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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

DROPPING THE DISH-CLOTH.

BY A. H. J.

The dish-cloth was dropped this morning,
And we wondered in jest and glee,
Whose visit was meant by the warning:
Were they coming to dinner or tea?
Was it Martha, or Lute, or Mabel;
Cynthia, Marie, or Kate;
Emma, from down by Lake Erie;
Or Nell, from the Nutmeg State?

So far we carried our guessing,
That when we heard the train;
We ran to the gate—confessing
We knew it was all in vain;
But, turning back with laughter,
A snow-drop, pale and meek,
Said, "I am the guest you're after,
I bring the news you seek."

In tint of beauty and curve of grace,
Her cloak and hood of green
Had slipped away from her fair sweet face;
And never a guest, I ween,
Found warmer, truer welcome;
Or brought us better cheer,
As she peeped from the dingy snow-drift;
To tell us spring was near.

In spite of the cold wind blowing,
She whispered of bloom and bees;
And set our hearts all glowing,
With thought of the whitened trees,
Oh! the first, the dear little snow-drop;
Which we fell on our knees to kiss;—
We never will doubt the warning
Of the dish-cloth after this.

SEEN ON THE STREET.

The first bright Saturday afternoon of this month, when the temperature savored sufficiently of spring to enable us to dispense with overcoats and wraps, it so happened that I was down town with a friend, and had a fine opportunity to view the kaleidoscopic procession which crowded both sides of Woodward Avenue, far above the Grand Circus. And a gay sight it was, too, "a dress parade" of no slight magnitude, especially after the Opera Houses had discharged their contingent of matinee people. The spring styles call for very light tints of gray and tan, and the prevalence of these tones makes the street scenes bright and gay, as well as animated. Some very pretty dresses were out, their youthful wearers looking as fresh and dainty as the pansies, violets and roses worn as a finishing touch to their toilettes. For now, fashion's pendulum has swung to the further extreme, and Mademoiselle no longer bows over a corsage bouquet of a dozen roses, or jonquills, but thrusts a single tulip or daffodil, or one queenly American Beauty through her buttonhole and looks more demure than the flower. A

pretty gray dress—one of the new shades which have the faintest tinge of heliotrope, so delicate you are half inclined to believe it's not there after all—was made with the usual straight, plain skirt, the fullness massed at the back, and having a fold of heliotrope velvet as a finish to the foot, showing somewhat less than half an inch. With this was worn a coat basque, edged with inch-wide folds of heliotrope velvet. The revers were edged with narrower folds, and the buttons were of the dress material. Buttons when used, are small, and are usually made of the goods like the dress, costing 15 cents a dozen for making. With this was worn a hat of fine gray straw with a fancy edge, trimmed with a silver passementerie laid around the wide, indented brim, and full stiff loops of gray ribbon, the hat being in tones considerably darker than the suit. A knot of English violets was a pretty finish to this spring-like costume. A very striking dress was of tan cashmere—the tan of dressed leather—and copiously trimmed with gold braid; the bonnet a toque combining the same colors. The effect was so loud that though the City Hall clock struck four as the wearer passed us, we failed to hear it. Two sisters in dresses of old rose cloth made a bright spot on the sunny side of the street; accordion-pleated capes of the new half-long style quite concealed the details of the corsages. An elegantly simple black dress had a vest made of narrow perpendicular tucks between lacroyable revers on which were laid gold braid one and a half inches wide; a Cleopatra girdle of the braid finished the bottom of the pointed bodice.

Within the stores were thousands of women engaged in the eminently feminine occupation of "shopping"—that is, they were looking at goods they had no earthly intention of buying. I was one of the thousands, but I was shopping "in the interests of my constituents," meaning to tell you all about it. To be convinced what are the leading colors, one has only to look at the great piles of gray and tan goods heaped on the counters. Some are novelties, having shaggy spots the size of a teacup upon their surface, a brown or tan on gray or cream being a favorite combination. Others have flecks of fleecy wool in black or darker gray or brown upon gray. Upon black are what are called brioche effects, disks of old rose or yellow in three sizes grouped in lines. These goods are 42 inches, \$1.50 a yard, and used in combination with plain black

matching the ground. One of the new materials is Lansdowne, a silk and wool mixture resembling poplin; it has the gloss and shimmer of silk and comes only in black and very light tints, palest tans, mauves, greys, etc. It is 42 inches, \$1.50 a yard, and makes elegant evening dresses. In thin wool goods, crepon—a sort of wool crape, which has been described as a "crinkly nuns' veiling"—is the newest. It too is 42 inches, at \$1 for black and \$1.25 for colors. It seems to take the place of the wool batistes and veilings so popular several seasons ago. The colored crepons are made up with velvet or bengaline accessories; the black are decorated with cord passementeries or with jet nail-heads, or cabochons, if you want to be very French. Madame la Modiste suggested that a skirt with a hemstitched hem would be desirable in this material.

Then we have the China silks, which seem prettier than ever this year. Prices range from \$1 to \$1.75, the latter for the substantial surah twill with flower patterns. But the dollar silks are very pretty, and capable of giving a good deal of satisfactory wear, besides being very cool and light. Those having black grounds are preferred, as not looking so much like satteens. There are two qualities in the dollar silks, at different establishments. One grade, 27 inches wide, is coarser and less even than the other, which is 24 inches wide at the same price. For myself, I should prefer to buy a yard or two more of the 24 inch goods, believing it will look and wear enough better to pay the difference. A pattern I particularly admired at Newcomb's was known to the salesmen as "Maid of the Mist;" it was a reproduction of the seed vessels of *Nigella* in the softest greens shading into browns. Another had tiny sprays of a blossom unknown to botany, but which held in the tips of its buds and blossom petals the purplish blue of the wild aster. In another of the same pattern the color was yellow. Among the 27 inch silks we saw some in patterns of geometric combinations of lines in yellow, heliotrope and old rose, and others having tiny anchor-shaped figures at wide intervals.

These silks are made up simply, with skirts of six widths, hemmed, slightly draped in front, and with full waists round or pointed, finished with frills of lace which give the "coat length" which dressmakers insist upon. Or the lace can be omitted and a pleated frill of the silk used for the same purpose. If it seems

desirable to ornament the skirt, it is best done by perpendicular rows of ribbon ending in large bows at the foot.

Dress trimmings are perfectly gorgeous and dreadfully expensive, though there is a wide range of values, from \$1 to \$15, and with some of them literally "a little goes a good ways." They are so showy that while the use of a small quantity, advantageously, gives a distingue air to a dress, double the quantity would make it look tawdry. The passementeries are in the tints and shades of silver and gold, and enriched with mock jewels of colored glass representing rubies, emeralds and sapphires. All have a metallic effect. There are bands wrought with pale-tinted beads which are very handsome, at \$5 per yard, and other patterns overshot with silk and enriched with beads. Gold braids are mixed with threads of chenille; and there are heavy cord lace-like patterns in black to be laid over bright silks and used for decorating black dresses. Jet is revived—if it has been out of style—and is used on wool dresses. The new patterns are in narrow gimps for headings and to border the edges of slashed and coat basques, and in wider bands designed for Cleopatra girdles; these are handsomest in designs of single strands, uniting at short intervals under buckle-shaped ornaments of cut jet, but, gracious goodness! they're for the rich only at \$8 a yard.

Tired out with the warmth of the day and bewildered with the rush and crush, we revived exhausted nature with an ice-cream soda at Kuhn's, and assuring each the other that we'd had "a perfectly delightful afternoon," we said good by, and each boarded a crowded car and had the pleasure of hanging to a strap while the lords of creation who are willing to allow women "their rights" cheerfully accorded us the privilege, burying themselves behind their newspapers in order not to embarrass us in its exercise. BEATRIX.

"THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD."

It will not do to let Ffidus Achates' assertion that "M. E. H. seemed to exult in the fact that the Prohibition party would get left in its expectations of the woman's ballot" stand uncontroverted. No one would rejoice more sincerely than M. E. H. to see the vile stuff men drink that steals their brains and souls away, destroyed from off the face of the earth. My mind often reverts to an item, and not a small one either, which I read not long since, about the missionaries and rum sent out to convert heathen Africa. "A ship bore one missionary and 70,000 gallons of rum; another ship bore one missionary and another 70,000 gallons of rum, and another missionary and another 70,000 gallons of rum, and the next ship took 70,000 gallons of rum and no missionary. Thus we touch the great Congo States. One convert to Christ, one hundred drunkards! One more convert, one hundred more drunkards! And so it goes on." The writer, Margaret E. Sangster, says she heard of a single gallon of rum which

caused a fight in which fifty were killed. "Judas sold his Lord for \$17, but America hurries fifty souls to the bar of God for ninety cents." This is shocking; but we need not go so far from home to see and feel the bad effects of liquor.

There are other bad things in the world. The one which I wish to notice in particular is much more general in every community, and it is a habit about as hard to overcome as the drink or tobacco habit. It is the practice of speaking ill of others and putting the worst construction on what we hear and what we see others do. I will not speak of the causes of this habit now; I will only say that it is one which if well entertained in the heart grows fast and strong, and gives pleasures to the evil spirit which dominated the person indulging; while the good angel folds her wings and covers her face. Does the evil seeking and evil speaking one feel happy or good when she has yielded to this habit? No, not nothing wrong gives real pleasure. Then turn over a new leaf; command the heart to judge lovingly and kindly of words and acts, and be quick to think of some good quality in the person named (and every one has more or less good in him) and let us learn to love the good in every one and let the veil fall over the unlovely, remembering "Love is the greatest thing in the world." Ah yes; then the good angel folds her wings about us, and we are so comfortable and happy. Oh if every one could once know the peace and exquisite bliss that fills the soul when it is in harmony with "The Greatest Thing in the World," loving everything good, and not seeing the unlovely traits in those about us, what a change there would be in the world! Just shut your eyes and think what would be the effect if every one loved every other one as he or she would like to be loved; such a thing is possible, if all will make the change in themselves. ALBION. M. E. H.

FUZZING WITH FLOWERS.

You will, of course, raise a few flowers for your own pleasure and enjoyment this summer. The languor of the spring air, the cares of housecleaning, the interminable spring sewing, perhaps the new rag carpet, may make you think you "won't bother this year," but you will, of course you will. You can't help it. There's the illustrated catalogue on the table with the newspapers. You know perfectly well there's a list of a dollar's worth of seeds you meant to send for. You think you'll save the money, but you'll send it yet, of course you will. It is "kismet." You remember your failure of last year, and like the indomitable little woman you are, you mean to turn that defeat into a glorious victory. You will rout the bugs and the drouth, the cut worms and the hens, and some small space of your domain shall blossom as the rose.

I think very often flowers fail to be as showy and satisfactory as they might be because their arrangement is not well planned. In planning a garden, as well as in furnishing a room, you must

consider how to place things to the best advantage. Choose a sunny spot, which you can see from your kitchen or sitting-room windows. That flower-bed is for your own satisfaction and comfort, not for the chance passer-by or the infrequent occupant of the parlor. I've no opinion of a husband who will not oblige the sharer of his toil by grading up a circle six or eight feet in diameter wherever she desires, and conveying there half a dozen wheel-barrow loads of rich earth and compost from the barnyard. He may do it by proxy, but he must see that it is well done. I think there are the remains of a washtub cast aside in a pile of refuse back of the woodshed. Gather them up, and with one of the hoops as a guide, drive them in a circle in the centre of that embryo bed. If it was not a washtub I saw, then it was an old barrel, and fifteen minutes work will shorten its staves for the purpose designed. Fill the receptacle thus made with earth to within two inches of the top, packing it well so the soil will not dry out. This is for the centre, and a space two or three feet wide and six or eight inches high should surround it. For an edge various things may be used, bricks, stones (do not whitewash them), more shortened barrel staves, or hoops from old barrels, bent and both ends stuck in the ground, forming interlacing scallops. The last is perhaps the prettiest, as vines can be made to run over this support very prettily. Such a bed is more effective and more satisfactory than almost any other arrangement which can be made on so modest a scale, for everything shows off finely; the plants are compact, the rich soil will nurture them well, and the flowers, thus massed, make a brilliant display. It is more easy to give a plentiful supply of water in a period of drouth, too, and a thorough soaking will require less water.

Now for the planting. Some handsome plant should be set in the centre of the tub, a hydrangea, a geranium that did not blossom this winter, or the fuchsia that rested in the cellar and is now putting out its leaves. Stake it securely. You can set some pansy plants round it; they'll not be much good in summer, but will be nice before other things blossom. Then I'd set a few plants of abronia—the yellow sort, and the blue ageratum, alternating with blue and white Swan River daisies, and then a row of crimson and white candy-tuft. It's a good place, too, for a few plants of the California poppy, which divides with the auriferous metal the honor of naming our Golden State. Next the edge I should plant, thickly, seeds of the nasturtium, to trail over the sides of the tub and hide it.

In the second circle, surrounding the tub, graduate the height of the plants, balsams and asters, alternating, dwarf asters and balsams trimmed to their height. I want some coreopsis—I like its barbaric gold and bronze dress; the Shirley poppy, salpiglossis, stocks, phlox and lots of petunias, with anything else you like, may fill the space. Next the outside, a row of verbenas, which you will make grow

according to your will, not their own, keeping them more bushy and not letting them mat on the ground. Or better than these, plant the dwarf nasturtiums, which are so brilliant and showy both in blossom and foliage.

Mignonette and carnation pinks will have a place, so will the dwarf rocket; in fact, you will find you have room for a good many plants in the bed I have described, and that by using your scissors freely you can have bouquets all summer. And when frosts threaten, you can improvise a tent out of an old sheet and your kitchen aprons, and save its beauty for two or three weeks.

The time you spend "fussing with flowers" may not return you as much cash as if expended on hens or onions, but the love of beauty, of color, of fragrance inherent in every true woman will be gratified, and that, I take it, is a sufficiently good cause for the very small expenditure of money and the tender care required. Health comes with outdoor work, and there is an ever fresh delight in the early morning call (snatched while the dew is on and the breakfast dishes wait) to see what new blossoms have appeared over night. Oh yes, it pays to "fuss with flowers," so get your seeds and your big sunbonnet ready.

BEATRIX.

OUR FRIENDS.

[Paper read before the Eastern County Horticultural Society by Mrs. Lucretia Wheeler, Feb. 18th, 1891.]

Our Creator has bestowed upon us no greater blessing than that of pure and disinterested friendship. Among all our enjoyments nothing is more valuable than a true friend. He is a joy in solitude, a counselor in difficulties, and a sanctuary in distress. To strike out friendly affection from the moral world, would be like extinguishing the sun from the natural one. But in choosing friends we should use discretion. In passing along through life, our manners and conversation, our opinions and principles take their cast largely from those with whom we associate. We should therefore seek friends among the good, the wise, the pure, the gentle and refined; those whose lives are marked with integrity, sincerity and justice; but as we value our credit and comfort in life, our peace in death, and our happiness in eternity, let us as far as possible shun evil company however ardent may be their professions of friendship. Through bad company, multitudes have been led into crimes at the bare thought of which they once shuddered. Whatever will add to our ease and comfort, protect us from ill, or exalt and enlighten our minds we may find in a friend.

Good books are among the best of friends; they are agreeable companions, kind advisers, delightful treasures. Who can weigh their worth? Disappointments and trials are sometimes our friends, for they often lead our minds to reflection, and cause us to properly subdue our temper and control our thoughts. Whatever tends to the improvement of society is a friend to each individual member of

society. The horticultural society, farmers' clubs and kindred associations are our friends, their aim being the increase of useful knowledge, mutual improvement, and social enjoyment.

There are things which claim our friendship and which we may highly prize and yet they are not altogether our friends. We are proud of our country, our boasted land of liberty, proud of its constitution, which declares all men free and equal, proud of its laws which claim to protect all classes alike. But are our rights protected? It is true our laws provide for the erection of prisons for the safety of society; poorhouses for the homes of the indigent; insane asylums for the benefit of those unfortunates who are bereft of reason. But do they not license certain individuals to fill our streets with idleness and drunken riot, our prisons with criminals, our poorhouses with paupers, to debase manhood for gain, to promote and increase crime, to sow the seeds of debauchery and sin broadcast throughout the land, that they may be enriched by the price of the wife's tears, the mother's sorrow and the children's woe? And to woman is denied the right she should have of protecting those fathers, brothers, husbands and sons from these temptations—the right of suffrage. Is the law a true friend?

I might name many influences which are friendly to our happiness; but I will only say Religion is our friend—the offspring of Truth and Love, the parent of Benevolence, Hope and Joy. Religion teaches us to do good and rationally enjoy the blessings God has given us. And when all earthly joys shall fail she points us to a home of eternal bliss where friendship is perpetual and joy forever reigns. There we shall dwell with Jesus, join the innumerable company of angels and mingle with all those great and illustrious spirits who have shone in former ages as the servants of God. There will be no friends who change, no love that cools.

ABOUT DISH-WASHING.

I have been a reader of your most valuable paper since last fall and take great interest in the *HOUSEHOLD*, from which I have already derived many good ideas, and have thought many times that I might contribute something in return that would be of value to some poor backaching mortal, time saving, perhaps, and allow a few minutes for rest. I will mention one. I have kept house fourteen years and have wiped but very few dishes; they are scraped clean when taken from the table, washed in a light hot suds and rinsed in another pan of good hot water, and turned on edge on a large cloth, that takes every drop of water. The secret is to place them so that the steam can escape from between them, and to put the first ones the farthest from you so as not to drip over those already draining. They will shine and look much better than if wiped, especially on such towels as some will wipe dishes on; besides, this way saves a number of towels in the weekly wash. In warm

weather the milk pans, tin basins and tins are turned out of hot water on a large box at the back door in the sun, and are dry in less than five minutes. Of course knives, forks and spoons and glass dishes are wiped. I only write this for those who, like myself, have great tablefuls of dishes to wash three times a day; for a small family I would as soon wipe them. I think this cheaper than keeping cats. Try it and report, as I well know you will think it a great saving. Now if I have taught any one slack or dirty tricks about washing dishes don't you ever tell.

Ella R. Wood thinks Evangeline too hard on her s.x. As Evangeline has just made us an evening's visit and spoken in such high terms of certain women she had recently met at the Abion Institute (besides I know her well) I think she might have placed her ideas on paper at some discouraged moment. And if I am not mistaken, "Stranger" stayed over night with us within the last four weeks.

I find an article in the *HOUSEHOLD* of April 4th on lime eggs. I would like to say that my brother butchers and runs a meat wagon several days in a week among the farmers, and last year took eggs (for which he paid from eight to twelve cents) in exchange for meat, and several barrels were put down in the manner spoken of in this article. During the winter he occasionally took a bushel basket-full to our town, and I have reason to think some of them at least were used here, while the remaining barrel and a half were shipped, after he and wife had worked faithfully the greater part of two days to wash, wipe and pack in, I think, cut straw. He expected 23 cents per dozen for them, but they were down by the time they reached their destination, and 23 dozen went down with the price, owing to the lime making the shells so tender that they were easily broken. I had several dozen of him for our own use, and after they were broken they smelt strongly of lime; they looked like fresh eggs but did not taste in baking. He got 20 cents per dozen for what were saved, the same as he could have got at home.

N. W. B.

ABSCOTA.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

I would like to ask any of the readers of the *HOUSEHOLD* what ails my soap. My lye is strong enough to raise an egg and I have plenty of grease. I boiled the grease and lye until I thought it done and left it in the kettle over night to cool. In the morning I had about three inches of soap on top and all the rest underneath was lye. Thinking it not boiled enough I boiled it another three hours, but of no avail. I would also like to know how to make hard soap without using lime.

MAC.

[Try adding more grease. Seems as if there is too much free lye.—ED.]

ARALO, of Lawrence, wishes to know where she can get a patent solder, which can be used at home for mending tinware. A quarter's worth, bought six years ago, has mended innumerable holes and is now exhausted. She also asks a recipe for orange marmalade.

THE LITERARY HENS OF ALBION.

Albion is a beautiful and famous village on the Michigan Central railroad, and the seat of a large and flourishing educational institution, which is so well known that when a mother tells you, with a proud gleam in her eye, that her daughter is "at Albion," you understand at once that she is a student at the college, and enjoying superior advantages in the way of education and society. In brief, were it not for Ann Arbor, Albion would probably enjoy the reputation of being "the Athens of Michigan." Naturally, the local atmosphere is literary and learned; the people are trying to live up to their blue china. But an outsider hardly realizes the remarkable influence of this atmosphere upon surrounding objects—animate and animal. Why even the hens not only lay eggs of unusual size and excellence, but actually, like Mr. Silas Wegg, "drop into poetry," and illustrate their poems with outline drawings, not perhaps, with the skill of a Meissonier, but with a genius heretofore unheard of in gallinacean animals. Let us explain this phenomenon. A lady of this city recently received a basket of eggs from Albion. Judge of her surprise at finding, as she was carefully unpacking the hen fruit, an egg whose unusual appearance attracted her attention and caused her to pause and study it carefully. Overcome by astonishment, she sank with open mouth and wide eyes into a chair which fortunately happened to be near, closed her eyes, opened them, pinched herself to assure herself she was awake, and then deciphered, in great bewilderment, the following:

"From a Pattison hen this product came,
(The old brown hen that was cross and lame)
And the chicken who eats it will surely get well
If she eats the egg instead of the shell."

Recovering from the state of coma into which she was thrown by this extraordinary effusion, the lady resumed her task, proceeding now with extreme care, and inspecting each ivory-tinted oval with added respect. The "Pattison hen" was evidently pleased at the success of her first literary effort, for the searcher for hidden pearls (and eggs) was rewarded with the following:

"This egg I send
To a dear friend,
And hope t'will not get broken;
For sad t'would be
For us to see
This little token broken."

The exact measure of poetic feet, and the round rhythm of this second "poem" proved the existence of talent susceptible of cultivation. Somewhat overcome, but with eager curiosity now, and murmuring "*Audaces fortuna juvat*" (a reminiscence of her schooldays revived by the classical atmosphere imported with the eggs) the search was resumed. A still greater surprise was in store for this much enduring woman. An egg was discovered which bore a picture of a rasorial fowl of the order *Gallinacea*, accompanied by the legend

"This is the speckled hen!"

This proves conclusively that the literary hen was a speckled hen, and we shall always hold speckled hens in respectful

veneration hereafter; but we cherish a hope that no hen will foolishly resort to artificial means to secure the style of plumage which seems indicative of an unusual intellectual development on the part of a most useful domestic bird.

Then was disclosed a whole nestfull of "literary eggs," appropriately illustrated with sketches which, greatly to our regret, we find ourselves unable to reproduce; we would have been most happy to have allowed our readers to judge of the artistic as well as the literary abilities of the Albion hens, but even after we had had the pictures carefully copied and the cuts prepared, the pressmen declined, politely but emphatically, to risk possible damages to their press. We however give here, entire,

THE BALLAD OF THE SPECKLED HEN.

"This is the Speckled Hen."

"This is the nest by the old pig-pen
That was made by the Speckled Hen."

"These are the eggs which to you I send
That were laid in the nest by the old pig-pen,
By the Speckled Hen."

"This is the girl so tall and thin
Who concluded married life to begin,
And who hunted the eggs which to you I send,
That were laid in the nest by the old pig-pen
By the Speckled Hen."

"This is the lady so pretty and neat
Who lives in the city, on Eighth Street,
Who got eggs from the girl so tall and thin
Who concluded married life to begin,
And hunted the eggs which to you I send,
That were laid in the nest by the old pig-pen
By the Speckled Hen."

"This is the boy so short and fat,
That a friend sometimes mistakes for 'Pat,'
And who lives"—

But here the muse had paused, exhausted, presumably, by the effort expended in the portrayal of the short, fat boy with an abnormal development of stomach and a Chinese expression of eyebrows, and the rest was a collection of undecipherable dots and dashes. If the hen used a "spirit board," probably it became unmanageable, but this is a matter of mere conjecture.

Now, while the poetry given above is not, we are compelled to admit, of the highest order of literary merit, coming from the unusual source it does it must be regarded as truly wonderful. How could a hen thus paraphrase a well known nursery ballad? And even if we could account for this on the theory of psychical forces, etc., what explanation can we give of the obviously original stanzas which were the product of "the Pattison hen"—which unfortunately, we have no means of identifying with the Speckled Hen? We shall watch with great interest the future of the literary hens of Albion. They ought to make uncommonly toothsome people.

M. E. P. sends a recipe for marble cake in response to Ada's request. But as it is identical in every respect with that given last week by Mary, of Hadley, it is not necessary to publish it. There was a request some little time ago for lace patterns, and we will be glad to receive and publish two or three of those which M. E. P. kindly offers in her note. Please copy them carefully and plainly, as an error in the directions spoils the pattern, and we have no means of verifying a pattern except by copy.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

If soot happens to be dropped on a carpet, throw down an equal quantity of salt, and sweep all off together. The soot will hardly leave a trace.

To brighten dingy, spotted gilt frames, moisten a small sponge with spirits of wine or oil of turpentine and rub gently. The specks and dirt will be removed. Do not use the sponge very wet, and allow the frame to dry of itself without wiping.

AFTER a carpet has been laid, it will brighten the colors very much if it is sprinkled with coarse salt, and swept with a slightly dampened broom.

Miss HATTIE E. RIX, of Williamston, expresses her approbation of the HOUSEHOLD and requests its correspondents to furnish recipes for currant, raspberry and other fruit jams, before such fruits are in season. We shall be glad to receive recipes for jams, jellies, spiced fruits, pickles, etc., a little in advance, that our readers may have ample opportunity to profit by them. Send those you have tested and know are good.

SPRING has come—the pussy willows are out. A breath of the woods reached the Editor on Tuesday, from way out in Oakland County. It came in a box, with the compliments of two little girls, the daughters of our valued contributor A. H. J. The pussys, in their soft, smoke green and pale yellow dresses, and the dark ruby red of the maple blooms made quite a pretty bouquet, and certainly one rarely seen in a city parlor—one which brought back memories of other days. Many thanks to the kind donors.

To cream butter for cake pour hot water into the bowl and turn it out immediately. If the bowl becomes heated through, we will have melted butter, rather than a creamy butter. Measure the butter solid, working it down with a wooden spoon or a granite ware spoon that is not badly worn, or a silver spoon, but never use an iron spoon, as it discolors the butter. Cream the butter thoroughly; add the sugar gradually, for, if you add the whole, it will be very difficult to work it; then add a little more and cream that until you have gotten in the whole. If the butter had melted and become oily the cake would be too oily and be heavy.

Useful Recipes.

BAKED EGGS.—Break as many eggs as you require in a buttered plate which will stand heat. A deep pie-plate is desirable. Do not crowd them, but fill the dish nicely. Put in the oven till the whites are set, dot with tiny bits of butter and serve at once in the dish in which they are prepared.

COOKIES.—Two cups sugar; one cup butter; one cup milk; two teaspoonfuls baking powder; one egg; half a grated nutmeg; flour enough for a moderately soft dough.