

# MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, JUNE 22, 1889.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### "IF I COULD SEE HIM AGAIN."

If I could see him again,  
If I could hear him say,  
Merry and kind as he used to do,  
"Well, little wife, what has come to you  
All through the busy day,  
While I have been away?"

Often then I was cross;  
Often I used to reply,  
"What comes to a woman everywhere?  
Washing, and baking, and household care;  
I declare it makes me cry  
To think how my days go by!"

Then he would kiss me again,  
Try to be still more kind;  
Tenderly say, "My poor little wife!  
Would I could give you an easier life!"  
How could I be so unkind?  
Oh, how could I be so blind?

God took him away one day,  
Took him away from me;  
Now, though I labor the whole day through,  
Nobody asks: "What has come to you?"  
Nobody pities or shares  
The weight of my household cares.

Oh, yes, I have children, too;  
A mother cannot complain;  
But never a son or a daughter's grace  
Can fill the void of their father's place.  
A mother cannot complain;  
But, oh, for my husband again!

If I had only known  
That I should ever find  
It was an angel love that for years  
Worked for me, cared for me, dried my tears,  
I had been far more kind;  
But, oh, I was blind! so blind!

—Lillie E. Barr, in *Ledger*.

### THE ETIQUETTE OF CALLS.

A valued correspondent asks some information upon the above subject, which she further qualifies by the adjective "fashionable." I may as well confess at the outset that I know little about this topic by experience. Life is too short, its days too full of duties to permit me to go into society in a pasteboard way. But I do not know that the etiquette of a fashionable call differs much, except in the matter of more formality, reserve and dignity of manner, from any call upon those with whom we are not intimately acquainted.

Mrs. Sherwood calls the card the "pasteboard protocol" of society; therefore our first care must be to provide suitable cards for the neat little Russia or alligator leather, or silver or pearl card-case. The plainer the card the better. The plain, white, oblong card, perhaps one and a half by two inches, is always in good taste. Avoid "fancy" cards of every description; they are not tolerated in society. The name should not be

printed in text, but either written by hand or engraved in fine script. These are important points, although we may think them immaterial; there are a thousand gossamer threads, separating what is and is not "proper," we all know.

We will suppose the caller arrayed in her best gown and Sunday bonnet, out making her rounds, generally with a friend for companionship's sake. Ladies who have many calls to make often hire a coupe by the hour, and thus expedite matters, for few calls are made before four o'clock or after half-past five, and if time is an object it is really an economy.

Madame is supposed to be in her parlors, ready to receive visitors, if it is her "day." The caller gives her name to the servant who opens the door, who mentions it to her mistress as she ushers her guest into the room. Brevity characterizes the fashionable call, and having exchanged a few common-places, it is time to take leave. In the hall will be found a tray or salver, and upon this the caller leaves her card, either on entry or departure, to remind her hostess that she has been "en evidence." If calls are made at another time than the regular reception day, and "not at home" greets our inquiry, cards are handed to the servant who opens the door. It is proper for a married lady to leave her husband's card with her own, even if he does not accompany her; she represents him.

It is not correct to hand one's own card to the hostess, or in fact, to any one. To do so savors too much of the methods of the commercial man "representing the house of So-and-So." Pronounce your own name distinctly, by way of introduction, if recognition is not instant.

It is not proper to call on a friend who is visiting a lady who is a stranger to you, without asking for her hostess, and a card should be left for both. And if you call, and find your friend out, leave a card for her, and one for the lady of the house.

If you are visiting in a town where you have acquaintances, send your card with the address at which you may be found, by post, to those whom you wish to have call on you.

The question is sometimes asked if it is not a slight to leave cards instead of calling in person, when the lady of the house is at home. No; for one may have engagements to meet, or there may be other reasons why she cannot spare the time. But, in case the lady herself should open the door, it would be awkward not to pay a brief call. But then—fashionable ladies never do open their own doors to admit callers.

It is well to remember that a first call

should be returned in person, and that its etiquette should govern that of the return.

After a dinner-party, a call in person is obligatory. After any other entertainment, except a tea, cards are sent or left. At the tea the guests leave their cards as they enter or depart, and do not send or call after.

Whether I have or have not satisfied our correspondent on the etiquette of calls I can not tell, but if not, if she will kindly specify on what points she desires further information, I will do my best to respond.

BEATRIX.

### SORROWS.

To one who gazes on the ocean for the first time, lying placid and quiet in the sun's rays, its surface sparkling like myriads of diamonds, just the least possible ripple, so far as the eye can reach sky and water meeting, the broad expanse, heavenly blue, bending to the immensity of water, there are no words to express the wonderment, the vastness, the sublimity of it. And the wish rises that life might always be like the scene before us—placid, even, perfect. But as we think it over, how cruel the ocean is! Ships, freighted with human souls, start from her harbors; flags are flying, music fills the air; hearts beat with pride; good wishes are showered upon them, farewells are said, friends part to meet soon, and the vessel sails away over the waters. Perhaps not many days from shore fearful storms arise; high winds send the boat now on a huge breaker, now completely out of sight as a wave breaks over her. Of no avail are prayers, life-boat or preservers. Every passenger sinks under the waves—"a hundred fathoms deep." No need of requiem; no shroud or winding sheet. And on the morrow the beautiful, cruel waters smile at the skies and sparkle in the sunbeams, with no trace of yesterday's storm. Old Ocean holds her secrets, fast hidden in her caves, lying in her valleys, buried among her wealth, over which living animals roam, never to be known until the sea gives up her dead and all things shall be known.

We look on some faces, they are bright with smiles; the voice utters pleasant words; the life is an active one, a useful one. It may be one who labors in the Master's fields, lifting up earth's fallen ones, speaking words of cheer or comfort to discouraged souls. It may be a home and loved ones claim the time and attention. I hardly think it matters in the Father's eye where we labor or what we do, if we but do as well as we can. If we want a field of labor we can find it anywhere. We look on this life



and on that life, and wish that our lives could be as fair and pleasant as those before us. Have you ever stood by a rose bush and admired the beauty of roses and inhaled their fragrance? Every bud and blossom seemed perfect in form and coloring. But open one of the largest, most beautiful roses, part the leaves, and down deep in its centre you may find an ugly worm eating into it, destroying it surely, slowly. We cannot judge of a person's inner life; we cannot look upon the heart. The smiling face may typify a happy heart, a careless, easy life, a heart that knows no sorrow or ache; or it may be a mask that covers an aimless life and blighted hopes. The merry laugh and gay sally serve to drown the pain that is ever gnawing at the heart. The eyes may see, beyond our vision, a ghost at every feast.

Sorrows! oh, they rankle in every breast; they sit in every house; they wait like sentinels at our doors; they come to us unbidden. I have read that not even the faintest whisper of sound was ever lost; that somewhere upon the eternal shores the acoustic waves are ever breaking, never to sink in silence while nature's laws endure. If this be so, what a record we are making! The sighs, the moans, the words that fall so easily from our lips, are gone beyond recall.

We do not always know who needs our advice. Those whom we may consider "fallen ones" may be nearer Heaven than we are. A noted divine says that to many a body that is carried to the potter's field in a pine box the chariots of Christ will come down. In laboring for the so-called "fallen ones" I should not advise the squandering of pen, ink, paper and time. There was never a wanderer reclaimed simply by reading of the prodigal son. When Jesus walked among men He did not heal them by touching them with a ten-foot pole; He laid his hands on them. We never can reclaim one who has gone astray by talking about them at sewing societies, or by writing to them how they ought to do, and holding our skirts aside when they are passing. We want to labor for love—a love that prompts us to take the grimy, dirty hand in ours, to bind up the wounds and sores, to hold the cool drink to parched and thirsty lips. Love, such as One better and purer than you or I, gives freely to a sin burdened humanity. Love like this is as rare as birds in midwinter. In getting near to those who need help, who are grasping blindly after some good, I often think we are nearer the heavenly Father; for isn't it a natural supposition that He is near those who need Him? We are told that for every thorn there is a garland of roses, for every dark day there is a season of sunshine; and for every groan there are a thousand hymns of praise. It is a pleasing assurance, I am sure, and brings comfort even if it is never fully realized.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

A USEFUL SUGGESTION.—I want to tell the HOUSEHOLD readers that when making pieplant or any very juicy pie, a narrow strip of old cotton cloth—white—wet and placed around the edge of the pie, will prevent the juice from boiling over. After removing from the oven strip off the cloth. Try it and be convinced.

CHILSEA.

AD. W.

#### CLOTHES FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

The first short dresses for the baby are yoke slips of nainsook with high neck and long sleeves, trimmed with tucks and feather-stitching, or a narrow edge of embroidery. The yoke may be made a part of the slip, by making lengthwise clusters of tucks with feather-stitching between, or laying the fullness in four or five narrow box pleats. The slip is made long enough to reach the tops of the little shoes, and finished with a hem three or four inches deep, which is thought most elegantly finished if it is hem-stitched. If separate yokes are preferred they are made of tucks and insertion of lace or embroidery, and sewed with a cord to the full breadth of the skirt.

For the year old babies the same style prevails, except the yoke is lengthened to form a little round waist, only coming two or three inches below the armholes. These waists are tucked and feather-stitched after the fashion of yokes. For girls two and three years old the guimpe dresses are preferred, the dresses being cut with low necks and worn over tucked guimpes, with a frill of embroidery turned down round the neck, and a belt of insertion. A sash of the material of the dress, with hem-stitched ends, is sometimes sewed in under the arms and tied in a large bow behind. Colored gingham and chamberys are made up in this style to wear over guimpes of embroidery.

The baby boys' dresses are made a little different from the girls after they get to be a year old. They wear dresses pleated from neck to waist, but plain on the sides. The front is cut off at the waist and tucked like a shirt bosom; the skirt is gathered to this. The back of the waist has a box pleat down the middle, concealing the buttons, with narrow side pleats on each side of it. (The back is continuous from neck to foot.) A separate belt is added, which however does not extend across the front. The little turned over collar is divided in the front and narrows on the shoulders and it, the cuffs and belt, are feather-stitched in red or blue. Thick white goods are made up in this fashion.

Boys of three and four years wear one piece dresses in wool or gingham, with a kilt and belt, and a waist laid in fine tucks in front and wide ones behind. Colored kilt skirts are also worn with white blouses with sailor collars. For boys of four and six, there are Scotch flannels made up in kilt-skirts with zouave jackets over white waists; or the sailor suits of blue flannel, which have kilt skirts and blouse waists with deep sailor collars trimmed with hercules braid.

Such a pretty, simple cloak, which any woman could duplicate, was worn by a six year old, fair-haired lassie. The outside was of figured satteen, a pale blue with a delicate vine pattern running over it, and lined with plain pale pink satteen. There was a perfectly plain round waist and semi-loose sleeves. The full satteen skirt was kilted to the waist, and a cape made by pleating a straight piece of the material, lined, to fit about the neck and letting it shape itself to the shoulders. Large pearl buttons closed the waist, which opened in front. The satteen being so soft, fell in very pretty, grace-

ful folds. With it was worn a wide-brimmed black straw hat, trimmed with full rosettes of half-inch feather-edged satin ribbon, in pink and blue, set on round the crown, with one quite large one fastening the brim back to the crown.

#### DIRECTIONS FOR COUCH COVER AND BRACKET MATS.

Seine twine makes very pretty and extremely durable couch-covers, while carpet-chain can be purchased in nearly as many pretty colors as the seine twine, wears well and is very cheap and answers every purpose. Use a coarse steel hook. 1st row—seven chain, unite; under this circle work three dc, (one chain three dc) three times, one chain, one single crochet on first of the dc. 2nd row—five ch, one dc, in next one chain, five ch, one dc in next one chain, five ch, one dc in same loop; repeat again; then five ch, one dc on last of the dc stitches; five chain, one dc in same loop. 3d row—\* five dc under the next five, five ch, one dc under five ch at the corner, five ch, one dc under the same. 4th row—five ch, one dc under each five chain, making five ch, one dc under the same, five ch at each corner, that is the same as the last row; end with five ch, one dc under the same, five ch at corner. \* 5th row—\* three ch, seven trebles under first five chain, one dc under next, seven trebles under next, three ch, one treble under five ch at corner, three ch, one treble under same, repeat from \*, end after finishing the last corner. 6th row—four ch, 15 trebles, that is one treble on each treble and dc, four ch, one treble under three ch at corner, four ch, one treble under the same; repeat; end after last corner. 7th row—five ch, 15 trebles on trebles, five ch, one treble at corner, five ch, one treble under the same; repeat; after finishing the last corner, make one ch. 8th row—\* six dc under five ch, 15 dc, on trebles of previous row, six dc under five ch, four dc, one ch, four more dc under five ch at corner; repeat from corner; at the end fasten off. Make as many of these squares as required and sew them together. Crochet any pretty border. This can be easily shaped to fit the couch.

Another style may be made as follows: Begin in center with 24 ch, join, and into this work \*, five trebles, five ch, one treble, five ch, \*, repeat three times from \* to \*, work two more rows in same way, increasing the number of loops of five ch by one in each row, and working seven trebles in the first and nine treble in the next row. In the next row work the same number of trebles with loops of seven chain between the groups. The little rings at the top of each point are worked with the first row of double chain by simply working the first and last stitches together. The corners are formed by making loops of one chain in first row and of three chains in second row. The squares are to be united with smaller ones made the same way. No border is needed.

New and delicate toilet sets or mats for brackets are made of all over figured lace, placed over any pretty colored silk or satin. A lace edging to match, about two and a half or three inches wide, is fulled around



the edge, and an inch wide ribbon is run around the whole just above where lace is whipped on, to cover the joining of lace. Place a double bow of ribbon on lower right hand corner. Ribbon and lining must match, of course. Toilet sets are made of fish net scrim in the same manner.

Durable little mats are made of peacock blue felt. Cut out two circles for each mat, one a size smaller than the other. Cut the edges in small scallops, or pink them with a pinking iron. Work tiny stars with old gold embroidery silk in each scallop and join them with long spiky stitches of silk. Do this with both circles. Place the center of small circle upon the center of larger one and fasten them with a half dozen small stars of silk, one in the center and five around it, made by simply crossing long stitches.

For "Sweet Pea" lamp lighters, cut a strip of white paper half an inch wide and eight inches long; roll or twist in the usual way—between the thumb and finger. Cut two pieces of tissue paper, one red and one white, in shape of a heart, but left half an inch wide at the point. Crimp down the center with a pin, paste or gum on the lighter, first the white, then the red one; bend in shape. When in a vase they look like a bouquet of sweet peas and are very pretty.

MILL MINNIE.

FOREST LEDGE.

#### HOW TO MAKE HOME PLEASANT FOR THE CHILDREN.

[Paper read by Mrs. D. C. Blair, before the Napoleon Farmers' Club at its March meeting.]

There are several essentials to a good and happy home. Although wealth is a very great convenience, it is not necessarily one of these essentials, for in many an abode of honest poverty, contentment dwells. Out of such lowly cottages have sprung our greatest, noblest men and women. The riches of those humble dwellings were industrious hands, contented hearts and grasping intellects, perseveringly and industriously ascending the Hill of Science by the feeble, flickering light of the old time candle, until its heights were gained and a nation honored them. Our Lincoln, Grant and Garfield are recent illustrations of the influence of this kind of a home.

A truly good home must be an attractive spot intellectually, morally and socially. If these are all in exercise, our children will not find inducements to call them away into haunts of danger and sin. Inasmuch as prevention is better than cure let us provide wholesome pleasures, thus preventing a desire for vice. Foremost of all charms of home I would mention music. Shakespeare says:

"The man that hath not music in himself,  
And is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils.  
Let no such man be trusted."

Many, if not all of us, have realized the exhilarating, satisfying effects of singing in the days of yore; and delight now to recall those songs and the enthusiasm connected with them. Let us cultivate singing in our families, and also instrumental music, and many wearisome as well as lonely hours will be remedied. Father Matthew recognized the charms of music, and followed up his

temperance movement by establishing musical clubs all over Ireland, feeling that as he had taken the people's whisky he must give them some wholesome stimulus in its stead. Evangelists consider music a very important factor in their work, and invariably seek for a musician as a traveling companion.

True courtesy and sincere politeness have large place in a happy home, exhibiting themselves in a disposition to contribute to the happiness of others, and in refraining from all that may annoy them. Politeness is grateful, as well as kind, and readily acknowledges kind actions in others.

Give the children encouragement. Honest commendation gives them courage. Benjamin West, the great artist, said, "A kiss from my mother made me a painter." When she looked on his first boyish sketch she praised it. Had she said "Foolish boy, don't waste your time on such daubs," she would have quenched every spark of his ambition, and probably turned the current of his life into obscurity. There is many a boy who has been spoiled by harsh discouragement. Recently we read an account of a young girl, gifted with artistic aspirations, who was discouraged and defeated by her injudicious mother, until the artist soul in her was dead.

Instructive books are the best companions for our children, and they easily form an attachment for them. Their tastes should be directed to make proper selections, books of good character, not of the dime novel description. Reading aloud by some member of the family we regard as very beneficial. There are many harmless games found in nearly every household now, enlivening the long, dull evenings with sprightly and stimulating amusements. Historical cards, Logomachy or war of words, Lotto and Authors are instructive and pleasantly exciting. Parents should play with the children, sharing the joys and pleasures together. Birds and flowers add much to the attraction of home, as well as pictures on the walls.

Then too, methodical labor brings with it pleasure and interest in the house; teaching them there must be a place for everything and everything in its place, ultimately gives them a relish for being orderly, neat and prompt in their work. Let us by all means teach that labor is ennobling, and never at a discount among sensible people anywhere, and whatever they put their hands to, teach them to do it well.

"He that hath a trade, hath an estate," was the idea of an honored senator in a neighboring county, and although in affluent circumstances, two of his daughters became apprentices. Education is an estate for our children, and if thoroughly wrought into their minds, they are prepared for contact with the world under any circumstances. Addison says, "What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul."

AN INQUIRY.—Will some one kindly furnish me a recipe for lady fingers? I enjoy reading the *HOUSEHOLD* very much, especially the editorials on dishes, furniture, etc. We have tried many of the recipes and like them.

V. B.

#### APPRECIATIVE WORDS.

I am a constant reader of the little paper and prize it very highly. Among the many papers and magazines which we read there is none we take so much interest in as the *HOUSEHOLD*. I have used a great many of the recipes and have always been successful. I do not remember to have seen one for lard cookies. I have one which is very nice and has been thoroughly tested. (See third column, fourth page.—Ed.)

In regard to liquid shoe polish, I would say I have used that made by G. H. Wood & Co., Boston, for about two years, and it will not harm any leather.

I like the correspondents of the *HOUSEHOLD* very much (though I am a stranger to them); and I wish to thank Beatrix for aiding us in regard to our wardrobes as well as in many other directions. Her minute descriptions of dresses, materials, making, etc., are of far more value to me than the fashion plates.

I read Evangeline's "Week" with great interest, and it was a surprise to me that one person could accomplish so much. Perhaps she had just as soon tell us if every week is as busy, or if this was an especial one. I fully agree with Trixy that she has a husband almost perfection, and should not be at all surprised if some of the young ladies, as well as married ones, got up a flirtation with him.

Well, I am so glad that some kind friend is going to tell us about a "Cloudy Week;" it will be so great a contrast to Evangeline's "Week." Few of us know perfect bliss here on the earth, and I think we can sympathize with her. But I trust we may all see more bright than dark days. VERA.

#### INFORMATION WANTED.

I have recently rendered a trifle of assistance in taking care of a pair of twin infants belonging to a neighbor; and as their only food is taken from bottles, I found some difficulty in cleansing them and the small tubes and sprayers attached. Besides, I fear the help-lady did not feel over-burdened with anxiety about the perfect sweetness of those necessities of life to the said twins. I think Evangeline or some one who looks into the practical methods of everything as well as the beautiful things in life, could give a hint on this subject, which is very important after all. I cleansed said articles with baking soda as well as I could, and the glass was clear. Is there not a way to treat the tubes? Could not some of the mothers who feed babies from bottles also state whether sugar should be added to the milk, or water to reduce the richness? Please tell, it may benefit someone else; besides, I may feed the twins again. DILL.

FENTON.

A lady who does her work with her brains, says she recently had a pair of overalls to wash which were so stiff with dirt that her hands and wrists were too weak to make any impression on them. So she laid them on the washboard, soaped a part at a time, and took her scrubbing brush to them.



## A CLOUDY WEEK.

(Continued.)

Simon went to market this morning with a load of wheat, and sold it for twenty-five cents a bushel less than he was offered last fall. The fields look thin, and altogether, we feel pretty poor. But I have set my stake at a sale carpet for the parlor. I've never had anything but rag, but the warp is so poor now they don't wear long, and I'm so tired of making them, and think the sale is so much prettier anyhow, that I figured on raising a lot of turkeys, and by squeezing a little out of my butter-money, to have a new ingrain in time for Thanksgiving. I have thought a good deal about how it would look, and how it would seem to walk over a sale carpet of my own. I had extra good luck with my earliest lot of turkeys. I kept them in a dry yard the most of the time, and there was no wet long grass for them to run in. Wet feet and legs are the worst thing for young turkeys—unless it is sulphur—but I'm getting ahead of my story. There were twenty of them, about half grown, when we found they were awful lousy. Some one told us to grease them under the wings and on the head with sulphur and lard. We did so last night, and this morning, Phil brought them in in a bushel basket, all dead but two. I felt as if I had no heart to go on, but heart is not much account in housekeeping, and the work had to be done. I hung out the white clothes, and washed the colored, and then, to have the worst over first, dampened the starched clothes and ironed them after dinner. There was a funeral last week at the Corners and Simon was pall-bearer, so his white shirt was in the wash. I always dread to do it up, and to-day in trying to finish up with too hot a flat iron, I scorched the bosom a little, and remembered that some one said to hang it in the hot sun and it would draw it out. I did so and the color was soon gone. I thought I had just about time to finish Lou's dress before supper, and got along real well till I found out the arm-hole was an inch or more too big for the sleeve. As I could not remember ever having seen a dress gathered into a sleeve; I was puzzled for a time to know what to do, but soon concluded to taper all the seams and make a fit. This put me back some, and just as I was hurrying to catch up, in came Mrs. Nons. I suppose she is a good woman; at least I never knew any harm of her; but she is a little tedious to me for she is always talking about her cooking. If she remembers any great event of the world it is sure to be because it happened on the day she made cream cake, or plum pudding, or something else, after a certain recipe. I often think what a good cook-book she would be if she could be preserved. Two or three years ago, her husband just sat back from the dinner table and died in a minute, and she is never tired of telling what a good dinner that was and how thankful she is that he went to heaven on a full stomach.

While I had been sewing the baby had amused himself, and when I stopped to pick up, such a looking room as that was! The most discouraging part of my work is the continual picking up. If it is done it doesn't

show, but if it is let alone for a single hour it shows dreadfully. I stoop over so much that I am afraid I shall have a rush of brain to the head.

The children came from school as hungry as wolves and just about as mannerly. I had steamed a big cornmeal loaf for two hours, which I browned nicely in the oven. This, with baked potatoes, nice cream gravy and fresh apple sauce made up a bill of fare which seemed to suit. Our children are good, and mind when we make them, but we don't make them half as much as we ought to, and I often feel ashamed of them at the table. We are all so hungry and in such a hurry that we can't wait to do as the HOUSEHOLD says we should. The children seldom remember their "please" until reminded of it, and then jerk it out in a way that is just as bad as leaving it. Sometimes they sing, and if we don't happen to want to talk, I let them go on; partly because I like to see them so happy but mostly because when I was a child I never dared to act out nature. In a book we borrowed last winter, one, Joe Gargery, said he had rather be "inconvenienced" himself than to be "hard on a woman," and I feel a good deal the same about the children.

(To be continued.)

## OUR LONELY HOME.

As the weeks fly by and I enjoy the little paper so much, I have felt conscience-smitten many times that my pen has been idle so long. But hands so busy ministering to the wants of the suffering one, had little time or opportunity for writing. I have the deepest sympathy for El See; the shadow of a great sorrow that hangs over her is not felt by her alone. The white winged messenger has recently visited our home, and left us with lonely and desolate hearts. Our little boy, the light and joy of our household, has been borne away through the shining gates. Though we know he has gained heaven and all its splendor, and that the joys and beauty of that "beautiful city" are far beyond our comprehension, we miss the child-voice and our hearts go out in longing for "the little boy that died."

Is there anything that will make a home so lonely as the loss of a little one? El See would answer yes; but I do not know. We are all prone to believe our burdens the heaviest, our grief the greatest. I wonder as I read El See's letter about the sale of the old home why she parted with it; it seems if, if all else were gone, I should still cling to my old home or even to my new one, as we have only owned a home for the past year. We enjoy living in northern Michigan very much; the neighbors are very kind, they have proved themselves friends indeed in time of need; and the abundant floral offerings sent at the death of our child prove what was grateful to us, a tender thoughtfulness for us in our great bereavement. A delicate cross of maiden-hair fern and white lilies, patterned after the fashion of Old England, and sent by one recently over the water, was beautiful and emblematic. My heart grows sad and weary, and I wonder if any of the HOUSEHOLD members have a kind word for long absent

MAY BELLE.

WOLVERINE, Cheboygan Co.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.—J. Snip can put steels in her unlined gingham skirt in this way: Take a couple of widths of calico, lining, or whatever material is at hand; have them long enough to come just below the lower steel. Run shirs for the steels at the proper distances, put in the steels, gather dress-skirt and this foundation skirt to the belt in the usual way, and before drawing up and tying the steels in shape, tack the outer or gingham skirt to the foundation at the sides; this is to keep the fullness in place in the back. Then draw up the steels and there you are. Get the idea? Some ladies have a skirt with steels in it to wear under unlined dress-skirts, but there is always trouble with the fullness of the back breadths, which swings to the sides.

BEATRIX.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

No matter how hard you try, you cannot get a fine polish on cuffs, shirt bosoms and collars with an ordinary flat-iron. Get a polishing iron.

EIGHT or ten drops of ammonia in a quart of warm water, used to water the house-plants, will invigorate them and start new growth and bloom. A Chinese primrose that had bloomed a long time and was yet full of buds seemed to fail to perfect them, the corolla within the wide green calyx turning brown before developing. After the second application of ammonia as above, at intervals of a week, the plant seemed to take a fresh start, and was soon pink with bloom again. Do not, however, proceed on the theory that "if a little is good a good deal is better," because it will prove a fatal error to the plants.

THE *Home-Maker* tells us how to make an iron-holder that is warranted to stay on the iron until it is taken off. Cut two oval pieces of cretonne, the larger nine inches long by six inches wide, the second half an inch smaller all round. Cut several pieces of felt or old blanket half an inch smaller than the second sized piece of cretonne. Put this padding between the pieces of cretonne and gather the edges together, letting the fullness come on the rounded ends. Sew on to a band fourteen inches long and two inches wide, sewing round with the machine, turn the band over and hem down by hand. A brass ring sewed on to the band finishes it. It will look a little like a sweeping cap, but is a perfect fit for the handle of the iron; and an article that sells well at fancy fairs.

## Contributed Recipes.

LARD COOKIES.—One pound sugar; one pound lard; three pounds flour; four eggs; two teaspoonfuls soda in half cup sour milk.

WASHING FLUID.—One pound unslaked lime and two pounds sal soda, in two gallons of water. Mix well, let settle, pour off the clear liquid, and use one cupful for each boiler full of clothes.

VERA.

ROLL JELLY CAKE.—Two eggs beaten well with two-thirds cup of sugar; when light, add one cupful flour, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in a quick oven, spread with jelly; roll up while hot.

CREAM SPONGE CAKE.—One cup flour; one-third cup sugar; half cup cream; two eggs; half teaspoonful soda mixed in the flour. Beat the eggs, sugar and cream together; then add the flour; beat lightly and bake at once.