

MICHIGAN FARMER

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DETROIT, AUGUST 6, 1892.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

ALAS, HE CANNOT FIND A WIFE!

Oh, the pretty girl is a winsome pearl
And her face is fair to see,
But a homely girl is nearer far
What a nice girl ought to be;
For a pretty girl is proud and vain,
And she frets the heart of man,
And she does just what she wants to do,
Because she knows she can:
Ah, yes!
Because she knows she can.

Oh, I would wed could I find a girl
Who quite combines the grace
Of a homely maiden's honest heart
With a pretty woman's face.
To win this prize I would search for aye
But, alas, I fear I shan't:
Though I explore the whole world o'er,
I know full well I can't;
Alas,
And alas! I know I can't.

—St. Louis Republic.

A FORTUNATE WIFE.

I have not come to narrate my grievances, yet it seems that most of our farmers' wives take a morbid pleasure in relating the shortcomings of their husbands, or more properly speaking, those little things which a woman in her round of duties is more apt to see than her "better half." I for one think these very women are of a nervous, irritable temperament, expecting to derive a great deal of sympathy from others; and in their daily life make mountains out of mole-hills and wish "Mohammed to come to the mountain." Now I do not fret and stew and make myself miserable generally if my husband does not set out a strawberry bed, thin out the raspberry bushes, or does not have a hankering to handle a hoe, or even to look after chicken lice—it will do no good and you might as well think it is "out of his sphere" and let it pass. We live on a large farm, which makes lots of work for the "wimmen folks," but we have the best of hired help out of doors and husband concedes a woman should have competent help to perform her household duties. I have a No. 1 girl whom we pay \$2.50 a week the year round. I do not begrudge her what she earns, nor do I twit her every now and then of "a dollar not growing on every bush" either. I always treat her well and she does the same by me, and we never think of the "great gulf" which is commonly supposed to lie between mistress and maid. If a girl knows you place confidence in her, she will respect it and do all the better for

it. When they know what is expected of them leave them alone and do not stand around telling them *what to do next*, when they have not accomplished what they *are* doing. Well, well! dear readers, you will all think I am sermonizing, and indeed you would think so, if you could step in and see me trying to write with three little ones about me asking all sorts of questions and the baby joining in on the chorus with a good lusty voice. By the way, husband says "he had rather chop wood all day than take care of baby." You see I am appreciated? And he thinks I have enough to do taking care of the children, even though I am not trotting about the kitchen all day. It is a good deal to keep things going, even if one takes no active part. If you would only come over *our way*, "Old Bach!" We have one of the sweetest, most lovable girls, who would make home truly a haven of rest for weary man "when evening brings him home."

"And the night shall be filled with music
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs
And as silently steal away."

FAIRHAVEN FARM.

ELMA.

WORK AMONG THE UNFORTUNATE.

One of my neighbors, who is superintendent of the flower mission of the W. C. T. U., has kindly given me some extracts from her report of their visit to the Allegan County poor-house. I will let her tell the story in her own words: "I had been wondering where so many flowers were to come from, but by help of kind friends plenty were supplied. At the depot we met the president with her hands full of flowers; at Otsego others joined us and we went our way, 'Over the hills to the poor house.' When we arrived we found a goodly number already there. Greetings were exchanged, arrangements made, lunch baskets opened, and an hour passed quickly in social converse, discussing ways and means whereby we could advance our work.

"Mr. T. Blain, the keeper, called the inmates together, forty-one in number, and devotional exercises were held in the chapel; then the President of the Allegan Union addressed the inmates in such kind, sympathetic words, coming from the heart, saying 'We come today to bring a little sunshine into your

lives and to tell you that Jesus careth for you.' Some of them wished we would come oftener. After Scripture reading followed by singing 'Wonderful Words of Life,' three Bibles were given by request. They have Bible reading, every Wednesday evening, and regular prayer meeting once a month. There was a blind man and woman, and eight sick in their rooms, one a young lady with consumption. If you could have seen the grateful look she gave as I passed the fruit, you would have felt paid for your trouble. Another was sick with malarial fever. A sad case was a boy of seven or eight who is said to have no backbone; he reclined in an invalid chair and would twist himself around and sometimes fall to the floor, when he must be replaced in the chair. We had not time to speak to each one separately, but we gave all fruit, flowers, cake and candies, with Scripture texts. Jesus said while here that 'the poor shall have the gospel preached to them,' we are sure it was done that day, through the ministry of flowers. On our way home we visited the jail in which there were three prisoners. We had prayer and Scripture reading and gave them flowers and texts; promises were made that they would try and do better. We gave literature to and talked with a goodly number who did not understand our work, and returned home very weary, but not discouraged, believing there was seed sown that day that will bring forth fruit unto life eternal."

Dear HOUSEHOLD readers, do not think farm life the only hard work in the world. You will be surprised when I tell you I have seen larger days' work done here than ever on the farm. One man cultivated his garden after dark while his wife carried the lantern. You ask "Were his days spent in idleness?" No indeed; he is up and away often before sunrise, but all do not work so hard; some are away today enjoying themselves on the cool waters of the lake.

Sister Gracious asks is it ever right to deceive or tell a lie. In my opinion this would be a sad old world were the truth always spoken on every and all occasions. In my next I will tell you how a family of seven may live on \$500 a year. In talking about books, how many have read Sweet Cicely, by Josiah Allen's Wife? Try it, and report.

BESS.

ABOVE TROUBLES.

Members of the HOUSEHOLD, when you arrive at the state of bliss in which I am now, it will be a matter of very little moment whether women wear masculine attire; who strains her jellies through the greatest number of bags, or who plays a harmless game of cards to rest a weary brain. Not all mortals can catch that soothing draught from forest, sea and sky, and music—the nerve tonic—no longer charms. No person can tell another what he needs, and when you begin to realize this, and cry *liberty*, then you are going in the right direction. When you can be noted mainly for acute common sense, its germ is in the heart. Let it grow. Allow me to tell you, for I am situated where I can see and know. Upon the edge of a billowy cloud am I, gazing down at you all. You worry and fret too much about the petty affairs of life. Once I was like you; saw “through a glass darkly”; but happily for me I met with a change—learned when not too late to let my neighbors’ business alone, and found out I had as good neighbors as anyone. And then I began to look above and beyond the world’s veil, for promised happiness. If I had crosses to bear, they were borne the easier by remembering some of them were of my own making, because sometimes I hadn’t used common sense.

From here I can see all sorts of women. Just now there is one who is at best a package of nerves. To her husband this morning she was all smiles, but he returns at noon and she is cross, says she is ill; there is no dinner ready; she is not ill—only hysterical, one who is either away up or way down, and can only be cured by her own will power.

Out this way, in that beautiful house with lovely furnishings lives Mrs. A., who makes herself miserable because her nearest neighbor, Mrs. B., does not envy her more on account of them. Happy Mrs. B. considers lace curtains and bric-a-brac, etc., dust gatherers and more work than they are worth; she cares nothing for such encumbrances and finds her enjoyment in books, and with a genial class of people who gather about her. If Mrs. B. notices the slights Mrs. A. gives her, she feels deep in her heart a pity born of charity. And here is another type of woman, Mrs. C., who, if she knows a single sin committed by a person, will repeat it, and never let it die, no matter how much that person may have atoned and is doubtless forgiven. And yet Mrs. C. has taken letters not belonging to herself from the post office, opened them and made the contents known, and then carefully resealed and remailed them. She thinks no one but herself is cognizant of the sin, but that is enough. There is One who knows. Everyone has failings and those who complain of others’ shortcomings have

the most. Good common sense, linked with kindness and that charity which “thinketh no evil,” will make the work-a-day path broader and smoother.

Please now glance from your window above the cornfield and rail fence, *higher*, to the trees with rustling leaves and filled with bird music, *higher*, to the blue sky, and now let your thoughts go to Him who has left a guide for you, to tell you the way to live here, that you may live again.

Peruse the Good Book; earnestly strive to understand and practice its teachings. “Love thy neighbor.” “Love your enemies.” Then He bids that man who is himself without sin cast the first stone. M. E. H. must write you more of Buddhism. I suppose I shall learn about it as I get farther on, for I am a DEAD MAN.

RATHER SENSIBLE, AFTER ALL.

And now Almira steps forth and calls me a foolish, wicked woman because I have done what I was obliged to do. □

Now Almira, “be sensible.” □ □

I judge that you were one of those fortunate girls who married well; that is, married one who had something to start on, and you have been rather privileged. Certain it is that you have had life easier than the majority of farmers’ wives if you could use your own sweet will about keeping a girl. What would you have done if your husband had refused you the money with which to pay a girl?

Now if you will read my first letter to the HOUSEHOLD again, you will see I wrote that I had a kind husband in most respects, but he seems blind to the fact that woman’s work is sometimes too hard, and because I tried to get along alone when he was really quite poor, and when we had but two or three children, he seems to think I can still do so and forgets that the added little ones increase my work, and also decrease my strength and endurance in about the same ratio.

As to my doing so much work, why I have just this to say: The work has to be done, and as to doing it in a different style, well—I’ve tried style after style, but it amounts to about the same in the end. I’ve tried every labor saving washing soap, fluid, etc., I’ve read or heard of, but find that withal my washings tire me out. I have made a practice of folding my sheets, red table cloths, dish towels and baby napkins and laying them away without ironing, and still there would be enough to keep me busy one day. Would you care to use your white table linen without ironing? Would you like to wear your calico and gingham dresses without first smoothing them—just a little—or send your little ones to school in unironed clothes?

Could you coax your husband to wear his shirts without first being “done

up?” “You can lead a cow to water, but you cannot make him drink;” so I might set mush and milk, graham bread, etc., on the table before my husband but it would not be eaten.

I’ve tried letting my husband get his own breakfast, when I have been so ill that I could hardly dress myself, and what was the result? Why, he would try, but oh! don’t mention it! The work of straightening up things after him and the crying of the children who could not dress themselves made me worse instead of better, and I would crawl around and do the work the best I could, lying down occasionally, till medicine had time to revive and brace me up again.

Thank you, Almira, for your suggestions and sympathy. I rather prefer the sympathy given by Ella Rockwood, Maybelle and that other fellow sufferer who gave her experience for my benefit.

I assure you I have had no thought of “posing for a martyr” nor of working myself to death for the sake of being pitied. I simply do what I see must be done that my family may be properly fed, clothed and healthy; and I hold it as a duty to them that they be kept comparatively clean for their health’s sake; and I can say that, while many of my less vigilant neighbors’ children are constantly ailing, mine are rugged and quite free from sicknesses of every kind, and the only reason I can give is that I allow no filth or unnecessary dirt in or around our dwelling.

Work?—yes. Of course it requires work; constant labor for me because I have not the strength to rush through it and get it done as quickly as some might.

“Be sensible,” Almira.

In regard to the raising of turkeys, my little boys can feed them, and my husband made a coop for them, and as that constitutes the care they have received you can readily understand that I have expended but little energy in their behalf.

In regard to my *non de plume* I will say that I gave it no thought. When I wrote my first letter I signed the first name that came to my mind. Perhaps I had better change it to Busy Bee; for though I feel shiftless when I am so weary, I still am obliged to keep busy that the honey of our productive farm may be garnered for winter use.

If those who have had difficulty freshening salt pork will soak it in sweet milk over night, rinse off the milk and parboil in the usual way, they will find it much more palatable. If convenient drop a few bits of charcoal into the milk.

The word “guimpe” is a French word, pronounced gamp.

I should like to visit Sally Waters. What a plucky little woman she must be?

I love to work in the garden and

among the flowers, but could not be coaxed into the fields to plow or drag. SHIFTLESS.

[No one will deny that "Busy Bee" is much more appropriate to the writer of the above than "Shiftless," which she certainly isn't, but we have one "Busy Bee" who has written us letters from another part of the State, and who has a prior right to the name. Will "Shiftless" please select some other, if she wishes to change?—ED.]

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

A correspondent inquired last week what could be done to exterminate the carpet-bugs—those little fuzzy beetles with such voracious appetites that they are much more to be dreaded than the moth we all know how to fight. So far, at least, there seems no certain way of preventing their ravages, after they once appear. Prof. Cook advises the profuse use of insect powder. The *Flint Citizen* says the surest way to deal with them is to hunt them out, and place each one, when detected, upon a smooth surface and step on it. This is laborious but effectual; and calls to mind the genius who advertised a sure remedy for potato bugs. The confiding individuals who sent the stipulated fifty cents received a couple of small pieces of wood, with printed instructions to catch the bug, place it between the blocks and apply sufficient pressure to cause death. If the house is infested fill the cracks in the floor with putty or plaster of Paris. Carpets and rugs in which they harbor must be drenched with benzine, then thoroughly aired. Have no fire of any kind in a room where you use benzine.

"Shadow," who says the only fault she finds with the HOUSEHOLD is that it is not large enough, asks what will remove moth patches and superfluous hair from the face. After those hateful brown discolorations appear upon the face the case is, except in very rare instances, hopeless. They are caused usually by diseases of the liver, indigestion, biliousness, and kindred ailments. No external applications are of benefit; the only hope is better health and purer blood, to be obtained by more complete digestion and assimilation of food. Superfluous hair is effectually removed only in one way, by what is called electrolysis, which consists of killing the root or bulb of each individual hair by means of an electric current. It is a delicate and somewhat painful process, requiring time and a skillful operator, but the hair thus killed is dead forever, whereas after the use of other depilatories it invariably grows again, stronger, stiffer and coarser than at first.

Another reader asks about Dresden embroidery, of which she has heard others speak, and for which she notes there is a special class in the premium

list of the Detroit Exposition. The patterns of Dresden embroidery, like those of the famous and beautiful Dresden china, consist of tiny detached sprays not more than an inch or an inch and a half long, worked in solid satin stitch. The work is so fine and dainty that only an expert and careful needlewoman can produce satisfactory results. A single flower with two or three leaves, a rose or rosebud, forget-me-nots, a pansy, any delicate flower is usually selected for Dresden patterns, and the work is much used on doyleys, tops for pincushions, etc.

Allene, of Dexter, inquires what will remove mildew from cotton, saying she has tried chloride of lime, buttermilk, etc., without effect. These are the standard means employed, and we know of none better. Perhaps some one can give a method that will prove more effectual. Allene also wants to know what will prevent the hair from turning gray and restore it to its natural color, without injury to the hair. Ah! Allene, "when Youth, the Dream, departs," no art, no magic of the apothecaries', no treatment however faithful, will give the lustre and color to the hair, the brightness to the eye, the texture and color to the skin, that the years have stolen in their flight. The appearance of gray hair, when it may reasonably be attributed to the advance of years, is due to the fatty degeneration of tissue and phosphatic deposit, by which the strength of the blood-vessels is lessened and the growth of coloring or formative matter in the hair-cells is prevented. The result is a gradual blanching of the hair. For such conditions, there is rarely a remedy. If Allene's hair is whitening prematurely we would recommend her to obtain a copy of "Hair, Its Care, Diseases and Treatment," by Dr. Leonard, from which she may study the cause in her case and possibly find a remedy. The falling out of the hair is more frequently due to general derangement of the physical system, to neuralgic headaches, nervous troubles and kindred disorders than to any real disease of the hair itself. The remedy of course lies first in building up the system by tonics, in which iron is of value, and then in stimulating the scalp by friction, and a lotion which will stimulate the growth of the hair cells. Dr. Leonard recommends the following as a local application: Tr. cantharidis, two drachms; tr. nuxvomica, half ounce; tr. capsicum, one drachm; castor oil, one and a half ounces; cologne water, two ounces. Apply night and morning, with sponge, after brushing the hair.

Back numbers of the HOUSEHOLD can usually be obtained if sent for within a few weeks after date; sometimes the HOUSEHOLD Editor can supply the missing numbers from the file she keeps for reference. Write for the copies you have missed and we will furnish them if possible.

BUTTER-MAKING.

Butter-making was the topic discussed by the feminine contingent of the South Jackson Farmers' Club at the June meeting. Mrs. W. M. Dodge opened the subject, giving her practice and experience as follows:

"My experience teaches me that the best results are obtained by the creamery process, as a much better and more uniform article of cream and butter can be produced than in any other way I know of.

"First. The creamery with its ventilation and deep setting of cans in cold water (with ice if preferred) keeps milk sweet and cool.

"Second. The top of the creamery can is never decorated with spiders nor flies, nor will you find any foreign substance in the cream.

"Third. The thunderstorm, the one thing so much dreaded by those using pans, never has any bad effect. The cream raised in this way never becomes hard or has any white specks or false cream in it. I use the Wilson Cabinet creamery with satisfactory results. There is no lifting out of cans, or skimming from the top, the milk and cream being removed by the opening of a faucet at the bottom of the can. The milk from ten cows can be cared for in a much better way in the same time that it takes to care for the milk of two cows with pans.

"Now in making butter I think that ordinarily there is a great loss from not properly mixing and making the different skimmings of cream uniformly ripe before churning. I would advise the use of the dairy thermometer so as to be sure you are right before beginning to churn. If you wish butter made from sweet cream churn the cream while sweet. It should first be brought to the proper temperature for churning as follows: Sixty deg. to 62 deg. in summer and 62 to 66 deg. in winter. If you prefer it made from sour cream let the cream stand until it thickens and becomes slightly acid. The cream should have ventilation and be stirred occasionally. Sweet cream and sour should never be mixed just before churning, as the sweet cream churns harder, therefore is likely to be lost in the buttermilk. I use the Batchelor barrel churn and think it preserves the grain of the butter, and for that reason makes a finer quality than any churn I ever seen with paddles or ladles inside. I think it better to rinse the buttermilk from the butter, and find the churn the most convenient place for so doing after the buttermilk has been removed. In salting the butter I use the best fine dairy salt, scattering it evenly through the butter as soon as it is taken from the churn, working it but little. I then set it away until the salt is dissolved. In preparing it for market or packing for winter use great care should be taken to remove all the but-

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Another reader asks about Dresden embroidery, of which she has heard others speak, and for which she notes there is a special class in the premium

list of the Detroit Exposition. The patterns of Dresden embroidery, like those of the famous and beautiful Dresden china, consist of tiny detached sprays not more than an inch or an inch and a half long, worked in solid satin stitch. The work is so fine and dainty that only an expert and careful needlewoman can produce satisfactory results. A single flower with two or three leaves, a rose or rosebud, forget-me-nots, a pansy, any delicate flower is usually selected for Dresden patterns, and the work is much used on doyleys, tops for pincushions, etc.

Allene, of Dexter, inquires what will remove mildew from cotton, saying she has tried chloride of lime, buttermilk, etc., without effect. These are the standard means employed, and we know of none better. Perhaps some one can give a method that will prove more effectual. Allene also wants to know what will prevent the hair from turning gray and restore it to its natural color, without injury to the hair. Ah! Allene, "when Youth, the Dream, departs," no art, no magic of the apothecaries', no treatment however faithful, will give the lustre and color to the hair, the brightness to the eye, the texture and color to the skin, that the years have stolen in their flight. The appearance of gray hair, when it may reasonably be attributed to the advance of years, is due to the fatty degeneration of tissue and phosphatic deposit, by which the strength of the blood-vessels is lessened and the growth of coloring or formative matter in the hair-cells is prevented. The result is a gradual blanching of the hair. For such conditions, there is rarely a remedy. If Allene's hair is whitening prematurely we would recommend her to obtain a copy of "Hair, Its Care, Diseases and Treatment," by Dr. Leonard, from which she may study the cause in her case and possibly find a remedy. The falling out of the hair is more frequently due to general derangement of the physical system, to neuralgic headaches, nervous troubles and kindred disorders than to any real disease of the hair itself. The remedy of course lies first in building up the system by tonics, in which iron is of value, and then in stimulating the scalp by friction, and a lotion which will stimulate the growth of the hair cells. Dr. Leonard recommends the following as a local application: Tr. cantharidis, two drachms; tr. nuxvomica, half ounce; tr. capsicum, one drachm; castor oil, one and a half ounces; cologne water, two ounces. Apply night and morning, with sponge, after brushing the hair.

Back numbers of the HOUSEHOLD can usually be obtained if sent for within a few weeks after date; sometimes the HOUSEHOLD Editor can supply the missing numbers from the file she keeps for reference. Write for the copies you have missed and we will furnish them if possible.

BUTTER-MAKING.

Butter-making was the topic discussed by the feminine contingent of the South Jackson Farmers' Club at the June meeting. Mrs. W. M. Dodge opened the subject, giving her practice and experience as follows:

"My experience teaches me that the best results are obtained by the creamery process, as a much better and more uniform article of cream and butter can be produced than in any other way I know of.

"First. The creamery with its ventilation and deep setting of cans in cold water (with ice if preferred) keeps milk sweet and cool.

"Second. The top of the creamery can is never decorated with spiders nor flies, nor will you find any foreign substance in the cream.

"Third. The thunderstorm, the one thing so much dreaded by those using pans, never has any bad effect. The cream raised in this way never becomes hard or has any white specks or false cream in it. I use the Wilson Cabinet creamery with satisfactory results. There is no lifting out of cans, or skimming from the top, the milk and cream being removed by the opening of a faucet at the bottom of the can. The milk from ten cows can be cared for in a much better way in the same time that it takes to care for the milk of two cows with pans.

"Now in making butter I think that ordinarily there is a great loss from not properly mixing and making the different skimmings of cream uniformly ripe before churning. I would advise the use of the dairy thermometer so as to be sure you are right before beginning to churn. If you wish butter made from sweet cream churn the cream while sweet. It should first be brought to the proper temperature for churning as follows: Sixty deg. to 62 deg. in summer and 62 to 66 deg. in winter. If you prefer it made from sour cream let the cream stand until it thickens and becomes slightly acid. The cream should have ventilation and be stirred occasionally. Sweet cream and sour should never be mixed just before churning, as the sweet cream churns harder, therefore is likely to be lost in the buttermilk. I use the Batchelor barrel churn and think it preserves the grain of the butter, and for that reason makes a finer quality than any churn I ever seen with paddles or ladles inside. I think it better to rinse the buttermilk from the butter, and find the churn the most convenient place for so doing after the buttermilk has been removed. In salting the butter I use the best fine dairy salt, scattering it evenly through the butter as soon as it is taken from the churn, working it but little. I then set it away until the salt is dissolved. In preparing it for market or packing for winter use great care should be taken to remove all the but-

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termilk, so the butter will keep sweet and not be streaked. Creamery butter brings from three to ten cents per pound more than ordinary dairy butter and will weigh more to the gallon, being much more solid than when made by the old process. I am glad to say that at present the price of butter depends largely on the quality and is not sold by weight alone. I use the following recipe for brine for packing butter: For a three gallon crock, take one and one-half quarts of boiling water, add to this one tablespoonful of granulated sugar, one teaspoonful of saltpetre and salt until it will dissolve no more. Cool, strain and pour over the butter, allowing it to remain in the crock while using the butter."

In the animated discussion which followed, the question arose as to the cause of white specks in butter, and was attributed to the cream being exposed to the air, as they do not form in cream raised in a creamery. Mrs. Richard Crouch said they were caused from hot air and from not skimming at the proper time. Mrs. Strong said they were caused by dry air. Mrs. Edwards said it was not that, they were caused by dampness, so now, and streaks in butter were caused by washing it. A wet cloth over butter will bleach it. Mrs. Dodge insisted that streaks in butter were caused by buttermilk not being removed. Mrs. Crouch said butter was streaked by being salted unevenly.

Mrs. Hutchins thought the condition of the atmosphere caused flakes. A milk room or cellar needed to be thoroughly ventilated and if butter is streaked—whatever may be the cause—it can be dispelled by thoroughly working.

Mrs. Neely asked: "How are you always going to have butter come hard in hot weather if you have no ice?"

Mrs. Edwards said soft butter was caused by allowing men and boys to do the churning; as they churn too fast.

Mrs. Dodge said the thing to do is to stop the churning when the butter comes, and Mr. Goldsmith said he never saw any one who wasn't willing to.

A NEW CALLER.

As I am a reader of the HOUSEHOLD I would like to say that I agree with L. E. W. I do not think that people should play cards to keep up with "the style," as a great many do (but not I). There isn't anything in this world that could induce me to learn to play, and there is nothing that would hurt my mother's feelings a bit worse than to hear of my playing cards. But her feelings will never be hurt in that way by her girls, as I am the only one living. Besides, what an evil card playing is! A few weeks ago I went riding with my brother, and we called at the house of a friend. The young man of the house met us at the door, and as he led the way to the sitting room (he knew what I thought of card playing) said:

"They are playing cards in here." I exclaimed, "Oh my!" and the lady of the house asked if I never played. I told her I did not, and after I laid off my wraps, they invited me to learn to play. But horrors, do you suppose I did? No! It fairly made my blood run cold to sit there and, see them play. I think it terrible for young men to play, but when it comes to young ladies! Why! Why! Can't they find something better to do? As for me I should think both sexes might.

Well, perhaps I had better close, not knowing where this will land, for there is that great, great big basket called the waste basket. If this should escape that, perhaps I will call again.

ALGANSEE'S OLD MAID.

The above was sent us with the following explanatory note, which it seems proper should be published. The young lady in question was but twenty years of age, and her many friends deeply mourn her death, which we, in our ignorance of God's purposes, call premature. The following is the letter:

DEAR HOUSEHOLD EDITOR.—I know you have cried "Enough" on the card question, but the enclosed was written by a young lady neighbor when the discussion was at its height, but before it was sent you, death suddenly closed her eyes, and since it was her first and only attempt at writing her friends would like to see it in print.

JOHN'S WIFE.

TWO RULES FOR SALT RISING BREAD.

The day before you wish to bake, at noon when you cook potatoes for dinner put into a bowl a pinch of soda and half a teaspoonful of salt. Take from the kettle one good sized potato and mash in the bowl with a fork; in this put a small tablespoonful of flour and pour upon this a teacupful of the boiling potato water, and beat with fork. This (the emptyings) should be kept warm, but afternoons when I don't want to keep a fire, I arrange to keep them moderately warm. In the morning pour into them a third of a cup of boiling water; beat up with a fork for three or four minutes and keep warm (not hot) and they ought to be light by 10 o'clock and by noon any way. Then into your bread-pan put about three quarts of flour and make a well in the middle; put into the flour a small handful of salt and a pinch of soda large as two kernels of corn; pour into this a pint of boiling water and stir, then add two pints of cold water, when you have stirred in enough flour to make a good batter stir in the emptyings. Set in a warm place to rise. A warm soap stone is a good thing to set your bread pan on. When foamy light mix into loaves, let rise and bake. If your bread tins are very shallow fill them about two-thirds full and let rise to a little above the top of the tins before putting in the

oven. Now if your utensils are all sweet and clean, and you follow directions, you ought to have good sweet bread. I have tried to make it plain. The new potatoes are not as good for the emptyings as when riper. Please try and report. ARN'S WIFE.

The day before you wish to bake take at noon, or at night if you can keep it warm over night, a tablespoonful of fresh meal; scald a gill of sweet milk and when it boils turn into the meal in a teacup. Stir well; set it where it will keep warm, and it will be light in the morning. Then take a bowl about half full of water, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of soda, thicken with flour, stir in the meal, set it where it will be warm. I usually set it in a basin of warm water on the reservoir of the stove, if I have a fire, or in the sun if it is shining very hot; it will rise quickly. Have ready about three quarts of flour. Use one pint of hot water, and scald a part of the flour; cool with water or sweet milk until luke-warm; turn in the emptyings, leave in a warm place until light. Mold into loaves and when they have risen to about twice the original size, bake. Salt rising bread is more difficult to make than yeast bread, as it must be kept at an even, warm temperature, using care not to scald it during the process of rising, but when well made is very nice. FIDUS ACHATUS.

FOR THE HAIR.

I want to tell Crawford while the FARMER is before me (we send them to South Dakota this year) that last summer after having had a siege of la grippe, my hair came out so badly no simple thing I could try would stop it. But after trying the following prescription one week it checked its falling out. In four weeks new hair came in all over my head. It does not change the color, it is cool and refreshing and for a dressing is very nice:

Bay rum, two pints; alcohol, one pint; castor oil, one ounce; carbonate of ammonia, one-half ounce. Shake thoroughly before using; rub well into the roots of the hair. Half the above ingredients will cost 60 or 65 cents.

I want to tell some young house-keeper our way of cooking string beans: they are delicious. After they are cut up and ready to cook put into a kettle a piece of butter half as large as an egg; when hot put in the beans, stirring constantly until they change color—perhaps five minutes—cover with boiling water and cook two hours, season and add cream or rich milk to moisten.

We have tried taking city boarders—Chicago boys, for two vacations. If any one feels anxious to know how it goes write me—there is nothing "mean about me," I will tell you all I know about it.

Some day I hope I can find time to write the different ways my mother taught me to cook pork. We do not have it for a general meat; think few farmers do these times, but when we do have it the men of our family pronounce it the very best meat we cook.

HOME.

JOHN.