

# MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

For the Household.

### COUNTING THE ROBINS.

BY A. H. J.

The round fat-breasted robin,  
First harbinger of spring,  
Hops lightly o'er the dingy drifts  
His cheery notes to sing.

With faces close against the pane,  
To watch on fence and tree,  
The children count with merry shout—  
Each feathered friend they see.

And as their wisdom is not that  
Which reads between the lines,  
It chances that the same dear bird  
Is counted many times.

And I fancy as I listen,  
How sunny life would be,  
If we, like them, would reckon  
All glad things we see.

And scanning not our neighbor,  
For thoughts which shadow fling,  
Could count, not once, but many times,  
Each robin of our spring.

THOMAS.

"They also serve who only stand and wait!"  
And if, dear Master, such must be my fate,  
Teach me before Thine august will to bow,  
And face the future with unruffled brow.

To wait while others serve, to stand aside  
My small beginning in the dust to hide  
Hast Thou decreed? Let me contented be;  
Even this poor service may be done for Thee.

The gift I have so prized, it is all Thine;  
Thou needest not or work or word of mine,  
Patient I bide Thy time, or soon or late;  
Thy servant still, though I but stand and wait.

### SPRING FASHIONS.

I approach the topic of fashions this spring with a good deal of diffidence. The styles I see on the streets and in the shops are so unlike the remarkable creations of the fashion books, which resemble nothing heretofore created and deserve the epithet unique, a term freely accorded them. Is it possible we are going to return to the short waists, the scanty, clinging skirts, the great hats of the Empire? Is the bustle, so roundly abused, really and truly "to go?" I am sure I don't know; the books say so, the dressmakers in urging their new models bewail the conservatism of Detroit ladies, who are slow to adopt striking innovations, and those who are expected to adopt the latest styles, say "But we should be so conspicuous, don't you know."

I think it is safe to say the ultra features of the Empire styles will be much modified

before they are generally adopted for street wear. House dresses, dinner and reception toilettes, will undoubtedly partake more or less of the more pronounced fashions, which have the merit of novelty, and are charming on those whom they happen to become. The straight skirt, the wide sash, puffed sleeves and surplice bodice are pretty on graceful young figures, but the woman who has passed her twenty-fifth birthday should "go slow" in adopting them till they have become familiar.

Fashions for street wear will be greatly modified. The skirt steels are much smaller but are not dispensed with; a small pad bustle is still worn, and loopings and drapings are largely discarded for the full—very full, draperies falling in straight lines to the foot, or at most slightly caught up in the back or on one side to break lines which would otherwise be too severely plain. All the embellishment which formerly was expended upon the skirt now characterizes the corsage, which has two or even three, revers, folds and plaits crossing each other, and vests overlapping or parting to disclose another, so that it is a mystery how the wearer ever enclosed herself within such a complex affair. Sleeves, too, show puffings and slashings, and deep cuffs with the sleeves full to them; these are gladly adopted by the thin woman who has suffered from the skin-tight fit so long worn, while the lady with plump arms is content to still display their rounded outline in a perfectly plain sleeve.

There are many "novelties" this spring, principally in goods with woven borders, or patterns designed for front and sides, and some are very handsome and marvels of weaving. But they are costly, and not profitable in the eyes of the judicious woman, who knows how soon they are "out," and how when the season is over they are a drug on the market at half their first value. It is always safe to select standard goods in popular colors. We have this year the usual assortment of these in serges, camelottes, cheviots, Scotch flannels, twilled wools, Henriettas and cashmeres, though the cashmere has apparently superseded Henrietta; in fact a great deal of the goods sold as Henrietta at low prices was really only cashmere of a good quality, being simply a case of "a rose by any other name," etc. Many ladies choose a pretty light weight wool suiting for early spring street wear, and find it "just the thing" for the mountains or the seashore. One can never make a mistake in choosing for

street wear a good material, in a quiet, inconspicuous color, and making it up plainly. A showily dressed woman on the street draws all eyes in a not too complimentary scrutiny. Black silk—never entirely out of fashion—is to have a revival this summer, the failles being favorites; there are many cheaper weaves, as satin de luxe, armure, and surah, as well as the never quite out of style grosgrain. Black lace dresses are still in great favor, both the chantilly or French laces and the striped and flowered nets being used. The French laces have a scalloped edge; the nets are to be hemmed, and rows of narrow moire ribbon form a very pretty decoration.

The stores here are full of jackets and newmarkets being closed out at very reasonable prices. If the new Empire and Directorie styles prevail, we must of necessity have new models for wraps. There are the usual mantles, in the patterns we have known so long, slightly modified in trimmings but not materially altered in shape. But the "newest thing out" is the Marie Antoinette fichu, which crosses the bust in front and is tied at the back with long ends. This of course is only for summer wear. Some of the new jackets are very simple, the edges being stitched or bound, and no trimming whatever; others have waistcoat effects, with vests of a lighter shade of the same color. Buy no coats with machine braiding on them. Long cloaks are generally closefitting redingotes, with princesse backs and fronts that lap at the left.

Some one asked me if sash ribbons are to be worn this summer. Sashes will be very fashionable, but are quite wide and of soft silk, and made over a whaleboned, girdle-shaped foundation; they must be very long, also. A way to arrange one of these Empire sashes is to pleat one end narrowly and hook to the right side of the dress at the waist line; draw it across the front, widening to the left side where it must be tacked to keep it in place, let the wide folds continue across the back to the right side, then draw them in narrowing pleats across the front to the left, and let the sash fall in a long loop and two long ends. Simpler sashes are put straight across the front, lap or cross behind, then are brought round to the front again and tied below the waist with long ends and loops. It will be seen therefore that a stiff ribbon would be ungraceful and too bulky. The ends of the sash are fringed.

BEATRIX.

## GARDENS.

Quite a difference in gardens? well, "I should remark!" The majority of gardens bear a striking resemblance to the men who make them. Some—and the number is *not* legion—are planted in long rows and cultivated with a horse; others are filled with grape vines, currant brush, berry bushes, fruit trees, the seeds sown promiscuously and left to battle it out with the weeds, drought and floods. There is a hand-to-hand contest, a final struggle, and the vegetables give it up. I am going to describe my farther's garden; it lives in my memory yet. Not only was it good for the inner man, but it was pleasing to the eye, "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." It was about one hundred feet square; a nice wide path ran through the center from east to west, and from north to south, this was graveled to keep the grass from creeping in. When the snow began to melt away in March, a generous supply of manure was spread evenly all over it, brought from the sheds in a wheelbarrow, for never a horse stepped inside our garden, neither did a stray hen cluck and scratch or chanticleer proclaim that he had discovered a hill of cucumbers. A sharp picket fence inclosed the ground, which was sandy in character, decidedly not the light ind which drifts around like snow; it had way of staying where it was put; was rich and productive. When it became apparent that spring had really come, when the sun's rays had warmed up the ground a little, three or four great big stout Irishmen were set to work with long handled spades turning over the ground; afterwards, it was raked with the garden rakes and was as fine and smooth as a hotbed. Their part of garden-making was finished. Now came a full blood Englishman who got in lots of superfluous h's and left lots of necessary ones out. For the sum of one dollar per day he laid out the garden, sowed the seeds, each in its turn, kept it free from weeds until it could take care of itself; and father always said that the money thus invested brought him the best returns. And to come down to the facts of the case, and good common sense, this is the only way one can have a good garden; one man or woman must make it a business to sow and weed. There is so much to be attended to on a farm, especially a large one, that the proper time for sowing and hoeing is neglected. And with a garden as with character-building, let the proper time pass by in which to drop the seed or pull out the weeds, we will never receive satisfactory results.

In the southeast corner of this garden was an asparagus bed. It was there in my earliest remembrance. It was raised perhaps a foot and a half above the surface of the ground, and stout planks all around it like a wall held the soil. This always received the refuse brine from meat barrels, manure, etc, and was large enough so that we cut it every day, dividing it in thirds. This we valued very highly. The walks were bordered on either side with bush beans; they made a pretty green border and furnished a quantity of beans. The car-

rots, parsnips, vegetable oysters, beets, were sown in rows in one of the squares; one variety of beets I remember as being simply delicious, they were golden yellow, turnip-shaped and very sweet, an early variety. Then there were the white long blood and turnip beets; the crook-neck summer squash, yellow as gold and warty as a toad; the cucumber vines occupied another square with occasionally a nasturtium winding and trailing about with its gaudy blossoms and delicious little pods for pickles. Radishes, two or three varieties, and lettuce, spinach for greens, these three were near neighbors, with perhaps a pansy and hyacinth scattered among them, the English love of flowers cropping out. Egg plants; peppers of various kinds, the tiny variety for pepper sauce and the great bull's-nose for stuffing; tomatoes, large red, and pear shaped yellow for preserving and tomato butter, and cabbage—the sugar-loaf, the Savoy, the Drumhead. There were a few rows of sweet corn, for early use; the most of it was raised in a field adjoining, and consisted of several varieties, including the Evergreen; and we have eaten of this after snow came. It was cut up while green and left in large bunches set convenient to the house. Lima beans which I liked for succotash, but I cannot remember that we raised the wax bean for string beans; it may be they had not been introduced at that time. Water melons and muskmelons, the former the size of pumpkins, with clouded green rinds, deep red center and black seeds; the latter, the long yellow thick-meated cantelopes, rough skinned, sweet as honey—oh, that water melon patch! how lovingly does memory linger over it, how many times has my mouth watered at recollections of it! How many times amid the cares and perplexities of life have I indulged in a good hearty laugh, as there rose before my mental vision the picture of myself, sneaking out of the house with a couple of knives in my pocket, meeting George at the garden gate, our raid on the melons, plugging those great monstrous melons that we were almost certain were green, and then heaving them contemptuously into the asparagus bed among the fringy green tops! I have always believed that it was owing largely to the copious use of rotted melons that the unusual growth and fine flavor of our asparagus could be attributed.

In one corner of the garden was a hop vine, and forming a carpet like a "cloth of gold" were the stiff yellow flowers that looked like gaudy marsh flowers that grow in Michigan. Adjoining this was another garden separated by a row of currant bushes, and this was sacred to berry bushes, the blackcap, the red Antwerp and a yellow variety; while crossing one end was a strawberry bed. These bushes were thoroughly cultivated and beans planted among them. Green peas were raised in the field, oats sown among them to hold them up, the marrowfat the favorite.

If there is any one thing pleasing to my eye, it is a good garden laid out with taste and kept free from weeds. I know a good garden when I see one; I can eat my share of

vegetables as they come along, and I feel like encouraging the men folks to have one. But when it comes to my getting out in the dewy morning to "catch the worm," drabbling my skirts, staining my hands with dirt and weeds, making mud to set out cabbage plants, I'm afraid "my name's not written there." I don't like it. Still, we read that exercise in the fresh air is conducive to good health, helps bad complexions, aids digestion, and being in close communion with nature elevates our thoughts. I am going to make a desperate effort to have a good garden this summer, I will furnish the seeds and the indispensable small boy—I will be still more generous, I will occasionally go out and give it my personal supervision, make suggestions, etc., and sign an agreement to eat my share of the vegetables. Now if that is not encouragement enough for one man I would like to know what is?

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

## BEEF AND PORK PICKLE.

The *Germantown* (Pa.) *Telegraph* annually republishes its somewhat famous recipe for curing meats of any kind, hams, beef, pork, mutton, etc., a recipe often tested and found satisfactory. By following the directions with exactness, excellent results are obtained, and the formula is well worth a trial. Here it is:

"To one gallon of water add one and one-half pounds of salt, one-half pound of sugar, one-half ounce of saltpetre, one-fourth ounce pure potash. In this ratio the pickle can be increased to any quantity desired. Let these ingredients be boiled together until all the dirt from the sugar rises to the top and is skimmed off. Then throw into a tub to cool and when cold pour over your beef or pork. The meat must be well covered with pickle, and should not be put down for at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered saltpetre, which removes all the surface blood, etc., leaving the meat fresh and clean. Some omit boiling the pickle, and find it to answer well, though the operation of boiling purifies the pickle by throwing off the dirt always found in salt and brown sugar. The potash should be omitted unless it is pure. If this recipe is strictly followed it will require only a single trial to prove its superiority over the common way, or most ways of putting down meat, and will not soon be abandoned for any other. The meat is unsurpassed for sweetness, delicacy and freshness of color."

THE more completely and thoroughly the baking powder, or the soda and cream of tartar used in making biscuit or cake, is mixed with the flour the more certain the result will be satisfactory. The flour ought to be put through a fine sieve twice at least after the baking powder or soda and cream tartar are added. Remember this, if you are not quite sure of yourself on "soda biscuit," and remember also if you would have light puffy, flacky biscuit, not to mix the dough too stiff.

## HOME ADORNMENTS

[Paper read at the March meeting of the Columbia Farmers' Club, by Mrs. M. Kelly, of Columbia, Jackson Co.]

Since the above subject is one given me for an essay to be read at a farmers' meeting, I infer that I am expected to make mention of only such adornments as are suitably adapted to farmers' homes. There are many things which add to its attractiveness and beauty, and they are not confined to either the indoor or outdoor department of the home. Pardon me if I should in my first attempt at literary work, mention the few and omit the many.

It cannot be too strongly urged upon farmers that their homes should be made as pleasant and attractive as is consistent with their circumstances, especially the more visible surroundings. The care of outdoor surroundings, of course, properly falls upon the head of the family, but the part of it which consists of sweeping and raking the yards about the house, carrying away pieces of boards, barrels, baskets of old boots and worn out tinware, repairing the barnyard gate to prevent the unwelcome invasion of mischievous cows and pet pigs (which are never genteel enough to leave things as good as they find them), is a disagreeable duty which often devolves upon the housekeeper, whose real duties should be confined to indoor affairs.

It is not a mistake to devote as much space to the yard and lawn, as can be conveniently afforded. If you are about to rebuild, set the house well back. Nothing gives more pleasure than to feel free and not hampered. Level the lawn nicely, giving it a gradual descent from the house, and cover it with a thrifty carpet of blue grass. Construct appropriate walks and drives, plant in groups here and there shade and ornamental trees, but never fruit-bearing trees; they are always objectionable. A few well arranged beds of flowers, if well kept, that is, thriftily and cleanly raised, will always add to an impressive effect. Where it is observed that persons love flowers it is suggestive of hospitality and benevolence. Well did the poet write:

"O, they look upward in every place,  
Through this beautiful world of ours,  
And bright as the smile on an old friend's  
face,  
Is the smile of the bright, bright flowers."

A little labor expended in this direction will add much to the good looks and appearance of your possessions, and be a telling factor in your favor if you expect to sell. It is hardly necessary for me to add the already threadbare advice about keeping up and in repair the barns, outbuildings, fences and all other farm appurtenances in general, yet this is an arc of the circle of home adornments. People who are progressive and aim constantly at improvement, are said to be the happiest.

Prominent among the most important home adornments, are cheerful, healthy faces. Cheerfulness is productive of health and inviting to visitors. A very profitable expenditure is that which secures good reliable papers, especially where the list is composed principally of standard agricultural journals. It will be remembered

that we have of late been professionally advised "to read and then think."

If I should omit to call attention to the indisputable fact that improved varieties of live stock smack sensibly of modern, profitable home adornments, I would receive severe criticism from my friends. To revert again to the indoor adornments of the home in a general way, I should venture the assertion that plain substantial furniture, corresponding with one's circumstances in life, is much the best adapted to adorn a farmer's home. Selections of this kind speak more plainly of one's good judgment and stability.

I would not neglect a limited number of pictures, and certainly not those of near friends if procurable; they carry one's mind back with a tendency to avert selfishness, and bid us remember others that we may be remembered. Sunshine and pure air, wholesome food and good order, along with other things, go to make the home pleasant, and pleasantness is an indispensable requisite among home adornments.

How marked is the change and contrast between the recognized home adornments and conveniences of the present day and those of the past! When we allow ourselves in imagination to wander back in thought forty years, to the legendary andirons, oaken bucket, spinning wheel, cowbell, bedcord and ox team, it can hardly be realized that they were once highly prized home adornments and conveniences. History repeats itself, and from this fact we can expect still greater changes; but who can in his imagination look into the future, and reveal to his own personal satisfaction the hidden mysteries of the coming age an hundred years hence? Who can predict what fashionable home adornments and conveniences will consist of at the expiration of the short space of time included within the coming decade?

"Life is what we make it." People are said to be "largely what they read;" hence it follows that an important home adornment is pure, instructive reading matter, such as will assist in solving the many intricate problems which constantly beset our paths.

Fancy adornments bear evidence of thrift and prosperity; but we should not too hastily pass the words of the poet, who says:

"Not in prosperity's broad light,  
Can reason justly scan  
The sterling worth, which, viewed aright,  
Most dignifies the man."

## THE BATTLE BEGINS.

I am going to clean house early this spring, for several reasons. One is to make use of the snow before it is all gone. When you take up a carpet have a few shovelfuls of snow thrown on the dusty floor and when you sweep it out it will take every particle of dirt with it, and is better than anything else for that purpose. Then a handful of it taken up with a cloth is good to wash windows with, acts like sand in getting off the dirt without scratching the glass. After shaking the carpet spread it on the snow, throw some on it and sweep again, the snow will be pretty dark and the

carpet will be clean. Then I want the extra housework finished so that when the really warm days come, and outdoor work can be begun, I can dig in the dirt outside without feeling there is any "misplaced matter," as some one calls dirt, in the house.

Since A. H. J. explained to us the terrible consequences of a community in towels, I feel encouraged to tell all Michigan about my bedbugs. I had one bedstead from which every known remedy failed to exterminate them. I took it entirely apart, so that there were no two boards fastened together. It was not a difficult job, as the glue had been dissolved long ago by boiling water. Found there were nice secure places between the boards, contrived by the cabinet-maker on purpose for bugs. With the wish that we could have women to superintend the manufacture of furniture, women who know the extra work the finding one bedbug makes, I cleaned and put that bedstead together. Then I filled every crack with tallow so that a bug could not possibly hide from sight. Then I rested the seventh day.

Have you ever noticed that the very good housekeeper is quite likely to be a scold unless she has unusual self control, while the woman who does not care very much how her house looks is the best soul alive, always good natured and a means of grace to those of her household in giving them a chance to cultivate patience, forbearance and long suffering? And do you know that a really good cook must be somewhat of an epicure herself? I have come to this conclusion in watching the efforts of a young housekeeper to make good coffee, who does not drink it herself and does not know how coffee ought to taste to be good.

What does Bess mean by growing strawberries on tamerack poles. Consider myself an experienced gardener, and have grown strawberries in every possible way, even out of the bungholes of barrels, but never on tamerack poles. Will Bess please explain.

HULDAH PERKINS.

PIONEER.

## FROSTED PLANTS.

It is exasperating enough to bring a lot of plants through the winter, only to have them nipped by an unseasonably cold night in the early spring. But such accidents will happen, and we should know the proper treatment to be employed in such cases. Sprinkle immediately with cold water and banish to a cold dark room or cellar, to remain until the frost is all out, and if alive bring gradually to the light and warmth. When the soil is frozen in the pots set them in cold water until soft; then give free drainage. It is surprising how much freezing some plants will endure when thus treated. Prune away all dead branches and foliage, and give a stimulant now and then, as ammonia or soot in the winter; and many that have been badly frosted will quickly revive and resume growth as spring is with us once again. But remember plants that have endured frost once are like frosted heels, very susceptible to cold.

FENTON.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

## LETTERS FROM THE LONE STAR STATE.

Mrs. C. E. Decker, M. D., of Mt. Clemens, having been ordered to Texas to spend the winter on account of her health, writes her sister, Mrs. W. K. Sexton, of Howell, some very entertaining letters, from which Mrs. Sexton kindly makes the following extracts for the pleasure and profit of HOUSEHOLD readers:

COLEMAN, Texas, Dec. 19, 1888

MY DEAR SISTER:

We are having the loveliest weather imaginable. The day before yesterday we drove to and crossed the Colorado river, six miles from here; rode without a shawl or wrap of any kind. This afternoon we are sitting out on the gallery—as the porches are called here—and as I write I wonder how it is up north. Can hardly believe it is winter.

I had a delightful trip from first to last. Left Detroit at 2 P. M. Tuesday, on the Wabash road, which took me through Adrian and a part of Michigan I had never seen, across a corner of Ohio, through Indiana, across Illinois to Springfield and on to St. Louis, which we reached early the next morning. I was sorry to have night come and shut us in, but I was up early, for I wanted to see all I could, and I knew we were nearing the Mississippi river. We came in sight of it soon after daylight, and although I had been told I should be disappointed in it, a feeling of grandeur stole over me when I thought, "This is the Mississippi, and who ever thought I would see it." Although it is a muddy river, yet it looked grand, and the great iron bridge over it looks as though no power could move it. We were obliged to wait some time on the bridge for the out-going train, and as I sat there with the stream flowing far, far below, saw the river steamers, long flat boats and boats of all kinds, and watched the loading and unloading on the levee, and negroes driving one horse and donkey carts, I just felt too grand for anything. After leaving the bridge we soon entered a long dark tunnel that runs under the city, came out into daylight, were rushed on till we were landed in the Grand Union depot of St. Louis. There I got a high toned dinner, and the porter from the car called another porter into the waiting room and told him to see to me, and get me off all right. I gave him a quarter and I tell you he just did wait on me in fine shape.

We waited there some time, but I did not dare to go out much, but hope to when I go back. Fell in company with a gentleman and lady from Alabama. We went out for a short walk; could not go far enough to see the gardens, but did see some fine buildings, among them one of the old cathedrals, whose tower went up out of sight, almost. Among the sights we saw were Gen. Grant's statue in a large open square, some pretty parks, etc. We wended our way back to the depot, our train was soon called and we were southward bound. The route took us down through Missouri, across Arkansas, crossing both the Arkansas and Red rivers, on to the beautiful hills of Texas. The greater part of our way

through Arkansas led through the cotton and rice swamps. Some parts of the State are beautiful, with little streams winding among the pine trees, then we would emerge from that scenery to a swamp with cotton growing, log cabins, and negroes, oh, my! It was a beautiful day, as we passed through that State, and the Dinahs and pickaninnies were all in the door or yard, without much clothing, eyes and mouths wide open. Their cabins were seven by nine affairs, chimneys built on the outside, because, as one gentleman said, the family or chimney had to be out of doors—not room enough for both inside. Am sure I saw the veritable "Little old log cabin in the lane," and I thought back years ago, and did not wonder that poor Aunt Chloe was "done heart broke" when she thought Uncle Tom might be sold to go to the cotton swamps. I should think oxen were used almost exclusively as beasts of burden, for all through this part of the State we see carts drawn only by oxen, and such oxen! Sometimes one and sometimes six of these creatures were drawing one cart or wagon.

As we neared the Arkansas river the scene changed, and before I knew it I said "Oh! isn't that lovely." The river on the eastern side has a long flat pebbly beach, while on the western side the hills rise, directly from the water's edge, with such beautiful pine trees all the way up. The scenery here is very grand. But we were whirled along until we crossed the Red river, rightly named. It looks like pounded brick, but has pretty banks, hills and pine trees. So we rode and rode, and looked, and talked, and got tired and made fun of it. There were only a few through passengers, but they were all very pleasant, and of course on such a long ride we got well acquainted and had lots of pleasure. Some of the passengers would occasionally get off to get a meal, and come in and say "Wasn't that vile stuff we had to eat." I would get the porter to bring me a cup of tea, spread my table and eat my lunch with all the composure imaginable. At one place I got off the train, went down the platform to the ground to walk a little, so I could say I had trod Arkansas soil. Our train only stopped at the large towns. We passed through Little Rock, and soon, just on the border between Arkansas and Texas we came to the quarantine that was established during the yellow fever panic, a long row of white tents; were glad we were not obliged to stop there.

## DOMESTIC HELPS.

I never have written for publication and scarcely know how, but I want to say "Thank you ma'am" for favors received.

Of all the Households I have had the FARMER HOUSEHOLD suits me best. It comes in the most convenient shape, and is not filled with advertisements.

I can make good bread with half a yeast cake and four or five potatoes. I make a bowl of yeast that lasts me two weeks.

I mended a beautiful china cup to-day with flour mixed with white of egg.

A rich cake can be made by baking a

plain sponge cake in layers, spread with sour cream sweetened and flavored. It is better a few days old.

Mother's doughnuts are made with one cup each of sugar, cream and buttermilk, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and soda, and one egg; mix firm. ANNA.

HOPKINS.

A PORT HURON dealer in brooms says that inasmuch as it has come to be understood that one of the characteristics of a good broom is the green appearance of the brush, indicating toughness, elasticity and durability, manufacturers provide this requisite by dipping the brush, when the brooms are completed, into a solution of Paris green, which gives precisely the right color, enough remaining on the brush to tinge it. Thus is found a new application of Paris green to the "arts and sciences"—the great art of adulteration—and a new danger for the housekeeper who is in the habit of testing her cake with a broom-splint—not a very clean practice at best, now a possible source of poisoning.

THEY say women seldom invent aids to their own work, but Mrs. Hungerford, of Ithaca, N. Y., at the farmers' institute held there, exhibited the skimmer with which she removes cream. It was one of her own invention, and was double the size of the ordinary skimmer, and without holes. With this skimmer she could take off the whole quantity of cream on a pan at one time. She first turned the edges of the cream over towards the middle, and then lifted it off clean with one effort. She had also invented a screen, made of thick paper tacked to a frame of lath, the screen being as wide as the pans, and long enough to cover three pans. The lath, made smooth, rested on the edges of the pans. The effect of this cover was, that the cream did not dry up on the edges of the pans and make so many white specks in the butter.

## Contributed Recipes.

WHITE CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.—One cup of sugar; butter size of walnut; one cup sweet milk; two cups flour; two teaspoonfuls baking powder, or one of cream tartar and half teaspoonful soda. Flavor to taste. This also makes good layer cake.

FRUIT CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.—One cup sugar (brown is best if nice); one cup New Orleans molasses; one cup sour milk; one cup butter; one cup raisins; one cup English currants; one cup citron; one teaspoonful cinnamon; one-fourth teaspoonful each of cloves and grated nutmeg; one rounding teaspoonful soda. Seed and chop the raisins, wash and dry the currants. Stir the cake quite stiff with sifted flour; roll the fruit in flour and stir in last. Bake slowly three hours. If a coffeecup is used in measuring, this will make a common-sized panful when baked.

COLD MEAT.—Take a good-sized soup bone, boil until the meat drops from the bone. Skim out the meat. Cut with a sharp knife, using a fork in the other hand, or chop, but not too fine; pour over the meat the liquor or stock that it was boiled in. Season to taste. Stir well together, and set it in a cool place to harden. Slice thin. Nice for tea or any meal. MRS. E. P. S.

CAMBRIA.