

MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, AUGUST 4, 1888.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

ONLY A LITTLE LOCK OF HAIR.

Only a little lock of hair,
Deftly twisted, or woven with care,
Cut from the brow of a laughing child,
A winsome maiden, or matron mild;

From an eager youth or man in his prime,
Or sparse locks silvered by the hand of Time:
Tenderly, wistfully, we turn them o'er
And dream of the wearers in days of yore.

A true for the nonce with old Father Time,
While we gather our friends from many a clime,
We see one by one each familiar face,
The remembered smile, or peculiar grace.

With startling clearness memory brings
Our loved ones back to us, a thousand things
Recall the days of "Auld Lang Syne,"
Those delightful days of the olden time.

We never thought of the long years to come
After they should be gone to their heavenly home,
And we take up our life work, striving indeed
To forget. Do we ever succeed?

Only a little lock of hair,
Deftly twisted, or woven with care,
Yet my very soul cries out in vain—
In vain,—while my tears fall like summer rain

For the clasp of a hand, the glance of an eye,
The old content when our loved ones were nigh,
From the happy past, and my loved ones there,
I have only left these tresses of hair.

U. V. P.

MARTYRS.

I have been thinking much lately of the noble army of martyrs. I hardly know why this subject has impressed me, unless it be that as a farmer's wife I am "one of them." Perhaps I am wrong in thus designating the class, but I am forced to the conclusion by so many long laments, such iterated and reiterated complaints, and the gushing sympathy displayed over their lamentable sufferings and tribulations. There is no doubt that the average human can bear a short, severe strain, pain or annoyance better than the petty, nagging, ever recurring worries that can be felt but scarcely described. The constant irritation keeps the sore chafed and inflamed, constant worry unsettles the mental balance, and nervous irritation sets every thing at cross purposes. Hence the "shocking depravity of inanimate things" shown upon days when we have alighted on the "wrong side of the bed" on arising. How often you see a woman with her head tilted to one side, her face drawn into a woe-begone aspect, forehead in a scowl, eyes misty, mouth compressed, lips trembling, her form bent forward, step weak and vacillating, every motion an "I must but oh how hard it is" act—and we have called such an one a "martyr."

I have read of the early Christians, who suffered torture in the most varied and

fiendish forms fanatic cruelty could invent, who lay in dungeons deprived of everything to make life tolerable, who yielded up life after every other device was exhausted to cause physical and mental suffering, and to me has come the conclusion that it was not the terrible pain suffered, the agony of torture endured, the long, long strain of mental and physical suffering borne in the cheerless prison house, the excruciating anguish of the rack, or the torment of death at the stake that made them martyrs. It was the uncomplaining fortitude, the firm unblenching faith, the high firm endurance, the resolute courage, the unyielding stoicism with which they bore all, that gave them the crown.

There may be more martyrs than we know. It is not the complaining ones always who deserve most encouragement and sympathy, nor in fact are they the ones who always get it. The world, or the people in it, are not heartless, but it is an ever-changing progressive world, and people tire of long continued, ever-present complainings. But the world's admiration for silent suffering, courage under adversity, plucky persistence in disheartening surroundings, is deep, profound and enduring. The wife who performs her tasks with an aching head but cheerful face and stout heart, will not less receive the sympathy and help of her husband, than she who overwhelms him with a voluble account of how "bad she feels." The mother who controls her nerves will have much less of irritation to control in her little ones, who are quick to discover and intuitively resent any want of patience in the mother. If mothers would make this a study and see how quickly their actions for good or ill are mirrored or reproduced in their little ones, it would give them lessons and help in self-control in very self-interest.

It seems that many a time it is the husband, nagged to death by the ceaseless worry of complaints, or the children, constantly repressed, stunned with a constant repetition of "don't's," who are the real martyrs. Women from their natures are more likely to fall into this habit of complaining and fault-finding, the usual adjunct of the first, but it is to their own interest to curb and fetter the proclivity, for most surely in sowing the wind a harvest of whirlwind awaits them. Self-discipline is a virtue that is sure to bring a sweet reward.

Among the complaining martyrs we find the social type, who is made to suffer for all the shortcomings of the community; but you will generally find this martyr made up

in the person of the busybody, who quizzes his friends, pokes his nose into his neighbors' business, retails the current gossip, possibly with additions, gives advice gratuitously, and is deeply wounded when all things do not work together as his wisdom foretold, or his wishes decreed. It is needless to say that there are martyrs many made to suffer where such a person flourishes.

It is with trepidation that I speak of the martyr in politics, who has schemed and planned for political preferment, who has consulted, meditated and considered the ways and means best adapted to that end; who has shaken the hand of the dear people, kissed the dirty-faced children, advised with the wise, cajoled the unwary, bought the mercenary, convinced the vacillating, strengthened the wavering, until all the ropes are pulled with a final round of "settin' 'em up" in the saloons; then to have the other fellow get the coveted plum is surely enough to make a first class martyr of the sufferer. Yet even here the sympathy of the world at large is with the cheerful martyr, and the future aspirations of a defeated candidate who will jocosely reply to a call for a speech in the first throes of his great disappointment, "One by one the martyrs pass before you," are largely in the ascendant as to future realizations over those of a sorehead, who will sulk and show temper under failure. To the brave, the resolute, the uncomplaining, the world will give sympathetic admiration and help; even the "under dog in the fight" will not be left to battle alone if he shows plucky determination, and the man on the down grade will not get kicks from all, if he goes with earnest, if futile endeavors to recover his lost ground.

But to the grumbler, the feeble non-combatant, the grasping dependent, the one who asserts that the world "owes him a living," but who make no effort to collect the bill, this world is a closed oyster, while it will open wide to grim pluck and firm endurance.

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

IN answer to a question by Bess, we would state that total eclipses of the sun are not infrequent, when we consider the immensity of the solar system, though of course not visible in all parts of the country. A total eclipse of the sun, visible in North America, occurred July 28, 1851, and another in August, 1869. Observations made at these dates form the basis of some very important astronomical calculations, as conditions were favorable for careful study of the phenomena.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

KITCHEN CULTURE.

(Concluded.)

And now we come to the country, with its romance of blue sky, green grass, flowering shrubs, music of birds, hum of insects, rippling streams, fresh fruits and vegetables, and here the housewife needs help. With her multitudinous cares and duties, she wants a bright, smart, active girl, with strong nerves and clear head, ready and willing to relieve those cares, assume some of the responsibilities, and give her time to breathe naturally, and regain her lost strength. But where shall we look for her? Mr. Blank has forty acres of land and four grown-up daughters, none of whom will come for love or money. The oldest one does dressmaking; the next one gives music lessons; number three teaches school—when she can get a certificate—and number four is needed at home of course to help her mother, which help usually consists in swinging in the hammock and reading H. Rider Haggard's blood-curdling stories. Here is another family; one girl clerks in a dry goods store, another sews in a shop, another is taking music lessons with the fond hope of being a music teacher some time in the near future. And so it goes; there are type-writers, stenographers, sewing girls, music-teachers, school-teachers, telegraph operators, hundreds of applicants where one is wanted, for everything but housework. The country has no surplus of girls; they leave their homes for the larger towns and cities, they leave good honorable domestic work at home undone, choose some trade or profession that they think at the time will be congenial to their tastes, and remunerative; never stopping to consider if Nature in her bounty has adapted them for that especial work. I contend that to be successful with any work we undertake we must like it. If our task be homely, if we love it, throw our heart and purpose into it, we can find a little beauty and poetry about it, and while at first it may seem purely ideal, purely imaginative, it becomes a reality after a while. While many succeed in the towns and cities, it is equally true that where one succeeds there are ten who fail. Girls who have some ready money, who are well educated, bright and quick, who can readily adapt themselves to whatever they undertake—these girls enter the ranks of "toilers and spinners" from desire rather than necessity—and because of their adaptability they secure places and crowd out their less fortunate sisters. But the city with its bewildering ways is no place for the unsophisticated country girl. This class fills the dusty ranks of the weary work seekers. With crude ideas, no money, no credentials of character, no friends, utterly unfamiliar with city ways, is it a wonder that they resort to anything for a living.

What is the reason that housework is shunned, looked upon as degrading, spoken sneeringly of, in fact is the very last thing a girl will resort to for a living? In the country nearly all the houses are roomy and commodious, well lighted and furnished; on every side the eye rests on beauty, yard, field and grove, the air is pure and sweet. All this beauty of nature

that city people rave so much about and pay such exorbitant sums to enjoy for a few weeks or months, we have free. No girl needs a large experience to secure a place; it requires a willing hand and a desire to learn, and housework in all its details is mastered. We do not want our kitchens invaded by vandals in the shape of ignorant foreigners. If they come to our shores willing to work, healthy and active, they seem in an incredibly short time to sniff in the air the feeling there is against domestic work, and seek employment in factories or salesrooms or something of the kind. But in those large establishments where hundreds of girls are employed as clerks, I do not understand they are employed as companions; they perform certain duties that are apportioned to each and receive a stipulated sum for their service, and if they do not perform their work well they are discharged. Nine-tenths of these girls have little rooms nine by nine, sometimes smaller; eat poor, scanty food, wear cheap clothing, their wages are a mere pittance, there is no money for car tickets, the rain and snow beat on them; often their feet are damp and wet after a walk, those wet shoes are worn all day, there are seeds of disease sown, a hacking cough, an early grave. It is not a question of right or wrong, it is to get the work done; flesh and blood receive no more sympathy than steel and iron.

It is skilled labor that commands the price and the "bread winners" are waking up to the fact. The girl or woman who makes housework and cooking a specialty, who studies it until it is reduced to a science, becomes a cultured woman; she will be in demand, she can command her price. When people pay the money they are very liable to want the worth of it; they do not as a general thing give something for nothing. The woman who combines good sense and good character, who does her work well, uses judgment and discrimination, works for her employer's interest as though it were her own, will receive good wages, good usage and respect. She is filling her place well, putting her talents to the best use she knows how, is working for one object and that is to please, she will make a success and leave some footprints behind her. But on the other hand if she have slack, careless, slatternly habits, destroys and wastes more than her wages come to, cultivates a "don't care" kind of a way, and worries through the season merely for the money she will receive for it, she will never be anything more than she is—a nonentity.

I have always heard that woman's handwriting is an index to her character. Be that as it may there is no better criterion of a woman's housekeeping qualifications than her dishcloth and dish towels. If they are composed of old calico aprons, shirtsleeves or other odd pieces, streaked with pot black, squeezed half dry and thrown up over the dish pan in a wad, we know they have anything but an appetizing appearance or smell, and you can venture the assertion that the dishes and tinware are jumbled into the pantry in a delightfully promiscuous manner; food is cooked and served on the same basis, and she is one of those "happy go lucky" housekeepers who can sit down and

rock in just as pleasant a frame of mind as though the chairs all sat back against the wall in apple pie order. When to have a thorough knowledge of housekeeping is called "enthusiasm," when it is the fad to bake bread, broil steak and infuse coffee, we shall be overrun with applicants. We shall not hear a word of mother bending over the washtub and Angelica fingering the organ. Musical instruments will have that "long, perfect rest" they have so long needed; Kensington, arasene and ribbon work will become things of the past. The silk quilts and drapes will be hung up in the kitchen, for it is not only a duty but a moral obligation to make our surroundings as pleasant as possible. The hand-painted wooden bowls will be used for washing butter, gilded rolling pins will come in play making cookies and pies, but whether the ears of gilded corn will ever consent to come down from their pedestals and be converted into johnny cake, will have to be decided by actual test. It is predicted that the women of the twentieth century will have clear sailing; cooking establishments will be conveniently located, at meal time the housewife will telephone for what food she wants, it will be delivered ready to eat, the dirty dishes with a little help will pack themselves into tubes, and will be sent by pneumatic pressure to an establishment to be cleaned, but as far as anybody knows every man will have to eat for himself, breathe for himself and live for himself, unless patent palpitations shall be invented; then truly we can all join in the chorus

"The good time's come
And the year of jubilee,"

or we can all emigrate to Skitziland, that place Charles Dickens tells us about, where a man was digging a hole in his garden one day, and it seemed all of a sudden that the bottom fell out, and he fell in and landed on top of a stage coach, which was filled with human stomachs on their way to a restaurant to have their hunger appeased. But there was a great drawback to what at the first glance seemed an awfully easy way for the right man got the wrong stomach, sometimes. It was a common occurrence for a diminutive-sized man to get a regular aldermanic stomach. This man entered such a vigorous protest against such procedures that he was put into a cannon—and fired out—but as if "fortune favored the brave," he happened to go right straight up that hole he dug into his own garden and landed under his own vine and fig-tree.

But until that joyful time comes we have got to keep that domestic problem moving. Things are resolving themselves down to quite a fine point now. We have one plank in the prohibition platform; women are willing to stand side by side, if not a neck ahead, with the men and vote. Another shows their willingness to work side by side with the men for equal wages. I sincerely wish we could wedge in another plank, if it wasn't more than a sliver, that should have a principle something like this: Women are willing to work side by side with their own sex, and for good, honest, decent necessary labor, they shall receive good compensation and decent treatment. I think it looks just as well for women to stand by each other as to be always stand

ing by the men. It is not brain against muscle, but brain and muscle. We can buy any amount of labor-saving devices, but we cannot buy brains. There must be a formula—a method—to be any ways successful. It requires a well balanced head to preside over a kitchen; neatness, remembering that "cleanliness is next to godliness;" order, "which is heaven's first law;" discrimination, so that thrift shall not merge into extravagance, prudence into stinginess. The manner of performing work will never be so perfect but what it can be perfected. The standard of work can never be raised only by those who do it. The work we do will never elevate us, but by having an ideal, by improvement we can elevate labor. In the first place we must like our work and be contented with our place, be it ever so lowly; in other words we must harmonize ourselves with our work; far "better to bear those ills we have than to fly to others we know not off." I have heard of women who were fired with zeal to work for the poor heathen, another will take the white cross; or the red cross or the blue cross and ride that hobby to death, another will see her duty in the W. C. T. U. or foreign missions. I have known women to sketch a landscape so true to nature that a hungry lamb would crop at the grass, thinking it was the natural weed. But the woman who will stay in the kitchen one minute longer than she is obliged to will be a twentieth-century wonder.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

A SERMON IN SARDIS.

Theme, "American womanhood." Time, as near the Fourth of July as practicable, as it was to be a sort of jubilee Thanksgiving pulpit production. So said the Rev. Manikin, duly announcing the topic and time, and I dropped in casually to hear, when said time arrived. The promise he fulfilled satisfactorily to himself, no doubt, taking for his text the words "Honor thy father and thy mother," and "He was subject unto her," (St. Luke 2-51,) changing the pronoun "them" to "her" in the last quotation. In his sermon he made the following points. First, "Woman is the heart of the home." Second, "Her chiefest peril lies in her possible devotion to fashionable, or so-called worldly pleasures. Third, "Her safeguards lie entirely within the Christian religion." These points he elaborated in a very circumscribed fashion.

In establishment of the first, after demonstrating conclusively—as any one might—the axiom that woman is the heart of home, he did the "smile and sunshine," the "scarf and ribbon," the "something for the stomach" and the "woman's prayers" acts in good shape, and finished by saying that in the Divine plan there is neither inferior nor superior. Neither is there a race of men and another race of women, but one race of men and women; different in organization, adaptability and use, equal in honor, due and inherent.

He then demonstrated the statement that "Her greatest danger lies in her possible devotion to fashionable pleasures," by a stereotyped rehearsal of the effects of a prolonged participation in the rounds of society life in fashion's and folly's tread-

mill, upon the physical nature of woman only, thus robbing herself of the physical force necessary to the proper rendering of her part in the four acts already set forth, as also in that of motherhood. There is no need to tell the mothers, grandmothers and maiden ladies these things. They know them, but the girls, girls in their teens, are the ones who need instruction, and the mother who for the sake of society neglects this duty toward her growing girls does a great wrong to them; summing up this point's support by a general denunciation of woman everywhere outside the "sphere" of home.

He then proceeded to show to his hearers that in his opinion "Her only safeguard is in the Christian religion."

And it became evident as the reverend gentleman proceeded that he was afflicted with motherhood on the brain, for this idea, like a thread through a string of beads, bound all he said together. Mary the mother of Jesus was the only historical woman cited as worthy of emulation by "the girls;" others were cited but only to be tossed aside as utterly insignificant and unworthy in comparison with "The one woman whom millions of men have worshipped for ages—worshipped because she was a good mother! Girls must not suppose they will find amongst men admiration save for the qualities of meekness, obedience and purity. Let men hedge up their way by every possible evil device, lay pitfalls and snares in their way, place every weight of injustice and abuse upon them, and those who can stand the storm and come out at last as meek, obedient and pure as the mother of Jesus, will have as a reward the worship of men!" And hoping he had made the points of "danger" and "safeguard" plain to the understanding of his hearers, the reverend gentleman proceeded to the "benediction."

And this then is in substance what a clergyman of the orthodox religion calls a Fourth of July, Thanksgiving sermon on the subject of American womanhood. I am a stranger to the city and its thought and mind, but I could but wonder if the pastor spoke the sentiment of his charge. Not one word for the ennobling work that the spirit of Liberty speaking through a free press and from a free rostrum in a free nation, have done toward lifting woman—the womanhood of our own America, into a plane of thought and action, of education and of moral, religious and social sentiment whose orbit is not bounded by the "worship" of men, and which does not gravitate solely to the law of their abuse or favoritism. Why, so far as this goes there is more "American womanhood" in the three lines of this old toast given at a Fourth of July celebration in Boston eighty-one years ago, than there is in folios of such sermons as the foregoing: "The solace of human life—the virtuous fair. May their hearts be consoled by Federal husbands, and their cradles filled with the sons of free men," for herein we catch the clear sound that rings from the pure metal of honor, affection and patriotism. Not one word for the long line of noble women who so thickly gem the pages of our national life, each glowing the cen-

tral star in a constellation of deeds and endeavors in behalf of the upbuilding of God's truth and right and righteousness; for the elevation and liberation of her own sex from and above the "fashionable pleasures" and all their dwarfing thralldom, not to the body only, but to the mind, the heart, the soul as well. Not one word for all this magnificent array of American womanhood and its work which, being so well begun, must and will go on forever despite any parson's protest.

This individual parson seems to have forgotten for the time being at least that for girls in their teens—in this nineteenth century—to emulate the Virgin Mary in the matter of motherhood is every known case a most signal failure. A great many have tried the story as an exponent of their maternal dilemma, but people have grown incredulous and matter of fact. No one believes them, and if men worship them in consequence the world is ignorant of the fact.

A STRANGER.

AN EDITORIAL ENDORSEMENT.

El See's letter in this issue expresses what the HOUSEHOLD Editor has often felt to be true, that we are sometimes too didactic in style, and try too hard to be "fine writers" to be really helpful and earnest. When we ask ourselves "Whose letters do we like best?" we acknowledge them to be those which are simple, plain and practical, and *not too long*. Short articles are always read with more interest than long ones—you will find this true in your own case if you reflect a moment. The letters which interest everybody are those of medium length, which embody some helpful thought in plain language. Then too, the HOUSEHOLD is intended far less as a medium through which essays on abstract subjects, and philosophical reflections, shall be placed before the public, than as a means by which mothers and daughters may exchange views on the interests which affect their daily life, and housekeepers learn the methods and labor-saving devices of others. That many are deterred from writing because they think they cannot arrange their ideas as well as some one else is undoubtedly true, but it should not prove a hindrance. Contrasts are necessary, and beautiful; but contrasts are not comparisons, by any means. You can contrast a rose and a violet, each lovely and sweet in its own way, but you cannot compare them, because they are so different. Shall we say that because there are roses there shall be no violets? Oh, no! we will have both, and they shall contrast each other to the enhanced loveliness of each.

Now if any of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD feel, as we know so many do—"I would like to say a word or two" on some subject, do not stifle the wish. Put that word or two upon paper and send it on. Just those few words, coming from the heart, may reach some sister woman's heart, and by their very brevity be cherished there. And some of your ways of cooking or mending or managing may lift "the last straw" from some tired woman's shoulder, and help her to "keep going." We hope for an avalanche of "small thoughts."

USES FOR STALE BREAD.

There's no use talking, we all have it, and we ought to know the best ways of getting rid of it. Of course some lazy women of the wasteful type will solve the problem—as they do many others—by throwing the whole into the waste, but others remember the saying "Waste not, want not," and are willing to be taught economy.

Most women have but one use for stale bread and that is to toast it. But that leaves many broken pieces, crusts and the like, which are not presentable. Some of these pieces are best disposed of by placing them on a baking plate and drying them in the oven; when thoroughly dry they should be crushed by the rolling-pin and put into a paper bag in a dry place; they are then ready for thickening soups, or for breading chops and cutlets. The meat is rolled in beaten egg, then in the dry crumbs, and fried. Salt pork, fried till it is done, then prepared as above, and returned to the hot fat just long enough to cook the egg, is good. Other pieces may be soaked over night in sweet milk, beaten till there are no lumps, the acidity corrected with a little soda, an egg and flour to make the batter the proper consistency beaten in, and you have very good pancakes.

Any kind of fresh meat may be acceptably served with a dressing, made of stale bread—indeed fresh bread does not make a good dressing—to be baked in a small basin whether the meat is fried or roasted. If you want "real nice" light, delicious dressing, never use any water about it, and never pack it solid in either fish, flesh, fowl or baking pan. Moisten it with butter alone and it will be light and delicate instead of the usual soggy, sticky mass. Season with a little salt, bearing in mind the saltiness of the butter, a dash of pepper—and cayenne pepper is best, I think, for most culinary purposes, and a suspicion of finely powdered sage. I say finely powdered, because I have eaten dressing full of stems and broken pieces of leaves, and so strong as to be unpalatable.

Take the moderately fresh pieces of broken bread, cut them into dice, put a lump of butter into the pan, heat hot, stir in the bread and let it fry a delicate brown; have ready some beaten eggs, turn in, stir, fold over like an omelet and serve hot. This is a good breakfast dish. French toast is simply fried bread. Heat a little milk in a basin, and put a lump of butter or some sweet, fresh salt pork drippings in a pan. Dip your slices of bread into the hot milk, then into a beaten egg, and fry quickly and delicately.

Cut the stale bread into two inch squares, paring off the crust; toast them nicely. Put some dried beef into the pan with a little hot water, let it boil a moment, season with a generous lump of butter, salt, pepper, and a half teacupful or more of sweet cream, let get just to the boiling point and turn over the toast. Lean ham, shaved fine, can be similarly treated.

To make nice toast, the bread should be cut moderately thin, toasted *all over* a delicate brown, no burnt edges nor raw spots, and buttered when just from the

toasting fork. And the butter must be irreproachable, for any taint is quickly discoverable on toast—or anything else for that matter.

L. C.

DETROIT.

AN EXCELLENT IDEA.

I sometimes wonder if the HOUSEHOLDERS are not in danger of becoming too profound, of embodying too much wisdom in their letters, and think the lack of "copy" is often due to the readers saying to themselves: "If I could write as smart letters as — I'd write oftener, but I'm too hurried with all my cooking and canning and sewing through the day to look in the dictionary for the words that I'm a little doubtful about, and too tired at night to do anything but read a short, restful story and then to bed." Is it not so, ladies?

The charge that the letters are sometimes too studied, too proper or too good for daily food, does not in any sense apply to those written by our "worthy chief," for I doubt not that almost every one thinks after reading them, "How cordial, wholesome and genuine they are? Seems as though I might have written almost the same thing if I'd only thought of it," for very often we have really known and understood just what she writes, long before, only we never could have thought it all out into such a delightful letter that meets our every day wants and wishes so perfectly. We cannot all get at the "sermons" in the "stones" of our every day surroundings as she can.

There's an old saying that "A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men," and I think it is, too, by the best of women, especially the tired ones who snatch up the HOUSEHOLD after all is ready and they're waiting a few minutes for the men, or when rocking the baby to sleep, or when weary arms are alternating in keeping the churn-dasher in motion. If a letter is long and wise it is not read with the interest that the little helpful hints will be, so let us write oftener without trying to be too wise; write as we might chat together of an afternoon and we shall feel better acquainted, more sociable and sisterly.

EL SEE.

WASHINGTON.

BINDING PAPERS.

Papers intended for the binder should be kept neatly folded in a clean place until they are used. When the volume is complete it can be bound in any town having a book-binding establishment. One year of the HOUSEHOLD will make quite a thin volume, and two years will not be unhandy to use, so we bind ours two years in one.

It will cost from one to two dollars according to the locality, or it may be bound in some towns for less if one would be content with a simple cloth binding.

For ourselves, we prefer half morocco of good, unfading green with cloth sides, and we always give the binder an order to leave wide margins. Ask the binder to bind in some blank sheets and then in some idle week one can write in an index, putting

the whole in alphabetical order, or if one does not care for a complete index note the things wanted.

ANON.

LANSING.

Mrs. H. S. B., of Mt. Pleasant, says: "I write to inquire whether, in the recipe for pickled cucumbers in the HOUSEHOLD of June 16th the vinegar which is put on *first* and *last*, is heated, and if it is put on hot at each time of scalding." Will "Poppy," of Battle Creek, who furnished the recipe, kindly explain?

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

IN papering a tin, paper the ends first, then lay in a strip to cover bottom and sides. To attempt to paper the whole tin with one sheet of paper makes too many folds in the corners and too many wrinkles in the cake. Generally speaking, it is necessary to paper the bottom of the tin only.

EMBROIDER the initial letter of your name at one end of the damask towels which belong in the "spare room." Fancy letters in several sizes may be chosen from the Briggs transfer patterns, and, worked in Kensington stitch with red marking cotton, are quite ornamental on a plain white towel. The cotton does not fade, even under the fiery trial of the boiling suds.

IN California, peaches for drying are prepared by the following process: A lye mixture of one pound of concentrated lye to one and a half gallons of boiling water is made. Into this the fruit, previously put into a wire basket, is immersed the briefest possible time, being dipped in and immediately withdrawn, and at once rinsed in running water. The lye is thus washed off as speedily as possible, and the fruit is ready to cut and dry. Those so fortunate as to have peaches to dry might use this plan with a great saving of labor. The fruit is very nice thus managed.

Useful Recipes.

SAGO PUDDING.—Half cup of sago and one pint milk cooked together about half an hour, until the sago is clear; then add one tablespoonful salt, three tablespoonfuls sugar, beat the whites of three eggs stiff and add: cook two minutes; add one teaspoonful vanilla. When cold add one cup cream, whipped. Pour into moulds. Serve with sugar and cream. A custard may be made of the yolks of the eggs and served with this as sauce instead of the sugar and cream.

RAISED DOUGHNUTS.—Two cups milk; one-half cake compressed yeast in one-half cup warm water; flour to make a batter. Make the batter at noon and let it rise until evening; then add flour, one tablespoonful butter, one teaspoonful salt, one egg, one cup sugar, half teaspoonful soda and a little cinnamon. Let this rise till morning, when it is to be kneaded and rolled out not over half an inch thick. Cut into round shapes with a biscuit-cutter, not a doughnut-cutter with a hole in the centre. Let these cakes rise on the board until double in size, then fry. As soon as one side browns a little turn the cakes, else they will rise misshapen and full of holes. If care is taken in frying, they will be perfect spheres and of a fine lightness. Best when a day old, and neither greasy or indigestible.