

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE

DETROIT, JAN. 4 1890.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

HAVE CHARITY.

If we knew the cares and crosses
Crowded 'round our neighbor's way;
If we knew the little losses
Sorely grievous day by day,
Would we then so often chide him
For the lack of thrift and gain,
Leaving on his heart a shadow,
Leaving on our lives a stain?

If we knew the clouds above us,
Held by gentle blessings there,
Would we turn away all trembling,
In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows
Lying on the dewy grass,
While 'tis only birds of Eden
Just in mercy flitting past?

If we knew the silent story
Quivering through the heart of pain,
Would our manhood dare to doom it
Back to haunts of vice and shame?
Life has many a tangled crossing,
Joy has many a break of woe,
And the cheeks tear-washed are whitest—
And the blessed angels know.

Let us reach within our bosoms
For the key to other lives,
And with love to erring nature
Cherish good that still survives;
So that when our disrobed spirits
Soar to realms of light again,
We may say, "Dear Father, judge us
As we judged our fellow-men!"

FROM DAFFODILLY.

There are fifty subjects in my mind of which I would be pleased to write, most of them suggested from time to time by what I have read in the *HOUSEHOLD*, for I assure you, friends of mine, that I read every line it contains—recipes and all. The paper comes Monday morning and I am generally starting "down town" as the postman drops the mail in the box at the door. I take it with me, and while the car rumbles along and jolts me about and people get in and get out and the atmosphere grows denser and the noises wax louder and more and more disagreeable, I read. I read right on until the end of the route is reached. Half startled, I rise to leave the car and mingle with the crowd that ever seems in the wildest haste.

These letters from the far off women whose faces I have never looked upon, fascinate me. The matters they present, the opinions they express, the thoughts they reveal, the occasional glimpse of inner lives which they give me, take my thoughts entirely away from my own surroundings. I am again buzzing round a farmer's kitchen. I feel the perplexities of farmers' wives. I enjoy rides over country roads. I argue pro and con the subjects discussed.

I am as glad as I can be that Beatrix has barred the discussion of the proper and improper observation of the Sabbath day. Piety and religion, along with good manners, are largely products of the individual conscience; but I must declare myself in favor of the man or boy who takes off his hat, and declare that I believe no boy is too young to take a lesson and no man too old to learn to practice this small courtesy. I just want to say too that the young men who twirl canes and puff cigars and exist behind counters in towns and cities, are not the solid business men of the world nor the favorites of honest and sensible people. A farmer with a kindly heart and good common sense, willing to conform just a little to the established rules of modern etiquette, is sure of a clever reception anywhere. I think of a day crowding along the streets of a city some years back, when Waldo F. Brown, a writer with whom many of you are familiar, repeated one of Holland's poems. His face was tawny and his hands were hard and he was not graceful, but no one ever seemed to think of that. He has been a practical farmer, but I do not ever remember seeing him away from home with his trousers in his boots, etc. I cannot help believing that a bit of outside finish does make us happier. Many things that glitter are not genuine gold, but if nothing glittered but gold very few of us would have much brightness about us. And piety! I must have a word. There are so many varieties. Piety that is kept as a garment—on and off, then the article that is woven into our words and deeds! Some get religion in the back and walk straight as a die; to others it comes as a great grief, pressing out all that is joyful. Every creature from the new born babe up seems to them only fit to be damned, and they go up and down with countenances adjusted accordingly. Some worship most satisfactorily under the sound of classic music made by a choir hired by the year, with the ponderous tones of a massive organ pealing out through the odors arising from cushions and carpets long unaired, while others see and talk with their Maker more closely in the woods and fields or city parks. We're a queer lot. We attend and teach in a Mission school Sunday afternoons where five hundred persons, young and old, assemble. We ride in the street cars to reach them. Part of these people, of both sexes, use the time to annoy others. They whistle and kick and shout and swear, and occasionally a boy has to be dragged out by the police. Scores of teachers leave luxurious homes to go down to these human

creatures, who have not the first idea of civility toward them. They go *in His name*. The prayers and counsel and example have their influence. There are souls to be saved. No human law will reform them. Only the grace of God, the sacrifice of comforts and the gift of time and energy on the part of those who know and love God's ways will make their lives different. No matter where we go if in spirit we are about the Master's business. I love to think that "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof."
DAFFODILLY.

ST. LOUIS.

APPLE BUTTER.

A jar of genuine home-made, old fashioned Pennsylvania apple butter, fruity, spicy, rich and well-flavored, was the delicacy discussed at dinner the other day. After the request "Mamma, please pass the apple-butter!" had been numerously repeated and the dish had been filled again, the man of the house grew reflective and broke out, "Wonder if nobody makes apple-butter in Michigan! Seems to me here's an opening for some one to make some money. A good, home-made article would be worth a dollar a gallon, and ought to sell like hot cakes." The mistress of the manse, from her station opposite, endorsed her husband's views. "There's plenty of apple jelly—vile stuff—in market, but I never saw any apple-butter. No one would want it if it were like apple jelly, a commercial, put-up-by-wholesale article, but apple-butter like this," taking a second help, "would sell fast enough, I should think." Here the small boy who had just finished a slice of bread spread with the toothsome delicacy, looked inquiringly down the table and broke in "Please pass the apple-butter, papa." The father as he complied laughingly remarked, "There'd be a good local market in our family, I'm sure of that at least."

Cider apple-sauce used to be a standard article in the year's bill of fare in many Michigan homes, when the world was twenty-five years younger; and probably there are some old-fashioned people who still go through the process of manufacture. Apple-butter is sublimated and etherealized cider apple sauce. It is the orchard, boiled down; all its sunshine, sweetness and flavor concentrated into something you can spread on your bread-and-butter. It is the apotheosis of the apple. It is the product of time, too. I saw an account the other day of a new apparatus of many and comprehensive virtues, one of which was that it would cook apple-butter in fifteen minutes. Well, it would not be Pennsylvania apple-

butter, that's all. It is the slow, long-continued boiling which gives the latter its flavor and richness, qualities the modern ten-minute process cannot evolve.

The process of manufacturing the genuine article is somewhat like this: The cider is boiled down first, till it is a rich, winy looking fluid. The apples, of uniform quality and nicely pared and quartered, are put in; sugar, depending upon the acidity of apples and cider, perhaps spices—cinnamon and a suspicion of cloves. Then it is boiled, all day long and into the night, over a slow fire, with many stirrings, especially as it approaches the last. At the finale of the boiling down process, it is a homogenous mass, smooth, thick enough so that after it is dipped into a dish it takes perhaps a minute or more for it to smooth out its wrinkles and present a placid surface to the public. Even our prohibition friends will admit this is a very innocuous way to use "the devil's kindling wood."

Apple-butter is the product of a past generation. Its making is too slow and tedious for the present age, wherein everything must be done "with alacrity and dispatch" as boys set off for a holiday. The millionaire turns from truffils and champagne to the plain pork and beans he relished before his tastes were vitiated; and the apple-butter which was the every day and despised food of the schoolboy becomes the dainty of the middle-aged man, and he mourns because he cannot get enough of it.

Who's going to make the venture and put home-made fruit butters, made by old time methods, on the Detroit market?

BEATRIX.

FANCY WORK.

A very dainty little work-bag for use in the afternoon and evening when a lady is engaged in some pretty form of needle-work or embroidery, is made of satin ribbons as wide as a silk spool and showing each the color of the silk to be used near it. The different colors of the ribbons should be arranged so as to her nonize pleasingly; golden olive, old pink, old gold, dull blue, olive green, terra cotta, dull purple or maroon, will be a pleasing order of succession. The seven strips of ribbon should be about twelve inches long, sewed together at the edges neatly, and the two end strips, that is, the golden olive and the maroon, joined in a similar manner. Line with satin and stitch within three inches of the top a strong casing for the draw strings of silk cords. Gather the bottom edge tightly to a point. Next take one of the pretty little bamboo bowl baskets with a wide rim, and fasten the bottom of the bag to its center, and finish underneath by twisted silk cords and pretty tassels. Next string seven spools of silk of the colors named on a slender silk cord, and if you need silks of different shades of these colors, string them on another cord and then proceed to set these cords of spools just inside the top of the basket, fastening each part or section, holding the golden olive spool by strong stitches to the edges of the golden olive ribbon. Next fasten the old pink spool by the cord to the old pink ribbon, catching the cord by the stitches to the edge of the

ribbon, so proceeding till you come around again to the golden olive ribbon. Set the next cord with its spools of shades of colors just above in the same manner. To give a pretty effect you can gild the ends of the spools, being careful not to stain your silks with the medium. This spool bag can hold in its bag portion the scissors, thimble, needles, and other little articles needed by the worker. The bag should be suspended from some convenient hook within easy reach of the worker, who will find it very convenient, as there will be no search for the different colors, their place being known by the color of the stripe of ribbon. Unfasten the silk from the little slit on top of the pool so it will unwind easily when wanted. The basket may be gilded or stained, but a prettier way is to mottle it with different colored bronzes.

A very pretty work-bag is made of peacock blue plush ornamented by two cross-stitch stripes. The plush is cut nine inches wide and twenty-four inches long. Two stripes of canvas six inches long are placed over the plush; these are worked with floselle over the canvas in some pleasing cross-stitch design in several shades of deep yellow. When the pattern is finished the threads are drawn away and the edges are finished with a silk trimming. The plush is next lined with satin; it is then folded in and sewed up at the sides. The top edge is turned down to form a frill and has draw-strings of ribbon run in. The ends are finished with tassels. Some dainty bags are made of three lengths of picot-edged ribbon; a very pretty one shows gold-green, old-rose and cream white ribbons sewed together, lined with cream-white silk, and finished with narrow gold green ribbons.

A pretty pendent to hang at a housewife's girdle is composed of long satin ribbons proceeding from a satin rosette; one ribbon ends in a pansy pincushion in purple and yellow plush; another in an acorn emery; a third suspends a pair of scissors; a fourth a needle-book covered with embroidered satin. A fifth ribbon holds a thimble-bag and the sixth wax. Melt the wax and run it into a thimble; before it hardens put a piece of narrow ribbon in the center; attach to the sixth piece of ribbon.

FOREST LODGE.

MILL MINNIE.

A NAME WANTED.

There is a terrible disease abroad which is very painful, not only to the one afflicted but to all who are so unfortunate as to be obliged to spend any amount of time with the afflicted ones. This disease is not partial to isolated neighborhoods, but thrives in cities and towns; not only the poor but the rich also are sufferers; the laborer and the gentleman of leisure, the woman who serves in the kitchen, and she who sits in her parlor robed in velvet and decked in diamonds; all have severe attacks at times, all classes and conditions are liable to attack. But few escape. But like smallpox or scarlet fever there is a great difference in the virulence of the disease in different persons; some have it very hard, others light in comparison.

What are the symptoms? The first notable symptom is a rush of blood to the head,

with a painful pressure in the temples and in the eyes, then a rapid palpitation of the heart, accompanied with much heat, and a difficulty in breathing quietly and naturally; the pains in the head or heart are most severe in the organ which is weakest; a flushed face also accompanies the disease, with a wild insane light in the eye, or in a few cases something resembling a cloud drops over the sight; the lips are sometimes drawn tight over the teeth, other times they hang out like an African's; in the latter case, the tongue takes to playing, and sometimes plays the deuce with the owner.

What causes the disease? There are several things which contribute to this condition; I do not know as I can explain understandingly, for it is quite often caused by some particular train of thought the mind has chanced to strike; things then begin to look a little out of the right order; if the patient allows this biased idea to take a firm lodgment in the mind, it hatches out a great brood of other biased ideas, or imaginary wrongs. Sometimes persons who have this disease hear a part of a story, their diseased minds are active and anxious to know the whole, and if nothing certain can be found out they will create a plausible completion, or what appears so to their diseased imaginations. And this unhealthy labor of the diseased mind produces more fever and greater exaggeration of the disease; after a while these strange hallucinations of the mind produce a real insanity—the kind that Kalamazoo deals with. Perhaps I have given you all needful information on this subject; and, having given it a local habitation, I will leave it for you to give a name and a remedy.

POLLY.

THE BABIES.

Doubly blessed is the mother who can nourish her babe at her own bosom, I think; while I know there are many who believe, and are backed by physicians in the notion, that it is better for mother and child for it to depend on cows' milk and the various patented "foods" made for the purpose. If we could keep a cow for that especial use, attending particularly to the feeding and care of her, it would be better, but where the cows are kept on food according to season, green or dry, or slops and anything to induce the greater quantity of milk, cow's milk is really unsafe.

Those twins I mentioned had their first attack of bowel trouble through the cows having eaten green corn stalks, which, aside from that especial use, are good and profitable fodder. My niece lost an infant at the same date by the cows having eaten green apples; and such instances are common, although not well understood usually; nor will many admit the fact that this is really the cause of such illness. It seems as if, if well considered, there might be some plan invented to remedy this difficulty. Time and thought could not be better expended than in care and safety of our helpless, innocent darlings.

DILL.

A VERY nice flavoring for cake is a combination of one teaspoonful of lemon extract and one-half teaspoonful of ground mace.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

So many of the HOUSEHOLD people "sat down" on me so emphatically when I made my first appearance that I hardly know whether it is safe to venture again or not, but have made up my mind to try it anyway. I don't know as I particularly mind being "crushed" if I can only get some of the boys and girls to think a little about some things in which they might improve themselves.

Well, we had a moderately pleasant Christmas, not a hilariously gay one, but a quiet one, not very different from any other day. Max and Jennie came over for the day—Max is the "other brother" and is married—and of course they brought the three year old baby girl who could not be separated from her new Chinese doll baby, an absurd thing with oblique eyes, pursed-up mouth and a black queue, which she loves almost to the point of destruction. Jennie brought me a pretty hood she had made herself, and Max a queer little squat pitcher, just as cute as it could be, which he got in the city last fall and kept hid till now. I had made a sofa pillow for Jennie, covering it with a cover crocheted out of bits of bright wool; and for Max and Bruno I had silk handkerchiefs with embroidered initials. And what do you think! That blessed baby had saved the biggest raisin she found in her stocking for "Auntie Brue," and gave it to me with a very sweet and sticky kiss. But Bruno—I wanted to shake him—had not a thing for any one, not even a box of candy. I was glad to see he looked shame-faced when Jen wished him Merry Christmas and put a pair of nice warm gloves in his hand. He ought to have been ashamed.

It does so damp the pleasure of Christmas to have one member of the family get the grumps and decline to be merry or join in the exchange of little tokens of remembrance. It is not the present—that is not it at all; it is the holding back and not taking any interest and being too thoughtless or too selfish to make even little gifts. Why I'd treasure a ten-cent handkerchief if Bruno gave it to me—he never made me a present at Christmas in his life. Suppose he had spent a dollar for little things for the rest of us, seems to me he would have enjoyed his Christmas better; especially when Max sent on Bruno's name with his own for the FARMER this year, and told him that was his Christmas gift.

What would you do, girls, with such a brother? Forget him next year and let him see how nice it is to be served as he serves others?

Then at dinner I had baked a chicken and Bruno came in just as I had put it on the table at his place. "You haven't put that there for me to cut up, have you?" he said. "Why yes," I said. "Well you can just take it out and cut it up; I shan't dissect no bird, not today." "But it will spoil it to cut it up! Oh Bruno, don't be so provoking! You can do it, you know you can," I said, half ready to cry with vexation, but he just set his lips in a fashion he has, and I knew I might as well talk to a stone wall. I had a notion to pitch the whole business into the swill-pail when I thought

what a sight a baked chicken would be cut up and put on for a holiday dinner, but I thought I wouldn't be disagreeable too. Max came in that minute and I appealed to him, and in three minutes I had whisked things round and Max carved the chicken. Bruno looked a little queer when I seated Max at his place at table, but he didn't say anything. I wonder why there is such a difference in brothers? Max can do anything, and will do anything to oblige; Bruno can do as much as he, but he will not. Sometimes I think it is diffidence or bashfulness, sometimes I am sure it is hatefulness; and I am always certain it is very disagreeable and puts me in a good many awkward positions.

I wonder why girls are so much more quick to observe and do as other people do, than boys! Girls seem to have so much more tact and adaptability; they pick up manners so quick and practice them so easily. I know lots of farmers' daughters who are as genteel in their manners as city girls; but I don't know any farmers' boys who appear half as well in company as they might if they would only do as well as they know how, or would ever seem to see how other people do.

That's what is the trouble with Bruno.

BRUNO'S SISTER.

SEVERAL THINGS.

Some time ago a lady asked advice as to eradicating tea and coffee stains from her tablecloths. I am not sure the question has not been answered, but will give my mode: Taking the cloth by one end let it go fold after fold into a pail, while a stream of clear boiling water is kept continuously pouring in as the cloth settles. Three common sized cloths can be put in the pail, one after the other. The work should be done rapidly; the water, either hard or soft—just "screaming" hot. The cloths should be well packed down and pounded for two or three minutes with the clothes-stick. Throw a cloth over to keep them steaming until wanted for the wash. This will take out stains of almost any character; and is equally efficacious with stains in any other goods.

I think a covering of oilcloth laid along where the men sit who are careless in handling their food or drink, or who love to ride the table with their arms, might prove an educational policy, or save the tablecloth if they proved incorrigible. I think the use of oilcloth can be defended on the score of economy in finance and labor, and our Queen B's opinion, that "such usage is in the direction of a return to barbarism," for once fails to convince. There are a great many women to whom our HOUSEHOLD ministers, who are forced by stern necessity to do without many things others consider common necessities. It may be only by practicing such economies that they are able to enjoy the solace and help given by the pages of the FARMER and HOUSEHOLD. Such a cloth can be kept neat with little labor, even when the little one is too small to be taught to be delicate in the table manners. I have seen the bare boards of a table set with the

meal, and the snowy whiteness of the same told a story of labor of the housewife that a covering of oilcloth would have saved, to her great advantage.

To my mind, the napkin is a far greater educator than a tablecloth; and this is within the means of all, for a square of any old cotton or linen will supply the means of wiping soiled fingers, thus keeping the cloth and the clothing from taking its place, and it acts as a constant reminder to the little ones; provided its use is enforced. This teaches them cleanliness, and emphasizes careful habits. Now, ladies, do not fly off in a tangent and declare "you will not call on a friend in the morning," because Brunehild's caller displayed neither tact nor sense. Any one with an atom of discretion can see if a morning call be opportune or not, and not commit herself as to length of time she intends to stay, until she sees her way clear.

If a hostess has the knack of taking her caller into her work, and the caller can take it in that spirit, no retreat is necessary. But "if the rooms are all in disorder, and the sweepings in the hall," "the caller had best do her errand speedily, and save her gossip for a future occasion.

Again, don't let some poor hungry friend depart unrefreshed, because a lady so far forgets the laws of hospitality as to describe the untidy happening of a surprised hostess. There may have been sufficient reason for such a state of things; or it may have been the usual way of the home, for we all know there are untidy, thriftless housekeepers; yet when we have accepted hospitality, our lips and pens should never criticise its shortcomings. Once more, if a friend suggests that it is better that visitors give notice of their coming, especially when the person lives at a distance, that the visited may have time to prepare, or even decline with good reasons, do not "fly off the handle" and declare "you'll never go to see her, she's far too finical." Just use the good sense God has given you, and see how often such an arrangement will make a visit pleasant to both, when if the visitor rushed in unheralded, the visited might be so embarrassed by circumstances that both would get vexation rather than enjoyment. There are women who can visit under many difficulties, either as visitor or hostess; there are others very differently constituted. Let us respect each other's peculiarities. However, it is safe to go to an intimate friend's house informally, where to do the same with an acquaintance merely would violate all propriety. Let us be social, hospitable, but also sensible.

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

DAFFODILLY, in a private note accompanying her letter for the HOUSEHOLD, promises to "turn over a new leaf and write more frequently." That's right. Just "make a note of it" and let us keep her to her promise, for we all enjoy her spicy, sparkling letters. Suppose some of the rest of our correspondents emulate her example, and also turn over a new page and let us know them better. What a bright little paper we could make of the HOUSEHOLD if each would give a little!

WINTER DRESS GOODS.

Woolen goods were never so handsome or so much worn as at present, and it might be added, were never cheaper. Those in plain, solid colors are preferred to stripes, plaids or bars. Styles are so simple and plain that a lesser quantity of goods is required than for a number of years. Six yards will make a dress, of double fold goods—by which is meant, usually speaking, goods 40 inches wide. Of cashmere and the cheaper qualities of Henrietta, which are narrower, about eight yards are needed. Camels' hair and serges, cashmere and Henrietta are the favorite weaves in plain woolen materials. There has been a revival of Henrietta, which is more in favor, both in black and colors, than for a couple of years past. Black is worn more than ever this winter; also greys and military blue, a dark violet shade of blue, Eifel red—which is a brown with a good deal of red in it, and that rich shade of cardinal known as ox-blood, are all fashionable and popular colors.

Dress skirts are made comparatively plain, but the corsages! All the ornamentation seems bestowed upon them.

There are waistcoats over vests, and vests which disclose other vests, and revers upon revers, and foldings from left to right and vice versa, till the wonder is how the woman ever hooks herself inside them.

Jacket fronts opening over full vests of silk or surah, and with revers turning back high on the shoulder are much liked, and are especially pretty if the silk for the vest is plaid, or the rich Persian brocade which is almost as soft as surah, and is worth \$1.50 per yard. Empire folds, which it will be remembered have been described in these columns, are often set in the under arm seams and cross in front low down on the edge of the basque, the full vest disappearing under them. Three materials, velvet, silk and the dress goods, are often used in the construction of a basque, the silk being used for folds or vest, and velvet for revers; the latter often appears as sleeves, but we would not advise such use unless for economy in making over a dress. If used, the mutton-leg is the pattern adopted, and care must be taken to avoid getting them too full, in which case they are uncompromisingly ugly. Tails, and all other styles of sleeves, are made to stand out above the armhole on top of the shoulder.

These wool dresses often have the edges of the basque finished with a couple of rows of machine stitching.

Sashes of the dress material or of silk trimmed with fringe are worn more than ribbon sashes. Passementeries in black, in "tower" designs, are used on all colors. Crocheted buttons are in favor, and are quite small, but the elaborate drapings of the waist generally make buttons of any kind non-essential. Velvet-covered button molds of large size are used for ornaments on redingotes and polonaises, and small ones are set on the outside seam of leg o'mutton sleeves.

Very few dresses are made without one or two short skirt steels, but they are inconspicuous and merely support the dress without extending it. A small unobtrusive cushion is also worn at the back of the

dress. Skirts average two and three-fourths yards round for medium sized women, and drapings and loopings are conspicuously absent; there is here and there a fold or two, or some irregularity to break the lines, that is all.

Last winter's dress may be stylishly remodeled for this season by setting the skirt over the basque, and concealing the joining with Empire folds of silk or velvet coming from the under arm seams, making them pointed in front. Pleat the back skirt breadths in two clusters of pleats, under two large button moulds, and hook them to the back of the basque. A couple of hooks and rings, such as are used for fastening furs, are needed for this; cover the rings with buttonhole stitches in silk to match and sew to the waist.

CAMP COOKING UTENSILS.

I wonder what the woman who uses egg-beater, flour-sifter, sieves, double-broilers, strainers, and spoons and pans and dishes *ad libitum* in every day cooking would say to the outfit of the western pioneer, who lives on canned goods and cooks in the tins in which they are put up! Here is a description of the utensils one woman used in camp:

"Before starting, I abridged Mrs. Lincoln's list of kitchen utensils fully two-thirds and thought I had done nobly, but once here I consider myself amply supplied with a can-opener, coffee-pot, broiler, steamer, spider, grater, rolling-pin and chopping-knife.

"A Chinaman, with his native ingenuity, made me my steamer. He took a five-pound lard pail, cut slits through the bottom with a hatchet, turned down the top of the pail so that the steamer could not slip back into the kettle—a ten-pound lard pail—and the steamer was made. There is no fault whatever to be found with its working. After seeing the steamer made, I was able to manufacture the grater myself, by punching holes with an awl through a piece of tin. The broiler is of Mexican design, a fit survival for camp use. It is made of two-inch hoop iron, bent back and forth like a wire-toaster; this when placed upon the coals edgewise, lifts the meat just far enough above them to broil it nicely. As to my rolling-pin it might be better not to speak. I was brought up in an earnest temperance family where the sight of a whiskey bottle would create intense consternation—still I know of nothing half as good for a rolling-pin, smooth and easy to clean and always to be found in profusion strewn everywhere."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

THE *Home-Maker* recommends the following lotion for chapped hands: Put two ounces of camphor and four drachms of any favorite perfume into six ounces of glycerine. Wash and wipe the hands, and apply this preparation while they are still damp, drying them carefully afterward.

THE leakage which often occurs in a shingle roof round the chimneys may be remedied by making a paste or mortar of tar and dry sifted road dust, and applying it

with a trowel round the chimney and about four inches over the shingles. It forms a perfect collar as it hardens, and lasts for years.

THE use of sal-soda, or carbonate of soda, for softening water for the laundry is well known to all housekeepers. It precipitates the lime and magnesia in the water. But many housewives neglect to use the sal-soda properly, not allowing time for the soda to bring down the lime and magnesia in a powdery form, which requires from half an hour to an hour when the water is cold, but occurs very quickly when the water is hot. When, as is commonly done, the soap is put into the water while the lime is still in the gelatinous form and diffused in the water, a certain amount of "curdling" will still happen, and the washed clothes (especially flannels) will have that soggy and unpleasant touch which is caused by the accumulation of the lime and magnesia soaps in them.

If you want a dish of Saratoga potatoes, which, by the way, an old treatise on cooking says were popular at a hotel at the famous Springs as far back as 1840, select small potatoes, peel them and slice as thin as wafers, either with one of the little machines used purposely for them or with a sharp knife, taking care to have the slices all of the same thickness. Lay them in the ice water half an hour, and then dry them with a cloth, and drop into a kettle of boiling lard; fry a delicate brown; drain in the colander; scatter with salt and serve immediately. A wire basket is a convenience in cooking them, and they may be drained on brown paper laid on a plate in the oven. These potatoes are often served for tea as well as breakfast. When cold they may be restored by standing in the oven a minute.

A LADY who called upon us recently expressed herself strongly in favor of milk as a remedy or alleviation for dyspepsia and attendant stomach troubles. She said: "Take a cupful of rich sweet milk; to this add enough hot water to make the whole about right temperature to drink, and use it instead of any other drink."

Contributed Recipes.

COTTAGE PUDDING.—One cup sugar; one tablespoonful butter; two eggs; one cup sweet milk; three cups flour; two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Bake in a square tin. Sauce: One half cup butter; one cup sugar; one egg. Stir in a bowl to a cream; set the bowl over the tea-kettle. When you are ready to serve your pudding, fill up the bowl with boiling water, stirring all the time. Flavor with wine, vanilla or nutmeg.

DETROIT.

MRS. H.

MOCK MINCE PIE.—One cup bread crumbs; one cup sugar; two-thirds cup good cider vinegar; two-thirds cup molasses; half cup water; one and one-half cups chopped raisins; half cup butter; one tablespoonful each of cloves and cinnamon; one small nutmeg, grated. Mix, and heat thoroughly on the stove, stirring often. Bake with two crusts. Seed a few nice raisins and scatter them on the meat before you put on the top crust.

MONROE.

MRS. M. P. B.