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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

A WOMAN'S POCKET.

Just where it is one never knows—
Beneath the folds it never shows
Above, below, before, behind—
A puzzle to the human mind!
Man never knows his helplessness
Until he tries in woman's dress
To find her pocket.

'Twas sooner found in early days
Before they had the polonaise!
Dressmakers now are sore perplexed
To know where just to hide it next!
In these hard times of scanty purse
'Tis hard to find the dress—but worse
To find the pocket.

A fact by husbands too well known,
She finds his pocket, while her own
Is so concealed about her dress
It long since lost its usefulness.
She bears her purse now in her hand
Because she never can command
That hidden pocket.

He's new to matrimonial cares
Who volunteers to run up stairs
And fetch a trifle more or less,
His bride left in some other dress!
Believe me, nature ne'er designed
That mortal man should ever find
A woman's pocket.

He opens wide the closet door,
Each hook so full of robes galore,
That ere he finds the proper gown
Each dress in turn has tumbled down:
Into the placket hole at back
He thrusts his arm, alas! alack!
'Tis not the pocket.

He drags it out in his despair
And spreads it o'er an easy chair—
Lifts up each tuck and fold and seam,
Walks round and round as in a dream.
He's much too good a man to swear,
Yet undevoutly wonders where
She keeps that pocket.

He grabs it up, and, rushing down,
Upon her lap he tosses the gown.
"In truth you are the 'better half'
If you can find—Why do you laugh?"
"I laugh because you've brought me here
A petticoat, my hubby dear,
To find a pocket."

Man finds a score with equal grace;
They're always in the self same place,
But woman, since the world begun,
Could never locate even one.
We'll not except good mother Eve,
Who had no chance as you'll perceive,
To wear a pocket,

Nor use for one in her scant suit,
Except, per chance to carry fruit.
What parsons these men would be
Had Eve not let poor Adam see
That luscious fruit to man forbid,
But kept the tempting apple hid
Inside her pocket.

Do the work that's nearest,
Though it's dull at times,
Helping when you meet them,
Lame dogs over stiles.

CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

Sometimes I find an allusion to something I have said in the HOUSEHOLD which sets me to turning over the file of back numbers which I keep in my desk drawer, in search of my exact phraseology. I have just finished a task of that nature, induced by Eunice's reference to "how we may tell a gentleman when we see one," and her objection that the rule is not absolute. In the HOUSEHOLD of Sept. 14, in "An Excursion," I found these words: "Do you know there is nothing 'places' a young man more quickly, more surely, or advertises his social station and breeding than what he does with his hat? When greeting a friend, a gentleman's hand moves as instinctively to his hat as his lips open to speak."

Well now, I find nothing to take back in that assertion. I did not say it made a man a gentleman to lift his hat to a lady; please observe. A gentleman is a man of refinement, of good manners and good breeding. His manners are the outward sign of his social station and his familiarity with the usages of polite society. He may be a rascal at heart, with the external qualities of a gentleman, just as a man might enter a parlor full of ladies with his hat on his head and still be an honest and upright man. That the term "gentleman" has come to indicate external appearances and behavior, rather than the possession of desirable qualities of mind and heart, is not my fault; I only use the term in its usual significance. You see it is like this—and the argument carries weight with both men and women: We cannot discover except upon acquaintance what claims a man may have to be called a gentleman or a woman a lady because of beauty and purity of heart and life. Our lives and theirs touch casually and part again; we do not know their good qualities or their bad ones through our chance meetings. But we do know whether they are well-mannered or not, and is it not both natural and just that we shall place them in our esteem according to their manners? It is certainly inevitable.

A gentlemanly, courteous demeanor has an actual business value in cities. A man can afford to be a bear after he has become rich and independent, but he certainly cannot afford it while he is poor and struggling. Much less stress is laid on such things in the country, I am well aware; yet even there they have their weight. Where does the farmer's wife

like to trade best, where the merchant lets her tie her own horse and carry out her own bundles, or where courteous attention is paid her, recognizing her as both a customer and a lady? The merchant may know it is "business" for him to be polite, and she may know it is policy on his part, not genuine friendliness, but she likes it just the same.

Farmers' sons sometimes complain that the girls are more partial to the attentions of those they scornfully designate as "dudes" and "counter-jumpers," whose worldly assets are their clothes and an unpaid board bill, than to substantial young farmers who have more good sense and more money but cannot "put on so much style." Well, I was a girl once myself, and I think I know the reason. The young "dudes" have the outward attributes of gentlemen; they are polite in manner, and prompt to proffer attention; they have a certain *savoir vivre* which pleases the object of their attention, for no woman is impervious to the charm of courtesy of which she is an object. If the farmers' sons would cultivate the graces of manner until they set easily upon them through habit, they need never take a back seat for any town dude in the opinion of any girl whose favor is worth winning.

For these and other reasons I strongly counsel young men and young women never to neglect those small courtesies which are evidence of familiarity with the customs of society. They are little things, to be sure, but by custom they become habitual. I have no doubt some who read this will "Pish" and "Pooh," and say if people don't like their style, etc., but that's all right too. If we want anything in this world very much, we must make an effort to get it; and if a man wants to be considered a gentleman he must make the effort to acquire the manners of one.

"How shall we discover a lady?" By the same means by which we recognize a gentleman. By gentle, quiet manners, by courteous treatment of others, by observance of the little points that make what we call etiquette, by a low voice and good language; these for externals. When you learn what is behind these outward evidences, and find there kindness and warmth of heart, charity, truthfulness and purity, then you have a lady "through and through."

S. J. B., in the HOUSEHOLD of Nov. 2nd, returns to the charge on the tablecloth vs. oilcloth problem, and asks a question or two she wishes me to answer. She still

thinks my aversion to oilcloth a prejudice, that is, that I have an unreasonable predilection in favor of tablecloths and a mental bias against oilcloth. But she seems to confess to the same prejudice, since she says she cannot persuade herself to use a substitute for linen; and I am perfectly willing to remain in such good company. Come to think about it, I do not know but I have a good many such prejudices. In my boarding house experiences I draw the line at basement dining-rooms and red table-linen; I dislike to have my cup filled too full, or part of its contents spilled in the saucer; and despise the individual salt-cellar unless it is emptied after and filled before each meal. Then I like meat sliced across the grain, and bread cut thin and even—oh, lots of such little preferences or prejudices, call them what you please. Their presence makes me a little more satisfied with my dinner, their absence does not distress or particularly annoy me. They are trifles, but trifles, you know, "make up the sum of happiness below."

S. J. B. asks how it is possible to secure refined manners at the average country table. Now I do not see any valid reason why good manners should not prevail at a country table as well as at a city table. There need be no distinction. People are just as hungry in town as they are in country, and it takes just as much to satisfy a healthy appetite in one place as another, where people are engaged in outdoor labor. And refined manners are only to be secured by training the children while they are young, and insisting on a few rules which not only tend to good manners but also are hygienic in their nature. For instance, S. J. B. speaks of the tired, hungry and thirsty men who are too impatient to wait for the tea to cool so must slop it over into the saucer, perhaps set the dripping cup on the cloth to leave a muddy ring on its whiteness. But why this haste? Cannot a man subdue the animal instinct, and control himself in presence of food even though he is hungry? Of course he can if he will make the effort. When he is tired, overheated and hungry is just the time for him to exercise the virtue of self-restraint for his health's sake. He takes into his stomach a great quantity of imperfectly masticated food and a couple of cups of scalding hot tea or coffee, as rapidly as he can cram it down his throat, leaves the table as soon as he has swallowed the last mouthful, and lies in the shade half an hour "to rest." The whole process somehow forcibly reminds one of how the boa-constrictor feeds. But, not being constructed on boa-constrictor principles, first he knows he has headache, gets bilious, learns he has a stomach and ascertains the location of his liver, goes to taking patent medicine, develops chronic dyspepsia, and pays nature's bills with the doctor's, and all this evil we trace back to a lack of good manners at the table, which would have ensured quiet, leisurely meals, well masticated food, beverages drank when nearly of the temperature of the body, securing perfect assimilation of food and a well nurtured physical system. When tired, hungry and thirsty is just the time

when rest is more imperatively demanded than food.

I am sure it would be a wise provision on every farm to have the dinner bell rung enough in advance of the meal hour to necessitate a wait of ten or fifteen minutes for the men to rest and cool off. It would be a step in the interests of good health and good manners. BEATRIX.

THE JOYS OF TO-DAY.

To-day's joys will not come again. There may be pleasures to-morrow, next week, next year, but those of to-day will not return. Joys do not come twice alike—*change, irrevocable change.*

Take a walk in the park, drive out in the fresh of the morning with Tom or Mollie, and don't say "I am busy, cannot go." Drop out of the conventionality of the avenue, and go just as you are, in morning wrapper and sunshade. The unexpected lifts up and buoys the heart, and one breath of surprise is worth an hundred of preparation.

The blossoms will come again, but they may not find a like attraction in our hearts; sorrow and grief may have clouded our homes since last spring-time. Take the choice bits of life as they come, and don't put off the happy hour trusting it will come again.

Minnie, only two years old, is full of mischief and mother wishes she were grown. But dear mother, age will come fast enough! The little slippers are soon outgrown and childish prattle left behind. Babyhood, childhood, youth, eighteen years, boarding school, the altar, marriage, and our Minnie is a mother with cares like yours.

It is a short summer-time! How the distances have shortened down the well known road where we used to go to school! The trees are not as tall and the haystack is not as high as it used to be. Those young fancies have given room for serious comparison. Even the daisy does not cheer us as it once did. Let the children live their childhood life, it comes but once. Enjoy their merry whistled notes, for the world will some day take them up and out of your sight to wrestle with the waves of life and toil. E. V. J.

CHICAGO.

THE HUSBAND'S FAULTS.

Talmage in a sermon once told of a woman who had been unhappily married and who came from death to heaven's gate, and the order was given that she should do nothing but rest for the next ten thousand years, and have twenty thousand angels to wait on her. Not as a compensation for her trials, but because—now mark this—*she never told!* Though I do not share Mr. Talmage's very realistic ideas of heaven, I do think all honor should be given the woman who bears the heaviest cross possible in this life bravely and in silence rather than commit the treachery of saying one word against her husband. I think no two are ever drawn together by the attraction of love, unless each is necessary to

the fullest development of the other. Their life together may not be happy, but is it only by happiness we grow?

Much that "he" does of which you do not approve may be due to adverse circumstances. There are many ups and downs in American life; and when prosperity remedies the fault in time, you will be very glad you never told any one of the failing that troubled you.

Above all things say not one word critical of your husband to your children. They need their father as well as their mother. They naturally love him and might never know there was anything amiss in him if you did not point it out to them.

Olive Thorne Miller, in the October *Home-Maker*, says something worth repeating: "We sometimes see women who after thirty years of marriage have not learned to deal with a husband's peculiarities." Make up your mind once for all that he will always do this or that which you disapprove and that you are not responsible; and what is more important, you must understand that he has a right to his ways. Then decide firmly that you will not care about them, and what a relief you will feel.

Cannot the long essays before institutes and associations be published in the *FARMER*? They take up so much room in our little *HOUSEHOLD*.

PIONEER.

HULDAH PERKINS.

MAYBELLE ON MARRIAGE.

Much has been written and said on women's rights and whether marriage is a failure or not. For my own part, I think women have their rights and marriage is a success. Where the head of the family partnership aims to do justice; where the wife's wardrobe as well as his own is a matter of pride to the husband; where he notes the shabby shoes, the faded dress, the old-fashioned jacket, and suggests the need of and furnishes the money for better ones without waiting to be asked—there is where marriage is not a failure; and the wife has no need to ask that desperate question, "What shall I do to earn money?" A crisp ten dollar note is the best panacea in the world for a down-hearted, over-worked woman.

I wish to thank Mrs. Fuller for her advice about my chrysanthemums. I have re-set them; and found, as she intimated, that they were badly root-bound. They are beginning to bud and are doing nicely now. I have fifteen plants, of different colors, which were sickly in appearance when given to me, and I did not know what to do for them. MAYBELLE.

WOLVERINE.

MAYBELLE asks space for a correction of a part of her letter in the *HOUSEHOLD* of Nov. 2nd. She says: "In speaking of the people of my old home I wished to say 'how glad and content we would be to have more such educated and refined people settled here.' I do not wish to appear like the egotist A. L. L. tells us about."

CONVERSATION.

Jannette asks, what may we talk about? She wants instruction to enable her to converse with, and entertain the children and older people; the book-worm and the politician; the woman who washes for her and her city cousin. Jannette, did you ever hear it said "It is much easier to ask questions than to answer them?"

This is a subject which will bear a great deal of thought, a goodly amount of talking up, and also of writing about. Now if a number of the HOUSEHOLD readers can say one or two good things each, on this subject, we may all be benefited by this discussion.

To be a good conversationalist requires a well stored mind. To talk well on any subject the individual must be well informed concerning it, and to be well informed requires much study, and that demands much time. The number of subjects is legion; no two persons are equally well entertained with the same subject, even the "book-worms" have their choice in books, each according to his own individuality; and the politician is as many-sided as the glass ball cut in small diamond-shaped facets all over its surface. And if there is more than one city cousin, one would wish to be entertained with the latest fashion in dress, bonnets, gloves and wraps, all the latest things in decorative work, which includes much more than many might think at the first, while the other would wish to know all about the latest new books of facts or fiction; and so we might go on indefinitely.

Where is the housekeeper who has the time, or the brains if she were not housekeeper, to acquire and keep in order ready for use all these things? We cannot all be Madame de Staels.

An easier way I will try to show. It is often said "Good listeners are even more rare than good talkers," and much more agreeable companions. It is really a great accomplishment to be a good listener. It requires a partial understanding of the subject; and an apparent desire to be informed must continually shine in the eyes, therefore one must read enough on all subjects likely to be broached to know what they are talking about, which will fill all the spare minutes of a housekeeper, and then there will be many untouched. But if you show intelligence in some lines, you may frankly own your ignorance, with the wish to be informed. If conversing with a gentleman he will consider your appeal to his superior wisdom a very great compliment, and will really respect and like you better than if you had known all about the subject. I think ladies like to give of their wisdom also.

Nearly every person has a hobby which he is fond of "trotting out" (excuse the slang, please) on all available occasions. If you can by any means learn what is the especial hobby of the persons you expect to meet, after the usual remarks incident to the meeting, lead the conversation cautiously around towards that hobby, and by an adroit question or two or a sug-

gestion, or both, you can mount them and away they will go; you can look your interest and appreciation, and often learn more in fifteen minutes' constant attention than you could in fifteen hours of reading. If the talker seems to have talked out, a question asked on some point not fully understood will send him off on another tack, fully assuming that he is entertaining you in the highest degree. And the talker will assure his friends that you are really the most interesting person he has met in a long time. And the party, visit, or call, where you met, will remain long in his memory as a very enjoyable one.

ALBION.

M. E. H.

A CHAPTER ON BAGS.

Shopping bags of plush principally, but also of velvet or satin, and variously decorated, are much used now and make very pretty and serviceable gifts; and quite inexpensive, if like the writer you do not count your time worth very much. Our merchants are showing very handsome shades of plush, good enough for fancy work, at forty-five cents a yard. These bags are generally of the same color as the cloak and hat, although sometimes they match the dress; and three fourths yard of plush will make a good sized bag.

Double the plush, sew up the sides and one end very neatly. Turn over the top about one and one-half inch, and line the bag with some pretty color of surah silk, or satin. Run a shirr in, and draw up and hang upon the arm with ribbons. These may be decorated to suit each individual's taste. The writer is quietly contemplating one of black plush, made as above but with the rather novel decoration of muskmelon seeds and steel beads. Buy an ounce of muskmelon seeds, one or two bunches of steel beads No. 8, a paper of fine needles No. 10, and a spool of black sewing silk. Begin at the bottom of the bag about two inches from the seam. Thread a fine needle with black silk doubled, a strong knot at the end, and bring the needle up from the wrong side upon the right side of the bag.

String alternately a bead and a seed until you have 12, then join the circle by putting the needle through the first bead and down through the plush and fasten on the wrong side securely. Bring the needle up again at the outer edge of this row of seeds; * put on a bead and pass the needle through the opposite end of the same seed in first row. Put on another bead and pass the needle through the pointed end of another seed to begin a second row; repeat from * until the second circle is composed of 12 seeds and 24 beads. Complete the circle as before and begin a third row on the edge of the second; * thread two beads; pass the needle through the other end of same seed in second row; put on two more beads; a new seed; four beads; pass the needle through the outer edge of new seed; add four more beads; pass the needle through the same hole at the opposite end of new seed. Repeat until there are 12 seeds in the third row, with two beads between and four on each side of the

last row of seeds. Then catch each point to the plush by passing the needle through the end hole in the last row of seeds, and slip the silk on the wrong side from one seed to the next. Four of these figures are used on a side, leaving half inch spaces between. Two rows of figures, sixteen in all, will be sufficient for the bag. Put five of these figures on a band of velvet two inches in width and you have a very pretty "dog collar" or band for the neck.

Beautiful vests and panels can be made in this manner.

These bags may be also embroidered in as many ways as the taste of the maker indicates. Sprays of oxeye daisies or of lilies of the valley are very pretty in satin stitch. A very beautifully shaded rose may be worked in shaded silks in the old but now revived cross-stitch, and for such uses if well done is very effective. One large silk handkerchief of any dark rich color; a piece of Swiss muslin size of handkerchief; three yards of lace, two inches wide, one-fourth yard bright colored satin; two yards satin ribbon will make quite a pretty bag of a novel shape. Baste the lining in the handkerchief, and run a shirr in the largest circle that can be made in it. Line the corners with the satin, letting it run down over the shirr; sew lace around and run the ribbon in, having made openings at the opposite sides for that purpose. The corners will droop down upon the body of the bag, producing a pretty effect. These are liked by young girls. My "time is up" and I still find there are innumerable "bags" of various kind to be disposed of in the near future.

FOREST LEDGE.

MILL MINNIE.

JUST HOW TO MAKE A LEMON PIE.

In a late number of the HOUSEHOLD, I find a wish for recipe for a good lemon pie, so thought I would send mine. I feel somewhat timid in attempting to write, for it seems as if our little paper was written by experienced ladies, and I am only twenty-one to day, and have not been married a year until Christmas. My recipe requires one cup white sugar; one and one-half cups boiling water; piece of butter size of walnut; two tablespoonfuls cornstarch; one lemon grated, juice and rind, and one egg. Dissolve the cornstarch in a little cold water, add the boiling water as if making starch, then turn over the sugar and butter and set to cool; grate the lemon, break your egg in the lemon and beat together, stir this into cornstarch—if cool—and bake in moderate oven, using one crust.

I learned and tried this recipe when about ten years old, and have never changed for another; but would not write it for Mrs. Snip just because I prefer it. I have written it for so many visitors and friends who ate at our house and called it good.

LEONIA MAY.

PORTLAND.

PLEASE remember to write only on one side of the paper; and to give your name as well as nom-de-plume. Anonymous communications find speedy burial in the waste basket.

A CHRISTMAS CONTRIBUTION.

The large ornamental squares for the centre of dining tables are made the medium for the expression of a good deal of taste and skill in decoration. A very handsome one consists of a large square of white linen, stamped with an all-over pattern of large lily pods. On the back of the linen is sewed a lining of antique net lace, or fish-net, as it is sometimes called. This makes the background for the pattern. The lily leaves are buttonholed round the edges in white silk, the linen between them being cut away with sharp-pointed scissors. The veining, which is so abundant as to nearly fill the leaves, is done in gold colored silk, in stem stitch. A linen hem is left on, after the centre linen is cut away, and is edged with antique lace, with mitred corners.

A pretty book cover is made of satin of any desired color, and decorated with an arabesque of chamois, with edges buttonholed upon the satin. Line the cover with thin silk. Gild the chamois with a rough finish. Another style is to have a scroll pattern stamped on the leather—or draw it yourself with a pencil—and gild the lines heavily, making them thick and prominent rather than broad.

It is the fashion now to have handsome and dainty spreads to throw over the bed during the day. These are too ornamental for use, and are to be carefully folded away when the bed is in use. Several of these *couvrepieds* have been described in the *HOUSEHOLD* heretofore, but a new model is somewhat new, and after the fashion of the table square just described. A linen sheet of the required size is basted upon a lining of coarse Brussels net, also known as round-meshed mosquito lace. A pattern of chestnut leaves and twigs was drawn all over it, irregularly; the work being done by the maker with a pencil. The edges of the leaves were buttonholed with white linen thread in a far-apart stitch, the leaves veined through the centre. The border was a row of stemless leaves, points downward, set side by side close together. The linen between the leaves and round the edges was cut away, leaving the thick leaves on a transparent foundation.

Ladies who have plenty of leisure make towels after this style: They buy the length required in white huckaback, and finish each end with an insertion of knitted or crocheted lace, and an edge of the lace, with a plain hem of the huckaback between. These are thought to be more elegant than towels with woven borders. It would also be a pretty way to finish the cover for a sideboard.

Pillow shams are beautifully made of Bolton sheeting, stamped in scroll or arabesque patterns, which are then outlined in rope silk. They are said to wash well, and are certainly very handsome. The work can be done quite rapidly.

A very odd sachet is made by taking an ear of corn in the husk, breaking off the ear and removing the most discolored and coarsest husks, tinting the tips of those left with oil paints diluted with turpentine, in carmine, bronze, brown, and gilt, and

replacing the ear with a fine muslin or illusion bag, imitating the shape and size of the ear and filled with cotton sprinkled with sachet powder; then fasten this imitation ear in the husks.

BEATRIX.

STRAY BITS.

Aunt Bessie's idea about the waterpail or crock, is good, but why not use a granite iron pail? It does not rust or wear out easily.

In taking down the mosquito netting this fall, I doubled and stitched the pieces into convenient size for use, and they make the nicest dishcloths I ever used. I should think they would be nice for wash rags also, being very soft and holding water nearly equal to a sponge. The white netting is most satisfactory for this use.

I was charmed with Evangeline's "The Dinner Bell," until I reached the last verse. Why, oh Evangeline, did you put in that "mash?" It just spoiled it all, I think.

The safest way to do to keep table linen free from spots and stains, is to pour boiling water over the pieces every time they are washed. Any small spots which have escaped notice are thus sure to be reached.

I have found that a pound or more of salt added to the cream at churning time, for every eight or ten gallons of cream, will greatly facilitate the gathering of the butter globules. They rise to the surface, perfectly, allowing the buttermilk to be drawn off freely and clear of particles of butter.

Bess, our library officers are president, vice-president, corresponding and recording secretaries, treasurer, librarian and her assistant, and book committee of three. This comprises a board of managers who transact all business. Our constitution and by-laws are similar to those of other institutions of the kind, and we are incorporated under the laws of the state.

FLINT.

ELLA R. WOOD.

THE SABBATH DAY.

I have been anxiously waiting since E. L. Nye's article of Oct. 19th to hear an answer to her question "Is it a sin?" but as there has been none I feel it my duty to let her know there is one at least who does not agree with her. I do not quote Henry Ward Beecher, D. L. Moody, Dr. Talmage or any other great and good man, but taking the Bible for our guide, where in that Book of Books do we find the command, "First attend religious services, then seek some pleasure resort?" Do you think if I were to go direct from the altar and steal, my theft would be any the less sinful? Nay, I think it would be worse for me than if I never saw the inside of the church. There was more than one sin committed on that trip, I think. Firstly, breaking the Sabbath. Our Lord said, "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy." Do you think he meant one-half for religion, the other half for worldly pleasure? Secondly, the example, especially to those children. Children usually think what papa and mamma do is all right. How

careful we mothers should be to set a right example before them. Thirdly, encouraging Sunday labor. If there was no one to ride, the boats would not run. I believe the sin rests on each one individually as heavily as it would were she the only one on the boat. But I presume you say, "Oh you are too slow, too far behind; everybody goes." Then let me say, behind I stay in that respect at least.

OXFORD.

AUNT PHILENA.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR COFFEE.

Seeing there is considerable agitation relative to the coffee question, I hereby submit for your consideration this substitute, which is excellent and nutritious. Take three pounds of sweet corn (well roasted) to each pound of chicory, also well dried and roasted to a good coffee color. The above described coffee may be adulterated and not injured for family use by adding one pound of Java or Mocha coffee.

White oak acorns when roasted properly make a palatable coffee, but it is too *tanning* to the stomach for common use, and should be used only when the bowels are too laxative, and then moderately and cautiously.

All coffee adulterated with acorns should be discarded from general use, because it has a tendency to produce constipation and piles.

An invalid who craves coffee can have a delicious and wholesome drink by properly preparing sweet corn for coffee, which should be sweetened with clover honey.

LOWELL.

J. L. B. K.

ADDRESS communications for the *HOUSEHOLD* to the Household Editor of the *MICHIGAN FARMER*, Detroit, and they will reach us safely.

A GOOD way to use small pieces of soap, says the *Indiana Farmer*, is to place them in a wide-mouthed quart bottle, and when half full add a teaspoonful of powdered saltpetre and a tablespoonful of ammonia and a quart of warm water. The mixture is then ready for taking grease out of clothing, washing paint, windows, or anything that needs soap and water to cleanse it.

Contributed Recipes.

CUP CAKE.—One cup butter; one cup sweet milk; two cups sugar; three eggs; four cups flour; two teaspoonfuls baking powder; one teaspoonful cinnamon and nutmeg; one cup raisins.

HICKORY NUT CAKE.—One and a half cups white sugar; half cup butter; three-quarters cup sweet milk; whites of four eggs; two cups sifted flour; two teaspoonfuls baking powder; one cup hickory nut meats. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, then add the milk, then the flour and baking powder, then the nut meats, lastly the beaten eggs. Flavor with lemon. Beat well.

FIG CAKE.—One cup sugar; half cup butter; three-quarters cup sweet milk; two cups flour and two teaspoonfuls baking powder sifted together. Beat well; then add whites of three eggs beaten very stiff. Bake in three layers. Filling: Half pound figs, chopped fine; one cup boiling water; half cup sugar; boil all together. Dates may be used in the place of figs.

WACOSTA.

LAUREL VANE.