

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, NOV. 2 1889.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

The day has gone, the shadows close
Around my place of rest;
And ere my eyelids seek repose,
Thy name, oh Lord, be blest.

At peace with all the world and thee,
The spirit takes its flight,
To speak in accents, pure and free,
Of all the heart's delight;

To hush the glory of thy name,
Of all thy love has done
To lift the mind and thrill the frame
Of this thy hapless one.

And may thy guardian spirit hold
Me in thy strong embrace,
And may my visions ne'er unfold
Aught but thy shining face!

Oh, that my life might aye be strong,
A sacrifice might be;
My humble acts one endless song,
Oh God, to thee, to thee!

—F. F. Buckner.

IL TROVATORE.

There is no amusement I enjoy so much as a good play or opera. "Society" may have its receptions, its dinners and balls, but I greatly prefer the theatre. It is more satisfying and more pleasing—to me. I could not help thinking of the great change in popular ideas since the days of the Puritans the other evening, as I scanned the audience assembled to see and hear the Boston Ideals' rendition of *Il Trovatore*, and saw there men and women whom I recognized as prominent "pillars" of our churches, and connected with every branch of church work. I dare say that not so very many years ago the church member who dared enter a "play house" would have been read out of the congregation with bell, book and candle. Manners and customs change with the times. I do not wonder that the old Puritans were stern and harsh and cold, and frowned on all merriment and gayety; they brought very Calvinistic views of God's mercy with them across the water, and their pioneer life was not calculated to ameliorate their doctrines. A little handful on the shores of a dark and unexplored continent; around them the awful loneliness and silence of the primeval forest, bearing about with them the consciousness of their own weakness and of the impossibility of retreat, what wonder the "heavy-hearted Puritan went trampling down the flowers" as his watchful eye searched every covert for an unseen foe! Think of plowing with a musket slung along the plow-beam, and of stacking arms in the church porch for

fear of a sudden attack by savages! Such an attitude of constant watchfulness, such sense of eternal peril and menace of death could not fail to make men stern, guarded and suspicious.

But I wanted to tell you something about Verdi's pretty opera, airs from which your girls play on the piano and your boys learn in their band practice. *Il Trovatore*, translated, means "The Troubadour," Manrico, a part taken by the Chevalier Scovel, who was once a resident of this city. These Italian operas have little plot, just enough to hang a succession of solos, duets, trios and choruses upon; and the knowledge one gets of the story must be gained principally by the acting, since though it is Italian opera in English, the singing rivals that of a church choir in unintelligibility. But this opera is founded upon a drama of the fifteenth century. Manrico, the troubadour, loves Leonora and has a dangerous rival in the Count di Luna. The curtain rose upon a chorus of male voices, in which a young man with a feather in his cap seemed laboring to impress some truth upon the minds of his fellow singers; next a duet between Leonora and her attendant, Inez, in which the former wears a costume of ashes of roses satin slashed with crimson velvet. Leonora's two lovers, Manrico and di Luna, occasion her a great deal of anxiety; di Luna avows his passion and threatens Manrico, who appears at this point, clad in a complete suit of chain armor—real or imitation—"which the wonder is how ever he got in'to it," and reproaches Leonora for her presumed faithlessness, is reassured, turns the prow of his brazen helmet upon di Luna and would have carved him up in the most scientific fashion of the period had not Leonora interposed in a fine soprano solo, and finally thrown herself between the two and under their crossed swords, making a very pretty tableau for the curtain to descend upon.

One of the prettiest scenes is the gipsy camp, where on the stage set to represent a forest glade, with hills and a mountain torrent in the background, the band in their gay gipsy attire are disposed in picturesque attitudes. A fire burns in a brazier suspended from the three crossed sticks which have come to be the well-known symbol of the gipsy kettle; and all unite in a musical chorus to which four stalwart men keep time on two anvils. Azucena, the chief of the gipsies and supposed mother of Manrico, reclines on a couch of furs; Manrico sits near by,

gloomy and sad; and occasionally, after the approved fashion of lovers in opera, "sighing like a furnace." Azucena watches him furtively, half in fear of his unsocial mood, half in fond anxiety. At length the band departs in search of food, and Azucena addresses Manrico. Almost unconsciously, as she recalls former days, she reveals to him the secret of his birth, and that he is the son of his rival's brother, who is thereby made his uncle; but he swears vengeance upon those who wronged himself and his mother, and starts right out without a lunch or good bye, I suppose because he did not desire to lose his appetite for gore.

Leonora, in the next scene in which she appears, wears a white satin and brocade bridal dress, with a lace veil, and is attended by a bevy of white clad sisters or nuns. Whether she is about to become the bride of Heaven or Manrico I'm sure I could not find out from her vocal gymnastics, which were wonderful as showing what may be done with the human voice; but it went to my economical heart to see her magnificent train dragged about over that dirty matting, which is really a disgrace to the managers of the opera house.

Azucena is apprehended by a band of soldiers, accused of being a witch or sorceress, I fancy. This scene was intense in its interest. She struggles in their grasp, flings them off with rude force, begs, implores, threatens, all in vain; the cords on her wrists are tightened, and still struggling with all the passion imaginable to the situation in act and voice, she is borne away. I saw Scalchi in this role once, some six or seven years ago, and the memory of her dramatic energy and superb vocalization remains with me yet; I can still see her as she stood, disheveled by her struggle with the soldiers, lifting her chained hands and fairly shrieking her anathemas in that magnificent contralto of hers.

Manrico, in a blue velvet and silver suit, hears of what has befallen Azucena, and the glow of the fire in which they are about to sacrifice her already shines into the room where he is, but he lingers to give the audience a charming air descriptive of his firm determination to rescue her at any peril to himself, until I am sure the poor woman would have been badly scorched had the scene been aught but the mimicry of the stage. Then he is himself put in prison through the agency of his rival, a prisoner of state and threatened

with death. Leonora, in black velvet and black lace, *decolle'e* and *en traine*, bribes a soldier to show her the tower where Manrico is confined; here she listens to the music in the chapel where her lover receives the last rites before his execution, and then pours out her love and longing in a volume of melody. Manrico comes to the barred window, and through it the lovers exchange as they suppose a last farewell, one of the most beautiful and melodious duets in the whole opera, and which won an encore. Di Luna now appears, and Leonora vainly intercedes for her lover's life, which he at last promises to spare if she will renounce Manrico and become his wife. This, as a final alternative, she accepts, but while di Luna goes to release Manrico, she takes poison. In the last act Manrico and Azucena are seen in prison; the latter in an agony of apprehension and terror; every passing footfall she fears is the approach of her accusers to carry her to the stake; the burden of her song is "They will burn me," Manrico soothes her till at last she falls into a troubled sleep, in which she tosses restlessly and mutters "They will burn me." Leonora enters the prison and tells Manrico he is free; at first he is overjoyed; but as he learns the price of his liberty he reproaches her as a traitress and spurns her. Then she tells him what she has done, and how foiled the conspirator, and dies in his arms. The prison is fired, and the dead Leonora and the living Azucena, who has swooned on realizing she is to burn in prison instead of at the stake, are supposed to be consumed in the flames. Manrico vanishes; in his grief at Leonora's death and his purpose to square accounts with di Luna, he forgets his mother's peril. We do not have the conflagration, of course, but red fire seen through the barred windows makes a sufficiently realistic scene.

I call that good acting where the beholder is so carried away by the representation as to forget that it *is* acting; where the interest centres on the stage to the exclusion of all surroundings, where the music melts the heart, and the pathos of the story may perchance dim the eye. And judged by this standard, the Manrico of Scovel, the Azucena of Von Doenoff and the Leonora of Romeldi, are grand.

BEATRIX.

CHEBOYGAN COUNTY.

In response to our Editor's request for a short description of our surroundings as compared to my old home in Bridgewater, I would say the contrast is great. There the winter usually begins from November 10th to 20th; here we have snow in October, there is a little on the ground today—Oct. 22—fell last night, but will be gone in one hour, but the weather is not very cold. Crops are nearly all gathered, and such nice ones! Potatoes especially turn out so well, no small ones to speak of. Wheat was an excellent crop this season; our neighbor just across the road raised as fine a field of wheat as I ever saw in Washtenaw County. Our oats looked well but the rust prevented them from

maturing and giving a first class crop. Apples do well here; also all other fruits except peaches. This is a natural plum country; wild plums grow luxuriantly about the woods in the soil best adapted to them. Young apple trees hung full last year, but the cold wave of New York State seemed to take a westerly course and consequently we have no apples here this year.

I am not a good hand at describing climate, crops, etc., but will do the best I can. Our northern climate has been a surprise to me so far. I expected to find bitter cold weather during the months of December and January, but with the exception of a few days, our winter was not uncomfortable. To be sure we have a great quantity of that highly necessary article—snow, though there was not much last winter; usually the people tell us they have from two to three feet, but as the roads are opened there is little difficulty of getting a out to market. Last winter was an exception; there was just enough snow to make the finest sleighing imaginable. A large gang of men with teams worked in the woods all winter, not a moment lost on account of snow or cold weather. And now if any who chance to read this imperfect description of our northern land should desire a home among kind-hearted people, where there is plenty of hard work but a good rich soil that responds readily to proper treatment, here is a good place for them. We need more settlers; one after another comes, and the country is fast improving. People here welcome the newcomer warmly, it will pay any home seeker to come to Cheboygan County to look around.

We are very proud of our little home. Our cottage is small and inconvenient, we intend to build the upright in the spring, but we know it is not the house but the heart of the inmates that is of the most importance. Our little town of Wolverine is situated in a valley. We have two dry goods stores at present and three new stores in process of building, one of which I understand is to be used for dry goods. We have a drug store, two hardware and three grocery stores; three fine hotels and many fine residences, also the large veneering mill which employs quite a number of hands; a saw mill; a beautiful little church nestles beneath the brow of the hill; a good and stylish high school building, two stories, nicely finished, offers the best of opportunity for educational purposes; withal it is a nice little town. There are two other fine buildings which it is hoped in good time when prohibition gains the day may be filled with useful goods and something to make the people of Wolverine better and more comfortable. We have a large clearing west of us; an English company owns a section and is clearing and improving it wonderfully. The settlers are very accommodating here, one has only to ask for the loan of anything and they are very welcome. I think a great deal of my north woods neighbors; there is room for many more, hundreds of acres and so cheap. We always have plenty of the best of wood; there are many things to make life pleasant here. If we could only have

a few of the educated noble souls of old Bridgewater, whose conversation furnished food for thought that tends to elevate and ennoble all whom they speak with, if we could have more such people how good and content we would be! I always prized education but never did I realize its great importance as I do now, and feel more gratitude towards my parents than ever before. As for schools we have excellent advantages, now; as the people are not as few in number the best of teachers of high culture and refinement are employed. My husband is one of the officers, also has the office Polly claims is filled only by imbeciles—pathmaster. The school building recently put up in this district is one of which the people of old Bridgewater would be justly proud.

I like it here very much in some respects. We have some very kind, pleasant people, no community could have shown more respect and kindness at the time of our great bereavement last May.

I will be pleased to answer all inquiries as to the good and bad conditions of a life in this county. We like it, and think it promises to become a fine county. Land is cheap and rich, roads good, and we are near town. Letters addressed to Box 66 will reach us.

MAYBELLE.

WOLVERINE.

AN OUTING.

After washing, ironing, baking, churning and mopping, just as the school bell rang for half past eight Wednesday morning, Oct. 9th, I turned my face to the east, equipped for a visit about twenty miles distant; resolved to leave all care and work behind me, for at least three days.

The first three miles I rode alone, then took up a companion, who was to accompany me on this visit. We drove over a good country, and stopped at noon at a wayside inn to get refreshments for ourselves and horses, but nothing of importance occurred except being charged double price for our dinner; that settled the question of patronizing that house on our return trip.

At two o'clock we started on and reached our destination about sundown, where we met a warm welcome from our friends. Between the two small villages, a distance of seven miles, we saw only one team on the road.

As this county was building a new county house, and an acquaintance of mine was boarding the hands, and it was only a short drive, I proposed we all drive over and view the prospect, so we started out over a beautiful level country with smooth hard roads. I was sorry to find one of the ladies who kept the boarding house sick with rheumatism; however one of them volunteered to show us around. The farm contains about 200 acres of fine farming land, with a large brick structure nearly completed, provided with all modern improvements at a cost of about \$20,000. There were twenty-two persons who appeared to be comfortably situated in the old home. As we were looking around we saw a mulatto woman wandering to and fro in the orchard, with apples in her apron.

constantly talking; she said as we passed her, "They will not let you stay here. They make big loaves down there, but you will not get any." We were told this inmate would wash dishes and assist in other work quite nicely when asked by the matron. One old lady sat by the window apparently doing the weekly darning; in the kitchen we saw a large tray that I should think would hold two bushels that was used for mixing bread. At one side of the new house was a beautiful grove, looking so pleasant and inviting that we drove down to the lower end, and there we saw a small lot enclosed by a picket fence, the paupers' burial lot; the graves were marked by a plain slab, but I think perhaps they rest just as peacefully as though sleeping under costly monuments. Here we saw five or six great, noble, sleek looking cows being driven up from the pasture. Taken all together, everything looked so nice and clean that I expressed a wish to stay, but supposed they would not take me in that county, the elderly gentleman of our party remarked that some reform in my conduct was needed first. With a look at the pigs and chickens we wended our way out at the white gate.

As the next day was the time set for my companion on the way over, with her husband and son, to leave us, we all drove to Kalamazoo, nine miles distant. After the horses were taken care of we had our dinner, then went to the Central depot, and as the train came up bade them good bye, to meet again, when, were, and under what circumstances, the good Father only knows. After loitering around town a short time, and buying a bit of ribbon, Puss and I jogged quietly homeward over a dry, dusty road, where the effects of the drouth was seen in the diminished streams and the pale looking wheat fields, reaching home at seven P. M. A nice shower fell the next morning.

BESS.

TALK ABOUT SUCH THINGS.

The spirit moves me to venture a few remarks on the subject introduced by Jannette; a subject of universal importance. But it strikes me she is ambitious, if bashful. Ah! there's the rub; to forget self.

If any one should call on me with the appearance that Jannette imaginatively frightened herself with, I think no one need be at loss for a subject to commence with. I should certainly have a great anxiety to know "what the matter was" with her feet, or their handles.

Courage, Jannette; I have visited the Editor woman often, she is not at all formidable and you would be at no loss for topics of conversation.

What a blessing the weather is to the general genus homo! It acts as an open sesame to many who are neither shy, sensitive or ignorant. It may open the door to other topics, and not be "stupid." A remark may not be a platitude, an allusion to some recent change or present condition may lead to some remark on the charming appearance of the clouds, or some beautiful bit of autumn scenery. If people are congenial, you are away discussing paintings,

books, etc., if not people, and a grand time results. Very shy persons, very sensitive ones and egotists, are, I think, usually the most difficult to get on with in conversation, whether they are the entertainers or the entertained.

Shy people are usually diffident, lack confidence in themselves, and are too much afraid of saying the wrong thing to say anything; the sensitive are watchin', nervously afraid "something is meant agin them," and the egotists want to say it all, or have their high opinion of themselves bolstered by the toadying phrases of the other.

Another type hard to manage is the absent-minded person, the one for whom one has to find the "tongue and ears," also.

The "art of conversation" is a gift to many; the art of "prattling" to a much larger number. How useful, and yet how exasperating is the person who will maunder on without rhyme or reason, babbling like a little brook, and with about as much sense!

I hardly think it an art that can be "taught." It can be acquired. Persevering practice is the key to success. Of course brains and intelligent understanding of general topics must be the basis. Close attention to what is under discussion, an interested manner, a readiness to confess a want of knowledge if one lacks it, an intelligent question, an apt remark, are often quite as much aid in conversation as a flow of words. With elderly people, allusion to matters pertaining to their earlier days will often start a most interesting and instructive conversation. With children what you will, so long as you do it with your might. They want things lively, and fun, art, science, or gossip will be welcome, if it is fitted to their capacity and dished up with vim. Let the book-worm and the politician talk to you; if your washwoman is like mine she will spare you all trouble of looking up topics; interest your city cousin in your country life and surroundings.

Our own affairs and those of our friends have points that deal in generalities to all persons interesting; novels, authors, science, morality and religion, have their time and place for discussion. To have our wits about us, to be genial, sympathetic, interested and tactful; observing of surroundings to suggest the first words, will generally fill the bill. To accustom ourselves to talk freely of whatever is found of interest; in daily happenings, in chance reading, in a word in conversation, all these furnish safe topics, and practice makes them ready.

A young man, ambitious to become a public speaker, applied to a popular orator for "points." "Speak on all proper occasions that offer, and do your best. Inform yourself on all topics, that you can, and be ready to speak on them." This was his lesson, and this is like unto it: Converse and conversation results. "Say something, if it isn't cunning," said a little girl of my acquaintance to her silent friend. A laugh drove away the shyness, and they were soon very merry.

I am very fond of gossip—save the

mark—but scandal is my detestation. I thoroughly enjoy an hour with a lady who tells me in a spicy way of her household happenings and doings, of the kind words spoken and kindly acts performed, and I like to repeat to friends the kind things I hear said of them. Who said stop?

INGLESIDE.

A. L. L.

AN OLD FRIEND BUT A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

I believe the old saying runs thus: "Nothing venture, nothing gain," and so I thought as I perused our spicy little sheet this evening; and I resolved to profit by the above and venture just a little; hoping this will meet with favor from our kind Editor I thus proceed.

I am doubly interested in Simon's Wife, and how many there are of us who have just her experience, at least in part. As none of the readers have told her what to do for the lice that inhabit her small turkeys I will do so. If she will take salty butter, a little soft, catch the young turkeys, rub this around their eyes, on top of their heads and under their wings; but the most particular place is on top of the wings under the tuft of feathers that covers the quills of the large feathers of the wing, beginning when they are a week old and continuing twice a week until six weeks old, I do not think they will die from that cause; at least I never have any that do.

I would say to Jannette that I cannot sympathize with her as regards her awe for Beatrix, for it seems as if I am just as well acquainted with her as though she were an old and tried friend, I almost believe I should "talk her arm off" if I had an opportunity; my other half says I am equal to the emergency, which I would not have you believe. Now about our conversation, I do feel so sorry for a person who lives in this enlightened age when newspapers, books and magazines are so easily obtained and can find nothing better to talk about than himself or his neighbor. We get news from all parts of the world in our papers; in our magazines we find articles upon history, music, art, science, etc.; if we have none of these at our disposal it is good to exchange ideas upon work of different sorts, if not upon housework why perhaps upon church work; for goodness knows there is need enough for such ideas as well as downright work.

And now, with the exception of sending what I call a good recipe for lemon pie to Snip, I will bid you all good night.

A FRAUD.

THE *Home-Maker*, the magazine edited by "Marion Harland," the well-known and popular authoress, has entered upon the second year with every evidence of increasing usefulness and popularity. The October number contained the first chapters of a new novel by Marion Harland, "With the Best Intentions," which promises to equal if not excel anything she has ever written. The *Home-Maker's* sphere is, as its name indicates, a magazine for women, who will find in its columns aids in almost every line in which they are interested. Two dollars a year; 19 W. 22nd St., New York.

ECONOMY OF LABOR IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

[Read before the Liberty Farmers' Club, Oct. 5, by Mrs. Ella Wet erby.]

This is a subject which should interest every housekeeper, old or young; how we can perform our household duties with least labor, and by so doing gain some time that we can call our own, to devote to visiting, reading, study, fancy work, or to whatever our tastes and inclinations lead us.

I suppose foremost among the means of saving labor are labor saving machines, and there are many for the house as well as the farm. Those ladies who possess the most of these machines find the most time to work green dogs on blue cushions to bequeath to posterity as samples of their handiwork (rich legacies, these). But let me tell you what my labor saving machines consist of: A sewing machine, cistern pump, and clothes-pin bag. Now some of you, the men especially, will want to know what kind of machine the latter is. Well, it is made of good strong cloth, just like a planting bag, only on a larger scale, and ladies, if you have never tried one, do so. I find it a great invention; saves time and labor, and is much handier than holding two or three clothes-pins in my mouth while I hang up a garment. Now some one wants to remark on the size of my mouth, but don't, please. Most of the ladies know how handy a woman finds her mouth many times. I suppose some of the men think they do too, and wish we would keep clothes pins in them more of the time.

A kitchen implement which is a saving of time and labor and conducive to good nature is a sharp butcher-knife. I was reminded of this by my own experience the other day. Now I know a great many husbands are so careful of their wives that they never sharpen the knives for fear they will get cut; but never mind, sharpen them yourselves and run the risk. I can tell you it is economy of labor, and I can prove it. The other day I had a chicken to dissect. I knew that knife was dull (for I have one of those careful husbands), but was in a hurry and thought I would not spend time to sharpen it (economizing time you see), so I went to work and I sawed and pulled and pulled and sawed; after spending as much again time as I should, I got it in pieces. And it was in pieces sure enough; see the time, labor and patience thrown away, all for want of a sharp knife! I might have had time to read a good love story that day if I had had a sharp knife—or no chicken. I tell this for others to profit by; it has a moral, you see.

Among the many labor-saving machines are found the washing machine, patent churn, carpet sweepers, dishwashers and hosts of others. I can't advertise them, for I never tried them, but I do think of all the machines for turning out labor a good smart woman beats them all, and there's no patent on her either. She ought to vote, she wants to vote, she shall vote, and vote for less labor and higher wages.

A good way to economize labor is to put

less furbelows on our own and the children's clothes, and thus spend less time at the ironing board. I have—yes, I actually have—slept, and slept well, too, on sheets that were not ironed at all! When dry take from the line, fold nicely, snap them out, and I warrant you just as good a night's rest on them as though they had been through the pressing process. Better press less and rest more, for more press means "so tired," and "so tired" means as a general thing hasty words and sour looks. Better gain the rest and give our family kind words and pleasant looks; they will be dearer to their memory in years to come than finely laundried linen. I have heard girls tell of spending two or three hours ironing a white dress. The foolishness of it! Better been cultivating their minds, pulling out the weeds and sowing new seed which would bear rich fruit, if not in this in other generations.

Then let us have plainer food which will take less time and labor to prepare, and save our children from becoming dyspeptics. See how little time and labor the housekeepers of long ago spent on their cookery, and where do we to day find as healthy a people as they were. By having a place for everything and everything in its place, I will venture to say an hour will be gained every day. I knew a lady whose house was generally pretty well "stirred up," especially her pantry. Ask her for an article for kitchen use, she would go in the pantry, stand and look around and say "Well now, let me see; I thought I put it in such a place," but several minutes would be spent in searching for it, minutes which might have been gained for rest.

One might quote any number of old sayings, which if acted upon would save much labor, patience and time. "A stitch in time saves nine." We all know that to be true, for we can mend a small rent in much less time than we can a large one. "Haste makes waste," "More haste, less speed," and so on. Act upon them all and leisure will be yours.

But there are many poor tired mothers, with large families to care for; mothers who hunger for mental food, but no economy of labor seems to bring them the coveted time for feeding the mind. With no labor-saving machines, and no means for hiring help, how can they find time for even the much needed rest? Are there any such near us? We who find time for pleasure, then instead of working green dogs let's try and lift some burden from a tired mother's shoulder, and we may count our time well spent.

Well, I am like a great many public speakers, I don't practice what I preach. I preach for others to practice, for I never could learn to act on the homely old saying of "letting my head save my heels," and so I keep on treading around, taking two steps where one would do; but I will say in conclusion, ladies, economize all you can, and there are many ways; but if you use your spare time in fretting and talking about your neighbors, better do as I do, keep treading.

ONE OF THE GIRLS

I have just begun the third year of the Chautauqua course, and if any of the HOUSEHOLD readers are taking the course, would like to hear from them on the subject. I think it is grand.

I am one of "the girls" for whom Minnie Whiting was inquiring, and if Beatrix's fashion notes have been as much help to her as they have to me, I am sure she feels as thankful as I do that we have some one to whom we can apply for information.

We tried the "Liberty Salad" that was mentioned in the HOUSEHOLD some time ago, and found it quite a success. If any one has any more new ideas in that line, please give us the benefit of them. We are obliged to tax our brains severely at times to provide some new entertainment for our lodge "socials," and catch at new ideas as a drowning man does at straws.

EMERALD.

ABOUT APRONS.—Snip wishes to know how white aprons should be made. The ladies whom I know who wear them—and they seem quite popular among the housekeepers—have them made quite long, wide enough to protect the sides of the dress, yet not very full—thatis, they are not gathered very full to the belt. The favorite decoration seems to be lace and insertion, set across the bottom, with a hem between.—B.

A GOOD many of our best housekeepers seem to prefer to mix cream-of-tartar and soda in the old way, rather than use baking powders, on account of want of uniformity in their strength and the adulterations that are practiced. If the cream-of-tartar is pure and the measuring exact, this is undoubtedly the best way. The careless, unexact housekeeper will always get better results from baking powders, because a quarter of a spoonful more or less will do no harm. Dr. Wiley says there is no need to be alarmed at any injury to health from the use of baking powders, though the current belief that the chemical agents used in their manufacture are expelled in the baking, is an error.

Contributed Recipes.

MARBLE CAKE.—Light Part: One and a half cups white sugar; half cup butter; half cup sweet milk; two and a half cups flour; whites of four eggs; two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Flavor with vanilla. Dark Part: One cup brown sugar; half cup butter; half cup molasses; half cup sweet milk; half cup chopped raisins; two and a half cups flour; two teaspoonfuls baking powder; yolks of four eggs; one teaspoonful of cloves, allspice and cinnamon. When both are prepared, drop a small spoonful of each in alternate "spots" in a well greased cake tin. The above is sufficient for two large cakes.

WACOUSTA.

LAUREL VANE.

LEMON PIE.—The juice and grated peel of one lemon; one cup sugar; one cup cold water; one heaping teaspoonful cornstarch; one tablespoonful melted butter; three eggs, reserving the whites of two for the meringue. Beat the eggs thoroughly, add the sugar, beat again, add the other ingredients, and beat all thoroughly together. Bake to the consistency of a thick custard.

A FRAUD.

MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, NOV. 9. 1889.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW IN REAL LIFE.

Who was it, when I wed my wife,
Wished me a long and happy life
From trouble free, unvexed by strife?
My mother-in-law.

Who was it taught my wife to bake
A loaf of bread or fancy cake
And appetising dishes make?
My mother-in-law.

Who gave us counsel when we went
Housekeeping money freely spent
On things for use and ornament?
My mother-in-law.

Who taught my wife to take delight
In making all around her bright,
And meet me with a smile at night?
My mother-in-law.

Who was it when my wife was ill
Bestowed upon her care and skill
And saved me a nurse's bill?
My mother-in-law.

Who then my little ones prepared
Each morn for school who for them cared
And all their little sorrows shared?
My mother-in-law.

Who was it when their prayers were said,
So snugly tucked them into bed
And, till they slept, beside them staid?
My mother-in-law.

Who of my clothing then took care?
Who overlooked my underwear
And kept each garment in repair?
My mother-in-law.

Who comes the first to sooth my woes?
Who loves my friends and hates my foes?
Who buys my children lots of clothes?
My mother-in-law.

Who oft to me her aid has lent
To buy the coal and pay the rent?
Who'd gladly see me President?
My mother-in-law.

A loving grandmother is she,
A generous friend she's been to me,
For ever honored let her be,
My mother-in-law.

Boston Courier.

OBSERVATIONS.

The eider-down or Jersey flannel, as it is variously called, which sells at from 50 to 65 cents per yard, 27 inches wide, makes warm, cheap and pretty cloaks for young children. It is nearly always striped, black and red, brown and red, pale blue and white, or pink and white or grey, and is very soft and warm looking. It should be lined when made up in little cloaks, but requires no wadding unless for greater warmth a sheet of the glazed cotton is put between outside and lining in the plain round waist. The same material makes

warm and comfortable undershirts for ladies' or children's wear.

French flannels in stripes of two colors, 27 inches wide, at 50 and 65 cents a yard, are popular for morning wrappers, and often made up as tea-gowns with fronts of surah or plain cashmere of the color of one of the stripes. There are revers turning back from the full fronts, and these are cut so that the stripes run toward the waist line, giving a slender effect.

It is well to know that velvet sleeves are made for many dresses which are trimmed with that material. There are velvet revers, cuffs, collar, panel in the skirt if desired, and velvet sleeves. This helps out in remodeling an old dress especially. Velvet sleeves are also seen in jackets and cloaks, but are not as pretty as in dresses.

Velvet ribbon is a fashionable trimming this winter. It is put on in rows round the bottom of the skirt, across the bottom of the Directorate polonaises, borders panels, and is arranged perpendicularly as stripes on corsages. A very striking costume seen here had the front of the skirt laid in wide kilt pleats turning toward the front, where they met. Down every pleat was a row of two inch black velvet, set on not quite an inch from the edge of the pleat, the end at the bottom being turned under to make a loop. The next pleat folded partly over the velvet, narrowing toward the waist. The effect was quite pretty and novel.

Plush has quite gone out of favor, and velvet has its "innings" now. Velvet brocades are again in style, in combinations with silk and velvet for dresses and mantles.

Fringes—the sewing silk fringes of forty years ago—are again popular. They are very rich and heavy, and costly, ranging from \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2 and \$2.50 per yard up to \$6 and \$8. The \$1.50 and \$2 are used most for finishing the ends of sashes, trimming mantles and dresses. There are pieces designed for the fronts of dresses, with V-shaped netted headings from which fall strands of silk three feet long; these are from \$9 to \$15, and I heartily agreed with the salesman who directed my attention to them and who said he'd "look at fifteen dollars a long time before he would exchange that sum for one of 'those things.'" But then, he was not a woman.

Faillie Francaise and peau de soie are the most popular silks just now. The former is a heavy rep silk and has been popular for some time. Its worst fault is the proclivity to wear shiny; but this, sales-

men at various silk counters have assured me, is something all silks will do. The peau de soie is a revival of the old fashioned goods known to a former generation as padusoy; it is a lovely soft, lustrous goods, and 22 inches wide, is sold at from \$1.15 to \$1.25 and \$1.35 per yard. One of its best qualities is its "non mussability"—to coin a word. I saw a dress of this material taken from close packing in a small valise, well shaken, hung up, and when wanted to wear there was not a wrinkle in it. The salesman who showed me some patterns the other day twisted it as a washwoman would wring a sheet and it snapped out again as lustrous and smooth as ever.

The leg o'mutton sleeve is one of the most popular shapes this year. It is gathered into the armhole so as to stand up around the top of the shoulder. The shirt sleeve has a deep plain cuff, and is gathered slightly to the cuff and also to the armhole. Another model has the upper half of the sleeve gathered to the under part, to make horizontal wrinkles around the arm.

One of the prettiest cloaks I have seen for a girl of twelve was of dark green cloth with seal brown stripes half an inch wide occurring at intervals of about four inches. It was made at home, too. There was a plain long waist, without seams in the back or front, but shaped to fit loosely by the under arm seams. This part was lined, and to it was gathered the straight skirt, made just full enough to hang well, and sewed in with a cord as large as a small slate pencil covered with the goods. A cape which seemed to be a straight piece of the material gathered to the neck and shaped around the shoulders, came half the length to the elbow, and was trimmed with a bias band of green velvet; the cape had square corners in front. There was a standing collar of velvet, and a green satin bow and ends at the throat.

Black lace dresses are as fashionable as ever and will be much worn this winter for evening dress. Young and old ladies wear them. There seems a return to the use of lace for front drapery, with silk back breadths, instead of making the entire dress of lace.

One of the Paris "Exposition dresses" brought back by a Detroit lady is of velvet and brocade. There is in front two forward turing pleats of velvet, meeting in the centre, and widening toward the bottom. On each side is a brocade panel, the brocade being woven especially for the purpose. Next comes two sections of

velvet laid in pleats, one of which is caught at the top under a passementerie ornament, the other, on the other side, makes a loose puff at the top. The back is a width of the brocade set in between these velvet sections, and is not over an eighth of an inch wide at the top, flaring, fan fashion, to the foot. The entire skirt is lined with black silk, so that not a seam shows, and the bottom is finished with a doubled velvet pleating, inside of which is a double ruche of pinked silk. The basque is velvet, very short over the hips, with the back cut in long rounded points; an Empire girdle of velvet crosses the brocade front, with narrow sash pointed at the ends and finished with a passementerie tassel. Sleeves of velvet, full, with deep cuffs.

BEATRIX.

MY EXPERIENCE WITH MORNING CALLERS.

One Friday morning about ten o'clock I was busily engaged doing my weekly sweeping; not that I wish to have it understood that I sweep but once a week, but a general and thorough job at moving furniture and making a more complete renovation than upon other days of the week, when a voice at the foot of the stairs called out "Are you up stairs? I rapped several times and couldn't make you hear, so I came right in; I thought perhaps you were up stairs." I recognized the voice as belonging to one of my neighbors who, often drops in, with or without her work to sit and chat a while. "Yes," I replied, coming to the head of the stairs, "I am sweeping, just step up stairs where we can chat, and at the same time I can keep on with my work, it's sweeping day you know," I added apologetically, "and where there is only one pair of hands, every moment must be improved if one gets through before dinner time." I gave her an easy chair in one corner of the room, as much as possible out of the dust, and while she commenced with "I just ran in to see" etc., I finished my sweeping; then while the dust was settling, or being carried out through the open windows I made the bed, also the one in the adjoining room, then dusted and tidied the room, and all this without seriously interrupting the conversation. The consequence was that by the time the chamber work was finished and we had returned to the sitting room her errand was accomplished, and after a few minutes' further chat, in which time I was preparing the potatoes for dinner, she took her leave, without having hindered me a moment in my work.

Of course it would not always be practicable to manage in this way, but by a little judicious planning, work of one kind or another may nearly always be carried on during these morning calls, which from the very fact of being so perfectly unceremonious give one an opportunity for doing as one would not feel at liberty to do during an afternoon call. Had it been baking day my friend would have been invited to take a seat in the kitchen in a comfortable chair where her presence would not have been the slightest hindrance to

my work. Had she happened in on a Monday, I should have said "Now won't you take this chair out here in the wash rooms where we can chat, and at the same time I can keep on with my washing, as I always like to get it out of the way before it is time to get dinner." These morning callers who drop in unceremoniously do not wish to interfere with our work, and I am sure would be far better pleased to be thus entertained than to feel that they were keeping us from necessary duties.

FLINT.

ELLA R. WOOD.

AIDS TO CONVERSATION.

After an absence of about three years (if I remember correctly), I again attempt an entrance to our HOUSEHOLD. I have been compelled through continued ill health to give up almost entirely an attendance upon the several societies with which I have been so pleasantly associated, and to likewise lay aside the pen. However, my interest and attention have not been in the least diverted from the HOUSEHOLD during my silence. And though I cherish no thought of remembrance by its readers, I have a hope that I have not been wholly forgotten by Beatrix. During a month's stay in Detroit last June, I resolved again and again to call upon her. The failure to carry out my intentions was not occasioned by a mind picture similar to Jannette's—notwithstanding there may have been need of it—but of the reverse. I could muster no thought only of pleasantness. I aim not to discuss or philosophize on this occasion of my coming, but I do want to say that if culture and opportunities for refinement have not been ours to make use of, or if ours, they have been neglected, then we cannot hope to converse as intelligently and well as the favored ones. Methinks it is useless to expect, or try to maintain an equal power of usefulness in any relation of life unless we are timely and properly fitted for it. Now, where is the power by which we may overcome diffidence in conversation and timidity of action in the presence of those whom we know to be superior and good conversationalists? One great essential is to store the mind with the best ideas we can acquire, whatever position in life we may fill; then I know no better or surer aid than in that daily life and practice, to allow no impure thought or desire to hold possession of the mind, and to be ever vigilant as to the manner and expression of the thoughts we utter. Thus the way is surely opened to improvement in individual character and training. Be courteous from simplicity of heart, and honest in purpose, with the sincere desire to be earnest and true. As Beatrix quotes: "Verily, courtesy is the sister of charity who banishes hatred and cherishes love."

With our faces hopefully turned toward the broadening light of continued effort in the right direction, we may not only hope to kindly and unmistakably find true courtesy and friendship, even from those who are intelligent and wise beyond ourselves; but the goal may be won by us, and we at last stand upon treasured heights. The one great barrier which arises between

those who make the most of themselves, and those who cannot, or will not, from lack of appreciation or circumstance, is in the coarseness or abruptness with which many times the lines of distinction are over-reached. Truly refined sensitive persons often secretly endure and suffer from such attacks rather than be guilty of the kind of resentment necessitated by them; were approach made without these assaults upon sense and feeling, kindness and good will would be the result instead of abhorrent indifference.

I find I am tarrying too long, and so will leave as I want to come again before long, although I have not half had my say upon this theme of conversation.

METAMORA.

MERCY.

LAUREL'S OPINIONS.

That different people have different thoughts and opinions on the same subject, never strikes me so forcibly as when reading the HOUSEHOLD. Now for instance I do not think Evangeline's "Week" a bit more unreal than the "Cloudy Week;" indeed judging from my own standpoint, I think that of the two the latter is the most overdrawn. And again I think there is some truth as well as poetry in "Simon's Plea," not that I believe in "taking up" for the men in general, but give every one his due. Now to prove that I am not always on the "contrary side" I will say that I heartily agree with all that has been said against using tobacco, indeed I do not think enough can be said against the pernicious habit, although practically I know but little about it, as neither my father or husband use the weed. I have made Evangeline's Lady and Yellow cake many times, always with excellent results. I make it exactly like the recipe, I never saw the necessity of using more flour than the recipe calls for. I have made and baked them in separate loaves, I have marbled them together, and have baked them in layers, alternating them together with cocoanut or icing between, and always had delicious cake. I never hesitate about trying any of Evangeline's recipes, thinking it might prove a waste of time or material; on the contrary I always expect something good.

LAUREL VANE.

WACUSTA.

LEMON PIES.

Snip asks for a recipe for a good lemon pie, and as I have had considerable experience with that article, good, bad and indifferent, I'll send her the recipe my husband's mother taught me to use, and if she will follow it she may get complimented as I did, the other day, thusly: "You do make the nicest lemon pie and I want you to tell me how." [The recipe will be found on the fourth page.—Ed.]

Before guessing about who wrote the article signed "Simon's Wife," is out of order I'd like to guess "Evangeline" and I imagine I'm not alone in the surmise, from the tone of one or two letters in the last HOUSEHOLD.

Will some one send directions for making a pretty crocheted sacque for an infant?

EDNA.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

These are themes which have occupied the pens of the poet and the writer of fiction in all ages; and form, even when allowance has been made for all extravagances that have been said or written concerning them, most important ingredients in true happiness. In marriage, individuals pass into what may be almost termed a new existence, a step so grave and solemn that very few approach it without some trepidation.

The impelling motives to marriage are various and differ according to the peculiar mental constitution of the individual. Some men have been captivated through some chance evidence of the excellent domestic qualities possessed by a lady acquaintance, others have become susceptible to face and form, while still others are attracted by wealth. In fashionable circles the desire of title and position is often a powerful consideration in bringing about this weighty transaction, although it is of all others the one which should be least mingled with selfish feelings, marriage being "the most important die that man can throw, next to the great cast for eternity."

The best, the purest and the most reliable motive on which this important step should hang is, I need hardly say, love, a feeling which, for want of a better definition, may be described as the highest form of friendship. Both parties should see in each other qualities which are agreeable, which they esteem and which they love; all fused together, however, by the fire, more or less ardent, of affection and imagination. Love is proverbially blind, and it is well, therefore, before the mind becomes subjugated by its influence, that there should be consideration given to the value of certain qualities which are certainly connected quite intimately with a happy issue of the marriage relationship. These qualities are first, health, for a sick husband or a sick wife is anything but a desirable prospect in marriage. Then will follow the domestic qualities; and every man who contemplates matrimony should settle the question as to whether his future wife is possessed of those qualities which fit her to discharge the various duties devolving upon the mistress of a household. Numerous have been the eloquent denunciations of the wrongs of oppressed nationalities and down-trodden peoples, but if the countless injured husbands who are compelled to either sew on buttons for themselves or resort to numerous devices in lieu thereof could be heard, they would tell a tale of forlorn and outraged helplessness which would cause many a heart to bleed. The writer never sewed on a button in his life until after he had married a supposedly thoroughly domestic wife, and therefore testifies as expert authority.

Accomplishments, in their bearing on domestic happiness must of course be viewed in reference to the position of the parties in life. In some cases there is but little time for their development, and in

the great majority of families some music and a moderate taste for reading will be found to answer every purpose, but in the higher classes of society where more time must be filled in, the range of accomplishments must, of necessity, be higher.

Beauty, whether of face or form, is an element which, though not ranking as an essential, plays a more important part than might at first sight appear in domestic happiness. It seems generally agreed that the woman should not look for this quality in the man, but in woman we all wish it. The variety of tastes and opinions as to what constitutes beauty happily gives a wide choice in the matter. As to beauty alone, without good sense, wit or intellect, it is, in my personal estimation, a very poor acquisition, the commanding properties of which are lost whenever its owner speaks.

The matter of dress is one which also has considerable weight in the scale of domestic happiness, for this is the rock upon which many a matrimonial bark has struck—and capsized. We of the masculine fraternity are, on the whole, oblivious of our own useless expenditures in this direction, but we never fail to lavish the greatest condemnation on those of the opposite sex who are ever wasting money on

"Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in,
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in,
Dresses in which to do nothing at all,
Dresses for winter, spring, summer and fall."

Good temper is a quality the value of which speaks for itself. Congeniality of taste and sentiment is also a great point; still one of the greatest authors of whom we have any record, it is said married a woman of exceedingly small intellectual caliber, that he might rest his mind by not bringing it in contact with one that stirred it up, and they lived happily. If Katherine, after being tamed by Petruchio to call the sun the moon when he wished it, had kept up the same monotonous unanimity on every point without offering any opinion of her own to vary conversation, her husband must in the end have almost wished her back again in her former position of a shrew, who, though troublesome, had yet the freshness of an independent mind. On all great questions, however, I believe in thorough unanimity. With congeniality of taste and sentiment, there should be general powers of companionship, as well as sufficient strength of character to enable the partners to stand the trials and emergencies of life.

When all these points have been examined, however, there still remains the money question. Universal disgust can only arise when youth marries old age from pecuniary motives, as such marriages can only be regarded as contracts concerning the dowry. "Married for a home," or as "a last chance" may be classified in the same category. Still the dollars and cents question cannot be ignored.

Early marriages, governed by affection alone, although so vigorously opposed through presumably prudential motives, are in a great majority of cases the haven of happiness and bliss. Happy to themselves, their love is the sweetener of domestic life. The prospect of rising becomes an incentive to industry. The

natural cares and toils are softened by the ecstasy of love. The husband feels the influence in a powerful degree and devotes his energies toward making his young family happy, being roused into activity by the most endearing of all human motives. The wife on the other hand, instigated by the same design, makes his home comfortable and his hours of repose happy. She uses what he earns with economy, and while he is providing food and raiment for their bodies she is busied in the maternal duties of a happy and contented household. Thus, while they secure to themselves the most sober and tranquil felicity, they become by their marriage amiable, active and virtuous members of society.

DETROIT.

OUTIS.

THE BABY.

I have not been a reader of the HOUSEHOLD very long, but now I enjoy it and receive benefit as well as pleasure. I would like to ask some questions of those who have had experience.

I looked for and expected there would be more answers to "Dill." My baby is nine months old, when five weeks old we had to feed her with cow's milk. At first I watered it, then gradually gave it to her stronger, till now for about two months she has had whole milk. I keep two bottles, one for night and one for day, and cleanse them with ashes. What I would like to know is this: What is the cause of her want of sleep? She seems healthy in every way but that, hardly sleeps any during the day and not well at night. Would eating meat (beef or chicken), she is very fond of it, be the cause? or is it the whole milk? I would like to know also, what would be the effect on her if we would go to the city where we would be likely to get different cows' milk? I would be very thankful for answers to the above questions.

DAISY.

HENDERS ON.

A SHORT CALL.

I would like to say to E. L. Nye that possibly it is not a sin for her, but that are too many who make Sunday a day of mere pleasure. "Let us not therefore judge one another any more; but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block, or an occasion to fall in his brother's way." It is a hard thing to do always, but we have help if we ask.

I receive both pleasure and profit in reading the HOUSEHOLD. It is my first visit and will send a few recipes, and give one for baking powder that costs less than twenty-five cents a pound, and which I like very well.

HANNAH.

S. A. H., of Norvell; Clo S. Pin, of Oakley and Zilpha, of Mason, have furnished recipes for lemon pie. As their rules differ in no essential particular from the two we give this week, we do not find it necessary to duplicate by publishing them, though thanking the writers for their prompt response to Snip's request.

CHICKEN PIE EVERY DAY.

I have learned many good things from the HOUSEHOLD, and as I am not one bit selfish—at least I guess not—I want to tell you something I have learned lately, though not from the HOUSEHOLD. My friends all know, or if they do not, I do, how fond I am of chicken pie, and I have found a way that is so simple and quick that one can have chicken pie every day, providing she can get the chickens. After the chicken is cooked tender remove the large bones, put it in a dish and season to taste. Now thicken the broth remaining in the kettle and put plenty in the dish with the chicken. Take two cups butter-milk, one cup sour cream, soda to sweeten, and two eggs, stir as thick as you can with flour and spread it upon the chicken and bake, and you have a chicken pie with so little trouble. Perhaps some of the HOUSEHOLDERS may have known this way before. If so, why have you not told us?

About this courtesy. The Bible tells us that: "charity covers a multitude of sins," and if courtesy be the sister of charity, then it is evident that a person who is willing and anxious to sit in judgment upon her friends, has not this true courtesy. I hold that true courtesy is a kindly feeling discreetly manifested. It springs from a pure and benevolent heart. Frequent intercourse with genteel society may give it a polish, but is no part of the substance. True courtesy cannot be assumed, it must be cultivated. It is idle to be polite in manner, if we do not entertain kind feelings in the heart. Such a course is only wearing the cloak of hypocrisy around the form of corruption. It is this sham courtesy that I deplore, the kind that will allow us to say pleasant things, which we do not mean, merely to make people feel good.

If out of the kindly feeling of our hearts we cannot say anything good, and be sincere in saying it, I say let it remain unsaid. Flattery and insincerity go hand in hand. Let us be true to ourselves, and when we say anything let us mean it. "Let your communication be yea, yea; nay, nay! for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."

EUNICE.

ARBION.

PLEASANT CHAT.

I had not intended to come again so soon, but I know I can give Snip a recipe for a "good lemon pie," so while I am here I might as well have my say about some other things.

To begin with I do believe that I shall be obliged to go directly against the teachings of Beatrix on the oilcloth question. I have always said I did not like it, and would never use it, but this summer my patience has been particularly tried by the women. We have had one who seems to think the table is made to rest himself on, at least he almost reclines on it. I cannot keep a neat looking cloth by using two a week, and I do not feel like washing more than that number, as I have all the work to do for five, one a dear little mischief of

two years and four months. I really think I will get an oilcloth for next summer. While there are only Mr. Ed, little Horace and myself through the winter, we can keep tablecloths so I would not be too much ashamed to have the HOUSEHOLDERS call on me and stay to dinner, and I always have enough to eat. It does not generally put me out much to have unexpected company. Having lived most of my life in Detroit I have lots of city company; this summer I had three, six weeks, and five, one week; my only regret is that my time is so occupied that I cannot return these visits; at least I can only spend a week or two there. I too went to the Exposition, but although I stayed five days I did not get down to see our Beatrix. I think she will survive it, but I really want to see her and the album. I hope to next time. How I would enjoy a chat with Simon's Wife, and in fact all of the HOUSEHOLD contributors, but if we all met at once, I fear the neighbors would have to put cotton in their ears.

OXFORD

MR3. ED.

A NEEDED REST.

So many have told of their vacations, excursions and visits I will mention mine. It was not long, only three weeks, but so pleasantly spent that on returning from such a trip one picks up her household duties with much more energy. For most farmers' wives, especially those in moderate circumstances have to be their own hostess, servant, washwoman and cook, and a rest from such multiplied duties does one good. I think as a rule they do not go enough, but work on and on, often thinking they can not afford the much needed rest.

Our visit took us to the southern part of the State, in Lenawee and Washtenaw counties, visiting relatives and old friends who had not been seen for two years. Many things had undergone a change, but the old home that brings so many remembrances, good and bad, pleasant and sad, will never change in one's heart; and on our return home it was necessary for us to halt for our team's sake, we made it convenient to stop with a man who evidently thought it more blessed to give than to receive, and we started homeward the next morning, feeling that we are indeed one people here below.

Will some one send a tested rule for pickling onions.

CLO S. PIN.

OAKLEY.

A HOUSEKEEPERS' BAG.

It seems rather early to write about Christmas presents; but if we wish others to be benefitted by our hints I suppose we shall have to begin now. This seems to be an era of bags, and one of the nicest presents for the young housekeeper, or an old one either, is a housekeepers' bag. The bag may be made of any material and decorated in any way the maker may fancy, provided it is capacious in size. It is the contents that make it valuable, and they are varied indeed. A goodly supply of holders, both for the ironing table and for use about the stove; a number of neatly

hemmed dishcloths, towels and dusting cloths; table mats, crocheted of knitting cotton or carpet warp; tray and carver's cloth made of butchers' linen with an appropriate design outlined in colored cottons, are all suitable to be put in one of these bags; and probably if you begin to fill one you will think of many other things, perhaps some which will be especially useful to the one for whom it is intended; for "everything goes" in one of these bags which will make work easier in dining room or kitchen.

I am quite sure that a housekeeper's bag presented to a busy woman would cause her to think gratefully of the giver many times before another Christmas.

A yard of India linen or other fine white goods will make four lovely handkerchiefs; which, nicely hemstitched and with a monogram worked in one corner, would make a present no one need be ashamed to give or receive.

I wish to thank all who write for our little paper. Almost every letter contains something helpful to body or mind. Long may the HOUSEHOLD, its Editor and contributors prosper is the wish of

OSSEO.

MIGNON.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To be very sure your pickles are where they ought to be, safe under brine, and be able to dismiss them from your mind entirely until you want them, put the pickles in a thin cloth—cheesecloth or muslin—bag, then put over them a board or a plate with a weight on top to keep the bag under brine, and every pickle is bound to "stay put."

If you have no ice, and have a piece of meat you wish to keep fresh for another day, salt it slightly and wrap in a coarse towel, then in a large cloth, and put it six inches deep in a box of shelled corn, oats, or wheat. The secret is the complete exclusion of the air.

Contributed Recipes.

BAKING POWDER.—Two and a half ounces tartaric acid; four ounces bicarbonate of soda; three-fourths pound cornstarch. Mix through a sieve thoroughly. HANNAH.

LEMON PIE.—Mix and let come to a boil one cup sugar, one cup water and small lump butter; thicken with three tablespoonfuls flour mixed smooth; let cool; pour over the grated rind and juice of one lemon mixed with the yolks of two eggs. After the pie is baked pour over it the whites of the eggs, well beaten with two teaspoonfuls fine sugar; let brown four minutes.

I use Leda's pie crust, a recipe I got out of the HOUSEHOLD a few years ago: it is splendid.

OXBOW.

MRS. ED.

LEMON PIE.—First, a good crust, under only. Take a good sized lemon, grate the rind and squeeze out the juice; then take a large tablespoonful of cornstarch, mix with a little cold water in a teacup and pour boiling water on, stirring it rapidly and it will be clear and thick; stir this with the grated rind and juice, then beat the yolks of two eggs and one whole egg and a cup of sugar to a froth and stir in just before putting in the oven. It will not take long to bake, as the cornstarch is cooked before putting in. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, add four teaspoonfuls sugar, spread over the pie and return to the oven and brown a trifle.

EDNA.