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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE HUMBLE TOILER.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century;—

But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men;

To write some earnest verse or line,
Which, seeking not the praise of art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the untutored heart.

He who doth this, in verse or prose,
May be forgotten in his day,
But surely shall be crowned at last with those
Who live and speak for aye.

EDDY'S TREASURE.

I've dot somefin white and warm!
Nobody don't know I've dot it.
Doin upstairs to show mamma
What I've dot here in my pottet.

Biddy laid it in the barn;
Hark! she's cacklin' now about it,
Tellin' all the other hens;
But she'll have to do without it,

Cause my mamma wants dat egg,
Make a pie, or else a puddin'—
Cookies, maybe!—oh, I know
Lots of sings dat eggs are good in.

'Tis a real beauty egg!
You may see it dess a minute,
Dear! vat ails my pottet now?
Somefin wet and sticky in it.

Oh, dear me! what shall I do?
Egg's all broke wight in my pottet!
Wish dat silly, cacklin hen
Maked it stronger while she's 'bout it.

—*Youth's Companion.*

1892.

An unkindly suspicion usually attaches to the individual who finds it convenient to leave town "between two days," and to the family that moves in under cover of night and darkness. And yet it was thus that 1891 left us, and 1892 came in. At midnight the old year, bent with the burden of days, its unfulfilled hopes, its disappointed ambitions, went wearily away and a young and beautiful stranger wished us "many happy returns of the day," holding out bright promises of pleasures and benefits to come. Many watched the old year out and the new one in—some in the solemn hush of vaulted church, between prayer and psalm; some to the throbbing beat of flute and violin and the rhythm of dancing feet; a few in loneliness, with tears and repentance and vows of amendment; some where was that mysterious divorce of soul and body we call Death; others in wild revelry—with a draught to the old year and a bumper to the new; while to the prosaic citizen untroubled by either sentiment or dyspepsia, one night was as good as another for sleeping and New Year's morning brought nothing but unpaid bills.

For the new year brings the settlement of the butcher's, the baker's, the candlestick-maker's accounts; we clear off old scores, wipe the slate and start a fresh record. We wonder where all our money went to last year and flutter over the leaves of our expense books in a fruitless attempt to find out. So many items; such a sum total; all gone. But not all the year's bills are due on the first of January. Our overdrafts upon strength and vitality, the reckoning for our excesses, the punishment for our sins—these stand charged to us on the great account, and the bills are payable some day, just as surely as the years come.

Our old parsing lesson from "The Closing Year"—said

"'Tis a time for memory and for tears."

I did not find it so, listening as I did through the waning hours of '91 to delightful Stuart Robson in that most amusing of comedies, "The Henrietta." That is the wisest philosophy which "looks not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again." I would sooner let the old year die with mirth and gladness than with regretful tears. And when, the play over, it lacked but thirty minutes of midnight, I unsentimentally ate an apple and looked over the evening paper as I "toasted my toes" waiting for the inevitable. It came. The clock struck twelve to the screaming and shrieking of whistles and the clash and clangor of brazen-tongued bells. And when, after a quarter of an hour of infernal din and uproar, 1892 was fairly introduced and peace and quiet reigned, I wished myself a Happy New Year and slept till seven.

Good Resolutions? Did I make any? Oh no; didn't have to. I've a nice lot on hand, left over from last year, good as new, just a little shelf-worn, as merchants say, from want of use; these will last me through the year, nicely; and it will be economy to make use of them. But if any one wants to start in with a stock of good resolutions, there are a few first class ones, warranted to wash and to stand all weathers, which I can cordially endorse. Among them I might name these: Do the nearest duty first. Whatever of love or good will or friendliness is in your heart, speak those words *now*. Today is ours; tomorrow may not come to us. Speak evil of no one. Take whatever of happiness is within your grasp, each day. We waste our opportunities today, hoping to have better ones, more to enjoy, more time for pleasure, in that shadowy future which does not belong to us. "He is the Happy Man," says Longfellow, "who, blessed with modest ease, a wife and children, sits enthroned in the hearts of his family and knows no other ambition than that of making those around him happy." Home happiness is dearest and best. Cherish it if it is yours; if it is not yours, make it so.

And while you are in the mood of resolution-making, you might make one to write to the HOUSEHOLD more frequently in 1892. BEATRIX.

BEATRIX IS RIGHT.

That article in the HOUSEHOLD of January 2nd on "Store Accounts," signed Beatrix, is right in every particular. I have "been there," and know whereof I speak. I took charge of buying the table supplies for a family of nine, and ten dollars a week was all I had of the sinews of war. With the responsibility I also inherited the store book, and for months went right on with the store account, and if Saturday night did not find me a dollar or two in debt I felt thankful. But it was verily being a slave to one store. I might know where nice butter was four cents cheaper a pound, and chickens going off with a rush, but like pulling one foot out of the mud only to plunge it in again, I was "stuck" and never seemed to get ahead. And then I came to a conclusion, I would break right off from the store that had been my master for so long, leave the debt for awhile and try the "pay as you go" system. Now different grocers have their specialities, find them and you

can buy for less every time. At the end of my first week, I had paid for every article used, and had one dollar and fifty cents in my purse! All pure saving from the new order of things. This money I used to square up with my old grocer, and in six weeks I had paid him every cent from what was left after the cash purchases. Now I would not go back to the account system. I am better served and my table has better food, and I always have a little extra money to spend as my fancy dictates. Watch the market reports in the papers, and look up the advertisements. Learn the different cuts of meats and how to choose the best, and then the lady of the house can go anywhere at her own sweet will. She can also hold up her head, dictate to the lordly butcher and grocer, where she once cringed in almost abject fear, because she owed him for a month's supplies. And above all, she can indulge in more luxuries for her table, and keep a bank book, or help pay for a house. Let all begin the new year determined to live up to "Pay as you go," and 1893 may find us with a nice little sum for the World's Fair, and plenty of congratulatory letters for the HOUSEHOLD on our success with the new plan.

SISTER GRACIOUS.

THE GIRL THAT "TAKES."

Not long since a young man while speaking in confidence with me, turned the conversation upon a certain Miss E——. Said he: "She is really quite beautiful, and as charming a young lady as ever I met; still I do not understand her. But this much I do know; she has tried several times to pat me on the back and I did not 'pat' worth a cent. Whether she really likes me or whether she is endeavoring to lead me on to see how much of a fool she can make of me, I'm sure I do not know. Last night at the ball, after a good long waltz, I asked her if we should go out on the veranda. 'And will you talk sweet to me?' she asked. I told her I did not know, and then asked her if she would talk sweet to me. 'Of course I will,' she said, 'let's go before every one else gets there.' We went, and from then, all the rest of the evening, she just more than doubled her compliments on my dancing; asked me to call on her half a dozen times or more, and what else I don't remember. Her praise was so abundant that I doubt its sincerity. To give you some idea I'll just cite a sentence or two: 'Oh, Mr. L——, I'm almost provoked at you. Really, why have you denied me the pleasure of your acquaintance so long? I hear of you at every party I go to. Surely you will favor me with a call before another week? I'm always at home you know.' Late in the evening I had another waltz with her—and by the way, she *is* one of the most excellent dancers that I ever met—but as I was about to say, during this second dance she made some remark at which I ventured a smile. 'Ah!' said she, 'I like to bring a smile like that,' and at the same time gave my hand a very warm squeeze. Of course I did not return it. So you see she is quite a character, and I think I shall call on her as often as I can; if for nothing more than to learn what kind of a girl she really is."

This instance has been cited both to show a peculiar quality that many girls seem prone to cultivate—that of "men-charming,"—and to illustrate the fact that young men often discuss their young lady friends quite as freely as they do the results of the last ball game.

For convenience, let me divide girls into two classes; that is, from a social standpoint. Members of the first class are usually careless as to what the moral character or qualities of the young men with whom they associate may be. And not only do they allow these young men to take liberties with them under cover of loneliness or evening shades, but oftentimes they encourage it. And is it not safe to say that the majority of young men will take bold liberties with a young woman only when she gives some demonstration of willingness and approval? Girls have more influence over the boys than they seem to realize. It is either for good or for bad.

Young men talk to each other about the young women. And character is so easily tarnished that it is a terrible thing to be talked about when the burden of the thought is less than that of praise. Let me cite a bit of dialogue overheard between two young men?

"Hello Cad! out to the dance last night? I'll bet you were; you look as tough as an old steer; how about ye, anyway? Had a juicy time, I'll bet."

"Juicy time! that's no talk, man! I just had a picnic all the way there and back. You know Miss S——?"

"Well I should say I did; ought to at least; come, tell me about it." The boys lighted their cigarettes and walked away together to discuss the virtues (?) of poor Miss S——. It is evident that neither of these fellows had the least atom of respect for this young woman, and doubtless would not venture a word in her defence, not even to oppose the most wicked slander. What young woman would not shudder, even at the bare thought of being another Miss S——? and yet there are many, many of them.

It is a relief to speak of the other class. The very atmosphere of their presence tells of purity—purity that never allows of personal familiarity, and at the same time always commands the highest respect. I have in mind a young lady of this class; she is always pleasant and kind, even to the most humble of all, and never gives offence. And I might add right here, that it *is* never wise for a young woman to provoke the ill-will of a young man. He may remember it to her harm. I have known of several such cases. I have noticed the young lady of whom I was speaking, in society; she is seldom the most chatty with the boys, and yet she always holds her own. It is verily true that the girl who talks the most and attracts the most attention for an evening, is seldom the girl who is liked the best by her friends. Flash wit can never outshine true, modest worth.

What do young men say of them? In the first place they do not say half as much about such girls as they do about some others. Young men talk least of the girls they like best. Never have I heard a true gentleman introduce the name of this girl into rude society; and what greater mark of respect could men pay her?

In contrast with the bit of dialogue referring to Miss S——, let me give a few chance remarks spoken of young lady number two. These are words of very bright young men: "She is not handsome as some, but I like her." Again; "Indeed she's a jewel, I wonder why God did not make all girls like her." Just once more; "I value her as a friend as I do no other girl." More might be given, but this is enough to show the true place she holds in the esteem of her men friends. Though wicked things may be told of her, surely none will ever believe them.

Perhaps we all have heard say that heaven with life begins on earth. I believe it, and ask, who are the angels but the fair dear girls who know that mortals, like gold, grow brighter and brighter as the dross is burned away.

A young man said to me not long ago: "I never go with a girl unless I aim to do her good." Truly this is a noble sentiment, worthy for all to think of and to act upon. It is the one thing that will make all society safe.

JACKSON. H. N. P.

TO TURN THE TABLES.

I have read carefully and then re-read "A Protest" in the HOUSEHOLD of Dec. 26th, and as I finished the reading, mentally exclaimed "That's so!" Woman has had lots of advice tucked on to her; she's been made a sort of dumping ground for those, who, at any time, have become overloaded with "comprehension." (My wife says with emphasis "That's so!")

As regards the sex to which we find ourselves assigned, I always thought it best to be thankful that it was no worse, and so never remember going off by myself and shedding tears because of being denied the privilege of wearing a bonnet or bustle; and as my advice as to that matter was not asked, I take none of the responsibility. Yet at times, when the highway of life is rough and rutted, I'm inclined to agree

with Artemus Ward, who said, "it would have been more than fifty cents in his pocket if he'd never been born." But finding myself here in Michigan as I did, surrounded by circumstances and a mother's care, I took hold and grew, and in time became large enough to wear a plug hat, but for this take no great credit to myself, for mother took charge of my earlier years, and, if I remember aright did at times bestow on me advice, and often impressed that advice. Yes, how mother's thimble did make my head ring, and raise on my cranium bumps of reverence for "the powers that be!" But as I grew in stature and goodness thereby, and in time reached the condition when the care and advice of a wife seemed all that was lacking to make life a perfect sunbeam, that lack has been removed; and for some years I've enjoyed the blessings of the care and advice of my wife.

While many a man may not have received all the advice he could stand, yet he has not been entirely neglected in this respect, for have not "Mrs. Caudle's curtain lectures" echoed in many a masculine ear, and broken up many a severe fit of snoring?

But for fear that man hasn't had his full share of advice, I respectfully submit that the HOUSEHOLD give him a chapter—a good long chapter—and I know it will be good (I speak from experience). Let it commence—say where Eve left off when she gave pomological advice—and continue on down till "we men" of the present day, get what we have so much and so long needed. (I want to paste it in my hat, as my hair is getting thin and I need something to keep my head warm.) This, no doubt will fill a long felt want, and will be gratefully received by

THEO POLUS.

LIBBY PRISON AS IT WAS TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO.

In your issue of December 26, the title, "A Visit to Libby Prison," at once attracted my attention. On one of the "brass plates, two by six inches, screwed to the floor," referred to in El See's letter, in the upper northeast corner window (looking down Wabash avenue as it now stands) appears the name of my father. There is now lying before me his journal, written 28 years ago in that historic building.

As some of your readers might be interested in the contents of some of its pages, I will copy a single chapter devoted to a description of the building and some of its surroundings as it looked then to a young man whose abiding place it was for nine months:

"Libby Prison, so well known both north and south, is situated at the southeast corner of Carey and Twentieth streets, running back to Dock street, which runs along the bank of the James river and Richmond and Lynchburg canal. The building is of brick and built very substantially; is three stories high, besides the basement, and is divided into three distinct parts by two heavy walls running from basement to roof. The whole is roofed well with iron. The building is divided by floors into nine rooms beside three basement cellars. The lower east room is used as a hospital for sick and wounded Federal officers. It has about 50 beds, and a corps of nurses detailed from our enlisted men. One corner of the room, about ten by fifteen feet, is partitioned off for the surgeons in charge. The lower west room is partitioned into various compartments and used by the officials of the prison and their subordinates. The other seven rooms are connected by doors through the walls and stairs between the floors and are occupied as quarters by the prisoners. The basements are used for storerooms for prison supplies, and quarters for about thirty negroes, used in various duties about the prison. These colored men are all prisoners, but were none of them soldiers. At the north or underground end of the center basement, four cells are petitioned off, about ten by twelve feet and almost entirely dark, in which the officials of the prison confine any of us prisoners they wish to punish. Several of us have had a taste of that medicine. The seven rooms in which the officers are quartered are 103½ feet deep by 42½ feet front. Each room has five windows front and rear; besides the rooms at the east end of the building have two windows at the side, and those at the west end have four, but, unlike most windows, instead of glass and sash you see nothing but iron bars, with the exception of an occasional dilapidated sash which has more panes of pasteboard than glass. The floor of each room is supported by fourteen posts, ten inches square. In one corner of each room there is a hydrant and sink. The building was used before the war for a tobacco warehouse, grocery, etc. The sign of the proprietors, 'Libby & Sons, Ship Chandlers and Grocers,' still remains posted over the doors both front and rear.

"The view from Libby is quite varied. Looking east we see but little; the outlet of the canal, the heights, the fortifications below Richmond, the Yorke railroad depot, and a short distance down the river until it crooks around and is lost to view among the hills.

"To the south is the canal and river; across the river the little town of Manchester with its factories, mills and workshops, farther back the fine farming lands gradually sloping back to the wooded hills in the distance.

"Southwest are the three large bridges, the only ones crossing the James in this vicinity; one a wagon bridge, one a railroad bridge, and the other both wagon and railroad. Over one of these crosses the Danville and over the other the Petersburg railways. Just above these bridges we catch a view of Belle Isle, the place where so many of our brave men have gone, never to return—that loathsome pen where the sufferings of Union prisoners beggars description.

"From the west end we get the best view of the city. Although Libby is located on as low ground as any part of the city, yet from the upper west windows we can see most of the town. We catch a glimpse of the Capitol and other state buildings, the spires of the churches, and the very heart of the city generally. We also see a few yards down Carey street—Castle Lightning, where they confine our deserters. And directly opposite this is the far-famed Castle Thunder, which is the receptacle of all kinds of political prisoners and military prisoners, either Yankee or Rebel, and of both sexes and all colors. When the history of that institution is written, it will probably form as dark a chapter as any in the annals of war.

"From the north but little is seen because of the rising ground on that side. Directly opposite the prison, across Carey street, are several vacant lots; a few rods up Twentieth street is a small brick church in which a day school for children is kept. I do not know the denomination. On the corner of Carey and Twenty-first streets is situated the large building known as the Pemberton prison, from the name of the original owner of the building. This and several other buildings to be seen at the north have been used at different times for the confinement of Federal prisoners. E. H.

STANTON.

THE MEAT BARREL.

When city people visit in the country their friends, with hospitable instinct and meaning to be very, very good to them, usually visit the butcher and purchase a roast or steak. If they only knew how much their guests would prefer home cured meat from the pork barrel, sweet and clean, fried brown and crisp, with a spoonful of cream as garnish, they would more frequently serve it, especially for breakfast. The city market affords no such salt pork as the farmer's wife fishes up from the barrel in the cellar, cuts thin and fries "done brown;" and it is a delicacy and a rare treat to those who see fresh meat every day of their lives, and who find in "breakfast bacon" a poor substitute for what they perhaps once got uncommonly tired of.

There is much difference in the quality of salt pork, even from farmers' cellars, due to the methods of packing and the care given, perhaps also to the condition of the cellar. The barrel in which it is packed must be perfectly sweet, otherwise it will inevitably taint the meat. A molasses barrel makes a good meat barrel, but one which has

contained liquor of any kind should not be used; meat will not keep in it. We once heard of a benighted individual who tried to convert an oil barrel into a pork barrel, but do not advise the experiment.

In packing pork, first allow the meat to get perfectly cold but it must not be frozen, nor have been frozen. Cover the bottom of the barrel with salt; on this place a layer of meat, the rind toward the barrel, packing as close as possible. Fill all the spaces with salt, and cover the meat with salt. Pack in this way till the cask is almost full. Have a cover made to fit loosely inside the barrel and weight it with a good sized stone to keep the meat in place. Fill the barrel with a saturated brine, put on cold, of course, and your meat is well packed. If the brine turns red and looks cloudy it must be poured off, scalded and skimmed, then returned. The meat must be kept under brine, all of it. The practice of some housekeepers in leaving the rinds cut from the meat floating in the brine is a fruitful source of spoiled meat.

To prepare a pickle for hams and bacon, a recipe endorsed by good housekeepers is this: "Take half as much water as will cover the meat, and put in all the salt it will dissolve; add the other half of the water required, with two quarts of molasses and a quarter of a pound of saltpetre for each hundred pounds of meat. In six weeks the meat will be ready for smoking. It should be hung in the smokehouse for a day or two before the smoking begins, to dry off. In warm weather a dark smokehouse is necessary, to guard against flies. As soon as the meat is sufficiently smoked, which is largely a matter of taste, each piece should be enveloped in a strong paper bag fastened securely so no insect can get through where it is tied, and hung in a dry place."

The *Germantown Telegraph* annually republishes a recipe for pickle for beef, hams, mutton, pork, which is considered to give extraordinarily good results: "To one gallon of water take one and a half pounds of salt, half a pound of sugar, half an ounce of saltpetre, and half an ounce of potash. The potash should be omitted unless a pure article can be obtained. In the above ratio the pickle can be increased to any quantity desired. Let these be boiled together until all the dirt from the sugar rises to the top and is skimmed off. Then put it into a tub to cool, and when cold pour it over your beef or pork. The meat must be well covered with pickle, and should not be put down for at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered saltpetre, which removes all the surface blood, etc., leaving the meat fresh and clean. Some omit boiling the pickle, and find it to answer well, although the operation of boiling purifies the pickle by throwing off the dirt always to be found in sugar and salt. If this recipe is followed strictly, it will require only a single trial to prove its superiority over most ways of putting down meat, and will not soon be abandoned for any other. The meat is unsurpassed for sweetness, delicacy and freshness of color."

TAILOR-MADE GOWNS

A correspondent inquires about tailor-made gowns, where they are made, kind of material, cost, etc. The tailor-made gown is the product of the highest skill in dressmaking, consequently it "comes high." Taylor & Woolfenden, Newcomb & Endicott and L. A. Smith & Co., of this city, make such dresses, and charge from $18 to $30 for so doing. The material is any heavy goods preferred, such as heavy weight camels' hair, Bedford cord, English tweeds and cheviots, at from $2.50 to $3 per yard. The goods is very wide, however, and six yards are an ample pattern for a tall woman. The genuine tailor-made gown has little or no trimming, depending upon fit and finish for its style. It is sometimes asserted that a tailor-made gown requires a tailor-built girl—that is, one of fine figure, to wear it. But the competent ladies' tailor does for his patrons what the men's tailor does for his; he pads the garment so skillfully as to conceal the defects of the form and give the wearer a perfect figure. The ordinary dressmaker fits you as you are; the ladies' tailor fits you as you ought to be. And of course he is not going to do that "without money and without price"—a good round price too.

I chanced to be spending the afternoon with a friend not long ago when her new dress came home. You all know what an interest women take in new gowns, so of course we at once inspected it. The bodice was beautifully finished—handsome enough to wear wrong side out, almost—and was a miracle of padding. My friend is thin, angular, and flat-chested; in this dress she looked what the fellows in the Russell House windows would call "Gad sir! a demmed fine figure of a woman!" and she must have felt as if she were surrounded by cushions. There is a great deal of satisfaction to be had out of a tailor-made garment, but alas, they are luxuries to be afforded only by rich people, though I do know several girls who economize very closely in order to have at least one tailor-made gown for a street dress.

When speaking about tailor-made gowns among some rural friends once, an old lady spoke up, very much astonished: "Why, do ladies, real nice ladies, have men fit their dresses?" (Dear old soul, her ideas of propriety were terribly shocked; she's so dreadfully proper she will not let the salesman fit her shoes, but insists on trying them on herself, or having several pairs sent to the house and making her daughter put them on and button them for her.) But there is nothing at all shocking to the most modest woman in having "a man!" fit her dress. In the first place, she goes to the establishment where she proposes to have her dress made, is shown into a pretty parlor, and after from fifteen minutes to an hour's wait, is favored with an interview with the autocrat. A consultation over the material, style, expense, etc., follows. Perhaps her measure is taken then; perhaps she is asked to call at a certain hour of another day. The man takes the measures himself, always in a certain order, an assistant writing them down. At the next call, the forewoman puts her into the dress and summons the tailor, who casts his eagle eye over it, puts a pin here and there, concentrates his massive brain upon the sweep of the skirt and the set of the sleeve, gives an order or two to the forewoman, and disappears into the next fitting-room, perhaps saying as he goes, "Madam, you will call tomorrow at four." Is there anything in that to shock the most super-sensitive delicacy? The man regards you with as much interest as he would a wooden Pocahontas he was measuring for a new suit of paint, and he touches you, if he touches you at all, as delicately as if you were egg-shell china and he was afraid you would break on his hands. BEATRIX.

Contributed Recipes.

JOHNNY CAKE.—One egg; two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar; one tablespoonful of shortening (lard or butter); one teacupful of sour milk; one teacupful of cornmeal; one teacupful of wheat flour; one teaspoonful of salt; one-half teaspoonful of soda; one teaspoonful of baking powder.

PORT HURON. MRS. I. C. C.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Boil a chicken tender and cut the meat from it, when cold, into small bits. Cut up tender, white celery enough to make the same amount and stir together. Stir into the mixture a tablespoonful of olive oil and three tablespoonfuls of vinegar; with a saltspoonful each of salt and mustard, and let stand on ice or in a very cold place for a couple of hours. When served, mix with a mayonnaise sauce, leaving part to turn over the top, or use the mayonnaise dressing alone, without the vinegar and oil. The mayonnaise is made as follows: Put the yolks of three eggs in a bowl and while beating gradually add one even tablespoonful of mustard, one of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of cayenne pepper. When this is mixed, add a pint of the best (Tuscany) olive oil, stirring in a few drops at a time. It will thicken like a jelly. When half the oil is in add the juice of one lemon by degrees with the rest of the oil, and lastly, a quarter of a cup of good vinegar. This sauce will keep for weeks and is good for chicken, salmon or vegetable salads. HELEN CAMPBELL.