

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### NEVER MENTIONS NAMES.

Leaves her breakfast dishes standing in the middle of the floor.  
 Hurries off to do an errand at the little country store,  
 Makes about a dozen calls on as many patient dames,  
 Lets a flood of gossip loose, but never mentions names.  
 Knows what couple's settin' up most every Sunday night—  
 House just across the way from her'n and bleegeed to see the light;  
 Tells where the dress is being made to honor Cupid's claims,  
 And when the wedding's coming off, but never mentions names.  
 Heard just now a certain deacon not a thousand miles away—  
 Right on hand to every service, and the fast to speak and pray—  
 Recently was caught at cheatin', and at various other games,  
 For her part she doesn't wonder, but she never mentions names.  
 Been a most unwillin' witness to a dreadful family row—  
 Woman wouldn't give an inch, and husband wouldn't bow—  
 Peace and comfort all gone up in anger's risin' flames,  
 Lookin' for a separation, but she never mentions names.  
 Such a one is mean and stingy, and another puts on style;  
 Half the folks are proud and haughty, and the rest low down and vile;  
 Nothin' in creation suits her, so she frets and scolds and blames,  
 Mighty sly and under-handed, for she never mentions names.  
 You and I have seen this person, and have listened to her tongue  
 Going like a barrel of water that is running at the bung;  
 And we know just where to place her, with her petty groveling aims,  
 But we'll follow her example, and refuse to mention names.

### OUR DEAD.

It matters not, I have often been told, where the body lies when the heart is cold. Yet each one has a place that it is especially desired should be the final resting place, and it is usually near the childhood's home, where loving ones can plant flowers and otherwise keep in loving remembrance the one "gone before." Some erect costly monuments, others build a vault of solid masonry which will receive the body, and a sweet pleasure is felt in the thought that here in a beautiful lot among friends and kindred, among early associations we shall finally be laid to rest. Rest! it is this blessed haven

toward which we are all journeying, the one oasis in this drear desert, the comforting thought which supports us in the weary march of life. I visited a little cemetery not many months ago, in a country town. If one possesses a lively imagination considerable pleasure is felt, tempered however with much that is sad, in such a visit.

It was probably one of the first cemeteries laid out. The ground was slightly rolling; many of the graves were nearly obliterated, several stones had fallen over and lay broken on the ground. Roses bloomed luxuriantly all through the yard, and there were a number of evergreens and willows. I stumbled over a tiny mound; no stone or board marked it, but long years ago some mother laid her darling away from human vision, and many, many times the grass had been watered with her tears, but today the sod covers it, the grass grows stiff and rank, not even a wild strawberry blossoms in it. Here is a stone green with mold that says "Nancy, relict of—" etc., it is loose on the base and will soon tumble over. Here is a new grave, the fresh dirt is piled high, a vase sunk in it has a bouquet of geraniums and lilies; a wreath of faded rosebuds, an anchor and cross lie side by side. It isn't a long grave; somebody's heart ached, some home is lonely. Away in one corner was a monument of curious design, a huge boulder of granite is rolled on a pedestal, it is just as it was hewed out, only polished on two sides, for the names to be carved. Two graves so near together; one has a headstone with the word "Mother" on it, the other has nothing to mark it. The lot is sadly neglected, tall mulleins and burdocks stand in friendly relation, and no faded flowers tell to the passer-by that some one's memory is tenderly cherished; the grass is never trampled down, it has blossomed and faded season after season. Here is a double gravestone with a heart carved above the names, and the words "In death they were not separated." My friend told me they died on the same day after a married life of sixty years.

"They sa' in peace in the sunshine  
 Till the day was almost done;  
 And then at its close an angel  
 Stole over the threshold stone;  
 He folded their hands together,  
 He touched their eyelids with balm,  
 And their last breath floated upward  
 Like the close of a solemn psalm."

Off by itself is a grave marked by a bit of board. It was the resting place of a suicide. He was a poor friendless man, beside himself with liquor, and probably having no aim in life thought the best place for him was in the grave. Children hurry by it, his story is told in whispers.

"One more unfortunate  
 Weary of breath;  
 Rashly importunate,  
 Wishing for Death."

I love to roam through an old cemetery, to pause beside the stones and read the quaint epitaphs and imagine something about those lying there. The grave holds many secrets, it closes over shame and dishonor, high hopes and bitter disappointments. There are millions of dollars represented in the monuments one sees scattered through the cemeteries; in fact it is quite the thing nowadays to erect costly piles to emblazon great deeds, to always keep before the public mind the name of some great man. But better than monument or pile is a place in some one's heart, a name in the household spoken lovingly, reverently; and often in an obscure corner under the friendly shelter of a willow, with a simple white slab telling name and date of death, will lie a modest, self denying body, whose life has been a living sermon, a beautiful poem, a fragrant blossom. The world at large never knew of its living, but God's angel keeps the record and at the last day when He maketh up His jewels it will not be forgotten.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

### CHRISTMAS THINGS.

I would like to ask the readers of the HOUSEHOLD if they laughed when reading Sister Gracious' letter, in which she described a good mother's way of curing her boy of thoughtlessness. I did, and it brings a smile every time I think of it. I don't doubt its being an excellent way to cure such habits—"Do as you would have others do unto you," but few would think of it. I think if some men were used as they use their horses, pounding them with whatever is handy, they might be made to remember that animals have feeling as well as men.

A small niece had the habit of running away, and when I suggested that a long rope be tied to a post and she at the other end, her mother said she

thought it was cruel and almost inhuman.

Christmas is almost here, and if all the members of the HOUSEHOLD will tell what they know of pretty things and the way to make them, I am sure no one can complain. I can not give you anything new perhaps, but the way of making may be a little new. While in Chicago in October, I noticed in one store a pretty little thing, that could be easily copied. It was not an emery bag or a needle cushion. Take four pieces of felt (any color) and pink the edges. Then lay together so that all the corners can be seen plainly. These pieces were four inches by three inches. The top one should have a boxplait in the center with loops of narrow ribbon under the plait and on each side on top. The emery bag should be larger at the bottom and run to a point. Fasten this firmly in the center and it is done. I have one of red felt with yellow ribbon and bag. These sold for one dollar and can be made for one-fourth of that.

A pretty lamp mat may be made of yellow felt (dark lemon is prettiest) about fifteen inches in diameter and with inch deep and three inch long scallops all around the edge. Make daisies of white felt, with yellow velvet eyes, and sew one of these on each scallop. One made of dark olive green with yellow daisies having brown velvet centers would be pretty and wouldn't show soil.

A pretty pincushion of yellow felt is made to represent a sunflower. The petals are made of yellow felt and the center of brown velvet, large enough to put a few needles and pins on when one is sewing. The center should be made of cotton batting on a foundation of pasteboard. Sew the leaves on the board, first one row and then another (two being enough) and lastly make the center and you have a pretty ornament for a table.

I do not want to outstay my welcome, so will only mention one other thing that would be nice for a large family. A large skein of yarn and the presents are all that is necessary. Wind the presents in with the yarn as you wind it into a ball and the more yarn you use the better. Then when the mother or grandmother knits the yarn into a stocking the gifts gradually fall into her lap. This I think is called by the Germans a wonder ball.

I cannot close without telling you that I have had the pleasure of looking through the HOUSEHOLD Album, and of the pleasant visit we had with Beatrix when we were in Detroit during the Exposition. We pronounced the "dish-washer" a great thing for those who had so much work to do that the dish-washing was always a dread. The number of pails of water it requires would certainly tire most women if they had to carry it far. For a family of two or three I don't think it would pay.

KETRAH.

#### LITTLE HOSPITALITIES.

"Are you not often astonished," says Louise Markscheffel in the *Toledo Journal*, "at the number of ladies you thought well bred, who criticise the hospitality of which they have just partaken? I know of no social sin that is more to be condemned, than this one, and I hardly know one more common. In the first place, it is unkind, unwomanly, cruel; in the second place it is extremely vulgar, and it is the duty of each one of us to frown down the woman who speaks ill of the hostess or hospitality she has partaken of, whether that be in a mansion or in a cottage."

"It is more of a compliment," says the same writer elsewhere, "to be asked to enjoy a little luncheon with a friend all alone, than it is to be asked to a large party; and when the food has been prepared by the hands of the hostess, and is served by her, it is a double compliment."

But most people, unfortunately, seem to think that to entertain successfully they must collect a crowd; it is not worth the trouble of preparation, they say, to invite two or four or six, but the "dear five hundred" or a goodly deputation of them must be asked. Then the affair becomes "a spread," a means of paying off social obligations, and all sense of personal hospitality is obliterated.

The pleasantest events in our social lives are apt to be the informal affairs, where few more than the "two or three" are gathered together, where all are congenial and good fellowship obtains—where there is opportunity for the exchange of more than "How-dayedo" and "Glad to see you" with a glance that implies "Pass on and make room for the next;" and where some one talks wisely or wittily, or the conversation can become general, with its sparkle of bon mot and repartee. Don't be afraid, then, of inviting a small number of friends to dinner or lunch, or for the evening, fearing they will find it dull. If there's any "go off" in your own composition, any magnetism, or the ability to provoke electric currents in others, depend upon it, unless you have invited "sticks" or sworn foes, your little party will be remembered much longer than your large one.

B.

#### THE SECOND TABLE.

"I always give my dog dinner from my own plate," quoth Becky Sharp to my Lord the Marquis of Steyne when he threatened to poison her "sheep-dog." Seems to me there are a good many otherwise very tidy and neat women who take Becky's remark in sober earnest, and put down their own plates for the dogs and cats to eat from. Somehow it always gives me qualms akin to those of seasickness when I see this done. Those addicted to the habit will say the dishes are

perfectly clean after they're washed, and all that; still there is something repulsive to one's fastidiousness in the idea of eating from dishes which dogs and cats have licked. An unused dish is good enough for these animals, which are domestic scavengers in a way, and it may be kept clean enough to suit even a fastidious family pet. I've known women who could not stand it to have two or three flies in the dining-room on account of their dirty feet, set the meat-platter down for the dogs to eat from, and when they had cleaned it, and run over it two or three times, pick it up and pile it among the other dishes. Excuse me! The pampered King Charles and my lady's pug have their hand-painted china saucers, exclusively their own, and no one objects, but not my oatmeal saucer for the cats, please.

And I do not think it is "nice" to have dogs and cats in the dining-room at meal times, sitting round with expectant eyes and open mouths for surreptitious morsels. And I am very sure it is decidedly the reverse of nice for those at the table to stroke Max's shining coat, or rub Tabby's soft fur, and then handle the food which probably others must eat. A woman in this city who was devotedly attached to a diminutive dog, not much larger than a kitten, was in the habit of holding him in her lap during dinner. At her boarding-house she was told dogs were not allowed in the dining-room, and when she insisted, was given the option of observing the rule of the house or leaving. And she loved her dear "Carmo" so much that she left. Dogs and cats and other pets are all right in their proper places, but should not be too intimately associated with humanity. They deserve kind and thoughtful treatment, but really it seems as if we ought to draw the line this side of taking them to bed with us, and giving them their meals from our own plates.

BEATRIX.

IN the Women's Department of the *Toronto Globe* the following question was propounded for discussion and has elicited quite an animated controversy: Should a man earning \$500 a year and a girl earning \$300 a year get married, dropping the girl's \$300, and both live on \$500 a year? Quite a variety of opinions have been voiced, some of which are sensible, some silly, several original, to say the least. One individual who struggled with the conundrum seems to think it is worth \$300 to any girl to have Mrs. before her name and that she might better accept the half of \$500 and a husband than earn \$300 herself. Now will not some of our readers, some of the young men and young women who will be getting married some of these days, or those who have already tried the experiment, give us their ideas and experiences in the HOUSEHOLD?

## HOLIDAY WORK.

If you happen to have picked up a common "clam," more properly mussel shell anywhere in your summer travels, you are prepared to make a penwiper. Cut a strip of black or gray cloth into fringe, roll it up and glue it firmly between the two valves of the shell. With the convenient gold paint gild the edge, shading it off toward the centre of the shell and letter any name desired on the shell. The clippings from chamois can be tacked together and used instead of the cloth.

Some of the small, egg-shaped gourds can be made into match receivers, watch stands, little vases, etc. The upper or small end is cut off, seeds removed, and the outside washed and scraped. Three small, smooth sticks are put in the large end for feet. After drying it is painted, or gilded if preferred. A bird's egg blue for the gourd, with gilded feet, is a pretty combination. It may be still further ornamented with a small picture, a bouquet of roses for example, pasted on; or, while the paint is still moist, diamond dust can be plentifully sprinkled on, making a sparkling ornament, but one that cannot bear much handling. The lining, which is of silk of any contrasting color, must be pasted in before the outside is decorated. Sufficient of the silk must be left at the top to make a shirred edge, which shows from the outside.

A pretty lounge cushion for use, not ornament, is made of blue denim, with a design of some nature outlined upon it in white cotton. Stuff the pillow with down and finish the edges with a row of tiny white tassels.

A paper or magazine holder is made of a Japanese matting screen, the lower end turned up to form a pocket half its depth. Put on a bow of yellow and lavender ribbon and paint purple and yellow pansies on the pocket.

A similar but more dainty affair to hold letters or lesson papers, etc., is made of a sheet of white celluloid, bent up to form a pocket and held in place by bows of narrow ribbon. Paint dogwood or apple blossoms upon the part turned up.

A lovely box, for gloves, handkerchiefs, jewelry, or any use for which it is appropriate, is made as follows: Get a glazier to cut you six pieces of glass, two for bottom and cover, and four for the sides of the box. Bind these pieces with narrow ribbon of the color you desire. This is really the only difficult thing about making the box, as of course the only way of securing the ribbon is by folding it over the edges of the glass and securing it firmly at the corners, where also the pieces of the box are joined. Conceal these joinings under ribbon bows. Fit to the bottom of the box a layer of scented wadding covered with satin or China silk; you can tuft it if you like, using tiny shirt

buttons, covered with the silk, to hold it down. When done it is very pretty.

An exchange says: To make a pretty set of pin cushions, cut a paper pattern which rolled up will make a well-shaped cone. By this pattern cut three pieces of plush or velvet; sew up the straight edges, fill with bran or sawdust, run a thread around the top and draw up. (The cones may be made of the same or different colors, and the same or graded sizes.) To each one attach a foot or two of half-inch ribbon of the same color, making a little rosette to cover the center where it is gathered, and tying the other ends together in a bow. Pin them to the curtain or hang on the wall.

An umbrella stand can be manufactured out of a large tile, which you can buy for forty or fifty cents. Get a can of white or blue enamel paint and cover the tile inside and out. Get a small tin basin or wooden bowl and slip it inside to hold the water from the umbrellas. Gild the top and make a wide band around it, "clouding" it from the top down, and a similar band round the bottom. The whole thing need not cost over a dollar, and if tastefully and neatly done, will look as well as a china stand that costs five times as much.

## POLITENESS.

A table may be very useful with a rough slab for the top, and unhewed logs for legs, but it is not exactly fitted to hold dainty cups and saucers for a four o'clock tea. A man or woman may do lots of good with no polish to speak of and though uncouth enough to set one's nerves in a jangle. Education or society does not always teach politeness. Not long ago I was riding up town in the street cars, and a gentleman continued to smoke—on the front platform to be sure, but the wind blew it into our faces. Now this man was a college graduate and a favorite in society. I have seen true politeness among the poorer class. So after all, wherever you are, it is following Christ's rule "Love your neighbor," that makes the gentleman or the gentlewoman.

From my window I saw a true act of politeness, and it was from a poor working man who was digging in the street. It was after a hard rain, and a pool of running water had formed at a cross walk. A little girl came along and stopped; with her best jump she could not get over the muddy puddle, and it seemed dreadful to step into it. Our Irishman came to the rescue. He planted his big foot in the water, and it was like a stone in the dirty current, with a "Give us your hand, my little lady, and step on my foot." The child sprang, landed on the foot, and then over to the other side, and with a "Thank you" that I was very glad to hear, ran on, and the man picked up his spade and went on with his work, but

it was the act of a true-hearted gentleman.

Perhaps it would save trouble, if instead of cultivating say from twenty to fifty small plants in our back yards, we could have one that is described as growing in Sumatra, which is not for the handkerchief garden. The *Rafflesia Arnoldi* has magnificent petals that spring from the centre, and are of a beautiful orange yellow. In the centre of the calyx, upon a dark violet ground, rises a huge pistil looking like a blaze in a bowl of punch. This prodigious flower is a yard wide and weighs fifteen pounds. Like many other rare plants, they may get this huge flower to grow in our back yards in time. If a young man wants to give his lady love something very wonderful and beautiful, he might choose the *Rafflesia*, but he would have to hire a strong man to carry it to her house, and she certainly would be embarrassed to know what to do with such an immense blossom. We must wait with patience for science to utilize the large leaves of *Victoria Regina*. They are of a lovely green color, and one leaf being six feet in diameter, there would be enough, if the material could be used, to make a full pattern dress for a lady, and pieces left over to mend with. Florists ought to bestir themselves, and bring into use some of these giants of plants.

DETROIT.

SISTER GRACIOUS.

## AN AMIABLE SPOUSE.

Will the Editor kindly give the address of the firm where the pens are made El. See told us about in a recent HOUSEHOLD? When the lord of our house gets mad something has to go into the fire (as a burnt offering, you know), and last Sunday a bundle of my little HOUSEHOLDS had to go, last one and all. So I lost the address, as well many choice recipes I had marked. I suppose I ought not to complain, as he says they were not mine, any more than are the clothes I wear, unless I work out and pay for them. So I must bear that as well as having my clothes torn in pieces at his will. He has always owed the HOUSEHOLD a spite, as it savors of women's rights, he thinks.

I would like a good recipe for quince preserves or for putting them up in any way.

N. L. P.

HOLLY.

[J. Ullrich & Co., 106 and 108 Liberty St., New York City.]

THOSE who use the patent potato-press which forces the potato through a colander and leaves it in a light stringy mass like vermicelli, complain that the potato gets cold during the process. But if you dip the press into boiling water long enough to make it thoroughly hot, and also the dish which receives the potato, the latter will not require re-heating in the oven.

## DRESSING A CHICKEN.

The preparation of a chicken for the oven or frying-pan is often regarded as an appalling mystery by the novice in culinary arts. Very likely there are many farmers' daughters who have never dressed a chicken, that duty always falling upon "mother," the uncomplaining person who does all the disagreeable things no one else will do. Mrs. W. M. Hayes, a graduate of the culinary department of the Agricultural College, in a talk at a farmers' institute in Minnesota—a talk practically illustrated by the performance of every operation described, told how to prepare a fowl for the pan:

"In dressing a chicken the crop is removed by cutting a slit an inch or more long down the back of the neck. This makes a sufficient aperture through which the crop can be drawn without breaking the skin over the crop. When the chicken is stuffed for baking, the skin is drawn up around the neck and tied, leaving no opening to be sewed up.

"In removing the entrails, cut around the entrail with a sharp, sharp-pointed knife, making as small an opening as possible. An aperture is then made to the side under the short-leg, through which the entrails are drawn out by the hand. Now when the chicken is stuffed, the drumsticks, which should be severed from the feet at the joint, not above, are tied closely together and drawn downward, the string being fastened to a skewer, stuck through the skin at the rear of the back. When this is done there is no opening left to be sewed through which the dressing can ooze out.

"Fowls dressed for market should never be scalded, as scalding makes the flesh turn dark, but for home use it is immaterial. As boiling water is too hot for scalding fowls, use this proportion: Into one gallon of boiling water pour one pint of water of the temperature of well water. If the feathers are rubbed off instead of being picked, the pin feathers will be more easily removed."

Mrs. Hayes made dressing after this fashion: "A loaf of bread was cut into halves, and these halves sliced open. Taking a quarter in each hand with the crumb sides turned together, she rubbed these two pieces back and forth until the crusts were reached. The crumbs thus rubbed off were small and light. The crusts were not used. The crumbs were slightly moistened with melted butter, and seasoned with salt and pepper. The use of sage is a matter of taste. No moistening except the butter was used, as a light, wholesome dressing was desired, not a soggy, indigestible article. When making the dressing it was stirred with a fork to keep it light, and when put in the chicken it was shaken down instead of being mashed in."

## NOT ALWAYS BEST.

If "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless millions mourn;" if "Whatever is is best" why seek reform, or why try to suppress evil in any way? Is it best that my sons are ruined and murdered, your daughters betrayed; wives and husbands separated and deserted! Is it best that thorns and thistles grow in our fields and hearts instead of luscious fruit and fragrant flowers? No, no, a thousand times no! Let us not take up the refrain "Whatever is, is best," but rather sing

"There is work for me, there is work for you,  
There is plenty of work for us all to do."

MIDDLEVILLE.

AUNT MARY.

## BEGGING.

It is so easy and one of the most popular customs of the day to beg. The tramp caught hold on the "ropes" and well he might, from the examples set by his more refined brethren. I will speak of an instance known to my own sight and hearing. A few years ago a certain man claiming to be from New York stayed in and around our village about thirteen days; he was an evangelist, wanted to redeem the slums of New York, and had been preaching from village to village, to Kansas and back. We raised eighty dollars for him in shake hands and envelope system. It was not enough; one hundred dollars must be had and he got it. He was dressed in the best style, hands soft and white, gold ring on his finger, a gold watch that he liked to display, and was doing this same in every village. What did he do with all this money? Echo answers what!

About two years ago, after the second fire of the Tabernacle of New York, there was a public appeal to Christians of all denominations to build up a better and greater temple than all others, one where the sittings would rent from one dollar to one thousand dollars per year.

A poor man needs a few dollars to buy a pair of boots; well yes, you can work it out, you know. Which "end justified the means?" Grandpa!

Old Dick Turpin was bold, but was honest in his expressions, "Your money or your life;" and when I was on Hampstead Heath I thought of the honest old rascal. "Well," says some one, "this man's soul would rattle in the shell of a mustard seed." Never mind, good friend, our Judge was appointed many years ago, and I remember reading the story of the widow and her mite in my school days; I have not been ashamed of my charitable record ever since, but confess that I never gave away the shirt on my back.

"Good Lord deliver us" (*i. e.*, us hard working people, I mean) from the wiles of the smooth-tongued, whining beggars who want us to believe all they say, and pay for the information. I

am tired of this everlasting begging, and it has left a cold spot on the heart of one who is ready to give in cases of real necessity, but who will never beg to appear charitable with other people's money whether the "end justifies the means" or not.

I think Aunt Sabra's definition of "man's duty to his family" is about right, only that when our children become of age the responsibility of their doings should be taken off the shoulders of the parents.

ANTI-OVER.

PLAINWELL.

THE Editor of the FARMER, reading the title of Evangeline's "Origin of Mince Pies" in a recent HOUSEHOLD, ventured a theory which he says is a hasty conclusion, voiced on the spur of the moment. He thinks the mince pie was evolved by a boarding-house keeper as a *dernier resort* to make the boarders eat hash. It's not as poetical and mythical a theory as Evangeline's, but perhaps there's "something in it" as well as in the pies.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to hear from some of the ladies who are using sewing machines obtained through the FARMER. She is a little afraid of being cheated, as she has heard the machines are "made of poor material." Will not some one reassure her? She also asks a recipe for baking-powder biscuit; and would like to know how little girl's coats and dresses are made. See HOUSEHOLD of Oct. 24th for directions for making childrens' cloaks.

## Contributed Recipes.

LAYER CAKE.—Two eggs; one cup of yellow sugar; one half cup of butter; one half cup of sweet milk; one and a half cups of flour; one teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in four jelly tins. Filling: One cup of brown sugar; one square of chocolate; one and one half tablespoonfuls of hot water. Stir till moist, just let it boil up once thoroughly, stir till nearly cool, spread between layers and on the top.

SPONGE CAKE.—One cup of yellow sugar; break two eggs in a cup, fill up with sweet cream; one cup of flour; one teaspoonful of baking powder; flavor with lemon and vanilla. Bake in a long pan.

GINGER SNAPS.—One cup of sugar; one cup of molasses; one cup of fried meat drippings; one teaspoonful of soda; one tablespoonful of ginger. Add all the flour that you can stir in with a spoon, then pinch off pieces the size of large marbles, roll in the hand, slightly flatten them, and put in a well greased tin with spaces between for spreading.

MEAT AND CABBAGE RELISH.—One heaping teaspoonful of mustard; one teaspoonful of sugar; one egg; one half teaspoonful of salt, four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, pieces of butter the size of a large hickory nut. Boil till the consistency of thick cream. Stir continually while cooking.

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