

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, JAN. 19, 1889.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE HOME-BOUND HOST.

The sound of a host advancing,
Tramp! tramp! tramp!
Under the windy flicker
And flare of the evening lamp,
Under the steady whiteness
Of the clear electric light,
The sound of an army marching
Is in the streets to night.

Not to the clamor of bugles,
Nor the stormy beat of drums,
Not to the battle's tocsin,
The jubilant army comes.
A sweeter music summons
And thrills along the line,
Though each for himself may hear it,
And make to the next no sign.

The patter of tiny footfalls
That run to an open door,
The mother's tender singing,
Her step on the nursery floor;
The boyish shout of welcome,
The girlish ripple of glee.
At the click in the guarded portal
Of the home-bound father's key.

This is the army's music;
Cheerily calls good-night
The merry voice of the comrade
As he passes out of sight
Into the heart of the household
When the day's long work is done,
And wife and bairns are waiting
With a kiss for the dearest one.

Under the windy flicker
And flare of the evening lamp
I hear a host advancing
With steady and resolute tramp—
A host of the strong and gentle,
A throng of the brave and true,
Dear little wives and mothers,
Hastening home to you!

—Margaret E. Sangster.

MICHIGAN'S SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND.

It was my good fortune, not long since, to be entertained at the cottage of the Superintendent of the School for the Blind at Lansing. And by the way, this cottage is a beautiful brick building, and cost the State several thousand dollars. It is admirably constructed, with broad halls and spacious rooms, is heated by hot air, lighted by electricity, and thoroughly furnished from garret to cellar, so that whoever is fortunate enough to secure the appointment as superintendent, may set his family down in a mansion fit for a king. The present incumbent, who was formerly Superintendent of the Howell Union schools, as well as his gifted, cultured wife, are eminently worthy of any favors the State may bestow.

I had visited the School previous to this time, but it was a great privilege to attend the chapel exercises and watch the faces of

the pupils, as they marched in two and two, each taking his accustomed seat without any hesitancy or confusion; and it was hard to bring myself to realize that to these ninety pupils, from the little one of ten to the pupil of older years the light of day had gone out forever. Their voices rang out clear and melodious, in "The Sweet By and By," and "The Home Over There," and as Superintendent Barnes so touchingly read the words of David, "The darkness and light are both alike to thee," and earnestly besought the Throne of Grace that blessings might rest upon them all, the place seemed hallowed; and I thought perhaps these unfortunate ones, who have been shrouded in natural darkness, may with keener spiritual insight than many who look upon earth's beautiful things, "behold the king in his beauty, in the land that is not very far off."

The moral tone of the school is elevating and refining, and the institution is emphatically a school, not a reformatory or asylum. It is fully equipped with a competent corps of teachers, and the proficiency of the pupils is astonishing; for those who complete the eight years' course of study will have a fund of information equal to that which is possessed by the average student.

Kindergarten work, such as modeling in clay, paper folding and weaving, forming of pictures on card board, stick and tablet laying is successfully carried on, and so active are their minds and keen their perceptions that many learn to read in three months. The regular course includes all the elementary branches, American literature, civil government, physical geography, etc. In the school-rooms enormous globes and maps are used, with the surface raised and depressed to represent mountains, rivers and the different features of physical geography. An extensive library for the use of the pupils has been provided, and by the Congressional grant of 1879 five hundred and sixty dollars' worth of books have been recently added. The books are mostly in line-print, some in point-print, so that it may be truly said this library is extensive, in more points than one.

A certain time is set apart each day as study hours, when the pupils of the different classes meet in different rooms, and together rehearse the lesson for the next day, which was related to them by their teacher at the close of the lesson for the day. Meanwhile the teacher is within calling distance, prepared to answer any question relative to the lesson.

It is said that these pupils are not proof

against Cupid's darts. It has never been told me, but I have surmised that during these study hours, shafts from his quiver fly thick and fast, and surely those who cannot see to parry his thrusts should not be blamed; and then, out of pure sympathy, he may be on the alert to find lodgment in their hearts, for "Love is blind."

The taste for music, which seems peculiarly intensified in the nature of the blind, is in the school highly cultivated, and as their fingers move so deftly over the musical instruments, they seem to wake the spirits of the air.

There are thirteen pianos in the building, and piano tuning is so thoroughly learned, under the tutorship of Prof. Blakeslee, that many go away from the school enabled to gain a livelihood by this acquisition. The acute and refined perception of the sense of hearing, inherent in the nature of the blind, renders them peculiarly fitted for this work, and they have acquired such skill that many large piano establishments employ them exclusively in this department of labor; and the Perkins Institute for the Blind has been awarded the contract, for eight years in succession, of tuning the pianos of the Boston schools, one hundred and thirty-two in number.

There are two caligraphs in the building, with the capitals separated by a wire, and the pupils are quite expert in the use of these instruments, often using them for the purpose of writing letters to their friends.

It is the aim of the Superintendent to make this school a home, and it certainly seemed such, as we saw this large family seated at the breakfast table, presided over by the genial matron. The sadness and doleful, dejected looks one might expect to see were entirely wanting; and on the playgrounds and in their daily walks there is the same badinage, pleasant jokes, and merry laughter as among other children.

This school was separated from the institution at Flint in 1879, and located at Lansing in 1881. By an act of the Legislature of the same year, the property, which consisted of forty-five acres of land, and the main portion of the building was purchased for the use of the school. Two large wings, the superintendent's cottage and other buildings have since been erected. The grounds are beautifully laid out in walks, drives and plats, and are adorned with flowers, which the pupils soon distinguish by their shape and fragrance.

The dormitories are pleasant and cosy. Many of them are made attractive by pictures, and bright colored objects, which the occupants prize very highly. The girls'

workroom is one of the cheeriest, brightest rooms of the building. They learn to run the sewing machine, and to do many kinds of fancy work; and I saw some of their plain sewing, with which I should not dare to compete, notwithstanding I have been through this world nearly fifty years with my eyes wide open, and big ones at that.

The State provides for the tuition, boarding, washing, medical attendance, in fact every necessary for the comfort of the pupil, at an annual expense of twenty-four thousand dollars, and we all may feel a just pride in "Michigan, my Michigan," whose noblest monuments are her public institutions.

All who can do so, will do well to visit this School for the Blind, and if any are so fortunate as for a moment to gain audience with the busy Superintendent, they will be sure of a hearty welcome, but there is always in attendance a courteous guide, who has been in the school as a pupil, and having finished the course is employed as visitors' attendant.

HOWELL. MRS. W. K. SEXTON.

GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS.

Economy on the farm is a very different and far more difficult matter to manage than economy in a town. In town, if you have only the Harrison dollar-a-day, it consists more in wise buying than anything else; while on the farm it means the best possible use of the materials the farm gives you, not depending much on buying for securing plenty and variety, especially variety. It is easily said that one can exchange the surplus farm products for whatever they wish, grown in other lands. But when you have taken the team, time and trouble to make the exchange, you seem to have sold at the lowest free trade prices and bought at the highest tariff rates. Besides, there is much on a farm that you cannot readily find a market for yet that should not be wasted.

In reading lately of the starved lives of the poor in Europe, of the Russian peasants' life long hunger for enough to eat, just once; of the famishing poor of England and Ireland; of the German woman who sawed wood in the streets for twenty cents a day, and fed her six children with the water in which the dishes of a restaurant were first washed, paying for it ten cents a day, we realize the sin of wastefulness and learn gratitude for the necessities of life we have in our own America.

Have you noticed that in this country the most extravagant people are those to whom any money at all to spend is a very new thing, while people who have been brought up with the surroundings of wealth will practice economies that will cause them to be called stingy by the wasteful poor?

You can make better use of the cannelle, the coarse flour that comes with the grist from the mill, than giving it to the pigs and chickens. Fruit cake and molasses ginger cake are better mixed with it than with flour, not as likely to be sticky. Bits of meat left over, any kind of canned fruit, of which there is not enough left to put on the table again, can all go into the mince meat for pies, and they will be all the better.

Hash is a good thing to use up the fragments, and its being good depends entirely on the way it is cooked. Chop fine and season in the bowl; put a lump of butter in the spider, when it is melted and hot put in the hash and a little hot water, cover closely and when it is heated through, the water evaporated, and beginning to brown on the bottom, dish it up carefully. The secret is, when it begins to cook never stir it up with spoon or knife, thereby making a sticky, disagreeable mess of it.

When you go into a store intent on economy and a bargain, and offer for the article you want a price that is cost or a little below, and the merchant because he has a bill due that day that must be met, lets you have it, right there is the time where economy ends and highway robbery begins.

Bineville, thank you for a good laugh, though I should be sympathetic, for I too have gone through the "mere form" of making a new dress over an old lining and met the intense surprise at the end. No one can perfectly fit a dress to herself. Good patterns nearly accomplish it, but there must always be some fitting. I once heard the best dressmaker I ever knew, lament that she could not have her own dresses fitted as she could fit others.

One more hint: If you keep a dog, a medium sized one, you know that it eats more than a man of the same kinds of food. Still I don't think it really costs as much to keep a dog, probably fifty dollars a year will cover the actual cost of the food it consumes. If I had a surplus hundred dollars a year, and I didn't know what on earth to do with it, and was fond of dog society, and willing to risk hydrophobia for my children, I think I should keep two dogs.

PIONEER. HULDAH PERKINS.

HOME-MADE RUGS.

Somebody asked not long ago for directions for making rugs. One very pretty style, but which requires a great deal of work, is made by cutting woollen rags into small bits and stringing them on stout linen thread or cord. When enough is prepared, the rag-carpet weaver will weave them into a rug which will be thick, heavy, durable, serviceable and good-looking, and which will resemble somewhat in texture the Smyrna rugs of the stores.

Very nearly the same effect is obtained by cutting flannel or woollen rags in strips three-quarters of an inch wide—bas if possible. Then with a coarse needle and stout linen thread, gather the strips lengthwise through the centre, pushing them up close on the thread. The rags are not sewed. These are woven as above. The work is not quite so slow as where the rags are cut in bits before stringing, and the rag looks equally as well. The easiest way to arrange a pattern is to have a border of black a quarter of a yard wide at each end, and the centre hit or miss, with as much bright color as possible. The ends can be finished with a fringe as described below, and it will be found an improvement.

Another method is to cut woollen rags into strips three-quarters of an inch wide, keeping light and dark separate, and sew like carpet rags. Knit on wooden needles or

pins, in garter stitch, in sections. The centre section is of dark rags, three-quarters of a yard long and a quarter of a yard wide. Then knit twelve blocks, six light and six dark, each a quarter of a yard square. Arrange them by placing a light block at each end of the centre strip; this will bring a dark block at each corner, and alternate the blocks to fill in the sides. Saw the sections together firmly on the wrong side, line it, and border with a plain strip in garter stitch, or with a fringe an eighth of a yard wide made of inch wide strips of heavy woollen cloth sewed on firmly between the lining and rug. To make such a rug is rather hard on the hands, but when done it is very serviceable; it is a good way to use up the pieces of men's clothing one does not want to put in her carpet.

House shoes for the children may be made of pieces of beaver cloth, the best parts of an old overcoat or any heavy cloth. Rip up an old shoe for a pattern, allowing for seams; line with bright flannel, bind with braid, and cut soles out of the tops of a pair of fine boots, shoes, or for quite young children, out of the backs of buckskin gloves or mittens. These are soft to the feet, noiseless, and excellent and economical for house wear. Better than slippers for winter, as they protect the feet and ankles more.

BEATRIX.

SKETCHINGS.

It has been a long time since I have found leisure and mood for taking my accustomed place in the HOUSEHOLD. I have not lost interest however, but have been an attentive listener to the talk around.

I have often believed myself *en rapport* with some of our writers, and am moved at this time to give an outline impression of such mind photographs.

One has seen many years of earth-life, has been very observant, has broad and generous views of human beings and their diverse ways of thought and action. She can pity the sinner while condemning the sin; can find good even in a depraved life, make large allowance for human frailty and surrounding circumstances. She has had a life of mingled joy and sorrow, prosperity and adversity, has known the true happiness of a congenial marriage, wedded love and love's jewels, children. But the evangel of Death has invaded that home. I can almost hear the throbs of heart anguish as the dear ones leave in his grim company. Oh Death! that opens the door to Life, how terrible your face to mortals! How my sympathy goes out to her in her loneliness. But she accepts the fiat of Providence with sweet resignation, and takes up the burden of life, determined to do its duties, and show and feel an interest in those still left.

Another I should picture as a bright, piquant young woman, of a deep emotional nature, highly gifted, and well educated; of quick, deep feelings, capable of strong attachments either to person, place or her own ideas of the fitness of things. She means to do just right, but has her own ideas of the way to arrive at conclusions, and once formed, judgment is firm and time and conclusive demonstration are

necessary to change her opinion. She is of a type of woman that may make mistakes in youth, from the mind being educated faster than the judgment can mature, but when the balance between intellect and emotion is reached, a harmonious and elevated character is evolved.

Another stands in the prime of life, cultured, social, capable; the owner of an experience that has developed a clear knowledge of human nature, and a capacity to turn that knowledge to account. She will put the most awkward at ease; to her the most silent can talk, and in her the reserved confide. She is happy, self-reliant and will get the best out of life, circumstances and friends. The world is better for her living in it.

Another blends the highest sentimental and the most severely practical. She will feast with you on the ambrosia of the gods, or on a well cooked meal. She is not fond of mathematics, I should say, yet method marks her household workings. The silver lining of the cloud is for her, and she has a remedy at hand for each ill. Her children will go out well trained for the battle of life; and she will herself tread the downhill of life without murmuring.

Another is nothing if not original. She is a little inclined to a morbid view of life, but so beautifully protests against her own views, in her actual life, that one hardly dare bring the accusation to her. Resolute in performing every duty, a firm friend, a conscientious wife and self-sacrificing mother, she is entitled to more sweets than she is likely to glean from life. But her reward is sure. Oh for a stronger faith and deeper trust, for this pure, womanly woman!

Another is quick of speech, of act and conclusions; ready to do battle for her opinion, of most advanced position as regards woman's sphere, and quite ready to take a front rank when the line advances. She is not of an equable nature, but apt to soar high on imagination's wings, and to drop to the valley, if fortune clips those wings. She is alternately elated and depressed, as the world—her world—moves according to or against her ideas of propriety. She is ready of speech, vigorous of style, and will make her mark.

Another has seen the seasons come and go for a goodly number of years; sorrow and adversity have been not infrequent visitors, but all events as they came were resignedly accepted, and she has grown quieter, sweeter, and more like the flowers she loves and tends with kindly care.

One gentleman that occasionally visits the HOUSEHOLD is very civil, companionable, and a valued friend, often giving words of counsel and discriminating criticism, that might work to our profit as well as pleasure; but the poor man is so bashful and shrinking that he needs a great deal of encouragement. I hope the ladies of the HOUSEHOLD will not forget to make him sure of a welcome. And not he only; we would, I am sure, be very glad of any who would take sufficient interest in the little paper to knock at the open door. I am sure all would say: "Enter, you are welcome."

Now this is only a sort of dreamland description. I hope none who may imagine

they have sat for a portrait will be offended at the picture. If it does not look like you, no one will be the wiser, and perhaps you are someone else after all. This is a free country, and if the limnings are caricatured, please correct, or revenge yourself by causing some one else to sit for a portrait.

The new year, with all its promises, its hopes, doubts and fears, is with us. May our lives be so ordered that the result of our labors may sum up satisfactorily at the close; and mistakes, and consequent regrets, be reduced to a minimum. Dear to the heart of every one of us is the HOUSEHOLD. Each one is indebted to its pages for many hints and helps. This being the case, let us each resolve to help our good, patient Queen B. and each other by sending all the helpful hints we can, that when "copy" is called for, her heart be not burdened.

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

A LESSON IN GRAMMER.

[Essay read by Clara Bell Southwell at a meeting of the Literary Society of Marengo.]

Not mere beginners are we to-night in the study of grammar. We have already learned to designate the parts of speech. Have studied more particularly nouns; we know that goodness and truthfulness are called common nouns, but are much too uncommon in this world. We have met some people who seem to have a great liking for personal pronouns, first person. They seem to have a sort of mania for using "I, we, my, etc.," while we have met others to whom self is the last consideration, always placing others first. We have now arrived at that part of the book where the words at the top of the page are: "Conjugation of the verb be." Let us learn this. Present tense, indicative mood, "I am." Stop! I am what? A poet once said: "My greatest joy is that I am." I am on earth and what for? It is not an accident. There is a work for each of us. We have a life to live, and a life which is as we make it. "The web of life is drawn into the loom for us, but we weave it ourselves; we throw our own shuttle and work our own treadle. The warp is given us, but the woof we make, find our own materials and colors, and figure it to our own taste." We are weaving now. Are our colors the best? our figures perfect? our materials strong? We do not want a poor spot in this work, we want it to wear. We want our materials and colors to be the best we can find, now; to-morrow we may not have opportunity to obtain them. I am—what? Truthful? Good? Remember what we now are we teach others to be. Our characters are the mirrors in which our intimate friends see themselves reflected. Do you admire truthfulness? Be truthful. Do you admire goodness? Strive to be—not perfect—no one loves a "perfect" person, there is a dangerous rock underneath that still spot of waters, but strive to be better. One can not try too much for this. I sail what we are we teach others to be; in our actions are much greater lessons than in our words, and lessons which are much easier to learn. Both our actions and our words will live after us, and our book of life may be nearly finished. Each day we write a page, and

on each page should be recorded at least one thing worthy of being repeated; one good deed which has brought smiles to the tearful face, or joy to the sorrowing heart. Do not wait until to-morrow to do good, begin now. "It is not until Time with reckless hand has torn out half the leaves from the book of life to light the fires of passion with, that man begins to see that but few leaves remain, and to remember that on the earlier pages was written a story of happy innocence, which he fain would read again." Can we not realize that the past can never be recalled? Those leaves which Time has torn from our books are Time's leaves, not ours. Those we are now writing are ours. Can we not make them better than Time's? Let us strive to do for suffering humanity. Nothing can be more pleasing to see in after years, in our book of life, than a statement that we have helped some one by a kind word or deed. I tell you there are more people starving to-day for food for the soul than for food for the body. Have we yet learned this tense of the verb be? No indeed, we have only begun. "I am," means all we do or say or think. Each makes a link in the chain of our characters, and what our characters are we are.

Let us leave this and go on. "He is." But why should we study what he is? how can we know? We cannot judge by appearance; we should not judge by manners. He may have great faults, still appear as the best. How can we know, I ask, of what is in his heart? It may be the home of sorrow. It is not the heaviest grief for which we wear the willow. The heaviest crosses are known by none save God. "Believe me, every man has his own secret sorrow, and we oftentimes call a man cold when he is only sad." Judge not by manners; no one always thus shows his real character. To be sure manners are the garments of character, but all, even the most devout, are capable of hypocrisy:

"Judge not. The working of his brain,
And of his heart, thou can'st not see.
What seems to thy dim eyes a stain
In God's pure sight may only be
A scar, brought from some well won field,
Where thou would'st only faint and yield."

"I was." Do we care to study what is past? Wrong must have been done, but no good comes of calling up in line before us old sins, to see which was the worse, or where we were most in the wrong. Good might have been done. God remembers it. If we are going on a journey we don't want to be going back every day or two to see how far we have got.

"I shall be" and "I might have been." What toil and trouble, time and tears, are recorded in those little words; the former the music of youth, sweet as the sound of silver bells, fresh as the breezy call of "incense breathing morn." The latter the plaint of age, the dirge of hope, the inscription for a tomb. The one trembles upon thin lips, parched with life's fitful fever; the other swells from strong young hearts to lips rounded and dewy with the sweetness of hope. The one is timed by a heart that flutters and wears out, while the other beats right on in the bold march of life. How like a bugle-call is that "I shall be," from a young soul strong in prophecy? I shall be—great, honored, affluent, good,

and then—but who can fill out the thens? Who but the painter who has dipped his pen in sunset, who but the poet whose lips have been touched with fire from the altar of Inspiration. Before the memory has a tomb in it, before it becomes the cemetery, the Greenwood of the soul, "I shall be" is as beautiful as an old ballad. When graves are digged therein, and willow planted and hopes are buried "I shall be" is as grand as an old poem. When "the battle is done, the harp unstrung, its music trembling, dying," then "I shall be" is as sublime as an old prophecy.

I shall be—but what? The light of the deeds we now perform will never cease to shed a light around us. Do we desire a happy old age and still happier eternity? Would we become and remain pleasant companions for ourselves and those whose life paths are nearest ours? Let us not then, sink into the narrow ruts in our own road, so deep that we lose all inclination and at last all power to rise out of them to aid or cheer another whose way may be rougher, or whose feet not so well shod as ours. Let us woo Love, with his caressing grace; Unselfishness with ready thought for others; Hope with her fairy wand, and sunny Cheerfulness, transmuting all things into good in the alembic of her light. Let us woo these to dwell in our hearts, and when they have made the heart beautiful then will our faces show our happiness, our hearts will be full of peace and our eternity supremely blest.

"I ought to have been!" How easy it is to feel the prick of the thorn after we have gathered the rose! The rose is fragrant, but thorns are sharp, and we cannot recall the roses of memories of happy old dreams, without again feeling the prick of the thorns of remorse in our conscience for some old sins sometimes when we ought to have been better. Let them go. No good comes of living them over; "I am" is all we have; "I was" and "I ought to have been," are ours no more. Let us forget them; for memories of the past always bring sorrow as well as joy:

"Keep out of the past, for its highways
Are damp with malarial gloom,
Its gardens are sere, and its forests are drear,
And everywhere moulders a tomb.
Who seeks to regain its lost pleasures,
Finds only a rose turned to dust,
And its storehouse of wonderful treasures,
Is covered and coated with rust."

COFFEE-MAKING.

I actually made a mistake when I said that method of making coffee with cold water was Miss Parloa's. It was Miss Juliet Corson; she is writing a series of articles for the *Minneapolis Housekeeper*. I have a friend who makes very delicious coffee, and this is her *modus operandi*: For a medium-sized coffee pot, say one that holds two quarts, she takes a teacupful of ground coffee and one egg, both are put into the pot, then it is shaken vigorously, then filled with boiling water, and set on one side of the stove, so far back it cannot possibly boil; this is steeping about twenty minutes; it pours off a beautiful golden color, and with sugar and rich cream is good enough for common folks. We are using a new brand of coffee at present, Wood's "Javanese;" it is thirty cents per

pound and has a delicious flavor. I have not bought the green berry in three years. I buy fresh roasted and ground each week, and I like it just as well as though I broiled myself a bright crimson while roasting the berries a chestnut brown. There is considerable imagination about things we eat, and our method of preparing certain articles of food. Now for instance, I know a woman who says she will not use any coffee but Old Government Java and Mocha mixed, half and half, bought green, she roasts it, and while it is hot beaten eggs are poured over it, stirred thoroughly and put into a close can. I happen to know that she gets deceived quite frequently on the Mocha. I have read that Mocha coffee is raised in Arabia, or rather the best quality is raised there; the next in quality comes from Java. But the greater part of it is raised in Brazil and shipped to Arabia, and it then finds its way into the markets. I remember during the war father paid as high as seventy-five cents a pound for Java coffee. It was during the war that so many substitutes were manufactured; chicory, bran and molasses, carrots and the like.

I never think it a good plan to leave the coffee pot half full of cold coffee; by managing, about the required quantity can be made each time. Wash the pot and set it away empty; the inside can be cleansed of the black deposit by filling with very strong soap suds and boiling for several hours, throw the suds out, take a dry cloth and wipe around the sides and one can see what a deposit is in the majority of coffee pots. The same is true of tea pots; they can be kept clean and bright in this way.

BATTLE CREEK.

WORDS OF SYMPATHY.

It is a long time since I wrote to the *HOUSEHOLD*, and now I come to express my sympathy for Old School Teacher in her sorrow. Since I wrote last, I too have had a great trouble; I have lost the dear little mother who was so dear to all of her children; and I can feel for any one else in sorrow.

Is it not strange that although we all know we must meet death for ourselves and all who are dear to us, we are never really prepared for it, never quite ready? Although we know they are going where they will be infinitely better off, we cannot help mourning, not on their account, oh no! but on our own; their gain is so truly our loss. I went home to Detroit for the holidays, and I could see mother in every room in the house, in the very chair she used to sit in. It does not seem possible she is gone away for all time. I hope this mourning mother will look for comfort to the only One who can give it. When we really come to "heart sorrow," there is nothing else will sooth that but the thought of Our Father's promises. MRS. ED.

OXBOW.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

FRESH meat is usually kept in winter by being frozen in large pieces. But if cut up in proper size for cooking, before freezing, the housekeeper will be spared some trouble

in cutting the unmanageable food, and the men be spared from breach of the third commandment.

THOSE troublesome things known as "cold sores" or fever blisters, can be cured early in their career by the application of anything hot, hot water, a hot potato, etc., kept on a few minutes. Very strong camphor will have the same effect. To be effective the treatment must be begun as soon as the sore appears.

PROF. STEWART, after telling us that the seat of nausea is not in the stomach, but in the brain, informs us that relief from this distressing sensation may be obtained by cooling the base of the brain. He has tested this often and thoroughly in the case of sick headache, bilious colic, cholera morbus and other ills in which nausea is a distressing symptom, without a single failure; and once relieved the nausea resulting from cancer of the stomach by the application of ice to the back of the neck and occipital bone. The ice is to be broken and the bits placed between the folds of a towel. Relief may be obtained by holding the head over a sink, or tub, and pouring a small stream of water on the back of the neck. This is worth remembering as a relief for sick headache, to which so many women are subject.

Contributed Recipes.

MONTCALM COUNTY DOUGHNUTS.—Two eggs, well beaten; add one cup sugar and beat again; one cup sweet milk; two tablespoonfuls lard; one heaping teaspoonful baking powder; one small teaspoonful salt; nutmeg. Mix soft. MRS. ED. OXBOW.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES WITHOUT YEAST.—Two cups buttermilk; two cups sweet skimmed milk; two teaspoonfuls salt; thicken with buckwheat flour, stir well and let stand over night. In the morning add two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in a little warm water; let stand a few minutes after stirring in the soda, and the cakes will be light and nice. Save half a pint or more of the batter for leaven and in stirring up the cakes afterward use sweet skimmed milk and only one teaspoonful of soda. If you have not plenty of milk, part water will do.

PORK CAKE.—Half pound fat pork, chopped fine; half pound raisins; two and a half cups brown sugar; one and a half cups hot water; four and a half cups flour; one teaspoonful soda; one of allspice. This cake will keep a long time.

SPICE CAKE.—Three eggs; one cup brown sugar; three-quarters cup butter; one cup sour milk; one cup New Orleans molasses; three and a half cups flour; one teaspoonful soda; one teaspoonful each of ginger, allspice and cinnamon; one teaspoonful cloves; beat the eggs well. M. L.

RILEY CENTRE.

DOUGHNUTS.—One cup of cream, put into a bowl and fill up with buttermilk; one coffee-cupful sugar; three eggs; a quarter teaspoonful each of salt and grated nutmeg, and a teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a little warm water and thoroughly stirred into the cream and buttermilk. Mix soft; fry nicely in lard "not too hot, just hot enough," take out with a skimmer into a colander set on a baking plate, let them drain a few moments, then transfer to a pan. Given a good appetite, and nerves of taste not palsied by tobacco, and any fair-minded man will admit they are "just like Mother's." BEATRIX.

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, JAN. 26, 1889.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE BEST SOCIETY.

There's a question which has puzzled
As I've conned it o'er and o'er,
As it perhaps has troubled
Many other folk before,
Which perhaps you may be able
To answer clearly unto me.
And that is, who are they who make
The "best society."

Is it they who spend their money
With a carelessness that says
We don't know much of poverty
And its sad, uncertain ways?
They who dress in gorgeous colors,
And display their jewels free.
Are these the people who compose
The "best society?"

Is it maidens who know nought of work,
But who dress from day to day
So that Solomon in glory
Was not half arrayed as they?
Do those youths whose manly virtues
Are very hard to see
(Although they have long purses)
Make the "best society?"

'Tis not where fashion's siddy whirls
Her foolish votaries claim,
'Tis not where accident has made
A little earthly fame,
'Tis not where riches are displayed
With ostentation free
That we can always surely find
The "best society."

But they who do the tasks that come,
With patient faith each day
Who strive to help some neighbor
Have a little smoother way,
Who have clean hearts and helping hands,
Whoever they may be,
Such, whether rich or poor, make up
The "best society."

THE TABLE.

It is "no trick at all" to set a table nicely, quickly and properly—if you know how. And why should we not all know how, and practice our knowledge?

In the first place, we want a good large table—one sufficiently ample to give everybody elbow room. I have read somewhere that at the state dinners at the White House, the table is so crowded one person must lean back in his seat to permit his neighbor to eat. Perhaps the honor of dining in such distinguished company may compensate for the discomfort actually encountered; but it seems as if the better way would be, since the dining-room will not expand, to contract the number of invitations. A table, to look well, should not be crowded either with dishes or food. The round extension table is generally most favored, and enough "leaves" should be put in to give ample room for the family

and the transient guest also. A cover of felt or double-faced canton flannel is a necessity; it not only gives body to the tablecloth, but also protects the varnish of the table from injury by hot dishes and the accidental upsets that will occur "in the best regulated families," and in case of such accident prevents the spread of whatever may be overturned and keeps it from the carpet; it also deadens the rattle of the dishes.

I am thankful to say that the reign of colored table linen is entirely over. It was never meant for use except at lunch, at the outset, and its adoption at other meals was a gross perversion of its legitimate purpose. It may have been a saving of labor, to a certain extent, but what was gained at the washtub was lost in the appearance of the table; and in so far as it encouraged carelessness was a positive detriment to careful manners at the table. I have heard of people who omitted table linen in the interest of economy, and ate their meals from a table covered with enameled cloth, or oilcloth; indeed, quite a little discussion was carried on in one of our agricultural exchanges, relative to the expedience of thus saving work in washing and ironing. I think this a very great mistake. Better do the economizing somewhere else and spread the frugal repast on a clean white cloth, especially if you have children to educate in table manners. If they are allowed to slop on oilcloth to save work, they will do the same on damask.

The place for husband and wife, who wait upon the table, is opposite each other on the center of each side; thus situated, they can best serve all persons seated at it. One of the most awkwardly arranged and served tables I ever sat down to, was one where the husband and wife sat side by side, and the children "sat around." The newly married couple had thus located themselves at the beginning of their life together; the first baby had been placed at its mother's right hand, and when No. 2 came along, No. 1 was transferred to his father's side, and so on, and they had never seen fit to change their first "lovely" location.

Squarely in front of the carver's place, spread an oblong napkin for the platter. (Mats to protect the table will not be needed if the canton flannel cover mentioned previously is used.) Lay the carving knife and fork, handles to the right, on the edge of the napkin and parallel to the edge of the table; tablespoons for vegetables at the right, and the plates at the carver's seat—and do not forget to have them

warmed in winter. "The secret of good dinners," says Disraeli, "is hot plates."

If a tray is used for cups and saucers, cover it with a tray-cloth; if not, spread the tray-cloth on the tablecloth. This, and the napkin at the carver's place, may be made as handsome with etching and drawn-work as you please. Arrange the saucers about on the centre of the cloth, a little nearer the edge of the table, the cups, not over two in a pile, at the left, and the coffee or teapot at the right.

At each place, lay the knife at the right hand, exactly at right angles to the edge of the table, and with it the tablespoon for soup and the napkin neatly folded in its ring; at the left the fork and teaspoons for whatever will be served that is eaten with a spoon. Banish the individual salt cellars from your table—they went "out" with colored table linen—and buy a half dozen salt-shakers, dispersing them about the table where two persons can use one. At each end of the table, inside the circle of knives and forks, and a little beyond the centre, lay two small fancy napkins, on which place mustard pot, pepper-box, catsup or pepper sauce. The pretty jugs for vinegar and the pickle dishes will be outposts of the tray of cups and saucers, and the celery glass stand guard over the meat platter and the vegetable dishes—and see that the contents are carefully washed clean, freed from specks of rust, and then don't fill up the glass with water and let it soak all the flavor out of the stalks.

The butter may be put upon the table in a butter-dish, and some member of the family fill the little individual plates, and hand them about; or the plates may be filled before and one put at each place, well out of the way of the dinner plate and exactly in front of the person sitting. The glass for water is to be similarly placed. The goblet, I hear, is coming in favor again, now all of us are well supplied with the pretty tinted tumblers, but there will be plenty of time to break all the fragile things before the goblet will be fully reinstated.

The vegetables should be arranged by placing the potatoes at the carver's right, the gravy boat also at the right, and the other variety of vegetable at the left. Any dish, like canned corn or stewed tomatoes, which requires to be handed about in small dishes, should, if possible, be served by a third member of the family, whose seat should be at the end of the table.

Is it not as easy to set a table so that it looks neat and inviting, as to throw things on it as if they had been shaken out of a basket? And that reminds me to say that a

handled basket in three divisions, two lengthwise for knives, forks and spoons, and one across the end for napkins, expedites the table-setting business very materially. A ten year old girl can be taught to wash her hands, put on a little white or light print apron, and set the table while her mother prepares the food, if you will show her how at first, insist that she shall follow your instructions exactly, and then when she shows an interest and pride in her work, give her a few words of praise yourself and privately request her father to say publicly "Well done, little daughter!" The praise of others is more grateful to children than to grown people, and you all know how a few words of timely commendation brighten our own outlook.

BEATRIX.

PREPARING FOR COMPANY.

This is a subject which I commence considering, every fall more particularly, especially as connected with one lone woman in a house. There is no need of my saying even to the woman who keeps a hired girl, or one who has one or more daughters of her own, that in preparing a company dinner for one dozen or more extra persons, there are many steps and many motions which must every one accomplish something.

The point which I wish to bring under consideration is, how much and what can be prepared before the company arrives; that the hostess can give a share of the time to entertaining her guests, otherwise than by feeding them. I know there are people who go visiting more to get something good to eat than for an interchange of heart sentiment; to such as these the absence of the hostess from the parlor is but of small account. I am glad to say I think this class is in a very small minority.

I have been studying and experimenting a little as circumstances favored, but have attained no great proficiency in the art of getting things all done and ready beforehand.

I will tell you a few things that I have discovered are just as good, or so nearly so as to pass, in cold weather. All cake can be prepared days beforehand, the kinds and place to keep it determining the number of days. Fruit cake and any of the white layer cakes with figs, cocoanut or chocolate, can be kept fresh, and in fact perfectly good, if put into anything that will shut up tight and impart no foreign flavor, then placed out in the back room where everything else freezes solid. There has never been weather cold enough so I could tell by the cutting that it was frozen. I don't think it freezes; I do not bring it in the warm room until one of the last things, and it is surprising how moist and fresh it is. Any good pie is good enough. Any of the salads, chicken or celery, if kept cold but not frozen, is good for a week.

Turkeys can be dressed and stuffed the day before they will be wanted. Many people think they are better for standing over night, as the seasoning strikes into the fowl. (I have been thinking I would tell our dear B. how I make my dressing, ever since she told us her way; I have not had time yet, but will take time some

of these rainy days.) Ham can be boiled a few days beforehand, and beef the day before; if they are properly treated after, they will not get dry. To me there is nothing more unpalatable than dry boiled or roast beef, unless it may be dried chicken.

For my own eating I would choose bread a week old, if the bread was once good. Chickens for a pie can be made ready for the kettle the day before, set away in a pan of cold water with a little salt added, and cooked when most convenient, the day they are wanted, or the day before if desired, when tender put in a pan just before the time for guests to arrive; heat the chicken while making the crust, set in the oven and bake; it can then be set on top or in the warming closet to keep warm until wanted. Crackers for scalloped oysters can be rolled the day or week before, it is then a very small task to prepare them for the oven. Pickles can be put in the castors and pickle dishes; cake, pie and cheese cut, if not brought into a warm room until wanted.

Will not some one give a few more ideas on this subject?

M. E. H.

PERSONAL TIDINESS.

I was interested in A. H. J.'s article on toilette matters a few weeks ago. It set me to thinking, and although I thought we were as particular in that respect as the average farmer's family, a radical change has taken place already. Our one child has taken kindly to the idea from the first. He has a comb and brush, towel and small mirror, of his own, hung in a convenient place, and I notice that he uses them to much better advantage than heretofore. Nearby is screwed a set of hooks, low enough to be convenient, on which his cap and coat are kept when not in use, and I intend to add a receptacle for his mittens. A tooth-brush will be added, with a mug for that special purpose, now that he is old enough to use it.

Next summer, our entire family, if it numbers half a dozen men, will be accommodated each with his own set of toilette articles, as fortunately our washroom is sufficiently large to admit it. The "missus" is not to be included in this arrangement, as she always performs her ablutions in her own room.

Now just a few words on personal tidiness. Are farmers' wives in general as particular as they might be about their dress around home, especially mornings? How much more work does it make to have the morning dress neat and clean, with linen collar or "tourist" ruching in the neck, which, with neatly combed hair, makes one look and feel so much better than to have tumbled hair, soiled and torn frock, with half the buttons off, perhaps? The "tourist" ruching comes in rolls of two or three yards, which cost but ten cents, and a piece can be cut off and basted in the neck of the morning dress, and when soiled put in the rag-bag. This is less work than to wear linen collars. For myself, I like best a piece of thin muslin, edged with the fine narrow lace, (which sells at two or three cents per yard) straight on one side and rounded on the other, which is placed around the throat, outside the dress, and

held in place by a brooch. An indigo-blue print wrapper, made basque waist, with full skirt gathered about the hips, gives best satisfaction for a morning dress.

Then when your after-dinner work is out of the way, don't sit down until you have changed your dress; if it is no more than to put on another print, with clean white apron, and if necessary rearrange your hair and slip on another pair of shoes. Then when callers drop in, you will be spared much mortification. But even if no one should call, I hope you still care to fix up for your husband's benefit as much as in the old courting days.

And your care will not be lost upon the children either, for what the mother is determines to a great extent what manner of man or woman the child will be.

FLINT.

ELLA R. WOOD.

HINTS FOR COLD NIGHTS.

There is a pile of cloth waiting to be cut and made into garments. And I must say that the pile is larger than it would have been if I liked to sew; but sewing is something I never would do if I were able to hire it done; I am unlike most people, for I would rather mend, darn and patch any time than cut out a new garment. But the pile will have to wait until I write this letter, for I have thought of something I want to say. My acquaintances would tell you "That's nothing new for her," but you do not hear from me very often, so you can afford to listen.

I read the other day about what is nice to take to bed with you if you have to sleep in a cold room; and I will pass the information along. Take a quart of sand, wash it clean and put it in a stout cotton bag; heat it hot, then slip it into a clean sack and you are ready for sleep and warm feet. If your feet are not naturally cold, but at the same time you dread pushing them down between two ice cold cotton sheets, buy one and a half yards of thick canton flannel, sew up and hem, lay this under the pillow and when you get into bed put your feet into this; if you are not too tall it will come to your knees, and then you can straighten out and imagine that you are between woolen sheets, that is, as far as it goes, and when you wake up in the morning you will not feel as though you had been tied in a bow knot.

Will Euphemia tell us what stitch she used in crocheting covers for those bottles. I have one I would like to cover it in the way she mentions. And did she narrow any towards the top?

I would also like some pretty ways of making mats for the dresser. I don't mean those that are crocheted in long loops that you catch your fingers in every time you touch them in the dark, but something suitable for hairpin box, combs, cushion, etc., also a pretty tidy for a sofa pillow. By answering soon you will confer a favor and receive many thanks from

BATTLE CREEK.

X. Y. Z.

THOSE of our readers who wish back numbers to complete their files must send for them soon, or we shall not be able to furnish them.

EVANGELINE'S "FORTUNE."

There drifted into my native town, one week in the spring, an English family, and included with its members was a boy of perhaps nine years. His father and mother had died with ship fever on the passage to New York. There was no one who had any especial interest in the boy, so he came along with a young couple. They went to live in an old rickety house called the "Ohio house," and it was said to be haunted. I do not know whether anybody had ever seen any demonstrations of the spirits, as Tam O'Shanter did. I rather think that the wind rattling the loose shutters and creaking the clapboards and floors was about all there was to it; but they took possession and lived there quite peaceably. This boy—called Curley Wiley—was a perfect stub as far as size was concerned, his head was surmounted with a shock of tangled black hair, the only redeeming feature in the case was a pair of splendid black eyes, with a sad friendless look in them that went straight to one's heart. Many and many a sugar-coated cookie, red cheeked apple, piece of mince pie and various other "goodies" have these pathetic glances wheedled out of me, for in those days I could not resist the glances thrown from a pair of handsome eyes. When we cleaned house in the fall we put down a nice new rag carpet in the dining room, the big rocking chair was newly cushioned, new curtains at the windows and the room looked clean and cozy. Curley came in one day, opened the door and peeked in, boy fashion, then he said, "Oh! what a nice room; why don't you have a grandma in it." I didn't know then what the child meant, but have learned since that in England when the old mother begins to show signs of failing, the younger members of family take the burden of the work, and she is given the big comfortable rocking chair, where she takes life easy. That is rarely the case in America, where the mother brings up a family of children, and before she has a chance to forget "how the thing's done," keeps in practice with a young school of grandchildren.

It was late in November when a band of gypsies came from southern Ohio and camped about a mile from our house. They had regular houses on wheels, containing beds, stoves; there was a train of horses, and pack of dogs, to say nothing of women and scores of children. The women foraged the country, selling laces and telling fortunes; and the men traded horses, and it is needless to add always got the best of the bargain. This day that I am speaking of was grey and cheerless, the snow was falling in great big flakes. Mother had gone visiting, leaving me the "boss balancer" in the kitchen. I had tried my hand on boiled cider pies, and failure had stared me in the face; they had run over, filling the oven with a diabolical mixture and the whole house with a black smoke. Life looked so dark and despairing to me I thought I would visit the gypsy camp, and find out by the oracle there whether or no I should ever be a professional cook, or what the future held in store for me. Among my earthly possessions I found one

silver dollar, so I "fined up" and started; on the way I encountered Carley and took him along. I reached the place and met with a warm reception; every dog set up a yelp in a variety of keys, I was tempted to run but as I felt anxious about the future I thought I would stand my ground, dogs or no dogs. I had read of hags and weird people stirring pots of boiling stuff, but here I saw it. The old woman who offered to tell my fortune looked as if she had been hung up and smoked, she must have been one hundred years old, all bent over as she stirred the pot which was hung up on three sticks with a fagot or two under it, and muttered and talked. Then I gave her the silver, she crossed my palm with it and commenced. My hand on the inside is covered with little fine lines that cross and recross, she said that was a sign that my life would not flow along smoothly in one current, but would be full of changes, crosses, troubles, and that I would cross water to meet the man I should marry. That was the sum and substance of it, but she took about two hours to tell it.

I turned my back on gypsies and all kindred spirits, as it was growing dark, and I fell to imagining Macbeth's feelings when the old witches of Fores hailed him. My own feelings could be told in few words. I had made a fool of myself and was one dollar short. Curley had traded his pocket knife and a few nails and buckles, and had his fortune told; but he didn't believe it at all. He was going to cross the ocean, but on the way would die and never see his native land. Luckily I reached home before mother did so she never knew of my experience in pie making, or my having squandered a dollar in "futures." Poor little Curley! He had a few years of happiness, for everybody liked him, then some relatives sent for him to go back to England. I bade him a tearful adieu, filled his lunch basket with everything good, and wished him a safe voyage. But the old fortune teller was right; he died of fever and was buried in the ocean. There was no one to soothe his sufferings; no one to whisper a prayer when he died; no one to drop a tear when he was sinking in the cold blue waters. Perhaps he found a soft bed at the bottom of the ocean, where we read it is paved with shells and plant life of every description, or it may be a hungry shark lying in wait, snatched him as he left the plank. No one knows or ever will know. The checkered life allotted me fell to him, for his short life had many changes, with only a small amount of pleasure; and it may be it was for the best that it was brought to a close, for a boy without father or mother, with no one to feel an interest in him, does not always turn out as "John Halifax" did.

What a foolish way to be anticipating troubles! Those that we look for are often averted, and those we know not of drop down on us with crushing weight. Our troubles compared with those of others are often like ripples alongside huge waves that rise like mountains; drops of dew against torrents that swell and pour over the country destroying whatever comes in their way. Peer as we may into the future we are in total ignorance of what lies before us; it is so willed and it is better so. Let

us enjoy our homes and loved ones all we can, hug them close to our hearts; see our blessings while we have them, not wait to catch the brightness as they take their flight, not counting as troubles the little loving acts that we do for each other. Life is made up of acts of kindness, little self-denials. Each day brings its cares and duties if faithfully performed, the entry in the book will be perfect, the page free from blot. But however perfect and well done we consider it, remember it is far from perfect in the Father's eyes. The little child, happy in the thought that the day has been well spent, falls to sleep contented.

"We are but children, the things that we do
Are but as play in the infinite view."

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

HOW TO CARE FOR TRIPLETS.

They were not exactly triplets; but three children, the youngest a few weeks old, and the eldest too restless and timid to sleep alone, was the shape our blessings assumed one winter; and as somebody else may have the same problems to solve, I give some of my plans. That of sleeping at night seemed the most difficult, for our bedroom was too small to allow a crib, and I too nervous to think of "three in a bed;" so I took the little twenty months old girl, who insisted upon her right to be "the half baby," beside me, and made for the younger a snug nest of warm woolen blankets and pillows upon the outside of the foot of my bed. Here I could reach him to attend to his wants without getting up in the cold, for we sleep in a room shut away from the fire and light, and the arrangement proved very convenient, for when warm weather brought us into more roomy quarters, he would sleep alone in his crib.

Another puzzle was to get them both to bed at night. The "half baby" insisted upon being rocked, or told continuous Mother Goose stories. Polly, the large rag doll, did a good thing here; for a new dress and face made her such a treasure that she had to be taken to bed and sung to sleep, and the youthful mamma always dropped off first.

Our HOUSEHOLD spoke some time ago of having discovered that holding the hand over baby's chest will often stop a cough. I have often tried it both with my children and myself, and find holding the throat quite tight, the best remedy for that tickling which will promise to keep one coughing forever. I also often relieve a slight pain in a child's stomach or bowels at night by patting, or the warmth of my hand; thereby saving the trouble of getting up. One of our children, of nervous temperament, had a trick of suddenly jumping up in her sleep with terrified screams, would throw herself out of bed if not held, and did not seem to know us, appearing perfectly wild. For some time we tried tender reassuring talk and tones; but found that nothing restored her to her normal self so quickly as harsh scolding and shaking. If this trouble repeated itself, as it sometimes did every half hour or so, a drink of salt and water and good rubbing over the stomach and bowels seemed to give relief.

Another thing which bothered me, was

how to take time from my crowded morning hours to wash my babies. I soon adopted the plan of washing them at night instead, and found it better, for I had leisure, the room was thoroughly warm, and no callers, and open door, interrupted. None but the first baby ever received a plunge bath. Infantile graces show off well in a bath tub in a chromo, but I think it very weakening, and doubt not that many a babe is injured by its daily use.

Another point to remember is, that a child ought not to be expected to be good natured when hungry any more than an adult; and in its second year, a child awakens from a long night's sleep very, very hungry. Every moment's delay in giving food is apt to be just so much worry and cry; and a glass of milk or some light food should be always ready. In such a case as I am writing about, I think a great deal too much is expected of the "half-baby." The younger is so much more helpless that we hardly give this one time to grow naturally into self-reliance and help, but thrust her out of her right to babyhood; and see our mistake when we reach easier times and look back.

I find that children as well as houseplants and other folks, "spindle" in too warm an atmosphere, and prefer warm clothing and thin fires to the reverse; but it always pays to keep the feet warm and dry, and add an extra toasting of the "five little pigs" before putting to bed.

I must boast a little before closing: That baby who was put to sleep at the foot of the bed, alone in the dark and cold, has passed his third year without losing or causing us to lose an hour of rest, and without the first dose of any sort of medicine. A. H. J.

THOMAS.

PANSIES.

I have good success in growing pansies; perhaps I can help Grace out of her trouble. The pansy is one of my favorite flowers. I love it for its fragrance, its brilliancy, the variety of its rare rich colors and the durability of its bloom. It has everything desirable you could ask of a flower; I have thought sometimes it was almost human, as it greets me with a smile on its upturned face.

I find the pansy one of the most easily grown flowers that we cultivate, in fact it grows in my yard without much care. I have them in my walks and almost everywhere, I give away hundreds of plants every season. I think the pansy the only flower we have here that will blossom every month in the year without any protection but what nature gives it; not every winter either, for some of our winters are too cold, but it will bid defiance to old Jack Frost, and will lift up its bright face long after the last bouquet is gathered; if there comes a calm in winter's chilling blast and the thermometer points to fifty degrees, it will burst its prison bands of ice, and with an upturned face will say "Here I am!"

In 1887 I picked pansies Jan. 23d. and Feb. 10th, and it is not uncommon to have them in March. They suffer more from heat and drought than from cold.

Now for the pansy bed: Select a cool and partially shaded place (mine is beneath

the shade of a large spreading evergreen); the soil is sandy loam with plenty of well rotted barnyard fertilizer, the ground cannot be too rich. Coolness and moisture are necessary; they are great lovers of water, for without water they will die. Sow as early in spring as you can work the ground. I sow my seed twice in the year; in spring for summer and fall bloom and in September for winter and spring blooming. To have good flowers the plants must be vigorous and make a rapid growth. Young plants give the largest flowers. Keep your blossoms well picked off, leaving only those you wish for seed; and those should be selected with care. My bed is so large that I cannot keep the blossoms all picked off, so I depend on resetting, as they transplant very easily. In the spring I reset mine so as to enrich and mellow the soil.

BROOKLYN.

DIANA.

PRACTICE WHAT YOU PREACH.

Yes; and preach what we practice. I wonder how many of us do that at all times. I was wondering as I read A. H. J.'s advice to use separate towels and combs for the whole family, if she really does practice it, knowing she has a lot of little folks. How many of the HOUSEHOLD readers do practice it? Among all of my acquaintances I never before heard of such a thing. Certainly, if any member of the family has a scrofulous or contagious disease, he ought to use a separate towel; but as a general thing I don't see why it should be any more unclean to wipe and comb together, than to eat and sleep together. It is my opinion if some of our large families were to adopt that method they would want a room set apart for towel racks and comb cases, and then would not the good mother often be accosted with, "Say ma, can't Tom quit using my towel?" and "Ma, make Jane put my comb up," for children will be children the world around. And then what enormous washings it would make! I think if each member uses plenty of good clean rain water, thoroughly applied, and the family has a clean towel as often as necessary, we will not die of filth.

OXFORD.

AUNT PHILENA.

A LADY who was a summer boarder in a farmer's family last July and August recently said to the Editor of the HOUSEHOLD: "I did get so tired of bread and baking-powder biscuit! We had a great variety of cake, but I longed for something besides bread for breakfast and biscuit for supper." This lady voiced one of the major distinctions between city and country housekeeping, as we have observed it, the greater employment of all variations on the bill of fare that can be made of flour and meal. We want for our recipe department some tested recipes for graham and wheat gems, muffins, rusks, rolls, corn bread, johnny cake, graham bread, and pancakes. Anything that will vary the bill of fare will be acceptable. Housekeepers who have been placing too great dependence on "the staff of life" often think it too much trouble to bake muffins, gems, etc., for breakfast, but would be surprised to find how quickly it is possible to make them, once they get accustomed to the idea that they can do so.

It is variety that makes good living, and healthful living, too; and it is a great mistake to think that variety means expense, for such is not the case. It would be much better to omit the plate of doughnuts or cookies from the breakfast table, and substitute warm gems or rolls, or some such light, palatable preparation of flour. Will not our readers kindly send us such tried recipes as they may have, and thus help on the cause of good food and healthful diet?

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

DR. HOSKINS says that the prevalence of the idea that bread made from graham flour is more wholesome than fine flour, has given millers the opportunity to get rid of great quantities of inferior wheat which was unfit to make good flour.

To keep cranberries fresh, plump and without withering, look them over carefully, rejecting all but sound berries. Put them into a jar and cover with pure cold water. Keep them in a cool place and they can be had as fresh and nice as in November, until quite as late as anybody wants to eat cranberries. Even if the water freezes the fruit is uninjured.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *New York Tribune* says: We find the flavor and quality of most peas much enhanced by stewing the pods in a little water and when quite tender pressing till the pulp exudes. This sweet marrowy puree is the very best part of the pea yield, and should not be thrown to the pigs, although their great enjoyment of fresh peapods is a pleasant thing to see.

Contributed Recipes.

HARRISON CAKE.—One cup sugar; one cup molasses; one cup butter; one cup sweet milk; one cup raisins; four cups sifted flour; three eggs; two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar; one teaspoonful soda; one teaspoonful each of spices.

GOLDEN COOKIES.—One cup butter; one cup sugar; three well-beaten eggs; one teaspoonful soda. Season with lemon; mix soft. AUNT PHILENA.

OXFORD.

CHEAP FRUIT CAKE.—One cup molasses; one cup sugar; one cup shortening; four eggs; half cup cold coffee; one cup raisins; one cup currants; one tablespoonful ground cloves; one and a half teaspoonfuls soda; flour to make a stiff batter. This will make two large, or three small cakes, and will keep two or three weeks.

HICKORY-NUT CAKE.—One cup sugar; two eggs; half cup sweet milk; piece of butter the size of an egg; three teaspoonfuls baking powder (Royal); two cups flour. Bake in layers. Filling: Into the spider put one cup each of rich sour cream, sugar, and hickory-nut meats; stir all together and let boil till right stiffness. When cool put between the layers and frost the top.

GINGER SNAPS.—One cup butter; one cup sugar; half cup sweet milk; one cup molasses; one tablespoonful ginger; heaping teaspoonful soda. Knead very stiff; roll thin, and bake in quick oven. They will "snap."

YPSILANTI.

MILDRED IONE.