

MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, AUGUST 25, 1885.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

LOVE MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND.

Sometimes I'm faint and weary
Of this work-day world and life,
With its endless round of duties,
With all its cares and strife,
So tired of unended stockings,
Of buttons—that won't stay on,
Of answering unnumbered questions
From Harry, Dick and Tom.

Tired—of planning the dinners,
And furnishing brains for the cook,
With scarce an hour of quiet thought,
And never time for a book.
I marvel that we as women,
Gave up our girlhood's life,
And took upon us the worries
That fall to mother and wife,
Till I envy each single maiden
With no greater grief or care
Than the cut or fit of a dress,
Or the smoothness of her hair.

But when the day's work is over
And stilled each wee lisping tongue,
When quiet reigns where all day long,
The childish voices have rung,
And when in the gathering twilight
I draw out the easy chair,
I feel that this world would be empty
But for loved ones that are there;
When I think of the love that is mine,
That makes my burden its own,
I'm grateful for my lot in life—
That I'm not a maiden lone.
And so the problem now is solved,
My question an answer found,
T'was ever thus and e'er will be,
That love makes the world go round.

—Hattie Tremaine Terry, in *Good Housekeeping*.

HOME HOSPITAL HINTS.

NO. 1—THE MEDICINE CHEST.

It is a generally admitted fact that as a rule, we use too much medicine, and vainly attempt a cure without understanding or removing the cause of the ailment. I certainly do not advocate the use of much medicine, but I would like to introduce an old adage in a new dress, viz., "In time of health prepare for sickness." As long as we continue to violate the laws of health and persist in a blissful state of ignorance of sanitary science and hygiene, just so long will our poor bodies be racked with divers aches and diseases. With the best of painstaking, however, accidents will happen, and sickness, that unloved legacy of the former injudicious generations, will come.

Every house and housekeeper should have some kind of a receptacle where all things necessary for the care and cure of the sick should be stored, and kept handy and familiar to all the household. You will feel the force of these remarks some midnight, when miles away

from a physician, grim Disease comes knocking at your door, and you have not a thing at hand to defy his attacks. Of course, when disease has fairly entered the house procure a physician at once if the case will warrant it, but in the mean time be prepared to avert as much as possible the necessity of calling on medical aid.

In this connection I venture to offer a few hints which experience has taught me the value of—and I trust they will be supplemented by others from the various members of our Household.

Prepare two rolls of bandages, one of large pieces, the other of small strips such as are in every-day demand where there are children in the family; also three other rolls, one of old linen, one of squares of thin strong cloth, to be used for poultices, etc., and another of pieces of soft flannel. Next get a pound of "cotton wool" if you can, if not batting will do. A ball of No. 14 white knitting cotton, and a few skeins of white silk thread will often prove useful. Provide your box with a sharp, small pair of scissors, one or two surgeon's needles, and a glass medicine tumbler, showing different measures, and costing ten or fifteen cents. Get the "gude mon" to make a small bundle of splints, which let us hope you may never need, but which are worth the long keep when once you do.

Next provide a generous roll of arnica court plaster and a small bottle of arnica, say two ounces, and you are prepared for all the stubbed toes, cut fingers and bruises that the smaller members of the family are generally heir to.

As I have said, I do not advocate the use of much medicine, but a few simple ones seem indispensable, and among these I would include the "yarbs" our grandmothers used so effectively. Of the supply to be obtained at your druggist's, I would suggest, regardless of all the "opathies," a small bottle each of camphor, ammonia, quinine, sweet oil, lime-water, and Perry Davis' Pain Killer, or a kindred preparation. I want to tell you a simple remedy for the smarting and itching, not only of scarlet fever, measles, erysipelas, but of all poxes and rashes from those made by mosquito bites, down—or up. It is a hospital remedy which you need not be afraid of, and is simply carbolated oil, and is prepared by mixing thoroughly fifteen drops of strong carbolic acid with six tablespoonfuls of sweet oil. If it prove too strong, add more oil, drop by drop, till it is just right, so as to stop

the smarting in a moment. It not only soothes and heals, but lessens the chance of infection in contagious diseases. Another preparation which should always be at hand is a bottle of carron oil, *i. e.*, equal parts of lime water and sweet or linseed oil, for scalds and burns. Apply the mixture to the burn and cover with a linen cloth saturated with the oil, and the pain will instantly cease.

Get half a dozen good sound bricks and keep them where they can be had clean and dry at a moment's notice. Add also a generous supply of flax seed, ground mustard (pure), ginger, and a small cake of mutton tallow, and you will find yourself prepared for all the ordinary emergencies of life, and at so trifling an amount of trouble and expense you will wonder you did not attend to the matter long ago.

I have by no means mentioned all that would be useful, perhaps even necessary; it is not my purpose to play the part of a physician, neither to recommend anything that might in the hands of the ignorant or careless prove a misfortune. I have, however, reserved mention of several articles which belong more appropriately to another subject, and which I shall treat in my next letter. I. F. N.

DAYTON, O., August 11, 1885.

VICTUALS VS. CAKE, AND A DIS- SERTATION ON DRESS.

Beatrix's advice to those who prepare picnic lunches, etc., etc., elicits a hearty "So mote it be" from my gastric headquarters. Go to a picnic, a social, a tea, a — anything, where people wear their good clothes and eat, and it is cake, cake, cake, eternal cake, till the body is sick, and the mind dull as a small boy's jack-knife. Not long ago a farmer's wife went visiting and left seven kinds of cake for the men's lunch; the most abominable freak in cake, yet.

"There was silver cake and gold cake, sponge cake and fruit cake, jelly cake and hickory nut cake, and some of that darned spotted cake," said one of the men to me.

"And you feasted," said I. "Not if I know my own heart, (see stomach, heart, heart stomach, synonymous terms in the masculine lexicon). Why I'd rather have this chunk of gingerbread than the whole mess," added he as he helped himself to a quarter section of a *chef d'œuvre* in molasses, sour cream, ginger, eggs, and flour.

Surely it would be in far better accord

with the principles pictured in our glorious old stars and stripes, if our American housekeepers would stop this nonsense and get "something to eat" when they undertake it. Something that will nourish and refresh the body, and at the same time tend to keep the spirit channels through the same light and free; and the farmer's wife or daughter who has not, at all seasons, materials suited to this end at hand, and skill to prepare them, is defrauded of her birth-right.

To change the subject somewhat abruptly, am I the sole member ever possessed of an opinion counter to that set forth by our chief? I suppose I am! But—if I get black-balled in consequence, I must unfurl the banner of "opposition" once again, and "on to the breach" that I'm bound to make in the line of her "dress" defenses. And yet as pertains to her, individually, I shall not seek to demolish or demoralize either breastwork or bastion, because I know from experience that the wearing of stays, hoops, bustles, high heeled shoes, dresses containing cloth enough to drape a funeral train, and all the toggery that can be hitched on to the angles and artistic curves of the costume, is not incompatible with the possibility of a protracted sublunary existence when the wearer "occupies a chair," while she does her share of the work in the world's vast vineyard; a work calling into play during its performance only the muscles of the hand and the "weight" of the head.

But change the "seat of war" from the chair and desk in an editor's eyrie to one of the prosperous farm houses that enhance the beauty of our Michigan. The housekeeper whose heart and hands are joined in the work she finds awaiting her from garret to cellar, soon learns that her "anatomy" must be as free and unburdened as that of the robin that alights on her window-sill and trills her a matin at dawn. One by one the "weights," the "incumbrances," and the "restrictions" are laid aside, until finally the "sin that so easily besets"—the love of the same—passes away, and the frail little woman, and all the world, wonders by what alchemy she is enabled to handle such a host of work, and keep cheerful, healthy and happy. A very simple problem. Here is its solution:

It did not take her long to learn that in her peculiar orbit of mistress, maid, cook, scullery, hostess and all the rest, her brains and her heels must act in concord, consequently there must be no "French" heels spiked under the latter, and she clothes her feet with "common sense." Soon she discovers that perfect liberty and harmony of action between hands, arms and shoulders, and between loins, vertebrae and lower limbs is also imperative if she wishes to attain success. And forthwith these be all released from the duds that did drape and encumber, restrain and fatigue more than the tasks essayed.

I speak that I do know, and testify that I have tested to my ample satisfaction. Freed from stays or corsets, bustles, hoops, heels, cumberous skirts, bands,

belts and straps, I can "get there" on time, every time; but toggle me up in these, and it takes all my strength to endure the tug and pressure and lug them around. So, my dear friends, although I always keep a supply on hand, I only wear such things to weddings and funerals, and when "I've nothing else to do."

E. L. NYE.

HOME-IN THE HILLS.

[E. L. Nye is mistaken. Beatrix has written nothing in the Household on the subject of corsets, aside from a possible mention in some article on prevailing styles, which could not furnish pretext for this arraignment. Another contributor, Brunefille, several months ago advocated corsets, but as she—happy woman—is now traveling in Europe, and don't care two straws whether Americans wear corsets or not, she will doubtless be very willing to have the attack shifted to Beatrix's shoulders. Just here it may not be inapropos to say that Beatrix does not expect her opinions to be received as the *ultimaratio*, does not resent criticism, and is not only willing but desirous that those who differ with her should avail themselves of the right never denied them, to express their opinions as frankly as she herself has done.]

OUR DIFFERENCES.

I feel like saying with Lanier, "Opinion, thou intriguer, gray with guile, let me alone." I would be free to find my Lord in love and faith, in flesh and human heart, in thought, in sea and land and sky. But often must I hunger for my brother's grace, because I will not swear his Rubic's true, "Religion hath blue eyes and golden hair." Again, I cannot sit by a sister's side, because harsh opinion demands my admission, that "Religion hath black eyes and raven hair."

Opinions are always misleading, because they are formed on the lowest plane of the mind's action and comprehension in thought. It is only when we climb to a higher plane of being that we perceive realities, and judge according to the universal principles of truth.

I read Jannette's comments on my views with pleasure and interest. When I said, "The inner, calm revealing is our highest authority," I did not express an opinion, but gave an experience. I wish farther to explain and defend my position. By the inner revealing I mean faith, intuition, spirit, the word which is "ever in our hearts," the idea or image of God in which we are made, and which is the light of every life. There is no light outside this revelation. Those souls in which this is a latent consciousness are in the path of darkness and sin.

Jannette says, "Man has an intuitive idea that God exists, but can not have an intuitive idea of the character of God, hence the necessity of a written revelation," etc.

We are acquainted with persons or things only as we know their attributes or qualities. Hence it is impossible to have an idea of a being without some knowledge of what constitutes that being, and no "written revelation" will ever

be comprehended by us unless it applies to our intuitions. Accepting an "external word," it is beneath the revealing of the word within us. By closing the eyes, we can reproduce in the mind any object in nature which we have seen. We can do this only because of the form internal corresponding to the external. Knowledge is the discovery of these correspondences. Some one has said, "A man's face and knowledge reveal his God." True it is that our conception of the Infinite is limited by the spiritual powers within us.

What light can we gain from a "written word," which does not shine from our own spirits? of which the inner revealing is not the interpreter? Words are symbols, meaningless in themselves.

Our ideas are the torch by which the printed page is illuminated. There is a point in our being where we touch the Divine, and share its calm. Some one says, "There is guidance for each of us, and by low listening we shall hear the word."

Exception is taken to my statement "It is by moral strength and knowledge temptation is resisted." If not by these, the divinest forces of life, by what power do we resist error? Jannette carries knowledge and its power into crime and vice, and speaks of the "knowledge of evil." Rightly apprehended, this is impossible. Evil means darkness, error, illusion, ignorance. Knowledge sweeps these away, as the mists disperse before the sun. All crime is, the result of ignorance. Knowledge means, in a sense, power, completion; complete education includes the spiritual nature, the grand and controlling factor in man's triune constitution, and this will correct all the errors of sense, sin. Good only is positive.

My last statement, "At the most a misspent life is a sad mistake," unless taken in its interior sense, may lead to misconception. I could as well have expressed my idea by a sinful life, which means essentially the same to me. That is, a life lived beneath its possibilities, mistaken, and not in harmony with the idea of God, which it should have realized. In the present stage of human progress and unfoldment, in many of the lives I have opportunity of knowing, in part, I see people burdened with all sorts of illusions, errors and prejudices, and thus they set out on the path of life. Sometimes they will be free, but now they err, and suffer and sin; (which means mistake, error,) and I see that "having the power to choose good and evil, and this precludes the idea of mistake, taking for granted the results of the choice are known" etc., is a thing practically unknown to them. To choose implies a knowledge of the things or conditions contrasted in choice, and of the results of such choice. This knowledge is possible only by the elevation of the soul to a much higher plane of life than the many attain in this brief existence. Granted the "necessity of choice," you cannot "preclude the idea of mistake" among the wisest, for though climbing toward the Divine, none can at all times choose

wisely, as consequences prove. In accordance with one of the deepest laws of our being, we suffer when we fail or err; but no soul will sin when the foggy atmosphere is cleared away, and all stand upon the shining hills of day, and this period every life will know.

My theory of intuitive knowledge is asked by our sister. I have not read philosophy or theology far enough to have found it there, nor do I know if I could state it in concise sentences. But I have watched my sister's little bird, taken from its parents and mates when it could but twitter a feeble note, and seen how each day it raises a sweeter voice of praise for its frail, imprisoned life. How could the question but come, who taught the bird to sing? Then I thought, it has a note given it from the eternal spirit of song and love, it joins the chorus of creation! It is a visible effect of Divine cause. It is the effort to realize the thought of God which thrills all nature's life. Then I have sometimes shut out the life of sense, and in my spirit's being worn for a time the crown which God grants every life, but which the eye of sense too much obscures. Then I have felt my soul catch a sweeter, diviner note in the refrain, and as I touched the realm of causes from whence light flows into all the paths of darkness and doubt, I shared the eternal calm and my spirit felt, it is well, all creation shall join the immortal chorus. There is no soul but through its imprisoned life is climbing up to God!

STRONG-MINDED GIRL.

LESLIE.

"ONE DAY."

It was one of those unusually busy mornings, which will come to nearly everybody's home, but with patience and perseverance I had conquered one thing after another; the clock hands pointed to nine, and I surveyed nicely browned loaves of bread and biscuit, a pan of doughnuts, another of cookies, two pies, a jelly roll and a loaf of white cake was baking, nothing remained but to beat some frosting, so I pulled the big rocker out on the porch, and proceeded to beat the whites of eggs—with a Dover egg-beater? No, that required too much exertion, the weather was growing warm, I had a fork and broad plate, I could rock and beat and look around, and it is what I saw and what I thought that I am going to tell you about. One corner of the porch is filled with house-plants, nearly every one in blossom, from lovely rose pink to crimson, a peach tree shades them. It came up and grows on its own responsibility, and we do not like to cut it down. A beautiful green lawn stretches away to the east and south with evergreens and maples, there is no "apron front" here; a hedge of nearly two years' growth makes a green border for the front. Next a corn field; not a hill is missing, it is just in the tassel. There is breeze enough so that the plumed heads nod and bow, making a musical rustling sound. A large oak tree throws a grateful shade near the center of the field, a little beyond is a field of oats, and then a long stretch of

wheat all ready for the binder. Directly west is the orchard, showing more darkly green from the fields of green about it. It seems as if we need never murmur or repine, or think that fortune has been chary of her smiles to us, with such surroundings, making such a lovely home. The sky has been clear and cloudless all the morning, so clear and blue that if one were ever so fretted and worried with earthly cares, they could grow calm looking into the clear space overhead, but now it is filling fast with zephyr like white clouds; they are in the most fantastic shape, sailing along through the heavenly blue, with sails all spread; bound for some port is a ship, how steadily she moves, nothing impedes her progress. What a delightful rest, if we could leave this busy, bustling earth and be on board going—where? to the great Beyond. We do not know what it is, none ever return to tell us, but it seems an oasis in our desert, thinking that we are going there sometime. We picture the beautiful waving palms, the fountains and silvery streams, green mossy banks, and all around and about such perfect rest and peace. Now I can see a perfect throng of white winged angels, advancing with outstretched hands. It may be that mother's hands are there; those dear patient hands that toiled early and late, kind and gentle and soothing to aching heads and bodies, that never rested till cold in death, or the baby's little dimpled ones that we saw last folded so gently over the stilled heart, with lilies of the valley and daisies, flowers not more pure and fair than the waxen fingers holding them—oh! how they beckon us away, and through the half shut blinds, come the words, floating softly to my ear:

"But they grew tired long ago
And I saw them laid to rest,
With folded hands and brows of snow,
On the green ear h's mother breast."

We do not know what the next year will bring us, it may be a mound in the graveyard, another link in the heavenly chain, another angel face in our dreams. My ship has been boarded by the angel crew, it has sailed out of sight, and I am called back to reality, my plate has upset in my lap, the cake is done brown, and a small voice is coaxing for a handful of cocoonut, "Please don't put it all into the frost, mamma."

EVANGALINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

THE BEST AND MOST WHOLE-SOME BREAD.

Rather more than a year ago the best methods of making bread were very fully and satisfactorily discussed in the Household, to the great assistance, we are told, of many housekeepers who had not previously secured results quite up to their standard. Yet as our circle of readers is constantly widening, and as there are always novices in housekeeping science to be taught the best ways, we make no apology for reproducing Juliet Corson's method, given in *Harper's Bazar*, by which she says the best and most wholesome of bread can be made and baked in less than three hours, with very slight

loss of the nutritive elements of the flour on account of the rapidity of the fermentation, and at the least possible cost. Compressed yeast must be used, and it must be fresh, because then the fermentation is most active. If this system of bread-making be not generally adopted by farmers' wives, there are times in every family when the bread "runs out," and the quickest method of replenishment is a necessity. Try this in some such emergency:

"To make a small loaf of bread and a medium size pan of raised biscuits use four cupfuls of flour, two of water, an even teaspoonful of salt, and a cake of fresh compressed yeast about half an inch thick and two inches long by one inch wide. Dissolve the yeast in a cupful of water made lukewarm, or about 98 degs. Fahr.; put it into a bread bowl, with about a cupful of flour, or enough to make a batter which will hold a drop let fall from the mixing spoon; beat the batter until it is quite smooth, then cover the bowl with a large towel folded several times and place it where a moderate degree of heat will strike it equally; if the bowl is set on the chair near the fire, it must be turned frequently, and never allowed to get so hot that the hand cannot be borne on the outside of the bowl in perfect comfort; strict attention must be paid to this point, for it is upon it that the success of the bread depends. If the heat is too great, it will scald or heat the sponge so much that fermentation can not take place; remember, then, never to place the sponge where the hand can not be held indefinitely with comfort; in cold weather the bowl may be set over a saucepan or teakettle of hot water, but it must be watched constantly, and be removed as soon as the heat becomes so great as to endanger the "scalding" of the sponge. If the temperature is suitable, and the yeast fresh, the sponge or batter will be ready to use in about half an hour; when it is ready it will be like a thick foam, all full of the holes or air-cells caused by fermentation; when the sponge is "scalded," the bubbles are small and infrequent, the batter dries against the bottom and sides of the bowl and does not rise in a foam; when the sponge is light and foaming, mix with it an even teaspoonful of salt, dissolved in a second cupful of lukewarm water, and about three more cupfuls of flour, or enough to make a soft dough, which can be turned out on the bread board and kneaded by using a little extra flour to prevent the dough from sticking to the hands; knead the dough for about five minutes, or until it is smooth and shining, and does not stick to the board or the hands; then put half of it into a buttered Russian-iron bread pan, and the rest in small pieces or biscuits in a buttered iron dripping pan; the biscuits may be shaped like French rolls by first making them into balls about two inches in diameter, and then making a deep crease down the center of each one with the handle of a wooden spoon or spatula rubbed with dry flour; brush this depression with melted butter or lard, to prevent the closing as the dough rises the second time. After the bread or biscuit dough is put into the buttered pans cover them with a folded towel, and place the pans where the same gentle heat will strike them, turning them about to secure an even rising. Do not put the pans where it is impossible to bear the hands with ease. When the dough has risen to twice its original volume, brush the bread and biscuit with melted butter, or with a little milk in which sugar is dissolved, and then put them into a moderate oven to bake; the butter will make a crisp brown crust; the temperature of the oven is about right when the hand can be held in it without burning while one counts fifteen quickly; or the follow-

ingtest (of Gouffe, the *chef* of the Paris Jockey Club) may be employed: Put a sheet of white letter-paper into the oven, and close the door for a few moments, if the paper takes fire or chars, the oven is too hot; if it turns light buff or wood color, the heat is right for bread, biscuit or cake. When the oven is too hot open the door or the proper dampers for a few moments, and then test it again. Of course the heat of the oven should be regulated before the bread is ready to bake."

ANSWERS FOR INQUIRERS.

When I wanted to use wool in place of cotton batting in making bedding, I went to the carding mill, asked for "wool batts," and got them at eighty cents per pound, but wool brought a fair price in market at that time. Two pounds of these make a nice comfortable, and four pounds a "daisy. With proper care in using and in renewing the covers when they need it, I cannot see why the wool may not last as good as new for a lifetime, and then still be soft, light, warm and comfortable for the next generation.

If tradition tells truly, a large and a small trough, made out of pine logs, have stood behind our smoke house over twenty years, never having been empty, the large one always holding soft soap, the small one lye and soap grease. And just here, ladies, allow me to say, I would as soon try to keep house without a broom or tea-kettle, as without soft soap.

I wish to thank the lady who told us to make a paste of flour-and-water and wet the edge of the lower pie-crust with it, then press the upper one well down upon it, to prevent pies from boiling out. I have tried this on something less than a square mile of the great American pie this summer, and not a pie has boiled out. It is quickly done, too, and minutes count these hot days. E. L. NYE.

METAMORA.

WHO MAKES POOR BREAD?

"It ain't I, Kitty," for I use E. S. B.'s recipe. By the way what has become of her, has she not got something else good for the suffering kitchen people? I had always been a "salt rising" bread maker, but was very fond of yeast bread. I had tried a great many times, but failed to make good bread, until E. S. B.'s recipe came, and I have had splendid bread ever since. Have not tried to make salt-rising since. I have varied from her rule some; only make enough for two bakings, raise it all at once; take only a handful of salt, sugar and flour; put it with the potatoes and potato water and one yeast cake, then let it rise. Take some wetting for your bread, and a little more salt. It makes lovely bread. Try it, all you who have "diabolical stuff."

SISTER LAKES.

MRS. M. C. M.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

GRASS stains can be taken out by wetting the spot in warm water, rubbing it with soap and as much common baking soda as will adhere. Let remain half an hour, and then wash out in warm water.

ONE of our exchanges gravely cautions its Household readers not to eat pie baked without an opening in the top crust, as a number of people were once made quite sick by eating a pie of this unwholesome nature!!

A LADY mends bags and rag carpets in a very expeditious manner. She dissolves some glue; and while hot stirs it into a thick flour paste which has been boiled. Use this paste on the patches, putting them on smoothly, pressing the edges down well. Lay a weight on the patch, or dry with a warm iron, placing a newspaper over the place.

It is a mistake to use cheap sugar for putting up fruit. The best fruit and the best sugar give the best results. The impurities in cheap sugar form a scum, and are not wholly removed by cooking, making the juice turbid and dark colored as well as injuring the flavor. Use an enameled or porcelain lined pan, and a wooden spoon. Gather fruit for preserving in dry weather.

Harper's Bazar says the little red ant and the large sized black ones can be driven out of the pantry by the use of pyrethrum, sprinkled under the paper on the shelves, and on the edges of the frames that hold the drawers. Not neatly served in a sauce plate, set on a shelf, with the expectation that an odorless powder will drive the vermin away by its mere presence. Cockroaches dislike borax, which should be used as is the pyrethrum for ants. Flies and mosquitoes are exterminated by burning pyrethrum in the room, with closed doors and windows. Pyrethrum is perfectly harmless to man or beast.

BABYHOOD, the new magazine devoted to nursery matters, keeps well up to the promise of its initial number. The inexperienced mother of that wonderful being, the "first baby," will find it invaluable in instructing her to care for the young life, and the woman who "knows all about babies" can yet get new light on a variety of subjects from its pages. Babyhood Publishing Co., 18 Spruce St., New York City.

DEAR ladies, if your communications do not always appear in the issue of the Household in which you expect them, do not hastily "jump to the conclusion" that they are rejected. Copy for the Household goes into the compositors' hands as soon as the FARMER is published, and Thursday noon generally sees the little paper made up ready for the press. If your letter comes in later, it must wait over till another week; sometimes if it comes on Wednesday there is so much already "set" that there is no room for it, for men can not stand round idle waiting for possible letters. And even if your letter is on time and put in type it may be crowded out, since even a Household has its limits. At least, don't begin to scold the Editor till you have been slighted for at least three weeks.

HENRIETTA, of Richfield, is reminded that the Household does not publish anonymous communications.

Contributed Recipes.

SPONGE PUDDING.—Three eggs; one cup of sugar; one cup flour; six tablespoonfuls of cold water; one teaspoonful of baking powder. Steam three-quarters of an hour. Sauce: One tablespoonful of butter; two of sugar; one small tablespoonful of flour. Mix the flour with cold water; stir smooth; stir butter and sugar together. Turn a coffee cup of boiling water into the flour and water; then turn this on the butter and sugar. Have ready the beaten white of one egg and stir it in last. If too thick, thin with boiling water before the egg is added. A delicious pudding. MRS. J. B. DETROIT.

BRINE FOR PICKLES.—Three gallons of water; three of cider or vinegar; three quarts of salt; half pound of alum. Add peppers if you choose. Heat the brine and pour into the barrel used for pickles. Wash the cucumbers and drop them in as you gather them. Put a weight on to hold the pickles under the brine. This is an easy method, and my pickles always keep a year; would keep longer if desired. Half these ingredients can be used for a smaller amount of pickles. MRS. M. S. WEEDSPORT, N. Y.

ROAST SALT PORK.—The following is a way of cooking a farm house staple which is novel and palatable, affording a desirable change from the usual methods of cooking: Take a piece of salt pork, fat and lean mixed if you have it, freshen well with plenty of water, par-boil it, and spread with a dressing of bread crumbs, finely chopped onion, a small piece of butter, pepper and salt, and a couple of well beaten eggs. Roll well together and tie tightly. Place in a dripping pan, with a little water; dust with flour and a little pepper, and roast until a nice brown.

BEN. PERLEY POORE'S PICKLE RECIPE.—Major Poore, a well known writer on agricultural topics, drops into the culinary department long enough to furnish the *American Cultivator* with the following recipe for "crisp, hard and green" cucumber pickles: "To each hundred of cucumbers, put a pint of salt, and pour on boiling water sufficient to cover the whole. Cover them tight to prevent the steam from escaping, and in this-condition let them stand 24 hours. They are then to be taken out, and after being wiped perfectly dry, care being taken that the skin is not broken, placed in the jar in which they are to be kept. Boiling vinegar (if spice is to be used it should be boiled with the vinegar) is then to be put on them, the jar closed tight, and in a fortnight delicious, hard pickles are produced, as green as the day they were upon the vines."

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