

# MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, DEC. 6, 1990.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

For the Household.

WALLS.

BY A. H. J.

In corners of the old rail-fence,  
On country roadside green,  
We find the children's play-houses,  
With walls of rock between.  
Here windows, here a door-way,  
And their wardens seem to cry,  
"You come thus far--no farther;  
Here our great possessions lie."  
But o'er their broken ridges,  
Pass words and laughter wild;  
For light of heart makes light of law,  
And child hath need of child.

Along life's winding road-way,  
Where sun and shadow blend,  
Where pitfalls wait the heedless,  
And friend finds need of friend,  
We sharply draw distinctions,  
Our different lives between;  
With cruel blame and careless word,  
We build up walls unseen.  
"Thus far," we say, "no farther,"  
The cold grey rocks are there;  
Yet friend hath ever need of friend,  
And all have need of prayer.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

The distinguished African explorer, Livingstone's rescuer and successor, lectured in this city on the evening of Nov. 23th before an audience which, at one, two and three dollars per head, filled the Detroit Rink, the largest auditorium in the city. This was hardly to be wondered at, considering the fame of the lecturer and the interest which centres on the notorious "rear column" and the charges and counter-charges made in that connection.

It is a well known fact that we always expect a person who has done something remarkable to be also distinguished and commanding in personal appearance; no matter how often we are disappointed the feeling still obtains. But those who expected to see in Stanley a personal presence corresponding to his fame and his deeds, were woefully disappointed. No one would notice him in a crowd, his physique and his reputation are misfits. He is undersized, thin and haggard, slightly lame, with a sickly complexion and white hair and moustache, the result of the privations and horrors encountered in African jungles. He is a tired man, and the effort to deliver a lecture of 90 minutes' length is a serious tax upon his vitality. He has a slight accent, acquired probably by long unfamiliarity with the English and constant use of foreign languages. He eluded, so far as possible, the ubiquitous newspaper man; and his wife, "the beautiful Dorothy

Tennant" (who is after all only a comely woman of 32, quite English in dress and manners), ignored with truly British disdain the cards of the ladies who came to call upon her under what seems to have been a mistaken idea of the courtesy due a stranger.

In view of the fact that Stanley is just now one of the most talked of men in the United States and Britain, a few words about his early life may be of interest. His real name is John Rowlands. He was born in Wales in 1840, the child of very poor parents. When but three years old he was sent to a charitable institution to be brought up, and at thirteen was thrown upon his own resources. He taught school in Wales, earning enough to take him to Liverpool, whence he shipped as cabin-boy on a sailing vessel bound for New Orleans. He was ambitious and studious, and his efforts at advancement gained him the friendship of a merchant of New Orleans, named Stanley, who adopted him and gave him his own name. But the kind old man died leaving no will and his protegee could claim nothing from his estate, and was again left to shift for himself. At the breaking out of the war he went into the Confederate army, and at its close drifted to New York and into newspaper work, and for twenty-seven years has been war correspondent and explorer. It is said that above all in which the lady said him nay was the occasion of his self-imposed banishment to the perils of an explorer's life. He was with the English army in Abyssinia, and in Crete and Spain during the revolutions, and has traveled over nearly the entire world, wherever there have been wars. When months lengthened into years and no tidings came of Dr. Livingstone, the proprietors of the *N. Y. Herald* resolved to equip an expedition for his rescue, and the historic telegram, "When can you start to find Livingstone?" and its answer "To-day," flashed across the wires. He found Livingstone in November, 1871, and since then has made four trips into the heart of Africa, the last of which, for the rescue of Emin Pasha, was the theme of his lecture here.

The lecturer was introduced by Hon. T. W. Palmer, and after the tumult of applause had died away, a breathless silence settled upon the audience, the tribute of their concentrated attention. It is of course not possible to condense much of what was said in an hour and a half into the space available in the *HOUSEHOLD*, but a brief synopsis may not be uninteresting.

The entire journey covered 6,000 miles and occupied 987 days. The first thousand mile section was by steamer up the Congo river and one of its tributaries, then 600 miles on foot through an unbroken primeval forest--the forest region of Central Africa, 620 miles in length from north to south, with an average width from west to east of 520 miles, and containing 320,000 square miles. At Zambuya, before entering the forest, the fated rear guard was left behind, under the command of Major Barttelot, and the advance guard pushed on, in response to Emin's cry "Help us quickly or we perish." In this great tropical forest there is the heat of perpetual summer and the humid atmosphere of continued rains. In a year, they recorded 560 hours of rain, and such rain! The water fell in torrents, in pitch blackness, accompanied by blinding lightning and terrific cannonading of thunder. Even when the sun is shining, the gloom in the forests is the twilight of evening, owing to the thickness of the canopy of foliage, 150 feet above, which shuts out the sun. The trees, many of them, have stood for centuries; the ground beneath them is composed of the dust of those which have gone, and strewed with dead leaves and debris. The trees are wreathed with enormous parasites and climbers; one climber was 1,400 feet long, and these vines over-run the branches from one tree to another, and hang in great garlands and festoons thirty to forty feet below. Through such scenes the explorers traveled for 170 days, cutting their way through bush and briar, through marshes, drenched by the frequent rains, often suffering from hunger, always preyed upon by ants, wasps and other insects; and it is hardly to be wondered at that when the men at last emerged from the depressing gloom of the forest and its dreadful atmosphere, they looked back and called it hell. Out of 389 persons who entered it only 173 survived.

The inhabitants of the forest are big people and little people; the former own clearings in the forest, the pigmies are unsettled nomads, who camp near the banana plantations. The morality of the tribes is of the lowest, and some of them are cannibals. They have no idea of a God, and are entirely lacking in moral sensibilities.

On the banks of Lake Albert Nyanza Stanley at last met Emin, and endeavored to persuade him to return to the coast. Finding it impossible to induce the Pasha to accede to any of his propositions he left him, returning



in search of the rear column which he found wrecked, Barttelot dead, Jameson gone, and Bonney alone in charge; next came the news of the capture of Emin and Jephson by the rebel forces contending against the Mahdists, and the prospects of the annihilation of both prisoners and captors by the Mahdi. Jephson escaped; the rebels released Emin on hearing of Stanley's approach with a superior force, and came with Emin to be "forgiven," but really in the hope of disarming the expedition and delivering it to the Mahdi as a peace offering. Three attempts were made to steal the guns of the party, only frustrated by orders to the soldiers to tie their guns to their bodies. Then Emin, finding himself without a following, decided to accompany Stanley to the coast. Then came the wearisome march to Bagamoyo, and Emin's fall from the balcony after the banquet on their arrival, in December, 1889, which seemed to have the singular effect of annihilating friendly relations between rescuer and rescued. Finally Emin went over to the German interest, and has since taken charge of a German expedition into Africa.

Because of Emin's want of frankness, and on account of his vacillation, hundreds of lives were lost, and the survivors of those terrible marches suffered months of privation and toil. In character he lacks steadfastness, and the ability to live up to his spoken sentiments. He is devoted to botany, entomology and natural history, a good talker, but totally deficient in the qualities which enable a man to rule men. In fact, one could hardly help the suspicion that Stanley really is of the opinion that "the game was not worth the powder;" or, in other words, the actual rescue of a man like Emin, whose troubles seem to have been mainly the result of his weaknesses, indecision, and want of foresight, hardly compensated for the sufferings and decimation of his rescuers; and he admitted frankly that Emin was not the character in whose behalf the expedition was organized.

The results of the exploration were summarized by the lecturer as follows: "We have discovered the long-lost snowy Mountains of the Moon, the sources of the Albertine, Nile, and also Lake Albert Edward, besides an important extension of the Victoria Nyanza; and four European governments, the British, French, German and Portuguese, have been induced to agree as to what their several spheres of influence shall be in the future in the Dark Continent, with a view to avoiding conflicts in the future, and to redeeming it from its present darkness and ignorance."

BEATRIX.

Will the Secretaries of Farmers' Clubs who forward to the HOUSEHOLD papers designed for publication, kindly endorse upon them the name and address of the writer, name of Club before which it was read, and date and place of meeting. We always like to give proper credit to both Club and individual, and to do so the data named above are requisite, but are sometimes forgotten.

#### PUBLIC OPINION.

"Then gently scan thy brither man,  
Still gentler, sister woman;  
Tho' they may gang a kennin' wrang  
To step aside is human.  
One point must still be greatly dark,  
The moving, why, they do it:  
And just as plainly can ye mark  
How far perhaps they rue it."

While nearly everything has a latitude, opinion is as free and boundless as the air. We are not only privileged to think what we please about another, but we can with equal propriety express our opinion in such language as we may deem proper. While one can but reasonably suppose that some remarks will be made as to habits, peculiarities, etc.; it is a little hard to bear the knowledge that one is up as a target for public opinion. If one could always be assured of as charitable a judgment as an old gentleman of my acquaintance accorded everybody—dividing whatever came to his ears by two—we could better brave the scathing things said about us. Many a noble resolve has been forgotten, many a much cherished prize been lost, many a human soul dropped from the race of life, for want of a little encouragement. Whatever we do is done so blindly. Often what we deem is for the best turns out for the worst. But the perfidy of a friend is indeed hard to bear. When we do ourselves a wrong, our self remorse is a just and sufficient punishment, but add to that the merciless judgment that a cold and unfeeling public will accord, one needs the will and stolidity of a Hercules to bear up under it. Public opinion knows no limit; it either carries a man on the high wave of prosperity or it treads him into the dust like a worm. It fawns and showers adulation, and pierces him in the back with a venomous dart; it is two-sided—it is double faced. It wreathes the face with smiles while there is murder in the heart; it will gain vantage ground at whatever cost; it will have you on the pinnacle of Fame to-day and down in the gutter to-morrow; it is as changeable as the chameleon; it is as lasting as the snowflake in the river; it will vanish like the rainbow in the storm. In the darkness of night, in the light of the day, it is over, about, around us. Go where we will it still pursues us; it envelops us, holds us captive. We are in its grasp as certainly as was ever poor mortal in the grasp of Victor Hugo's Devil-Fish, its tentacles reach out, it decoys us, flatters us, anything to further its own ends.

It is just as impossible for one to live for himself as for the flower to hoard its fragrance, the sun hide his rays, the dew drop refuse its grateful moisture. Two lives never come in contact, but one or the other receives some help. The mere passing by, looking on a beautiful face, the subtle influence of some perfume, the catching of a word, a movement of the hand, have often been turning points in lives. Let each one ask himself when rendering judgment on another, "Could I have done better?" "Might I not have stumbled as he did?" "To err is human, to forgive divine." Let us each watch our own actions; let us clear our own yard before cleaning our neighbors; fill the mind

with good thoughts, train our own boys and girls for life, and take it for granted that all mothers are engaged in the same good work, and daily and hourly pray "Lord, guard Thou the door of my mouth."

EVANGELINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

#### GOOD WORDS FOR THE "HOUSEHOLD."

I have long been a reader of the little HOUSEHOLD, and have wished to confess my love for it, but like the young man who has long loved his girl, have been too bashful. And then that awful waste basket would rise before me, and I have deferred until now I come forth with all the courage I can muster and contribute my mite. Although we take several different papers the little HOUSEHOLD is my first choice, its contents are perused before another paper is thought of. As it has been a weekly visitor for six years, it would seem that I could not do without it. I have each year's numbers sewed together, and it gives me much pleasure to look them over.

I was much pleased with the article by El. See., "For Appearance's Sake." I think parents ought to be careful about their dress and not have their children feel ashamed of them. For mothers to crimp their hair, wear bangs, or even powder their faces, in my estimation is better than to look slovenly. I have often seen women whose hair looked as if it had not been combed for days, and their clothes put on in so slovenly a manner that I would, if I had been their husband or children, been very much tempted to feel ashamed of them. And as I like to see woman look nice so do I men. There is no need of their looking beggarly if they are tillers of the soil. But for a new comer I have said enough, so I will make my bow and retire.

HELLENA.

GRAND LEDGE.

#### WOMEN—GENERALLY AND PARTICULARLY.

I have supposed I understood most of the kinks in the feminine mind, having been a woman myself—well, no matter how many years. But what is it that makes the woman who don't want to vote, so very anxious to keep the right of suffrage from her sister that does? Why should she care? And, Beatrix, if women have so much better times in life than men why is it that you never yet saw a man who wished he was a woman? The women I know best are good wives and mothers, spending their lives in unselfish work for others. But I live in the backwoods and perhaps the cities produce a different type. Yet in my life I have known city women who lived their kindly Christian lives and were too truly ladies to speak in a fault-finding way of others.

But the kind of a female that makes me more tired to contemplate than any other is the good Methodist sister who believes that her feminine modesty would be utterly gone if she were to go to the Conference as a delegate right along with the brethren.

Have you noticed Mrs. Grant's "Recol-



lections" in the October *Home-Maker*? One reads them with the wish that her friends had kindly kept the poor woman out of print. It is not even of any historical value, as she has far more to say of Papa Dent than Gen. Grant. But it shows her to have been a good, loving daughter; and after all a kindly heart is of more value than mere intellect.

Ella R. Wood, I have always in reading letters over your name expected good solid common sense, and have not yet been disappointed. But your opinion on the suffrage question touched with me "a chord that vibrated" and I wish that I could reach down to Flint and shake hands with you.

Do you all know that pumpkin pies are better to grate the pumpkin on a horseradish grater, than to stew it before making the pies?

HULDAH PERKINS.

PIONEER.

#### LIFE ON THE FARM.

[Paper read before the Union City Farmers' Club, Nov. 12th, by Mrs. Travers.]

There are many different opinions in regard to farm life. Some say farm life is one of drudgery, while others see beauty, pleasure and happiness as the lot of the presiding goddess on the farm.

Acting upon the principle that life is what we make it, there is a chance to so control our farm life that it may be made one of pleasure and happiness. Work is the one great principle of success; but by a proper planning and arranging of our work, we may lighten the labor of execution. It is true that the energetic, driving farmer leads a busy, active life, for an outlay of much hard labor is necessary, as work is the engine that draws the car of successful farming.

There are very busy seasons in connection with farm life, and it is true that the hardest and most important work comes during the hottest weather, when labor is the most unpleasant and unbearable; and it is not surprising that many a farmer becomes discontented and envies the merchant or banker their seeming life of ease. There is much work that is laborious and unpleasant, and requires more muscular exertion on the farm than in the shop or at the desk; nevertheless the clerk and merchant work more hours in a day, and are more closely confined than the man on the farm. It is not necessary that the farmer should work sixteen hours out of twenty-four, as very many of them do, for by so doing he surely makes a drudge of himself by trying to do more work than he is able, becoming tired and disheartened, and apt to look upon farm life as a round of drudgery. One great trouble is, the farmer is trying to get rich too fast. The accumulation of wealth is the acme of his desires, it absorbs all other interests and blunts all the finer feelings of his nature. Thus year after year he works on, from early morn till late at night, with no other incentive than to lay up a few paltry dollars to leave behind him when the Master of the universe has summoned him to that great harvest field above. As the years pass on, failing health reminds him that for

all his hurry and worry, he has only premature old age, and a goodly share of aches and pains as an offset against his bank stock and mortgages.

The overworked man or woman are no fit judges of farm life, for they mechanically do all the work they can possibly crowd into the time after arising from their bed in the morning, until they retire at night, thus destroying all taste for literary attainments, and finally conclude that literature and knowledge of science belong to a class of men and women with more brains and more time for study, than the farmers and farmers' wives. Such men and women never attend a farmers' institute. They cannot spare the time; they must work hard all the time, raise good crops, sell their products, save a portion for family use and put the balance at interest, and gloomily assert that farming is a slow process by which to get rich.

There are men who are willing to sacrifice every comfort and every enjoyment, for the sake of adding to their bank account. They will gleefully relate to the good wife that they have just bought another mortgage, and hope to be able to buy another one when the crops are all harvested and sold; and admonish her to be careful and economise and make the old carpet do another year. We once heard a good woman lamenting that she had no sewing machine; when asked why she did not get one, said she: "John says when he gets \$500 at interest he will buy me one." And she seemed more eager for the money at interest than she did for the much needed sewing machine.

Is it any wonder that such people, when health begins to fail them and they find themselves unable to carry on the work that is required on the farm, assert that farm life is a life of drudgery? Such people die without ever knowing the true joys of farm life. Men or women have no right to burden themselves with so much work that they can take no time for recreation and pleasure. It is a duty they owe themselves and their families to so live that they may get all the good there is in life.

Granges and Farmers' Institutes have been formed for the express purpose of bringing the farmers into closer unity. The social feature brings together men and women, young and old, who may discuss whatever pertains to the well-being of the community; to make country homes and country society more attractive and enjoyable that the exhaustive labor of the farm may be overbalanced by instructive, social amusement and accomplishments. The lack of social enjoyment has been long felt among the farmers, and this want these farmers' meetings and the Grange has most thoroughly supplied. Were the farmers to come out of their isolation and join these institutions of learning and instruction, they would find that a day thus spent would enable them to take hold of farm work with renewed strength and more energy; their minds would be filled with higher, wider thoughts, and they would oftener look upon the pleasant side of farm life.

Life is too short for us to live merely

for mercenary purposes. We know not how soon we may be called upon to lay down our implements on earth, and render our accounts to the great Master above. Therefore let the farmers come out and put their shoulders to the wheel of progress and their hands upon the lever of educational, social and moral upliftment. Farmers, arouse yourselves! There is a great work for you to do. Instead of bemoaning the trials of farm life, try to improve that life and lift the farmer and farmer's wife to a higher standpoint, and you will find that

"Farm life is not so bad a life,  
As some would like to make it;  
But whether good or whether bad  
Depends on how we take it."

#### ABOUT VISITING.

The sentiments of one signing herself "Ungracious" some time back, quite meet my ideas of visiting, only I should write about four chapters of the meanest kind of stuff if I were to express myself fully. Take my word for it, there are few people in this world who really know how to make a call or a visit. I hate this everlasting, miscellaneous, hypocritical, nonsensical time-consuming visiting, and yet I am one of those bland dissemblers with a set smile who would not for anything make a guest feel uncomfortable, not if he should lean back in his chair and leave bear's grease all over the wall paper, or break the chair into pieces, or even if he should spit tobacco on the hearth, but wouldn't he catch it when he had gone? This I have mentioned is not much compared to what visitors can do to aggravate and wear out a hostess. Such a variety of visitors have experimented on me that I am not sure which I dread the most. There is the pious visitor, usually a minister, a traveling evangelist or migratory missionary. He will swoop down upon you some Saturday night when you are short of bread, and next morning when you are hurrying like mad to get to Sunday school, will read 48 verses and comment, then pray for Europe, Asia and Africa, Cuba and the West Indies, England, Scotland and Wales, the Chinese and the government, the Y. M. C. A. and Freedman's Bureau, but never a petition for the woman who is becoming an imbecile over her domestic affairs, disconcerted by his presence. Then there is the visitor from the country who appears to believe that the time and money of the city denizen is unlimited and acts accordingly. She acts as if she had never heard of work and expects to be waited on like a queen. Sometimes this class are entertained, and again one fails to see anything in the metropolis that can quite equal the village they hail from. A sweet old friend spent four weeks with us last summer. She was always ready before any one else when we were going out. Always down in time for meals. Did not have to be entertained every moment, and thoroughly enjoyed the plans made for her and recognized much that was superior to her own city, a large and busy place. There is still another class—callers properly—who want to know how much you paid for your parlor carpet



and if you own the house you live in and if you have a good girl, and if your husband drinks and who that young man was with your daughter last Sunday. I must not omit the young man who is afflicted with the fingers. He gets into the hall and is taken. You may help him on with his coat and thrust his hat into his hand and fling open the door and point out an approaching car, but there he sticks. But worst of all is the guest who is always late to breakfast. I always want to get a gun for this class.

Readers will say, then who do you like; is there no one you want to visit you? Bless you, yes. Lots of people, but they are of the kind one never can have long. They are too busy. They are too interesting to be spared long in one place, they have missions they must perform. We certainly waste too much time boring each other. I am sure my ideas of the matter are not solitary. I have spent half my time, I believe, in being a chip basket to hold the trash others have thrown at me and the other half in throwing chips back, and to what does it amount? There is no established affection, neither any pleasant memory. Shall we reform, turn about and get "queer," or go on in the same old way? Go on, of course. Who can afford to break through such a long established custom! Not I.

ST. LOUIS.

DAFFODILLY.

#### HELPS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Almost every one knows how to make the handsome handkerchief sachets which open like a book cover, but here are directions for something quite new and novel in the sachet line. Get six pieces of satin ribbon half a yard long and about three inches wide, three of one color, and three of another. Stitch them together lengthwise, folding each end to a point, and leave one seam open about ten inches. Insert a lining of cotton scented with sachet powder, and then a lining of soft silk, fastened to the edges of the left open seam. Draw the ends closely and fasten them under double bows of satin ribbon. Any number of pretty handkerchiefs can be inserted in this dainty case, which resembles a melon in shape and may be made still more like one by using palest green and a darker hue for the ribbons.

It is almost impossible to get too many pillows for the couch or lounge, nowadays, or too great a variety in size and shape. A new design is the circular pillow covered with silk and chamois. Two circles of the leather are cut out, each just large enough to cover the top of the cushion without extending over the edge. Pink the edges of the chamois, and on one of the circles paint a cluster of pansies. Round the entire cushion put a puff of purple silk. In and between each scallop is punched an eyelet hole, and through these holes is passed a silk cord which holds the circles together over the silk puff.

To crochet a wool boa, which is a very pretty gift for a little girl, use elder down wool and a large bone needle. Make a loose chain of 126 stitches. Skip 12, work

a single crochet on the next, then finish the row by making 12 chain and a single crochet on the next stitch of foundation chain. When at the end of the row turn and work another row of loops on the other side of the foundation. Turn once more at the end of this row and work loops in the same stitches as the first were worked in. Sew ribbons on each side to tie it in front, letting the ends fall free.

A table-scarf that is both pretty and serviceable is of white linen, a yard and a half long and half a yard wide, fringed on the ends and hemstitched on the sides. A huge spider-web is drawn in the middle and a smaller one at either end, and etched with yellow wash silk. Autumn leaves etched in yellow, red or brown have the appearance of having been carelessly caught in this web.

A home made writing tablet is a useful present, especially to a student, or a person who spends much time away from home, who will thus always have writing materials on hand. Cover a half-inch pine board, 20x15 inches, with dark red felt or ladies cloth; in the centre put two or three sheets of blotting paper held in place by bits of leather fastened by brass headed tacks. Pieces of the same leather form pockets for envelopes, note paper, postal cards and stamps; and a strip of leather an inch wide is divided by the tacks in such a way as to hold pencil, pen-holder and paper knife. The centre space of the tablet—that covered by the blotting paper—is reserved to write upon; and it is more convenient to have the divisions for paper, envelopes, etc., arranged at the top of this.

The *Country Gentleman* tells of a pretty article for an invalid, a wrap to be worn while sitting up in bed: "Get one and three fourths yards of warm flannel, of any color preferred, double it and cut a slit nine inches deep in the middle. On either side of this lay back the goods in a revers. This forms the neck. Pink the material all around, and at the top lay back two inches, feather-stitching it down with bright silk. Feather-stitch also around the revers at the neck, and tie with bright ribbons. At the opposite lower corners fold back and feather stitch a triangular piece for a cuff, and tack together so that the hand can easily slip through. These little wraps can be made as handsome and costly as you please. One lately sent to a friend is made of pink elder down flannel, bound with white ribbon with a picot edge, trimmed at the neck with swans down and tied with wide ribbons of pink and white plaid, so exquisite in their tints and freshness as to remind one of nothing so much as apple blossoms. Bows of the same are placed on the cuff."

You can buy the most dainty and wonderful baskets for baby's toilette, or you can make one at home as described below; and really, the elegance of the basket does not seem to affect the quality of the baby's brains or the strength of his lungs, which is certainly a mercy, since a great many babies have to be brought up without experiencing the civilizing and enlightening influences of a basket. Procure some stiff pasteboard, cut two eight sided pieces as

large as you want the bottom of your basket to be, cover both on one side with pink or blue lining cambric and overhand them together neatly. If desired more delicate, use thin white muslin to cover the cambric. Now cut sixteen pieces to be covered in the same way for the sides, having the bottom of each piece just wide enough to fit on the eight sided piece, and slanting it out toward the top to make the latter about an inch wider than the bottom. After these pieces are covered, overhand them together to form a circle, sew the bottom in, add cushions and pockets to please the fancy and edge the top with cord, plaited ribbon or lace.

#### DOMESTIC HELPS.

A nice way of baking apples is to choose those of medium size, pare and remove the core, but do not quarter; place in a deep baking dish, and when about half done pour around them a rich custard and finish baking.

Perhaps boiled sweet apples may be a new dish with some. Wash the apples carefully and remove the blossom end. Place in a stew pan with enough sweetened water to cover. Boil slowly until tender, remove and boil the juice until thick, and pour it over the apples.

A unique decoration after frosting a nice loaf cake, is to select good sized raisins, and into each insert five cloves, arranged so as to form the head and four feet of a miniature turtle. These should be placed on the frosting in such regulation as will not necessitate their removal when the cake is cut.

MAYBEE.

MIDDLEVILLE.

THE article on infants' clothing asked for by a correspondent, is unavoidably held over till our next issue. Do you notice that chasm known as "an aching void" in the corner usually devoted to recipes? Who pleads guilty to the charge of knowing how to make good things she will not tell her friends about?

Not a few city housekeepers who find their time sadly broken in upon by the rings at the door bell which herald the too frequent caller, the ubiquitous agent and the persistent beggar, would be glad to introduce on "our street" the fashion which Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney describes as prevailing in "Ascotney Street," her new novel. The good dames had "souls above buttons," and yearnings after the unattainable though they "did" their own washing, cleaning and cooking. That these sacred but ignoble rites might not be broken in upon, and they be forced to reveal their domestic mysteries and their dishabille while employed as their own servants, they adopted a simple expedient, never mentioned but tacitly understood. When the lady of the house was washing, clear-starching, or putting up her catsups, she tied a ribbon to the doorbell and this was a signal to her friends that she was "out." They respected the warning; and the uninitiated caller might ring in vain; the maid, who was also the mistress, knew full well it was no acquaintance and to any intruder she was very emphatically "not at home."