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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

HOW A WOMAN SAYS A BOARD.

When a woman her home would decorate,
She stops not at obstacles small or great,
But the funniest sight her trials afford
Is when Madame essays to saw a board.

With her knees on a plank and the plank on a
chair,
She poises her saw with a knowing air;
Makes several wild rasps at the penciled line,
And off with a whizz the reverse of fine.

With lips compressed she gets down to work,
And crosses the timber jerkety-jerk;
She can't keep the line, her knee slips askew,
But she keeps at the work till the board splits in
two.

She has damaged the chair, she has ruined the
saw,
Her back is aching, her hands are raw,
And she finds when she tries to fit her prize,
It's an inch too short of the requisite size.

THE ADVANCEMENT OF WOMEN.

The Women's Congress is an event of the past, and we are left to gather up the lessons, to digest the ideas gained, and sum up the value of the whole to us. How much, then, did the recent meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Women really forward the cause it advocates is a question we are justified in asking, now that the delegates are gone, the receptions over, and the whole matter apparently dropped out of mind. It is remarkable how quickly we stop talking about any event, as soon as we must speak of it in the past tense. Even a matter of national interest, involving grave issues, like the last election, drops out of conversation the moment it is definitely settled, and only the disgruntled candidates and those who have bets to pay seem to remember it. As a nation, we certainly follow the injunction, "Look forward, not back."

What did the Congress accomplish for women? Well, there were some "valuable statistics" submitted at the secret executive sessions, it is alleged, but statistics belong to the census reports, at best, and if compiled for private use are of little value to the world. It does not help a woman who is trying to live on nothing a day to know that there are thousands in the same condition; misery is selfish, she would rather have bread than figures. Collecting statistics and distributing circulars may be one way of helping women. "We must work!" says "Mrs. Veneering," and she orders her coachman to drive very fast, and she pays calls and distributes leaflets; and says what a pity it is there is so much poverty and wretchedness among the poor, and thinks the dust of her carriage is

whirled round the world. Nor does it help women who work for thirty cents a day to gather statistics respecting their number and wages, and then go down to the great city stores and buy their work at starvation prices because it is cheap.

There were some excellent papers read, some good advice given to mothers and wives, but, unfortunately, the good seed fell upon ground already occupied. The intelligent, educated women who listened to it, had heard it all before; it did not reach those who would have been really benefitted by it. And I could not help wondering, as I looked around upon the audience of handsomely dressed women—there were three sealskin coats, a camel's hair shawl and a pair of diamond earrings in one seat—how much practical, actual, living sympathy any one of them would manifest for a sister woman needing aid, if she were dirty, ragged and repulsive in appearance. Would any one touch her with a pair of tongs? Would any one take her in even by the back door, and wash and feed and clothe her, in humble emulation of Him who washed the disciples' feet? What real sympathy can the woman who has all her life fed luxuriously and lodged comfortably, feel for the one to whom food and fire are synonyms for plenty? Marie Antoinette, told that her French subjects were perishing for lack of bread, asked why they did not eat cake. The remark has often been quoted as proof of her heartlessness; it was really only evidence of her ignorance of all that pertained to poverty. I agree with Howells in believing that the benevolence of the rich, which seeks to help working people by associations and organizations, is but another name for the patronage which gratifies their own vanity—perhaps quiets an uneasy consciousness that they themselves have more than they really deserve—and only widens the real gulf between affluence and poverty. Those who would benefit the world's toilers must not stand aloof and talk over the situation in decorous committees in luxurious parlors, but go down among them, be one with them. For this reason men who have risen from obscurity themselves know best how to help, and what the indigent need most. There is no lever moved by gloved fingers which can stir the mountains of want and injustice which hold down the poor.

But this is somewhat aside from the question, for the Association for the Advancement of Women is not a charitable organization. It "begins at the top," and aims to make women less frivolous, more progressive, and let us hope, more liberal in

their views, hence possessed of a wider outlook. Nearly all those present at least, if not committed to the cause of universal suffrage, tacitly favored it, apparently as a means to an end. "When women vote" affairs will be, etc., etc. It is well for us to be told we belong to the salt of the earth, occasionally; praise is encouraging. But I sometimes think that associations like this, in their zeal for putting women on a parity with men, overlook the necessity for the existence of the old-fashioned, domestic woman, the dear little, staid, non-progressive sister, whose world is home, whose children stand to her in lieu of missionary work, who looks up to her husband as the dearest and best of men, and neither regrets nor violates the pledge she made on her wedding day to honor and obey him. Her children need not play on the streets because the house is locked up and the key not even under the doormat; her husband does not go to the theatre or down town to play poker with "the boys," because his wife has gone to a committee meeting of this, that, and the other "Society" and the home is dark and lonely. She is not "devoted" to any cause, no matter how worthy, but life and love and ambition are centered in her home and family, first; and the overflow goes to the world at large. Her creed reads "To do my duty to God and my neighbor;" and her nearest neighbors are he whose home she blesses and the children who call her mother. I do not like, I say, to see the quiet, unostentatious work of the domestic woman underestimated or ignored. The world has great need of her—of many of her, in this era when so many women have "missions;" for I never yet have known a woman who became prominently identified with any public measure who did not in greater or less degree neglect her obligations to her home. It is well enough for elderly widows and maiden ladies and mothers whose children have grown up, to engage in any herculean task they see fit to undertake; some of them have done and are doing grand and noble work, helpful work. But don't let us forget what is done by the quiet, gentle, self-sacrificing wife and mother, who brings up a house full of children to lead honest and honorable lives, but whose name never gets in the newspapers or heads a petition. BEATRIX.

You can keep the ironing-board clean and always ready for the most dainty service by making a bag to cover it out of the least worn parts of an old calico dress. Good, ample holders and a good ironing blanket rob the task of not a little of its disagreeableness just as good tools to work with lighten every kind of labor.

THINKING IT OVER.

The newspapers have been saying very complacently (those that never swore allegiance to the bandanna): "The campaign of '88 is over. Business, travel, social and home life, all things are swiftly slipping back into their accustomed channels," etc. But when I was awakened between five and six o'clock this morning, Nov. 23, by the voices of some sturdy boys marching on the street to the familiar slogan of "Brewer! Brewer! Mark S. Brewer." And "What's the matter with Harrison?" "He's all right," I fell a thinking over the campaign. What a big, noisy, quiet, fierce, intense, good-natured thing it has been, with its colossal list of speeches for the enlightening of the people on the questions—not the candidates before them, its banquets, receptions and boodle, its magnificent parades and gathered multitudes by day and by night; its bands making rivalry in their gay inspiring music; its banners cunningly devised but often clumsily executed, but ever serving the purpose of carrying an idea, good, bad or indifferent, home to the beholder; its bets lost and won, its final days of registration and casting the all powerful ballot; and last but not least, the half wild, rollicking carnivals of jubilee held by the winning side, in which, in this town—I cannot speak for others—the defeated party joined with crape on their hats, but good natured smiles on their faces. It is a grand achievement to accept defeat gracefully. I never saw or heard anything equal to the good natured, rational noise and mixed crowd of victors and defeated that was in this city on ratification day and night. Torches, flambeaus and fire works in the hands of gaily uniformed marching men and boys, interspersed with numerous bands of music, made the principal streets of the city lively enough to suit the most excitable; while later at the Casino was a scene of unrestrained rejoicing, too rollicking to be soon forgotten. "Brewer! Brewer! Mark S. Brewer!" was there, and when he came on the platform the greeting was—well, it was as the reporters say, "Tremendous." Boys who could not shout loud enough to satisfy their ideas of the right thing to do, shouted "Brewer" on horns, making the horns speak the words with most ridiculous distinctness. And Brewer had to stand and take it until had they not all been so thoroughly glad I'm sure he and many more would have been fit subjects for the asylum in his native city.

During the campaign we had several "star" orators in the political arena, but of all these not one was I individually so interested to hear and see as Henry Watter-son, of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, he having figured as a head light in Democracy for years. His personal appearance and address are pleasing, but as a political effort his speech here was not a success. He however is an orator, a man of a brilliant mind, keen perceptions and a very versatile genius, witty to a degree, having the happy faculty of making the party that's hit laugh as hard as the hitter. But he utterly failed to make a single conclusive argument, or to substantially prove by

demonstration any assertion or statement. But how could he? Facts and history furnished no material. He tried to atone for this deficiency, of which he himself must have been painfully aware, by giving us too, too sweet taffy, and telling lots of funny stories, making witty hits with them, interspersed with flights of fine oratory "Nothing more" only that! But Uncle Sam's Protection Tonic taken in small doses at first, gradually increasing the dose as he gets stronger, will I think make a political orator of him yet, that is if the arguments and facts in favor of them happen to be on the side he espouses.

I indulged in not a little humorous reflection as I heard first one speaker and then another through the catalogue of parties address in terms of undying fidelity, of interest, pure, personal and very partial, the "working man" and the Irishman. Verily the horny-handed sons of toil and the emerald sons of Erin's Isle, those whose brains were not weighted with the wisdom of discreet discernment, must have been sadly at sea as to which to choose from amongst so many ardent lovers, each standing pledged to lift them into a higher plane of dollars and cents if "You will cast your vote in our favor." And again, how each and all parties repudiated the idea of all connection with or interest in or affection for the liquor business! Oh the world does move! 'Tis moving rapidly on the great humane and moral questions of the day. How grandly significant are these two straws.

I heard last Sabbath, in St. Paul's church in this city, one of the finest temperance talks that I have ever listened to. It took the place of the regular sermon in the morning, and the subject was handled comprehensively and in clear common sense fashion. But this is running away from the campaign proper. And I greatly doubt if there be such another campaign, one in which at the starting the balance of power and prospects was so evenly hung, in a long time; and never will they who have been boys and girls and young men and young women in this campaign of '88 forget the magic of its symbols and slogans.

FLINT.

E. L. NYE.

CHRISTMAS KNICKKNACKS FOR CHILDREN, AND OLDER ONES.

Any article for her doll never fails to please a little girl. Common spools are quickly turned into toy ottomans, by padding the top with wadding for a cushion, then covering with a bit of bright plush or velvet, or gay colored silk, and tying a piece of ribbon around the centre. A cigar box set on end makes a doll's wardrobe if furnished with rows of small white tacks on which to hang the tiny dresses. A little polish or varnish improves it. A wooden box can be converted into a doll-house by setting it up on end and running one or two shelf-like partitions across to divide it into rooms, the lower serving for kitchen, and the others for parlor and bed room. The wall should be nicely papered, and the floor carpeted. Then furnish with chairs cut out of cardboard, and a bedstead made from pine, or a pasteboard box, and fur-

nished with mattress, spreads and pillows. A toy stove and set of dishes, such as may be purchased at any toy store, will be suitable furniture for the kitchen.

Harness for the little ones is made of bright red yarn. Cast on stitches sufficient to make a strip about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide; the number of stitches depends upon the size of the yarn, of course. Knit back and forth till you have a piece about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards long; cast off, and knit a second piece just like the first; turn one end of each piece back and sew fast to form a loop for each arm; now knit another piece the same width, but just long enough to reach from arm to arm in front; sew either end of this to arm loops very firmly. Chain stitch the little one's name on the cross piece with black, or some pretty contrasting color. Two or more tiny bells fastened to the cross piece increases its value ten fold to the owner. Another kind could be made of strips of stout cloth stitched on the machine, with a little vine cross-stitched on the lines and the name on cross piece in some contrasting color.

If you are in doubt what to buy for a child ten or twelve years old, take my advice and one dollar and purchase "The World's Educator." This is a perfect treasure-box of knowledge and fun. It asks and answers the most difficult questions, and is equally adapted for old or young. Amusement and education are most happily combined in this game. Another of the few games that delight while they instruct is called "Flags of All Nations." It consists of cards on which are lithographed in their true colors the flags of nations. It is a very interesting and beautiful educational game, and bids fair to be the popular game of the season.

Those who live in the country where suitable decorations for Christmas trees cannot be bought, will doubtless be glad to know of some that can be made at home with very little work and almost no expense. I will tell this time of a variety of little boxes for holding candy, popcorn, nuts, etc., that will brighten up a tree wonderfully and give as much delight to the small recipient as a more expensive article. Cut a piece of pretty colored paper in a square; wet the two straight edges with a strong paste and paste them together, holding a long stick under the seam until it dries. Cut the top evenly round; sew a strip of bright colored tarlatan together, glue or sew it round the edge of the cornucopia, and cover the seam with a plaiting of ribbon or gilt paper. Hem the top and run in a ribbon to close the bag. The cornucopia can be ornamented prettily by pasting strips of red, green, gilt or silver paper spirally round it, and fastening to the point a scarlet tassel made of strips of paper.

Cut a strip of card board about five by eight inches in size. Sew this strip together in three places, just to hold it. Gum a strip of paper and paste down the seam on the inside. When dry you can take out the stitches and your drum case will be neatly joined. Next place it on a piece of card and make a circle round it with a pencil; then place a round box or plate a little larger than this circle, and mark around that; cut

out round the larger circle. Take a sharp penknife and cut partly through the smaller circle, and notch out all round from the small to the large circle. Bend the little pieces left down. Then wet them with paste, and press the lid into the top of the drum. Now paste a strip of gold paper round the top, bottom and center of the drum; also a blue and red strip. Take some bright cord made of zephyr and put it across from top to bottom, making the lines cross in the center. If you do this first your gold, red and blue strips will cover the ends, and make it neater. Now measure a piece of red or blue tarlatan that will go round the drum; sew up the ends and hem the top, running a ribbon in. Paste this in the top and you will have a fine drum to fill with sugar plums, which will be more tempting because of the pretty box they are in. Others may be made the same way but differently decorated.

Any kind of pretty little scrap-book pictures or strips of bright paper will make any amount of boxes, and no two need be alike. Cut the top of a tiny slipper of any pretty material (plush or velvet will be very nice), join the back edges together and bind neatly. Then cut a sole to fit. Sew the two together and you have a tiny doll's shoe. Make a bow and sew on top of the shoe, make a little bag of silk and sew to the top; and instead of filling with candy, you can, if you like, line it with silk, cut in the same way, and also a layer of cotton, sprinkle it with some nice perfume powder and you have a pretty little scent bag to lay among your handkerchiefs and ribbons.

A muff can be made of white plush or cotton flannel spotted with black to look like ermine. Cut a strip about half as large as for the drum and seam it up. Then sew a narrow strip of silk at each end, and gather it with a narrow ruche and bow of ribbon, leaving long ends which tie together to hang on the tree. Line with a piece of card rolled and slipped in; then fill with bonbons.

A pretty bag for lozenges and comfits is made like the muffs but using bright colored papers, and ornamenting with pictures, then gluing tarlatan, pink or rose colored, on each end and drawing up each end with long narrow ribbon.

Cut a baby's mitten out of cardboard, pad slightly and cover both sides with old blue plush or velvet; overhand together neatly. Ornament the back of the mitten with tiny stars in old red embroidery silk, and place a bow of narrow ribbon on the back of the wrist. Fill the edges all around with pins. This is to carry in the vest pocket.

MILL MINNIE.

FOREST LEDGE.

COMMON PROPERTY.

"Where's the comb?" asks one member of a busy household; "Where's the brush gone to?" inquires a second; "Hurry up with the towel!" impatiently cries out another with dripping face and hands; and we half expect to hear from somewhere, "Where is the cud of gum, it's my turn to chew it."

The common use of toilet articles, like almost everything else, is solely a matter of

habit and education, but experience occasionally fills in a vacuum with one of its severest lessons, as a young lady of my acquaintance learned when she began teaching and boarding round, and borrowed a comb from her hostess only to contract a dreadful scalp disease, which robbed her of her beautiful hair. To many persons, especially those who live very much alone, the lending of a comb is but a degree or two less repulsive than that of the tooth-brush. I believe some man once asked Douglas Jerrold for even that sacred article, and then accused him of extravagance because, when it was returned to him, he threw it out of the window. Such breaches of what we may call the amenities of life are easily over-looked in many cases, with busy, hard-working people who have never had time for anything, or ever chanced to be taught, or thought them out for themselves; but we are often astonished by this negligence in one whom we supposed bred to higher things; perhaps the guest who has not forgotten her dainty wrapper, her ribbons or paint, but alas! has no comb or brush.

But worst of all, the common towel! How it hangs there while one after another picks it up and rubs it over face and hands. Such use is common in a farm house is not only repulsive to a sensitive person; but also, in many cases, a great risk of health. How often an eye or skin disease has spread itself through a whole household before any one thought of the towel. There it hung, and ever so many times daily, one after another used it, and had they planned for instead of *against* contagion, they could not have chosen a more effectual agent. Often during hurrying times, a farmer hires help of whom he knows nothing. When the subject's appearance is unusually repulsive, he is assigned the poorest bed; and "bugs" are watched for by the careful housewife; but he is seldom given a separate towel.

I have known other cases of gross carelessness, where some member of the family with a scrofulous sore upon the face or hands has for years used the common towel; neither self-preservation with the others, nor the wish to preserve them from his anxiety or pain with himself, ever once suggesting this danger of contagion. Each member of a household should have a separate towel, comb, brush and toothbrush, and from early childhood be taught to keep them in a certain place. This would make little trouble, would not increase the weekly wash, and once practiced for a time, the common use of toilet belongings would become so repulsive as to lose its danger.

THOMAS.

A. H. J.

HELPFUL HINTS.

I have been listening, for some time, to the conversation of the contributors of our valuable paper, and have often thought of some little items which might be a help to some, but have not offered them before.

I wonder if the "dishrag" subject has been exhausted? I always think when reading such items that those for whom the charge was intended are, usually, those who do not take papers to keep up.

I, with many others, have had to learn

by experience's bitter lessons. One thing I have learned lately, is that if baby coughs in the night, to put your hand on the chest close to the throat, and it will often stop the irritation, thus release you from the duty of getting up in the cold to procure medicine. The warmth of the hand next the chest seems to keep out the cold.

In summer I have my cook-stove in a summer kitchen which is quite open. Some days when the wind was blowing, it was almost impossible to keep hot flatirons. I had an old boiler cover which I put over them, and it works wonders. I could iron with half the fire that it required before. It seemed to save the heat.

C. E. B.

LAWRENCE.

ON THE HUDSON.

Our characters, it is said, contain the germ of our most exceptional action. On this basis, I may perhaps account for the fact that being within less than one hundred miles of our great metropolis, I "screwed my courage to the sticking-point" and "defenceless and alone," resolved to go down to New York. Thus it came to pass that in the latter days of September, when everybody was returning from summer vacations and excursions, I found myself on board a Hudson river steamer, not quite "one among ten thousand," but one among two thousand strange faces. What is one among so many? Waifs drifting upon the tide of life, that is a question to startle one at times. How few would miss us there to-morrow! Would we not pass out of time even as the ripple which follows in the path of the vessel?

To appreciate the river scenery one has not only to see but to feel it. Beauty is happiness to the soul; and in this fair country where "every breath breathes health and every sound is but an echo of tranquillity," earth and sky are rich in varied loveliness. The Hudson river is beautiful not only because of the romantic and picturesque scenery along its banks, but because of its own pure, calm, shining waters. As our boat glided over its clear surface, the river lay so still and restful it seemed like something asleep.

Past villages and cities we moved, past cottage and villa crowning the envining hills, past mountains with the shadows hovering in their wooded hearts; and still the beauty of the river is best of all we see or touch. What is it like? Better than all the paintings of all the masters, fairer than all the dreams which deck our "little sleep," dearer than all the fancies of a thousand storied pages. It is better to see than to fancy, better to know than to dream. Intuitions are fine, but experience is better. Ideals are beautiful, but realities are nobler.

As we approach the Palisades, the river widens into a lake of five miles or more, here nature's pencil has limned the finest view; the expansive glassy level, with its changeful lights and shadows, the dark mountain outlines and delicate tinted sky, while in the distance the beautiful river lies like a snowy sheet with a thousand starlights sparkling on its bosom.

But the most delightful journey as well

as the dreariest alike come to an end, and "Everybody claim your baggage," sends nearly two thousand persons towards the baggage-room for the bundle, bandbox, satchel, etc., there deposited; and when Twenty-second street is announced the passengers wait in solid phalanx on the decks. The wheel ceases its revolutions, slowly the steamer rocks and floats toward the dock, till she's "alongside." The waiting people stand—in fact they could not well do anything else—here and there one on the boat recognizes and signals to some friend who is inside the gates waiting to speak the "Welcome home." The brother and husband are among the throng; the young man claims his "best girl" again, and she is glad of a change after her flirtations with the "summer boarders;" the pretty girl rejoices in the "coming of the son"—brother, of course—it is really beautiful to note the devotion of girls to the brothers of their friends, I observe. Ah, well, the summer is too soon ended, and all its pleasures and pains are even "as a tale that is told."

S. M. G.

LESLIE.

BROADCLOTH DRESSES.

"How shall I make a broadcloth dress for myself?" asks a valued HOUSEHOLD contributor. Very simply and plainly, if you wish to be very stylish, but it must fit "as if you had been melted and poured into it." These plain costumes depend upon the perfection of fit and finish for their elegance. A plain basque, short on the hips, pointed in front, and with postilion back having little fulness, is the usual style for the waist. Perhaps a high velvet collar and deep cuffs are added, possibly very narrow revers which meet a little below the line of the first dart. The foundation skirt should be perfectly plain; on this is draped a long, full apron; the back drapery is laid in folds which are defined to the bottom, and may be caught up irregularly at the side to the belt, not tacked to the skirt. Or, the drapery may be made to hook on the outside of the basque at the waist line, a very becoming mode, especially to a slight figure. The hems of the drapery are beautifully finished by three or five rows of machine stitching done with rather coarse silk, a fashion which has been revived. I should not wish to use plush on a broadcloth dress, preferring velvet as an accessory, or a severe plainness which seems to suit the material, which in weight and lustre requires little decoration. Buttons should be small, close together, of iridescent metal, and as handsome as you choose to pay for; and the buttonholes, exquisitely worked, have at each end that ornamentation in silk which I think tailors call "crows' feet." No attempt should be made to make a broadcloth costume "dressy," to do so destroys what *artistes* in dressmaking call "its style."

The braided cloaks are cut to fit the figure as snugly as a dress waist, are as long as the dress skirt, are cut *princesse* for a well moulded figure, or have the fullness of the skirt at the back gathered to the middle back forms, which are cut off at about the length of a basque, for forms of less correct lines. The fronts are sometimes

close-fitting like a Newmarket, and sometimes this close-fitting part is added under the real ironings, which are loose, somewhat after the style of the Russian circular so popular a number of seasons ago. The braiding is done on the fronts, in the corners, usually in two sizes of braid, a cord half as large as one's little finger, and the ordinary soutache. The sleeves are the distinguishing features of this style of cloak, as I have said. There is a close fitting sleeve, which is the sleeve proper, and a loose outer one, lined with silk, edged with drop passementerie of little balls or acorns, and which, sewed into the armhole smoothly on the shoulder, falls straight to from three to five-eighths of a yard below the waist line, the three-eighths length being preferred for the sleeve, which is cut square across the bottom; the inside seam is left open from a point a little above the elbow on the front of the arm. These sleeves are often braided to match the skirt. A cloak made in this style of such cloth as is used for dresses would require to be lined throughout; the braiding must be done on an interlining of crinoline to give the cloth the necessary firmness.

BEATRIX.

HINTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

For a housekeeping friend, especially one whose kitchen is not likely to be well supplied with the requisites, the "after dinner set," enclosed in a neat pasteboard box, will be very acceptable. It consists of six dish towels, two of them for glass, two dishcloths, a dish-mop and an iron chain dishcloth for pots and kettles. The "kitchen set" includes the six towels and other articles named above, a scrubbing cloth for paint and one for the floor, an ironing-holder, a stove holder and two roller towels.

A decorative trifle, easily made, and inexpensive, is made by taking a wooden clothespin, painting it dark brown and adding rings of yellow, to represent the body of a butterfly. A couple of barbes from a black ostrich plume serve for feelers, or antennæ, which may be fastened on with a bit of gum arabic, or they may be made of fine wire. Take a square of yellow or red silk, gather it tightly up the centre diagonally, and press it through the slit in the clothespin. The "wings" will probably need to be stiffened with fine wire. These can be fastened on top of pieces of flannel pinned for penwipers, etc.

If you have in the garret, or consigned to the "wood-house chamber" an old fashioned rush-bottomed chair, now is the time to resurrect it and make it over. Scrub it thoroughly; if painted, the paint must be removed with sand paper of not too fine quality. Then buy a can of "ivory finish" paint in white or cream color, give the chair two or three coats, allowing each to dry thoroughly before another is applied. When perfectly dry, the chair is ready to be decorated with fine gilt lines with the useful gold paints. If there are wide crosspieces on the back, on these sketch a branch of apple blossoms, chrysanthemums, dogwood, anything graceful and dainty. Have the branch heavier at one side than the other, and let it trail from an upper corner across diagonally. For the bottom make a cushion

and cover it with cretonne of the prevailing tint you have chosen, tying in place on the chair with ribbons, and you've a "mighty pretty affair" that you will not be at all ashamed to put in a conspicuous position in the best parlor.

And you don't know what dainty drapes and scarfs and mantle draperies can be made out of such a simple material as the common scrim or cheese cloth, at six or eight cents a yard. It drapes beautifully, it is so soft, and its color is delicate. You can paint on it, with care, using the moist, cheap colors that come in the children's paint boxes. A flight of butterflies was painted on one end of a strip intended for a mantle scarf, and deserved the epithet "perfectly lovely" which was frequently applied to it. The "flies" were of all species and colors and sizes, and must not be first sketched with pencil, as the lead marks show through on the delicate fabric. A long spray of Ampelopsis, or Virginia creeper, is beautiful for the same purpose; or detached sprays or flowers can be used. If you cannot paint, a chair drape of the creamy goods, the ends finished in drawn work and edged with lace, is a very dainty gift; make it long enough to tie in a loose knot, leaving one end longer than the other; or gather it up under a full square bow of white ribbon. If a colored ornamentation is preferred let it be in some delicate tint; yellow is very pretty; and feather-stitching in silk (which has been dipped in boiling water and dried, so the color will not "run") and No. 1 ribbon run in between rows of drawn work, are pretty ways of applying it.

For a cravat case, take two pieces of pasteboard about eighteen inches long and four inches wide, cover with canvas on one side and line them with satin of some pretty shape. Put pieces of ribbon across at intervals to hold the cravat in place. Fasten the two pieces together loosely with cord, and paint or embroider the word "cravats" in large letters on the top.

Take two squares of satin in any color you prefer, cut the squares across diagonally, making four triangles. Join these with lace insertion, so that the ends of the lace come in the corners of the tidy, forming a square again. Edge with lace to match the insertion, fulling it slightly, and in the centre, where the insertion crosses, put a full bow of ribbon; you have a very pretty and ornamental tidy, which can be made by a person who cannot paint or embroider. A pretty pattern of antique lace and insertion is most suitable.

Contributed Recipes.

LAYER CAKE.—Three eggs, beat whites and yolks separately: one cup granulated sugar; half cup sweet milk; scant two cups flour; two heaping teaspoonfuls baking powder. Beat thoroughly. Bake in shallow pans, and use filling to suit the taste. I often take half a cup of thick sour cream, sweeten quite sweet; then put in a cup of pulverized walnut meats and beat thoroughly. Or, whip thick sweet cream, sweeten a little and flavor, and you have a very nice cake for tea.

DELICATE WHITE CAKE.—One and a half cups granulated sugar; half cup melted butter; cream them together; add the beaten whites of four eggs, one cup water, and flour enough to make a thin batter, with two heaping teaspoonfuls baking powder. Flavor as preferred. Bake in a moderate oven.

LAWRENCE.

C. E. R.