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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

The shadows lengthen on the lawn,
The day is almost done;
The weary wife, from early dawn,
A steady course has run.
Faithful and constant, doing all
Within her woman's power
To let some rays of gladness fall
From her own scanty dower.

She cooked the meals with special care,
Her husband ate in silence grim;
A word of praise—a treasure rare—
Had saved her eyes from being dim.
But tears will fall; "I'm so alone,"
In plaintive tones she said:
"I've tried to win some praise from John,
I might as well be dead."

Just then her chicks came chirping up,
Her reveries disturbing;
She gives them grain and fills their cup,
Their inward sorrows curbing.
With merry clack they crowd around,
Greeting with frantic joy,
Their true appreciation brings
Pleasure without alloy.

With grateful sense of needs supplied,
The pansies lift their heads,
Receiving showers by heaven denied
From her who came instead.
The welcome of her feathered friends,
The sympathy appearing
In flower and beauty nature sends,
Her aching heart are cheering.

But, brother farmer, it is true,
That hearts within your home
Miss the outspoken cheer from you
And long for it to come?
Do birds and flowers usurp the place
That God designed for you?
O, quickly now your steps retrace,
And give the praises due.

COOKING FISH.

It was M. E. H., I think, who asked for directions for cooking various kinds of fish. My experiences have been rather limited, but I have "views" on the fish question, just the same. I have cooked in a palatable manner the fresh fish of our inland waters, the perch, bass and the coy pickerel whose swift flight through his native element reminds one of an arrow flashing through the sunlight. Then the plebeian cod and mackerel have fallen to my lot in the days when I got up warm meals. Not much experience with the many species used for food, from the lordly salmon to the diminutive herring, but enough to make me confident that an underdone fish is the worst raw meat one ever tried to eat, that half of the battle on the fish difficulties lies in the thoroughness with which it is cleaned, and that however the quality of "freshness" may be regarded in the human family, it is a cardinal virtue in the finny tribe.

First, catch your fish. Next, clean and scale him. The plates which compose his shining armor have a way of sticking to him, requiring numerous ablutions to remove them. Not less than three baths in plenty of water will ensure you against the possibility of getting a mouthful of fish scales, and I assure you that they are very disagreeable eating. The quicker a fish is cleaned and put a-frying after he is caught, the better, as the flesh gets soft and flabby in a short time.

Let me entreat you all to remove heads and fins before cooking. Some of you may resent this instruction as superfluously impertinent, but I once sat at a farmer's table where mackerel came on the table in that fashion, and a very fine caudal fin was served with my portion.

Fish should be cooked as quickly as possible, consistent with thorough "done-ness," and acquire a rich golden brown color in plenty of fat, because it absorbs less and is less liable to burn, and also because it will not crisp if you are stingy with the fat. Really, the most economical way of cooking it is to keep a small flat pan or spider, in which the fat can be a couple of inches deep, and fry the fish as you do cakes. The fat must be very hot, the fish—unless they are small—cut in pieces; roll them in flour—you will of course see that they have been well drained and wiped—and drop into the kettle of fat, which must be hot enough to brown breadcrumbs within half a minute. Don't crowd them; and let the fat heat up again before putting in a second supply. They cook quicker, absorb less fat and are not so greasy as when we try to use but a small quantity.

Much of the alleged salt cod we get is really menhaden, a fish resembling the cod, but of coarser quality. The cod is a much abused fish. It is generally served in a fashion which disgraces it, and only worthy a cheap boarding-house. I used to be fond of the thick part of the fish—the steak—when boiled quickly for about twenty minutes and served with drawn butter. A tablespoonful of vinegar in the water is generally considered an improvement. The meat, picked from the bones, not too fine, cooked fifteen minutes in boiling water, and the water drained off, a lump of butter and several tablespoonfuls of cream added, and poured upon squares of thin, buttered, brown toast, is not "half bad." But I dare say every cook knows how to do that.

One of the best ways of cooking fresh

fish is to broil it. I shall never forget the delicious flavor of the broiled whitefish we ate at the Astor House on Mackinac Island, several years ago, and again at Petoskey. Part of its excellence was doubtless due to its freshness, part to the appetite given us by the clear, bracing air, but I am inclined to give due credit to the cook. I also appreciate broiled mackerel, whether salt or fresh. Among salt fish the Finnan haddie is my favorite; it is cured so thoroughly that it only needs to be washed, wiped, spread with a little butter and heated in the oven to be ready for the table.

Boiling seems to me always a poor way to cook a fish; much of its flavor is diffused in the water. A fish should be boiled if it is to be spiced, which is simply laying it in hot vinegar in which spices have been boiled—cloves and allspice are preferred; otherwise I would always fry, bake or broil fresh fish.

Scalloped fish is a nice supper dish, and a good way to use up the remains of a large fresh fish. Pick it up, carefully removing all bones. Moisten rolled crackers with butter, season with salt and pepper, and place alternate layers of the fish and crackers in a baking dish; set in the oven just long enough to heat through thoroughly.

A fish chowder may be made with any kind of fresh fish as follows: Cut half a pound of salt pork into dice and fry brown, slice two onions, and fry them brown in part of the fat. Turn the rest of the fat into a saucepan, having ready six large potatoes, sliced. Put in a layer of potatoes, a little onion and pork, and a layer of fish cut in small pieces, salting and peppering each layer. Turn on a little boiling water, and cook half an hour. Boil a pint of milk, and when the chowder is done, place half a dozen crackers in a tureen, pour in the chowder, and turn the hot milk over all. Tomatoes are added sometimes. Clams may be substituted for the fish.

When "the boys" have good luck fishing they sometimes bring home more than can be consumed fresh. Have them cleaned as for the table, and pack them with plenty of salt in a stone jar, adding a very little water. Turn a plate over them to keep them under the brine thus formed. In hot weather, they make a good change from the ordinary diet and are handy in an emergency when the meat man fails to call. Of course they must be freshened, and as they are usually small, can be best folded in cheesecloth or muslin and boiled.

BEATRIX.

A CLOUDY WEEK.

(Continued.)

I had planned to go to the Corners to trade this morning, so I was up early and flying around to get the work out of the way, and have an early start. My heart sank as I noticed how the groceries were all either out or nearly so, for I must get hats and shoes for the children so they could go to Sunday school, and shirting for Simon, for his colored shirts are so bad I'm ashamed to hang them up; and though there was two crocks of butter and a basket of eggs to sell, I knew they wouldn't do half Simon would expect, and I should have to ask for money. He wants to buy a new hay rake and I knew he'd hardly know how to spare any. I didn't expect anything would be left for me, but I kept thinking how I would like a new hat and a satteen dress. I never feel one bit satisfied with my looks, but I nor anybody else aint so homely but what nice dress is an improvement. I care more lately than I used to, for the children all notice and are pleased, even the baby calls me "Pitty mamma" when I dress up. Simon thought he might as well take his wool, so we went in the wagon. We had a spring seat, but it was up so high and so bouncing that I had to see to the baby all the way and carry the eggs on my lap, so the ride wasn't clear pleasure. All the time, too, I kept thinking I'd ask for the money, but kept putting it off, till I finally had to do it in the store right before a whole lot of m.n. He said something about going pretty slow, for we couldn't get any money for anything we sold, and handed me a bill. The very face of it shut off all hope for myself, I felt something like an internal convulsion, and all was over; but I wonder, and always shall, why Eve was foolish enough to let Adam and his sons become the natural purse bearers; and her daughters, in addition to the rest of the curses put upon them, obliged to ask for money.

We got home in time for a late dinner. I had slipped on an old wrapper to get it ready in; I had a nervous headache and as soon as the dishes were washed I took out my teeth, did up my bangs so as to wet my head, and took off my shoes, then began to untie my bundles and spread them round the sitting room to see how they looked in the light and privacy of home. I was just wondering if the artificials on the girls' hats wasn't a rather foolish investment, when there was a sudden rap on the door; and when I opened it there was the minister! I do believe if I had seen him soon enough, and could have managed the baby, I should have pretended I was gone; I ckd so, and the room too, and there wasn't a bit of cake for supper. But all of these put together wasn't half so bad as the keeping up conversation. I never know what to visit with a minister about, for my religion isn't worth mentioning, made up mostly of morality, as one of our neighbors says, and I feel as though the affairs I am taken up with must be away below his mind. I sent the baby out to tell Simon

we had company, but didn't say who, for I knew if I did he'd put off coming in as long as he could. I slipped my shoes on and my teeth in and then began to put the new things out of sight, talking about the weather, and the sick, and some young men going west, until Simon came in. Then as soon as I could I left for the kitchen and threw a cream cake together. It was so rich that it fell after I took it from the oven. But his salary is pretty small, and according to stories he isn't troubled with things too rich at home.

I remembered all at once that the baby had been swearing some since the sheep-shearers were here, and I was all of a tremble for fear he would show off at the very worst time. I brought up my last can of red raspberries. It was only a quart can, so I took Simon into the wood-house before supper and told him not to fill the sauce dishes more than two-thirds full, for there would not be enough, and I've heard it was more genteel than to try to heap them as he usually does.

Well, when I saw the man roll down his sleeves, I thought if the blessing was only over I should feel middling comfortable. But that is always a dread with a baby. We got around the table in fair shape and the minister was nearly through asking the blessing, when the baby asked in a very loud voice, "Ma, what makes him shut up his eyes?" I wanted to sink to the floor, for the children snickered; finally the minister laughed too, and we all passed it off as a joke. Somehow it broke the ice, and we got to visiting as freely as if he was a common person. I presume a minister doesn't always want to talk and hear about his trade any more than anybody else. I did feel ashamed though when Simon filled a sample sauce dish, and asked me in an undertone—heard by all I am sure—if it was about right. He is dreadfully trying when I try to have things nice.

I guess our visitor went home happy in spite of all, for we sent some russet apples to his children, a basket of fresh eggs to his wife, and Simon put a bag of oats under the buggy seat for his horse.

(To be continued.)

COMMENTS.

I think Evangeline must begin to regret writing "One Week," it has called forth so much criticism, much of it making her appear as having put upon paper more than she could actually have accomplished. Now for myself, I never have doubted for one moment that it was performed exactly as stated. Evangeline is not to blame if some other women do not possess her knack of turning off work. Well do I remember, when a child, sister Fan and I would be sent into the garden to pick currants. Her pail would be filled long before mine; and it was just so in other things; she could sew more carpet rags and crochet more edging in the same length of time than I could.

As to button-holes, have we not all seen women who would make as good ones in half the time as some others? And who

stops to baste much on underclothes these days? Take a sewing-machine that makes a stitch alike on both sides, and a few pins, and the work is done in the same time it would have taken to baste it. Shiftless, did you say? Not a bit of it, only economizing time. It is on the plan of using an egg-beater in place of the old time practice of using a fork for the purpose.

Speaking of sewing, did you ever try laying gathers with a pin? On anything where the work is not very particular, dish aprons, calico shirts, etc., place the goods and band to which you wish to gather it in place under the pressure-foot of the sewing machine, and hold in place with the needle. Then with a pin, or other similar article, push a tiny gather under the foot and start the machine. Do not stop, but continue forcing the gathers evenly ready for the needle to fasten them in place. A little practice will enable one to lay the gathers as neatly as with a needle and thread, and so much more quickly.

I am puzzling my brain over the authorship of "A Cloudy Week." That experience with the turkeys, lambs, boots and harness has been my own more than once, with perhaps some slight variations. I don't think I ever had them all at once.

I want to say a word of welcome to Kate. 'Twill not be long before the little ones are grown up; the house can then be kept tidy. But many a mother would give worlds, did she possess them, to have her babies back again, with their noise and litter of playthings. As to the work, I think two such babies make as much work as four grown persons. My sympathies always go out to the mother who does her own work and takes care of little children too. It is more than she ought to do. I know how it is, for "I've been there myself."

I agree with Huldah Perkins as to farmers' outings. I'll take mine in some other way than camping out. I can stand it for one day and quite enjoy it, but when it comes night I want to go home.

Will Bess tell us something about her L. L. A. As we have such a society in our neighborhood, would like to hear from others.

I was just ready to seal my letter when the last HOUSEHOLD was brought in. I must add my sympathies for poor lonely Maybelle. Lonely, indeed, must be her home. But remember, Maybelle, that though the little boy has gone never to return, you may still see him again; though he may not return to you, you may go to him.

ELLA R. WOOD.

FLINT.

LADIES are making mittens of chamois skin for mountain and seaside wear. A 75-cent skin will make a pair, sometimes two. They can be washed when soiled, in tepid water with fine soap, pulled into shape and softness when nearly dry, and are as good as new. They are the best possible protection to the hands, better than any gloves. Some mothers make the first shoes for the babies out of chamois, ornamenting them with fancy stitching in wash silks.

"DILL'S" QUESTION ANSWERED.

Would say to "Dill," in regard to bottles and food for babies, that I have raised two babies on bottles, the first one on cow's milk, the second on Ridge's Food, and much prefer the latter, used according to directions. If milk is used, let new milk stand one hour, then remove the upper half and save it for baby, diluting with one-quarter water and adding a very little sugar.

In cleansing the bottles, clean immediately after using, scalding thoroughly; leave upside down to drain. The parts of the tube should be separated, well rinsed—a knitting needle is a great aid in cleaning the inside—and then hot water drawn through and left to drain. You may say "O bother, all that fuss every two hours!" but it is something that must be thoroughly done, and it is not safe to leave it for careless persons to do.

Twin babies suggest large washings, and I want to tell those who do not know, how washing is made easy. Put the white clothes to soak in suds over night. In the morning wring and put them in to boil, having the water hot, with plenty of soap and one tablespoonful of kerosene to each boiler full. Rinse through two waters, rubbing those that need it in the first water. All babies' clothes worn next the skin should get an extra rinsing.

A small lamp stove is a great convenience in preparing food for babies, and I think if every man realized what a help an oil stove would be to his wife, he would get one the first time he went to town, even though they do come high.

MRS. J.

SCHOOLCRAFT.

A COMPARISON.

"Comparisons are odious," says some one. Well, perhaps they are, to the one who must figure at a disadvantage, but nevertheless through them we often arrive at new truths, or find old facts made more evident. In the comparison I wish to make, I desire to say at the outset that it is not my intention to be fault-finding or critical, or censorious, but simply to state how the matters under consideration appear to me, and I hope to be absolved in advance from any possible charge of unkind criticism.

In the *HOUSEHOLD* of June 29th, under the heading "A Fifth Week," Ven gives us a summary of a week's work in her family, and at the close says she finds her work, as compared with Evangeline's, is "beautifully less." I am not so sure about that. I believe Ven worked harder and accomplished less than Evangeline. She spent more time cooking, and prepared less wholesome food than did Evangeline. I would sooner do Evangeline's week's work than Ven's, for the reason that at the end there would be more to show as results of labor. If you scan Ven's bill of fare for the week, and notice at how many meals both pie and cake figure, how often two kinds of cake, and cookies, you will see where the work came in. Out of the 19 meals whose "programme" she gives, cookies are on the table nine times; she

admits making them twice, and must have forgotten one baking, because "fruit cookies," are mentioned on Thursday, and Saturday's baking included cookies without fruit. It is in baking pie and cake and especially that species known as cookies—which I consider very extravagant cake—that housekeepers spend quite too much time and materials.

Pork is the only meat cooked—for ham is pork, isn't it? and no vegetables other than potatoes appear; eggs, too, though at a season of the year when at retail city prices they are but fifteen cents a dozen they must be cheap enough for home consumption in the country, are cooked but once. Now, some of that pork or the eggs that went to make all those "pies'n things," might have bought a beef roast or stew, or a beefsteak, or a codfish, giving a healthy and appetizing change from so much salt meat, mightn't it, Ven?

I quite agree with Ven in her statement that her bill of fare is about an average for farmers in general, who though living where they might have plenty of fruits and vegetables for the growing, restrict themselves to apples, potatoes and pork as their principal—often only—fruit, vegetable and meat. It is a great deal easier to keep house where you have a variety to cook, instead of depending so much on the flour barrel. I believe the very variety which Evangeline served was the principal means of her accomplishing so much. When it was time to get a meal, it was cooked, and less time spent between meals baking pies and cakes for tri-daily consumption, so she had the time for sewing and other work that showed something for her time.

I should like to have others give their opinions on this matter; perhaps I am wrong, at least I am "open to conviction."

DETROIT.

L. C.

PERSONAL.

Yes, "Bonnie Scotland," although it may seem a slow measure, right warmly are you welcomed back to the *HOUSEHOLD*, and the hope is expressed that you will find it so pleasant you will join us often.

I thank you, Huldah, for the very flattering photograph you sketched for me; the thankfulness arising from the fact that my humble but earnest efforts to advocate right and rebuke wrong should have produced so pleasant an impression on your mind. As to the physical photograph, I would have to follow Beatrix's lead, and "fess" it is "far too nice to be I." This only shows how easy it is to get a mistaken ideal. If no one but you would see, I'd put in a vivid word-photograph of myself, but modesty and bashfulness forbid a public exhibition. Then again, we do not "see ourselves as others see us," and I might draw on myself some very disparaging criticism.

I hope Evangeline will feel moved to address the house on every convenient occasion, on topics agreeable to herself, regardless of Trixy's flirtations with Philander, or the fact that the recital of immense accomplishments of household labor makes

weaker sisters "tired," and even weakens the faith of some in the length of the days meted out to themselves—remember Evangeline boasts two "helps," and confessed to a weakness for putting Philena in the foreground when reciting. The words that would "help a weaker sister" are always timely and should be welcome. Let us admire the strong and capable, without envy or breaking backs in a vain attempt to reach their high plane, and not forget to reach a hand to those weaker than we are.

INGLESIDE.

A. L. L.

HOW TO MAKE STARCH.

There are very few housekeepers who do not admire the "laundry finish" on shirts and collars, etc., and wish they could equal the stiffness and gloss at home. The men wish so too, since a man is known to be a "chronic kicker" so far as his shirts are concerned, both as regards fit and "doing up." This is one garment which comes under the direct manipulation of "the women folks" and he improves his privilege as regards grumbling about it. If I had a husband whose shirts never suited him, I would give him the privilege of paying for them at a laundry; if he was reasonably well satisfied with my work I would try to please him. And this is how I would do it:

There's a great deal in the starch. Take the required amount of the best quality and mix it with a little cold water; take out a fourth of it, and cook the rest, stirring to keep it from being lumpy; let it cool a little, when it has cooked enough—ten minutes, perhaps—then stir in the rest, which both whitens and stiffens the cooked starch. It should now be very thick, a thick as you can rub it into the clothes, which of course must be dry.

Rub the starch into the clothes while it is as hot as you can handle it, rubbing well with the hands, straighten out the garment and rub well with the ball of the hand, using a little fresh starch to rub in, then roll up and let lie about ten minutes. The then shirt is ready to iron.

You want *hot* flatirons, as hot as you can use them, so hot they will scorch dry cloth if left on it. Iron the body of the shirt rapidly; this will make the heat just right for the cuffs. Rub them over lightly on the wrong side, then a little harder, then turn and finish on the right side with pressure, then iron the band. Get another *hot* iron for the bosom, cool it by ironing a rag or a towel. See there are no wrinkles in the bosom or in the back under it, turn it on your table so the centre of the bosom is parallel with the edge of the table, rub quickly but lightly once or more, then "go for it" with all the muscle you have; then the other half. Put in your shirt board; dampen about half of one side of the bosom and with your polishing iron press as heavily as you can and iron it fast. That brings the polish—and the perspiration.

You cannot do fine work without a polishing iron. With it and plenty of elbow grease you can. And you don't want wax, tallow, spermaceti or anything else in your starch.

CRIB.

A CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.

I will send Philander a cure for dyspepsia. Drink a cup of water, as hot as possible, half an hour before eating and one at bedtime, and do not eat between meals. I know whereof I speak, for Seth had the dyspepsia so that he could hardly eat enough to keep him alive. By drinking the hot water and eating graham bread he can eat anything that anyone can, and as much.

I enjoy Evangeline's writings very much, but wondered how she could accomplish so much in so short a time.

H.
HUDSON.

SCRAPS.

HARPER's *Bazar* gives a dressing for kid shoes and slippers which it says is better than any patent dressing. It is prepared by putting a little good black ink in a small jar or something that can be set into hot water, so as to heat the ink. Melt down a common tallow candle, and mix it to a smooth paste with the heated ink. Rub this on the kid with a piece of old flannel.

QUITE a showy rug for a bedroom may be made of heavy dark ecru Turkish toweling. Cut applique designs out of Turkey red cotton, and sew them down to form a border, edging them with a white cord, or chainstitch the edges with coarse cotton. The rug must be lined with canvas; bind the edges with red. This is especially pretty on a floor covered with matting, and is not expensive. Often a pretty pattern for such work may be taken from the conventional figures of oilcloth by combining and rearranging them.

A "literary salad" is the latest novelty for a bazar. A number of green paper slips are cut in the shape of lettuce leaves and arranged in a salad bowl. On the stalk of each leaf a quotation from some well known author is written. The person who guesses where the quotation comes from is rewarded by drawing from a lucky bag, which contains a number of trifling presents. The price of a guess may be varied from five cents to twenty-five cents. Shakespeare is the best author to choose from, and it is amusing to see how few people know in which of his plays occur the most familiar lines. As a social game, literary salad is also entertaining, and the presents in the grab bag may be as valuable as the hostess pleases.

A PRETTY fan photograph rack is made as follows: Cover a palm leaf fan with any colored plush you prefer, and back it with satteen of the same color. Edge it with a fancy cord. Make a pocket of some pretty contrasting color, stiffened with cardboard and lined, large enough to cover about half the front of the fan; ornament this in any way you prefer, with ribbon embroidery if you wish it very handsome; fasten it to the fan. The upper edge—along the sticks of the fan—is left open, or rather, finished with the cord but not sewed to

the lining, so that photographs may be slipped between. Between the upper edge and the pocket the plush is slashed to form another small pocket. This will accommodate five cabinets very nicely.

THERE is nothing much hotter in hot weather than a corset and a linen collar. The "summer corset," therefore, fills that gap known as "a long felt want." It has the principal whalebones of the ordinary corset, similar clasps, shape, etc.; but is made, except the casings of the whalebones, of a sort of coarse, strong, open-work canvas, which is cool and light. It sells, in the usual sizes, at 39 and 50 cents, and a higher-priced article can be obtained at \$1 and \$1.25 for those who think the others too cheap. Tourist ruchings, six yards for 15, 25, 40 and 50 cents, according to quality, banish the uncomfortable collar during the hot months. When a ruche costs less than the laundrying of a collar, we can afford to combine comfort and economy. The neat little boxes, which take little room in the satchel or hand bag, are invaluable to the traveler, who can keep herself presentable at hotels and on the cars by a cologne "rub-off" and a fresh ruche. It is the cheapest neckwear in summer.

I GREATLY admired some lunch cloths shown me by Mrs. A. B. Gulley, of Dearborn, on the occasion of a late visit. They were of plain linen, with a narrow border of drawn work above the hem. One had the corners decorated with drawn work, a different design in each, and in the center the owner's initials and date, done in satin stitch, and surrounded by a border in drawn work which resembled a lace insertion, so beautifully was it done. The other was bordered with designs done in Kensington stitch with wash silks in colors, first a spray of flowers, then one of fruit. There was also two very dainty doyleys in drawn work which resembled Venetian embroidery, and must have cost not a little time and pains. Some of our readers are probably treasuring old linens, the hand woven product of an ancestress's skill and work; and they might easily be converted to some such use as this. For the lunch cloth and the doyley are now almost as necessary as the tablecloth and the napkin.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

DRIED berries are unsatisfactory winter stores. Make jam of all imperfect and surplus blackberries and raspberries, by allowing one-third their weight in sugar, cooking twenty or thirty minutes and sealing in cans or jars.

If a black or dark colored straw hat or bonnet has become discolored by dust, brush it well to remove the dust as much as possible, then rub with a soft cloth on which you have put a *very little* sweet oil. Too much will make it look worse than before after it is once worn in the dust, but just a little will brighten the braid.

THE chemist of the Oswego, N. Y.,

woolen mills says the following compound is sure death to carpet bugs: One ounce of alum; one ounce of chloride of zinc; three ounces of salt. Mix with two quarts of water, let it stand over night in a covered vessel; in the morning pour carefully into another vessel without sediment. Dilute with two quarts of water and apply by sprinkling the edges of the carpet for a distance of a foot from the wall. This will not injure the carpet, and bugs will leave any carpet, box or bed on its application.

MEN's Mackinac straw hats may be made to look nicely by washing. Have some clean, cold water, put in enough ammonia to soften it, wash the hat with this; then with a small, soft scrubbing-brush and some nice white soap scrub the straw until clean, rinse in clean water and put in the sun to dry. Lay the hat on a table or board, while working, brim down, and it may be done easier. When drying, lay on a flat surface in the same position. This is only for plain braids and a few fancy, but usually the latter do not take kindly to this treatment. Never use warm or hot water for this purpose, as it will melt the glue used for stiffening, and a general mess will be the result. When wet press with the hands the hat as near its original shape as you can, then let dry.

LUMA, of Maple Rapids, says she found no difficulty in thoroughly cleansing a nursing bottle and tube by putting a few drops of ammonia in the water; and the use of two brushes with long wires attached, one for the bottle and the smaller one for the tube. Such brushes may be obtained at any drug store.

Contributed Recipes.

PEACH POT-PIE.—Empty a quart can of peaches into a porcelain-lined kettle; add half a pound of sugar, and a quarter of a pound of butter. While stewing put in little dumplings of rich biscuit crust, rolled very thin and cut in squares. Cook half an hour, or twenty minutes, and serve with cream. Do not add water to the fruit, unless a very little if you use fresh peaches instead of canned.

BERRY SHORTCAKE.—Bake a Sally Lunn in a square tin. When done pull it open with the fingers, or cut with a hot knife, and cover thickly with any kind of berries in season. Serve with cream and powdered sugar.

RAISIN PIE.—Stone and chop one heaping cupful of raisins, mix with them the juice and grated rind of one lemon, the yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of water and half a cupful of sugar. Bake in a rather rich paste, putting the beaten whites, sweetened to taste, over the top.

B.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Two cups sour milk; half cup molasses; one tablespoonful soda; salt to taste. Stir very thick with graham flour, and bake three-quarters of an hour.

TO CAN PUMPKIN.—Cook the pumpkin, sift and pack the cans as full as possible, screw on the covers just enough to keep out the water while boiling; have a board full of holes fitted to the bottom of the boiler, put in the cans with cold or warm water (never hot) boil about four hours, then take them out and turn the covers down tight.

H.

HUDSON.