seams. When this is sewed in place and the seams

pressed, if the result is not "as good as new" at least there is the satisfaction of feeling one has done the best possible with the material. So with worn coat-sleeves; set in a new underpart, bind the edges with coat binding (dress braid is sometimes used in lieu of anything better but is not very durable) and the result is quite satisfactory.

A tailor will take a partly worn suit, and by brushing, sponging, pressing and mending, make it quite presentable. If a patch is necessary, the edges are carefully cut by a thread and the piece inserted "without a pucker." The buttonholes are worked over, and the worn binding renewed. I have thought more than once I would like to see how they manage the buttonholes.

Cannot some one give us some hints on the subject of making over and mending old clothes?

L. C.

DETROIT.

MRS. M. A. FULLER, of Fenton, Genesee County, well known to our readers through her contributions on floricultural subjects, is prepared to furnish seeds of annuals, perennials, and herbs, also bulbs, plants and cuttings for the garden and greenhouse. Write to her for what you want. She has been sending out seeds and plants to our HOUSEHOLD people for the past five years, and we have yet to hear of the first complaint.

IF you have to buy lard, remember that though the expense seems greater at the outset, it is really better economy to buy leaf lard and try it out at home, than to purchase the rendered lard of commerce. The latter is almost invariably adulterated, and has beside a large per cent of water boiled into it. The home rendered leaf lard has the advantage in several ways.

THE chief cook of Delmonico's cafe at New York gets a salary of \$6,000 annually, and his commissions and perquisites amount to about \$4,000 more. Where is the woman cook who gets more than \$35 per month, and "why is this thus?"

#### Something for Breakfast.

**CODFISH ON TOAST.**—Pick up a bowlful of codfish, cover it with cold water, let come to a boil, drain in a colander, put into the basin again with a half pint of cold milk, season with pepper and salt; stir a tablespoonful of flour into a generous lump of butter, stir into the codfish, and pour over slices of buttered toast. This dish has the merit of being appetizing and easily prepared.

**BAKED MACKEREL.**—Soak the fish over night. In the morning turn on boiling water enough to cover it, let stand a few moments, drain, and lay the fish skin side down in a well-buttered pan. Turn over it half a teaspoonful of sweet cream, set in the oven to brown a little, and serve smoking hot.

**STEAMED EGGS.**—Break the eggs on a buttered tin plate, set in a steamer over boiling water and steam until the whites are cooked. In this way the whites of the eggs are tender and light, and can be eaten by invalids with impunity.

**RICE CAKES.**—Take a cupful of cold boiled rice, thin with milk to the consistency of buckwheat batter, salt slightly, beat in one egg and a handful of flour, and bake like pancakes on a griddle.