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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE LITTLE MIDDLE DAUGHTER.

The little middle daughter,
Just eight years old to-day;
Her hair is bright as sunshine,
Her look is sweet as May,
So plump and round and dimpled,
Pray what can grieve her now,
The little middle daughter,
For a shade is on her brow.

"Please, would you like it, madam?"
The little maiden cries,
And something like a dew drop
Is trembling in her eyes.
"To wear your sister's dresses,
Cut down for fitting you,
While Jessie, ten, and Millie, six
Have always something new?"

"You see, when Jessie's gowns and capes
Are fashioned o'er on me,
They soon wear out, O, yes indeed,
As fast as fast can be;
And Mollie never gets them,
She's like a fairy queen;
And Jessie's like another,
And I'm the one between."

"I wish you'd tell my mother,
(O, not that I'm afraid,
Except to hurt her feelings),
That her little middle maid
Would be the gladdest being;
If she might have from town,
Just once, and all hers only,
A single whole new gown."

So, as I'm sympathetic,
Dear mothers, heed, I pray,
The little middle daughter's plea,
Which I send forth to-day,
So plump and round and dimpled,
So swift your will to do,
Please, when you buy the autumn things,
Just buy her one thing new.

—Harper's Young People.

COURTESY VS. SINCERITY.

In the HOUSEHOLD of the 12th inst. Eunice asks this question: Is true courtesy always consistent with perfect sincerity? I shall take the affirmative of the proposition, and depend on that little qualifying adjective *true* to help me out. *True* courtesy always is genuine, hence sincere and from the heart. It is the expression in manners of good will, of friendliness and kind feeling toward the world at large; to our friends it means more than this; to our enemies somewhat less, but is even to them indicative of self control and Christian charity. "Courtesy," says St. Francis, "is one of God's own properties. Verily courtesy is the sister of charity, who banishes hatred and cherishes love."

Many people make sincerity an excuse for saying and thinking disagreeable and unkind things of others, or for speaking

unpalatable truths personally. Is it essential that we unveil our hearts to our friends, or give words and wings to our estimate of them made before the *vehmgericht* of our inmost hearts? It certainly is not necessary; it is always unwise; and often cruel. Had you ever a friend who had not some weakness you deplored, some trait of character you would have had amended? Yet you loved that friend for the good qualities he or she possessed, overlooking those you could not admire. Before the strict tribunal of your own consciousness you judged—yet loved. Is there anything inconsistent with friendship, sincerity or courtesy in this?

As I have said, many think that to be sincere they must notice faults if any exist, and who is free from blemishes? Not infrequently these are talked over—in the interests of sincerity?—and no mention made of the many counterbalancing good qualities. Is not this a meaner form of insincerity, that picks flaws, but forgets the merited praise? Dr. O. W. Holmes says: "Don't flatter yourself that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become. Except in cases of necessity, leave your friends to learn unpleasant truths from their enemies; they are ready enough to tell them."

The trouble is that we are altogether too ready with our measuring-tapes, too anxious to measure our neighbor's corn in our own bushel baskets; altogether too quick to forget that men and women are not all alike, like a gross of button-moulds. Courtesy does not demand that we sit in judgment on our friends, nor perfect sincerity require us to pronounce our verdict.

I think then, that true courtesy, proceeding as it does from a kindly good will and friendliness toward every one, is the very essence of sincerity. But I know very well Eunice means those people whose courtesy is assumed, not heartfelt; whose courteous manners cover inward dislike and aversion, as a veneer of costly rose-wood sometimes is made to conceal the coarser grain of common pine—people who do not feel the friendliness they simulate in our presence, but speak bitterly and act treacherously in our absence. But this is a sham courtesy, insincere, to be mistrusted. Yet, is it not better that people should "assume this virtue though they have it not" than that they should give free rein to their unkindly, hateful,

ill-tempered feelings? If we practice courtesy we soon find it has an appreciable effect not only on our manners but also on our minds and hearts; it makes us more gentle, more moderate, much more considerate of the rights and feelings of others. Did you ever think what kind of a world we would have if politeness were not practiced and everybody availed himself of the privilege of saying "just what I think?" Your neighbor calls at an inopportune moment; you greet her with, "I wish you had stayed at home; I have no time to spare this morning." Somebody begs leave to tell you: "Of all the disagreeable young ones in the world your son Tommy is the meanest, he's a perfect little cur." You love your husband dearly, honor and esteem him, yet some day your intimate friend electrifies you by telling you frankly that she does not see how you can live with such a man, that his manners are boorish, his mind uncultivated, he is in appearance a Caliban. What friendship would survive the test? Half the trouble between husband and wife begins in the liberty each assumes in the intimacy of the marriage relation of saying "just what I think" of the other's acts, appearance and opinions. The alienation and unfriendly feeling in families is often traceable to the same want of courtesy and courteous reserve between the members, who think their relationship excuses uncomplimentary frankness.

It is not evidence of insincerity to reserve our judgments and be courteous even to those we do not wholly approve. We need not overdo or exaggerate our politeness, that is uncalled for; we need not seek them or be intimate with them, but they have a right, as fellow beings, to our courtesy. Many a time when I have been tempted to express an adverse opinion of the conduct of others I have remembered these words, "He that judgeth me is the Lord;" and that the same unerring authority is my neighbor's judge as well. What right have we to judge the motives of others? If we do not thus transcend our bounds there are few people we will meet to whom we may not be truly courteous with perfect sincerity.

BEATRIX.

PHILOSOPHERS.

We often quote Burns, "O wad some power," etc., without taking into the account just what the impression upon our feelings might be, were our invocation successful. By the candor of a valued

friend, I have had a small experience of this kind lately, and although not at all unpleasant, it was a surprise. Had it been unpleasant do you think I would have told you about it? I wrote this friend of a somewhat trying case of indisposition of which I was the victim, and her note of condolence read: "I would offer you sympathy in your affliction, but you are such a philosopher you have no need, and would not care for it." There, what do you think of that? A philosopher, I! Ah me! I had never found out my superior attainments.

But, mind the quiet sarcasm found farther on in the same note: "It is so easy to treat the ills of a friend with philosophy, is it not?" You may be sure, I had tread on her pet trouble, sometime, with the comforting aphorisms we are so prone to use when offering consolation, "Whatever is, is best," or "All will work out for the best," or something in that line; and, wise little woman that she is, she has patiently bided her time (taking the potion offered almost too sweetly) and now, the occasion opportune, she has "hoist me with my own petard," making the dose delicately bitter by putting it in the form of a compliment. Ah! woman! wonderful are thy machinations even to sister women! How then can lofty, stupid man be expected to comprehend thee!

All this is but preface. Now mark what she says: "You remind me of a lady, a school ma'am, who fell down the steps of the house where she had gone to spend her vacation; the resultant consequences kept her in doors all the weeks of her leisure; yet when consoled with she piously remarked that 'her Heavenly Father knew what was best for her,'" so I suppose she grew more saintly in her martyrdom. My friend, after all this, sagely remarks: "I hardly think a Divine Providence responsible for our carelessness. What is your opinion." Now after giving me such a stab, while pretending to compliment me, I really do wonder what kind of an answer she expects. Well, she is too candid to be met in any other way than with equal candor.

I think any one who could kick herself down the porch-steps, and then thank her Father for sending affliction upon her, is a fit subject for a lunatic asylum, or altogether too good for this world—a blind egotist or a dazed saint. I humbly hope that the resemblance my friend sees between this person and myself is only enough to remind her of the other; not strong enough to imply that I am quite such a philosopher.

While I believe it is well to bear life's ills with what firmness we may, being especially brave to bear misfortunes of our own manufacture, or results of our own acts or omissions, I surely have an abiding faith that while "man proposes God disposes," and in this view, "Whatever is, is best."

My friend is quite right, as she generally is, in her saying, "that it is easy to take a friend's troubles with philosophy." It is on a plane with Mark Twain's

patriotism. He was willing to sacrifice all his wife's relations to preserve the Union.

Strange it is, egotism, pure selfishness, will mix itself (if it be not the largest ingredient) in every motive of life. "How good I am," or "How good people will think me to be," will be found in many motives, the mainspring of many acts apparently the most disinterested and unselfish, and may not even be suspected by the person performing the acts. Close analysis of motives is the most potent factor in acquiring self-knowledge, and as our own company must be kept, it is well to know ourselves even better than others know us, and as a correlative may be of more importance than the much quoted one of "seeing ourselves as others see us."

I most sincerely thank my friend for her candor, and although on a strict accounting with myself I do not subscribe to a verdict of guilty, I freely admit circumstantial evidence pointing that way, and believe that the train of thought awakened may accrue to my personal advantage; and thinking the "mass is composed of like units," I have thought out my conclusions on paper, offering them for the "baptism of print," to the end that if any others can see themselves in the same mirror, they, like myself, may take lessons of improvement from the reflection.

INGLESIDE.

A. L. L.

SOME PROBLEMS SOLVED.

The pail for well water upon the pantry shelf has been a tin one these many years. Once we tried paper but it was no good, soon came to pieces. The tin rusted so badly and leaked so often that it never was satisfactory, but we could think of nothing better. A few weeks ago when I found the shelf flooded, I poured the water into a stone jar, pushed the jar into the pail's place while the pail was sent for a new bottom. Before night the problem was solved. A stone jar was better in every way for holding the water and would not rot like wood, rust like tin or dissolve like paper. A new four gallon jar is my water tank now; the boys fill it with a pail and I marvel that I did not think of it years ago.

When I made peach jam I was alone and could not stir it constantly, as is necessary to keep it from burning, so I placed the kettle on two flatirons without handles (two bricks would be better) and it cooked all right with an occasional stir as I came near the stove.

Nearly all of my housekeeping life I have been compelled to sit much when doing my work. When too tired to stand a moment longer I placed a stool or some books in a chair and rested that way, but the trouble of getting these things together was so great that I doubted if it helped much. Last Christmas I received a present of a strong high stool, an office stool, which cost just seventy-five cents and it has been worth as many dollars to me. I had the legs sawed off until it was convenient height (better too high than too low), so it occupies very little space in the pantry, and is readily moved to any place where I wish to use it. I find it convenient

when I iron, wash dishes, mix bread, pare potatoes or apples, can fruit, and have done my work without help when I could not have done it standing.

Some of my windows are under a porch where the flies come in hosts to spend nights and dull days. As I only covered the lower half with netting, the upper half needed washing much oftener than I had time or strength to do it. When this season was half over I thought of a new plan; washed the windows and tacked netting to the outside casing, covering the whole window so that no fly can light on the glass, and the result is very satisfactory.

I greatly admire Simon's Wife, but it was most too bad of her to make Simon lug that lunch basket around all day at the Exposition. Our folks, too, started at three after a breakfast of bread, butter, hot potatoes and coffee. They carried a pasteboard box filled with fried chicken, bread and butter, cheese and grapes. This they emptied and threw away soon after entering the grounds. When too tired to see one thing more they went to the city and found a good plain warm dinner for thirty cents at a restaurant, that lasted them until they reached home, which was surely better than carrying a basket all day.

Now, I wonder when and where we are to enjoy the society of our friends. There is very little real visiting about a formal dinner or party if everything is in spick-and-span order. Since reading Minnie Whiting's comments on a chance dinner I shall never dare to invite her or any other acquaintance if everything is not up to company standard, no matter how much I long for a sight of her face, or for an hour of her society. I wonder there happened to be either pie or cake for dinner that day, but I know better now, and if it rains and her home be twenty miles away I shall not invite her in if there is a fly in the house.

Now that Bruneille has told her story I am resolved never to call on my neighbor over the way unless I have to go after toothache medicine and then I will stand on the steps while she gets it, for fear I may tell too long a story. I see I must stay at home alone and write letters to the HOUSEHOLD.

If Alzaida will have her dry cans quite hot when she puts on the rubber and cover, her way will be my way, and I am sure it is a good way. AUNT BESSIE.

WHAT SHALL WE TALK ABOUT.

Bruneille's morning caller and her conversation have served to intensify a desire I have for some time had of introducing a subject into the HOUSEHOLD, namely, the art of conversation, hoping from its discussion to obtain help. If it is an art it can certainly be taught. What may we talk about? To talk about one's own affairs is uninteresting and tiresome to the listener, to talk uninvited about the affairs of your listeners is prying, and may be met with "mind your own business;" to talk about your neighbor's affairs is gossip; to continually talk about the weather is stupid; but few have leisure to read all the

latest novels to be able to talk about them; fewer still can talk intelligently about the authors of other centuries.

What I want most is instruction that will enable me to converse with and entertain alike the children and older people, the bookworm and the politician, the woman who washes for me, and my city cousin. In fact, I want to know how to talk in any and all society.

By the way, this is the one reason I have never called on Beatrix. I would think Now I will go, but when about so near there would loom up before me an awkward woman standing first on one foot then the other, not knowing what to do or say; and this picture of myself always turned me back. You see I am sadly in need of help. Will not some of the HOUSEHOLD writers give us their ideas upon the subject of conversation? One lady gave me this sensible advice: "To converse well you must always be dressed well." I know the reverse is true; to be in an assemblage and feel that your dress attracts attention because ancient in style makes one so ill at ease that to appear natural or converse intelligently is next to impossible. To be continually conscious of self in all that we do or say is the one great detriment. Where is the power by which we may overcome? I have learned from the HOUSEHOLD many useful things and hope to learn how to converse.

JANNETTE.

CULTURE OF CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

It would be well to know the treatment plants or bulbs have received previous to their decided failure in health, although I surmise our Maybelle has a pot-bound set of chrysanthemums on hand at present, with perhaps a dozen or more stalks to each. I fear they will not give her bloom this season, but if she knows them to be of good varieties, set them in the cellar for the winter and in spring proceed in this manner: The last of April or first of May turn them out of the pots, fill the requisite number of six-inch pots with rich earth and plant one, not more than two, sprouts with a trifle of root attached from each old plant in those pots; water and set in the shade until started in growth, pinching in the tops and side shoots if not in good form. Most varieties can be made as well formed as you please, especially the Pompons. I have had them like miniature trees. When the pots are nearly filled with roots shift into larger ones, and again if necessary, bearing in mind the fact that they require rich and abundant fare, plenty of water, and a cool, moist place to stand. I think the place most suitable for them is where they get the morning sun, but not the fierce noonday heat of summer. Such a situation, with attention to potting and pruning, and treats of liquid fertilizers, will achieve wonders of beauty to bless you when all out door verdure and bloom are gone. I have often had the flowers for Christmas by keeping them out of doors as long as possible to retard the bursting of buds; and then when the cold weather made it necessary to house them, giving

them cool quarters yet a while longer, admitting warmth gradually, they flower beautifully. By cutting the blossoms when they begin to fade and placing in water, their stay may be still further lengthened.

When the treatment of chrysanthemums is well understood, it is very simple; you see there is no reason why any one should not possess these glorious flowers. Five plants may be raised early from a tiny slip in spring with a certainty of reward—if well treated. I forgot to say, do not prune after the first of August, as buds even then begin to form. Small fruit cans punctured for drainage will do for beginning, and paint kegs or boxes for last transfer of plants, so you see how accommodating a plant it is; only feed it well and give fresh air and it will surely flourish.

One of our HOUSEHOLD friends sent me a specimen leaf of a Japan lily which showed disease, indicated by a brown, rusty appearance, but I think not the work of insects. I would advise removing the bulb and placing in a dish of dry sand, then on a shelf in the cellar until spring; plant in rich sandy garden soil, in a pot or box for veranda adornment, and I trust the difficulty may be overcome; any of the Japan lilies are fine for this purpose.

I am very glad to be remembered by E. L. Nye, and my flowers also which are still in fragrant bloom. Honor Glint has proved the past season that a city yard may produce wonders in the way of a flower garden. I think the HOUSEHOLD has been very interesting this year, all through; I only regret not doing more myself.

FENTON.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

OTHER PEOPLE'S FAILINGS.

In reply to Anna, of Hopkins, I answer Yes, I do make them welcome. I do not know that there is anything criminal or wicked between the parties; they are, or have been, very nice people, and I have no reason to think they are anything different now (except the talk). Anna, we are "all poor fallible creatures;" we are none of us so wise as to never do a foolish thing, it may be something different from the above, but something we wish, in after days, we had done differently. One of the things I continually repeat to myself when disposed to notice others' faults, is "If others can put up with my faults, I will with theirs;" I have no right in justice, to believe any stories I hear which are detrimental to my neighbor until there is good evidence that they are true. Christ said "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone;" and the accusers slunk away one by one; also; "Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity covereth a multitude of sins." Do you not think innocent persons are many times slandered? Supposing every one of their friends turned the cold shoulder to them, what might be the consequences, especially if they were young? This is a too painful side of the picture to contemplate!

Teach the young daughters the beauty of truth and purity, from their earliest youth up. Show them how much more those are loved and respected who have

always kept themselves above suspicion; and there will be no danger in meeting people who are talked about. I often think children's instincts are keener in detecting the true and the false, than older persons. None of us can prevent our daughters from meeting all kinds of people sooner or later in this world; nor prevent their hearing many things which would grieve the mother's heart to know of. The only thing the mother can do is to give them the inheritance of a clean, pure mind, and teach them to love truth and purity for its own sake; and as far as human wisdom is capable of judging they will be sure to choose that kind of associates.

Let me say to any mother, in your anxiety to impress your daughter's mind with your horror of wrong doing, do not above all, make her fear to come to you with anything which is of importance enough to her to think about. If all mothers understood the advantage it gave them to have the full confidence of their daughters, it would be a blessed thing for both. If every person, male or female, had some business, work, or study, that engrossed the largest part of their time, there would be no time for "platonic friendships."

The crying need of the day is, give the young people the education of some kind of business, something in which they are interested, the performing of which will bring a desirable reward; this is one of the surest ways of keeping them out of the way of temptation, and giving them clear healthy minds and good judgment, minds that can contemplate something of more importance than bleaching the hair, conspicuous dress and beaux.

What have girls or women to think about if they were never taught to do any useful work, and necessity never compelled them to learn? There are many such in all towns of any size; women who cannot interest themselves in reading anything but the most sensational novels, and they, like confectionary soon pall upon the taste; then what? Nothing but dress, company and flirting. If they get a little farther into the rapids than is perfectly safe, is it to be wondered at that a few go over the precipice? I wonder that so many are strong enough to regain the shore.

Aunt Maggie, come again when you get rested; there is no place like our bright cheery HOUSEHOLD for driving away dull care; and you can see by many HOUSEHOLD letters that you are only one of the large majority of women who work very hard and do not have all of this world's goods or pleasures they would like; but "live in hopes of a better day a-coming."

Clo. S. Pin, thank you for being so kind as to forgive, even an unrepenting one. You know there are exceptions to all rules; no doubt your pathmaster is one of the exceptions; but you did not guess right about the new carriage. POLLY.

M. E. H. asks a correction of Keturah's statement that she is president of the "Gleaners." She occupies the secretary's chair.

FROM ANOTHER FARMER'S WIFE.

I have long wished to be one of the members of the HOUSEHOLD, and have wanted to say something nearly every week after receiving and reading the contents of this valuable little sheet, but I am one of the farmers' wives and have had an average of three or four farm hands every day all summer, besides carpenters and masons and painters to wait on, for we are building a house also, and aside from this I have done odd jobs of dressmaking whenever I could possibly find time, for the sake of obtaining a little money that I could really call my own, and spend as I pleased for real necessities in the family wardrobe. This, with my children to take care of, has kept me very busy, as I cannot turn off work as Evangeline did in her week's programme. I must say that "Simon's Wife" did me more good and gave me more encouragement in telling of her trials and experiences, which have so often been nearly like my own, than did Evangeline, who made work and everything that was necessary to be done slip by as though she were a fairy and lived in fairy land. It made me feel that if any woman could accomplish so much I must be worse than useless.

I am with Minnie Whiting on the oilcloth question; I would rather see a clean oilcloth than a very dirty tablecloth. I think Bluebelle is sensible in her talk on tobacco. The use of tobacco in any form to my mind is not only useless but degrading and wicked (unless it be used to destroy moths or kill lice on stock). It is useless because it does no one any good, and it is degrading and wicked because it is filthy and dulls the intellect, and is a sure and deadly poison to the system. It may not cause the immediate misery that whiskey does, but it is as surely a poison although slower in effect. How many married men are there with families of little children who spend too much of their wages for this worthless stuff just to satisfy a depraved appetite, while their poor wives and children do not have the food that their systems require, nor clothing enough to keep them warm! I am happy to say that my husband has neither the whiskey or tobacco habit, which is something to be thankful for. I am greatly interested in the letters in the HOUSEHOLD, and look forward very eagerly each week for the arrival of the FARMER. If this chances to get into print maybe I will write again.

EATON.

MATTIE.

THE LIBRARY.

Thanks to Ella R. Wood. I suppose the business is carried on by a board chosen for that purpose, as in all societies. I would like to know how many constitute a board in her L. L. A. and what are the different officers. I would like ever so much to see a copy of their constitution and by-laws, but only to gratify my own curiosity, as I suppose our constitution has been recorded (with the name of the founders attached) some time ago, as agreed upon at the annual meeting. She says much random talk is indulged in.

Yes; random talking and doing is the rock on which our L. A. split.

Our library abounds largely in works of fiction, as I think all libraries do. Stories are in the papers, cheap novels are in every newsroom, and book store, no one need look in vain for that style of reading, which I for one do not fancy very much, but always turn to the FARMER HOUSEHOLD as something real and true, a miniature library in itself, minus the works of fiction.

Dear ladies of the HOUSEHOLD, pray let us confine ourselves strictly to facts, although less entertaining, and not personate two individuals at one and the same time.

PLAINWELL.

BESS.

SNIPPINGS.

Why doesn't some one tell Silver Bell to ho'd her hands over burning sulphur to remove the fruit stains; or dampen the hands, then hold them around a lighted match?

Do men always start the scandalous stories? I think if we would pay less attention to so many "I only tell *you*" people there would be less trouble for us all. I find there is usually some one in a neighborhood who likes to be the first to start a piece of news and commences by saying "they say" so and so, but never tells who "they" are.

I would like to be introduced to Simon and wife; is Mrs. Simon an old contributor or was the "Cloudy Week" her maiden speech? Huldah Perkins, did that tallow kill or cure? Now what a chance for E. L. Nye to kindly insist that she would not spend the Sabbath in pleasure seeking! I spent one day at the Detroit Exposition, I wanted to call on our Editor Beatrix, but husband said "No, what would she care about seeing you," and as he so very seldom says me nay, I thought "I will give in this time.

I can hardly agree with Beatrix that we can always tell a gentleman by his lifting his hat, for I have known true gentlemen who seldom lift the hat. What a difference there is between a lover and a husband! Did you ever notice how the lover would carry the parasol, package or fan, and help you in or out of the buggy so handy, open the gate for you to pass, in fact so many little things that we women notice, and then the husband—come woman, climb in in or out the best way you can. I am not writing from experience, but what I have seen. I have one of the best husbands a woman ever had, but then he has not got over being the lover yet, for I have not had him quite three years—hope he never will.

Will Beatrix tell us how to make our afternoon aprons, our white ones you know; should they be short or long, full or scant, big or little?

Will some one send a recipe for a good lemon pie?

Oh dear, there is that great hungry scrap basket waiting for this.

OXFORD.

SNIP.

Do not use patent shoe dressings until you are compelled to do so by the increasing shabbiness of the leather. Once begun, their use must be continued.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

THE very best cure for corns is said to be equal parts of carbolic acid and glycerine, applied to the corn every night with a camel's hair brush, after bathing the feet. It must be patiently continued until a cure is effected.

A CHEAP but convenient and pretty paper holder is made as follows: Take a round stick about the size of a broom handle, and two feet long. Screw into each end a picture knob, and gild them if desired, or stain them with any pretty stain, as this is now so popular. Suspend it by tying two or three pretty colored narrow ribbons, of a contrasting color, to the knobs, and fastening each end with dainty little bows. A brass chain may be used instead of the ribbons, and will be stronger. Hang the papers over this in regular order, with the dates outside.

THE old sofa or lounge is, in many commonly used rooms, anything but a respectable looking piece of furniture, whatever may be its convenience and comfort. Buy a piece of bright colored, striped tennis cloth, twice the length of the lounge, allowing enough to hang over the ends. Divide one breadth, and seam it on each side of the other, and either hem the ends neatly or finish them with a deep fringe of the predominating color of the cloth. A covering of cream and blue colors is pretty with a cream fringe of seine twine sewed on with a long, loose over and over stitch; or fringe knotted in the usual way may be used with good effect. If the sofa has a back, make the cover plain and straight as before, and drape it plain over the back, with only a pleat or two near the top of each end, and one in the middle if desired. Fold a crease where the front and back meet, and tuck it in. If the seat is separate from the back, tie it on with tapes.

DILL says she had heard, long ago, of burying cream and making butter, but not for table use. The product is a sovereign remedy for burns.

As pretty and withal as simple a lamp shade as can be made is to cover a plain yellow porcelain shade with a deep flounce of gathered lace. Around the top tie a scarf made of a half width of yellow surah, with sewing silk fringe across the ends. Tie this in a generous bow, letting the ends fall over the lace.

Contributed Recipes.

PICKLED CABBAGE.—Shred or chop a medium sized head (red cabbage is nice), sprinkle with salt; let stand four days; drain well and put into a stone jar and cover with good cider vinegar, in which has been steeped a tablespoonful each of black pepper, mustard and cloves. Pour on while hot and cover closely.

PICKLE FOR HAMS OR PORK.—For two hundred pounds of meat, two quarts rock salt; one pound of common coarse salt; two ounces saltpeter, and two pounds brown sugar. Boil, skim and cool. Use water sufficient to cover the meat.

FENTON.

DILL.