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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

For the Household.

AN IMMORTAL.

BY A. H. J.

With strength of heart and strength of brain,
To bear thy own and others' pain;
A faith sublime
To lead thy feet through darkest hours;
And teach the worth of all thy powers
True Angelina.

Eyes keen to see life's sin and woe,
A heart as pure as drifted snow,
Were ever thine;
And when my need you could not see,
Thy words were gift of gold to me;
Wise Angelina.

And looking back thro' all the years,
Of weakness, failure, toil and tears—
This thought is mine—
The weakness might to sin have grown,
And life more drear, had I not known
Thee, Angelina.

And on that mound beside the sea,
Where ever waves give moan for thee,
And blooms combine
To make thy grave a lovely bower;
I drop from lips and heart this flower;
Dear Angelina.

HOW TO MAKE A DRESS.

Simplicity rules the styles in which dress skirts are made at present. The foundation skirt is narrow, scarcely more than two yards wide, and is fitted smoothly as a glove across the front and sides by darts taken at the top, all the fullness being massed at the back. This foundation is faced round the bottom with canvas, cut bias, with a facing of the dress goods; and three slashes about two and one-half inches deep, are cut in the bottom of the front breadth, one slash exactly in the centre and one each side of it, about an eighth of a yard from the centre one; these are to give freedom to the movement of the feet when walking. Instead of dress braid skirts are bound with velveteen; our merchants keep it cut in eighth of yard lengths ready for use; it must be on the bias and is put on in the same manner as braid. It outlasts a braid, and does not wear the shoes across the instep as does the former.

When the foundation skirt is ready, having been basted to the waistband—the inner edge of the band to the skirt, thus bringing the seam outside and leaving the outer edge of the band to be turned over upon the dress when the dress skirt is in place—comes the most difficult part, the hanging of the skirt upon the lining. The centre of the front breadth is basted to the centre of the foundation skirt. The fullness of the front breadth having been

taken up in darts, cut out and pressed open after being sewed; then all the fullness is drawn to the back, leaving the front and sides perfectly plain and smooth, and laid in fan pleats meeting in the centre of the back, great care being exercised to keep them even and of exact length. This adjustment can only be made upon the person for whom the dress is being made. The skirt being thus pinned to place, it is removed, basted, the band turned over and basted, thus finishing the top, and again tried on; if all right, the waistband is stitched to place. Three widths of 42 inch goods are sufficient for a skirt—one constituting the front and sides, the others pleated into the back. The widths are straight, not gored at all, though new Parisian models of house dresses are said to have a bias seam in the centre of the back, to remove the fullness at the waist line and give a graceful slope to the extra length now permissible on reception, visiting and home dresses. Some of these skirts are cut bias throughout, especially if the goods is plaided.

A great many such dresses are simply hemmed at the foot; some have the hem turned up on the outside and a piping fold of velvet or silk set in; or a narrow band of fur or line of narrow gimp or passementerie makes a heading. A bias band of velvet, silk or cloth of contrasting color is used as a border also. It is about a quarter of a yard deep, and only extends across the front and sides of the skirt. Rows of braid and bands of astrachan are also used for decoration. The newest fancy is for a scant gathered bias ruffle of velvet or silk, four or five inches wide when made, set at the foot of the skirt, with a two-inch heading; or a full pleated ruche of silk or of the dress material. Some dressmakers are putting on three or four narrow gathered ruffles, overlapping each other. These decorations are used only upon the front and sides, the back being simply hemmed.

The new basques are longer than they were early in the season, and nearly all have the long postilion back and the roundly pointed fronts, and are made as long-waisted as possible. Everything is done to accentuate the height of the figure, the long waists, the straight clinging skirts, the high sleeves, all lengthen the lines of the figure, and the tall and slender woman is the representative of the "style" of the moment.

The darts are taken very deeply, the second dart being so deep and so nearly bias that the under arm seam is nearly

straight. Shoulder seams are very short, to accommodate the high puffed sleeves, a fashion which still prevails. In making a bodice, after fitting, stitch all the seams but those under the arms and the shoulder seams; open them and press; work the buttonholes and sew on the buttons and baste in the sleeves. Try on again. Then you are ready to sew the other seams, letting out or taking in a little as necessary. Sleeves are long, well covering the wrist; ultra fashionables make them to come well down upon the hand; they are finished without cuffs, with a piping of velvet and a row of small velvet buttons set upon the inner arm seam to the elbow.

Corsages are still much trimmed with revers, folds, passementerie, etc. Many are made double-breasted, with a seam in the centre of the front. A pretty style is to make the front of velvet, buttoned over on both edges in double-breasted shape. A pretty dress seen at the theatre lately had a front of cream silk laid in narrow pleats, each pleat outlined with a narrow gilt braid; silk and braid extended upon the collar. The bottom of a basque is faced and pressed, or a piping fold of velvet set in as a finish. A row of tiny buttons is set on each half of the postilion back, or two larger buttons at the waist line. Whalebones should be sewed in so they extend to within a quarter of an inch of the bottom of the basque. Every seam except the centre side back form seams is boned, a whalebone being put in the centre of the front on the "eye" side. It is rare to see a basque buttoned all the way up, so universal the fashion of trimming the front.

Collars are still straight and high, after the military style which has prevailed so long; or are high in the back and curved in front to show the throat. To make a collar fit nicely it must be cut on the bias, straight on the upper edge and curving on the lower to make it fit around the throat, and large enough to fit the neck of the dress. (Of course the curved edge is to go on the neck of the dress.) To make it stiff enough two or three thicknesses of canvass are stitched together on the machine. The collar is not sewed to the dress; the neck is bound with narrow ribbon and the collar finished by itself, set on over and sewed to place.

A pretty camel's hair costume seen here was made with the straight skirt described, with trimming of green velvet ribbon. This ribbon was set on in graduated rows, perpendicularly, on the skirt, beginning with a row in the centre of the front which

reached half way to the waist; on each side the rows shortened gradually to the back breadth. The same scheme of decoration prevailed on the corsage, rows of the ribbon extending from the bottom of the basque to form a pretty shaped corselet; and the puffs on the sleeves and the wrists were similarly decorated.

Azalia puts these queries: "I have a black cashmere to make over. How shall I make it and what shall I trim it with? I have a heavy brown twilled cloth skirt I want to make up for a dress or wrap, but do not know how to do it. Please tell me what to get for an evening dress and how to make it. I want something for evening in winter and all times in summer."

It is very difficult to tell how to reconstruct a dress without knowing what shape it is in. Perhaps our correspondent can remodel her cashmere according to directions just given, using black, or black-and-white plaid silk for trimming. Silk sleeves, a full pleated vest of silk framed in folds of cashmere, and a silk ruche at the foot of the skirt would make it new again, if it is in shape so the requisite length and width for the skirt can be secured. The skirt can be pieced under the ruche. Old silk can be cut up to make the ruche, which must be very full; two and a half yards are required for it. Or, the silk can be pleated and set in as a panel on one or both sides; no foot trimming will then be needed. The brown dress will be pretty made up with brown velvet. Double-breasted fronts of velvet, a velvet V at the tops of the sleeves, lots of little buttons to match—small button moulds or even shirt buttons covered with velvet can be used—will quite change its looks. Or a velvet corselet would be more girlish-looking. This is a piece of velvet, pointed top and bottom in the centre and sloping toward the sides; it is sewed in in one under arm seam and hooked over on the other, and must be made on canvas and whaleboned to make it keep its shape. Brown astrachan would also be suitable trimming.

Material for an evening dress depends a good deal upon the society in which one belongs. What would be very plain evening dress in one place might be full dress or over dress in another. There are very beautiful gauzes in pale pink and blue, red and white, with threads of gold running through them, which must be made up over silk and make lovely ball-dresses; and which can be bought for 90 cents up. There are exquisite designs in embroidered *mousseline de soie* at \$1.75, and upward, and plain wool albatros and batistes at 65, 75 and 85 cents a yard. Probably what would be best for Azalia would be a China silk, plain or figured, which would cost from 75 cents to \$1.10, according to quality, and is 27 inches wide. These in light shades make very pretty and durable dresses for all round wear, and are not very expensive. A yellow or a pale pink we should think would suit her complexion nicely, or an old rose or crushed raspberry. Crepe de chine is a lovely goods, worth \$1.25 in evening shades. Such a dress needs to be made very simply.

A full skirt of six straight widths, with a pinked ruche at the foot; and a full waist and sleeves with no trimming except lace at the V-shaped neck and sleeves, would be very stylish if made to fit and hang just right. An ostrich feather band round the neck, or one of the new fluffy silk ruches, would give a finishing touch of style.

BEATRIX.

FREE ENTERTAINMENT.

Owen Meredith encouragingly says:

"Lean not on one mind constantly,
Lest where one stood before two fall!
Something God hath to say to thee,
Worth hearing from the lips of all."

With these lines as an inspiration I have decided to continue the subject of my last previous letter on visiting, under the head of "free entertainment." I mean by this, the wholesale housing and feeding of strangers who come professedly to attend conventions and other public meetings held in towns and cities, in the guise of authorized delegates or representatives. I dislike to connect the idea of "frauds" and "sponges" with the W. C. T. U., Sunday school conventions and other moral and religious organizations, but even so it is that when these bodies hold their periodical sessions they have a train of attendants whom the city authorities, if they had to deal with them, would pronounce vagrants and treat accordingly. Let a strange man, no matter how well dressed, attempt to get a week's lodging without paying for it and see how soon he would be taking a ride to the Four Courts. The same individual however may appropriate a badge in some way, crowd in amongst those who are entitled to the hospitality of generous citizens, and boldly claim the privileges of an honest representative. The "sponges" never miss a train; they are without exception on hand with the first arrivals. They get in early and tarry late. Should delegates proper take advantage of a late train to proceed home after business, the "sponge" decides to remain over for another breakfast, possibly dinner and supper, and if he or she does not stay over Sunday you may be thankful. To illustrate after the style of Spoopendyke one might say all these "sponges" need is to drive off on a fire engine to make you feel as if there had been a "dod-gasted" conflagration on your premises. I shall never forget a one-eyed woman with a black valise which my husband carried ten squares to get her home, who thrust herself upon us as a "delegate" to a W. C. T. U. Convention, crowded out those who had a right to entertainment, and then ingenuously told me that she had taken advantage of the low railroad rates and "free entertainment" to come to the city to do some shopping. This was not an isolated case upon the same occasion.

I judge this species of imposition accounts for the reluctance of most persons to receive strangers, even to help along a good cause. It should hardly, however, cause one to revoke a promise to entertain at the last moment; and it cer-

tainly does not excuse a woman for closing the door abruptly in the face of an inquiring stranger. During the past summer a Sunday school convention was held at Sedalia, Mo. With a young lady I went as a delegate. We arrived at the station at 3 p. m. of a very hot day. No committee awaited us, and we went to the church where the meetings were to be held. There were about 200 persons from St. Louis, many of them I knew had not been appointed by their schools but were going for a pleasure trip—for an outing from the city. We two felt quite comfortable in representing one of the largest and finest schools in the city. In fact we supposed the name of our church would open the door of any inhabitant of Sedalia. We gawked about for two hours listening for our names, watching the different persons going out, and hearing with dismay their reports of having been rejected as they filed back. Finally we were sent out to seek "free entertainment." We were sent out twice in different directions. We were informed from behind half opened doors that they had changed their minds and could not take delegates. As women usually do, we had taken an extra dress in a shawl strap, so with these parcels we paraded the streets hunting a place to stop. The Farmers' Alliance was in session and there were no rooms to be had at the hotels. Tramping about the streets of a strange city asking for lodging was a new experience. We were tired, we were hungry, we were vexed, and were setting out to the station to wait for a midnight train to take us home, when some one gave us another number and urged us to make one more trial. In company with a minister from our city who had been snubbed at six different places, we dragged our now aching limbs and our luggage out several squares to tackle another poor woman for "free entertainment." A small white cottage inside a small yard on a quiet street, contained a store of hospitality that ought to have made some others far more pretentious, blush. Kindly Mrs. Brown greeted us in the most friendly manner, assuring us of a welcome to such as she could give us. We did not fall upon her neck and weep, but we did try to not increase her cares or add to her work. With returning faith in human benevolence we attended the convention and joined heartily in the opening chorus, "Blessed be, blessed be, blessed be the name of the Lord." When the benediction was pronounced on Sunday night most of us took a late train for home, but those who had gone for the pleasure of the trip remained until Monday evening. One woman I especially recall. She had been rejected at several places and finally taken in by a clever family in the suburbs who brought her in to the meetings in their carriage, and she was so delighted with their courtesy that she remained over until Tuesday. She was one who had no authority to go at all and could not possibly have been invited to remain except as she requested it herself. This is but a glimpse of what occurs on all such occasions. I have made a vow—not in a rage—not in an unchristianlike

spirit, but calmly, in my right mind (I think), that in future I shall under no circumstances accept entertainment from strangers except on the basis of hard cash. I shall also vehemently oppose sending out any one at any time as a pauper. A society had far better defray the expense of one or two persons than to take the chance of a score of stragglers swooping down upon the hospitably inclined. I do not say that I shall forever refuse to entertain if the majority so elect. No one shall ever be turned rudely from my door—not even the black valise, but I hope the day of individual independence is dawning. I hope to see the time when conventions and "quarterly meetings" shall not strike a town like a hurricane, demoralizing the domestic arrangements of half the housekeepers, leaving blight and ill-temper brooding over the hearthstone. If all concerned would contribute as much money as it costs to entertain an extra guest, the "delegates" and preachers might be taken care of where it is made a matter of business, for so much a day or week.

ES. LOUVE.

DAFFODILLY.

THE STORY OF A COUCH.

On my first introduction to this family I was called a couch. At that time I was very beautiful, at least the children all said I was beautiful. My robe of covering being of Brussels carpet, was all over-run with roses in several shades each of violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red, also brown and black; my brightness farther accentuated by an all around row of dark green braid, thickly studded with tacks having large white porcelain heads.

Such was I in my youthful days, but that was some fifteen years ago, and the admiring children have all gone to homes of their own now, all but Mary, the youngest; she is here yet as I have reason to know.

My! what a friend I have been to them all! The boys romped and tumbled over me till two of my springs went down to rise no more; here the young ladies and their beaux whispered soft nothings (and pretty soft they were sometimes too); here father or mother took after-dinner naps, and indeed I think to me the whole family, without exception, brought their griefs and cares, and toothaches and headaches. One of them, I remember him yet, who needed me most of any for a long, long time, was carried away one day and will never come back any more.

Well, I couldn't always be young, and so like lots of people I've seen, I grew to look old and faded, and kind of "set down on," but never realized it till one day Mary said right before me: "On ma! I'm so sick of that old lounge; such glaring colors and great staring white buttons, it spoils everything in the room. I do wish we could have things a little more like other folks, nobody else has such looking things as that; it's so dirty too, the more you pound and brush the more the dirt comes out. I'm just going to take that carpet off and re-cover it with some

thing else. I know I can, can't I, ma?" Here she stopped to give her tongue a holiday, and you can imagine my feelings. "Well, if you think so, but you must ask pa first; it will be a great trouble and I'm afraid you can't."

Now all the encouragement Mary ever needs is to be told "I am afraid you can't." So I knew it was settled; and when she just mentioned her scheme to pa (for appearance sake), the first thing he said was, "Oh you couldn't take it apart, Mary, it's a man's work. Upholsterin' is a trade by itself, better let the lounge alone, you'll only spoil it."

"Spoil that old white butt on lounge!" As I said before I am well acquainted with Mary, and was not surprised when she came in several days later with some beautiful dark red cloth over her arm which she shook out and laid carefully over me, measuring with the tape measure and writing down figures in a book. This cloth is mostly cotton, she explained to her mother, mixed with wool and silk, the cotton is dyed like turkey red calico and will not fade, that is a great consideration, aside from the fact of being inexpensive. Then she fell to cutting paper patterns, and after lots of talking it was agreed that the first time it was convenient Mary should begin the task of rejuvenating my much abused self. Well, it happened to be convenient the first time her father was away from home, and when I saw her come in, armed with triumph, determination and the tack hammer, I knew the hour had come, and I couldn't help feeling a little sad and sorry—for Mary.

She worked very carefully, but notwithstanding the porcelain heads would break off, leaving the long tack still there firmly driven in the hard wood, but she brought the clinchers from the carriage barn, and after patient effort my chief ornament and Mary's "eye sores" lay all over the floor; the braid came off, and that revealed an all round row of tacks so large they were almost nails, very close together and very much rusted. Mary sat down in the nearest rocking chair and surveyed the scene, just as her ma came in to see how she got on.

"He said it was a man's work," she cried out, rocking violently, "indeed it looks like it. What woman would be idiot enough to put fifty thousand tacks where two dozen would be enough!"

However, in a minute she was up and at it again. All day she toiled, and that night the sun went down on a very tired, hand blistered but well contented Mary, with a box full of tacks in every shape and size and length manufactured.

I cannot explain the process by which next day she restored me to my former size and estate, but she said that was the easiest part of it. When my new red dress was finally on, the edges were neatly trimmed and finished with narrow gold colored gimp fastened with small brass headed tacks. Now I don't wish to be thought vain, but the visitors all say I look very young and handsome. So Mary and I are both pleased.

A. V.

"WHO SHALL JUDGE?"

Over the body of her dead bent the fair young bride whose wedded bliss had been thus rudely broken, and cried in her agony, "I never can bear it; it is wicked, it is cruel; he was so good and noble, life was opening before him, so fair and promising, why was he taken and so many left who were of no use in the world?" And the world looked on and said: "Poor thing, her grief is fearful; it is so much worse because they were in the honeymoon, all in all to each other, it is like separating lovers; she will never rally."

Into a little room, bare and meagre, with scarcely a comfort, the dead body of the man was borne; he had fallen from a shaft in the mine and been killed instantly. Almost crazed with her sudden bereavement the poor widow could only moan and soothe the half dozen little ones who were clinging to her skirts. The body had been made ready for burial, the kind neighbors had gone home, and the man of God had told that "He who fed the raven would care for the fatherless and the widowed." But well she knew "the rod had been broken, the beautiful reed," and that henceforth her two hands must furnish their sustenance; and she was only a woman.

It was such a home-like house, beautified with books and pictures and everything that would add to its attractions, but into the earthly Eden grim Death came uninvited, and the wife and mother lay cold and lifeless. There were flowers everywhere, massed in bouquets, twined in designs, strewn over the casket; and the many friends who had gathered for the burial said it was so beautiful death was robbed of its horrors. But to the husband and father who sat there with his three little ones, scarcely more than babies, it came with full force, and he wondered how he could ever bear to come back to the home and leave her, the choice of his heart, in the lonely graveyard. There was never sorrow like this, how could he bear it?

Only a fair young girl brought up so tenderly, shielded from all chill winds, and she stood in her wild agony wringing her hands, and the tears streaming over her pale cheeks. Out of the debris of a terrible railroad accident the father and mother had been taken, dead, mangled almost beyond recognition. What could she do without their care and protection! Reason seemed trembling in the balance. The good preacher whispered that "God tempered the wind to the shorn lamb" and "He chasteneth whom He loveth," but she failed to see it in that way. The world said she did not show proper submission and sweet trust and confidence in the Lord's workings.

He was brought into his home, dead, killed in a drunken carousal in a drinking den in one of the large cities; brought into the presence of his father and mother, the boy of nineteen summers. The dark curls clustered about the forehead, and a sweet, childish expression was on the face, and the mother pressed kiss after kiss on the

old lips, beautiful in death. She deplored the fate that had caused this young life to go out thus early. He would have been their support in old age. The world looked on and said it was a dispensation of Providence; he would probably have died in the gutter in time.

She was picked out of the river, this poor unfortunate creature, bloated beyond recognition, and the men who took her to the morgue said she was better dead than alive, there were plenty more like her. No one lifted her up tenderly, for his mother's sake, but with jeers and curses she was laid away in a lonely grave in the Potters' Field.

The beautiful little babe of five months lay in the snowy casket, lilies of the valley and daisies and tuberoses and callas all around, filling the tiny hands, and the young mother would not be comforted. She gave herself up in abandon to her grief; all she had, her one cherished darling, and she must put him away in the cold ground. One whispered that the Father took him in his innocence, he was safe from the cares of the weary years. But she would not believe it, she would not be reconciled.

Ah! who can judge; every heart knoweth its own sorrow, and the Father looks with compassion on each one.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

THE QUESTION BOX.

Here are a number of questions to which answers are desired. If you can solve any of them, please consider yourself a committee of one to report immediately:

Azalia wants to know how the cucumbers are prepared that we find in half barrels at the grocers. What will remove berry stains from table cloths? How can the ink be removed from the children's handkerchiefs? What will cure chills-blains?

Mrs. J. T. D., of Union Home, says: Will Mrs. Fuller tell me, through the HOUSEHOLD, what to do with my Chinese Lily? It has blossomed in water. Will it bloom again? How shall I care for it through the coming months?

A subscriber wishes to inquire what will remove yellow stains from marble.

Another would like to learn something about the "passion vine." What conditions and treatment are needed to secure its lovely blossoms?

A third asks that some one tell us about the different life insurance societies for women, and of their advantages.

A WICKER clothes-hamper is a convenience about the house, but it costs money. One which will look very tidy in the back hall is made by cleaning a small barrel having a cover, and lining it inside with old calico. Let the lining be long enough to turn over the edge of the barrel on the outside. Cover the outside with cheap cretonne, gathered or pleated on. Cover the top also, having nailed the several pieces together with a cleat on the inside. Insert a peg to lift the cover by.

SCHOOLS AND TEACHERS.

As there was a call from Beatrix to sharpen our pencils and put on our thinking caps I thought I would respond and write upon a subject that I am deeply interested in, namely, our district schools. I think that children living in the country should have as many advantages for school education as those living in the town; and instead of young inexperienced teachers that know nothing of teaching or of governing children, older and more experienced ones should take their places. Nowadays pupils in the district schools can not take studies beyond the eighth grade, because the teachers are not obliged to teach them unless they choose to do so, and they do not teach any more than they have to very often. It is not very profitable business to spend several dollars buying school books and then not be able to study them because the teacher is not compelled to hear the children recite only in certain branches. It is placing the pupils in country schools at a great disadvantage, because many parents are not able to send their children to the public schools. I can not understand why branches that are taught in the town schools should not be taught in the country also. Surely they can not have for an excuse that the teachers do not have time to hear the scholars recite in so many different branches, as the largest schools do not have an average of over twenty pupils, and sometimes not that many. I heartily agree with School Girl and wish to hear from her again on this subject.

PORTLAND.

STELLA MAY.

SUGGESTIONS.

A sand bag is a convenience to those who drive much in winter. Pack a canvas bag full of sand. This may be warmed in the oven at any time. Make a cover of plush, of heavy cloth, or any convenient material, and when the sand is hot, slip the bag into this cover. It will keep the feet nice and warm during a long drive.

The old rubber gossamer can be made useful in its old age as follows: Cut from it a rectangle, eight inches by twelve, lining it with the same. On each corner sew a stout tape long enough to tie about the person of an adult, and when colic, or neuralgia, or cramp, or rheumatism, or sprains, or inflammation of any kind call for hot, wet flannels and poultices, this little waterproof garment, snugly tied about the patient, over the pack of wet cloths on bowels, or stomach, or back, protects the clothing and bedding from dampness.

A correspondent of the *Ladies' Home Journal* gives the following directions for binding magazines: First, take good care to keep them smooth, and never double them up. As you read them lay them away flat. When you have a full volume, place them in order, clamp them to a work-bench or table; take a broad awl and bore holes about half an inch from back edge. Take any stout string and sew them well together as close as you can. Take paste-board for covers (or, if you can't get paste-

board, get stiff paper) and sew with the book. Get a piece of heavy ducking or drilling; paste on the back with edges well lapped over sides of book, weight and let dry. Then cover with cloth or soft black oil-cloth; paste one of fly leaves inside of cover and you will have a good, stout book.

WE cannot furnish copies of the HOUSEHOLD for Sep. 20 and 27, 1890. The supply is entirely exhausted.

A CORRESPONDENT inquires the proper pronunciation of "Beatrix." In three syllables, Be-a-trix, with the accent on the first syllable.

A NEW member, A. M. C., of Romeo, writes: If every one takes as much pleasure in reading the HOUSEHOLD as I do, there would be no trouble in writing for it. For fear of the waste basket I dared not venture before, although there were many subjects I would like to have written on. I am a farmer's wife, and from experience of other occupations think there is none other more contented. I remember the first autograph written in my album by my father: "A contented mind is a continual feast." It is appreciated now that I am older, and is very true. [Come again, A. M. C., and make a longer call.—Ed.]

THE nicest ham sandwiches we ever ate were made of bread cut very thin, the crust removed with a sharp knife, spread with the nicest of butter, and then with a ham paste made of boiled ham chopped fine, then pounded to a paste and seasoned with a very little cayenne pepper, ditto mustard, and several drops only of vinegar. These flavorings must be added with the greatest discretion—too much, or a preponderance of any one of the three will spoil all. Exact proportions cannot be given, so much depends on the quantity of ham, the strength of vinegar, pepper, etc.; and the best way of arriving at a satisfactory conclusion is to try the cook's test—tasting. The ham should be cooled in the water in which it was boiled, then the paste will not be dry.

Useful Recipes.

THREE EGG SPONGE CAKE.—One and a half cups sugar; three eggs; half cup cold water; half teaspoonful soda; two even cups flour, and one teaspoonful cream tartar; flavor with lemon. This is very nice, and it keeps moist quite a while.

BRANBERRIES.—Make a chopped paste with two cups flour, one cup butter, half teaspoonful salt and ice water to moisten, chill, roll, and fill with the following mixture: One cup chopped raisins, one cup sugar, one egg, one pounded cracker and grated rind and juice of one lemon. Cut the paste into rounds about four inches in diameter, moisten one round about the edge and on it put a bit of the filling. Take a second round, gash it to allow the air to escape and put it over the first round, pressing it together about the edges. Cut a square of the paste again, put in some of the filling and fold it upon itself, thus varying the form of the branberries, which are like turnovers, as much as one pleases. Bake about twenty minutes in a moderately hot oven. These are something new, devised by the Boston Cooking School.