

MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, DECEMBER 16, 1884.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE SISTER.

She never knew that music soft and sweet—
The patter of a little baby's feet;
She never knew the world of joy and bliss
That lingers in a husband's tender kiss:
She never knew the sorrow and the woe
Of losing light from eyes whose radiant glow
Was all her sun!

She lives in vain, you say?
If, then, to live in vain is day by day
To go among the lowly and the poor,
A ray of sunshine to each darkened door;
To soothe with gentle words and gentle touch
Wretches who sinned and sinned to suffer much;
To be the link that joins a weary life
To God; to be the comforter of strife;
To be the soothing balm for every pain;
Then that grand woman truly lives in vain.

WIDOWS.

The article on "The Farmer's Widow" in the Household of October 21 has caused a good many "whys" to arise in my mind. Let us consider a case where the husband and wife started together young in life, and empty handed, except what they had saved from their earnings. They work together, each helping and encouraging the other. Years pass, and they have by industry and economy secured a farm, stocked it, and built comfortable buildings; and as they look upon their family of growing boys and girls they anticipate how they can educate them and give them a pleasant home. The prospect is bright, and all goes well while the husband and father is there to plan and do a great part of the executing. The wife is used to trust her husband's judgment in out-door affairs, and gives little thought or attention to them, aside from praising the stock or the work of his hands.

But death enters, and takes the husband, and soon the "law" fills the vacant place, and the wife finds that the property she has been accustomed to look upon as "ours" is considered by the law to be her husband's. Within a few days the estate must be thrown into Probate Court, an administrator appointed, then appraisers and commissioners. The lawyer must have a fee, the court a number of fees, the appraisers and commissioners must be paid for their services. After they have all done the work appointed by law, and the indebtedness against the estate provided for, then the law allows the widow a small dowry and the use of one-third of the remaining estate as her own, the remainder the administrator is expected to care for in the interest of the children. The widow can carry on the business of the farm and stay upon it if she

chooses, but under the instruction of the administrator. Why is this? Why should not the property they have accumulated together belong to the wife as much as to the husband, and why should she not be allowed to carry on the business without the interference of the law?

If the wife dies the husband does not have to be to all the expense and trouble of the Probate Court, and the humiliation of knowing he can have only the use of one-third of the estate.

Children, when they are of age, cannot lawfully compel a father (if a widower) to sell his property and give them their share. He can marry again, and will the property to the second wife, or whomsoever he chooses, and they can not prevent him; the property is his to hold, use, and dispose of as he pleases.

This is right. But if it is right for a man, why not for a woman? A woman cannot will the property to any one during her husband's life time, neither can she when a widow.

Why is it that if a man dies intestate and childless his relatives can claim the property, except the widow's "generous" lawful right, and when she dies the third which has been reserved for her use they can claim, even if she has been the greater factor in accumulating the property? Why should it not lawfully belong to her relatives as well as his but why above all others does it not belong to the wife without question?

I have only written of widows' rights where the husband dies without a will. I think most men intend to make good and generous provision for their wives, but many times death comes without warning, and why is it that men do not make laws that will obviate all this trouble and injustice? Why should not a woman have the same rights if her husband dies, that a man has if his wife dies? It is being exemplified every day that women have business energy and executive ability and can successfully carry on a farm or other business. The expense is of course greater for a woman to carry on farm business than for a man, but I believe she can do it, and successfully too. The greatest drawback I see is that she is not usually educated for the work, and has it all to learn when thrust upon her, and no wonder many hearts faint, and many widows prefer trying living in town upon a scanty income. I believe a long step out of the difficulty would be to educate our girls in business habits, and more observation of the crops, stock and work on the farm

while they are at home, and teach them to take an interest in out-door work and business as well as the boys. I do not believe they need be less refined and womanly, but they might be more strong and self-reliant. OLD SCHOOL TEACHER.

TECUMSEH.

PLEDGES TO THE PAST.

"Spread o'er the vale a fleecy fall,
And lay the old year there;"
"A lingering look cast backward
Unto the days gone by;
A turning to the future
With sad and anxious eye."

What has the year brought to us, happiness or sorrow, smiles or tears, sunshine or shadow, profit or loss? Are we content with the harvest, or do we feel regret. Oh! that word, regret! There have been nights and morns when we have sighed: "Let us alone, Regret! we are content to throw thee all our past so thou wilt sleep for aye." When the new year dawned, clear and cloudless, we made many promises to ourselves. We said: "We will help God's poor—they are many; help them according to our means, help them to help themselves, give them pleasant, encouraging words; we will root out all the bad habits we have, and where we failed last year in some duties, we will more than make up this; some one shall be better for our living." How have we succeeded? Are "ripened sheaves" filling our arms, or do we bear "nothing but leaves?"

A great many homes remain the same; all the loved ones are there; the circle is unbroken; the same happy band will hang up their stockings, and gather around the board on Christmas Day. The Heavenly Father has been kind; the dear ones have been spared; some have been very near Death's door; so near it seemed as if very small weight hung in the balance; the plash of the oars as the boatman neared the shore was almost audible, but they were called back. The life mission was not completed—some work was yet to be done. In those homes the year closes pleasantly; smiles and sunshine fill the home, for we are apt to live in ourselves, instead of sharing others' sorrows; so long as we do not need sympathy we are chary of giving it. In some homes Christmas Eve will bring a shower of tears, for the little pair of stockings that hung in the corner one year ago are folded and laid away with the little playthings "in the bottom drawer;" one link in the chain has gone, Christmas Day will be sad, oh! so sad. It may be the little baby has been taken, whose eyes opened on but one

of clover and timothy, and they had free access to the river. The cream was set in pans, was skimmed as soon as the milk was thick, and churned every other day in a rectangular churn. The milk was drawn off when the butter was gathered, and the butter washed, in the churn, with sweet skim-milk. The butter was then taken into the tray, and salted at the rate of two ounces of salt to one pound of butter. It was then allowed to stand twelve hours, then the milk and brine were thoroughly worked out, and the butter packed in a crock and tightly covered."

So it seems that the butter which captured the cash was made by the simple, old-fashioned method which our grandmothers and great-grandmothers practiced, and without any help from the "new fangled" contrivances of modern dairying! No cabinet creamery, no sweet cream butter. Note, however, that the cream was churned *every other day*; it was not allowed to get so acid that fermentation had begun. In this instance old processes proved satisfactory, yet we confess to a lively curiosity to know whether butter made in a cabinet creamery was entered in competition. The value of the dairy exhibits shown at our fairs would be greatly enhanced if with the list of awards could be given some idea of the manner of manufacture. We hope to hear in what manner the "best butter made at any time," which took first premium, was made.

IS THIS TRUE?

In the *Christian Herald*, in the farming department, a few months ago, I read that "butter washed in water and then salted lost half an ounce to the pound; but that butter washed in sweet brine and then salted, remained the same in weight." Can any one explain why this is?

BIG BEAVER.

[Before we look for an explanation of that which seems unreasonable, or improbable, let us be sure that the facts agree with the statement. Suppose Leone should by actual experiment ascertain whether such a loss takes place or not. If the manner of salting makes a difference in weight equal to that mentioned, we will look about for the reason. We incline to the opinion, however, that the statement itself should be taken *cum grano salis*.]

SCRAPS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Prairie Farmer* says that she made a very nice liquid blacking for shoes by adding the white of one egg and a tablespoonful of glycerine to a ten cent bottle of black ink diluted with half its bulk of water. Put in a bottle, shake well, and apply with a sponge.

If the conversations of the modern "society" novel are to be taken as fair indices of the intellectual calibre of modern "society," may a merciful Heaven have pity upon the "upper ten thousand." The person

who is out of the charmed circle may thank his lucky stars that he *is* out. The twaddle which modern novelists like Crawford, Howells, James, Mrs. Burnett, and others put in the mouths of their alleged characters is enough to make us answer the question "Is life worth living?" with a sweeping negative, "Not if it is to be lived in company with such vapid, inane semi-idiots as drive the smallest of small talk through interminable pages."

WITHOUT doubt many of our readers are casting about as to how they can economize a little, now all kinds of farm produce are so low in price. When wheat is low farmers "feel poor;" it is the "money crop" to many, and they rely upon it to pay debts and settle with that creditor who cannot be put off—the tax-gatherer. Economy becomes the family watchword. Without attempting to discuss the question whether a bushel of wheat at present prices will not buy as much or more of the necessities of life as would a bushel at higher prices all round five years ago, I want to say a word about what economies to practice. More than one misguided man will try to "save" by cutting down the supply of reading matter for his family; he thinks they "can get along without" books and magazines and newspapers, and "save something." That this is poor economy a little reflection will convince us. When a man's mental development has not kept pace with his physical growth we call him an idiot or imbecile. Consider how much of our mental growth is due to what we read, and reflect, if you please, that by taking away or lessening the supply of reading matter you lessen the development of the mind. The farmer needs his papers. He needs them when prices are low and times "hard" more than when money is abundant. Under pressure of necessity he must raise more and better crops at less cost. When he drops his papers because his crops bring low prices, he is as unwise as the workman who puts his tools in pledge because his wages are low. He deprives himself of the power of bettering his condition. By his papers he keeps track of the great markets of the world, the supply and demand of cereals, what crops are being raised in excess; he learns better methods, and hears of new and more productive varieties, and is set to thinking in what way he can lessen labor and expense and increase returns. Not the least value of a paper lies in the fact that it makes a man a thinking farmer. The educational value of newspapers to the family is also to be considered. Cut down expenses by plainer living, less cake and pie, more milk and vegetables. Miss Willard, in commenting on social conditions, gives as a rule of life "plain living and high thinking," and tell us that high living induces very plain thinking. If it comes to a choice between mental and physical sustenance surely we shall not hesitate to cherish the nobler part of ourselves especially when in so doing we win health to our bodies by a sound digestion

Contributed Recipes.

FRIED CAKES.—One large cup sugar, two eggs, one large teaspoonful soda, one half cup cream, filled up with buttermilk; pinch of salt. Nutmeg to taste.

DOUGHNUTS.—Take a pint of bread sponge in the morning and add it to one cup of sweet cream, warmed; one cup sugar; one egg; spice to the taste. Keep in a warm place until quite light, and then roll out on the board; cut out and set to rise again until quite light; then fry in hot lard. DORA.

LEONI

FRUIT CAKE.—One coffee cup each of sugar, buttermilk and raisins; one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in boiling water; one teaspoonful of cinnamon; a smaller quantity of cloves and allspice; one-half a nutmeg; piece of shortening the size of an egg; flour sufficient to make a stiff batter. ANGELINE.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FRIED CAKES.—One egg, three tablespoonfuls shortening, one-half cup sugar, one cup buttermilk, one teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful cinnamon. Mix rather soft.

PICKLE FOR HAMS.—Seven pounds of common barrel salt; three ounces saltpetre; six red peppers, or one heaping teaspoonful cayenne pepper; four gallons of cold water. Cover hams according to the above compound and let remain just six weeks. If it is desirable to let the hams remain in pickle longer, it can be done, as they will never become any saltier. SARACENECE.

COURTLAND CENTRE.

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Christmas morn: the little five-year-old boy whose glad voice and merry laugh rang out joyously; just as we were anticipating such a bright future for him, the Kind Father called His own; he was no, ours—only lent. There will be no chill winds for him, no pain or suffering where he has gone; "all is well." It may be the grown son or daughter in whom was centered so much pride; the father or mother, or the aged grandparents, whose faltering tread has reached the golden city. Each one had a place in somebody's heart; there will be a chair left vacant. Although time heals the wounds, we cannot cease our mourning; ever in the heart there is an ache. When the snowflakes fall we feel sad, for we know they are drifting over the graves of the loved ones; but to those who remain we owe a duty. Even if we mourn to ourselves, we must be cheerful for their sakes.

Let us not make promises. "Good is best when soonest wrought; lingering labors come to naught." Each day we must take up our labor, not sighing over what might have been, but doing what our hands find to do, cheerfully and willingly; our blessings outnumber our troubles; instead of sifting the good from the bad, let us take it as it comes. Life will not be all shadow, nor all light.

We have one year less to live; the shadows are growing longer cast by the golden sunset, "as we journey toward God's acre."

"Heimgang, always going home,
Heimgang, we are all so weary,
And the willows as they wave,
Softly sighing, sweetly dreary,
Woo on to the tranquil grave,
When the golden pitcher's broken,
With its dregs, and with its foam,
And the tender words are spoken,
Heimgang, we are going home."

EVANGALINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

A CHAT WITH THE HOUSEHOLD.

For months I have read the *FARMER*, and been interested in all the questions discussed in the *Household*.

I do not live on a farm, but belong to the working class so often condemned by people in quest of a hired girl. I plead guilty to the charge of leaving the farmer's kitchen and a salary of eight dollars per month, and accepting a situation in an office at sixteen dollars per month. I did not seek the place. The proprietor, a large-souled man who believed in equal rights, offered me the place. For the faithful performance of duty I was promoted, and my salary increased.

I believe it is every woman's privilege and duty to make the most of herself physically, morally, and mentally, to avail herself of every opportunity for improving her condition.

When I hear people saying how much better off girls would be if they would work in somebody's kitchen, instead of doing shop work, I think there are two sides to the question. Circumstances alter cases. By leaving the kitchen work for some other woman to do, and accepting the situation offered, I was enabled to dress at less expense per year, and help

my sisters obtain a better education than my mother could afford to give me. I am now trying to pay for a little home, and looking forward to the time when I shall bid good bye to brick walls, and go forth into the sunshine, to work among berries, bees and poultry. My leisure hours are devoted to studying the various branches of natural science. Thinking to economize in the matter of text books, which I find quite expensive, I went to the school library for a work on ornithology or entomology. There was nothing of the kind there. While noting how few really good books there were in the library, and how many poor trashy novels, I resolved to ask the *Household* readers what they thought of furnishing every grange and district school library with text books giving instructions in physiology and hygiene, botany, natural history, etc. It seems to me that such books would be beneficial; and a book or two upon architecture and landscape gardening might influence the readers to beautify their surroundings. Some have told us of interesting novels they have perused, why not tell us about other books that you have found interesting and instructive reading for those engaged in agricultural pursuits.

It has been said "where there is a will there is a way." I certainly have the will (great desire) to attend the exposition at New Orleans, but cannot see the way to meet the expense of the trip. I hope those who are so fortunate as to have the pleasure of a trip to the sunny south, will favor the home guard with long descriptive letters of the sights at the world's fair.

JUSTINA.

NOTES FROM DAKOTA.

Dear ladies, it has not been for lack of interest in our little paper that I have been so long silent, for I have thought for a long time that I would like to contribute something to its support, but have allowed other duties to interfere. But to-night, after tucking my little daughter snugly away in bed, and with her good night kiss still fresh upon my lips, and her sleepy song falling like sweet music on my ear, I take up my pencil, resolved that nothing shall interfere this time in the performance of this pleasant duty.

Shall I begin by telling you how much good I have derived from the many useful hints, and comforting thoughts, which have come to me in my far-away-home, every week like messages of love, from those who have become to me like personal friends, almost, as the sentiments expressed by so many have accorded so perfectly with my own. I would thank the ladies who have so promptly recognized my wants, and have contributed in different ways for my benefit, and I would, if I might, with my limited experience, be of help to others. The summer has passed very pleasantly with me here, and I have found something new and interesting in prairie life nearly every day. The climate has proved to be very beneficial to my health, which has been quite poor for the past four years, but

has improved beyond my highest expectations during six months' residence here.

We have had our excursions to different points of interest, our pic-nics—at one of which there were over 1,000 people present, and judging from their personal appearance, refined manners, and intelligent countenances one would call them the cream of society. We have had our afternoon teas, our literary club, and best of all a thriving, interesting Union Sabbath School, with preaching every two weeks by an able minister of the gospel. We have a little church organized, which might be well called a quality church rather than quantity, for we have but seven members as yet, with promise of more in the spring. The Lord adds his blessing to our efforts, and we feel more than paid in witnessing the prosperity of the good work. We have had three nice school houses built in our town this summer, and in the spring are to have the fourth. The shriek of the locomotive pierces the quiet of our home, and agents of every description, including the inevitable lightning rod man, make themselves everywhere present.

Our pastor and wife invited the different families represented in our church to spend Thanksgiving at their home, and though some were unable to attend because of other engagements, fifteen of us gathered there and spent the day very pleasantly indeed. We had a very interesting Thanksgiving service, after which we sat down to a bounteous dinner which was thoroughly enjoyed by us all, the pleasant social converse making us for a time forget the gatherings which were then convened in the old homes in New York. The day was very pleasant both indoors and out, in fact I never witnessed a more pleasant autumn than this has been. October and November, with the exception of a slight snow storm about the 20th of each month, have been simply perfect. The extremely hot weather that was experienced all over the States the first of September visited us here also, and it was almost unbearable. We have had no rain worth mention since the middle of July, which made the fall plowing difficult, and cut off the pasture quite early; but our crops have been fair in quality and quantity.

But I am making my letter rather lengthy and for fear of the waste basket will bring it to a close; and if you do not hear from me again, you may conclude that I have sailed away in one of those bugbear blizzards which we hear so much about.

MRS. G. S. C.

WESSINGTON, Dakota.

IMMORTELLS.

As at present we are all interested in holiday gifts, decorations and everything to make the family gatherings pleasant and deserving a place in the memory, I am ready to add my mite to the suggestions offered in our little *Household*. Perhaps it is my love for brightness of color, if harmonious, that makes a room trimmed with only cold dark green seem oppressively gloomy to me. Only a few

flowers added in decorations, lettering and designs will seem like letting sunshine into a shadowy room. Flowers are very scarce at this season I know, in spite of all our endeavours to bring our plants into bloom, but we may have immortelles for far less outlay than fresh flowers; and they are just as real as any. I often wonder why every one who has a garden does not have at least a few plants, as they are really as easily raised as balsams, and the several varieties of ornamental grasses grow as thriftily as timothy or red top, and can be bleached or colored any shade desired, and used to make beautiful bouquets and baskets, as well as combined with flowers. A hanging basket made of grasses and flowers with a mist of the floating feathery *Stipa Pennata* is beautiful indeed. It is not necessary to have florists' frames and other materials for lettering and designs, for any desired letter or design can be carefully drawn on stiff straw board and cut out. If large, cover with dry moss or bits of evergreen, and fasten by winding with thread or fine wire. The stems of the flowers used may be touched with mucilage or paste, and they will stay firmly in place. Small letters may be entirely covered with small flowers in this way, only removing the stems, and may be used on many occasions if saved carefully. There is a great variety of ways to use these flowers and grasses, and they can be freshened up by simply passing them over steam. I have a fine assortment of the best and most ornamental varieties of flowers and grasses, bleached and in colors. I will send promptly a large size pair of bouquets of flowers and grasses combined, for one dollar, bouquets of grasses alone, same size, seventy-five cents. Flowers, large and small, mixed colors, ten cents per dozen, or six dozen for fifty cents.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

FENTONVILLE, Genesee Co.

WHY WE HAVE NOT WRITTEN.

I say we, for I apprehend my excuse will apply equally well to a large number of our members. When the birds have sung their last sad lament for summer dead; when the fallen leaves have left bare brown branches swinging in the wintry blast, and when the loaded wains of yellow corn come home with creak and rattle over frozen ground, then the thrifty housewife feels that indeed "the melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year." She knows the time for housecleaning, (that semi annual horror) has arrived, the time of aching backs and sleepless nights, of mislaid stove pipe and furious husbands; and with an inward groan she dons the armor of battle, lifts the weapon of warfare, and advances to attack King Dirt in his stronghold. During this exciting contest how can one calmly put pen to paper even to salute the members of our most cherished Household, for we must be sure that all is in order ere

"The valley stream is frozen
The hills are cold and bare,
And the wild white bees of winter
Swarm in the darkened air."

But now that another victory is won, another season of leisure approaching, shall we not gather around the common Household hearth, and bringing in our garnered sheaves, feel that we are among friends who will accept the good we offer, and with "a breath of kindness blow the chaff away?"

PAW PAW.

MERTIE.

NUTS TO CRACK.

I want to know: How to make good mince pies. If salicylic acid is a safe article of food. (A writer in the *Toledo Blade* says it is not.) Which is best? to treat friends with apparent coldness, or cordially urge them to visit me when I know that I cannot have my house in order or my cupboard supplied with the desired amount of pie and cake. How to keep jelly and marmalade from molding. How to cure or prevent sick headache.

Has any reader of the Household ever kept fruit satisfactorily by smoking with sulphur, charcoal and sugar? Did any one buy a recipe to keep fruit by using some kind of powdered German wood, and if so what was the result?

Has any one tried to preserve fruit by cooking as for canning and then, after putting it into crocks, bowls, jars, or any convenient dishes, covering it with cotton batting securely tied on? This method was mentioned by a number of papers last summer. I should like to hear what success those had who tried it.

FAIRFIELD.

AUNT BESSIE.

[A correspondent of one of our exchanges reports that she has tried the "cotton batting canning" process, and was successful. She put up tomatoes and jam, in stone jars, and says both were as good as fruits put up in self-sealing cans. She lays a piece of white paper on the fruit, to keep the batting from it, and ties another paper over the two layers of batting she uses to keep dust from it. We would be glad to hear from any of our readers who have tried this method. HOUSEHOLD ED.]

BEDS AND BEDDING.

As sleep is nature's great restorative, and much of our time is spent "in the land of Nod," why not talk about beds and bedding awhile? I know a lady who has a spring bed, springs and mattress together, which has been used nearly every night for ten years. It is still good shape, and in her estimation, superior to all others. It only cost fifteen dollars. However, the occupant is light in weight. For heavy people the wire mattress, with hair mattress or feathers on top, is no doubt quite as comfortable, and more durable. I can not say much in favor of bedquilts, except for hired men's beds. Good comfortables, wool blankets and counterpanes are preferable.

We clean our water-lime bottom milk room by sprinkling liberally with coal ashes, and sweeping lightly; repeat until perfectly clean and dry.

Can any one give me a simple remedy for catarrh? Mine compels me to swallow much of the time; very little mucus, but

a swollen feeling back of the palate.

How can I darken a faded brown switch?

I wish some one would give a recipe for good soft ginger cake, and also for pie-crust.

ANGELINE.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A FEW FINAL HINTS FOR CHRISTMAS.

A brush case and pincushion combined is a useful and convenient gift. Take a pasteboard box, such as fine shoes come in. Pad the top for the cushion, covering it neatly with whatever material you choose to use, and lining the top with satin or silesia. Put a row of quilled satin ribbon round the edge. Line the box on the inside, and cover the outside with the same material used to cover the cushion. Put a quilling of satin ribbon around the bottom of the box. If neatly done,—and the beauty of all hand made gifts depends on the daintiness and neatness of construction—this is a very pretty present.

To make a slipper pocket, or case, take a piece of stiff pasteboard, sixteen inches long, six inches broad at the bottom, sloped up to eight inches ten inches from the bottom, and thence tapering to a point at top. Cover this with cretonne, over-seaming the edges with sewing silk. For the pocket take a piece of cretonne, thirteen inches long and fifteen inches across. Turn down two inches at top and one at the bottom to form a hem above a casing. In the top one should be run a piece of stout elastic, that at the bottom gathered on tape. Sew the pocket to the foundation at the bottom and on the sides. The elastic should be drawn tightly enough not to sag, but not too tightly to admit the slipper with ease.

A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press* says bedroom slippers for an invalid are to be crocheted out of German-town wool in close crochet. Make a chain of thirteen stitches, crochet 38 rows in a straight strip; cast on 28 stitches on another chain and crochet as before, narrowing one stitch in the center each time for the toe, until the width is decreased to fit the toe of the fleece-lined sole to which it is to be sewed. Join the end of the strip to the side of the toe, and finish around the top with a scallop. Run elastic through the open space below this scallop, and ornament the toe with a ribbon bow. This size is for a No. 3 sole.

A pretty penwiper is made by cutting little strips of cloth and tying them together with a leather strap, so as to look like a bundle of shawls.

Of course you want an easel for that pretty cabinet photograph, and you can make one yourself at small outlay of time. Take two pieces of wood each ten inches long, and a third four inches. Cover them with velvet or plush. Sew a covered strip of pasteboard between the two long pieces to keep them about three inches apart near the top. Fasten the short piece near the bottom, and tie satin ribbons with bows across the fastenings. Then drive a couple of fancy headed tacks into the lower piece to hold the picture.

TO CROCHET A BABY'S SHOE.

Cast on four stitches and knit Afghan; add four stitches to the second row, and four to the third; then crochet twelve rows; make fourteen stitches more and crochet ten rows. This is the upper part of the foot. Make the other side of the leg to match the first, and then around the lower part of this piece crochet with single stitch back and forth, fastening into the loop farthest from you, until you have five ridges or ten rows. Sew up on the bottom and back, and finish around the top with a scallop, and at ankle with cord or ribbons. The upper and lower parts should be of different colors. This is the easiest to make of any I ever tried, and the directions are to fit a large child of six months.

A. H. J.

THOMAS.

THE SEWING MACHINE.

I am glad to be able to say to L. F. of Ypsilanti that I have a sewing machine purchased through the FARMER, and it is perfect in every respect; has all the attachments, and is just as well made as those sold through agents.

To "Stranger" I would say don't knit a bedspread, do "sane" work. I commenced one and soon made up my mind that I was, as Mark Twain has said, "some new kind of an idiot." The price of the cotton yarn will buy a much prettier spread at the stores.

MRS. W. J. G.

HOWELL.

MATTIE J., of Clarkston, wishes to be informed what "purl" means, in the directions for knitted counterpanes. Purl means to knit backwards, so as to make both sides of the knitting alike. In knitting the heel of a stocking we "purl" when we knit back every other row, by putting the end of the needle under instead of over the stitch to be knitted.

THE *Rural New Yorker* claims that the wild turnip cure for felons, contributed by Mrs. Myra L. Parsons, of Linwood, Bay County, "was published in the *Rural* of Sept. 20, and has been circulating without credit in Eastern and Western papers ever since." Reference to our files shows that the recipe was published in the *Household* of the FARMER on Sept. 9th, being furnished us by Mrs. Parsons. Concede us the credit, if you please, Mr. *Rural*.

"TOPSEY," of Elm Hall, Gratiot Co., wishes Aunt Nell to tell how many squares it takes for a counterpane knit according to her directions, and what number cotton is best. The directions are "just what she wanted." In reply to the inquiry about the Lamb Knitter, the price, we believe, is about \$70. Any desired information can be obtained by writing to the New Lamb Knitter Company at Jackson, this State.

THE *Musical Herald* is a monthly magazine which aims to give its readers an idea of what is doing in the musical world, and succeeds well. Its reading

matter is well chosen, and the musical selections published are good, and within the scope of average performers. Its review of new music is valuable to those who order by catalogue. Published by the Musical Herald Co., Franklin Square, Boston, Mass.

IN answer to the request to know how the recipe for moth patches upon the face is to be used, Mrs. E. M. A., of Centerville, who, furnished the recipe, says, "The lotion is to be used as a wash, twice a day. It is not poisonous to take. One person said it cured him of bronchitis, but as I am a homeopath I do not expect to try it myself. A friend told me that she has been cured of constipation by drinking a glass of cold water before breakfast every morning. I have a neighbor who has taken three children from the Home in Chicago, the first two as her own, the last a girl of eleven to be 'help' in the future. I hope she will be rewarded in this life as well as the next."

WE have received the Christmas number (January) of *Godey's Lady's Book*, and find it unusually full of illustrations, with a handsome steel engraving and colored fashion plate. Considerable space is devoted to the important question of "what to wear," with a well filled fancy work department; there are also practical hints for the household, and plenty of culinary recipes. The stories and serials are moral in tone, if not of the highest order of literary merit, and as the late President Lincoln once said, "for those who like that sort of thing, it will be about the sort of thing they will like." Published by J. H. Haulenbeek, 1,006 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

IF Miss Ella Hale, of Eaton Rapids, will send one dollar to G. R. Angell, 158 Woodward Avenue, this city, she will receive a package of Whiting's Indelible Ink, prepared for etching on linen, with a preparation to be applied to the linen before etching, pens, and full directions for the work. Angell has the ink only in black; if other colors are wanted we are told they are to be obtained in New York City, but we have not the address of the manufacturers. We regret the delay in answering this inquiry, but a tour among the fancy stores of this city, where we would naturally expect to obtain such information, was fruitless; and we are indebted to Miss Abby Baker, of this city, for the address given above. Miss Baker, who paints very prettily on china, will take orders for bread and fruit plates, butter and berry dishes, etc., for holiday or wedding presents, at very reasonable prices. Her address is 57 Howard Street, this city.

Contributed Recipes.

MRS. J. W. P., Detroit, contributes the following:

FRIED CAKES.—Five eggs, two cups brown sugar, quarter cup butter, two large cups buttermilk, one teaspoonful soda, one nutmeg; beat the eggs well; then add the sugar and butter, then the milk containing the soda, then

nutmeg; add sufficient flour to roll; cut in long strips, twist and fry in hot lard.

JELLY FRIED CAKES.—When making bread, take a quart of sponge, add three eggs, one cup sugar, half cup butter; mix stiff, and let rise; roll out, cut in squares, put a little jelly on each square and roll up; let them rise on the board; then fry in hot lard, taking care to keep them in constant motion while in the lard, to keep the jelly from running out. Roll in sugar as soon as taken from the lard, if an extra finish is desired.

COOKED CELERY.—Cut the celery in small pieces, boil in water with a little salt, pour off the water and add butter, milk, and a little thickening, and serve as asparagus.

MINCE MEAT.—One quart chopped meat; two quarts chopped apples; one-fourth pound suet; one grated lemon; two cups molasses; one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg; one pound raisins; one-fourth pound citron, sliced; one quart boiled cider, and sugar to suit the taste. Boil all together until the apples are well cooked. If not moist enough add water. Dried cherries or other fruit make an improvement.

PORK CAKE.—Pour one pint of boiling water on three-fourths of a pound fat pork, chopped fine; let stand until cool, then add two cups of sugar, one of molasses, five of flour, two teaspoonfuls soda, one tablespoonful cinnamon, half a tablespoonful of cloves; one pound of raisins, one-half pound currants, washed and dried. This is cheap and good.

FRIED CAKES.—One heaping teacupful of sugar; one cup buttermilk; one-half cup thick cream; two eggs; spice, soda and salt. Mix just hard enough to roll; cut with a cake cutter, and fry in hot lard.

AUNT NELL.

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