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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE EVERY-DAY DARLING.

She is neither a beauty nor genius,
And no one would call her wise;
In a crowd of other women
She would draw no stranger's eyes;
Even we who love her are puzzled
To say where her preciousness lies;
She is just an every-day darling;
In that her preciousness lies.

She is sorry when others are sorry,
So sweetly, one likes to be sad;
And if people around her are merry,
She is almost gladder than glad.
Her sympathy is the swiftest,
The truest a heart ever had;
She is just an every-day darling,
The dearest that hearts ever had.

Her hands are so white and little,
It seems as if it were wrong
They should even work for a moment,
And yet they are quick and strong.
If her dear one needs helping
She will work the whole day long;
The precious every-day darling,
Every day and all day long.

She is loyal as knights were loyal,
In the days when no knight lied,
And for the sake of love or of honor,
If it need be a true knight died;
But she dreams not she is braver
Than the woman by her side,
This precious every-day darling,
Who makes sunshine at our side.

Ah, envy her, beauty and genius,
And women the world calls wise;
The utmost of all your triumphs
Would be empty in her eyes.
To love and be loved in her kingdom;
In this her happiness lies,
God bless her, the every-day darling!
In this her preciousness lies.

—H. H.

TO READERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE MICHIGAN FARMER and the HOUSEHOLD will be sent hereafter for one dollar per year. Wherever the FARMER goes the HOUSEHOLD goes also, and both for the extremely low price of one dollar, less than two cents per week. The Editor of the HOUSEHOLD has heard so many kind things said of it, its helpfulness to women, its practical character, its timely hints and suggestions, that she feels encouraged to ask all those who have read the little paper with pleasure and profit the past year, to not only renew their own subscriptions, but to send as the names of one or more new subscribers as an earnest of their good will and interest. If you can do no more, send as per postal card the names and addresses of any of your friends or neighbors whom you think would subscribe, and we will send them specimen copies. We feel that

we give a full equivalent "for value received;" the FARMER with its little annex is the cheapest agricultural paper published; and though we are a trifle modest about saying so, one of the best. We can ask our friends to say a good word for us, feeling that they will not be ashamed to do so, and we ask for that good word now.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

There are a few books which when issued, create a sensation, are on everybody's lips for a few weeks, and then are forgotten for the next new thing. They are usually books by some comparatively unknown author who has "made a hit" by giving us that "something new" for which an eager public is always on the *qui vive*. Such books should be read while they are being talked of, while comments are fresh, and they are "in season." Few of them ever attain the dignity of being classed as standard, even among works of fiction, and six months after they are "out," the very superior bookseller who repeats your request with a mildly interrogative air, as if to say "Oh yes, I remember; we had such a book once," makes you feel ashamed of being so far behind the literary times as to ask for such a decidedly mouldy chestnut.

People have almost stopped talking about Amelie Rives-Chanler's "The Quick or the Dead." Indeed, I don't really see why they should have honored the production with so much attention in the first instance. The authoress is now said to wish she had not written it, a wish which not a few who read it will echo. Because it is not really a pleasantly conceived story. It is all about the woes of a large blonde widow with red hair, Barbara Pomfret, who, returning to her Virginia home after an absence of three years, during which period she lost the husband whom she passionately adored, is at first emotionally overcome at revisiting the scenes where she had been so happy with him; and then, meeting Jack Dering, her husband's cousin, who is remarkably like him in personal appearance, as much so as if they had been twin brothers, in a month or so is conscious that a new affection is mastering her. And then begins the conflict between the Quick and the Dead; the living love that presses its claims with all the force of passion-born caresses, the loyalty to the dead that would cast out all later affection as unworthy a true and loving though widowed wife. At an early period Barbara admits the Quick is in a fair way of replacing the

Dead in her heart and life, but a morbid mental condition made her feel that her dead husband's voice forbids, his hand restrains, and Jack's first passionate avowal is met with the repulse "There is an open grave between us!" And yet, loyalty to the dead—or the morbid sensitiveness she mistakes for it, since she is not loyal, having acknowledged the new love in her heart—is not strong enough to make her banish her lover, to whom she finally acknowledges her love, summoning him to her presence. There follow several strained situations, including Barbara's being locked into a church during a thunder shower—the church in which she was married and which she had not since re-entered, and her final renunciation of the Quick for the Dead.

The questions in her heart are ever, whether in his new condition of existence her husband still loves her, is conscious of her wavering and grieved by it; whether in his present existence as a purified spirit it would pain him if she married again, whether he is still able to love her in the old, tender, earthly way she had known. And on all these queries "the finger of God's silence lies."

Undoubtedly it is true that a woman might do all and feel all that Barbara did and felt—if she were like Barbara. Her ardent, affectionate, emotional nature demanded affection, yet vacillated and repented through a morbid mental condition brought on by over-much brooding on the questions outlined above. But the world is not the better for the attempt to put into words the wretchedness of bereavement, what the soul says to itself in its passionate rebellion and profoundest depths of trial, its wild, blind outcries against God's providence. A woman like Barbara would find two ways before her, a second marriage, or absolute retirement from the world, with the capacity of being infinitely miserable in either. The third path, in which life is taken up and lived to whatever of good purpose may come to it, would be intolerable to such emotional creatures, who can writhe under real or fancied remorse, but are utterly inadequate to the calm patience of endurance.

One does not lay down a book like this, feeling the better for its perusal. Some of the dialogue is insufferably silly and purposeless; and in certain parts we are reminded that a newspaper critic said Miss Rives should put more chopped ice into her stories to adapt them to family use. In lavish and ingeniously awkward use of adjectives and similes, Miss Rives out-

"curdling pity;" there is a small darkey with complexion of a "dense bitumen hue, and lips of pale, moist pink, like a toadstool rained upon." The heroine is much given to drawing "ragged, uneven breaths," to "diving" gazes, and to the uncomfortable habit of spending winter nights on her knees, clad only in her night-dress, for no conceivable purpose unless to get pneumonia, which however she marvelously escapes.

We may say of "The Quick and the Dead" that it is a poor study in morbid psychology, unreal and unhealthy, without a good motive and not even attractively told, and dismiss it to the oblivion into which it is already entering.

I find in "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" a strong moral teaching, to be easily separated from metaphysics, a book with a purpose shining clear and steadfast. It may be unphilosophical to separate the good and the evil in man's nature, and materialize them. Yet the lesson we read is how inevitably antagonistic are the two, how good is strengthened by the very act of resistance to evil: how evil waxes a giant, fierce and overpowering by indulgence, that giving way once to the dominion of evil makes it easier to do so again and drop a little lower; that resistance strengthens our strength and makes us more secure against temptation. Is there one of us who has exercised freedom of choice between right and wrong who has not learned this truth? Every time the Evil, or Edward Hyde, was allowed domination, it required more of the magic potion—the might of will, the wish and purpose to stand firm—to enable the Good, represented by Dr. Jekyll, to resume supremacy; and continual surrender to the lower nature at last debased the higher beyond the might of principle. Does not every fallen soul know just these struggles? As in every warfare one victory makes the next easier, so it is in the battles between the good and the bad in us. Wrong-doing comes from the lack of control of the higher faculties over the lower, and whenever we do wrong we descend to a lower level; the more frequent our descent the more easy it is. To achieve nobility of character we must struggle unceasingly against our lower propensities; or rather, the struggle is not one of annihilation, but of submission to and government by our higher and more exalted powers.

When "She," as arranged for the stage, was played here last winter—with any quantity of red fire and green and blue lights—the booksellers' windows were full of ten cent copies and we all took one. And for myself, I should as soon think of looking for substance in a soap-bubble as a psychological motive in such a tissue of impossible absurdities. I incline to the opinion that Haggard's idea was simply to see what a colossal, abysmal lie he could construct, which from its uniqueness would be talked about and—sold. It was Brown- ing, I believe, who on being questioned as to the purport of one of those recondite passages which have given him the Herods Herod. We are told of "brown gales," "winds bulging with fierce sound," "sithering winds," "whinnying gusts,"

reputation of profundity, said, after some moments of careful scrutiny, "I have forgotten what I had in mind when I wrote that." One might, with pains, fit a psychological motive to "She," but I fancy the author himself would have to confess he never thought of it. His last feat, that of resurrecting "Allan Quatermain," whom he had buried decently and provided with a suitable tombstone in England, to figure as the hero of "Maiwa's Revenge" without a trace of graveyard mould about him, proves a remarkable independence of the methods of ordinary writers. A Virginia lady brings the grave charge of plagiarism against Mr. Haggard, saying, through the *Washington Gazette*, that "King Solomon's Mines," "She," and "Allan Quatermain" can be clearly traced to an old novel written by George Berkeley in the early part of the last century, of which but few copies are extant, there being but two in the United States. Mr. Haggard will therefore have the opportunity of exercising his metaphysical powers in disproving this charge, the gravest which can be brought against any writer, especially one who has gathered so abundant a harvest of glory and shekels as has this one.

"Robert Elsmere" is the book we are all talking about now, but one which lies upon my table still unread, its seven hundred closely printed pages clearly indicating that it is not to be got through at a single sitting, no matter if prolonged past midnight. It is a religious novel; its author, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, is a niece of Matthew Arnold's and grand-daughter of the famous teacher, Arnold of Rugby. It has had a great deal of gratuitous advertising from the pulpit and through the press. Rev. Lyman Abbott has made it the subject of a sermon, as have scores of other clergymen; indeed, some one has remarked that we have the singular spectacle of 100,000 clergymen all preaching about a book written by one woman. Opinions are as diverse as the creeds of the critics; one says if the believer would preserve his faith in its integrity and without opening the door to doubts, he must not read "Robert Elsmere." Rev. Robert Collyer is on the author's side, and says the hero's experience is that which any man, if compelled by the spirit of truth to question a faith he had accepted without question simply because it was taught him, must pass through. "Robert Elsmere" is a clergyman of the English church—for it is of course an English novel—perfect in faith and trust till there comes into his life a third person, "an intellectual all-in-all," bringing new ideas, new views, which unsettled his life and finally led him to renounce his ministry and go out, a heavy-hearted man, to live the truth as he felt it in his soul. His wife was unable to follow him in his new belief; and her grief at their spiritual estrangement was not the less profound because in all other things they were most truly one. From all I have heard, and from what the critics and the ministers say, it seems plain that people of Liberal views will admire and praise this book, while those whose orthodoxy is unquestioned will condemn it.

BEATRIX.

HINTS FOR CHRISTMAS.

Even a little gift shows good will on the giver's part, and in the holiday time of remembrance, it is the spirit that dictated the kindly act more than the gift's own value that should be considered by the recipient. Among the trifles that are acceptable as Christmas presents, are work bags, knitting holders, banners, large and small, hand screens, cologne bottle holders, pin-cushions, shaving cases, handy boards, doylies, pantry cloths, and scarfs for bureaus, buffets, pianos and tables.

A pretty chair back is made by weaving a light and dark shade of red or other colored ribbon in and out like the kindergarten paper mats, ornamenting each intersection with a daisy worked in floss in the long lines familiarly known as daisy stitch, that is, a long looped stitch to form each petal. An edge of antique lace should be put on all sides of the ribbon chair back.

Chair covers (or slips) are very pretty made of brown linen and worked with crewels. Work each chair a different design; one with poppy leaves, another acorns and oak leaves, a third scarlet geraniums, a fourth wild roses, sumach leaves and cones for a fifth and the sixth to be worked in tiny detached sprays of single daisies or forget-me-nots, either would be very pretty.

Very pretty table covers can be made of a creamy, loose woven linen worked with an all over design of flowers arranged in heart shaped divisions, in filioles or colored linen flosses. A square of this embroidery in a single color may be enclosed by borders in herring-bone stitch.

A lovely sofa pillow is made of a rich shade of maroon plush and golden brown satin. Make your cover of plush. Take a band of the satin six inches wide, and embroider it in daisies and ferns in silk, the natural tints. Place this diagonally across the pillow, thus showing only the corners and bottom of the plush. Top and bottom were joined with a plaiting of the satin three inches wide. Three silk pompons are sewed on each corner. A fancy cord may be added where the band of satin is joined to the plush.

An oblong piece of cross stitch canvas is embroidered with stars which are arranged in diagonal rows, and carried out alternately with gold thread and brown filiole. Rows of back stitches in gold thread unite the stars. When finished and shaped, the embroidered stripe is inserted into a piece of olive green plush, the seams being covered with gold thread or gold cord twisted in loops. The whole is lined with olive satin folded in the proper shape, and edged with a cord of olive silk. Bows of olive satin ribbon and a loop with button, complete the ornamentation of the sachet, which may be used either for gloves, handkerchiefs, or work.

Very pretty frames for small photographs may be made of the moss that is found on the bark of most any forest tree, and in profusion on that of apple trees. Make a stiff pasteboard foundation, attach the moss with glue, commencing with the lightest shade of moss for the inside edge of frames and the darkest for the outer

edge. Now go over the surface of the moss with a brush that has been dipped in thin mucilage, and while yet damp sift over it diamond-dust or frosting, which may be obtained at any paint shop.

Will describe some pretty little gifts for the children next week.

FOREST LODGE.

MILL MINNIE.

HINTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

The grandmother whose feebleness prevents her from taking an active part in the domestic life of the house, generally finds employment in her knitting work. Therefore a knitting apron will be a very acceptable present for her. A yard and a quarter of grey or brown linen or satteen is required. Turn up one-third the length at one end to form the pocket for the knitting; featherstitch the hem and also the side edges with red floss; at the top make a double shirring with an inch wide heading, and run a ribbon an inch wide through and draw up; leave the ribbon long enough for strings to tie. An outline pattern may be worked on the pocket, but the apron part is prettiest when left plain. The figure of an old lady in a rocking chair, knitting, with the kitten playing with her ball of yarn, is a suitable decoration. The big sister who is fond of crocheting and knits lace in her idle moments will appreciate one of these aprons, which, for more delicate work, should be of some white goods—butchers' linen if intended to be etched, linen scrim if a band of drawn work is to decorate the top of the pocket part.

A pair of bed slippers makes an acceptable gift to any one troubled with cold feet. They are very easy to make, being knit as a plain flat piece, sewed up like a bag and shaped by the feet in wearing. Choose a soft, evenly spun wool, light gray being a very good color, cast on sixty stitches and knit in ribs, two and two stitches, for two and a half or three inches, then a piece four inches wide in plain knitting, purling every alternate row to keep a smooth surface on the right side, then a row of ribbing the depth of the first. Sew the ends of the piece together, and add a rosette of yarn on the front, where the plain and ribbed knitting join. A good knitter can shape these very easily by widening and narrowing at one end on the piece, so as to form a V-shape at one end for the instep and toe, while the back is straight for the heel.

A lunch cloth and napkins make a set which is a very nice gift to a housekeeper. The cloth is smaller than a tablecloth, in fact is made just the proper size for one of the small tables on which refreshments are served at evening entertainments. They can be bought, prettily fringed, at the stores; but if one prefers to save money and give her work, she can buy the heavy linen sheeting, ravel to form a fringe, put a row of hem-stitching or drawn work above the hem, then outline a border, either a pretty vine, or some simple conventional design. Clusters of three interlacing circles, which may be drawn with pencil, the top of a tumbler or small cup being used as a pattern, are more effective than one would imagine; these can be worked in two or three colors of cotton, as preferred. Add

another row of drawn work, and in one corner work one or two initial letters. The napkins have the fringe and drawn work, and the initials only.

Pretty hairpin receivers may be made of the small baskets without covers, which can be found in a variety of shapes. Fill the basket with hair, then knit a covering of scarlet zephyr. A mossy looking covering may be made by winding the zephyr four or five times around the finger and knitting the bunch of loops with each stitch in every alternate row. Fasten the covering neatly to the edges of the basket.

Small children are wearing little silk tippets, which can be easily made at home. Take surah of any pretty and becoming color, cut in bias strips three inches wide, fringe each edge half an inch deep, pleat in quadruple box pleats, and mount on a ribbon band an inch wide. The silk must be very full, to make a fluffy ruche, which is fastened in front with a bow of ribbon.

Among the holiday novelties already displayed in some of our stores, I took note of the following articles: A pretty blotter consisted of two leaves of blotting paper within a cover of what seemed to be a coarse gray manilla paper. The cover was slightly larger than the leaves within, cut in careless, irregular scallops, first a large then a small one, and the edges gilded, the gilding being heaviest along the line of the scallops, and shaded lightly half an inch back, as if the surplus paint on the brush had been carelessly rubbed along it; on the cover was painted two quills, upright and inclining slightly from left to right, and at their base two tiny envelopes were outlined, bearing postmarks and painted stamps.

A fancy case designed for shoes, so the obliging saleswoman said, was made in this fashion: A strip of pasteboard two feet long and a foot wide, was covered with coarse linen canvas. This was measured in three spaces, on each of which a pocket was arranged. The material was the linen canvas, and each pocket was a box pleat, laid full enough so that when pulled out there was space for a pair of shoes—if they were not too large. On each pocket, after the pleats were arranged, was painted a cluster of dogwood blossoms—it seems to an unæsthetic individual as if a sheep, a goat and a calf would have been more suggestive if less beautiful—and the whole was attached to the back under narrow strips of leather stitched on with the sewing machine, the strips separating the pockets, the upper edge of which was hemmed. A flap, with divisions to fall over each pocket, was added at the top, and joined to the foundation under a strip of leather.

A pincushion to hang by the mirror was a satin covered pasteboard circle four inches in diameter with a little scene painted on it, and the pins stuck in in scallops around the edge. A layer of wadding was between the satin and the pasteboard.

ONE of the chance discoveries which fate will occasionally throw in the path of a woman, is that a bit of butter rubbed on the fingers and knife will relieve the task of raisin-seeding of all its sticky discomfort.

AN ECONOMY.

The pumpkins famous in the history of all autumnal and early winter feast days, throughout the northern half of our country, were ripe and in market, and I well knew that every time Ence passed by one of those golden pyramids, he secretly sighed for a quarter section of pumpkin pie "like mother's." But pumpkin pies with eggs in the twenties and every other element in their construction booming up, up, with "Old Hutch's" wheat, caused me to consider the cost, for every cook knows that in a first class pumpkin pie the pure pumpkin is—well, it is—what is it? 'Tisn't much anyway.

On the farm I never once thought of economizing in the egg district. If it was apparent that I or others would be a trifle nearer Paradise or nightmare by means of my using two or three dozen of eggs per day in my cooking, they were used regardless of market value, and freely as water from the good old pump. For so long as the fruit came into my cellar or pantry direct from the original deposit, Bob acting as a non-commissioned middleman, it was used without "counting." Oh, Bob, do you remember your delinquencies in the doing of this particular chore, and how many times I would have to say, "I wish you would bring in the eggs." "Do bring in the eggs!" "Bring in the eggs!" To the first you always answered "Yes," to the second "Yes, I will," to the third "Yes, but why don't you ask Hi or somebody besides me to bring 'em in once in a while?" And then they were sure to appear, a peck at a time, and if any were too ripe in consequence of your delaying, their perfume was not allowed to offend my olfactories or make my stomach quake. Alas and alack, Bob, all those quiet days on the generous, peaceful old farm are done with for you and for me! Alexander Pope, who made a profound study of the ethics of life, concluded that "Whatever is, is right." A most comfortable sort of belief, since it allows its holder to go about the world with a cheerful and contented countenance, to carry in his breast a heart that never bitterly regrets or repines, and to sleep soundly in all kinds of confusion and disaster.

But to return to the pumpkin pie. Thinks I to myself, I'll devise a substitute for eggs. So I prepared my pumpkin all in the usual way, only when I came to the place where the eggs are added, I took a heaping table-spoonful of cornstarch for each pie, wet it with cold water, and then poured boiling water on it, stirring constantly until it was cooked, and as thick as would be likely to mix thoroughly with the other ingredients, added this to the mixture, put into my pie dishes and baked, and I will say this, that I never ate better. And when I tell you that in our small family we have eaten four large pumpkins thus made into pie within four weeks, you must conclude that cornstarch is a good thing when properly added to a pumpkin pie. And further, my neighbors adopt my plan, so the scarcity of the fruit of the festive hen does not curtail the epicurean delights of lovers of that historic Yankee invention in these parts.

FLINT.

E. L. NYE.

THE LUNCH BASKET.

I wonder if I can assist "Rob's Wife" in preparing lunch for her little one? I now my lunch basket contains a different sort of lunch from those of many of my schoolmates, who have perhaps a slice of bread, a piece of pie, two pieces of cake, a cookie or two, and a can of tea or coffee; then, beginning at the wrong end to eat it the slice of bread is left. Probably in nine cases out of ten such lunches are put up because parents don't know what else to put up, and not because they do not care for the health of the child. The first thing in every basket should be two or three slices of *good* bread and butter; I say "good" because if it is not good it better not go in, it won't be eaten. After the bread comes the meat or sauce, and just here is where the variety should come in, instead of in the pie and cake element. If you have sauce for supper to-night save a little for to-morrow's lunch, put it in a teacup set in the bottom of the pail (I'll turn the basket into a pan now, doesn't sound so nice, but it is more practical), pack the bread around the cup and the little ones won't spill it. A little jelly is very nice; or if you have any kind of meat, no matter what kind, a slice or two will taste good to a hungry child. If you happen to go to town (if you live in the country as I do), and can get a bit of cheese it is relished. Some put in a hard boiled egg, but I don't like them, I prefer a cup of cold rice or bread pudding. When we have a stuffed turkey or chicken my sister is fond of a slice of dressing, cold, for her lunch. I once knew a boy who brought cold buckwheat griddle cakes for his lunch, which were eyed rather enviously by the other boys. Then don't forget an apple, or in their season a peach or pear, or a bunch of grapes. With such things to eat with the bread, quite a meal will be eaten before the pie and cake are reached. Now just a word here about eating; teach the children "which end to begin at;" so many children begin with the pie and cake, and when that is eaten they are "full" and don't want the bread and utter.

MARY B.

YPRILANTI.

FOR CHRISTMAS.

It is nearing Christmas and we begin to think what we can make for our friends. We wish to give them some little token so as to be remembered, but as our pocket-books are getting thin the question rises in our minds, what can we make? I will give a few hints about what we have done. I made a lambrequin for the clock shelf out green felt; in one corner I etched a pink rose and bud, in the other a letter, the initial of the one to whom I gave it. I caught it up in the center and tied it with a red ribbon. For the bottom I had crocheted some lace out of zephyrs; every scallop was a different color. It made quite a pretty lambrequin. To make a bangle board take a potato-masher and paint the top part of it any color, ours was blue. For the bottom take some satin or silk (you may etch something on it if you choose) and fit it over the large part of the masher; at the beginning of the slim part of it you

will gather it—by the way you fringe out this edge of the satin. If you have any pretty little piece of lace you may gather that with the satin next to the masher, it finishes it off nicely. Put some hooks in the painted part, either three or four; it makes quite a pretty bangle, but it tips over awful easy.

Aprons are always acceptable, so are wristlets. Knit two stitches and seam one, the way we always knit ours. If you can make paper flowers make a bouquet, they are pretty on a tree.

E. L. Nye spoke about H. Rider Haggard's book, "She." I have never read it, but have read quite a number of his other writings, but I do not like them; there is too much "blood and thunder" in them to suit me. But I do just love Miss Alcott's writings; there is so much truth in them. My favorites are "Little Women" and "Eight Cousins" and its sequel. Max was the cousin I liked best, but I presume you have all read it, so will not tell of his doings.

Can any one tell me how to make rugs? I wish to make some, but do not know of any pretty way.

PINE LAKE.

VIOLET.

OUR RESTING PLACES.

I once visited Kensal Green cemetery, near London, to see the massive vaults for the reception of the dead. I remember one in long corridor, with flat stone shelves, one above another, and some coffins lined with lead, preserved from ages, to ages yet to come. I have been in a country church yard, and I saw the burial of the poor laboring man, in a plain deal box, perhaps with as much respect, grief and sorrow as those who lay on marble slabs in Kensal Green. I saw the old Duke of Wellington lying in state at Westminster Abbey, and also the funeral procession, which was over three miles long, but of all the "pomp and vanities" the most touching of all to me was his groom, riding, and leading the old Duke's charger, with the boots reversed in the stirrups. I had often seen the old Duke alive. He was a greatly honored man in his day; but the idea that I was trying to get at is the useless pomp and display after we are dead. Certainly it is a most pleasing and beautiful sight to see our grave yards decorated with evergreens, monuments and flowers, but that other part seems to be often carried to an extreme for mere display and outward show. It is a tender subject, but there is just as tender a feeling in and to those who are cast into the deep blue sea, or are buried out on the wild, open prairie.

ANTI-OVER.

PLAINWELL.

THE LUNCH PAIL.

I have wrestled with the problem of the school lunch, and would say to "Bob's Wife" that I find my main support in first class bread and butter, so fresh, so sweet and good that pie and cake are seldom considered worth carrying. I have taken much pains to retain the appetite for this "staff of life," baking every other day, and always putting up the freshest, nicest slices. Sometimes it is graham, for a change, and sometimes receives a good layer of sugar,

but this only when there is a dearth of other things. I use as "supplements" dried beef, cold meats or chicken, celery, nice baked apples; boiled eggs; butter-milk cheese, when there is a fondness for it; while occasionally a dish of baked beans proves to be "awful good."

I send canned fruit a good deal, but like jelly better when I have it. I put either into a spice can with tight cover, and pack into the lunch pail or basket, adding a bright tin spoon to save worry and loss of better ware. One little girl in our school is envied because she brings honey, and I intend to buy some soon just for the lunch pail, as I think it worth both money and pains to educate a child's appetite to be satisfied with a lunch which has for its basis good bread and butter.

A. H. J.

THOMAS.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

WHEN the boys' clothes begin to wear thin, it is a good idea to fade some pieces like them in the sun to use for patches, so the contrast between new and old will not be so apparent.

EXCELLENT lemon and orange extracts, much better and cheaper than any you buy, can be made by paring off the yellow peel as thinly as possible and letting it stand for twenty-four hours in alcohol. Strain and bottle, corking it tightly.

THE boys and men on a farm are apt to go through the heels of their hosiery at a rate which is appalling to the one who does the mending. Heel-protectors are a great saving. They are made of chamois skin; or strong linen bound on the edges will answer. It is shaped to fit over the heel, and is held in place by a piece of elastic ribbon about one-half an inch wide, which crosses the instep.

Useful Recipes.

GEMS.—One pin flour; one pint milk; one egg; half a teaspoonful salt. Beat the egg until light, add the milk and salt and beat gradually into the flour. Bake twenty minutes in hot gem pans. The above makes a dozen gems.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING.—Take one and a half pints of fine bread crumbs, one pint of chopped suet, one and a half pints of currants and stoned raisins mixed, half a cup of citron cut thin and fine, one scant cup sugar, half a tea-spoonful of grated nutmeg, five eggs, two even tablespoonfuls of flour made into a thin batter with milk. Mix in the order given and steam four hours. Serve with sauce. It will keep a long time and can be steamed over when it will be as good as new.

CHICKEN CROQUETTES.—One solid pint of finely chopped cold chicken, a dessert spoonful of salt, half teaspoonful pepper, one cup cream or chicken broth, one tablespoonful of flour, four eggs, one pint bread crumbs, three tablespoonfuls of butter and one of lemon juice, and if liked one teaspoonful of onion juice. Heat the cream or stock; mix the flour and butter and stir into the boiling cream; add the chicken and seasoning, boil two minutes, add two of the eggs, well beaten, take from the fire immediately and set away to cool. When cold, shape, dip into the other two eggs, well beaten, roll in cracker or bread crumbs and fry in boiling fat, just long enough to brown the crumbs.