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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE INCONVENIENT SPRING.

Oh, the bobolink is merry,
And the robin full of glee,
And the bluebird's nest is building
In the gnarled old apple tree,
And the air is full of music; yet I find on looking back
That the sounds which herald Spring-time
To my dull, prosaic ear
Are the cheerful carpet-beaters,
As they whack both far and near,
And the sharp, staccato movement of a hammer
on a tack.

Oh, the woods are full of wild flowers,
Though the house be full of dust,
And I'd rather far go pick them
Than to fight with "moth and rust,"
For the world is young and fragrant, and the air
is soft and clear,
But I really am "too busy,"
'Tis the tiresome old refrain,
And I wish it were convenient,
(Though the wish may be profane),
For the Spring to come at any other season of
the year. —Advance.

WOMEN AND MEN.

A bright, positive little woman said to me not long ago: "I like to talk to men a great deal better than I do to women." With a half-defiant glance, as if she deprecated yet challenged criticism, she continued: "I dare say you think I'm horrid to own it, but I do! They talk of what I'm interested about, whereas the women look me over and criticise me, and make me feel uncomfortable." I wanted to pursue the subject; a woman with unconventional ideas and the courage to express them is a charmingly new experience, but the little group of talkers was broken up and the conversation interrupted.

But the question remained in my mind: How is it that an intelligent, wide awake woman confesses to finding more equal, agreeable and instructive companionship with men than women? Then I remembered the remark of another woman—one who always reminds me of Thackeray's description of Miss Fotheringay, with whom Arthur Pendennis fell so desperately in love, "beautiful, calm, stupid and practical," who confided to me that a certain gentleman of our mutual acquaintance always bored her dreadfully—"He talks over my head; half the time I haven't an idea what he means." I suppose it's the difference in women, partly.

There is a good deal of genuine good fellowship, friendliness and companionship among women, but not as much as there ought to be. Not all those who talk so

eloquently about the wrongs and injustice done to women in the aggregate are kind, or even just, to the individual. We all know the woman who has awful moral cramps inside when she sees anything superior to herself; and alas, the cold-hearted, narrow-minded, envious, malicious, correct, well-regulated, pious women, who are pinks of propriety and irreproachable in manner, yet talk away a reputation without winking, are far too numerous in all circles in society.

I have often envied men the ease and confidence with which they enter into conversation with each other. Though strangers, they seem never at a loss for a topic of interest. But introduce two ladies, and generally, unless their antecedents are known each to the other, the reserve and dignity of their manner chill at the outset any warmth of friendliness. First impressions count for a great deal with our sex. How often some mannerism, some personal peculiarity, decides us against a new acquaintance! I heard a very fastidious woman say once of a new arrival in town, "I know I shall not like her; I never can be friends with anybody who wears imitation lace." Howells, in one of his clever social romances, makes one of his characters say a woman, if she's genuine—"true blue"—is more entertaining when she's alone with another woman than when with men; but this presupposes intimate acquaintance and mutual sympathy; and the demolition of the barriers of reserve we erect among ourselves.

A woman's beliefs and opinions, like her broom and dust-pan, are always expected to be in the right place. Her head may be so empty it can't help aching, but she has her set of cut-and-dried ideas, thought out for her by others and sacred by tradition, which she is expected to accept as law and gospel. The "proper"—that is, the conventional—beliefs for women lie between very narrow and rigid parallels. All women and most men believe that only within those lines is moral safety. For instance, men believe women should be religious; they may not, themselves, have any religious feeling whatever, yet they feel there is something radically wrong about a woman who has none. Men are perfectly willing to delegate their social and religious duties to woman, quoting St. Paul in justification; the only thing in which they do not want her interference is politics. She can look after the salvation of men's souls by proxy; the salvation of the country, being a matter of greater

moment, they prefer to attend to themselves.

Most of us have very decided opinions as to what other people ought to say and do and think. These opinions are simply the measure of our own growth. The illiberal woman judges according to her prejudices; the broad-minded according to her light, and both are too much given to the "humanities of conversation." I hesitate to say that men are less given to gossip than women; but certainly when they are gossips they are infinitely worse than women, because they will say meaner things than a woman dare say. It would be a grand good thing were there more *esprit du corps* among women, such as exists among men. Men are much more apt to conceal or at least not talk about each other's faults, while women criticise and condemn from the housetops.

Now there's enough brain and heart, knowledge and sound sense among women to make them even more interesting companions than men. What then is needed? Only power to break down the barriers of reserve and diffidence which keep them dull and dignified because they fear to be misjudged if they are natural. Only to get rid of feeling that we are under inspection—and being mentally measured, judged, and condemned or accepted by an arbitrary but unknown standard; which gauges us by speech, manner and dress rather than by actual qualities of mind and heart, and which is far more apt to take cognizance of faults than virtues. A woman with a spark of willfulness in her make-up is certain to present herself in profile under such conditions, and to encounter more than her share of criticism. If she is bright and witty she is "too free" or flippant; if original, she is viewed with distrust as being too unconventional; if well-informed and fluent in conversation, she is pedantic and anxious to "show off." Women's lives—most of them at least—are made up of small joys, small griefs and hopes, really important to them, but of little or no moment to others. They make the mistake of giving them predominance in thought and hence in conversation, expecting everybody else to be equally interested. An interchange of personal experiences is called conversation, and as Abraham Lincoln once said, diplomatically, "for those who enjoy that sort of thing, that is the sort of thing they will enjoy." But those with broader mental horizon should be privileged to look for companionship suited to their needs. There is a

moral in the remark of the lady first quoted: "I can wash my dishes, and do it as well as any one, but I don't see why I need talk dishwashing!"

Men, to a certain extent, talk to intelligent, liberal-ideaed women very much as they talk to each other. And that class of women like it—like it very much. They would resent an intellectual mince—ideas cut over and pared down to suit their calibre. They will prefer men's conversation for that reason, and because men are more tolerant of a difference of opinion than women. Men will differ over politics, business, or any subject you may name, indulge in heated discussions, and meet next day and be as good friends as ever. Women can't do that. Look at the lawyers on opposing sides in a suit; they'll call each other horse thieves and liars, yet shake hands and chat an hour after, and really like each other at bottom. Whereas, oppose a woman publicly and you have made her an enemy for life. If you do not endorse her side in a dispute you are no friend; if you oppose her candidate, there is a Boyne Water between you. If you differ with her privately, the very least she will do is to regard you as uncongenial, and one not to be altogether trusted.

Conversation is dull where no one dares anything, but the one who dares is in the midst of a thousand shoals and quicksands with no danger signals up. Hence we talk about people and their peculiarities, accepting Pope's saying that

"The proper study of mankind is man,"

because we fear to talk about beliefs, or lay bare our hearts, knowing ourselves subject to misapprehension, criticism, condemnation. We can talk with men on impersonal subjects, or creeds and doctrines, and differ without being censured. Men are out in the world, travel more, see more, meet more people and learn more of life than women, ordinarily; hence they ought to be more entertaining companions.

Of all pleasant friendships there is none more enjoyable and more mutually profitable than that which may exist between man and woman where sentiment is entirely left out and the tie is friendship, pure and simple. Such friendships are rare, for the woman is apt to be looking for the "attention" which leads to matrimony, and the man to misunderstand her interest in him. But where "the spoon with nothing in it" does not enter into the case at all; where the man can understand without a fatal wound to his self-love that the woman simply desires to be treated like a sensible being, asking neither flattery or compliment; and if she can meet him on his own level on all matters which interest him, discussing them tolerantly and dispassionately, the friendship is a blessing to both. He brings, from the men's world of strife and business, the ideas of other men, the events, the humor, the pathos of life. She gives him sympathy in his pursuits, an interest which stimulates, and the support of her finer moral perceptions—he would not wish to lower himself in her estimation. Both grow more earnest, more liberal, more tolerant; the benefit is

mutual. And each has a greater respect for the other sex, as typified by the representative each knows best.

BEATRIX.

THE MENTAL TOUCH.

Nothing educates us more than pain, and no one can be sick long without learning that there is a wondrous difference in the presence of people; and many who are all right everywhere else are an evil in the sick room. You may have two friends, equally dear, but when they come to you in the capacity of nurse, the one divines your needs, touches you just right every time, soothes and rests you; while the other asks a dozen questions before she does anything, then does it wrong and makes you "want to fly." The one tells you some cheering bit of news, and without putting it into words, assures you you will soon be well again and everybody will rejoice; the other details some funeral or death agony, gives a list of those who have died from the very malady you are suffering from; perhaps repeats some ill-natured gossip about you, and manages within a few minutes to make you feel that the world, the flesh and the third agent also are decidedly against you. To any one who thinks at all about the matter, it is often a puzzle to know what topics to bring up during a call upon the sick, and about all the wisest can do is to carefully take his cue from the invalid. One will enjoy giving all the details of her pains and aches, while another wishes to ignore even the fact of being sick, and talk about other people and other matters, and it is positive cruelty for a caller to insist upon reversing the order of those wishes.

Little attentions never fail to please. Dishes the sick one may not partake of, flowers she has never cared for before, all are welcome as a token that she is not forgotten by the world she is shut away from. We are all aware of one mistake always made in the country. Somebody is reported dangerously sick, sympathy is roused, and everybody hastens in to see her, and is usually allowed to see her, too, when every breath is an effort and every moment is a battle with pain. Afterwards, when danger is past and the long days of convalescence and enforced idleness follow, they are too busy to make the call which would really give pleasure.

People whom we have known for years often seem to change beneath the touch of pain and bear it with either more or less of fortitude than we expected; the good natured, bustling body may grow irritable and impatient; the irritable, haughty spirit change to one of unselfish endurance. We usually think the sick must be indulged in every wish, but this is often carried too far, and much trouble may be spared both parties if the attendant enforces what he knows to be best, instead of indulging every whim of the weak, nervous patient. It is often very difficult to know how much is due to nervousness; and in many cases, especially like that of a young girl with nothing to call her thoughts from herself, a state of invalidism is kept up by the con-

stant watching and tender solicitude of a mother more loving than wise. Hysteria is said to be "the greatest actress known to the medical profession," and is accused of impersonating almost any known disease with such skill as to baffle detection. Wherever any tendency to nervousness is seen in our sick, the stronger ones about him should try to develop the will power and teach it to control the nerves. Many times what appears like harsh and unfeeling treatment is far better than the petting and indulgence of every whim, and the right sort of management by the right person will do more to restore health than any amount of drugs.

A. H. J.

THOMAS.

SOCIAL PURITY.

Social purity means so much! It means talking about pure things; on pure, elevated subjects; filling the mind so full of pure thoughts and ideas that there is no room for the weeds of evil to take root. It means not to put a double meaning to sentiments others may express, and to associate with those who are modest and chaste in conversation; and also to keep a watch upon our hearts and tongues; striving for the charity that "suffereth long and is kind, thinketh no evil, is not easily provoked; hopeth all things, endureth all things." It means constantly looking for the good, not the evil, in the lives of those with whom we associate; and holding to the doctrine that the moral code is as binding upon men as upon women, and discouraging the marriage of virtuous young women with men of impure habits.

Mothers need to be awake and on the alert to increase the safeguards of virtue around their children. Blindness to moral danger often invites disaster. Whether we like it or not, we have to face its truth, also our little ones, like ourselves, inherit corrupt, fallen natures; and it depends to a great extent on the training given in the home what shall predominate—that which is evil and corrupt or that which is noble and pure. A great responsibility rests upon the mothers of the land; and when we consider how many women in these days assume the care and responsibility though utterly unfitted for motherhood, with no preparation for its duties, the wonder is not that so many youth fall, but that so many escape. Ignorance is not always innocence. Prevention is better than reformation, but true prevention must be brought about by correct education.

I believe there is no one thing which will exert so great an influence in the promotion of purity in the home as monthly "mothers' meetings" in town or village. Get the mothers together to talk over the different ways and means for the proper training of children, morally and physically. If women would read books of physiology and hygiene, and study the nature of each child in its home, and surround them with unswerving love, truthfulness and carefulness, knowing with whom they associate, the places they frequent, the books they read, how often the children would escape the pitfalls which are spread for their unwary entrance!

PONTIAC.

MYRA.

ABOUT THE GARDEN.

The Wiegalias are among the very best of all our garden shrubs, as they are extremely hardy and remain in bloom much longer than other spring flowers. The white variety is so pure and its flowers so like miniature lily-cups it is quite satisfying to the lover of white flowers. The rose-colored variety, shaded from softest pale rose to carmine, set among other spring bloomers—the majority of which are white—makes a delightful contrast and one not willingly dispensed with. No shrub is easier to propagate than Wiegalia. Cuttings may be taken in April. Cut back the tops and press into the soil a few inches, making the earth firm around them, and they will strike root readily. I always save all the straggling branches when pruning in spring and bury a few inches in the soil, leaving only the tips out, and am sure of a good supply of plants the next spring. Another way when this is delayed somewhat, is to take a low and slender branch, notch slightly on the under side, next the main shrub, bend to the earth, peg down firmly, and cover with soil, and roots will form and a good plant be secured for the coming spring. If these, like many other flowering shrubs, are left to their own sweet will they grow unsightly brush, but can easily be trained while growing into symmetrical tree-like form and made far more desirable.

The Tartarian honeysuckle is a shrub, and eventually a small tree of much the same habit as the Wiegalia; and admits of the same methods of propagation. The colors are the same, the flowers smaller, but so profuse as to present a perfect mass of color. The spiraeas, shrubby and herbaceous sorts, deutzias in variety, snowballs and lilacs—white, Persian and old style purple, altheas, mock orange (syringa) and Greek valerian, delphiniums, rosy beds of tulips, narcissus, hyacinth, crocus, peonies, blue bell, aquilegia, lily of the valley, hesperus and iris in varieties, and more than I can now remember of my garden glories will bloom in turn in lavish luxuriance. I shall not see them this year, unless I make a pilgrimage on purpose, for my business at my old home will precede the season of bloom. Let no one doubt the efficacy of flowers to endear a home to the heart of any one not insensible to nature's beauty. Each living thing we have fondly tended, each tendril of climbing vine, are so many ties to unite our hearts, like the recollection of past scenes and dear departed friends, to the memories of the past.

Speaking of vines and climbers reminds me I am to answer this question "Can Clematis Jackmanii be propagated by layering?" No doubt that is the usual way, but accompanied by gentle heat; no amateur finds it an easy matter, and many are imported. The first season after planting out they must be shaded slightly and at the same time given air, and the first winter given slight protection. After this they require no care, only food and water, and are so beautiful in bloom they

are well worth the slight trouble required. I raised *Clematis coccinea* from seed, as I have many times wisteria, trumpet vine, passion vine, but I had plants already and the waiting was not tedious. When plants of ampelopsis are set, or cuttings, they should be watered occasionally in very dry weather; and covered only three or four inches with dirt, and nothing grows more readily. They have no bloom to recommend them, but their clean beautiful foliage is all that can be desired. For shade or to clothe and beautify unsightly walls or other objects the *Ampelopsis Veitchii* and *A. quinquefolia* are just right.

DETROIT.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

PLANNING.

Do you know my friend? I think she lives in your neighborhood. She is a wife and mother; most people would say a good wife and mother. She is a very neat house-keeper; looks well to the ways of her house, her husband and children. She is a great manager, or rather she has a great penchant for planning. She does so much of that particular work that perforce many failures result in the performance of her schemes, which makes more work for her, as she at once proceeds to concoct new plans, which she generally prepares a long way in advance; and this may be one element that causes so many to miscarry.

The "unexpected happens" every day, and several "unexpecteds" often happen before her plans are ripe, and of course often upset them. She generally plans her husband's work as well as her own. She knows how many acres of this or that grain, this or the other vegetable, should be grown; how much seed is needed, how many men should be hired, the amount of wages to be paid, and generally, what man will best earn his wages.

When she informs her husband of her perfected plans he often informs her he "can't see it" that way, and indifferent to the "grey matter" wasted, pursues the even tenor of his own way: Entirely confident that little sort of ruin will result in consequence of his obstinacy, she at once "falls to" to get her will in spite of him, or telling that, to do what she may to make his work a failure. She plans for the hired man, in the kindness of her heart, until the ungrateful being often leaves in a "huff." Her plans for her children commence with their birth—maybe earlier—this one is to be a lawyer, the other a divine, another an M. D.; generally anything but a farmer. The girls must be brought up "ladies," so that they may marry well, or at the worst, if they have to work, it must be at something "away up." Sometimes her philanthropy widens enough to take in her relatives' families, and occasionally a neighborhood. And what a worry the poor creature is in who has so many irons in the fire! Some must burn and others cool. Yet I fancy such a person must be at a white heat of anxiety all the time.

The worst part of the business seems to be the feeling of personal injury that deepens the regret at the failure of her

plans. She is sure if they had harkened to her all would have been well; and if other plans prove a success she is as deeply injured as when her plans were not accepted. In the home the same visionary scheme prevails. She is planning the next year's wardrobes while this year's is unmade; plans trousers for the boy baby in long clothes; sums up the receipts from the next year's dairy; counts the chickens before the eggs are laid; talks to her girls of sweethearts and husbands before they are in their "teens," and has their trousseaux and "setting out" arranged in her mind before they get a beau. Is it any wonder that she staggers under such a load of responsibility, and is crushed by age while she is yet young?

Atlas, carrying the world on his shoulders, had a light load compared with hers. He had only the corporosity to sustain. She has its woes, cares, responsibilities, acts and consequences to provide for, without the power to compel acquiescence in her schemes. In addition, she has to prepare a way of escape for all from the consequences of their stupid blunders and obstinate pig-headedness. Besides, she has to condole with that much abused woman—herself—and invent ways to get even with the ingrates.

As a friend, she is "shaky," as you are likely to arouse her feelings at any time by independent action; as a neighbor she is tiresome and unpleasant, but in her own home she is at her worst. She may mean well, but she is dictatorially peevish, reproachful and sarcastic; enveloping her family, her home and herself in that atmosphere of discomfort described as a wet blanket.

A. L. L.

MAPLETHORPE.

THE CHICKEN BUSINESS.

What is a FARMER HOUSEHOLD without poultry! One year ago this spring I decided to keep a record of the doings of my hens, between forty and fifty in number, for a term of one year. After summing up it does not look very big, but perhaps, as a friend of mine said in regard to sending in a record of his dairy business, if I get it in the paper first, it will not look so very bad. Beginning with March, I kept a record of all the eggs gathered, which in the three ensuing months amounted to 136 dozen. In that time I set 26 hens (I did not count the chickens hatched), four of the number failed to materialize, the hawks confiscated at least fifty; a few died natural deaths, one got drowned in a tea cup, another trapped under a pint basin. In the fall and winter I sold \$22 worth, disposed of 22 in number otherwise, ate a goodly number, and have on hand at present a flock of fifty-five fowls, and 18 little chickens. I also received first and second premiums on both fowls and chicks at the Union Fair last fall.

My fowls are of the White Plymouth Rock variety. But that is not all the work done by the hens; they kept a patch of potatoes planted conveniently near, entirely free from bugs. Let us hear from others who raise poultry.

Thanks to Evangeline and E. L. Nye; they came just in the nick of time to the rescue of

BESS.

PLAINWELL.

COOKING FOR ONE.

El. See. asks for help to make bread for "one." I bake for two, and one is just half of two. I use three teacupfuls of wetting; this includes yeast and water, and makes a large loaf and a small one baked in a pint basin, to cut warm for dinner. I use two cups of milk or water for baking powder biscuit, or two cups of buttermilk for soda biscuit. In making soda biscuit mix the soda thoroughly with the flour instead of the buttermilk.

Either of these batches of biscuit will make us three meals; after the first one I turn warm water over them and set them in the oven to heat through (but only just what I think will be eaten that time). Once warming over does not hurt them, but twice warming does not improve them.

I've just been making tapioca cream. Shall I tell you how I make it? I take a little less than half a cup of tapioca, put it soaking several hours before I want to cook it, sometimes the night before; in the morning turn off the water, and add a quart of new milk, set it on the back of the range where it will keep pretty warm until the other morning's work is done; then add a pint or more of milk (I do not measure it but guess at the quantity), set it into a spiderful of boiling water. When it is soft and clear beat the yolks of four eggs and one half cup of sugar and a pinch of salt, stir slowly into the milk, keep stirring until it thickens; have the whites beaten stiff and lay on top or stir in, as you like; season with vanilla. If not sweet enough add more sugar while cooking; serve cold. This or any other custard laid over a slice of cake makes a nice dessert. Angel food cake is nicest for this; if the cake is fresh put together when wanted; if dry long enough before that the cake may have time to moisten through. I like this way much better than putting the cake and custard into a pudding dish and baking together.

M. E. H.

ALEXON.

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR.

[Paper read before the North Liberty Farmers' Club by Mrs. G. M. Shafer.]

Perhaps no class of people have a fuller realization of the meaning of the word labor than the farmer and his family; not only the husband but the wife and children take an active part in the farm work. Not many, if any, occupations employ the whole family. A printer once remarked, could he have his wife and children working with him he could do well.

Unless there is an incentive, labor becomes monotonous and mere drudgery. How easy to work for those we love; no hill too steep to try to climb, no task too difficult to undertake, no matter how weary, always ready to do anything that will contribute to their comfort. Why the toil, care, anxiety and sacrifice of so many parents, often depriving themselves of the luxuries and many times comforts of life, that their children may obtain an education?

What woman would be willing to undertake the manifold duties of the farmer's

wife in some other household than her own for the pecuniary compensation she receives? Many times she puts less than half the amount on her own wardrobe she must pay good help, who would have only the work and nothing of the care and responsibility while she must have all. Yet she enjoys it. She is working for the dear ones, and knows that were it not for their presence this would be a lonely world to her. People say let the children enjoy themselves while young, for they will all too soon have to take up the burdens of a life filled with labor, care, sorrow, anxiety etc., forgetting to mention the pleasures these same duties bring.

Talmage says: "If we live aright, the older the happier. As we advance in life, as we come out into the world and have our heads and hearts all full of good, honest, practical Christian work, then we will know what it is to begin to be happy." What are the joys of childhood compared with the richer blessings of after years! How little is required to make our tasks lighter? To know our efforts are appreciated removes much of the burden.

A good wife arose one morn with aching head and thinking of the many things to be done that day said:

"If maidens but knew what good wives know,
They would not be in haste to wed."

A few words of praise and love from the husband and children enabled her to see the silver lining there is to every cloud.

"As the night came down the good wife smiled
To herself as she softly said,
'Tis sweet to labor for those we love,
It's not strange that maids will wed.'"

CHAT.

POLLY inquires: "Isn't it about time the country pathmasters were out with their road scrapers? One half day's work now will do more good than two days' work in June. Do not forget it, pathmasters."

MR. C. tells how to dry rubber boots: "At night put some pieces of an old coat or old woolen cloth in the oven and heat them good and hot, then fill the boots with them; in the morning on removing the cloth the boots will be found to be nice and dry."

BESS says: "My friend Mrs. H. tells me there is nothing so good for chopping potatoes when warming them over as a tin biscuit cutter. If you have a good deep one all right, if not a tin mustard or spice box, by making two or three holes in the top—or bottom rather, answers every purpose. Let us have more recipes for cooking. What is the harm if they have appeared once; there are lots of new subscribers, or ought to be, and the old ones forget."

POLLY, the irrepressible, extends a welcome to a new correspondent in the following terms: "Welcome, Theophilus, come again! It is said a good laugh is as good for a torpid liver as a blue pill. It is the right time of year to doctor for biliousness; and you might tell of some more of the difficult things you (being a man) conquered; and tell us more ways of economiz-

ing work or time. You did not say whether you ate on the same dishes, like a certain man I know, or took clean ones."

CROCHETED SHAWL.

To begin, work a chain that is long enough to go around the neck quite loose; then work two meshes in first stitch, one in the next, and two in the next until you are just half way across, then work four chain and proceed as before to the end. Go across six times in this way, then two meshes and two chains clear across, then twice plain, then another row of holes as before. When you get to the center fill in every other line with eight meshes, and proceed as before until you have twenty rows of holes. Then take the color you wish for the border and work one inch around plain; then make four meshes in one stitch, and fasten together with the hook to the first in wrong side. Do this with every other stitch until you have twenty rows, then go around twenty times plain; then make a row of holes around for the fringe. For the holes make two chains between each mesh; cut your wool ten inches in length, and tie four strands in every hole. This is a pretty shawl with a raised border. It requires five skins of Germantown wool for shawl and three for border. Make the fringe of both colors.

FOREST LODGE.

MILL MINNIE.

INSTEAD of having the quilts worn out as cushions for the farm wagon, or using an old comforter, make a cushion of the right size and shape, piecing it out of the remnants of heavy woolen cloths, or the best parts of men's cast-off clothing. Make two pieces the length and width of the seat and "box" the cushion, using a strip six inches wide. Fill with corn husks, shredded fine, or hens' feathers. To keep the latter from working through, turn the cushion wrong side out, and spread the wrong side with thick flour paste. Let dry thoroughly before putting in the feathers.

Cooking for Invalids.

BEEF TEA.—One pound of lean beef cut into small bits, with every particle of fat removed. Put in a wide-mouthed bottle, cork tightly, and set in a kettle of cold water. Boil three hours. There will be a small cupful of the juice; season with a saltspoonful of salt, and give a few spoonfuls at a time.

CHICKEN BROTH.—The bones and a pound of meat from a chicken should be simmered three hours in three pints of water. Put into cold water, skim thoroughly when it comes to boil and add a teaspoonful of salt. Strain. If desired, a tablespoonful of boiled rice or soaked tapioca may be added, in which case the broth should boil a half hour longer.

EGG-NOG.—One egg; one tablespoonful sugar; half cup milk; one tablespoonful wine. Beat sugar and yolk to a cream, add the wine, then the milk, lastly the white of an egg, beaten to a stiff froth. The milk may be omitted.

BEEF JUICE.—Broil a thick piece of steak three minutes. Squeeze out the juice with a lemon-squeezer; salt very lightly. Nice when nourishment is required in haste.