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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

A WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Yes, God has made me a woman,
And I am content to be
Just what He meant, not reaching out
For other things, since He
Who knows me best and loves me most has order-
ed this for me.

A woman, to live my life out
In quiet, womanly ways,
Hearing the far off battle,
Seeing as through a haze
The crowding, struggling world of men fight
through their busy days.

I am not strong or valiant,
I would not join the fight
Or jostle with crowds in the h'ghways
To sully my garments white;
But I have rights as a woman, and here I claim
my right.

The right of a rose to bloom
In its own sweet, separate way,
With none to question the perfumed pink
And none to utter a nay
If it reaches a root, or points a thorn, as even a
rose tree may.

The right of the lady birch to grow,
To grow as the Lord may please,
By never a sturdy oak rebuked,
Denied nor sun nor breeze,
For all its pliant slenderness, kin to the
stronger trees.

The right to a life of my own—
Not merely a casual bit
Of somebody else's life flung out
That taking hold of it,
I may stand as a cipher does, after a numeral writ.

The right to gather and glean
What food I need and can
From the garnered store of knowledge
Which man has heaped for man,
Taking with free hands freely and after an order-
ed plan.

The right—ah, best and sweetest!
To stand all undismayed
Whenever sorrow or want or sin
Call for a woman's aid,
With none to cavil or question, by never a look
gainsaid.

I do not ask for a ballot;
Though very life were at stake,
I would beg for the nobler justice
That men for manhood's sake
Should give ungrudgingly, nor withhold till I
must fight and take.

The fleet foot and the feeble foot
Both seek the self-same goal,
The weakest soldier's name is writ
On the great army roll,
And God, who made man's body strong, made
too the woman's soul.

—Susan Coolidge.

"We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime-guest—
But oft for our own
The bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best."

A CLEAN SWEEP.

Were I to put the question, Do you know how to sweep and dust? to any of the good housekeepers who read the HOUSEHOLD, I fancy a stare of amazement, followed by indignant affirmation or silent contempt, would be my answer. Yet, I venture to put the question: Do you know how to perform this simple, every day task, as it should be? Woman's weapon is popularly supposed to be the broom; does she always wield it wisely and well? That woman does not who sets the chairs ahead of her as she sweeps, whisks the dust back into the air again with a feather duster, and asserts she has "swept and dusted;" but I have often seen this done even by those who pique themselves on their good housekeeping, which encourages me in the belief that all women do not know, or at least practice, the best way.

My own method, I have the assurance to believe, comes as near being "a clean sweep" as any practised by housekeepers; it is next thing to a house-cleaning, not so very much more trouble than the multiplied sweepings usual, while the results are more satisfactory, at least to me. The grand sweeping day I aim to have come once a month—I confess it does not always—between times I "brush up" and dust. I have one large room with alcove off it as large as an ordinary bedroom, and a closet, and I struggle with dust from the street in summer, and dust from a coal stove in winter, never able to answer that old conundrum: Where does all the dirt come from?

When I determine on a grand "clarin' up time," the first step is to tie up my head in an old veil, don a pair of old gloves and a big apron, heave a sigh, and begin. First, the ivy vine that twines round my mirror must be removed; then the small pictures, vases and little ornaments are wiped on a clean white cloth and packed in the bureau and desk drawers, the bureau and table scarfs are shaken and also laid away, and the rugs pitched down the back stairs to await further development. All movable articles of furniture are dusted and set out in the hall; the books removed from the bookcase, which was made to order by a man who don't believe in shams, and hence can be advantageously handled only by one possessing the strength of Goliath of Gath, though I do manage to move it sufficiently to sweep under it. When all movable articles are set outside

the room, the carpet is thoroughly swept, with short, quick strokes of the broom, and particular attention to the corners and sides. Then I go over it again, in the same fashion, and frankly confess that I find plenty of what I am looking for,—dirt. Then, while the dust is settling, I revive exhausted nature with an apple or orange, or whatever fruit may be in season, and with a soft cloth, wash the dust from my ivy's leaves. Then I "get up my muscle" by giving the rugs a thorough shaking and sweeping, and when there is snow on the ground sweep them off with the dry snow, which seems to clean them nicely. A clean cloth pinned over the broom removes the dust from the wall, and the pictures which are too cumbersome to take down are carefully wiped. When the dust has well settled, I take a couple of quarts of water, add a teaspoonful of ammonia, and with a cloth wrung out of this, go over the carpet, wringing the cloth out frequently, and always so dry that it will just take up the dust without dampening the carpet. I like this better than dipping the broom in water, or sprinkling the floor with cornmeal, sawdust or snow, and I have tried them all. At this stage of the proceedings, the door-bell generally rings and callers are announced. I set my teeth well together to keep from saying something naughty, wonder why in the name of sense people can't stay at home when other people are busy, and by way of taking to myself Hamlet's advice to his mother, "Assume a virtue if you have it not," don my "company smile" as I doff my livery of labor, and proceed with what grace I may to entertain my guests. *Revenous a moutons*, the next step is to wipe, with a damp cloth, the baseboards, window sashes and sills, and blinds, and if finger marks are on the doors "now is the time for disappearing." Next, the furniture not removed is also wiped with a damp—and please observe there is a difference between *damp* and *wet*—cloth, a process conducive to cleanliness but not, I admit, to polish, but the latter is maintained by a little—a very little, sweetoil on a woolen cloth.

It is now an easy task to replace the already dusted furniture and bric-a-brac; the books piled as they belong on the book shelves are returned by the armful, and when the last thing, that courageous German ivy that grows on in spite of dust and gas, coal and want of sunshine, and shines so bright after its bath, is again

trained in its place, I feel a virtuous consciousness that my room is as clean as it is possible to make it, without taking up the carpet. It is very exasperating in summer, to find, two hours later, an impalpable powder of "the bloom of Time" in a thin film over every polished surface; the fine dust raised by every passing vehicle sifts through every crack, and deposits itself everywhere in spite of one's best endeavor. I venture the assertion that country housekeepers know little of the true meaning of dust; it comes "like the gentle dew from heaven," none know whence, how, or when, only that it is there.

I am rather particular about my duster. I have no use for a bunch of feathers fastened to a stick, with which to flit the dust into the air only to settle on every article again. A piece of old linen a yard square, (part of an old tablecloth is excellent) hemmed and kept for the purpose, is my choice, being soft, it takes up the dust well; for the stove, I like an old woolen stocking top. These dusters are kept especially for the purpose; are thoroughly shaken when done with, and sent to the wash when soiled.

There is a popular belief that a dark carpet shows dust and soil less than a light one; my experience with both leads me to give the preference to light, "by a large majority." The light carpet—by which I mean of course not the very light ones designed for boudoirs and drawing rooms, but the old gold, grays, browns, etc., which are classed as "medium light" by the carpet dealers—does not show wear nearly as soon as the dark, and looks better when it is worn.

BEATRIX.

THE STORY OF NUMBER THREE.

He was not urgently invited, but just before our first December blizzard, he came and proceeded to take possession of the warmest corner of our home and hearts. He had no sooner announced himself as a new member of our family than a feeling of love and welcome responded which will surely grow with his growth, strengthen with his strength, and defy even the power of death to quench. Wrapped up as warm as a muffin in an old shawl, by a glowing fire, he awaited the refining influence of a bath and clothing. The bath was given with every precaution against a chill. Only a portion of the body was exposed at once, and this was well covered while another was being washed. Very little soap was used, and no water allowed to enter the eyes. When ready for his wardrobe, he found it far from elaborate, but owing to the fact of being "No. 3," nearly all the garments possessed the great merit of softness and entire freedom from starch. The band was of canton flannel, overcast on the long edge and hemmed at the ends for pinning. Next was a soft muslin long-sleeved shirt, and then a flannel waist, with long sleeves, to which were buttoned the flannel and cotton skirts.

These were about three-fourths of a yard in length, and gored to fit the bottom of the waist. A plain slip finished his toilette, with the exception of the pinning blanket, which I have omitted. This garment was of shaker flannel, and finished with one of those wide bands, but we expect him to kick his way out of that in a few weeks. Soon after his toilette was finished he began to make it known that he was uncomfortable and when the cause was looked for, they decided that he needed "warming up." He was too small to "reverse the electrical currents" after the fashion of "Minerva," so a half-pint brandy bottle was filled with warm water, tightly corked, and laid over his stomach with his tiny hands apparently holding it there. This gave rather a comical look to a son of temperance advocates, but its influence, supplemented by another at his feet, soon stilled his swinish squeaking, and he fell into a peaceful slumber which lasted for hours. When he awoke he called for refreshment and took that which wise Dame Nature provided; no physic, no saffron for the complexion was given, and still he thrived and grew day by day. His bath was given at a regular hour, water a trifle warm to the cheek was used, no soap applied; while at this time and at evening his body and limbs were rubbed with the palm of the hand as briskly as the tender skin would bear. When he began to suffer from "snuffles," (if Beatrix has a scientific name for this, let her bring it forth), sweet cream was rubbed over the bridge of his nose, and by means of a feather applied as far up the nostril as possible. When colic came—and come it must—we gave nothing except plenty of tender patting, and changing of position to aid in gulping up the troublesome gas. Warmed feet and hands by the fire, and sometimes loosened his bands and laid a warm wet cloth over stomach and bowels. Occasionally the bottle so early introduced was again filled and applied, and—well, we worried along with the trouble, assured by past experience that it would not kill him, and he would outgrow it in the course of a few weeks. Every sympathetic matron has a favorite remedy for colic infantile, and the first baby usually gets the benefit of all heard of, but a mother soon finds that, though they may give temporary relief, they all tend to cause constipation, and thus really increase the trouble.

The baby I write of was not troubled with chafing, as his mother was too busy to over-wash him. To keep him dry and warm we considered the main points, and water was seldom used upon him except at the bath. This story might be continued to numberless chapters, but from regard for our readers' patience and several other items, we will let "No. 3" bow himself out of the HOUSEHOLD.

THOMAS.

TEA or fruit stains can be taken out by pouring boiling water on the spot, then covering with a paste of starch, and exposing to strong sunlight. Fresh stains of ink can be taken out by washing in skim milk.

A. H. J.

THE INDICATIONS OF INSANITY.

I have been reading lately a treatise on the early indications of insanity, which I found very interesting and instructive; and as mental diseases seem to be becoming more and more common, I make no apology for reproducing in the HOUSEHOLD a few of the leading and first observed symptoms in this disease, which can most truly be called "a living death." In attempting to condense within the necessarily brief limits of the HOUSEHOLD so comprehensive a work much must be left untouched, and only the salient points can be given, but these may be sufficient to awaken attention, and help us diagnose a disturbed mental condition and seek the proper cure, for it is now well known that insanity, instead of being a "visitation of God's displeasure," as our forefathers generally regarded it, is a disease, having for its cause the neglect, or direct or incidental infraction of the established laws of physical or mental health, and that in its earlier stages it can as often be controlled or cured as any other disease, except, perhaps, in the case of hereditary tendency.

The recognition of the theory that the brain is the instrument of the mind, and what we call insanity is due to physical disease of that organ, was the first step toward the knowledge of the disease and its treatment. This may result from some form of ill-health, in which the nutrition of the brain is affected, or from excessive mental action. Insanity is practically shown by a change in the disposition, sentiments, habits, desires or conduct, induced by and founded on a diseased state of the brain. Evidently there can be no arbitrary standard, but the changes in the individual must be the guide.

The occurrence of morbid dreams, says Dr. Andrews, is one of the first precursors of insanity, especially where constant, and without a definite or sufficient exciting cause, indicating disorder of the brain and nervous system. Of greater importance and more frequency is impairment of the function of sleep, which may vary from a simple state of wakefulness to persistent sleeplessness. In normal health sleep naturally follows activity; action and repose being the physiological sequence, but in a disordered state of the brain action is often but the spur to increase activity. From this disturbance of the circulation there results an irritability of nerve tissue which prolongs the excitement.

Among physical indications of disordered mentality, our author mentions the following combination of symptom indicative of danger: Loss of appetite, indigestion, with pain, eructations, flatulence, heart-burn, diminished circulation, irregular heart action, harsh and dry skin, loss of flesh to emaciation and general depression of the whole organism. Another combination of symptoms is increased heart action, face flushed, eyes injected, ravenous appetite with loss of flesh; but these symptoms also attend certain febrile diseases and

hence are often overlooked as precursors of insanity. Another prior symptom, which continues as a serious symptom of the disease, is headache, either a dull, aching sensation or an acute pain, generally the former; a feeling as if a band were drawn about the head, or a sensation of pressure, as if the brain were too large for the skull; a singing or roaring, in the ears, a feeling of excessive heat, the sound of falling water or a frying or crackling sound in the head, are premonitory indications. Two muscular conditions result; either greater restlessness, or apathy, in which mental and bodily action requires a strong effort of the will. A loss of control of the muscular movements, shown by twitchings or jerkings, especially of the tongue, is often an important indication.

With these changes in the physical system, there are necessarily associated disturbances of the mental state, earliest found, usually, in the emotions. The emotional disturbance frequently takes the form of a feeling of depression, a loss of spirits, noticeable to friends and often perceived by the individual; and the despondency deepens till it becomes settled melancholia. The mind is oppressed with the idea of an indefinite, indefinable evil impending; all the thoughts are turned inward, the individual judges his own acts and pronounces an adverse judgment. In the direction of depression and partaking the same general character is the development of scruples of conscience, which sometimes lead to self-accusations of sin and to an overweening zeal which terminates in what we call religious insanity, or to the seizing upon some trifling act not partaking of any moral element and raising it to a position of vital importance.

Insanity is sometimes so insidious in its approach that it is not recognized till fully established, or perhaps become chronic; in which case there is generally an intensification of natural characteristics. Here it is often difficult to distinguish in such instances the changes wrought by disease from capriciousness, eccentricity and false views of life.

Our author considers an insane man simply as a sick man, one who by reason of cerebral disease is unable to use his brain—not a man with a mind diseased or mad—but with a mind acting through a disordered organ, “a spiritual being untouched by disease, looking through the disordered and broken house in which he dwells.”

The lesson is obvious: First, since the cause of insanity is the same, generally speaking, as that of all other diseases, infraction of the rules of physical health, it behooves us to respect these laws and understand we cannot break them without paying the full penalty, which may extend not alone to the body but to that which involves the higher life of the individual. We should be cheerful, exerting ourselves to that intent if necessary. Keeping ourselves physically healthy, we should banish all despondent thoughts by a resolute effort of will, nor permit ourselves to brood over troubles,

losses or mistakes of our own or others. We should not dwell upon our wrongs nor foster a grievance, but strive to maintain that equable temper, indicative of mental and physical health. I wish I had space to pursue this subject more fully, for in looking over what I have written I find it a very incomplete abridgement, much being necessarily left out which would illustrate and explain.

BEATRIX.

MILK AS A DIET FOR THE SICK.

Mrs. Scovil says in the *Country Gentleman* that in typhus and typhoid fevers there is no good substitute for milk and eggs. The diet in these diseases is very important, as solid food should not be given until convalescence is established. The quantity of nutrition in beef tea and meat juices is often overrated, and the patient may die for want of nourishment. Milk is a safe food, and will sustain life for weeks alone. Mrs. Scovil gives a few valuable hints on diet for the sick in which milk largely enters:

“If coffee is permitted, it may be made very strong, and diluted with boiling milk, and tea can be prepared in the same way. If chocolate, cocoa or broma is liked, it may be made with two-thirds milk and one-third water, if the pure milk makes it too rich. The juice of a fresh lemon can be used; if it is mixed with a little sugar, and cold milk added gradually, it will not curdle. This is particularly acceptable in scarlet fever. When plain milk cannot be retained, add four tablespoonfuls of lime water to every pint. Lime water can be made at home by pouring boiling water on unslaked lime, letting it stand until it settles, and then bottling the clear fluid. Milk that has been boiled, and allowed to become cold, is the best form for use in diarrhea, as hot drinks aggravate the malady. Sometimes for a change the milk may be made into gruel, soft blanc mange or ice cream. To make arrowroot gruel, take one tablespoonful of arrowroot, rub it smooth with a little cold milk, and stir it into one pint of boiling milk; add a pinch of salt, and grate in a small quantity of nutmeg. Farina may be substituted for the arrowroot, and flavored with essence of lemon. For oatmeal gruel, take three tablespoonfuls of fine oatmeal, wet it with a little cold water, add one pint of cold milk, and a little salt; stir until it boils. Put it where it will boil gently for at least two hours; if it becomes too thick, thin with a little boiling milk. A large dessertspoonful of liquid rennet, stirred into a pint of milk slightly warmed, will, when cold, make a soft blanc-mange very easily swallowed.

The white of an egg is almost pure albumen, and so a very important addition to the invalid's diet list. Break the whites of two eggs into a self sealing jar; add a pint of milk, and screw the top on tightly; shake the jar until the contents are thoroughly mixed, and then give cold. This is far superior to plain milk as a fever food, and, if well shaken, the presence of the egg cannot be detected. A whole egg, well beaten, can be taken in a glass of milk. Rub smooth a tablespoonful of cornstarch with cold milk; have ready a pint of boiling milk, and one egg slightly beaten; put a few spoonfuls of the hot milk into the bowl with the egg, and it will not curdle; add this to the boiling milk, with a few grains of salt, any flavoring desired, and the cornstarch; let it boil about three minutes, stirring until done. For a delicate custard, boil one pint of milk with

one tablespoonful of sugar and a little cinnamon, or any flavoring that is liked; stir in two well beaten eggs; and remove from the fire as soon as it thickens. A delicious ice-cream can be made with one quart of milk, half a pint of cream, the whites of three eggs beaten to a foam, sugar and vanilla to taste. Boil the milk and sugar; when cold, add the other ingredients; beat the mixture half an hour before freezing it.”

SUGGESTIONS.

I saw in the window one day two heliotropes, one just blossoming. I stooped to breathe the fragrance of its rich, purple bloom, but it was scentless. Surprised, I turned to the other, which had lost nearly all its beauty. The perfect color had faded, the blossoms were falling, yet its perfume was wonderful.

In the sweetness of that fading flower I felt the touch of one of life's saddest, deepest lessons. How often we prove the things deemed most fair are not richest in fruition, nor most gratifying to true perception of the really beautiful! What is it which most deeply teaches us? It is the real, the true. Yet we strive to gather life's fragrance from the seeming, judging often that which teaches most deeply as useless, painful, and even harmful.

Sometimes in life comes there not a day so peaceful in rest, so rich in content, and calm in love, you wish it might linger in its majestic fullness? It seems to you complete in its measure of joy. But the hungerings of life are many. We search through the suffering door of our needs. Life's cup is sometimes shining, sometimes shadow-filled. The hours in life which bless us,—ah! little we know, illy could we choose which they shall be! Those hours glad with song, beautiful with loving trust, when sweet words fall like tender music on happy, listening ears,—these you do not doubt. But when, in the darkness, you touch the chill hand of Death, you shrink and shudder; yet sometime you will know that this hour also was blessed.

You question not when warm, clinging hands caress your own; when the joyous current of your life mingles with that of one you call your own, you know there is joy in possession. But when the sea of silence lies about you, have these lone hours a blessing? Do you find ‘the soul of things sweet, the heart of being celestial rest?’ When you shall have learned that absence does not mean loneliness, that silence is not separation, that love is an eternal principle, an overshadowing presence like the uplifted sky, you will prove these hours also calmly, deeply, blessed you.

ROCKFORD, ILL.

“S. M. G.”

KNITTED GLOVES.

“Daisy Eyebright,” in the *Country Gentleman*, gives the following directions for knitting gloves, which our knitters will find very plain. These gloves are very warm and nice:

“Cast on 73 stitches (24 on each needle) with two ounces of three-ply wool—Saxony, Columbia or Starlight—and take

No. 16 steel needles. Knit around once plain; then knit forty rounds, two plain, two purl, or one plain, two purl. After this, knit six rounds plain. Now begin the thumb.

"At beginning of first needle, throw wool over needle, and knit three; throw wool over, and knit around plain; knit two rounds plain. Next row, throw wool over, knit five plain; wool over, knit round plain. Knit two more rounds plain, and then knit in the same way until you have 33 stitches between the widenings. Knit six rounds plain; slip the 35 stitches which form the thumb upon a thread, and cast on nine stitches upon the needle in place of those slipped off, and knit round plain; the next round also plain. Then narrow twice on the nine extra stitches, leaving one on each side of the nine before narrowing. Narrow alternate rows in same place until all are narrowed off, and 73 stitches remain. Knit round 20 times. Now begin the fingers.

"First finger.—Take 10 stitches from the first needle and 10 from the last, and slip the remaining stitches upon a thread. Knit the 20 stitches, then cast nine more upon a third needle, and knit round and round until up to the last joint of the first finger. Narrow off quickly by knitting two and narrowing, and repeat round the finger. Knit two rounds plain. Third round—Knit one, narrow and repeat; one round plain. Then narrow every time until none remains. Cut off, with wool enough left to fasten it tightly.

"Second finger.—Take nine stitches from the back and nine from the front, picking up the stitches of the previous nine, and making nine more on opposite side. Arrange the stitches on three needles, and knit round once. In alternate rounds, narrow the first two stitches and the last two of the side gores, and knit one round plain, until only 29 stitches remain. Knit it to fit the middle finger, and narrow as before.

"Third finger—Is knitted just like the second.

"For the fourth finger, but 16 stitches are left. Pick up the nine on the gore, and knit like the last two, casting on no more stitches.

"For the thumb, take the 35 stitches which were made, and pick up nine on the gore, and narrow off every other time on each side of the gore, until the original 35 stitches remain. Then knit nearly to the length of the thumb, and narrow off like middle finger."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

THE *Dakota Farmer* gives a new way to take fruit stains out of table linen. Let the spotted part of the cloth imbibe a little water without dipping it, and hold the part over two or three lighted brimstone matches at a proper distance. The sulphurous gas which is discharged soon causes the spots to disappear.

CLEAN your silver with powdered whitening moistened with a little hot water. Let it dry on, then polish with a dry chamois-skin. If there is intricate work or deep engraving, use a small, soft tooth-brush. Whitening forms the basis of the various preparations for cleaning silver sold by jewelers; and is cheaper purchased in bulk at the drug stores.

IN referring to a recent lamp explosion caused probably by filling the lamp too full of cold oil and placing it in a heated room, or by a old and dirty burner, an oil inspector says: "If all who burn kerosene would make and adhere to a rule to

once a month boil their kerosene burners a few minutes in soap suds, a much greater light would be received from the same quantity of oil used, and accidents of the kind referred to would be prevented."

A WOOLEN blanket, worn so thin that it is no longer of particular value as bedding, may form the foundation for a very neat and serviceable table-spread. Color it dark red or blue, or indeed any color which will harmonize with your furniture, and either embroider in outline stitch with silk or crewel, or cut figures from cretonne and applique in place for a border. The *HOUSEHOLD* Editor would commend the Briggs transfer patterns to those who cannot get stamping done readily. Having used them often, we consider them both cheap and convenient the stamp does not readily blur in working and the "transfer" is made by the momentary impress of a warm flatiron.

THE "kitchen smell" need not pervade the house where the windows can be lowered from the top. When you begin to fry doughnuts, pancakes, or cook cabbage or anything else that gives off an odor, drop two windows from the top. As soon as the food is cooked, open the doors to change the air entirely. Carry the kettle of smoking grease into the open air to cool. If the odor penetrates adjoining rooms, as it generally will, open two doors or windows in line for a few minutes, till fresh air replaces the old. Most people are too much afraid of cold to air their houses properly in winter; and their rooms are redolent of stale kitchen smells, which often cling to their clothing as well. Fresh air costs nothing, and we can use all we like of it.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Ohio Farmer* says:

"A good and easy way to try out lard is to cut in small pieces and put a bowl of lard in bottom of pan or kettle, then add the pieces to be tried, and put the kettle over a slow fire and cook slowly. When cooked sufficiently dip off the lard and strain, leaving the scraps or cracklings in bottom of kettle. Add water to the scraps, filling kettle half full, then let scraps boil several hours; then strain into a pan or pail, allowing the scraps to drain. In this way all the lard is extracted and there will be no troublesome squeezing of cracklings in order to obtain all the lard. When the water gets cold the lard can be skimmed off and it will be found very white and pure. In fact, all the lard will be improved by cooking slowly. Fast cooking renders the lard liable to scorch, hence the dark color so often seen in home-rendered lard."

WHEN a chamois skin becomes dirty, it may be cleaned in the following manner: "Make a solution of weak soda and warm water, rub plenty of soft soap into the leather and allow it to remain in soak for two hours, then rub it well until it is quite clean. Afterward rinse it well in a weak solution composed of warm water, soda and yellow soap. It must not be rinsed in water only, for then it would be so hard when dry as to be unfit for use. It is the small quantity of soap left in the leather that allows the finer

particles of the leather to separate and become soft like silk. After rinsing wring it well in a rough towel and dry quickly, then pull it about and brush it well, and it will become softer and better than most new leather.

MRS. J. A. M. asks if any of our cooks have tried rolling beefsteak in flour before putting it into hot drippings to fry, saying it will make tough steak comparatively tender, as it retains the juices of the meat. If Mrs. M. will broil her steak, or if not convenient to do this, fry in a hot pan, without dripping, turning frequently to retain the juice of the meat, as described in the article on cooking meats in the *HOUSEHOLD* last September, she will find it, we believe, an improvement on her plan. Mrs. M. says her fruit put up by the cotton batting process is nice, and that she never had fruit keep better though she has tried several processes.

IN making up files for the year 1885, our readers will find two issues having the date Sept. 29th, owing to an oversight in not changing the date line in "making up." The issue containing the poem "Nobility," is that published on Oct. 6th.

Contributed Recipes.

BOSS GINGER SNAPS.—One cup New Orleans molasses; one cup sugar; one cup shortening; one tablespoonful ginger. Boil all together five minutes. When cold add one tablespoonful of vinegar and one level tablespoonful of soda, dissolved in six tablespoonfuls of water; knead with flour until quite hard.

MRS. F.

REMEDY FOR CHAPPED OR ROUGH SKIN.—Sweet oil, three ounces; spermaceti, four ounces; camphor gum, pulverized, one ounce. Melt slowly together, stirring frequently until smooth, then cool and it is complete.

RULE FOR SEASONING SAUSAGES.—For forty pounds of meat take one pound of salt, of black pepper, sage and cinnamon each one ounce. Cut the meat into small pieces ready for the cutter and sprinkle the seasoning over; then mix well and when cut it is ready for packing.

FENTON. MRS. M. A. FULLER.

BROWN BETTY.—Put in a buttered dish, first a layer of apple sauce sweetened with light brown sugar and sprinkled with bits of butter; then a layer of cracker crumbs with a little grated nutmeg; another layer of sauce, and so on, ending with a layer of crumbs. Bake and eat hot.

PEACH TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Soak over night a coffee cup full of tapioca. Make a layer of sliced (or halved peaches) in a deep dish; spread over this a covering of tapioca; upon the tapioca sprinkle sugar thickly; repeat until the dish is nearly full; add water and bake. If served hot, use sauce, if cold, eat with cream.

Thou can'st not see grass grow, how sharp so e'er thou be;
Yet that the grass has grown thou very soon can'st see;
So, though thou can'st not see thy work now prospering—no,
The print of every work time without fail shall show.

—Wisd. of the Brahmin.