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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

A MADRIGAL.

Dear, if you knew what tears they shed,
Who live apart from home and friend,
To pass my house, by pity led,
Your steps would tend.

And if you knew what jubilees
Begets, in sad souls, a friend's glance,
You'd look up where my window is,
As if by chance!

And if you dreamed how a friend's smile
And nearness sooth a heart that's sore,
You might be moved to stay awhile
Before my door.

Then, if you guessed I loved you, sweet,
And how my love is deep and wide,
Something might tempt your passing feet
To come inside!

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

COMMENTS ON CORRESPONDENCE.

Some time ago a lady wrote the HOUSEHOLD, inquiring what clothing, etc., would be necessary on a short trip to England and Scotland. For a wonder no replies to this query have been received; usually, one has but to ask information on any point, to have some one answer with a bit of personal experience.

In the first place, try to travel with just as little luggage as possible. Every superfluous garment is a nuisance. Foreign railways have not adopted our American system of checking baggage. In no other country in the world can a traveler check his baggage in his own house in New York city, and never see or hear of it again until he finds it in his hotel at any point in California, Texas, or Washington he may have ordered it sent. The traveler abroad has to look after his "boxes" himself, see that they are sent to the station, see that they are there and are put on board the proper train, and sometimes it is necessary to see they are not carelessly transferred to the wrong train, or left behind at the great junctions. The advice therefore to take only hand luggage is sound, because of the trouble and expense in looking after trunks and paying porters and cabmen. A good sized hand-bag to hold the toilet articles and nightdress, and a larger valise for an extra dress and underclothing are more convenient and get-at-able companions for traveling abroad than a trunk.

The traveling dress should be something medium in color; not dark, to show dust; nor light, to reveal stains; should be plainly made, but irreproachable in fit. A bonnet or hat minus feathers—which would soon be ruined by dampness—and plenty of warm wraps for the ocean voyage are necessary, also a pair of rubbers, a waterproof, and a couple of yards of gauze veiling. Many ladies get a plain blue serge dress and a soft felt hat for the week on the ocean and leave them, with the superfluous wraps, at the steamer's office on the other side, where they are in readiness for the return voyage. Then they put on a neat traveling dress and bonnet for the tour. Salt water and sea spray play the mischief with some dress materials. A steamer trunk—which is a flat topped, box-like one—is convenient in the stateroom on shipboard and useful to pack away the wraps, etc., mentioned above.

Take no more clothing than is necessary. One dress for table d'hôte, a plain but warm wrapper for one's own room, no white skirts, a box of tourist rushing, and a couple of changes of underclothing are all that are necessary. Washing is quick, and it is the easiest thing in the world to buy a needed garment where you happen to be in need of it. The McKinley bill doesn't affect articles you have worn, and you can bring your purchases home with you. The thin silk and lisle undervests and hose can be washed out in the bowl in one's own room if it seems expedient. If the traveler stops a few days in one town, it is cheaper to take furnished lodgings and get meals wherever he happens to be at meal-time than to stay at a hotel.

Take your own toilet articles, of course, and carry your own soap in a rubber bag. Hotel soap is like trying to wash with a brick. Have, above all things, a pair of easy-fitting shoes. I heard of a young lady of this city who went abroad with a party and saw next to nothing because her shoes hurt her so she could not walk with any degree of comfort.

The tourist intent on sight-seeing does not wish to be "bothered" about clothes. We do not travel to impress strangers with our finery, nor need we be solicitous about our appearance, beyond what we owe to our own sense of neatness and propriety—always premising that this sense has been so cultivated that we always try to make the best of ourselves. It is a safe rule to follow to have everything you

take with you as nice as you can afford and take as little as possible. Let quality rule over quantity. Old Polonius was worldly wise when he gave his famous advice: "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy."

In the HOUSEHOLD for March 21st Fay asks about the relative merits of halls, etc. By all means have a hall in your house; a house without a hall is as incomplete as if it were without a kitchen. Aside from the cold it keeps out of the living apartments, and the dust and dirt it keeps on the threshold, it is the proper place for hats and overcoats; here you look for your umbrella or walking stick (but you leave your dripping parachute in the big receptacle in the vestibule). Through it is the proper approach to the inner sanctuary of the home; here the casual guest leaves his outer wraps or his package, and the caller finds the tray for her cards. The hall is the thoroughfare of the house. Here is the way to the rooms on the second floor; and the closet under the stairs is just the place for the children's wraps and over-shoes.

Many modern houses are built with what is called a "reception hall," a room used as a sitting-room, from which a handsome, uninclosed stairway leads above. This room is entered through a vestibule, which partly serves the purpose of a hall. This plan works all right in a large house where there are plenty of rooms and the "reception hall" becomes more a place of meeting or of rendezvous than a family sitting-room. But for myself I much prefer the hall proper, not a narrow entry with stairs squeezed in against the front door, but one generously proportioned to the size of the house, six or eight feet wide at the least. The house with the reception hall should have a furnace, otherwise the open stairway and the hall above form a flue for the warm air and the lower floor is uncomfortably cold in winter. But the modern house always has a furnace, for we have learned what an immense economy of labor, time and fuel it is, not to mention the cost of stoves and the toil of the Recording Angel when the man of the house is called upon to take them down and put them up again. A good furnace will cost no more than a couple of good baseburners, and though it may consume somewhat more fuel, the house is more completely warmed. I will give to intending builders a secret told me by a man who knows all about heating and ventilating devices. He says that where a furnace does not give

satisfaction, in nine cases out of ten it is too small for the size of the house. The larger furnace gives more heat with the same amount of fuel. A good furnace will cost anywhere between \$75 and \$100, but its cost is not to be named in the same day with the work and the dirt it saves. No bringing in wood and consequent litter, no tugging of coal, no taking up of ashes and a fine vell of "the bloom of time" over every thing in consequence, all the muss is confined to the furnace room while, if that furnace is properly put in, you breathe pure, warmed, out door air. And safe! There's not a bit more danger of fire than with stoves. BEATRIX.

LIFE ON A FARM.

Yesterday the FARMER came, accompanied with the bright little HOUSEHOLD. Husband and myself greatly enjoyed the paper read at the Farmers' Institute by Mr. Goodrich. I mentioned it and as soon as breakfast was over I was called upon to read Old Genesee's views aloud, and we felt encouraged very much. Farm life to me is very pleasant. I can sit by our pleasant window and look out over our farm (or the part we have cleared) and know it is our own and my home.

The grass is growing nicely; the clover is a mass of green over the ground, the birds are singing so sweetly, the children are gathering large bouquets of delicate May flowers. We of the country have fresh air and freedom which people of cities can never know by experience. There is great happiness in a quiet, peaceable home life where one is independent of the city market men and the milk vendors; the strong old butter of the corner grocery holds no terror for the prospering farmers' families. If there is industry mingled with frugality the farm life is truly the happiest, and I think the farm the best place by far to bring up our little ones. I believe the most enjoyable childhood is that of the farmers' boys and girls. There are opportunities of training them unmolested by the evils of the many places of temptation and allurements of a city life. Not that there are not many pleasant associations connected with life in town, and many privileges not accessible in the country. But for the poorer class, those with small means and plenty of muscle, it seems folly to stay in the town where it is impossible to ever accumulate anything beyond the daily necessities of life, while there is open such a field of labor; and if courage and constant vigilance is practiced people can and will succeed, providing good health is given by a kind Providence.

Cheboygan County is noted for being very healthy; here we have an abundant supply of black huckleberries and red raspberries, also wild plums in some places. So it is a self evident fact that people can have luxuries if only economy and judgment are used, accompanied with industry. There is no reason why each and every family should not possess a home. To be sure, a piece of new land with only enough buildings to start with

may not seem anything very desirable, or that one could take much pride in, but one must exercise great patience and good judgment and leave the rest for time to bring about. And just as sure as constant economy is practiced and a firm resolve to make a farm and home is made, the result will be satisfactory. Those fine old farms of southern Michigan were all once wild, undeveloped lands. A friend said to me yesterday, "There are a good many people who would like to come here if we could only make them believe we can raise anything." "Aye, there's the rub," we cannot describe the merits of Northern Michigan accurately enough to convince our many friends who would like to own a farm of their own. They are sure the cold, frosty climate (as they believe it to be) we have here will ruin the crops and bring them to want. Well, we have lived here three years this spring and I can truly and conscientiously say we never enjoyed as fine vegetables in our lives as we raise here. We have the finest kind of everything in that line except watermelons and muskmelons, but why continue? The prejudiced are not to be convinced and will go on working the old farms for a share only sufficient to keep their families, when if they would do as the first owners of those good old farms did, they would have good farms and be comfortably situated.

I send sympathy and regards to El. See, she has indeed drank from the cup of sorrow.

I agree with Huldah as regards scrap books; am making one and think will not feel ashamed to have the most fastidious read it.

Here are a few lines worthy of our attention and respect:

"A sacred burden in this life ye bear,
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly;
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly;
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win."
WOLVERINE. MAYBELLE.

IN THE FLOWER GARDEN.

If any one has ever grown flowers successfully by starting seeds the middle of April, I do not know that lucky individual. Planted in the ground at that time with few exceptions they will rot, and if in boxes will grow long-legged and feeble, do as we will with them, for the earth is cold in the border and they would not survive the "change of base." A little patience in waiting for the earth to warm and get into suitable condition to receive seeds or young plants, and we are well rewarded by seeing our endeavors crowned with good strong plants and seed sprouting as if by magic. A garden begun in this manner will bring flowers rich in color and substance. The transplanting and dividing of roots and planting new shrubs, trees and any hardy perennials will usually make enough to do in the early springtime; and it is important that such work be done in season.

I notice about the first early work done by many is to transfer the oleander from the cellar or sitting-room to the front yard, and sow a pan of dirt with tomato seed

The oleander is likely to be pruned back in consequence of too great haste, and plants are procured at a green house or gardener's at a more suitable time. Sweet peas should be sown early; and later, when the ground is warm, all hardy annuals and perennials are just as well planted in the open ground. Verbenas, stocks, portulacca and like seeds slow in germinating can be started in boxes or hot-beds and transplanted when well up. Stocks are now considered among our best flowers and are sold by florists along with roses, lilies and carnations, and well deserve the estimate. I could never leave them out of my garden. There is a satisfaction in raising flowers that I hope will be enjoyed by all who can have a garden.

I think if vines and climbers are left out of the garden it will have been robbed of one principal attraction, and climbers raised from seed are among the best. What more graceful than the Adlumia or showy than the Tropeolum Major, or convolvulus. Don't fail to plant them. Get a packet of seeds of climbers—mixed, so as to have a variety.

FENTON.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

STARCHING AND IRONING.

A correspondent of an exchange tells how she makes starch, after a fashion which enables her to do up collars and shirts very nicely: "Several hours before you are ready to iron take the usual amount of starch and divide it, and make one part into rather thin, well boiled starch and while it is boiling add a piece of spermaceti, about the size of a chestnut unless the ironing is a very large one, in which case add more spermaceti. When I say well boiled starch I mean that it must boil until it has a clear appearance—white of course, but not a milky white. Ten minutes' boiling is enough. Let it by until lukewarm and then dissolve the other half of the raw starch in plenty of water and stir it into the cooked starch. Strain it through a cloth or bag. Have the clothes dry, starch in this, rubbing it well into them, and lay aside for a few hours. Always use the best starch.

"When ready to iron take a cloth and rub the bosoms, etc., well. Also spread a cloth over them until nearly dry while ironing. Remove the cloth and iron until dry. If not stiff enough rub some more starch over until dampened, rub with cloth again and iron until dry.

"If not now glossy enough have a bosom board without any cloth over it, and slip it under the bosom. Have a damp cloth and rub part of the bosom at a time and polish with a polishing iron. In the absence of a polishing iron a good job can be done by running the ordinary iron rapidly over the part dampened, until it is quite dry. Finish the bosom, part at a time, in this way, and if not glossy enough repeat until it is.

"A little practice will soon enable the poorest ironer to do enviable work with starch so made, but remember to have the articles perfectly dry before trying to polish."

WOMAN'S WORK AT HOME.

[Paper read at the State Farmers' Institute at Union City, Jan. 27th, by Mrs. Marion Watkins, of Sherwood.]

The subject assigned me is "Woman's Work at Home." I did not ask the committee if they intended I should write on her physical work only, or on the work of the brain, heart and soul. Woman's work at home includes all of these. Her grandest, noblest and best work is to make her home the dearest spot on earth; to make each member of her household better, wiser and happier for her presence there, and for this purpose she needs strength and wisdom, patience and perseverance, cheerfulness and tenderness, amiability and goodness, love and affection.

Woman needs strength to perform the labor that necessarily falls to her share, and which no one but a woman can do, and do well. Farmers' wives have more of the labor requiring strength than other classes of women, and yet they seem well fitted for their burdens, and best of all, look happy and contented.

Woman's work may be seen in every room of her home, showing she looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness. As you look into the parlor everything there presents an appearance of grace and beauty. The furniture is tastefully arranged, the walls are beautifully decorated, the center table and brackets are filled with choice books, pictures, keepsakes and toys; and everywhere are seen pretty designs fashioned by her hands. The sitting room is generally arranged more for the comfort, pleasure and convenience of the family, with the easiest chairs, the most homelike pictures, music, books, papers, work-baskets and numberless other things according to the size and taste of the family. The work basket if it could talk could give you quite a history of some of woman's work at home. The sewing, knitting, crocheting, mending, darning, all take time and require strength, patience and perseverance to perform. As you look into the cozy bedrooms and see the soft downy beds with their warm coverings you will not wonder that children like to sleep so long mornings, and that it is often with reluctance older people leave their couch of rest. Many hours' work has been done by women to prepare an outfit for each bed and they must be seen to each day to be ready for the coming night.

Next is the dining room; it is something of a task to keep that in order and make it look cheerful and inviting. Three times each day the table has to be spread and cleared away. But the hardest work for the table is done in the kitchen, and the work is cooking.

I would like to say a few words to the ladies. If you wish to be long remembered by the male members of your family, and have your name eulogized and handed down to posterity be sure and be a good cook, for I think man's memory is located in his stomach. There is nothing that stirs the memory so quick and sets its chords to vibrating as pies, puddings,

dumplings, cakes, custards, etc. I have often heard old gray haired men tell their children and their grandchildren how well their wives and mothers used to cook. Men always seem to appreciate good cooking. I have often wondered if that was not the reason that some men give expression to their appreciation of their servant girls by kissing them in the kitchen when their wives did not do the cooking. But if their wives find it out they are generally unreasonable enough to be angry, discharge the servant girl immediately and go to cooking themselves, expecting their husbands will give them just such expressions of their appreciation—but they scarcely ever do.

I think it would be well for every woman to learn to be a good cook and learn her daughters also, even if they do not have the labor to perform. It is considered by most people quite an accomplishment to be a good cook. Besides, they can better superintend the work of others if they know how themselves. It is quite an evident fact civilized men cannot live without cooks, we would much rather have the praise given to us from those we love than have it bestowed on others.

Cooking is only a small part of woman's work in the kitchen, there is washing, ironing and so many other things it would take a long time just to mention them over, and a much longer time to perform the labor. One aim of the "Ladies' Club" has been to help each other by giving information how to lighten labor, best ways of doing work, and what part might be dispensed with, thus giving more time for rest, education and recreation. Woman needs cheerfulness and tenderness in her home work. What furniture can better finish a room than the cheerful face of a woman? It imparts cheer to each one in the room. It adds as much beauty to the kitchen as to the parlor. A home that is presided over by such a woman needs not the word "Welcome" hung in the most conspicuous place in the room to tell the visitors they are welcome. This beautiful motto shines on the face of the woman as she meets you at the door and greets you with smiles and kind words. If you have not cheerfulness in your disposition try and plant it there, and cultivate it and nourish it as you would a choice rose, that it may bloom in beauty on your face and impart its fragrance to all who know you.

When I say woman needs goodness in her home work, I do not mean that kind that Samantha Allen describes in Deacon Coffin: "Oh! he was so good, so awfully good, he had not smiled in over thirty years, nor laughed out loud in over forty years; he never had any games played in his house, nor allowed the family to indulge in any amusements there, it was so wicked." He says just set a good example, and if your children do not turn out well it will be no fault of yours, your skirts will be clear. Oh what a comforting feeling is a clear conscience! Ladies, do not be so good as that; it is not required of woman, neither is it becoming in her to be so. She should smile at least three times

a day and oftener if convenient, and laugh out loud as often as the occasion calls, and encourage the occasion. It has a physical benefit on the system. An eminent physician once said if each person would laugh hard enough to turn his liver over three times each day he would have no use for a doctor.

If mothers would enter more into the sports and amusements of their children they would make themselves nearer and dearer to them. For children like best those who give them the most happiness and try hardest to please them in return. Make your children so love you that it will please them to give you pleasure and grieve them to give you pain.

A good example alone is not all that is needed to bring up children well, or else why have so many ministers, deacons and other church members who are examples of goodness and propriety themselves, sons and daughters who turn out badly? It is harder work than just merely being good one's self to bring up children well. It is a constant care. You must tenderly watch over their health, wisely guard their habits, earnestly work for their education, instill into their minds common sense views of life in all of its surroundings and duties, environ them with good companions and a happy home; all of this requires strength and wisdom, patience and perseverance, love and affection.

Yes, woman needs love and affection in her home work, no home would be a dear place without it, all work would be dreary tasks. She might better lose her strength than her love and affection in her family. I have seen the invalid mother who was a power in her home. She governed her household, trained her children, brightened her home, cheered and encouraged all of its inmates by the magic influence of love and affection.

"Be the home what it may, whether lofty or lowly,
The mansion, the cottage, the plain little room,
'Tis the heart-beat of true love shall make the place holy,
'Tis the outlook to heaven shall keep it from gloom."

"For the heart of the home in each place is the same;
In the hall, in the hut there is ever one name.
That kindles the torch of the swift leaping flame,
As we bow to the mother whose gentle command
Is the scepter that sways in our beautiful land."

These tokens of love and affection are admired wherever seen.

After President Garfield had delivered his inaugural address and amidst the applause and cheers of the multitude, he turned and kissed his beloved wife and dear old mother. That little act of love and affection made him more famous and enshrined him more in the hearts of the people than his grand inaugural address. How the hearts of that wife and mother must have thrilled with pride and joy that amidst such honors they were not forgotten! A noble, loving mother must have trained such a son. That little act in part paid that mother for the tender, watchful, loving care she had given him so many years.

If people would give more expression to

Kind words and kind acts, they could lighten up many of the burdens of life, many of our heart ills might be cured or helped by them.

This subject is a vast one, and I have been able to only touch lightly on each topic, and leave the imagination of the hearers to finish the rest. But I think all will conclude that woman's work at home is no light task, when she performs the work of laundress, cook, dining room girl, chamber-maid, nurse, teacher and hostess, and is expected to soothe, comfort, counsel, cheer, encourage, instruct and inspire all of its inmates, you will plainly see why

Woman needs strength all her duties to do,
And wisdom to direct her the best course to pursue,
And patience to bear all the burdens of life,
And perseverance enough not to fail in the strife.
Woman needs cheerfulness, to drive away gloom,
To lighten each heart, and brighten each room,
Amiability and goodness her pure life to show,
An example worth following, by all who her know.
She needs love and affection, a priceless dower,
To govern her home with the magic power;
Her home will then be a haven of rest,
She will bless others, and herself will be blest,
And each one of her household can say when she's gone,
"Thy home work was wisely and nobly done."

AN OPEN LETTER TO THEOPOLUS —AND OTHER MEN.

Come right here and sit down by me, Theopolus, till I talk some sense into your head on this house cleaning question, for I'm sure Mrs. Theopolus will be glad to have you silenced on that topic, on which you seem decidedly cranky. House cleaning is an invention of the adversary for the especial purpose of testing masculine character. A man may pose as a moral member of society, good deacon, sort of an all round sold Christian for fifty-one weeks in the year, and get so he really believes he's an irapproachably pious man. Two or three years spent in this unshaken faith would so develop his conceit—so foster his congenital hydrocephalousness, to put it in Bostonese—that there would be no living with him were it not for the business of the fifty-second week. So to remind him he's only a poor worm of the dust, prone to evil, and not amounting to much anyhow, house cleaning was invented to demonstrate to him his weakness and bid him who standeth take heed lest he fall. When he gets such a grip on the old Adam that he can beat a carpet with anction and not feel embarrassed should he learn later that the minister was on the blind side of it, and knock a refractory stovepipe into submission without swearing out loud—when he can eat a cold dinner off the flour-barrel in the wood house and not feel as if he were forever cut off from religious privileges by his own sinfulness, he's about as good a man as he'll ever get to be, but even then he doesn't want to be too sure of himself.

Men seem to think women enjoy the confusion and discomfort of house cleaning, "else why," say they, "should women insist on doing it." Partly, as I said, to let their husbands understand their own weakness; partly because if they did not clean, the men would growl and grumble about dirt and make mean insinuations about slack housekeepers, and quote other

women who do clean house and tell how they're fixed up. It's simply a matter of self-defense. Do women enjoy the riot? Well, A. L. L. says she does, but most of us feel it's a duty we owe our husbands and families, especially the former. Contrasts are wholesome. The quiet and order seem doubly dear after the period of chaos. We go through it calmly, systematically, philosophically, with a well defined plan in mind. Men sputter and stew, and scold if they're asked to lend a hand, when all the while we are working with their best interests in view. All our toil is for them—to make home bright and attractive so they will not prefer to whittle pine shingles at the corner grocery rather than sit by their own base-burners.

Suppose Mrs. Theopolus allowed her husband's idea of "the plaguey house-cleaning mania" to prevail and omitted that rite in deference to his prejudices. A pretty-looking mansion it would become! Smoky ceilings, dirty, torn wall-paper, carpets ground into the dust, finger marks all over the woodwork! How proud he'd be to introduce his friends to his home! How the cockroaches would revel in the dirt, and how the bugs would banquet on Theopolus! And all that amiable wife of his would say would be, "Well, help me clean house then." And he'd be glad enough to do it, too.

Now Theopolus, if you want to get in sympathy with the house-cleaning movement and avoid friction and jars, just move in line with it. Enter into its spirit of regeneration. Do a little fixing up on your own account. Extend the good work to the barns and yards and stables, and see if there is not a virtuous satisfaction in viewing the results, a satisfaction which makes you in sympathy with your wife. Perhaps you already are a model farmer, and do not need this advice, but if so, you certainly ought not to grudge your assistance to your wife in keeping her part of your mutual belongings in "apple-pie order."

BEATRIX.

ORANGE MARMALADE.

One of our correspondents recently asked for a recipe for orange marmalade. We find the following in the *Rural Californian*, and, as it comes from the land of oranges, it ought to be "all right."

Choose the largest oranges, with clear skins, as the skins form the largest part of the marmalade. Weigh the oranges, and weigh also an equal quantity of loaf sugar. Peel them, dividing the peels into quarters, and put them into a preserving pan, cover them well with water, and set them on the fire to boil; in the meantime prepare your oranges; divide them into gores, then scrape with a teaspoon all the pulp from the white skin; or, instead of peeling the oranges, cut a hole in them and scoop out the pulp, removing carefully all the pips. Have a large basin near with some cold water in it, to throw the pips and peels into—a pint is sufficient for a dozen oranges. A great deal of glutinous matter adheres to them, which, when strained through a sieve, should be boiled with the other parts. When the peels have boiled till they are sufficiently tender to admit of

a fork being stuck easily into them, strain them; scrape clean all the pith, or inside, from them; lay them in folds, and cut them into thin slices about an inch long. Clarify your sugar; then throw the peels and pulp into it, stir it well, and let it boil for about half an hour. Put in jars and tie down with bladders. This is an excellent English formula, and should be made use of when oranges become plentiful and cheap.

SOFT SOAP.

I think I can tell Mac what ails the soap. The lye is too strong, causing the grease to separate from it. The more it is boiled the worse it would become. If Mac will add water (thoroughly stirring it in) it will become thick, and give no further trouble. I have made very good hard soap with the Lewis lye that comes put up in tin cans, full directions for making with each can. I use more water than the directions call for.

FARMER'S WIFE.

PLAINWELL.

If Mac will boil up her soap just as it is and then add rain water she will find it will be all right. She can find out just how much water to use by taking a little soap out in a pail and then adding water until it is thick enough. I can not tell how to make hard soap.

P. A. T.

FINDLEY.

Did Mac put lime at the bottom of the leach-tub on top of the straw before filling with ashes? Without this no good soap can be made. Add salt to the soft soap while cooling off if hard soap is wanted.

MUSKOGON.

GRANDPA.

A SALAD.

I thought when reading the *HOUSEHOLD* I would like to write something for it. I am fourteen years old and live on a farm. My father takes the *FARMER*, and I always look for the *HOUSEHOLD*. Will some one please tell me how long to let a bad air. I go to school a distance of two and one half miles, and so have to go quite early. We arise about half past four or five o'clock. Should the beds be made about half past seven? Have any of the readers of the *HOUSEHOLD* tried young dandelions as a salad. If not try them and see if you don't think them a good substitute for lettuce. Take the leaves, wash clean, chop fine in a chopping bowl, put on some vinegar and sprinkle with pepper and salt and also add sugar if you like.

MUIR.

OTATSIE.

Useful Recipes.

SOFT MOLASSES CAKE.—Two cups sour milk; one cup molasses; one cup brown sugar; half cup lard or butter; teaspoonful salt; tablespoonful ginger; two tablespoonfuls soda, dissolved in a tablespoonful cold water, and flour enough to make the dough pour with moderate slowness.

GRANDMOTHER'S INDIAN PUDDING.—Scald one pint and a half of milk, stir in two tablespoonfuls of Indian meal; when cold stir in half a pint of milk, one small cup of molasses, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, one scant teaspoonful salt, one cup raisins. Bake in a slow oven two hours.