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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

"NOT DEAD BUT SLEEPING."

I know how the earth is shadowed!
How desolate seems your home!
How you long for the darling baby,
Who never again will come!

I know you are daily longing,
For the kiss so warm and sweet;
And you stop sometimes and listen
For the sound of his little feet.

The spring with its birds and flowers
Will bring to your heart no joy;
But only a keener yearning
For your one sweet little boy.

I know, for I have wandered
Through just such starless night,
When words of human comfort,
Brought not one ray of light;

When heaven seemed far above me,
And the little grave so deep;
When I forgot that Jesus
Giveth His beloved sleep.

But now, the glad, sweet morning
Of that long, dark night has come;
And I thank God that my darling
Is safe in His bright home.

So safe are the little children
Who walk the bright, golden street;
No wrong or sin can lead astray
Their pattering little feet.

Dear friend, though your heart is aching,
Look up through falling tears;
You can have little "Willie" with you
Through the long eternal years.

Take up your burden of life-work
Though full of sorrow and cares;
Remember that many are weeping
Over little vacant chairs.

We have only to trust in Jesus
Through darkness as well as light.
The path to heaven's bright glory
Leads sometimes through darkest night.

A. H.

THE PHYSICAL CARE OF CHILDREN.

I make no apology for continuing the above topic, introduced in the HOUSEHOLD of two weeks ago, because it is one I deem of great importance. My wish is to call attention to certain matters which, if neglected in youth, become physical blemishes or defects, or at least ungraceful and uncouth habits at maturity; for the mother who would give the best education possible to her children must look after their physical habits as well as their mental ones.

It seems to be inevitable that children of both sexes should have their "awkward age," a time when they have physically outgrown their mental development, when they do not know how to manage their arms or hands, when their feet are dreadfully in the way, and they move about in a loose-jointed fashion which makes us fear they

will come to pieces somewhere. It is at this age that a good many awkward habits are contracted, which last a lifetime. An acquaintance of mine confesses with a laugh that even now her favorite position is sitting curled up with one foot under her, and tells how many times she was caught in this awkward posture till she learned to limit her indulgence in it to the privacy of her own room. I never see a round-shouldered young girl without mentally blaming her mother for not putting her into shoulder-braces; nor one who stoops without wondering if "line upon line and precept upon precept" could not have overcome the inclination and made her stand erect. A girl gets an ungainly way of lifting her shoulders, or of standing one-sided, throwing one hip down and the other up by leaning her weight upon one leg. And if unchecked, not only will one hip be higher than the other, thus spoiling her figure, but in situations where she desires to look her very best, she will take that ungraceful position, unconsciously. I attended a concert not long ago where two musicians appeared upon the platform to play a duet for violin and viola. One stood straight and erect before his music rack; the other threw his weight upon one foot and thrust the other out awkwardly, as they waited while the accompanist played the opening bars. Everybody noticed it, and more than one whispered "What a pity — is so awkward! his appearance detracts so much from his fine playing."

There are tricks of lifting the eyebrows, twisting the mouth, thrusting the chin or the head forward, or instead of throwing the shoulders back to straighten the body, curving the lower portion of the spine inward, thus throwing the stomach forward, which unconsciously become habits. I have heard mothers say "Oh, they'll outgrow all that," but though they sometimes do it is more frequently the case they do not. I remember hearing a young lady criticize severely a friend who had the fault last mentioned above; one of those blunt speakers whose motto is "Truth always; no matter how it hurts," said, "But you have that very habit yourself!" And, speaking on the subject afterward, she said: "No one ever told me before, or I would have broken myself of it long ago."

The child with defective vision which takes the form of "cross eye" or "squint eye" is to be pitied. He will have to bear many cruel jests and jeers from his schoolmates; and if he is permitted to grow up thus afflicted, must suffer the life-long consequences of his parents' neglect, and is

justified, I think, in reproaching them for their negligence. Sometimes the trouble can be overcome by wearing glasses at an early age, sometimes an operation is necessary, but all means ought to be tried to remedy it; it is terrible to allow a child to grow up under such a deformity, with the added defect of impaired sight.

Near-sightedness is another trouble which though it cannot be cured by glasses, can be greatly alleviated by their proper use. A child afflicted with myopia is often blamed by his parents for his awkward, hesitating manners, what seems to be his habit of overlooking things, his inattention, and the like, when the real trouble is that he cannot see plainly; it is as if he saw everything through a mist. He cannot tell what is the trouble, since he has never had but this one faulty pair of eyes; he does not realize the difference between the world as he dimly sees it and as it appears to others; but his parents ought to study the reason of his peculiar action and provide glasses to alleviate the difficulty. Doctors tell us also that headaches are often due to imperfect vision. There may be no pain in the eyes, yet nevertheless it is found that the use of the eyes in reading or sewing brings on headache, sometimes, "a horrible sick headache." The head is not to be doctored, but glasses which correct and strengthen the vision will bring relief.

Going to the other extreme, the foundation of a lifelong trouble with the feet is often laid in childhood by wearing shoes which have been been outgrown, or which are too short or too narrow, or a run-over pair which bring on weak ankles.

The economical mother hates to throw aside the shoes which are yet good, because "they hurt," and the little sufferer is promised a new pair "next week," and "next week" you know, like "tomorrow," never comes—it is "this week" when it does get here.

Those little calluses which develop into corns make their unwelcome appearance on tender toes, or an inflammation in the joint is induced which results in a painful bunion. And how hard it is to work all day on a pair of aching feet! I have my doubts whether it is possible for a person to be a consistent Christian and have corns at one and the same time. When the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition failed to shake the constancy of the old martyrs, had the firmest of them all been obliged to walk five miles in a pair of nineteenth-century shoes a size too small for him, he would have abjured his faith and sworn by the nine

gods of Rome before he had traveled half his journey.

Then, as regards those unpleasant habits which are so disagreeable to others and so often practiced unthinkingly, such as cleaning the nails, picking the teeth, scratching the head, blowing the nose, eating rapidly and noisily, and the like, in presence of others—unless these are eradicated in youth, they are pretty certain to remain bad habits always. A young girl of my acquaintance, asked why she and her mates disliked a certain lady so much, replied: "Oh, it's not her homeliness nor her never looking as if she were at home in her clothes, 'ill-fitting as they are, half so much as *her ways*. She puts her fingers in her mouth and cleans her teeth with them, then scratches her head with the same fingers, then repeats the performance. She stands with one foot on the round of a chair and the other three feet away; and walks as if she were a day laborer going to a job of ditching. No lady would ever do the things she does." That suggests another thing; how much a graceful, easy walk adds to the appearance of either man or woman, and how much a pretty woman or a fine-looking man lose if they have a slouching, slovenly, hesitating or jerky gait. But dear me! how many faults I am discovering in "poor humanity!"

BEATRIX.

SPRING IN THE GARDEN.

The surest way for Huldah Perkins to secure a "clump of peppermint," is to go where it grows—and that is not far from any of our homes in Michigan—and take up a good bush of it and set it in a place which if not very wet is never very dry. It is a fragrant herb, both warm and cool. If Huldah sets her heart on perennials, she must sow the seed early or they will not all come up before another spring. Some are slow in germinating, and if not up before a dry spell they may choose to lay over. I have read several times recently that hollyhocks will bloom if sown early the first season. I always have good strong seedlings to winter over, so cannot say, but will not doubt it. Perennial phlox can only be had by procuring roots, unless the seed is planted when just ripe, no more; but it is indispensable, as there is such a variety of delightfully dissimilar shades and markings. I presume I have twenty, varying from pure white to red and lavender, etc., and unless in too dry a situation the flowers last until late in autumn. I have exhibited them in collections at fairs late in September. Always get roots of perennials when convenient; they are more satisfactory, as there is no delay if set early, and they start into business in a surprisingly prompt way, but if you prefer seed to start with, start early. Many of the hardy annuals, which are perennial at the south, should be started early to avoid injury by the hot sun when small. To those "P's" named by A. H. J. should be added every time sweet peas, which do well for early flowering if sown in the fall, as they defy an amount of cold that would chill many of our pets.

Sweet Alyssum is so sweet and endures all changes cheerfully, blooming more and more profusely as the season advances; it

and sweet mignonette are both indispensable. If you wish a continual show of poppies sow the ranunculus-flowered and the English corn poppy. Great large double ones with glaucous foliage are more showy as specimens, but are soon gone. You must not forget calendulas; and why the old-fashioned fringed mallow is left out of gardens by the faithful friends of the old-fashioned flowers I cannot see; the leaves are so useful for bouquets, and I have seen at fairs those who recognized it, seem so delighted at sight of it. All who love the delicate bloom and strong rampant vine of the morning-glory would also like its relative, *Convolvulus minor*.

I like hardy perennials and annuals that come self-sown about the yard, and spots where there is a foothold. Some varieties will when once there manage to remain; poppies along the stone wall not far from the house; and sweet rocket, so fragrant and hardy and as early in bloom as hardy bulbs, I have anywhere in the back yard and everywhere there is room, and its fragrance is so delightful there can be none too much of it. The care of every plant and flower I have named here would take but little time or strength in cultivation. Flower culture is a most encouraging, inspiring employment, and does not recoil on one in the form of weakness, lassitude and headache, like smoking and many ways that those husbands who object to flowers employ to kill time. It proves a pleasure to ourselves and friends, and is an innocent source of delight to children, conducing to refinement and cheerfulness; their influence never degrades, but elevates. Perhaps I ought not to hint against tobacco, as it is enjoyed so much, and so many nice men use it, enduring so much discomfort and sacrificing so much for the sake of its soothing influence; and also inflicting a vast amount of annoyance on their friends and the public generally. That is something I do not understand, as my husband never used it or paid a penny over a bar. We cannot all see alike, as we do not look from the same direction.

Evangeline's letters I appreciate highly, and she should meet with something beside criticism for all her time and patience spent in giving us those useful and entertaining notes.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

FENTON.

ABOUT FLOWERS.

I would like to tell the ladies of the HOUSEHOLD about my plants. I keep a south bay window full every winter, on a large wire stand. This winter, notwithstanding we have had so much zero weather outside, they have grown luxuriantly, and many of them have been in blossom most of the time. Before the winter closed in I watered them once with water from the barnyard. I have had callas, geraniums, a salvia, eupatorium, two plants of coleus and candytuft, with blossoms on most of the winter; and have now a heliotrope in blossom, and a German ivy, that is trained to the lambrequin pole, is full of clusters of pretty yellow feathery flowers. I have also a cactus called crab cactus, or fuchsia cactus, which blossoms every winter, commencing the latter part of November or in

December, and is a thing of beauty nearly two months. It is of drooping habit, umbrella form; not quite one and a half feet across the top; and sometimes has a hundred buds and blossoms. The flower is triple like three blossoms, one inside of another, of a beautiful shade of red. It always has on its gay attire for the holidays.

With a whisk and pan of very warm water I shower them once a week; twice would be better. I have an oilcloth under the who'e, so that it is easily wiped up; frequent showering keeps the red spider at bay, the worst pest among plants. I often put boiling water in the saucers, especially of the callas. The red spider and aphid, or green bug, are very partial to the salvia. For the first hold the plant upside down and shower with pretty warm water, or dip the plant into it; for the latter use a weak solution of carbolic acid, or hellebore, once. The mealy bug appeared on my coleus plants, but with a chicken's quill a little alcohol brushed over them put an end to them.

The cactus that I have grows readily from a leaf, requiring little water and care, only to keep it from freezing; never has any insects. To show its tenacity of life, I will relate a little experience I had with it last summer. I set the plant on the grass on the south side of the house, as I knew that sun and drouth were its natural element for the summer. Sometime during the summer, perhaps when using the lawn mower, a large branch was broken off, and I did not discover it until I took it up to bring in before frost. Thinking it might possibly grow again, I planted it beside the trunk of the plant, and to my surprise it grew and blossomed like the other branches, as though nothing had happened to it.

DEARBORN.

MRS. A. B. GULLEY.

A YOUNG LADY'S VIEW.

Apropos of the HOUSEHOLD discussion that has lately arisen against the possibility of a Hetty (be she even an Evangeline's Hetty) learning the kitchen art in a few months, permit me to quote Ella W. Wilcox on that particular point. She says: "I believe that two months of intelligent and interested work in the culinary department will enable any girl of ordinary brightness to understand the art of cookery sufficiently to minister to the wants of a family. Of course high art is not acquired in that time, or the concoction of varied and difficult dishes; all that requires study and attention to details, like the perfection of any art."

The same has always been my petted secret opinion. When Hetty studies culinary branches let her whole strength of soul and common sense go to them, as to any other business, and she need not fear that her work will thereafter drawl out after her in a lifetime of inefficiency.

SCHOOLCRAFT.

GRACE.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER is the author of the poem, "Our Own," which contains the lines

"We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for our own
The bitter tone
Though we love our own the best."

The entire poem was published in the HOUSEHOLD of February 6th.

SPRING WRAPS.

The jacket undeniably holds the lead in styles for spring wear. It is of cloth, never of silk or satin, its beauty depends on its fit, and it is severely plain or braided, with revers and military-looking ornaments, according to taste. Young ladies choose them in small checks or very fine stripes, a lady of thirty generally prefers plain black, while middle-aged ladies usually wear mantles or short wraps of some sort. There are Newmarkets in checks, stripes and plaids, some of them rather "loud," which seem very popular for early spring wear; these usually have capes, and are long enough to almost conceal the dress. A pretty, slender figure looks very trim and neat in one of these garments, but woe to the square-shouldered girl with large hips who insists on wearing one because they are so fashionable and so stylish-looking—on others; she looks like a wooden doll. The redingote is a new wrap which has not as yet become common; it is a long, somewhat loose garment, made of some light weight cloth in plain colors, green, blue, red, or brown, with long "angel" sleeves, and having sometimes a line of braiding down the fronts and round the sleeves. A fat woman with a face like a full moon, who wore one of these cloaks made up in terra cotta, was a feature in the landscape on Woodward Avenue recently. Somehow she was unpleasantly suggestive of boiled lobster.

The only new thing in wraps is a cloth cape with pinked edges, to be worn with a tailor-made suit; these capes have fichu fronts and short backs reaching only to the waist line, and a strip of cloth of some contrasting color is added under the pinked edges to relieve them. Small capes of black cashmere, embroidered and trimmed with lace, are to be worn with any colored dress for late spring and summer. These are in old-fashioned shape, pointed before and behind, and trimmed with a pleated frill of lace. Short wraps show no change to note except in the arrangement of the fronts, which are often gathered at the neck just below the collar, and again at the ends under passementerie ornaments. The back is fitted by the usual three seams, and falls like a basque on the dress below the waist line. Little shoulder wraps for dressy wear are merely the foundation on which is arranged beautiful jet passementeries; it takes but a small piece of silk or velvet to make one, but it is easy to put \$20 or \$30 worth of cut jet ornaments upon it as decoration.

It is too early yet to describe new trimmings, but ladies who have wraps trimmed with chenille fringes will be glad to hear there has been a semi-revival of this style of fringe. Bonnets are not as yet materially altered in shape, the small capote being the standard. The new ones are a trifle larger, and the trimmings not quite so high and pointed. Ribbons are to be used more than ever for both hats and bonnets; the new changeable ones are three inches wide, with heavy plain satin cord edges, and sell at 45 cents per yard. The new parasols are of checked and plaid silk, and nothing if not conspicuous. A black silk

has irregular plaids of white, an olive green is plaided with brown and a more decided green, with a thread of red here and there. Last year we had moons and suns and disks on our sunshades, and these are shown again. But for real solid comfort, wear and worth, there's nothing goes ahead of a good medium-sized silk umbrella, which will do for rain or shine, and is sensible and serviceable. Don't think you can buy it for a song either. If you get a good Windsor silk with a gold or oxydized silver handle, it will pretty nearly "destroy" a ten dollar bill. But if you are content with a good silk and plain handle, you can get an excellent article for \$5 or \$6; and if you buy the handle and are not particular about the silk, you can get one at even less price. But the purchase, once made, is good for long service, and when the silk wears out, the frame can be re-covered and be good as new.

BEATRIX.

ECONOMY.

[Read before the Farmers' Association of Paw Paw, March 10th, by Mrs. N. H. Bangs.]

The year of our Lord 1888 will long be remembered as one in which all the changes on the word economy were rung, as a result of the failure of the harvests of 1887. Each and every one is seeking for a solution of the vexed question, how best to use the scanty means at her command.

Now I would not have you suppose for one moment that I am going to tell you of any new-found rule, by which one dollar can do duty for ten, but we all have given more or less thought to this subject, and as a sort of target or starting point I want to give you a few of the rambling thoughts I have had.

One thing I have often noticed when funds grow scarce and there is a depletion of the exchequer—our American word exchequer is the same as the French word for checker or chess board—when there is a thinness in the family purse, economy is the tune sung in the house by the husband; meanwhile he still holds the purse, and if there be a deficit it is always that same old excuse of Adam's, "the woman Thou gavest to be with me." Economy is often confounded with frugality, and is even made to cover the sin of parsimony; and we find this, like every other virtue, when carried to an extreme becomes a vice; but that this virtue is especially incumbent upon us this year, more than any other, I deny. It is always a duty; it matters not how plethoric the purse; it is a God-given talent for which we are accountable.

With many at this time frugality may be a necessity, and includes good husbandry as well as good housewifery. There is such a reckless waste of strength and health in our frantic zeal to save a hundred dollars, or even ten, that often judgment and reason are thrust to one side; with a strong will and purpose conscience is gulped, and we save the money for a time at least; but soon the price is counted out to us with lavish hand, and often too late we learn that economy is of broad significance, and not to be confined to the disbursement of dollars and cents. Life and health are sometimes lost by a disregard of this principle.

I find sometimes in my work about the

house and for the family, it is a matter of economy that things be purchased for use and convenience just when frugality says no. Both are stern mandates, and it is vastly more easy to follow one's inclination than to be ruled by good sense. Duty is a harsh word, yet even this may seem bright and cheerful when looked at in the sunshine of honest endeavor. There seems to be a habit extant to view every question from its monetary side only. I would have the people husband all their resources, even at the expense of the accumulation of a fortune. As a matter of economy I would lay up for my children stores of mind and experience. While I would not undervalue wealth, the purchasing power of a dollar, if judiciously and intelligently used in acquiring mental gain by them, or by me and transmitted to the family as it cannot help but be, is worth more to them than the stored-up gold. When by close study the economies of life are mastered, there will appear the silver lining to the clouds, and we will find ourselves standing upon an enduring basis of prosperity.

A HOME-MADE MATTRESS AND A COLORING RECIPE.

I wish to tell the readers of the HOUSEHOLD how I made a mattress for a bed. I had a number of old quilts which I wished to make use of in some way; so I purchased nine yards of ticking and made a tick just as I would for a straw bed, leaving it open from one end to the other down the center on the upper side. Then I turned it wrong side out and laid on my old quilts—clean, of course—cut them the size of the tick; took the pieces and tacked them together to make another thickness. I then tacked the edges of the quilt to the tick sufficiently to hold them in place; then laid on six rolls of batting; turned the tick right side out, being very careful not to displace the batting, lifted it to the extension table and sewed up the opening down the centre, then tied it as I would a comfortable, using a long darning needle and strong twine. I used four quilts.

I must say that I have enjoyed Evangeline's writings very much; though I have not tried to follow her bills of fare I find in her letters many good recipes and many helps.

Some one asked for a recipe for coloring brown on faded calico for carpet rags. I send mine, which is as follows: One pound catechu; two ounces of blue vitriol; two ounces of bi-chromate of potash. Dissolve the catechu and vitriol together and boil the goods in it for half an hour. Dissolve the potash in another dish, and let the goods simmer in it for an hour. Dry; then rinse in cold water.

AUNT LUCINDA.

RILEY CENTRE.

[We think the above recipe would have been more valuable to the lady who asked for it had Aunt Lucinda remembered to tell us how much water should be used to dissolve the dyes and how many pounds of rags can be colored in that quantity of dye. Perhaps she can give us this information later. Catechu brown is a very good and pretty color while it is new, but we never saw goods colored by it which did not fade in the sun and with wear.—ED.]

A SHORT CALL.

Is there room amid the HOUSEHOLD for one more, if so I will call for a few moments. I have just finished ironing; I have the patent-sadrons and beg to differ with L. C., of Detroit, in regard to a holder, for I have used my irons over two years and never used one yet, as it is not necessary. Very tender indeed must be the hands that would require one. Shall I tell you what I find very handy in the kitchen? It is my iron dishcloth; it is far ahead of a knife for cleaning kettles and spiders, if you don't believe it buy one (they are cheap) and see. I am going to make a carpet in the spring, think the brown and red carpet as described in a late issue would be very pretty, but have some colors ready.

I hope many of our housekeepers have their kitchen floors painted; mine is painted and about half carpeted and it is just no work at all to mop, for it don't require the scrubbing and elbow grease it used to, and if you happen to tip over your meat platter the result will not stare you in the face every time you enter the kitchen for the next six months, for it is cleaned off the painted floor, oh so easy.

I did enjoy X. Y. Z.'s letter very much and Beatrix's too; what good sound advice to Hetty, and I do hope Evangeline will not forsake us; she must be an expert.

Has S. M. G. retired? or where is she? and Daffodilly, please tell us how you get along in your new home; and others, I can't call you all by name, where are you?

Poor Henpecked Husband keeps in the suburbs, don't he? Lest some should think I overestimate my moments I will quietly withdraw.

GUENDOLA.

OUR GARDEN.

If we would be as careful about boys in regard to morals as we are about girls, society would be better off. No pure-minded girl should be willing to associate with a young man of questionable reputation and character. We may be ever so careful about brandied mince-meat and cake, and yet omit some weightier matters; such as opening our front door to the dissolute young man and closing the back door on his victim. When sympathy is extended to an erring woman, it usually comes from the masculine gender.

I believe in taking a long look ahead and enjoying each blessing in turn, not expecting too much of any. Hetty should not renounce her tidy habits, nor think the fates against her if she fails sometimes. Many ships have been wrecked on the shores of Expectation, whose white sails might have carried them safe to port, had they but been wisely and carefully guided. I would especially commend the counsel given Hetty to keep her affairs to herself; she will find her best friend her worst critic sometimes. Make Harry carry half the burdens, no more, no less.

Not long ago we heard an able essay upon the kitchen garden read at a farmers' meeting near us. One lady said she would like to have all who owned a good asparagus bed make it manifest by rising; only one person

got up. One man said he had a good bed but his wife attended to it. It is just so with the kitchen garden; generally if it amounts to anything the women must attend it. I became fired with zeal to put in practice the ideas I had on the subject, and prevailed upon my better half to give me a little piece of land for garden purposes. He did so, but it was so hard nothing but an engine and steam drill could make an impression on it. But the beets grew till they reached rock-bottom, then turned and grew backward. Next year we got the land so rich that the weeds outgrew the vegetables, and when I tried to pull them, the weeds came up and I went down, to the infinite amusement of our small boy, who with the very spirit of mischief shining out of his eyes would ask if I was hurt. Oh yes, a garden is a good thing to have; but something more than a woman's energy and muscle is needed to make it profitable, or indeed anything but a waste of weeds.

OAKWOOD.

M. C.

[M. C. forgot to give her name, and hence must not quarrel with the Editor for abridging her manuscript.]

A WELCOME NEW-COMER.

I have many times felt that I ought to give something in return for many helps and words of encouragement I have received through the HOUSEHOLD, but have neglected my duty in leaving it to others more capable, realizing perhaps too forcibly my own inability. But I wish to tell the members of my pleasure on reading Evangeline's defense. She has said for herself just what I wished to say for her when I read the first onslaught on Home Talks, but when I went for my weapon of defense behold! it was rusty from disuse, and I was compelled to leave our wise and faithful sister to fight her own battles, which she has done, and quit the field with flying colors.

I have been my own housekeeper these many years and have grown up daughters, and can say I have been profited greatly in reading those bills of fare taught Hetty. I shall preserve them carefully for future reference.

I wish to say to A. L. L., if she loses her dishcloth I will lend her mine; it always goes into the dishwasher clean, but is too convenient to "have around" to be devoted to the exclusive use of dish washing, and is utilized in more ways than one. I join the chorus "All hail the dish-cloth."

I wish to inquire when and by whom was the C. L. S. C. instituted, the expense of joining, its requirements, etc.

Also, I wish some one would send a tested recipe for raised doughnuts.

SARANAC.

L. M. M.

If women would but take pains to have their work table, wash bench, mending board, etc., at the right height to permit them to work without bending the back so painfully, they would find their work much easier. It is the constrained, unnatural position that tires. If each member of the family has her appointed tasks, she can suit the conveniences to herself in a measure at least.

A CAUTION.

A recipe for "angels' food," which requires the whites of eleven eggs; one and a half cups of sugar; one cup of flour; a teaspoonful of vanilla; and a *teaspoonful of cream tartar* has appeared in several of our exchanges, and was recently tested by a friend of mine in this city. The cake came out of the oven looking "just beautiful," as white almost as snow, fine-grained and light. But no one could eat it. To the palate it was unutterably vile; even the sparrows and the dogs in the alley, where a part was thrown out, would not touch it. The cream tartar had spoiled it, though the maker reduced the quantity somewhat, fearing to use as much as the recipe called for. People should be careful about publishing recipes they knew nothing about, for such an experiment entails loss of materials and time. This cake was designed for a "company tea," and but for the desire to "nibble a bit" which led her to cut off and taste the end of the loaf, my friend would have been mortified by serving with her ice-cream a cake of which not one of her guests could have managed to swallow a mouthful without a great effort, and which would have spoiled the whole entertainment for her.

BEATRIX.

Contributed Recipes.

PORK CAKE.—One pound fat pork chopped fine, pour over it one pint boiling water; then take a teacupful of molasses, put into it one teaspoonful soda, add this to the pork with two cups sugar. I use one small bowlful raisins, one of dried apples cut fine, soaked over night and cook down in molasses until they are clear like preserves. Spice to taste; flour to make quite stiff. This makes two cakes.

[We give the above recipe exactly according to "copy," but raise our editorial eyebrows interrogatively at the omission of eggs, water or milk. Seems as if it would make a rather solid aggregation of sweetness and richness. How is it, Tab. B.?—Ed.]

MUSTARD CREAM.—One cup cream; two tablespoonfuls sugar; one teaspoonful salt; two tablespoonfuls mustard. Boil until thoroughly cooked. This will keep until eaten up; it never lasts very long.

TAB. B.

BATTLE CREEK.

PORK CAKE.—Half pound pork (either salt or fresh); half pound raisins; two and a half cups brown sugar; one and a half cups of hot water; four and a half cups flour; one teaspoonful each of soda, allspice, cinnamon, and one nutmeg. Chop the pork very fine. This quantity will fill three long cake tins and the cake will keep a long time.

AUNT LUCINDA.

RILEY CENTRE.

WHAT is it that walks with its head downwards? A nail in a shoe.

FRESH FLOWER SEEDS.

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