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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

RESOLVE.

Build on resolve, and not upon regret,
The structure of thy future. Do not grope
Among the shadows of old sins, but let
Thine own soul's light shine on the path of hope
And dissipate the darkness. Waste no tears
Upon the blotted record of lost years,
But turn the leaf and smile, oh smile to see
The fair white pages that remain for thee.

Prate not of thy repentance. But believe
The spark divine dwells in thee: let it grow.
That which the upreaching spirit can achieve
The grand and all-creative forces know;
They will assist and strengthen, as the light
Lifts up the acorn to the oak-tree's height.
Thou hast but to resolve; and lo! God's whole
Great universe shall fortify thy soul.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

TABLE SERVICE.

At banquets, dinner parties, hotels, boarding houses, restaurants, and in the houses of most wealthy people, meals are served "à la Russe," that is, everything is handed by servants, and nothing is put upon the table except the silver, the glasses and the fruit, with the celery, condiments, jar of olives and perhaps the pickle-stand in certain cases. But in farm homes and where no help is kept, such service is not practicable. The purpose of this article is to tell how to serve a meal properly where the service must be rendered by the master and mistress, in a fashion which may be practiced in any home, no matter how plain, or how simple the bill of fare. To do this, I think I cannot do better than describe a family dinner to which I was invited on a recent holiday, and leave my readers to select for their guidance such parts of the method as may be applicable to their own needs.

The family consists of father, mother, son and daughter-in-law; four guests were present, making a party of eight. The daughter-in-law, Mrs. C., had engaged a young colored girl for the day, expecting her to change plates, bring in the dessert, and wash the dishes, that she might be free to entertain her guests after dinner; aside from this, the dinner and the service were exactly as if none but the family were present.

Dinner was announced, we were all seated; the father said grace, which brief petition reminded me, on that day of feasting and thankfulness, of little Winthrop's original grace, in "Annie Kilburn," "Lord, help us to remember those who have nothing to eat." The table was set in the manner described in the *HOUSEHOLD* of Jan. 26th. The tureen of steaming oyster soup was already in position before the

host, who proceeded to serve it, filling each plate about two-thirds full—it is not "good form" to fill the plate so full it cannot be easily and safely passed. While he was thus engaged, Mrs. C. started the celery on its travels, and everybody began nibbling it, for if celery is good at all, it is best when eaten as an appetizer before beginning a meal, its flavor is then most relished. Two fancy plates at each end of the table held crackers, to which we helped ourselves. And with a little good-humored criticism of the merits of canned oysters as compared with the toothsome fellows fresh from their native brine, by Mr. C., who was formerly "a Boston man," the first course was disposed of. Discovering that her colored adjutant did not understand what was expected of her, Mrs. C. left her place, and removing the soup tureen, took from the sideboard a tray, quickly removed the soup-plates and cracker dishes, and brought in the turkey and vegetables, which had been prepared ready for the table and placed in the warmer. She also took from the sideboard the pile of dinner plates, the plate of bread, and a dish of the most delicious peach pickles I ever ate—and I mean to ask her for the recipe for them, for your especial benefit, too. Mr. C. dismembered the turkey and judiciously distributed the white and dark meat and the dressing, adding to the latter a "soupçon" of the brown gravy, and a spoonful of mashed potato, beaten till it was light and creamy. When you're asked your preference at the table, for fish, fowl or meat; do not answer "I'm not particular," even if you are not, but express a preference, thus relieving the carver of the responsibility of a choice. When the table was set, there had been placed at each plate a small square plate of cabbage salad. While Mr. C. was carving, Mrs. C. deftly filled the glasses with water, and also served the green peas, being careful not to hand them at a moment when the recipient was being helped to anything else, and also not to interrupt her husband at his task. After two or three had been helped, they began to eat, not waiting until all were served. Mrs. C.'s watchful eye saw that all were supplied with everything wanted, and that the quivering mold of cranberry jelly which added its ruby brightness to the table, was duly circulated. And when the most hungry among us could eat no more, Mrs. C. again left her place, the skeleton of the turkey vanished like magic, as did also the vegetables and the plates—I suspect the girl stood just inside the

kitchen door and took the dishes as they were handed. All was so noiseless and quiet, no bustle, no confusion; Mrs. C. knew just how to do, and every movement told. The carver's place was near the kitchen door—which was nearly at the end of one side of the dining room; that arrangement saved steps. The big platter and the vegetable dishes went first, then the plates and side dishes were removed, the pickles and jellies followed; the fruit, great tawny-coated oranges and Malaga grapes, and a salad bowl filled with mixed nuts and raisins, were placed upon the table. Senegambia recovered her equanimity sufficiently to bring on the pumpkin pie and the plum pudding and its sauce, and the coffee. Mrs. C. served the pie, her husband the pudding; the pretty ornamental fruit plates were passed, and we sat half an hour, perhaps, after the pie and pudding had been discussed, nibbling nuts and raisins and "swapping yarns." The hostess gave the signal for leaving the table by rising, and allowed her lady guests to precede her into the parlors, the gentleman seated nearest the door rising and drawing aside the portiere for them to pass.

Now, of course, this was a "company dinner," with a more elaborate menu and more time spent at the table than on ordinary occasions. Yet when the family dines alone the same programme of serving is observed. Dessert is not brought on until all are through with the more substantial viands, and then the meats, vegetables, side dishes and dinner plates are removed by Mrs. C., and the dessert served at the table, with coffee. The latter is an innovation on established customs in the country, I know; and will probably be voted "too much 'putting on style,'" something I find many of my country friends are very much afraid of, and which often stands in the way of their doing what they know it is proper and correct to do. But at least there is no reason why the rest of the programme should not be adopted; in fact there are several very good reasons why it should. First, as a rule we all eat too fast. Meals, in some houses, remind one of the small boy's definition of a toboggan slide, "Whizz—z, and walk a mile!" The meal is eaten as if the train only paused fifteen minutes for refreshments; knife and fork play a rapid tattoo; the moment the substantials are swallowed the dessert must follow, whether any one else is ready or not, and very likely the moment the last mouthful has disappeared the eater has vanished and stretched him.

self somewhere for a few moments' rest, very much after the fashion of the anaconda, that swallows a whole meal at one hugh mouthful and enjoys an uninterrupted siesta until hunger reasserts its claim. Often a meal is merely a temporary break in the hurry of toil, and the man is off to the barn, the children dispersed at play, and the wife at her task again within half an hour after the dinner bell rings. We ought to make our meals something better than a mere satisfaction of hunger; we should take time to eat them leisurely, have them properly served, and hold pleasant converse over them; let them be a rest to body and mind.

Nor can children be properly instructed in table manners where the etiquette is that of a railroad restaurant, and they are permitted to reach half across the table for what they are too impatient to ask for, to stab a slice of bread with their fork, and to cram themselves till it is as much of a conundrum where the food goes as when "Lotta," as "The Marchioness," feeds herself with both hands and apparently swallows half a loaf of bread within a minute. Many a childish indigestion is due to the mother's being too busy attending to the wants of men who "couldn't wait a minute" to properly regulate the quality and quantity of the children's diet.

BEATRIX.

THE CORSET AND ITS RIVAL

Isn't it about time the corset was touched upon again? How often I have felt like touching the object itself with a pair of tongs, as with its broken bones, its laces supplemented by a piece of shoestring; its color hinting of all the dresses ever worn over it; its fabric heavy with layers and layers of perspiration, I have pulled it from some corner of the "girl's" room or closet, and consigned it to the stove as the last trace of its wearer. No doubt to a few forms it is an evil necessary to produce a waist, or any pretensions to trimness, but the great majority of our sex are of better form without it; still we seem as enslaved to its use as the men are to tobacco, while our health suffers more from it; for a man with a mouthful of the filthy weed can still bend to button his shoes, or inflate his lungs sufficiently to send the blood pulsing through the arteries and veins on its purifying errand, and this is more than a woman in a tight corset can do. But then she never wears it tight, and by stopping her breath can always push her hand up between its bones and hers to prove the assertion. Yet she can not stand up without it; and to all appearance takes very little comfort in it, especially in the first stage of its acquaintance. She takes us aside at a party or picnic, and tells us she is breaking a new corset, evidently expecting our prayers while passing through such an ordeal. The moment she reaches the privacy of home, she throws off the instrument of torture with a long "Oh, dear!" of relief. Then another long suffering sister tells her that just where she makes a mistake is in wearing it only a part of the time, she should never lay it off at

all, and then after a while she would not mind it any more than a Chinese lady does her iron shoe, I suppose.

"Well, there is an occasional anti-corsetist; she often avails herself of all the advantage of health waists, skirt supporters, etc., etc.; but very often she makes the mistake of casting off the evil and taking no pains to supply the good. Her daughter must not have a corset, while the only underwaist she knows of is a limpsy affair without form or fit, which seems at enmity with her skirts; for it wrinkles and slips up, while they drag down upon the hips and back, making her feel and look so "slouchy" that, knowing no better path out of her difficulties, she pleads for the corset. No pains should be spared in procuring an underwaist in basque form, of perfect fit, made of the strongest material, and well stayed by strips stitched flat over all seams. A strong stay should be stitched around the waist line, where six large buttons are placed for the skirts to be buttoned upon. This makes it necessary to open the skirt at one side or in front. Heavy dress skirts may also be made to button to the same waist, and thus all the weight is borne upon the shoulders and a great sense of ease secured. For thin figures this waist is improved by having a yoke top to the front, and a piece of fine material gathered full across the bust; while a firm, pull-back sort of feeling is gained by stitching across the back, before sewing any but the center seam, two lengthwise pieces two or three inches wide, crossing them between the shoulders after the fashion of suspenders. I find the best material for these waists for everyday wear is heavy unbleached cotton, bleached and shrunk before making up. The dress-ups may be as elaborate as skillful fingers or a large purse can make them, and a very little from either is required to make them rival the corset in beauty as well as all the virtues. My plan for the future siege against the corset is to make these waists so pretty and comfortable that should the arch-boned enemy ever get my daughters into his steel clasp, their habit of physical ease will be so firmly established that it will soon be cast off and out.

THOMAS.

A. H. J.

SOME STRAY THOUGHTS.

I want to say "them's my sentiments" after reading Mrs. Sutton's article in the *HOUSEHOLD* of the 2nd inst., particularly the part where she advises no fuss and extra parade over an unexpected guest. If we take proper pains to have our every-day table neatly arranged we need not feel embarrassed at the unexpected arrival of a guest just at meal time. And while we may make more elaborate preparations for expected company, is it not much better to put on an extra plate and, without apology, invite the happen-in to a seat at the table to share our meal, than to seat him in the parlor while an extra meal is being prepared? And her idea of the every-day use of the silver and best dishes is sound, too; and although we might perhaps draw the line at the every-day use of nice china at the mercy of Bridget, let's use it often enough to keep

the children in mind that we have such a set, and be spared the embarrassment a friend of mine experienced, as the choice tea-set was brought out when there were guests, at hearing her little three-year-old exclaim, "O, mamma, where did you get your pretty new dishes?"

It is far better to use silver knives and forks every day, if you have them. It saves time and much work in scouring, and adds much to the attractiveness of the table, and a set of such knives and forks will last and look well ten years in everyday use, and the forks will wear much longer.

How many a hard-working wife has by saving and pinching bought some article of silverware, only to keep it wrapped in tissue paper in the bottom drawer in the bureau to see the light on state occasions only, when it looks so new and shiny it shows at once that it is used for company alone. Life is very uncertain, and perhaps not many years will elapse before wife No. 2 steps in; and the carefully kept silver is brought from its resting place with no thought or care for the reverence with which it was kept by its original possessor. Let us use the pretty things of this world if we possess them. They have a refining influence upon us. The children will become accustomed to the use of them and will not handle them gingerly, as if afraid to touch them, when they are in every-day use, as will be the case if otherwise.

The use of napkins is another thing farmers' families are apt to neglect. Keep your choice ones for company if you choose, but have a set of cheap napkins, if nothing better, to be used every day. The hired men will appreciate it, and although they probably will not be needed as a protection to the clothing, it will be very acceptable to wipe the lips or fingers upon. I once heard a mother say she did not make her tablecloth to hang over the ends of the table, for the boys wiped their fingers on it. An old tablecloth cut into squares in the best places, neatly hemmed, makes a cheap and good set of napkins, and is within the reach of all.

I see no reason why farmers' families should not sit down to as neatly set tables as their city cousins, if they would only use the nice articles of table furnishing they possess instead of laying them away to grow tarnished and dusty.

"Subscriber" wants to know how I draw off the buttermilk when butter is the size of shot. If the churn is allowed to stand a few minutes the butter will rise to the top, when the buttermilk can be drawn off without any difficulty; or, draw off as much as you can without drawing the butter too, then throw in a pailful of cold water, turn the churn a few times, hook 'it, let it stand a few minutes, when the buttermilk will draw off freely. At least I never had any trouble with it. I am salting my butter while in the churn this winter. I know about how many pounds there will be from each inch of cream, and salt accordingly, putting in part of the salt, then turn the churn and put in more until sufficient has been used; then take out and press, and it is ready to pack.

FLINT.

ELLA R. WOOD.

HOME DECORATIONS.

[Paper read by Mrs. D. V. Dodge, before the
Adrian Farmers' Institute.]

Every human being is to some degree an artist. Every human soul has in some measure a love for and a capacity for creating the beautiful, an instinct set by God's own hand. The Great Artist, whose examples are spread out before us in nature on every hand, says to us all, "Behold my handiwork, and ye are made in my image." To this inborn instinct philanthropists, religious teachers, and palaces of infamy alike appeal. Not long since a saloonist displayed in the window of his brilliantly lighted place, a handsomely framed transparency. It was the beautiful face of our President's wife, Mrs. Cleveland, and on either side of the sweet young face were the words "sour-nash." Of course it attracted attention and created amusement. A sour-faced woman among the lookers on tartly exclaimed, "Before I'd let my face be used to advertise a saloon!" A wag replied, "He mightn't want your face." And so I say, in all the domain of influence, something that shall attract the eye—brightness, cheerfulness, restfulness and beauty are the elements that persuade, entice and educate. Remembering with pride the many tasteful and elegant farm houses that dot our beautiful country, we shall still hope this discussion of "home adornments," will contain some helpful hints for us all, and especially for those whose minds have been absorbed with other matters, to the exclusion of beauty in the home.

First, then, we must make the most of what we have. Not all of us can have pleasant locations, sunny rooms, south bay windows and ample income, but we claim that every home may have an atmosphere of refinement. Wealth secures luxury and elegance, but does not always insure as refined taste as may be found in humbler surroundings. I remember a description of a pretty room in a little cottage. "It was papered with butcher's wrapping paper, old gold color, up to the picture molding; a deep border of cheap wall paper of the same general tone with some bright figure filled the space to ceiling. This was finished on either edge with a narrow band of contrasting color. The ceiling was kalsomined a delicate blue. The rag carpet was woven hit or miss in the centre with border at each end of red, blue and gold-brown stripes, which matched perfectly. A few pictures, a pine shelf for mantel, with drapery of old gold or olive all wool material, and it was a room of which a woman might be proud. Is there anything impossible about that, in the humblest homes? In these days when wall paper of pretty design and soft, restful color can be purchased for fifteen cents a double roll, is no excuse for bare or ragged walls. It is not quality but color and tone that we want. We must study harmony, blending, and proper contrasts of color. Second, let your desire for beauty extend through your entire house. See to it that the parlor, though perhaps more elegant in its appointments, shall not be more attractive or comfortable

than your living rooms. Let the children's sleeping rooms be tasteful and inviting. Make the servant's room bright and cheery. It may be the first bit of refinement that ever came into her dull life. Let your kitchen, where wife and daughters spend much of their time, be complete in convenience and comfort. Let your living rooms be the centre and glory of your home. Kerosene oil is cheap, don't be sparing of light. Third, avoid giving rooms the appearance of a ninety-nine cent store—filling every nook and corner with cheap perishable bric-a-brac. Decoration sometimes runs mad over gilded horse shoes and many little fancy trifles fastened to nothing by a satin bow, mottoes and picture cards spotting the walls, photographs at all angles in the frames, etc., etc., until the walls are covered with such a medley of useless and obtrusive ornament irregularly and confusedly arranged, as to give one a feeling of bewilderment—a want of breathing room. Don't crowd your walls. Let the aim be to have a few articles as choice as your means will allow, arranged with good taste in the best possible light. Make these matters a study. Talk of them in your family. Have a valuable home paper that continually offers hints for making home beautiful, and encourage your children in manufacturing and arranging.

I am addressing an audience of busy and often overworked farmers and farmers' wives. Do you tell me you have no time for extras, that the routine of every day labor fills every hour from dawn to bedtime, and it doesn't much matter what are the surroundings, so you have food for the day, and rest for the night? Would your rest be less refreshing if you closed your eyes at night upon a picture of order, comfort and beauty, and opened them to take in the scene with fresh delight in the morning? As you mechanically speed the plow, or wash the dishes will it not lighten the weariness if you are planning a surprise for James or Mary? Who does not enjoy the thoughtfulness of a surprise? A bracket, a mantel, a set of shelves, or writing desk, a lambrequin, table scarf, foot-stool, a trellis for the rose bush, or other comfort or luxury, or a scheme for James or Mary to manufacture these things themselves. Will they not feel more affection and interest, as well as more proprietorship in their home if they have thus helped to beautify it? Is it not worth something to have them exclaim, "I love my pretty room more and more every day?" Is it not worth something to see the look of love and gratitude in response to your look of sympathy and interest?

Do you say you have no money for these things? that your investments must bring returns in dollars and cents? Well, that is intensely American! "What will it cost? Will it pay?" Speaking of the American characteristic, the redoubtable Sam Jones once said: "And when the resurrection morn shall come, and the great trump shall waken the dead, both small and great, when the heavens shall roll back as a scroll, and the multitude stand before God, the first question asked by every American in

that vast assemblage will be, "How much did that throne cost? Will it pay?" Do you say fences must be built, barns enlarged, mortgages lifted, and then you will talk about luxuries? Alas! that then! To how many homes it has come only when weary fingers have lost their skill, and loving hearts that waited vainly are stilled. To how many homes the long delayed "then" has come when the children who sought escape from the cheerlessness of home, and found refuge in the dazzle and brilliancy with which sin decoys, have been wrecked for life. Did that pay? Are there wives whose whole lives are given to thought for others, and whose husbands have no sympathy with their efforts to refine and beautify the home? Will he persistently ignore scraper and door-mat, and carelessly besmear your floors and carpets with mud, or worse still, with filthy tobacco? Will he carelessly serve at table and inexcusably soil and wrinkle the linen you have laid with care? Will he sit with hat on for hours in presence of your family or guest, and do a hundred boorish things that hurt you, and seem to nullify all your efforts? Well, be thankful if his only sin is thoughtlessness! Are there husbands whose innate sense of refinement is forever put to a crucial test, by the negligence and coarseness of an uncultured wife? These cases are pitiful.

Entering the home of an acquaintance recently I had occasion to open the dining-room door. I could not help observing the dainty table spread for the evening meal. Linen so pure and glossy, cheap napkins made of red plaided linen toweling, but nicely ironed and folded, the only piece of silver, the castor, brightly polished, everything so orderly and inviting. I spoke of it by way of compliment, for her home was very humble. She thanked me and replied: "Oh I always have my table look nice, my husband expects it. We could not enjoy our meals at an untidy table." Are these things trifles? Are they whims? or are they the influences which make life better worth living? The influences that bring self respect, ease in refined society, mental culture, yes and material prosperity? That influence which fosters cheerfulness, contentment, self-forgetfulness, ambition and affection, insures better health, better work, better care, more painstaking and grander success. Beauty in a home has a decided cash value. It widens out over one's entire possessions.

Next September the Lenawee Agricultural Society will hold their annual fair. A department in that exhibition has been given to the boys and girls. It ought to be one of the greatest attractions of the week. If the talent and ingenuity of the Lenawee boys and girls is set to work now, they can astonish the public by their skill. An endless variety of useful and beautiful things can be made by the boys that shall ornament or add to the comfort of their homes; and the girls, oh! girls can do anything. The superintendents will be ready to help and encourage them. Fathers and mothers, will you work for its success? You hold the power. Work for your own children and keep your eye on every boy there and girl in your neighborhood. You may help to turn their destiny in the right direction.

(Concluded next week.)

BOYS AND BABIES.

There are two classes of people who do not speak for themselves, and seem to have no one to speak for them, that I pity with a sympathy that makes my heart ache. One is the boys who have outgrown their babyhood and petted little-boy estate, and are not yet men. On a farm they commence the day by being called out of a deep sleep long before daylight. Don't you know young growing children need twice as much sleep as mature and elderly people, and nature cries out for it with a strength that makes rudely waking them up absolute torture? Do you remember how you feel the next day when you have lost a night's sleep? Many a farmer's boy goes for years feeling every day precisely the same. No wonder people call them stupid and blundering. It is a wonder they can learn anything at school with a brain benumbed by need of sleep. Then he works! I know they are often overworked, yet I have not much to say about that, for the average boy if not at work wants to play ball. Still, if there is a specially disagreeable task on the farm that always falls to the boy's share, and the young growing muscles are severely tasked sometimes, especially if the boy is, unfortunately for him, large for his age.

The other is the woman with a baby and all the household work to do besides. Everybody knows that the kindly storks that bring the babies always leave most of them in the houses where there is no money to spare to hire help. Taking care of a baby alone is enough for one woman's work, and then she would have few idle minutes. It is the young, inexperienced mother with a first baby, her place is harder than when there are four or five children, and the older ones can at least amuse the baby while the mother works. Added to the real overwork is the discouraging thought that no one understands her position. Her mother-in-law and her husband's sisters are probably wondering why she is getting so slack in housekeeping. Her own conscience gets unreasonable and reproaches her for not giving baby enough care, for not keeping her housework done up in good order, and for neglecting all wifely attentions to her husband, and all church and social duties, though she is busy every waking moment. One trial to her patience is after getting baby to sleep.

In trying to lay him down on his pillow as gently as possible, so as not to awaken him, just as she draws her arm out from under the little head, baby wakes up and cries. That don't sound so awful, but when in addition there is just one-half hour to get dinner in, and she can smell the pies in the oven beginning to burn, and baby is so heavy she cannot carry him around while she gets dinner, and generally she cannot leave him crying his heart out in the crib—well, if you have ever cared for a house and a baby at the same time you know how it is. If you have time and you want to do a kindly deed that will always be remembered with gratitude, go to your neighbor, the "woman with a baby," and borrow him and take him home with you

for a couple of hours to give her a chance to get caught up with her work. Do this in preference to visiting her, even if you help her while there; it will be more real help to her. Possibly she might have taught baby in the beginning to go to sleep alone, but it seems one of the privileges of babyhood to be nursed and rocked to sleep in his mother's arms; indeed most babies insist upon it anyway, and a baby's preference is something to be deferred to.

PIONEER.

HULDAH PERKINS

PEPPERY POLLY AGAIN.

"Well, if here isn't that Polly woman again! I wonder what hobby she is astride this time?" I hear that grumpy old fellow over there, saying. To set your mind at rest so you can prepare to enjoy my letter, I'll tell right now; it's a woman who is to be hatched this time; you see I do not wish to show any partiality, and if there is anything I do enjoy, it is to have the approval of men. It makes one feel so comfortable to know that mankind in general, and most men in particular, think what one does is very sensible, and couldn't be done better unless they should take the matter in hand themselves.

I am sure all men will agree with me today. Among a company of people I was entertaining a few days since, was a young woman who appeared to take every opportunity which presented itself, to "sit down," figuratively speaking, on her husband; she seemed to wish people to understand that she stood in no "awe" of him if he was very high tempered and fifteen years her senior. He apparently took no notice of her manner; he showed himself to be the gentleman, and she was far from being a lady. No one respects a woman more for snubbing or uncivilly treating her husband, no matter what his faults may be. But the woman who treats her husband with the same courtesy she would show her most esteemed acquaintance, raises herself in the estimation of all right minded persons. I have known men timid and awkward in society, made so at ease by their wives' tact and polite attentions to them, that one could hardly imagine them the same person. A woman who treat her husband with the politeness she treats her guests, is in very little danger of any other kind of treatment in return.

The harmony of the home depends largely on the home keeper. It is the woman who makes the home a real home; it is she who pitches the key to the harmony. If the husband seconds her efforts, her labor will be easy; if the contrary, her work is a serious one, but no one can entirely neutralize her efforts. Let every one live each day as it comes; none can carry the burdens of a year each day successively. One person cannot get up a very large quarrel all alone; no one loses any dignity or self respect who refuses to quarrel by keeping the tongue under control. And sister woman, don't for an instant imagine that anybody thinks you are smart because you dare say impertinent, insulting things to your husband—or anyone else.

POLLY.

CULTURE OF THE PANSY.

Like Grace L, I have tried many a time to raise pansies without anything like success, until last spring, when I filled a shallow box with good soil, bought a ten cent paper of mixed seed, and planted therein; set the box on the stoop where it had the morning sun, until the plants were well up, then put it on the north side of the house, close by the cistern. I kept some boards handy to cover them up in case of a hard rain, and they well repaid the trouble, as I often recognized faces of familiar friends peeping at me through the green foliage while pumping water at the cistern. They had the sun until about ten in the morning, and again late in the afternoon.

A lady who had some nice quilts on exhibition at the fair told me she marked for quilting by using a rule, and scratching with a large pin or darning needle. As I have seen quilts badly disfigured by being marked with a pencil, I think this well worth knowing.

I too find my strawberries that are canned without sugar, the best I ever put up. Eating dinner at a friend's, a plain steamed pudding was made delicious by adding a small cupful of canned strawberries to the sauce, made in the usual way.

Last spring we planted a row of strawberries on tamarack poles; they kept bright and green through all the severe drought. The men planted the poles, but I planted the strawberries, and expect to reap my reward next June.

BESS.

PLAINWELL.

Contributed Recipes.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD.—One cup sweet milk; two cups sour milk or buttermilk (not too sour); one cup flour; three cups corn meal; half cup molasses; one teaspoonful salt; two small teaspoonfuls saleratus. Steam three hours; place in the oven a few minutes to dry off; wrap in a napkin. Good hot or cold.

WHEAT PANCAKES.—Three cups buttermilk; half cup cream, or two large tablespoonfuls melted butter; salt to taste; one egg; two small teaspoonfuls saleratus; flour enough for a smooth batter.

JOHNNY CAKE.—One pint sour milk, or buttermilk; one egg; three tablespoonfuls flour; one teaspoonful salt; one teaspoonful soda, dissolved in hot water; half cup sugar; two large tablespoonfuls melted shortening. Add meal enough to make a thick batter, but not so thick but that it will run; put in the soda and salt last, beating rapidly; bake quickly.

GRAHAM GEMS.—Two cups good buttermilk; two table spoonfuls melted shortening; one teaspoonful soda; salt; three cups graham flour; one handful cornmeal. Grease the gem pans well; bake in a hot oven.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—One quart warm water; three cups buckwheat flour; one cup graham flour; half cup good yeast. Beat well, cover closely, to stand over night. In the morning add soda, salt, and thin with water. After breakfast, pick up two of the cakes that are left, add to the batter; stir and set away in a cool place.

COTTAGE PUDDING.—Three tablespoonfuls melted butter; half cup sugar (cream butter and sugar); one egg; one pint of flour, with three teaspoonfuls baking powder sifted thoroughly; one cup milk; nutmeg. Bake in a loaf in a buttered tin, half an hour.

GRAHAM PUDDING.—One cup sour milk, or buttermilk; half cup molasses; one egg; two cups graham flour; one teaspoonful saleratus; add cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg and salt, and fruit if preferred. Add all the ingredients, then mix thoroughly. Steam three hours.

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