

MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, AUGUST 3, 1889.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

A GOOD HOUSEKEEPER.

How can I tell her?
By her cellar;
Cleanly shelves and whitened wall.
I can guess her
By her dresser;
By the back staircase and hall.
And with pleasure
Take her measure
By the way she keeps her brooms;
Or the peeping
At the keeping
Of her back and unseen rooms.
By her kitchen's air of neatness,
And its general completeness,
Where in cleanliness and sweetness
The rose of order blooms.

THE MISADVENTURES OF THE B— FAMILY.

(Continued.)

Bruno said at the breakfast table that he would have to go to town this morning. I told him I guessed I'd go too—not that I really wanted to go, but I thought it would be a good chance to play off a little scheme I've had in mind for some time. It has always been a grievance to me that Bruno will go to town looking so! I don't see why a farmer need advertise his calling, and bring it into disrepute, by always looking like a scarecrow when he goes to town. Of course when a man is doing his farm work he ought to dress suitably for it, but there's no need of wearing butternut overalls, cowhide boots and the oldest hat in his collection when he's off on the road. Now if I do say it myself, Bruno's rig is always in good shape. I've seen farmers' turnouts I would really be ashamed to ride in—everything covered with mud, dried on coat over coat, spokes rattling, and dirt enough in the bottom of the buggy to plant a hill of potatoes. But Bruno's buggy is always clean, cushions and rug dusted, harness shining, and when "Charley" is between the thills we don't take anybody's dust. But Bruno himself don't always correspond with the rig; he's very apt to think it altogether too much trouble to change his clothes, even if I am going with him, and I sometimes feel as if there was too much of a contrast to suit me.

Well, when I told Bruno I'd go too, he said all right, he'd be ready in about two hours. I went right on about my work, got it all out of the way, shut all the windows and all but the side door, and waited. He came in, all in a whew, half an hour late, and exclaimed "Why, ain't you going?" "Oh yes," I said, "I'm all ready," and I tied on my sunbonnet and took down

the key to the door. Bruno made exclamation points of both eyes. "You ain't going down town in that rig!" When Bruno gets a little excited he is apt to be ungrammatical. "What's the matter with my rig?" I said. Then I looked him square in the eye, and added, "It corresponds pretty well with yours." I had on a calico dress, old, but clean and whole, collarless and cuffless, and I'm really proud of my new ruffled sunbonnet. But there was decided disapprobation in Bruno's face as he surveyed the short, scant, undraped skirt which showed a good deal of shoes. "Well, I wouldn't want to go into town looking such a guy," and he caught up the basket of butter and the "store book," and started for the wagon-house. In about six minutes he whizzed past the side door, and never even halted, though I stepped out and prepared to lock the door. Then I sat down on the step and laughed, for he had done exactly what I expected he would. I think I furnished him some food for reflection, anyhow, for though he never said a word, he brought home a beefsteak and some bananas, and I can't tell when he's done such a thing before without being told to—and he doesn't always do it then.

In the afternoon I went over where Bruno was cultivating the potatoes, meaning to go on to where our migratory garden is located this year, and fill a basket with cucumbers and string beans for him to bring back. But the potato bugs were so thick I spent some little time picking them off the late potatoes, which are looking splendid. I do enjoy having nice potatoes. Just as soon as they are fully ripe in the fall, we have them baked about three times a day. They make the butter fly, but they are delicious. When Bruno changes work with a neighbor he often expresses commiseration for men who have always to eat boiled potatoes. It has always been a comfort to me that Bruno likes my cooking so well. Once when he'd been away threshing for four days, he ate bread and butter till I begged him to stop, or I'd have to set a sponge the first thing after dinner. He said he hadn't had a bit of butter that was fit to eat for four days, and he'd got so tired of biscuit he didn't want to see one for a month. He professes profound contempt for messes, and I never can get him to taste a salad or anything of that sort. We had scalloped fish for supper one night. I took what was left of a whitefish we had for dinner, picked the bones out, put a layer of fish on the bot-

tom of a little basin, then a layer of powdered bread crumbs, then more fish, seasoning each layer with pepper, salt and plenty of butter, and finishing up with a covering of crumbs, and baked it twenty minutes. I knew he wouldn't touch it if I called it "scalloped fish," so I just passed it to him and "never said nothin'." "What's this?" he asked suspiciously. "Oh, that's what fish was left from dinner, warmed over." He helped himself gingerly, but had a second and more liberal help before long. After this auspicious introduction, it will be "scalloped fish" next time, and he'll recognize an old friend. He's so afraid of anything he isn't acquainted with.

Picking potato bugs is not an exhilarating employment. I left it and went down on the low land next the railroad, where I found a few midsummer flowers, some lady-slippers and a stalk of meadow lilies. Then I picked the cucumbers and the beans, and went home to get supper. When I got to the house I found our seven Chester White pigs had broken out of the pen, and had rooted up the grass in the front yard till it looked as if it had been harrowed both ways and crosswise. They had tipped over my stand of house-plants, and my lovely fuchsia, at least three feet high, was all broken and torn to pieces so I had to cut it back almost to the ground. My flower bed was totally destroyed, every plant rooted out. Well, I sat down on the doorstep for the second time, but this time I didn't laugh; I cried. It was too provoking, after I had worked so hard, to have those miserable pigs destroy in a couple of hours everything I had done. I left things as they were and got supper. I heard Bruno calling the pigs and saw him patching up the pen. He didn't say anything, when he came in, and I burst out, "I suppose you see what your nasty *thoroughbred* (awfully sarcastic) pigs have done!" He's very proud of those pigs; they're the first venture he's made into fine stock, and I expected he'd say it would make their little noses grow shorter and stronger to root. But he didn't. He only said, "Well Brue, it is too bad, I don't see how they got out, but I'll fix the lawn as well as I can, and I'm awful sorry about your flowers." So after supper he got something he uses about digging post-holes and pounded the grass down again, and was clumsily trying to straighten out the flower bed when I went out. He was so gone about it—and it wasn't his fault anyway—that I was glad he wasn't round when

discovered the damage, for I *was* mad, now I tell you: and I know I should have scolded a blue streak if there had been any one for an audience. Oh dear, if one could only always control temper and not get angry and all stirred up with wrath internally! And if when one *is* mad, others would always give the soft answer, what lots of unkind words would "die a'born-in'!" I always feel ashamed of myself when I get provoked over anything and Bruno answers "softly;" but if he flies off too, we generally have a "family jar."

(To be continued.)

A SPICY ENCYCLICAL FROM DAF-FODILLY.

George Eliot says: "It is worth while to forget a friend for a week or ten days just for the sake of the agreeable kind of startle it gives one to be reminded that one has such a treasure in reserve, the same sort of pleasure I suppose that a poor body feels who happens to lay his hand on an undreamed of sixpence which had sunk to a corner of his pocket." I always think of this when the HOUSEHOLD comes on Monday morning; and by the way, it is really the only friend that still keeps coming without fail. I have lost all others by not sending them letters. When one sets out to get everything done before letter writing, she may be sure that it is only a question of time when not a single letter will the postman leave her and all her glow and desire to write will be absorbed in the gluttony of work. I have been making dresses until I wish it were the fashion to wear feathers, and the habit to grow them on the human body from birth. I have said each new day, that my vacation shall be spent in writing and reading when this is finished. Looking back now I remember mornings like this, summer mornings, when I could just as well have sat down to write as I can this morning; the work is not done now. It never will be complete, and I may as well enjoy communion with the outer world through a social letter as to smother sentiment that will certainly refuse to revive again even should the work ever get done. This is Monday morning. There is a washwoman downstairs. Vashti's white dress is on hand, there are two white vests cut out early this morning before breakfast "for a good start." About these vests: My husband is on the corpulent order, and I do like to see a fat man look clean. White vests cost so much ready made and are so hard to iron, that I tried an experiment on a seersucker, cutting a pattern of his new cloth vest, and it fitted exactly. Then I purchased white pique of figured design, some at 25 cents per yard and some at 60 cents; three-fourths of a yard is plenty for the fronts, and a yard and a half of Lonsdale cambric will line the fronts and make the back. This I make single. I sew the outside and lining of the fronts together and turn them, putting the pockets right through. If they are between the lining and outside they are hard to iron. A plain seersucker looks just as well with the pockets stitched on the outside. On the

straps behind I put a button hole and small button to fasten on the buckle, as it rusts sometimes. Put eyelets for buttons with rings. A box of 100 rings costs eight cents. Buttons with good shanks should be used, and there you are. A vest can be washed in ten minutes and when dry starched with Elastic starch, which is used only for cold starching, and ironed immediately. While on the washing subject I will suggest that coal oil for use in washing, according to my mind, is no good. My washwoman used it one day, and we used some towels and napkins for a picnic luncheon and everything tasted so of the oil that we could hardly eat.

The "weeks," as I have read them through, cloudy and fair, have been a graphic review of my own early life. Sometime when the "week stories" have all grown cold I will tell about my last week at farm work. As things are now I am convinced that country housekeepers do have a good deal harder time than we in the city. For instance, in the early morning hours our cow backs up to the front door and leaves our milk and cream; on Tuesday the little mule with the gay red not dangling round his heels, brings the thin man with the wart on his nose, who fetches the three pound crock of delicious creamery butter that is placed at once in the convenient ice chest, which is filled every day by the brawny boy of the "Cold Wave." Every morning without fail, comes the "old man" with his vegetables and fruit, fresh and sound as at any market in the world, and prices as reasonable. The butcher and grocer call for their orders and deliver them on your kitchen table without extra charge. Our gas stoves, lighted in an instant, are worth more than jewels. Fortified behind wire screens it would seem that there could be little to do but fret. So when I catch a few stray flies inside how I do fly with a wet rag, reminding me of one of Samantha Allen's stories, where the family were camped in the woodhouse to keep the dwelling clean, and a fly once got in. The husband was commissioned to go in on a horse and drive out the obnoxious insect. But sisters dear, with all these adjuncts, "something still remains undone."

"And we stand from day to day,
Like the dwarfs of times gone by,
Who as Northern legends say,
On their shoulder hold the sky."

Adanizah says, "Mamma, what is the use of it all, this cooking and cleaning and washing dishes and getting vexed with hired help, only in a few days to lie down in the grave, blotted out?" I reply, "My little Miss, your mother was not married at your age, she has been now twice married, has you two grown daughters to comfort her, has lived in many places and seen much of life's joys as well as its sorrows, and has yet neither gray hairs nor spectacles. Young folks are inclined to feel that if something romantic has not come to them by 18 they are fated for obscurity. 'Bide a wee and dinna fret.' In the meantime learn all that you can from your surroundings." Bits of knowledge gained from very homely experiences in

the rural Ohio home while I was fearing I should always have to be a rustic, have been a tower of strength in time of need; and then how many people I have been able to help! What power and independence it gives one to be competent to do for yourself when money will not purchase assistance. What a blessing it is possible to be sometimes to a suffering sister or child. It is surprising and exasperating to confront so much ignorance of practical things as one often does among city people. It is equally as exasperating to know that men in the country who have the good sensible wives, are so mean and stingy that they make them wish they could skip out to a city to live, for I happen to know that the men in cities as a rule do less quibbling about money than do farmers. One thing is sure, the wife has to provide for the household, as a man cannot attend to both his business and his wife's in a city. I am always ready to join any committee that is devising ways and means to thwart a stingy husband. The first sign of the good time coming is when the man of the house ceases to ask an account of every penny he gives his wife. Let us continue to "show 'em up" until they become ashamed—these fellows who think their wife has no right to have a cent.

St. LOUIS.

DAFFODILLY.

CHERRY TIME.

If cherry time is a merry time it is also a season of extra work for farm women, for the haying and wheat harvest put it in the form of a layer cake, and this year the fruit is plentiful enough for liberal serving. Inasmuch as I am neither on the farm or personally interested in the canning, my experience was different than usual, but was sufficiently novel to be enjoyable. I was visiting an aunt in one of the thriving villages in St. Clair County, and with her desire to get her own cherries for canning was an earnest wish that I should see their farm in the new country, so on Saturday we were up and off for a ten mile drive before the clock struck five. It was a perfect morning, cool enough for a pleasant ride; the heavy dew was glistening in the early sunlight and all nature was fresh and fragrant. We whirled through the broad, clean main street and headed due north on the new road that was opened only a few months before, through what had been a vast swamp. For a few miles there was a thick, tangled growth, and then what they called an open swamp of thousands of acres without a shrub or stick on its surface, only the tall, rank grass covering the black soil, then the "island," as a break of high, timbered land was called, and then back to the prairie again, until our ten miles brought us to a rich, rolling farm of 160 acres that had been well timbered, but was now under good cultivation. Such a ride as that was! Wild flowers with all the old familiar faces beamed on us from close up to the wheel track away back into the thicker shade, and there were so many new ones that we had never seen in our old home woods. Long

spikes of the daintiest pink and blue blossoms that would be an ornament to any flower garden, snowy primroses that closely resembled the choice Chinese varieties, lilies of many hues, and all surrounded with an emerald setting of plumes and lances of waving ferns and grasses, the foot hills of shrubs rising into mountains of living green formed from the dark pines as a background. I greedily tried to catch the panorama during the ride, but one pair of eyes could not see all the beauties. That prairie land is now being broken up for farms, all that is required being a "livening up" by repeated plowings to yield heavy crops, the black loam seeming almost inexhaustively productive.

Arriving at the farm the *pater familias* unlocked the door of the rough log house and invited us in; a cook stove was soon filled with pine roots that sent out a cheerful glow and resinous perfume, while the coffee and eggs were prepared and the well filled lunch basket supplied all farther needs for our eight o'clock breakfast, served on the home-made, cross-legged table. Then a neighboring woman was engaged for help, and that one man thought himself in a deplorable condition while trying to follow the directions and render himself useful to three women, but when five came again we were ready for the journey home, with sixteen quart cans of hot cherries and a three gallon jar pitted for the home canning. We looked over the crops that were nearly ready for the harvest, wandered through the heavily fruited orchard, admired the dozen horses of various ages and the cattle that were fattening on the rich pastures, and then the old log house was locked and left to itself again and we drove down the shady lane to the highway, and home by a circuitous route that included a call on an old school friend not seen before for twenty years, this taking us through the older farming country that was similar to that of Macomb. Two of the crops grown were noticeably different, the large fields of flax just opening their dainty blue blossom-eyes, and we thought these the prettiest fields ever seen. But the harvesting is peculiar, as it requires hand pulling, stalk by stalk, and the product is sold by the ton to a manufactory near by. The other uncommon crop was the unapproachable Canada thistles that reared their proud heads above the waving fields of wheat, oats and barley, as though they had the best right to be there.

Just as the sun set behind a bank of rain clouds we were again on Main St., a tired, happy trio, and this was the substance of the cherrying for this season for

WASHINGTON.

EL SEE.

A SIMPLE yet unique paper-holder is thus described in an exchange: Take a broom handle and saw off two and one-fourth feet of it. Into each end screw a picture knob and gild the whole. Suspend by ribbon, passing it around the knobs and tying in a pretty bow. Hang the paper over this, leaving the table unencumbered.

ANOTHER WEEK'S PROGRAMME.

It was late when we got up Thursday morning, and as it was raining we did not feel that we had to hurry as much as usual. After breakfast of codfish, boiled potatoes, bread, butter, doughnuts and coffee was finished, Mae attended to the dishes and dining-room while I looked after the chickens and did the bedroom work. Mae looked over some fine, large raspberries, and soon had them ready to can. Mary and I prepared the vegetables for dinner, and then we had a little time before dinner to sew.

Dinner of beef, new potatoes, peas, lettuce, bread, butter and cottage pudding, was soon over and while Mae and I were doing the dishes Mary canned the raspberries, the sugar to do them with having been brought from town by one of the men during the forenoon. It seems good to be able to sit down to sew in the afternoon instead of taking care of fruit, and we sew steadily with the hope of catching up with the mending and other sewing. I succeed in finishing some plain sewing and also work on a dress that has been in the house three or four weeks.

Supper time comes all too soon, and when it is ready and we are waiting for the men, who fail to appear when the bell rings, I write a letter. By the time I had it finished, the men were ready for supper and hungry as hunters. The bill of fare was cold beef, warmed peas, German toast, butter, onions, canned huckleberries, feather cake and tea. We were all hungry, the lateness of the hour increasing the feeling. After the work was done up, Mae and I harnessed the horse to the cart and started for town. We did not get there as early as we intended, but were early enough to get the mail from the east.

Friday was clear and bright, and we made up for our late rising the previous morning, by being up and having breakfast ready at the usual time. This meal consisted of pork, fried potatoes, eggs, steamed bread, doughnuts, cookies, butter and coffee. After breakfast Mary went to churning and I picked some string beans for dinner. It was disagreeable to pick them while the dew was on the leaves, but it was better than waiting until the sun was so warm. The old cat showed her liking for my society by coming where I was and sitting on my shoulder while I was picking, and "Simon" stood outside trying his best to open the garden gate. The rooms all had a general and thorough sweeping and cleaning up, as I think rooms in use need such a cleaning at least once a week. I also had a blouse waist for myself to wash out, as I was so unfortunate as to get too near some paint the other day, and it would not do to allow it to become thoroughly dried.

Mary had made a pie for dessert, and by the time the other things were made ready for dinner it was nearly noon. It had been clouding up and getting ready to rain for some time, and now it began to sprinkle a little. The men came in to dinner and Karl began to harness the horse so that one of the men could catch the train for a

neighboring town, to get a wheel of a machine that had broken, replaced by another. Dinner of pork, bacon, potatoes, beans, bread, butter, pickles and custard pie was finished and the men started to bring something from the field. It was raining, and I was glad I had thought to put the rubber coat and lap blanket in the cart before he started for town.

Dishes are done and we are about ready to go to sewing when Mary calls my attention to the water, which is running, not into the cistern but on the ground. I throw an old gossamer over my head and start for the barn for the ladder, when I remember that the short one is at the other barn, a quarter of a mile from the house. I hear the chickens peeping and there they are standing in a puddle of water and the old hen doing her best to keep their heads dry and warm, if she couldn't their feet. I fix them up all right and go to the house, where I discover that my clothes are wet through. After changing them I sit down to sew while Mae reads a story from a new magazine. We are interrupted by Mary, who wants us to help her for a little while. It is nearly four o'clock by the time we are again ready to sew, and I have been doing this for about fifteen minutes when word is brought from the field that I am to go to town to have a broken rod mended. I also find that a letter I sent to the office by one of the men a week ago, had not been mailed at the time and was still in his pocket, and the two things combined make me wrathful for a while. I write a little more to go with the old letter and make sure that it is mailed this time.

When I reach home from town supper is nearly ready, and so I attend to outdoor things. One of the neighbors has brought us a fourteen quart pail of such nice cherries, and said we could have as many more. They are nice to have, but we dread doing them up on Saturday when there is so much baking to be done. The men worked later than usual, and it was seven o'clock by the time they were ready for supper, which consisted of biscuit, dried beef, bacon, poached eggs, beans, onions, butter, huckleberries, cream cookies, feather cake and tea. The work was finished and bread sponge and coffee prepared while Mary tended to the milk.

The week is finished and so is the "One Week's Programme," of which I am sure all are glad.

KETURAH.

CONCORD.

IN reply to an inquiry, we would say the HOUSEHOLD cannot be sent without the FARMER. The price of both is but one dollar per annum; and we calculate that any person, in any condition of life, can find a dollar's worth of good reading in the fifty-two numbers, whether they live in town or county.

POLLY says: "I am afraid the affairs of the B— family are not so entirely confined to that family (I mean their manner of conducting matters), as might be, as I have met a few families whose experience is similar. 'Misery loves company;' you're not alone, Mrs. Bruno."

THE LAST WEEK.

(Continued from June 20th.)

Thursday, breakfast, potatoes, cold beef chopped and warmed in gravy, fried bread, bread, butter, cake, sauce, coffee. I do the work and make preparation, for I will have to bake bread to-morrow; then we get ready and all go home to spend the day. We had a lunch and saved our appetite for the early supper, which consisted of roast duck with dressing, new potatoes, green peas, fresh bread, butter, radishes, jelly, cheese, cherry pie, ice cream, cake and tea. We had a pleasant visit. I enjoy a day spent like this much better than to go away to town and be in a large crowd; that is very tiresome to me.

Friday, for breakfast we had coffee, meat, potatoes, milk toast, cake, sauce. The men came early and went to work at the well, they pump one and a half hours with a horse and pronounce the well a success. The water is very cold and as clear as crystal, not a particle of sand in it; they put in a pump and their job is finished. Now when we get a windmill we will have water pretty handy. I have baking to do and get an early dinner for the men; it consisted of mashed potatoes, eggs fried in butter, fresh rolls, butter, apple jelly, baked rice pudding, tea. Just as I get my work finished my mother and sister come. After they were gone I went down in the field to see if the peas were large enough to cook, they need to grow a few days yet. I got back to the house just as the grocery wagon stopped, made some purchases and then got supper; rolls, butter, radishes, cherries, cold pudding, fruit cake, chocolate cake, cookies and tea. After supper I worked on my tidy.

Saturday's breakfast is coffee, bread, butter, potatoes, eggs, cake and jelly. I had churning to do and pies to bake; gave the house a thorough sweeping, dusted, wiped off doors and windows with a clean cloth rinsed often in clean water, rubbed spots off the dining-room carpet and prepared dinner. The meat man came early so I got a roast, and as the oven was in use I had what my good old grandmother would call a "pot roast;" cooked it until done in a kettle with a little water, then let it cook down, turning often, browned both sides; that with potatoes, gravy, (made in the kettle after the meat was taken up) bread, butter, jelly, cream pie, cherries and tea comprised the dinner. Adolphus has just commenced his haying and had one extra man to-day; there will be more help next week, consequently more work in the house. Cherries, of which we have a bountiful crop, are ripe and must be taken care of; harvesting will soon be here, then threshing, plenty of work ahead. After dinner, mopped the kitchen floor, watered plants, cleaned the porches, by the time I get ready to sit down, I feel pretty tired, so read and rest until supper. We have bread, butter, radishes, cold meat, raisin pie, tarts, cake, cookies, sauce and lemonade.

Sunday we did not get up as early as usual; for breakfast had bread, butter, meat, fried potatoes, jelly, cake, coffee.

Concluded we would not go to church, as we were invited to attend children's exercises at a neighboring Sunday school at half past two, the forenoon was spent in reading and writing. I did not get dinner, but we had luncheon; bread, butter, radishes, cold meat, pie, cake, cookies, milk; we then got ready for Sunday school. The school-house was appropriately decorated, the exercises were very pleasant; after they were over we went home with friends to tea, came home about sundown, did the usual night's work, then wrote until bedtime, and thus ends my "week."

WACOUSTA.

LAUREL VANE.

POOR BRUNO!

I do not wish to be too critical of the many splendid articles which appear in the *HOUSEHOLD*. I wish first to say how much I have enjoyed Evangeline's papers; they seemed so life-like, giving us an insight into the many little unpleasant circumstances which must happen in our every day life, yet at the same time showing what a useful, happy life each one of us may live by cheerfully discharging each day's duties, monotonous though they may seem.

I have also read "The Misadventures of the B—— Family," and I sincerely hope that Bruno is a myth, for if he is a real person he must be very unhappy. I think if Mrs. B—— instead of grumbling about it in the *HOUSEHOLD*, had kindly insisted upon the return of the turkey money, or that the garden must be near the house, these and many other little grievances would have been easily remedied. She seems to think that Bruno has a poor opinion of her abilities in many ways, but will Mrs. B—— ask herself if she has placed her husband on the standard that any true wife should her husband? My imagination reaches out and methinks I see Bruno coming home at night tired out with puzzling over the binder that did not work well, hunting for the cattle that had strayed into the corn-field, or some other equally hard task, and wishing to read a few minutes, picking up the *HOUSEHOLD* and finding such a dismal description of himself. What feelings of delight would thrill his bosom, and with what silent expressions of pleasure he would gaze upon his loving wife, whom he had expected to comfort him in dark days and share the bright ones also! I would advise Mrs. B——, instead of sending her troubles to a newspaper to be published, to go for assistance and advice to the one who has taken her for his helpmeet through life.

At present I am not cheering the life of any unhappy Bruno, and if I would accept Mrs. B——'s picture of home life, I think I would hesitate to launch upon a sea with such dark and ominous clouds hanging over it, but I do not, and dear readers, I hope sometime to be able to tell you about a much happier one.

Do the readers of the *HOUSEHOLD* think Mrs. B—— is justified in presenting such a picture to the many young lady readers of this little paper? Each one makes mistakes, but if we let kind thoughts be the

robins to cover over anything which seems unpleasant, there would be more bright days in poor Bruno's life.

ALBION.

MARIE BELLE.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Do not put your feather bed or pillows in the sun to air. The sun's heat draws the oil out of the feathers, and turns them rancid. To wash feathers, put them in bags of unbleached cotton, and boil them ten minutes in water containing soap and ammonia, rinse in clear water and hang in a shady place to dry.

SYRINGING plants affected with red spider will help greatly to clean them of this troublesome insect. They cannot live in an atmosphere heavily charged with moisture. This enables owners of greenhouses to control them. When the temperature is up to 90 deg. the plants, benches, floor, etc., are thoroughly syringed and the house closed up, they retire to other quarters. They like a hot, dry atmosphere.

STONE jars, holding a gallon, are best for holding jam and spiced fruits. Provide some foolscap paper, some thick boiled flour paste, some pieces of cloth and a ball of cord. Fill the jar nearly full—within a quarter or half an inch of the top—while the jam is boiling hot, cover the paper with the paste and paste over the jar, paste side down, tie it; cover a piece of cloth in the same way, and tie it down, then let it cool before tying over the top several thicknesses of paper. Keep in a dry cool closet, but never in the cellar.

RUSKIN's remark, "I have lost much of the faith I once had in the common sense and even in the personal delicacy of the present race of women, by seeing how they allow their dresses to sweep the streets, as if it is the fashion to be scavengers," is quoted approvingly by some of our exchanges. Mr. Ruskin should get his head out of the clouds long enough to allow the fact that long dresses are no longer worn on the streets and have not been for the past ten years, to dawn upon his decidedly languid comprehension. As for the editors who quote him, if he should assert water isn't wet, they would probably agree with him.

Contributed Recipes.

WHITE MOUNTAIN CAKE.—Two cups sugar; two-thirds cup butter; one cup milk; three cups flour; two teaspoonfuls baking powder; whites of eight eggs. Flavor with lemon; bake in layers. Filling: Two cups sugar; half cup water; boil until it ropes. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, pour the syrup over them and beat briskly; spread between the layers and on top.

MOCK MINCE PIE.—One cup vinegar; one cup sugar; one cup molasses; two cups bread crumbs; two cups water; one cup chopped raisins; half cup butter; two eggs; spices of all kinds; a little pepper and salt.

WACOUSTA.

LAUREL VANE.