

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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## THE HOUSEHOLD--Supplement.

For the HOUSEHOLD.

### HOPE.

BY CLARA B. SOUTHWELL.

Without hope of what value would mortal life be?  
Far away in the future no light could we see.  
'Tis our first natural passion; there lives not a soul  
But who has or has had some far away goal  
He looks to and strives for and hopes to attain,  
And thinks he will merit that this be his gain;  
And sometimes it is, but not often, for we  
Oftimes tire of pursuing that we cannot see.

We hope for so many things—fame, love and wealth  
Learning and beauty, contentment and health;  
And some future greatness will place as their goal,  
But a man's future greatness all lies in his soul.  
Without hope who could live? In man's troubled  
breast

'Tis the last lingering light, for it shines when the  
rest

Are faded and fled and affliction's dark gleam  
Cause our very existence a trial to seem.

Then Hope, brightly smiling and radiantly fair,  
Whispers us to look upward where trial and care  
Are happiness, love and rejoicing, for aye;  
Where life is one long and glorious day.  
Let us strive to do right and hope for the best  
And leave to our Heavenly Father the rest.

MARSHALL.

### BUYING BOOKS.

A young lady asks me to make out a list of books for her, which she may purchase as the nucleus of a library. I cannot do it. I might as well make out a bill of fare for a dinner which she must eat for a year. I would not thank any one to confine me to boiled cabbage, fried liver, turnips and mince pie for even one meal; I might advise what would be literary corned beef and cabbage to another. I am fully alive to the importance of the question "What shall we read?" but tastes are varied, and "of making of books there is no end." An intimate friend votes the books I enjoy most "dry" and "stupid; while those she likes I won't waste time upon; naturally, literary matters seldom are topics of conversation. With another I have most delightful literary confidences; while a third is continually propounding some historical conundrum to me which makes me long to tell her Canon Farrer's story of the man who said Dante was "a dead issue," and make a personal application. But I should shock her dreadfully, so I refrain. It is not safe to buy a book because of what is said about it in advertisements, or on the reputation of an author. Our old clergyman, visiting me on the farm, said once: "I wish to look over your books; I find a lady's books are an unfailling index of her character."

How devoutly I wished the one volume of "Ouida's" which was purchased because I saw so much about her in the papers, and thought it must be "the proper thing" to have read her, was reposing on the bottom of the Red Sea, anywhere, except in its pretty green binding right within short range of the ministerial spectacles!

But there are certain standard works which should be included in every library, and which, if they are well studied, are a library in themselves. I have heard of a man who in his middle age confined himself to two volumes, the Bible and Shakespere, and won a great reputation for practical wisdom and *wide reading*. Some one has said that to know George Eliot's writings is of itself a liberal education, but I object to that as too sweeping. How little we find in modern literature that has not been touched by the great writers of the past, Shakespere, and Milton, Pope and Goldsmith, Moore and the Lake Poets? Where shall we find Scott's equal in descriptive poetry, or the fervor and fire of Bailey's "Festus"? Yet each and every one must be studied before we enter into their spirit, and know and love them. It is not *what* we read—so it is pure and healthful—as *how* we read and what we make our own which educates us. One may be an omnivorous reader, reading everything and all the time, yet fail of reaching the harmony between author and reader which is essential to literary enjoyment.

The library should show the individuality of the owner; express his literary tastes and attainments; this is only possible when its contents are a personal selection. There is much more pleasure in possession to the one who gathers slowly, by degrees, than to the rich man who gives *carte blanche* to the book-seller and has his shelves filled with volumes in elegant bindings, the inside of which he never saw. The reading of one book often opens before us a wide field, and leads to the purchase of others leading from its thought in various directions, according to our individual bent.

Many people, if they read and admire one book by a certain author, jump to the conclusion that all his other writings must be as good. Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has sold thousands of volumes of her other stories, to the great disappointment of buyers. Generally, one, or at the most two, books make an author's fame, and the rest seem to be "afterthoughts," too much diluted. And too, the first book we read by a previously

unknown writer is very likely to impress us favorably, if it has any merit at all, because in addition it has the charms of freshness of literary style and originality. Yet tastes differ as to which is best, unless we accept the popular voice, and go with the majority. So I would rarely buy books in "sets." Life is too short, there is too much to be read, to allow us know all good books; let us choose the best of each author's writings, study them and know them well; and strive not to be crushed when somebody who has read something we have not, says, "Why I'm surprised you haven't read *that*; everybody's read it; it's splendid!" My own little collection of books boasts but one complete "set" of anything, Macaulay's History of England. Thackeray and George Eliot come next in completeness, but I have "the cream" of Dickens, Victor Hugo, Morris, Holland, and many others, besides certain standard volumes in the way of history, poetry and biography. But these have been selected by myself for myself, and I should not assume to offer the list to a stranger, whose tastes might run counter to mine, and who might dub my much prized volumes a choice collection of literary "chestnuts."

In buying the works which the press of to-day is throwing off in such confusion and profusion, a little monthly magazine issued by Chas. Scribner's Sons, *The Book Buyer*, \$1 yearly, seems a very good guide, giving an inkling of the scope of the books issued by this firm. The reviews in our standard magazines also are good, though all too brief, generally.

Our correspondent's purpose of "starting a library" is commendable. I wish every mother of a family who reads this, every young woman earning money, would resolve to set aside a certain sum yearly, if but \$5, to be spent in the purchase of books. It is a source of the purest and highest enjoyment. I used to think that if I ever could have all the books and papers I could read, I should reach that condition known as "perfect bliss." But I find that profusion brings satiety. I do not enjoy my present abundance as I did the scantiness of the old days when I limited myself to five dollars, then ten dollars, yearly, and stretched the "butter and egg money" to cover the cost of an extra, much coveted volume. Selections were made carefully, the new-comer anxiously expected, and I know no longer that thrill of satisfaction and delight which came



as the precious package, with its lovely brown wrapping-paper and its charming canceled stamps, was placed in my eager hands. In those days I understood Henry Ward Beecher's description of how he bought books before he was famous, when money was scarce and wants many. He describes the battle between desire and prudence, the struggle with temptation in which he was "worsted," the resolve to do without some article of clothing and buy the book, the revulsion which came after he had ordered it done up, the thrill of pleasure in tucking the package under his arm, the consternation with which he remembered he had yet to face his wife and account for his treasure, his diplomacy in disarming her displeasure at his extravagance by making her a present of it, recollecting it would be his, just the same.

Just try, dear ladies, the pleasure of buying books, not when you have money you can spare as well as not, but when they cost your calculation, strategy, self denial, and see how dear, how like loving friends they grow to be. Buy them, not as luxuries, but as necessities, as aids to your development, as means to make your home attractive to the children, and tell me if you do not find "it pays."

BEATRIX.

### THE FASHIONS.

I admire the methods of the girl in the story who twice a year "put her whole soul into the fashions," and then felt free to devote her time to literature, society, charity, and the thousand and one things which even "frivolous girls" find to do. To plan a season's outfit, and, once executed, have no more concern about Fashion's latest caprices as to the location of buttons and the depth of a pleating, seems to me a step toward womanly independence in matters of dress. So now, while subtle currents of life are thrilling through naked trees, and a scent of spring is in the air, it is a good idea to look over last spring and summer's garments, decide on needful repairs and alterations, and what new articles must be added. And here I will say to the girls, don't indulge in much making-over—which is truly the very "luxury of woe" in dressmaking—unless it is actually necessary. Do not remodel a dress which does not need it, simply because it is not exactly up to the latest wrinkle "in style." It does not pay. If waist or sleeves are worn, if rents or stains disfigure the skirt, there is good cause for renovation, but unless too antiquated, do not spend time merely for fashion's sake. Generally last season's dresses can be worn again without alteration, the principal changes being in the draperies, which are worn longer, and in the length of the skirt, which is now made to just escape the ground. In making up new dresses it is best to use the latest style, always provided it is not conspicuous and is becoming; one thus avoids remodeling.

The new draperies are very long in front and back, leaving both sides of the front visible from the belt down. The

front drapery is very wide and full, the fullness being pleated into the belt; it drops in a point toward the right side, and is caught up in pleats on the left hip, falling in a curve to the foot on the left, leaving the right side quite straight. The lower skirt, thus exposed on both sides, may be laid in lengthwise pleats, or may be made of striped goods matching the plain. On light summer goods, as thin silks, nun's veiling, etc., these spaces may be filled with many narrow ruffles, each headed with a row of narrow velvet ribbon. Lace ruffles on black silk are elegant, especially if headed with lines of jet passementerie. The back drapery is very narrow where pleated to the belt, but is very full, and may hang straight to the foot, or be opened in the middle and draped in two points that disclose the full lower skirt. All round flounces are "out," ruffles and pleating being confined to the front and sides of the skirt.

Basques are short, with high darts giving the effect of slenderness. The laced front is a feature of the new basques, which is becoming to all figures. Some wool dresses are laced from the throat down, but most have separate pieces added at the top of the first dart, sewed in with it, which are laced to the bottom of the basque, while above is the full gathered plastron and its revers. Such dresses are fastened with hooks and eyes; indeed buttons are useless appendages on dresses which have full fronts or gathered vests, as they are entirely concealed. When used, they are generally in two sizes, one small and round, for fastening the dress, the other size very large, for ornament, and set three in a row on the front dart, and in groups of three on the skirt. The cascade drapery described last winter, in a modified form is a feature of new skirts; lined with silk, of the same hue, it fills the place of a side panel, but is arranged with fewer pleats and the centre fold is raised much higher.

The stores are full of new cotton goods, in many of which one recognizes old friends under an alias. The "new departure" is the absence of stiffening by starch or gum, the goods having a soft finish which is very attractive, and makes them drape beautifully. Crinkle-striped seersuckers "came in" last season; this year they are in abundance. They are in stripes of white and a color, the colored stripe plain woven; the white is woven fuller than the colored stripe, giving the appearance of a narrow, scant puff of white set between two stripes of color. They sell at 15c per yard; and are not intended to be starched or ironed, but pulled into shape while drying. German check is a thin, soft goods, creamy white ground, with threads of blue, black or brown forming checks upon it; it sells for 12½ cents per yard. Crazy cloth is a novelty,—a pretty one too—an irregularly woven cotton goods which has the effect of woolen material; in "crazy" patterns, irregular, zig-zag lines in colors, and sells for 25 cents. It, too, is not to know starch or smoothing iron, and is said to

wash excellently. In its pristine newness it is certainly very pretty. This making cotton goods take so much of the appearance of soft, sleazily-woven wools, is a new idea and the result is certainly very taking. Even the new muslins and lawns are woven and finished to look more like woolen bareges than cambrics or nainsooks.

We are to wear colored straw bonnets for early spring again, in shapes not differing much from the coronet styles of the winter. These coronets are often covered with fine jet or steel beads strung on fine wire and arranged as leaves, or forming a network across it. Even a bit of jetted lace may serve the purpose. Some bonnets for young faces will have these coronets of fine flowers, while others have a notch or bend in the front which is filled in with a saucy bow with forked ends, or a tiny cluster of flowers. Ribbons with *picot* or purled edges are to be used with flowers for trimming these bonnets; the flowers in mixed clusters of several varieties. The artificial flower-maker has brought her art to such perfection that the most fastidious need not scruple to wear the dainty clusters of mignonette and heliotrope, buttercups and cowslips, which equal nature in exactness of coloring and perfection of shape. The trimmings of these bonnets consist of two sets of loops, one set long and extending beyond the crown, while the second set is short and massed against the front. The only other adornment is the blossoms that lend a touch of color, and the ribbon that crosses the end of the crown and forms the strings.

The new hats have high crowns and brims turned down in front and up in the back, and all the trimming, consisting of heavy loops of English or China crape in colors, with aigrettes of feathers or clusters of half long ostrich tips, is massed at the back, and a band or twist of the crape round the front. Loops and ends of ribbon are also used. There are also soft silks in plaids, some having gilt or silver threads running through them, which will be used, but the scarfs so much worn last season are not shown at all as yet, here.

### CONVERSATIONAL POWERS.

It is true that some people have the gift of talking with ease, and that they are not embarrassed in the presence of others; but any person of ordinary intelligence may learn to talk brightly and pleasingly by simply taking pains to learn how. In the first place, try to forget yourself. Do not fancy when you open your lips that the lady or gentleman opposite you on the sofa, or your neighbor at the dinner table, is criticizing or making fun of you. Well-bred and kindly-mannered people never do so. Have in the second place an idea of what you wish to say. In the third and last place, be sure to tell your story or give your opinion in the simplest language you can command. Never use slang. To be a good listener is as great an accomplishment as to be a bright talker. A young



lady who listens intelligently and with sympathy in her looks, giving now and then a brief reply or a turn to the talk, but not trying to lead it, or to be at all conspicuous, is sure of being popular. Find out what your friends are interested in, and help them to talk on their special subject. Do not worry about the impression you are making when in society, but let your great aim be to make the place where you are as cheerful as possible.

BATTLE CREEK.

RHODA.

### AN EASTER PARTY.

"It takes but little to please a child," has passed into a proverb, and so the following story of a pleasant child's party given the Saturday before Easter in 1885, may tempt some mother to duplicate the entertainment at the coming Easter tide, for the sake of giving happiness to her own and other children.

The invitations were sent out a week in advance, and were home-made. From white cardboard were cut egg-shaped pieces; two of these were tied together at one end by a little bow of bright ribbon, the ribbon being passed through holes cut for the purpose. On one outer side the address was written, on the inside the formula of invitation, and on the back "Easter" with the date. As amusement at the party, six eggs were provided for each child, which were decorated in as many ways as possible. All the eggs were then hidden in two or three rooms of the house, which could be thoroughly ransacked by bright eyes and nimble fingers. Each tried to find as many as possible, and when all were found they were divided into as many piles as there were children, and a numbered slip of paper placed on each, and slips bearing corresponding numbers drawn from a box by the children. After all the slips were drawn, each child was given the pile of eggs having the number corresponding to the slip drawn. Little tarleton bags, one for each guest, and marked with their names, were provided to hold the eggs. This "egg hunt" always proved a great frolic for the little people.

When supper was ready, two bags of eggs were brought out, one for the boys, the other for the girls, and the boys drew from one and the girls from the other, each boy taking for his partner the girl who held the egg matching his. A little procession was formed, and the little host led the way to the supper room.

The supper was not elaborate, but calculated to please those for whom it was intended. At each plate was laid an egg-shaped Easter card. The rolls, cakes and cookies were as near egg-shape as the unstable nature of dough would permit. The ice-cream was served from egg-shaped moulds. If one of the large plaster of paris eggs can be procured and filled with bon-bons, it will prove a pretty surprise; otherwise ingenious fingers can make one of pasteboard, which when opened will prove full of sweets.

The most labor is the coloring of the eggs. It requires some ingenuity to color so many in different ways. Some may

be colored all over with Diamond dyes; and others may be plaided or mottled with various colors by drawing on them with a bit of tallow before dyeing. Scrap book pictures can be used. Cut sprays from bright calicoes, bind them on the egg by sewing a bit of thin muslin around it, and after boiling the design will be transferred to the egg. Stars, moons and crescents of gilt paper fastened on with mucilage give variety. Some can be covered with gold paint. If one can paint, even unskillfully, the eggs can be decorated with sprays of flowers, tiny birds, or simply painted in bands and lines of color. Prepare a few egg-shells by draining out the contents, let them get thoroughly dry, fill with small candies, paste a bit of paper over the hole in the shell, and brush over with dye. Arrange them in a nest of moss in a little basket, and you have a very pretty ornament for the table. And the children's delight at this novel party is so genuine and so pleasant to see, that the fatigue and worry of preparation is forgotten speedily.

### IN THE BEDROOM.

The sleeping apartments in every house ought to be as commodious and ample as any other rooms in the dwelling. That man who in building a house makes the bedrooms just big enough for a bed and a bureau, does not "comprehend the situation" at all. About one-third of the twenty-four hours is spent in sleep. To make this sleep refreshing and healthful, certain conditions are necessary. Food and air are the essentials by which we live. It is not until food has been acted upon by the stomach, absorbed into the blood, and through its circulation oxygenized by the air taken into the lungs, that it begins to nourish and feed our bodies. The blood leaves the heart charged with carbonic acid and watery vapor; it returns oxygenized by pure air taken into the lungs, a life-giving, healthy fluid. Twenty-eight pounds of blood must make this journey from heart to lungs three times an hour, and thirty-three hogsheads of fresh air are needed daily to replace the poisonous carbonic acid by the element of life, oxygen. Breathing impure air lessens vitality; the weak and sickly suffer most from this cause; and are the most fearful of fresh air, which they contend is "too strong" for them. It is the bad air which is too strong for health. Our pulses still thrill with horror at the story of the "Black Hole" of Calcutta, a room twenty feet square, unventilated, into which were thrust 146 English soldiers, at dusk of an Indian day. Twenty-three half dead, nearly crazed wretches survived that awful night, and not one of them ever fully recovered. Is not a seven by nine bedroom, with the window carefully closed, and a door opening into a room where lamps and a fire and several pair of lungs have pretty thoroughly exhausted the oxygen of the air during the evening, a miniature "Black Hole" when two persons retire to it, to breathe over and over again the air just ejected from

the lungs? Medical authorities on lung diseases pronounce *insufficient ventilation* the great cause of lung diseases, a more prolific cause than *all others put together*. Sit in a close room a couple of hours, step out into the fresh, pure outdoor air, and note the change, how the blood responds to the quickening impulse. Return to the room you have just left and see if your nose does not indicate a difference in the quality of the air. See how soon you find that feeling of lassitude creeping over you, that dull oppression in the head, a sense of constriction in the lungs. The relief for these symptoms is simply pure air. Think of breathing air laden with carbonic acid, part of which has been expelled from the lungs of another, for eight hours continuously, and its vitiating influence upon the blood, and ventilate your bedrooms. Every window in a house ought to be so made that it can be let down from the top. Open the bedroom windows top and bottom every day of your life, and let them remain open a couple of hours. Let the sun shine in freely, regardless of fading the carpet, sunshine is an excellent disinfectant. Then, leave the window open at the top at least one inch even in the most severe winter weather. The same width of opening in a window in an adjoining room will create a current or circulation of air not sufficient to be called a draft, that dread of the people who make invalids of themselves through ignorance. Or, have a piece of board made just to fit the width of the window and a couple of inches thick, raise the lower sash sufficiently to insert this; the external air will enter through the aperture between upper and lower sashes, and no draft be noticeable. *Ventilate*, no matter how you do it. Children are dull and languid in school because of overheated, impure air; people sleep through sermons in churches for the same cause, and many a woman—and man too—who really does not feel as if she had ambition enough to get out of her own way, only needs healthful conditions in her sleeping apartment to sign a new lease of life and vitality.

BEATRIX.

### TOOTH-PICKS AGAIN.

Will you allow a "horrid man" to say a word in reply to Althea, on the subject of tooth-picks? Of course I shall be considered very "unrefined" in speaking a word of justification for the "tooth-pick craze," but that does not discourage me at all. Althea says she "would as lief dine in a dentist's room, with the dentist engaged in his practice, or have a clean spittoon on the table, as to have tooth-picks there." Well, every one to her taste. To my notion the simple dislodgment from the teeth of any particles of food that may cling to them is not as disgusting as the thought of that food being left there to decay and rot the teeth and befoul the breath. The very thing that sends so many "refined" ladies to the dentist's chair, and compels them to hawk and gulp over the "spittoons," is their affected abhorrence of a clean tooth pick. It is not necessary to be offensive in the



use of a tooth-pick. A napkin will shield the mouth from observation during the little moment required to use the article, and it should then be put by as the company leaves the table. I am constantly traveling, and though I observe the bundle of tooth-picks on many well-set tables, I do not assume to brand the people who use them as uncultivated. They rather strike me as an independent and sensible flock, caring less for the whines of fashion and the carpings of critics than for their own cleanliness and comforts. May their tribe increase.

DETROIT.

AN EDITOR.

### A LITTLE GIRL'S CHOICE OF BOOKS.

In a late number of the *HOUSEHOLD*, Beatrix mentions some books for girls to read. "Eight Cousins" and "Rose in Bloom," by Louise M. Alcott, and "Six Girls," by Fanny Bell Irving, are good ones; at least my mother thinks so. "Tom Brown's School Days" and "The Boys of Sixty-One," are interesting for boys. I have taken *St. Nicholas* a year and a half and we all like it very much. Do any of the readers of the *HOUSEHOLD* believe in reading standard novels? I wish some one would tell me all about the elocution school in Detroit. I like the country better than the city. We live south of a small lake, and it is just a pleasant walk to it in the summer. You can almost always find a shady corner in the yard, and when violets come go to the woods and get a basket full of them and place them in the bed you have prepared for them; next year you will be surprised to see how large they are, if you have taken good care of them.

OKEMOS.

MINNEHAHA.

### A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER'S LETTER.

Having read the *HOUSEHOLD* for some time, and having gained many new ideas of interest from it, I thought perhaps I could contribute a recipe which would be of value to the young housekeeper like myself. I always feel grateful to any friend who has had experience for any new ideas pertaining to housekeeping, for indeed it is very perplexing as well as embarrassing to attempt to do something, hardly know how to go at it for lack of experience, and then have it a complete failure. My husband brought home a nice roast of beef, and said he would show me how to cook it. I laughed and said I would be glad to give up the responsibility of preparing it. So he took a dripping-pan, placed the broiler over it; it filled the oven nicely with the exception of the handles, which were too long, so he bent them up to fit. He then placed the roast on the broiler, seasoned well, and filled the pan with water. The heat of the oven roasted the meat while the water steamed it, making it juicy and giving it a most delicious flavor. He attended to that part of the dinner. I watched every movement with a very observing eye, as I was curious to know

what the result would be. Dinner was soon ready. I went to look after the gravy. It proved to be three or four pints of the choicest soup. My husband then flavored it with an onion and other necessary ingredients for soup. Now, ladies, please do not give me the credit for this, but bestow all the praise on my better half; most ladies say "worse," but I say "better" when he helps me with such hard and perplexing work as cooking. I want to encourage him, and will admit just here that he understands cooking better than I do; but I think I can soon learn, as I hope to be an apt scholar. We are always glad when it is time for the *HOUSEHOLD* to come, as it is one of our most welcome papers.

KALKASKA.

MARCELLA.

### WANTS SUPPLIED.

Here is a cement that may do for the lady's aquarium: Dry sand one pint, ashes two pints, clay, dried and pulverized, three pints, all to be pulverized and mixed into a paste with linseed oil. Apply while soft, and when it becomes hard water will have no effect upon it.

About M. and her cake, I know it cannot be the sugar, as I use the same constantly and never have a failure. And we buy it by the pound, not often in the same store. Perhaps M. mixes her batter too thin; that is the only cause I can find.

GREENFIELD.

PEARL.

[Pearl furnishes directions for crocheted lace which "floored" the entire staff of the *MICHIGAN FARMER*, including "the boys." We would publish, but alas, we can't "make head nor tail" of the instructions.—*HOUSEHOLD* ED.]

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Did you ever try baking sausages instead of frying them? Put them in a tin with a little water; the steam thoroughly cooks them and they will not be so dry as when fried. Brown them nicely. This winter the *HOUSEHOLD* Editor had the opportunity of sampling sausages seasoned with a *soupcou* of cayenne pepper, and found them of very piquant and acceptable flavor. Care must be taken not to get them too "warm."

A CORRESPONDENT of an exchange, who lived in a house built before closets came in fashion, made a substitute which she commends to those who are thus troubled, as being especially valuable in the sleeping rooms. A long, shallow dry goods box was procured, and a shelf put in at top and bottom. It was papered neatly on the inside with newspapers, and a row of hooks screwed in just below the top shelf. The outside was papered to match the wall paper and a cretonne curtain concealed the interior. Such an arrangement in a room unprovided with a closet would be a great aid to neatness and order, and is worth an effort to attain.

MAJOR ALVORD, of Houghton Farm, a noted dairy authority, believes that the

revolving churn has no superior, and protests against all churns having interior fixtures designed to beat, froth or grind the cream.

### Useful Recipes.

**MEAT PATTIES.**—Meat patties make a serviceable way of using any kind of cold meat. When you make pies use up all your bits of pastry by making shells—a round of pastry as large as a muffin-ring, with a thick ring added at the edge—and bake them, with a piece of bread in each, to prevent the crust rising up. They will keep for days, and may be filled at tea time with any nicely minced and seasoned meat, set in the oven for a few minutes, and served very hot. For a charge, if you have a little cold mashed potato, spread that lightly over the meat, put a bit of butter on it, and brown delicately.

**CORNEB BEEF.**—Miss Juliet Corson's recipe for corneb beef is as follows: Meat intended for cornebing should be rubbed with a mixture of half an ounce of saltpetre and an ounce of brown sugar to a pound of salt. Rub the mixture over the meat several times a day; keep the meat on an inclined plane, so the blood and brine can drain from it. For fifty pounds of meat, take two gallons of cold water, four pounds of fine rock salt, two ounces of saltpetre and two pounds of brown sugar, or half molasses. Add, if you like, two ounces of unground white pepper, twelve cloves, a blade of mace, and half a cupful each of broken leaves of marjoram, thyme and sweet basil.

**THE RIGHT WAY TO FRY PORK.**—Let it be cut very thin, not much thicker than a buck-wheat cake. Put it in a pint of cold water in a pan, and let it come nearly to a boil, to freshen it. Pour the water off, dip each slice into wheat flour, and let it take up all it will hold on both sides. Fry it golden-brown and crisp on both sides, turning it over as often as may be necessary; pour off the fat, and melt on each slice a lump of fresh butter.

**GOOD PIECRUST.**—We do not call for butter or even lard for our purpose, only good, clear drippings saved from the meats of the past few days. These, if not very clear, may be made so by slicing into them two raw potatoes and cooking until the potatoes are done. All the impurities in the drippings will have disappeared. The fat should be cold and white to use for pie crust. Take one quart sifted flour (cost six cents), add to it one large teaspoonful of salt and one cup of drippings (cost three cents). Rub well together with the hands till perfectly smooth and fine. Then with the left hand pour cold water very slowly into this, stirring briskly meantime with a knife in the right hand. Be careful and not get the flour too moist, but when of a right and somewhat dry consistency to roll out, make into one mass with the hands, kneading and handling it as little as possible. This amount is ample for three pies and has not cost over nine cents. It will be flaky and tender if made just right. By careful trying and proper handling a very presentable and palatable paste is brought out of very plain materials.

### FLOWER SEEDS FOR 1886

#### FRESH SEEDS TRUE TO NAME

ready for the Spring Trade. Mixed packets of Annual, Perennial, Everlasting or Herb Seeds, 10 cents, three for 25 cents. Order from list in *HOUSEHOLD* of February 23rd. Six packets, except where price is named, 25c; 13 for 50c, and 30 for \$1. Collections for beginners, 15 varieties for 50 cents. Send one cent stamp for price list.  
MRS. M. A. FULLER,  
Box 297, Fenton, Mich.