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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

A TIME.

There comes a time or soon or late,
When every word unkindly spoken
Returns with all the force of fate,
To bear reproof from spirits broken,
Who slumber in that tranquil rest
Which waking cares no more molest.

Oh! were the wealth of worlds our own,
We freely would the treasures yield,
If eyes that here their last have seen,
If lips in endless silence sealed,
One look of love o'er us might cast,
Might breathe forgiveness to the past.

When anger arms the thoughtless tongue
To wound the feelings of a friend,
Oh! think ere yet his heart be wrung,
In what remorse thy wrath may end;
Withhold to-day the words of hate;
To-morrow it may be too late.

—Anon.

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

"Christmas comes, it comes, it comes
Us'ered in with rain of plums.
* * * * *
Right its most unthrifty glee,
And pious its mince-pie!"

Second only in interest and importance to "What did you get for Christmas?" comes the question, "What did you have for dinner?" Christmas, the feast day of the whole year, and dinner "the event of the day!" Ah, what visions of bygone banquets rise before us as we plan our Christmas *menul* holidays when we came home from school, with ferocious appetites whetted by four months' dalliance at boarding-houses where the severe landlady sat in grim austerity at the head of the table, and to ask for a second piece of pie was a feat of daring effrontery. How we made the good things at home suffer! How the cookies seemed to dissolve in their own sugar, and the doughnuts disappeared like a rich brown mist! how the apple-barrels lowered before our greedy onslaught, and how we braved the then unknown dangers of dyspepsia and lunched on mince pie and cold chicken after the concert or the spelling-school! What would not some of us give to bring to the richer, more dainty and varied tables at which we sit to-day, the zest of appetite and the sound digestion of those school-day times!

But the question with the mothers and housekeepers is one of to-day: "What's for dinner?" for another set of girls and boys who come trooping back to the old homestead, or the older, *blase* men and women of the world who grow young again as they visit familiar scenes.

A good fat turkey seems the *piece de resistance* of every well-regulated holiday inner table. Some cynical individual has

advanced the idea that the turkey, not the eagle, should have been our national emblem. He points out the resemblance of the fowl to our nation, noisy, pompous, much given to strutting, waxing belligerent at the flutter of a red rag, as we are prone to "bristle up" whenever there is suspicion of an insult to our dignity, and a fowl distinctly American, being indigenous to this country. But somebody is going to get hungry before I get round to sketch that bill of fare:

In planning a dinner of three courses, soup, of course, comes first. We may have oyster-soup as an introduction to more substantial viands, or if we propose scalloped oysters as an *entree*, we will have tomato soup, which is quickly prepared. And Miss Parlo's favorite tomato soup requires one quart can of tomatoes; two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one of sugar, one of butter and a pint of hot water. And to make it you put the water and tomato on to boil, then rub the flour, butter and a tablespoonful of tomato together and stir into the boiling mixture, add the other ingredients, boil fifteen minutes and rub through a sieve to take out the seeds. And to serve with it, toasted bread cut into dice and put into the oven till crisp and hard, is nicer than crackers. One who lives near any of those sparkling little lakes which dot so many parts of our State, may introduce here, if not thought too much for cook and consumer, a fish course, perch, bass or pickerel, daintily browned and served on breakfast plates with only a slice of yesterday's bread as an accompaniment. Then comes the turkey, if you have him, suppliant upon a big platter, craving a mercy he won't get. Be sure he is well done, and a safe rule is to allow one hour and three-quarters for an eight-pound turkey, and ten minutes extra for every pound above that weight. To get the bird ready for cooking, a competent authority gives the following directions:

"Wash the fowl quickly in warm soda water, rinse and rub dry quickly. Fill in the stuffing loosely, then draw the thighs close to the body and put a long skewer through the thigh into the body and out through the opposite thigh. If the incision be made as directed, the ends of the drumsticks may be put through the opening and out at the vent, and then fastened to the tail with a skewer or with twine; but if made in the usual way, cross the drumsticks over the tail. Turn the tips of the wings back and keep them in position close to the body (not up on the breast) by running a skewer through one wing, under the breast and out through the other wing. Wind a string from the tail to the skewer in the thigh, then up the back to the one in the wing, across the back to the other wing,

then down to the opposite thigh and tie firmly at the tail.

"Put the turkey on a rack in a pan, rub well with the butter, salt and flour. Put it into a hot oven for five minutes or until the flour begins to color; then reduce the heat and add a pint of water. Melt one-quarter cupful butter in a cupful of hot water and baste with it often, until some of the fat of the turkey has been drawn out into the pan. Baste often, and when half done dredge again with flour, to give the outside a frothy appearance. Cook the turkey slowly after the first slight browning, and quicken the fire the last half hour if the bird be not sufficiently browned."

A word about the stuffing: The inside of a loaf of stale bread makes the best. Do not use any water with it; moisten with butter, season with pepper, salt and sage, and, if you like, chop a half dozen large oysters, after removing the livers, and add; the steam from the bird as it cooks will moisten the dressing a little. If you pack the stuffing in solid, it cannot help but come out solid; if you use water it will be sticky and salvy. To make a nice gravy, take the turk out of the pan, pour off nearly all the fat, stir a couple of tablespoonfuls of dry flour into it and scrape off the brown fat which has adhered to the pan. Let this fat and flour brown, then add the boiling water with judgment and caution, stirring constantly, and you will have a smooth brown gravy, rich, and needing only a little more salt and the chopped giblets, if you like them, to finish it.

Then comes the side dishes, to tempt us to eat more than is good for us; the scalloped oysters; the thin slice of juicy roast pork with its modicum of brown fat and its accompanying apple sauce, a delicious dish worthy Charles Lamb's eloquent rhapsody; the canned corn, or the parsnip fritters for which the roots were boiled and mashed, seasoned and made into little cakes the day before, ready to pop into hot lard and get their yellow complexion changed to a rich dark brown; the cranberry jelly, the pickles, the plate of apoplectic light biscuit; all these disappear before our onslaught, and by the time the table is cleared for dessert we are about ready to give the Dutchman's famous receipt: "I ish full; I wants no more monesh."

But a Christmas without mince pie and plum pudding would not be the Christmas of our dreams. Anybody can make plum pudding, but it takes a culinary artist to make the ideal mince pie. "Raisins and spice and everything nice" must be added with a free hand, and when you think you've put in a great plenty, put in some more. And with the dessert comes the coffee, to which whipped cream is thought a

great addition, and over the nuts and raisins and oranges, the best part of the feast to the youngsters, welinger long, chatting cheerily, while "digestion waits on appetite and health on both."

But turkey is cheap meat in cities between Thanksgiving and New Year's and appears too often on the bill of fare to be a novelty. We sympathize with the irrepressible small boy who shocked his eminently proper mamma the other day by exclaiming, as he took rapid note of the contents of his neighbor's plate in the act of seating himself: "Turkey again! seems as if we'd had turkey till I could gobble!" So I should make up my Christmas menu, for my individual taste were I able to get up "warm meals" again, somewhat as follows:

Chicken Pie.	Cream of Celery Soup.	Roast Pork with stuffing.
Scalloped Oysters.	Canned Corn.	Boiled Beets.
Mashed Potato.	Cabbage Slaw.	Fruit Pickl s.
Cranberry Jelly.	Plum Pudding.	
Mince Pie.	Coffee.	Oranges and Grapes.
Nuts and Raisins.		

Christmas is "the glorious time of great Too-Much," but I think that's quite enough to give anybody a headache next day, don't you?

BEATRIX.

DON'T CROWD!

"Don't crowd! this world is broad enough
For you as well as me;
The doors of art are open wide,
The realm of thought is free.
In all earth's places, you are right
To choose the best you can,
Provided that you do not try
To crowd some other man."

What a great big world this is, if we only think about it! What a big country our United States is, with a frontier of more than ten thousand miles, with a line of sea coast of nearly twelve thousand miles! We have one river that is twice the size of the Danube, the largest river in Europe, the Ohio is six hundred miles longer than the Rhine, the Hudson has a navigation larger than the Thames. The State of Virginia is a third larger than England; Ohio is larger than Scotland; and from Maine to Ohio is further than from London to Constantinople. And overhanging it, not in one place but all places, is the same blue sky, the same glorious sunshine, the same silvery moonlight, the fresh air, the fleecy clouds, God's kind provident care for every one. Generations are born, live out their lives and die. Earthquakes, cyclones, floods, fires, wipe out whole towns and cities in a few minutes. The great discoveries made in New Mexico and Arizona show that over one thousand years ago people lived there who were quite advanced in civilization; their clothing was not made of skins, but of textile fabrics; they understood irrigation; canals; reservoirs of the finest masonry are found. How they lived, what were their religion and belief, their forms of government, can be as accurately told as are the same things about the old Romans. They raised pumpkins, corn and beans; they worked with crude implements, and their beasts of burden were small. And now this race is all extinct; with no warning they were buried and have lain there undisturbed for over a thousand years.

I am told that in Carson City men blasting rocks found, a great distance below the surface of the earth, in solid rock the print of human feet, the feet of a man, woman and

child, the man's foot was fourteen inches long; this all goes to prove the vastness of things we know nothing about. Think of the years that the vast forests have to lie buried deep from human vision to become converted into coal beds.

The days we read about were undoubtedly centuries, each day a regular age. How much there is to think about? We could spend all our extra time informing ourselves. One writer says, "Let the newspapers alone; you will cram your cranium so full of trash." My principal reading comprises newspapers and magazines—Dickens, Irving, Hawthorne—all the standard authors, history, ancient and modern—mythology—Conquest of Mexico, Plutarch's Lives, I read long ago. Some I have forgotten, some I never shall forget. We live fast, we rush through life; we have got to keep pace with the times, and we never can unless we read the papers. I often wish I did not have anything else to do but read and talk.

There comes a time to us all—when we pass middle life—our children are grown so as to take care of themselves and we do not have to take the brunt of the work as we once did; we like to shuffle off that old life just as we throw aside an old garment, and take up a different life. There are so many littlenesses that we once noticed, perhaps, that now we do not think of at all—the idiosyncracies of people. We shut our eyes to the bad qualities and let the good overbalance them. But there are natures that from childhood to death pick up all the meanness they can. Some of it really exists, some is imagined; and from a mere supposition it becomes a fact; it is whispered in corners at socials and tea parties, and a secret intrusted there comes out much as an egg would in an incubator, a live chicken every time. Deliver me from a confidential friend. I have proved one fact to my satisfaction, if I cannot keep a secret myself, there is no other woman will, and so for that reason I never have an intimate friend. It don't pay. And there is another failing so many indulge in—getting so righteously indignant that they will not speak to each other. I'll speak to a dog, if he wags his tail at me in recognition. How can we reasonably expect mercy if we show none. We might as well peer into a dark glass as to read a man's inner life; we know nothing whatever about it. Because we do not like a person, is no sign he is all bad. Flourish your own cudgel; don't expect or ask any one else to flourish it for you. Because I will not buy meat, or groceries or flour of a certain dealer, must the whole neighborhood cease patronizing him to please me? It would look like insanity in me to expect it of them. Life is too short to hold grudges; good common sense helps one amazingly in all these things. If any one thinks I or mine have wronged them, it would look far more sensible in them to come to me for an explanation, than to go to Tom, Dick and Harry to find out about it; they will be more befogged than ever.

Longfellow says one thing that every one would do well to keep in mind: "If we could read the secret history of our enemies we should find in each man's life, sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility."

We never portray our own character more plainly than when ventilating our views regarding another's character. When you see a person placing himself or herself on a pedestal of virtue and putting some one else down for a foot-stool, look out! may be there is something unsound about them. If there is anything meritorious about us others will find it out, no need to extol our own virtues. There are many hearts deeply engraved by the tongues of malice, with inscriptions which time can never erase. But no matter how bitter the trouble, there is ever a crumb of comfort along with it. Birds always pick at the sweetest, fairest fruits; wasps light on the most beautiful flowers; and slanderers are very much like flies, for they overlook all a man's good parts and light upon his sores. We need a great store of charity stowed away in the heart. Like rose leaves or lavender in a drawer, all the little daily acts of life would be sweetened thereby. Charity is the Good Samaritan of the heart.

There is no connection in life which is more satisfactory, which makes troubles and sorrows more easily endured, than friendship. It is well to consider a long time before you throw a friend overboard. Don't ever be influenced by hearsay. What looks to us sometimes a little promiscuous might, with a good fair showing, come out clean and whole. Betrayed friendship is the bitterest draught in the cup of life. Deliver me from people who are like the chameleon, always changing their color to correspond with that of surrounding objects. The most of people talk too much. It is written that the most desirable thing in woman is a soft, low voice. As far as I am concerned a woman may have a voice as hoarse and harsh as a raven; she may talk in a shrill tone or a low tone, if she will only stop when she has said enough; if she will choose her words well, and bear in mind that "golden silence" that is so expressive. We all know men who cannot join farms or have line fences; neighbors who will not speak; brothers and sisters, parents and children, at sword's points. It is all wrong. It was never intended that we should hold grudges. Supposing a man of our acquaintance talks or walks a little more than we think he ought to with somebody else's wife, does it concern us? Supposing a man owes a big debt; if he pays it himself and don't ask his friends to do it, it certainly is not our business. Let us keep our own house swept and garnished, our door yard free from garbage, and then inquire within. Perhaps we have been so interested about our neighbor's record that we have entirely neglected our own, and while his may come out fair and perfect, ours will be entirely deficient in goodness. So don't crowd, there is room plenty for everybody, and to get a living if so inclined, plenty of fresh air if we will only get out and inhale it; and there is lots of goodness in everybody if we have only a mind to see it.

"Don't crowd the good from out your heart
By fostering all that's bad;
But give to every virtue room,
The best that may be had,
Be each day's record such an one
That you may well be proud,
Give each his right, give each his room,
And never try to crowd."

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

PERSONAL CLEANLINESS.

I suppose there is always room for one more in this HOUSEHOLD; so here I am, waiting to introduce myself.

I'm Polly, for the nonce; yes, "Polly put the kettle on and we'll all take tea;" how delightfully easy it is to gossip over a good cup of tea! Now I'll tell you something very privately if you will all promise to never speak of it to any living person; its about that young man who worked for us quite a time this fall. The one who dressed up so slick in his light colored, stylish suit and plug hat? Yes, that's the one; well, he was the worst smelling person who ever came near me; it makes me sick now to think of that unwashed person and clothes. I could not make out whether his shirt was a drab color originally, or had become that color from long use and no acquaintance with soap or water; he must be kin to the woman an Iowa doctor tells of, one of his patients. He recommended bathing; she told him she did take a bath once and she caught cold, and she should not do so any more; he said he guessed she hadn't.

Now what are decent people to do when help is scarce, and they are obliged to accept just such as they can get? Must they sit at table with them? Eating was out of the question; I could not eat a morsel from any dish that stood on the table while he was in the room, with all the outside air to be had. My husband says my nose is too sharp; be that as it may, if there had been nothing to smell, it would not have smelled it.

Hired men are not all filthy about their person or clothes, nor are there more of them than of girls, and I do not know as their proportion is greater than of their employers. How many times I have passed by men and smelled their sweated flannel. A lady in business in town was giving me a little of her experience; her expression was, "It's dreadful."

Now if there is one man, woman, boy or girl who does not keep themselves clean, and change their underclothing at least once a week, just say to yourselves, that Polly woman has "scented" me out; you do not know how near you she comes every few days, and you are the one she's "hintin' on."

There is a story going the "rounds of the press," of a lady missionary who converted a whole neighborhood by inducing the people to wash themselves. Why should it not be true? John Wesley preached that cleanliness was next to godliness. I have heard it asserted that what ailed the man that Jesus sent "to bathe three times in the river Jordan," was filth, or a disease of the skin caused by filth, and he also commands us "be ye clean," and isn't one command as necessary to be obeyed as another?

A physiologist tells us that where the skin acts in a healthy manner, there is over two pounds or pints of fluid excrement thrown from the pores of the skin every twenty-four hours. Just think how much of this is retained in the clothing during one week! Some one no doubt is saying, "That woman is a crank, I'm glad she doesn't live near me;" she does "all the same," let me assure you; and she much

prefers to be a fresh air, clothes and water crank, than one you can "scent from afar."

Isn't there a law against nuisances under people's noses; I'd like to see it enforced in a few instances. I think it might be more efficacious than John Wesley's preaching or Bible commands. I do not wish to wear your patience all out the first time I come, so I will bid you good afternoon.

POLLY.

CHAT.

Huldah Perkins asks if we are ashamed of economy, so I will tell what I saw at a neighbor's that I think is a real economy. Calling one morning my friend told me she had been making horse blankets. Of course I said, "What under the sun did you make them of?" She said, "I will show you," and brought out a pair of nice comfortable blankets made of hemp carpeting lined throughout with factory, two breadths of the carpeting stitched in a flat seam through the center, then the lining stitched down around the edge, then stitched once both ways across the center; and with a strap and buckle they were complete, at a cost of \$1.60, and I am quite sure they will outlast two pair of cheap blankets at twice the cost. At any rate our horses will soon be dressed up in some.

I could have told E. L. Nye, years and years ago, that a small spoonful of flour was equivalent to an egg in pumpkin pies.

I think carpet rags crocheted with a large hook make nice serviceable rugs; they may be made of hit and miss, striped, round, oblong, square, six or eight square, or any shape to suit the taste.

I once read the reason why a person who was lost in the woods always traveled in a circle, was because he always stepped further with the right foot than with the left, when wandering at random.

I hope we will hear from Ella R. Wood again. It is a mystery to me how a library can be carried on in a separate building in the country; tell us all about it, Ella. After reading her letter I wondered if the people in that vicinity would think that particular society were assuming a name of which they did not know the meaning, were they to call themselves a Literary Society. In my opinion a Library Association may be properly called a Literary Society, but of course a Literary Society is not necessarily a Library Association. As this is a disputed question in this neighborhood, I would like the opinion of all who will kindly give it, and oblige

PLAINWELL.

BESS.

THE HOUSEHOLD is now being sent to every one whose name is on our subscription lists, no matter whether they subscribed for it or not. Several persons who have not been receiving it heretofore, have written they did not know a supplement was published with the FARMER. Sorry for all they have missed by not getting it. The HOUSEHOLD hereafter goes wherever the FARMER goes, at a dollar a year for both—"cheaper than going without." Help your neighbors to a good thing by inducing them to subscribe. Our readers can have sample copies sent to their friends by sending us their names.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

* For nearly a year the MICHIGAN FARMER has been a weekly visitor at our house, and a welcome one too, but never until the number dated Dec. 1st has it been accompanied by the HOUSEHOLD. Now I have taken quite a fancy to the little paper, and am much interested in the hints on Christmas gifts. I would like to tell how to knit wristlets with pointed edge, the prettiest I ever saw. Set up like a stocking, any number of stitches divisible by ten. It takes ten stitches for each point. Make one stitch, knit three, slip one, narrow, pass the slipped stitch over the narrowed one, knit three, make one, knit one. Repeat round and round, until as long as you desire; bind off the edge, and you will have a wristlet, both edges of which are finished in points. They are pretty, whether knit of one or two colors, or all the colors of the rainbow.

I hope to see the next HOUSEHOLD in which we are promised hints for Christmas presents for the little ones, a subject in which I am much interested just now.

We expect to have a family tree the coming Christmas, and would be glad to learn how to please our little ones. Those who wish to have a tree without much expense can cut the candle holders out of apples, potatoes, etc., and fruit, popcorn balls and popcorn strung on threads, and festooned among the branches will be quite an addition. The first Christmas tree I ever saw was a common forest tree; I think it was a young sycamore, with holes bored in the trunk and extra limbs added.

This, decorated in the above manner, and filled with useful and beautiful presents, was a very pleasing sight to us youngsters. The tree was at our school-house, and was as tall as could conveniently stand under the ceiling. The miniature set of china which the tree bore for me, forms even now a precious keepsake and memento of my childhood.

Wishing you all a very Merry Christmas
I am
MRS. CLARA A. BRIGGS.
THURBER.

SWEET-BRIER.

I have just read that brief story wherein the "sweet-brier" seems to flourish everywhere and under all conditions, even under the window of a new house, and it reminds me of my own experience with the shrub. I have always admired it, and years ago dreamed of a large bush near my kitchen door to dry dish towels upon, imagining that its delicious fragrance might instill a bit of poetry into that prosy tri-daily act of ours—dish-washing. I gave a small boy a quarter to bring me the first root. It died. The next spring, I dug another from the wayside, brought it home in my baby-cab, and set it out carefully; it only followed its predecessor to an early grave; while the existence of a third root promised to be equally brief; so late last fall I gave up my dream of the fragrant dish-towel, and just dug the pining specimen up and "chucked" it down by the fence, where all summer it has battled with the grass, weeds and bugs and appeared to enjoy the situation, and I hope it may be large enough some day to dry Josiah's socks on. I see great sweet-briers

clinging to the tops of a gravel hill with half their roots exposed; I pass them crowded under fence and rock, filling the air with incomparable fragrance; but can not coax them to grow anywhere near me. Can any one explain, without disagreeable suggestion?

A. H. J.

THOMAS.

HOLIDAY HINTS.

A novel and rather pretty pincushion for the toilet table is made as follows: Cut two circles out of satin, sateen, or any material you prefer, stuff with cotton and draw down in the centre like buttoned furniture. Take a length of oriental lace which is wide enough to cover at least half the diameter, gather it full to the centre, and cover the centre with a cluster of loops of narrow ribbon to match the color of the cushion.

A bag for soiled cuffs and collars can be made out of a fancy Turkish towel costing twenty-five cents. Double the towel and overhand the edges together to within four inches of the top, not including the fringe. These flaps are then turned over so as to make a lambrequin, and a line of stitching made about a third of an inch from the top, thus forming a hem in which to place the drawstrings.

The housekeeper will appreciate a case for her spare knives. Cut a piece of colored canton flannel as long as you think will be needed. Measure about twice and a half the length of your knives and hem both edges. Double it up from the bottom nearly as deep as a knife, and stitch in rows about an inch apart, or so a knife will slip in easily. If that makes more places than you wish for knives, you can make some of the spaces two inches apart to put in table-spoons; sew three or four brass or steel rings to the top and screw into the door as many brass or steel hooks, such as you can purchase at a hardware store and hang up. Make a case for forks in the same way, only not quite as deep. One made of drab canton flannel feather-stitched across the hems with red is very pretty and does not easily become soiled. Another may be made of unbleached canton flannel ornamented with a vine worked with blue embroidery cotton. These cases may be rolled up and tied with pieces of dress braid the color of the feather stitching.

The newest chair cushions consist of two, connected together, and intended as rests for the back of the chair. One displayed in the window of a fancy store here was made of figured velvet, a deep maroon ground figured with autumn leaves. The lower and larger cushion was perhaps twelve inches long and eight inches wide, after being made, the upper and smaller was the same length but not more than five and a half inches wide. Small brass rings had been covered with crochet in silk, and sewed to one edge of each cushion, and a cord passing through the rings laced the cushions together. Ribbons were added to attach the cushion to the chair, and two full bows, one at one corner of the upper cushion, and the other at the lower corner of the other. Another in the same style was made of cream velvet with pink roses and buds, and was very dainty and delicate. This style

can of course be copied in cheaper material.

Very pretty square workboxes are made of pasteboard covered with any desired material. The sides of a suitable box are cut on the corners down to the bottom, so that the box can be spread out flat, lining and outside are neatly overhanded together and the lining tacked through the bend between sides and bottom to hold it in place. The corners are then tied with ribbons, which may be untied if one wishes to pack the box in a trunk.

There was a "bag sale" in this city a few days ago, at which bags of every conceivable size, shape and material, for every purpose imaginable and some beyond imagination, were disposed of for the benefit of a local charity. But the prices were something astonishing, even for "sweet charity's sake." A cretonne duster bag was valued at \$2, and from thence up to \$4 and \$5 and above for party bags, opera bags, etc. The most novel thing about the sale was an orange tree in full fruit, not an importation from Florida, but a Northern evergreen, bearing as fruit sachets resembling oranges which sold for a dollar apiece. These sachets were really quite pretty; cut out of orange-colored satin, after the fashion in which balls were formerly covered—one piece cut in gores and sewed up—the seams were overhanded neatly, the orange turned, and filled with cotton sprinkled with sachet powder. A loop of ribbon inserted where the gores met served to hang it up by. The satin had, I think, a lining of paper. Similar "oranges" could be put to a variety of uses, they would make novel pincushions, and filled with candies, would help decorate a Christmas tree, while a charming surprise might be arranged by hiding a small gift, as a piece of jewelry, in this odorous nest.

A quaint pincushion is made by dressing a doll in Quaker costume, a deep bonnet, a plain gray satin dress and a little white kerchief demurely crossed in front. Stuff the skirt lightly with cotton, tack to a pasteboard foundation, and you have a prim little figure whose skirts you can pierce with pins with impunity.

A unique penwiper included in the holiday stock of one of our stores, was a large pen cut out of celluloid, with four or five similarly-shaped pieces of chamois fastened inside to wipe the pen upon; a little spray of blossoms ornamented the upper part of the pen, which was perhaps six inches long and made to hang up. Another style is made as follows: Cut twelve circles three inches in diameter out of cloth or felt, in shades of one color or in contrasting shades. Edge each one with beads; this is done by overseaming the edge with silk and threading six beads for each stitch; fold the circles into quarters and sew them firmly together at the centres to form a ball.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

ONE of the nicest ways to cook potatoes for supper is to pare and slice them, put them into a baking dish with bits of butter interspersed, and a little salt, fill the dish with sweet milk, cover, and bake a couple of hours in a moderately hot oven. Just before they are done, uncover, and let the

top brown nicely. Serve in the dish they were baked in, folding a napkin around it to conceal it.

THE economical manager can make pads to put under stair carpets out of pieces of old carpet. They should be cut almost as long as the stair carpet is wide, and wide enough to cover the stair and extend a little over the front edge. Put two thicknesses together, and bind them with drilling. A set will last a long time and save a great deal of wear on the carpet, and also much noise.

IT is just as well to remember that though milk is very nutritious, being in truth a complete food, there are many persons who ought not to drink it as a beverage. In a person of sedentary habits, or one who suffers from constipation, it induces a bilious condition which aggravates the trouble. Any adult person who adopts milk as a beverage, should either stir a small pinch of salt into each glass of milk, or add a fourth of its bulk of seltzer water.

Useful Recipes.

MINCE MEAT.—To each pound of beef, after it is boiled and chopped, allow two pounds chopped apples, half pound beef suet, also chopped; one pound each of seeded and chopped raisins and currants, half a pound of citron sliced very thin; one pound brown sugar; the juice and grated rind of two lemons; half a nutmeg; a teaspoonful each of cinnamon and cloves, and enough boiled cider to moisten. When these ingredients are well mixed, put the whole in a preserving kettle and cook slowly until the apples are soft.

FANCY APPLE SAUCE.—Take apples having a red skin—the Winesap; and the Jonathan are excellent—wash them carefully before paring, and keep the parings and cores separate. After putting the quarters into the stewpan add to them one tablespoonful of cider for every two apples; if cider is not to be had take the same amount of water. Instead of covering them, with a tin lay over them their parings, and stew over a gentle fire. Upon removing the parings you will find the pulp beneath tinted a delicate pink. Beat it up, add a little butter and enough powdered sugar to sweeten, turn into a dish, and over the top sprinkle cinnamon and powdered sugar.

MINCE MEAT.—One cup of chopped meat; one and a half cups raisins; one and a half cups currants; one and a half cups brown sugar; one-third cup molasses, or one cup granulated sugar; three cups chopped apples; one cup meat liquor; two tablespoonfuls salt; two tablespoonfuls cinnamon; half table-spoonful mace; half tablespoonful powdered cloves; one lemon, grated rind and juice; one quarter piece of citron; one-quarter cupful brandy; one-quarter cupful of wine; three teaspoonfuls rosewater. This makes about three quarts. Mix in the order given, and make it quite moist with the meat liquor. If you do not wish to use wine or brandy, use one cup cider and one of sweet pickle vinegar. Cook till the raisins and apples are soft. If you like a highly-flavored mince, add more spice. If it seems to "lack something," add salt; this brings out the other flavors.—*Good Housekeeping.*