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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

A WOMAN'S COMPLAINT.

I know that deep within your heart of hearts
You hold me shrined apart from common things,
And that my step, my voice, can bring to you
A gladness that no other presence brings.
And yet, dear love, through all the weary days
You never speak one word of tenderness,
Nor stroke my hair, nor softly clasp my hand
Within your own in loving, mute caress.
You think, perhaps, I should be all content
To know so well the loving place I hold
Within your life, and so you do not dream
How much I long to hear the story told.
You can not know, when we two sit alone,
And tranquil thoughts within your mind are stirred,
My heart is crying like a tired child
For one fond look, one gentle, loving word.
It may be when your eyes look into mine
You only say, "How dear she is to me!"
Oh, could I read it in your softened glance,
How radiant this plain old world would be!
Perhaps, sometimes, you breathe a secret prayer
That choicest blessings unto me be given;
But if you said aloud, "God bless thee, dear!"
I should not ask a greater boon from heaven.
I weary sometimes of the rugged way;
But should you say, "Through thee my life is sweet,"
The dreariest desert that our path could cross
Would suddenly grow green beneath my feet.
'Tis not the boundless waters ocean holds
That give refreshment to the thirsty flowers,
But just the drops that, rising to the skies,
From thence descend in softly falling showers.
What matter that our granaries are filled
With all the richest harvest's golden stores,
If we who own them can not enter in,
But famished stand below the close-barred doors?
And so 'tis sad that those who should be rich
In that true love which crowns our earthly lot,
Go praying with white lips from day to day
For love's sweet tokens, and receive them not.
—The Advance.

THE STRUGGLE OF LIFE.

Somebody has said that a large proportion of the mistakes, errors, and even the sins of the world, are due to false relations in life, rather than to inherent depravity. Certainly a great share of the misery in the world can be traced to the struggle between what is, and what should be.

To harmonize soul and surroundings is the problem which we must all solve if we would impress upon our environments the stamp of our own natures, as we advance in mental and spiritual growth; but as to every action there is ever opposed an equal reaction, so every such effort is combated by the reaction of circumstances upon the spirit,

keeping down and blotting out. This is the real struggle of life, this fight of what we are with what we would be. To some of us it is a blind, half-conscious struggle, a futile rebellion against something—we hardly know what—in our lives that we would change if we could; others accept with resignation and bear with pathetic patience; while others grow desperate and strike blindly at what they call Fate and Circumstance, passionately longing for a harmony which alone can bring them peace and tranquility. These, like George Eliot's "Amgart,"

"Cannot bear to think what life would be,
With high hopes shrunk to endurance,
stunted aims,
A self sunk down to look with level eyes
On low achievements."

And yet it is these "low achievements" which go a long way toward the comfort of even the most discontented. Suffering and sacrifice are not normal conditions of our lives, happiness is simply the secret of bringing outer life into accord with inner thought, it may mean little, it may mean much, but is really only the lasting harmony between our inclinations and our objects, without which our lives are discordant, incomplete failures.

It has been often asked whether in the Hereafter we shall not find ourselves able to do the things we long to do here and cannot. Of this we only know that

"Far out of sight, while sorrows still enfold us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide;
And of its bliss is naught more wondrous told
us
Than these few words,—'We shall be satisfied.'"

Few of us, though conscious of our own unsatisfied longings, are aware of the widespread unrest which comes of inability to bring our two natures into harmonious sympathy, to adopt our personality to the lives we must lead. There is an "irrepressible conflict" to be fought by the woman of intellect and education who assumes the responsibilities of marriage, with the housekeeping and homekeeping duties which accompany it. None can appreciate more keenly all the charms and graces of domestic life, in which means are steadfastly kept out of sight, and results alone observable, but none are more impatient of the "belittling cares" which bend the back, roughen the fingers, and try the soul. A well regulated home is not gained without constant care and supervision on the part of its mistress; its manifold duties absorb her, and she endures a spiritual semi-starvation in giving up herself to the material necessities which are, after all, essential to the completeness of the nobler growth. Shall she devote herself to the

domestic, and sink below the level of her former life, the state which won to her side the whom she is bound to regard before all others, even herself? Or shall she wax mentally strong at the expense of those duties which fall to her share as wife and housekeeper? "The level we strike in the soul that touches us most nearly, is almost sure to be the high water mark of our own," and if the wife is to go hand in hand with the husband, she must be sure that the flood tide of her intellectual life reaches up and mingles with his. Doubly blessed among women is she who can feed both body and brain, who can manage to supply material needs, and yet never lose sight of her ideal, far, far above her present level though it be.

Nature never gives to a living thing capacities not practically meant for its benefit and use, and there is an everlasting obligation upon us to realize all we can out of our lives; and the opportunities of which life is full, which we fail to reach through self denial and sacrifice, are the ones which wait for us, or to which our lives tend, almost without our own volition. The life that misses its chances through indulgence or selfishness or which ignores its responsibilities, cannot be a happy one, for it is imperative to keep in view the truth that no end that is shut in self can bring content to a human soul. Paradoxical as it may seem, we must find our greatest happiness in renouncing it for the happiness of another. To a soul at war with itself, an unselfish love is the only hope. BEATRIX.

PERSONAL BEAUTY.

Our queen B— asks me to write that chapter mentioned in a former paper, on the care a woman should take of her beauty. My idea was the cultivation of her beauty, to make herself more beautiful as the years go by. Young people do not see much beauty in old age. They have yet to learn that it is possible to be beautiful at fifty, and later.

Several times within the last two months I have met these words: "The most beautiful thing God ever made was woman." Thinking of this I often amuse myself when in a crowd, studying the plainest faces to find the beauty in them. Let some one they love say or do something that pleases them very much, how the eyes will brighten and smile, in fact every feature of the face is perfectly transfigured. Many people who are the reverse of beautiful to us at first, when we become acquainted with them we pronounce this one charming, that one so

good, another one so very interesting, and so on through the catalogue.

Now what makes this one interesting, the other one charming etc? People are interesting and charming as they have intelligence and politeness, accompanied with tact. Tact is necessary in all departments and places of life, and we succeed according as we have much or little of that valuable acquisition; these things can be acquired by earnest, thoughtful study.

I tell my young lady friends that to grow beautiful as they grow old, they must cultivate and entertain only pure, beautiful thoughts; the mind, stored with good and pure knowledge, will refine the features, and show as plainly through the face as the wares of the merchant through the shop windows. This refining of the features is much more easily and perfectly done in youth than in later years; it is much harder to eradicate coarseness from mind and manners, if they have been indulged until the years of maturity.

Every woman should take care of her health for looks' sake, as well as comfort. To be handsome or healthy she must keep her skin clean, and for beauty soft, and protect it from sun, wind and dust as much as possible, by gloves on the hands and sun-bonnet on the head. While doing her work the sunbonnet is much to be preferred to a sweeping cap or sun-hat; as it protects the neck and ears besides being a better protection to the face, and is just as useful in winter as summer. The neck should be carefully cared for, nothing harsh or rough should be allowed to touch the skin of the neck, irritation of the skin makes it grow thick and rough, and in time brown; a beautiful neck is just as desirable as beautiful hands. After the skin is thoroughly spoiled I think nothing can undo the mischief; here, mothers, be wise for your daughters.

Those who have a greasy skin will find a little ammonia in the wash water is better than soap, and before the skin is dry (not moist but soft) rub over with a little powder, magnesia or prepared chalk is good, then wipe off with a dry towel. Ammonia is also good for washing the arm-pits or feet, it will destroy odor more effectually than soap. For those whose skin chaps or burns, when ready to retire, wash the face and into the wet hand turn a few drops of glycerine and rub the face thoroughly. Those with good skin need no cosmetic but clean soft water.

A free use of lemons in the spring is very beneficial to the complexion; they act on the liver, and so carry off impurities. Perhaps it would be in order here to say to those whose complexion is very sensitive to the state of the liver, I know of nothing as good as extract of dandelion. Get four ounces at the druggist's, have them put in one teaspoonful of wintergreen essence, take one teaspoonful three times a day before eating; the last thing at night and the first in the morning drink a glass of lemonade, use one half of a lemon for one glass; while using these remedies eat light, especially suppers. I think it is the quantity more than the quality of food that causes liver troubles and dyspepsia. These conditions of the system injure the complexion. We

must keep the complexion clear for beauty's sake.

The mouth beyond all the other features combined expresses the character of its owner—how needful then to cultivate the character we wish to be thought to possess. Keep the teeth clean, the more uneven or imperfect the nicer the care to be given them; keep the lips closed. If the voice is harsh or coarse or shrill, go away by yourself and practice tones until you can strike one that is pleasant, then adopt it; use it until it is yours without care or thought.

The hair must have good care. Study the face the hair is to adorn and arrange it as is most becoming to that face; one style of dressing the hair is not becoming to all faces.

Of the care of the hands I will say but little. First keep the hands as clean and soft as the nature of the work performed by them will admit, this can be done much more easily than some think. Before retiring wash the hands with soap and soft water, wipe just so they will not drip, turn four or five drops of glycerine into one hand, then rub the hands thoroughly all over, particularly the finger nails; put on an old pair of kid gloves; in the morning they will please you, you will feel fully paid for the trouble. Many people use glycerine on the dry skin and are disappointed in its effects. To get the best effect the skin needs to be clean and soft with moisture, but remember such hands tan in the sun and wind easier than if left dry and tough.

Put on an old pair of gloves to bring in wood and water, or perform any out of door work; with the ends of the fingers cut off one can work as dexterously as with bare hands. Pray do not bite the nails nor trim them down to the quick with the scissors; it spoils the shape of the ends of the fingers, and destroys an ornamental appendage, a little of white beyond the pink adds much to the beauty of the hand; do not use the hands so hard as to weaken the joints, for rheumatism is sure to take up its abode there and enlarge and twist them out of symmetry.

Keep the feet dressed cleanly and whole; leave thin soles and high heels (if you must have them) for dress up. Tight boots with high heels make corns and bunions; painful feet cause an ungraceful gait. To make a beautiful appearance on the street or crossing a parlor, or kitchen, it is essential that a woman have a graceful gait or walk. Many women have a very uncouth movement when walking; I say to myself if they could only "see themselves as others see them." In cultivating beauty do not forget to cultivate a graceful movement.

There is one thing more that needs care and thought, it is the garments worn. The old adage "fine feathers make fine birds" is largely true. A well dressed woman is a good looking one; the most expensively dressed is not always the best dressed. To be well dressed the principal features are fit, design and harmony; a suit of twenty-cent broadhead goods, perfect fitting and artistic in design, is so much more genteel looking than a cashmere put together by a large share of home talent. Many women can make a calico or gingham so it looks

neat and genteel. Do not dress without the corset; have it as loose as you like but have it on, and also a small bustle with your calico dress. Every woman should care to look as well as she can before those she loves best and who love her best. A little extra trouble will be amply repaid in the pride the son shows when his mother is seen coming, or the husband shows in presenting his wife to an old acquaintance who just stopped as he was passing. Some say, "I do not care how I look when about my work." I notice they are just as ready to run if they hear a knock, or make excuses, as they were to assert they did not care.

All of us no doubt have been told by our mothers, "in the years that are gone by," "She handsome is who handsome does." Let us cultivate a fine mind and love to our neighbor, and an unselfish spirit in the family circle. Thomas a Kempis says: "Know that the love of thyself doth hurt thee more than anything in the world;" also, "If we seek our own pleasure we shall never be quiet or free from care; in everything something will be wanting; in every place there will be something that will cross thee." Let us remember that time is not lost spent in making ourselves beautiful in mind, manners and person.

ALBION.

M. E. HENRY.

OUR DEAD.

"Peacefully lay them down to rest,
Pile the turf lightly, over their breast;
Flowers of the wildwood, your odors shed;
Over the holy, beautiful dead:
Peacefully sleep, peacefully sleep,
Sleep till that morning, peacefully sleep."

In a measure we are all independent people; that is, we can believe what we please, we can accept a theory or reject it. While fashion and custom are criterions for nearly everything, we are not obliged to follow them any farther than we choose—there is no compulsion about the matter. Good sense and judgment will help us care for our dead, as they enable us to care for our living. City customs and country customs are vastly different; while in the former place one's next door neighbor might sicken, die and be made ready for burial and no one know it until the hearse drove up for the body—invitations be issued for the funeral, etc—in the country this would be considered a strange procedure. I should think I lived among heathen if one of my dear ones was sick, died, and was buried and no one darkened the door. I should be in favor of home missionaries right off. I should not like strangers to come out of curiosity, or to make remarks, but I should like to feel that in the length and breadth of the community in which I had always lived some one thought enough of me and mine to come, in this the time of my affliction. If there is ever a time when we wish companionship, ever a time when sympathy is as grateful and helpful as dew to the thirsty plant, the gentle shower to dying vegetation, it is when we see the tie severed that binds us to loved ones. Everything seems drifting away from us, and God and heaven a great way off. That, that is nearest us, we are most apt to cling to. It is no time for idle words, or for bewailings and moanings. I have felt the most sympathy from people who never spoke a word to me,

but their silence and presence were most helpful.

As far as I am concerned I am not in favor of remarks and opinions expressed at this time, or any other in fact. If I can go to a friend's house when they are in trouble and distress and be of assistance, I will go. I never improve that opportunity to explore cupboards and bedrooms for the purpose of satisfying my curiosity in regard to housekeeping qualities, and then pass my opinion through the neighborhood. This shows a mean, low nature; and I should be sorry to think that such a woman existed, much less be that personage myself.

In regard to wearing black and draping crape over everything, that is a matter of choice. I have read that Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher wore her usual clothing, and that roses were tied on the door knob instead of crape. Why is not this a better custom? Why should we throw a gloom over everybody with our black garments; the clothing is no symbol of the feeling. If I wore black I would keep out of ball rooms and festive gatherings. I have seen widows resplendent in jet and crape, bombazine and heavy lustreless silk, with watches and mink furs covered with crape, the gayest of the gay; certainly their dress did not express their feelings. Widowers with broad crape bands on their hats, and a melancholy droop of the eyelids—enough to be interesting, mind—but taking enough interest in things earthly to be mentally speculating which of their lady acquaintances would make the best housekeeper and mother to their babes. There is an eternal fitness to everything, but things work at cross-proposes sometimes. The best way in this earthly race is to join in the "free for all" class, then we can do as we see best, we can go fast or slow or just jog along; nothing much is expected of us, and we can astonish others with our "gait." I sincerely wish there was more charity in the human heart; more of the Golden Rule in our every day lives; more of the natural and less of the artificial about us. If a feeling of thankfulness fills our hearts when some friend leaves us for that long rest, if we feel that the grave bridges over a great chasm in our lives, blots out a great mistake, why add one more sin to our already over-burdened soul by shedding a hypocritical tear or by appeals for sympathy? There is One who looks upon the heart. We can deceive the public but our God knows us as we are. Let our lives show how we feel. Don't wear a garb that strangers will know you have met with affliction, but your Heavenly Father knows is deceiving—within the fairest rose there sometimes lies concealed an ugly worm.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

CARE OF DAHLIAS AND ROSES.

Every year with my orders for dahlias, comes the question, "How shall I save my dahlia tubers?" Much depends upon the condition they are in when lifted in autumn, as some seasons a drouth retards growth, and when rains begin later a more vigorous growth follows, so when frosts put a veto on further proceedings the tubers are in an unripe condition, and unless managed care-

fully are pretty sure to decay; whereas a steadily continued growth produces sound, well ripened roots. After the frost has seared the foliage and blooming ceased, lift the tubers and leave them on the ground, covering when the nights are very cold. Turn them over, letting all the moisture possible evaporate; always handling carefully, as all bulbs, corms and tubers should be treated; and cut away the tops, leaving eight or ten inches of stalk to each. Two or four of these clumps may be tied together and hung in the cellar. Every variety should be labeled, as it is well to know each particular color for convenience in arranging them when planting in spring.

There are some who object to placing tea roses in the cellar for winter, but after blooming all through the mild and warm months, it is the better way. Give no water unless the bark shrivels and then sparingly; re-pot in good fibrous soil when wanted for blooming again, and give at each monthly renewal of bloom libations of liquid fertilizers. Roses quickly appropriate a generous quantity of nourishment and repay us well for extras in their bill of fare. Always cut back the blossom stem, as soon as the flower fades, down to the bud below; and spray the plants often, as the red spider is apt to molest them. All other enemies of the rose are readily destroyed with pyrethrum or white hellebore. In a moderately warm room and moist atmosphere there is little trouble in having roses through the winter; but with hot, dry and dusty quarters it is next to impossible.

Cactus plants must rest just after their blossoming season has closed. Some are for winter exhibition, others for spring and summer, and are treated accordingly.

In reply to the question whether tulips and gladiolus can be raised from seed I would say that they can, and new varieties are thus secured. The small corms that grow so plentifully beneath the gladiolus will produce only duplicates of the old ones, but the seeds from the flower pods are likely to bring us something new; and the same is true of the bulblets of tulips and the seed from the flowers.

No fuchsia has ever excelled the *Speciosa* for winter blooming. I think much depends on the management of geraniums for success in producing flowers from them, but the varieties offered as winter bloomers by Vick and other "old reliables" in floriculture will undoubtedly prove true.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

FENTON.

A PROTEST.

I have read with interest the different opinions of Evangeline's "Talks," and have wondered why one view of the case has not been touched upon. Some have said that a girl should devote years to learning to keep house, others that a few months are sufficient, but all have seemed to agree that it is the common fate of woman to manage a household. No one has suggested that she need never learn. And yet why should she? No man is expected to have knowledge of every branch of industry. Why should every woman learn to be a housekeeper any more than every man to be a farmer? Few would care to employ a

doctor who was at the same time a lawyer. In fact, it is generally conceded that a man who has a smattering of knowledge concerning many things, is skillful at none of them. Yet a woman is put down as a disgrace to her sex if she cannot make good bread, although she may be capable of doing many things at which the good bread-maker would fail ignominiously.

So much is written about daughters who allow their mothers to work in the kitchen while they spend their time in frivolous pursuits—higher mathematics and music for instance. But did any one ever notice that these critics are always outsiders who cannot possibly know the real facts of the case? The girl may be working quite as hard, and even harder, as if she helped her mother wash, iron and bake. By the mathematical problems and similar tasks she may fit her self for a position commanding a high salary, and can hire a girl who will help her mother more than she herself could possibly have done, even if she had devoted her whole time to the study of cakes and pies. Not that one occupation is more honorable than the other. Only there is plenty of room in the world for all professions, and it is a conundrum why a woman should be expected to mix up housekeeping with everything else which she undertakes.

PORT HURON.

E. C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A "Constant Reader" writes to know what she shall buy instead of carpet for her dining-room floor, the carpet being out of reach at present. Chinese matting, yard wide, at 45, 50 and 55 cents per yard, would answer nicely and be cool and dainty-looking, better than the painted floor she has considered a dernier resort. It is more appropriate for bedrooms, but, except it might get worn by the pushing back of chairs from the table, would do well in a dining-room. Or the floor might be painted around the margin, and an art square spread in the centre. What's an art square? Something to protect the carpet, a substantial sort of crumeloth, two ply ingrain, woven in one piece with border and centre, and in two colors, as green and brown, garnet and old gold, etc. Price, from \$7.50, the cheapest, to \$12, according to size, the rates being one dollar per square yard. J. H. Black & Co., Woodward Ave., keep a good line of both mattings and art squares.

"Nelly Bly" would reconstruct her black silk in the Empire style described in these columns a couple of weeks ago, if she knew the price of the lace to be used. The figured piece net begins at \$1.50 and ranges up to \$5; it is 1½ to two yards wide. The lace flouncings have a scalloped edge and would not need the ribbon decoration described; they are 42 inches wide, and worth \$2.50 to \$10; \$3.50 would purchase a sufficiently excellent quality. In buying any such goods, it is best to choose a medium grade, not the cheapest, nor yet the very finest. These lace dresses are very stylish and handsome, and universally becoming.

"What is the difference between French and American satteen?" asks a reader, who says she has only seen the latter quality. Well, you ought just to see the two together!

The American is much coarser, heavier, more sleazy, and the dyes are not fast. We see them marked eight and a half cents in great piles at the merchants' doors, from that price up to ten cents and a shilling, the latter really the only grade worth buying. The French satteens are imported, it is alleged; they have a fine, close twill, even, silky in appearance, often being mistaken for summer silks, yard wide and fast in dyes. Thirty-five cents buys the very best; there is also a grade that sells at 25 cents which is pretty good.

"What sort of gloves are to be worn with silk and lace dresses; and are mitts fashionable." Buy the fine silk gloves to wear with such costumes; they are quite expensive, being worth from \$1 to \$1.25 per pair, and are not very durable; they will not endure hard wear. Mitts are less popular, though still carried in stock by our merchants.

Black hosiery holds its own, though ladies do not hesitate to purchase and wear more delicate shades, especially during hot weather; when the black stockings will crock, despite the asseverations of the salesmen. The black goods are now almost universally woven with the bottoms white to obviate crocking.

"PUT ON MORE COAL."

The doctors are finding out a great many things nowadays, concerning the effects of externals and surroundings upon the physical condition and well-being of humanity. It has been a popular fallacy that a warm house must be unhealthy, and that perfect hygiene demands cool rooms, and a low temperature. The apostles of latter day knowledge tell us, however, that our houses ought to be warm enough so that there is no sensation of chill. Warm rooms are essential to health and beauty. Cold rooms send the blood inward, leaving the skin blue and pinched. The extra clothing worn to keep up the heat of the blood is injurious, dragging down the body with undue weight, and exhausting vitality.

It is a mistaken economy to scrimp in fuel and keep everybody uncomfortable; moreover, the changes in temperature bring on rheumatism, neuralgia and kindred diseases. The constant heat should be sufficient to keep the blood warm at its normal temperature. Think how many colds are due to going into an unwarmed parlor to entertain chance callers, because the sitting room was a little out of order, or the parlor is better furnished! The guest, in her out door wrappings, is fairly comfortable; at least she is not shivering like the poor victim who vainly tries to be cordial with her teeth chattering and the life blood turning to seeming ice in her veins. Better "put your pride in your pocket" and the company in an untidy room than thus interfere with the circulation of the vital fluid.

The cold weather of the present month should be a lesson to those who clean house early not to banish stoves in April. In our uncertain climate, fires are an absolute necessity until the middle of May, often till the first of June. It is imprudent, a rash invitation to colds and all their consequences, to take down the stoves before

settled warm weather. Nor is it best to take down the "good friend," the coal stove, and replace it by the less reliable wood stove, until that time. A wood fire blazes up and goes out unless tended; a coal fire can be kept low and furnish a steady heat. A grate in a house is a comfort, but not to be depended on to warm a room on a cold day; it takes the chill off the air and brightens and dispels the dampness and chill of a rainy day in summer. Where there are no grates, a wood stove ought to be left up during the summer, especially where there are babies or young children, and old people, and a fire built in damp weather to dry the air and promote its circulation.

"Heat is life; cold is death," says an old saw. Remember this, and keep your rooms comfortable. Do not, above all things, attempt to "harden" delicate children by exposing them to cold, or insisting they shall sleep in cold rooms. If the air is very chill, the little ones are apt to sleep with the bedclothing drawn over their heads, a most unhealthful, debilitating practice, but one which shows their instinctive protest against the conditions you enforce upon them.

DETROIT.

L. C.

ABOUT CAKE-MAKING.

"Dorothy," in the *Country Gentleman*, says:

"There are various light cakes, made with soda or baking powder, which when eaten quite fresh have a very pleasant texture, and combine with jelly, chocolate, cocoanut, made cream or fruit, to form a toothsome compound, preferred by some to the standard fine cakes of the pastry cook. But these finer cakes have the merit of keeping much better, so that there is both economy and convenience in making them where a fine cake is required, though the amount actually consumed is small; beside, to the cultivated and exacting palate, these are the cakes demanded as strictly first-class.

"Fine cakes are cheaper, and one may almost say better, on the farm than anywhere else, because butter and eggs, abundant in quantity and above suspicion in quality, are the first essentials. In all cakes approaching pound cake in texture (and pound cake is one of the good old standard kinds which will never go out of fashion), there are two important rules to be observed: One is that the paste or batter must be made quite stiff—much stiffer than the light soda cakes, in which the proportion of butter is small, and the other is that great care must be exercised in baking. A slow oven spoils a plain cake; a quick oven spoils a rich cake. A rich cake requires to be baked slowly and for a long time, and it is usually best to cover the pan with a piece of card-board for a part of the time. When taken from the oven it should be set down gently, and left to cool in the pan in which it was baked.

"The objectionable 'strong' flavor sometimes noticed in pound cake is invariably from an inferior quality of butter or stale eggs being used, or else from carelessness in regard to the pan in which it is baked, which must always be well greased with perfectly

sweet fat or oil, and lined with paper. The best butter is quite as essential for making pound cake as for eating on fresh biscuit. More than that, it must be like the real gilt-edged article in being lightly salted. Salt butter should be washed freely in cold water to free it from the excess of salt."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

AN exchange says: After being caught in a rain or snowstorm with a felt hat and it is wet, on coming inside do not put it to dry without brushing. With the brush begin at the rim and go round and round, always the one way, brushing very hard, until the crown is reached, brushing this in the same way until you finish in the centre the top of the crown; then put it away to dry, and when wanted it will look almost as good as new. Never put a felt hat away while wet without brushing, or it will be spotted when dry. Men's stiff hats may be kept looking nice if treated in this way after being out in a storm.

HOMEMADE Brussels rugs, manufactured out of old carpets or remnants of new from the carpet stores, will sometimes curl on the floor, and refuse to lie smooth. To remedy this it is necessary to shrink them. Tack them firmly to a bare floor, face down, and sponge the wrong side with water. They will dry over night, and when dry will stay where they are put.

Useful Recipes.

BAKED PIE-PLANT.—Remove the thin skin, cut in inch lengths, put into a granite or earthen pudding dish, add a generous quantity of sugar and bake slowly till clear. Stir once carefully that all may cook alike.

STRAWBERRY PRESERVES.—Take perfectly ripe, sound, solid berries picked on a dry day, assort them, taking only the largest to preserve. Allow pound for pound of sugar and fruit. Put the berries and sugar together in layers in a large earthen dish and let stand over night. Next day put the whole, very gently, into a preserving pan and bring slowly to a boil. Shake the pan slightly from time to time, and pass a wooden spoon round about the outer edge, to prevent the fruit sticking or burning, but do not stir the berries. Remove any scum that may rise to the surface, and continue to boil, very gently, for twenty minutes. Pour off the juice, put the berries into cans, filling them about two-thirds full, return the juice to the pan and boil slowly till a little will jelly on a cool plate, then fill up the cans and seal.

THE new "Jewel" sewing-machine furnished by the FARMER has the "high arm" which so many ladies prefer, and is in all respects a first class machine, which will do all grades of work, from heavy cloth to fine cambric. It is handsomely finished, with folding leaf, or table, and six drawers. A full set of attachments is furnished with it, quilter, binder, etc., and also attachments by which a ruffle may be sewed to a band and the band edgestitched at one operation, and also a ruffle sewed to a band, the band edgestitched and a piping put in. Every machine is guaranteed to be as represented. A "Jewel" machine may be seen at the FARMER office.