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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

RESOLVE

So the dead year is clasped by a dead December,
So let your dead sins with your dead days lie;
A new life is yours and a new hope! Remember
We build our own ladders to climb to the sky.
Stand out in the sunlight of promise, forgetting
Whatever your past held of sorrow or wrong;
We waste half our strength in a useless regretting;
We sit by old tombs in the dark too long.

Have you missed in your aim? well, the mark is
still shining;

Did you faint in the race? well, take breath for
the next;

Did the clouds drive you back? but see yonder
their lining;

Were you tempted and fell? let it serve for a text;
As each year hurries by let it join that procession
Of skeleton shapes that march down to the past,
While you take your place in the line of progres-
sion,

With your eyes on the heavens, your face to the
blast.

I tell you the future can hold no terrors
For any sad soul while the stars revolve,
If he will but stand on the grave of his errors
And instead of regretting resolve, resolve!
It is never too late to begin rebuilding,
Though all into ruin your life seems hurled,
For look! how the light of the new year is gilding
The worn, wan face of the bruised old world.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

HOW SHALL WE DO IT?

"A Troubled Mother" writes us a sad story of a wayward, headstrong daughter who persisted in marrying an unworthy suitor, and whose feet are already faltering in the thorny way her marriage has opened before her. From the depths of a sorrowful heart the mother, scarcely less unhappy than her child, and tortured by self-accusations and doubt if she guided her only girl aright, asks that question, so often repeated, so near to every mother's heart, "What can we do with our girls to prevent them from throwing themselves away upon men who are unworthy of them? Are there any means by which parents can control the choice their children make?"

When we hear of a particularly unsuitable marriage, into which it seems almost certain the emotion of love cannot by the very nature of things enter or abide, we use a word which seems to express the mental condition of one or the other of the contracting parties, Infatuation. Love, they say, is blind. It is not so. The truest love sees defects and errors, but pardons, overlooks, and loves on. Infatuation is blind; it sees nothing but perfection in the beloved till the scales fall from the eyes, the true character is revealed, and disgust and hate follow. If it were possible to teach our young

men and women to distinguish between these two mental states, there would be, I am sure, fewer ill-assorted marriages.

I believe that if mothers would talk more freely to their girls about the duties and responsibilities of marriage, put before them the plain prose of married life, remind them that after they have won a husband the next thing is to live with him, that the courtship is soon over, and only love can make the bonds bearable,—if they would present these serious views, not when a girl is "in love" (or thinks she is—which usually amounts to the same thing) and good counsel falls on unheeded ears, but in discussing the unions of others, and marriage in the abstract, it would at least have a tendency to cause some serious thought on a serious subject. The phrase "When I get married" is on a girl's lips at an early age, showing how it is looked forward to as a natural condition of her life. Even a child can be taught that choosing should be the result of thinking, and that in any plans for happiness continuity must be considered. Too many mothers, anxious to see their daughters "settled," neglect to impress the idea of the solemnity and lasting nature of the tie, and let the trousseau, the wedding, the future home, engross all the time and thought. The young girl's own thought too seldom looks beyond the honeymoon or the creature comforts of the new home; the mother's part is to present the deeper, more weighty considerations.

If the chosen one does not meet parental approval, often bitter opposition is the only argument brought to bear on girlish obstinacy. Were a daughter of mine bent on marrying a man I did not approve, I should truthfully but tenderly state my reasons for disapproval, choosing some moment when her mood seemed most fitted for tender confidence, for if there is much in knowing what to say there is quite as much in knowing when to say it; and giving her to understand, as indeed it would seem every daughter should know of her mother, that her happiness, her lasting happiness, was the one thing nearest my heart. If such an appeal to reason and affection failed, as indeed it might, I should still not oppose, but delay. Then I should use every means in my power, by new scenes, new friends, new occupations, to so test her feeling that if it were but that "idle, wavering heart-blaze which means nothing but must be gone over," "the necessary consumption of young vapors which float in the

soul, which is thereafter left purer," it should die for want of fuel. I have known a little judicious and well-timed ridicule from a person whose opinion was prized nip a passing fancy "i' the bud," but such means must be cautiously used, during the "premonitory stage" or they but intensify the growing emotion. It is a most vital necessity to understand most exactly the girl's disposition, and to keep one's own passions and sensations under absolute control. The mother who would control her daughter must first control herself. That opposition provokes opposition is as true as the axiom in philosophy that to every action is opposed an equal reaction. "You shall not" rouses the thought "I will." It is rarely the case that real mastery of another comes otherwise than through the affections.

I think parents should have a knowledge of the young people of both sexes, with whom their sons and daughters associate, which will enable them to a certain degree to prevent the formation of undesirable friendships. The mother who leaves her daughters to choose their own friends and manage their own love affairs, generally "sows the wind" and gathers a plentiful harvest of "whirlwind." Nowhere in the world are our girls so free, so entirely at liberty, as in our American society, and nowhere are divorces and ill-assorted marriages more frequent. An evening party looks like an orphan asylum out on a lark; you see no parents. I have known a mother who permitted her sixteen-year-old daughter to accept the company of a man she herself had never seen, and who was a stranger in the neighborhood, and go alone with him in a carriage to a party in the next village. I have no words in which to express my thought of such terrible folly. Go with your pretty girls, then, you fathers and mothers, and if your presence scares away some of the fast young men, don't feel too bad over it. Better a daughter unwed than one *divorcee*. Go with them, not to exercise a French espionage upon them, which they resent, but to see for yourself the company they keep and the friendships they form; not as a restraint to their freedom, but as one who would share in their happiness and join in their pleasures.

In the country, where everybody knows everybody else and all about them, characters are pretty well known. Family traits are reproduced with greater or less fidelity. "Like father, like son," is an oft-quoted saying. A Turkish proverb

says: "Choose cloth by its edge, and a wife by her mother." One can judge sometimes by father and mother what the young people will be; not invariably, for bad men and weak ones have had noble sons, and daughters who were a credit to womanhood; yet by knowing the characteristics of the marriageable young people, tact and good judgment may point a way to avoid an unhappy entanglement.

At no time of her life does a mother more earnestly desire her daughter's confidence than when she is chosen in marriage. And if the mother would guide, control, prevent or assist the choice, she must have laid the foundation of her influence years before. She reaps the reward of years of patience and prayer in just that period of hesitancy and indecision. "Life's aye been a muddle; I'm glad to be done wi' it," said the old Scotchman as he lay a-dying. So long as water runs and grass grows marriage will make or mar lives, in spite of good counsel and wise words. One of the earliest lessons taught our children, one which should influence all their youth, is that repentance and forgiveness of sins or mistakes, never implies remission of consequences.

BEATRIX.

A POINT OF ETIQUETTE.

As the "Detroit Editor" suggests, when the tooth-pick is used at the table the napkin should be held before the mouth. This is equivalent to an apology for what otherwise would be regarded a rudeness. A person who is likely to be greatly annoyed by particles of food getting between the teeth while eating, is quite sure to know it beforehand, and should have a tooth-pick with her, or him. The teeth should be cleaned, as the "Detroit Editor" suggests, but it need not be done at the table, or in the dining-hall. The better way is to use the tooth brush. It is not unrefined to have tooth-picks in the house, but they need not be on the table or in sight. There are those whose ideas of refinement would lead them to prefer that tooth-picks be *not* put on the table; there are none whose sense of what is refinement requires that they *shall* be put on the table. Leaving them off is the more refined way.

I do not mean to suggest that families where tooth-picks are on the table are unrefined in the sense of being coarse or vulgar. But the practice did not originate in the best circles of society; nor on their tables will you find tooth-picks, placed there with the expectation that at the close of the meal, the guest who did not take and vigorously use one would be an odd one in the company. I quote from a book on etiquette, published in 1882, which professes to give the usages of "the best American society:" "Avoid if possible picking your teeth at the table, for however agreeable such a practice might be to yourself, it may be offensive to others. The habit which some have of holding the hand over the mouth, does not avoid the vulgarity of picking the teeth at the table."

ALTHEA.

HOWELL.

SUNDRIES.

As I have read the good things in the HOUSEHOLD the past year, "the spirit has moved" me several times to express my views on the many interesting topics, but I have found that "time and tide wait for no man"—or woman either—and that "delays are dangerous." I would thank the ladies who so promptly responded to my desire for information on cheese making. I made ten. They were pronounced "splendid" by many, but to my epicurean taste they were *too strong*. They were very soft, and light as bread. I think it must be the rennet that makes cheese strong, and shall try less if I ever make any more. I have been "learning to rest" during the beautiful weather just past, cleaning house. My husband has "borne the burden and heat of the day," taking up carpets, cleaning and putting them down, and white-washing, which was no small item in a house of fourteen rooms, besides halls, closets and pantry. I have no papered walls in the house.

I like the idea of a carpet sweeper, but for the poor mortals who think they cannot afford one, I believe my way a little better than E. L. Nye's, or opening the doors to let the breeze carry out the floating dust, especially in cold weather. Take your foot-pail, partly fill it with clean water, set in a hall or porch (as case may be) dip your broom (a good one) into the water, shake off all you can, and commence sweeping. When the dust gathers on the broom, dip again, always shaking well, until your sweeping is done. You will be surprised at the muddy water you will have. No dust in the air, carpet nice and bright. This will do for all smooth-faced carpets. I never tried it on Brussels. It is best to change the water when it looks too muddy. Rinse your broom when done, and place so the brush will dry straight; I never have a crooked broom. Try it, E. L., and see if you cannot do your sweeping in less than five or six hours. That would be too much of a good thing for me.

I have never had any experience in "religious lotteries," but object to lotteries of any kind. I do not want "much for little," or "something for nothing." Give us all the innocent games for the children at home. Even that "horrid" game of cards (euchre) is innocent until there is harm made with it. They gamble with other games as well as cards. We must teach our children that gambling is the harm, not the game. To "Faith," in the HOUSEHOLD of June 23d, I would say that I would rather trust my son among his college mates with the knowledge of the game "learned to him by his mother" than without it. I would rather my boys would play cards at home than away from home, in the fence corners, barns or woods, which they are quite apt to do if refused at home. I have known such cases. They may go to the bad after all our teaching and advice, but they shall not be driven to it, nor go into it blindly.

I would echo Beatrix's advice, "Don't save money for the children." Your daughter may follow "the fashion" and

leave you before she is sixteen for some one she likes better (or thinks she does) and give you no thanks for all your self-denial and economy. Mrs. W. J. G.'s is the better plan. I think boys need something at their majority more than girls, for some boy usually takes them by that time. But I shall never "economize" to save my two boys something. I shall endeavor to do my duty, give them a good education, teach them to help themselves and be good, honorable men. If we can help them at their majority we will do so. If we have anything left when done with this world and its cares, they shall have it.

As regards Bess' conundrum, I should consider it perfectly right and proper for her friend to go, accompanied by her daughters, to any proper place for ladies. And if my husband had no misgivings in leaving me at home while he enjoyed his evenings away, I certainly would have none in leaving him. When the neighbors (women, of course) called for me I should "don hat and gloves" and enjoy myself too. But we don't do that way at "our house." When my husband goes to places of amusement I go too. If I have an opportunity to go and he does not wish to, he is perfectly willing I should go. Isn't that the way for husband and wife to be? The pocketbook also is a partnership concern with us.

MRS. M. C. M.

SISTER LAKES.

TUNING THE FAMILY FIDDLE.

If the complaining cries that come from the shadowy vales of connubial concert up the shining heights of single selfishness are "for cause," then this famous old fiddle must be in sad need of a thorough refitting with a bow and trimmings bearing one of U. S. patent stamps, dated somewhere in the 9th decade of the nineteenth century, and the keys should be so constructed as to alternate "for better" "for worse" through the sense of both those who play and those who listen, since the great majority before marriage can conceive of but one "worse," and that "one"—a single life—while after marriage they can conceive of but one "better" and that "one" the speedy departure heavenward of the partner of their miseries.

Now we are all familiar with the long list of epidemic diseases that go up and down the earth seeking whom they may devour, whose happy hunting ground is amongst the young and tender, but at the same time they relish the job of bringing a tough old stager, either male or female, down on their marrow bones; and of all these diseases there is not one that compares in subtilty, unreasonableness and ungovernableness with that known as "I must and will get married, the fit comes on me now." And any candid metaphysician will assure us that there would be just as much of success in an attempt to palm Barnum's circus off on the public as an agricultural fair as in trying to convince a pair of turtle doves who are suffering from this malady that they "must and will not get married

now because their "fit" will be eternal "fits" if they do.

Some there be who never have this malady but once, the same as they have whooping cough or measles, and these are not so bad to get along with because they can be depended on as useful, helpful members of society ever after. But there is another class who "catch it" every time they are exposed, and furthermore they are always on the "look out" for a good chance to "expose" themselves; age, race, color or "previous condition of servitude," are nothing, with them there is but one thing and that is falling in love," and like Madam Patulungo's father, in Wilkie Collins' "Poor Miss Finch" they are, all the days of their lives, a constant source of anxiety and worryment to their friends and relations.

But what I had in mind to write when I took up my pen was this, (please accept the foregoing as my introductory): I find and hear so many complaints made by wives about "him." One of the stereotyped ones is "He never reads aloud—will sit and read to himself half a day or all the evening, and never let me hear a word of it. And he knows I never have any time to read with all these children and all this work about me."

This is of course wrong, but where lies the blame? It is about equally divided between the two. We will say for instance the husband is reading the last FARMER. If he is a man worth having for a husband his first reading therein is the market pages, his next, the stock notes and so on, giving his first and best time and attention to those things that deal directly with his business and its interests, both at home and abroad. But let him begin to read aloud quotations from the cattle, sheep and swine markets, and ten to one if this very complaining woman, instead of entering into the spirit of the markets with her husband, (for I assure you that to such a man there is a great deal of very choice "spirit" in these same market quotations) and talking with him pleasantly, interestedly and intelligently about them, begins to look sour and to say, "Oh, I don't want to hear those nasty old markets, and all that stock stuff, do read something nice," and the husband mentally curses the "everlasting silliness of woman," and—reads to himself, for the sole purpose of having an appreciative audience. And in turn he flouts the HOUSEHOLD and whatever else his wife may like best. And so it goes on, great swelling discords growing out of little beginnings like this, and making the social atmosphere anything but agreeable to exist in, when just a germ of genuine kindness, charity, self-denial and mutual sharing of and community in interests, properly planted in the scale of the fine old family fiddle, and then carefully cultured, developed and cherished, would have made it all so different! So different that instead of discordant complaints domestic harmonies—which by the way are all there is of heaven on earth—would fill the social atmosphere with wholesome delight, and peace that is prosperity's handmaiden.

HOME-IN-THE-HILLS.

E. L. NYE.

BEDDING.

The most healthful bedding is that which combines least weight with greatest warmth, and permits the air to pass most freely through it. For this reason comfortables are to be preferred to quilts, and warm wool blankets to either. But blankets, even "under the depressing influence of tariff legislation," and the low price of our fine Merino wools on the sheep's back, are worth money. Comfortables are much more universal in use. The venerable relic of past ages, which has been washed and re-covered, and washed and covered again till it is as impervious to air as a sheet of rubber, should be retired on a pension. I cannot think of any good use for it, but do not use it on the bed. It is a false economy, an economy which militates against health, to use anything which confines the impure air within the bed-clothing. The weight, too, in proportion to the warmth, is excessive, giving one a feeling of being held down, which tires and exhausts. Cotton and print are very cheap; it is good policy to renew the comfortables every few years. And I can recommend those made of cheese-cloth as being light, cheap and warm, three great requisites. When the covering is soiled, the comfortable can be unmade, and the cover washed; if the cotton must be used again it should be thoroughly aired, but *not washed*, which always makes it heavy and thick. A comfortable should never be renewed in any other way than by re-making. A breadth of print like the cover, folded over and sewed on the upper end of the comfortable, keeps it from becoming soiled, and can easily be removed, washed and replaced.

Comforters of cotton satteen in bright colors are quite popular at the moment; when new, they look like satin, and are very pretty, and are not very expensive. Some ladies have followed the passing fancy of dressing the beds in colors, bright cover, and lace pillow shams lined with the same tint. Nothing, however, is so dainty as snowy white, with its suggestions of purity and repose. Pillow shams have had their day, and are much less used, but ladies who have to use a bedroom for other than its legitimate purpose cling to them, as imparting a "dressed up air" and saving a frequent change of pillow-slips.

A pretty counterpane can be made of a heavy material known as Bolton sheeting, which is two yards wide. Have an outline pattern of flowers or fancy arabesque stamped on it, or if you have skill, draw it with pencil. Outline the pattern in Kensington stitch with heavy etching cotton in a color, and trace a vine or Greek key pattern for a border. Edge with wide coarse lace. The same, reduced in size, is neat and tasteful for the baby's crib. If desirable, shams for the pillows can be etched in the same fashion. A new fashion for making the small comforts which are thrown over the foot of the bed, for use if one is chilly during the night, has a Turkey red centre, a yard and an eighth long, and about 30 inches wide. This is bordered by

strips of cretonne, a white ground with Turkey red flowers, or a red ground with white flowers, as is preferred. Next this is a puff, four inches wide, of the plain red, gathered to an inch wide strip of the red. It is lined with cheese cloth, and tied with tufts of red worsted. Some use No. 1 ribbon for the purpose, an unnecessary expense, however. The comfort is very pretty when finished.

I am a relentless foe to patchwork quilts. They have no excuse for being, unless the machine has done the patchwork and the quilting. Their worth never equals the value of the work put upon them. I always feel like saying "Poor woman!" when I read in print of 3,000 or 4,000 scraps sewed together for a quilt, as if it were a praiseworthy achievement. I regard it rather as an instance of badly misdirected energy. Poor woman! With all this glorious world about us, so much to learn in it and of it, such treasures in nature and in books, and this precious legacy of Time which is slipping past us on noiseless wings so rapidly we scarcely realize its flight, and she can find nothing better to do with her heritage than sew scraps of calico together, falsely believing that in spending life's golden moments thus, she is doing best service in her sphere! What a grave mistake!

BEATRIX.

CONCORD BREAD.

A correspondent of the *American Cultivator* has discovered in Concord, Mass., the home of the "Concord School of Philosophy," a new species of bread, which is *sui generis*, and known only in those precincts. It has been named "the philosopher's bread," but the name which clings to it most faithfully seems to be that of its habitat. This bread is easily made, and to those who have not the time or strength to spend in kneading bread to make it tender, the new method may prove a boon. Try it once, at least. There are too few of our housekeepers who are willing to try new ways. They are too conservative; too much attached to the old methods. There is progress in housework, as in everything else, and that is a foolish woman who refuses to try, and if worthy adopt, anyway, however much an innovation on the old, which promises equally good results with less labor. The recipe is as follows:

"Use one quart of milk; lard the size of an egg, or, what is its equivalent in actual measurement, a rounded tablespoonful; two quarts of flour, one of them even, the other a heaping quart; one-half a cake of compressed yeast; a heaping teaspoonful of salt and an even teaspoonful of white sugar. Dissolve the yeast, salt and sugar in a very little cold water, just as little as possible; scald the lard in the milk, and when cool add to the yeast, and stir in the flour to make a rather stiff dough, but do not knead. Let it rise over night; in the morning, the very first thing, stir it down, and when it is risen again do not knead, but shake the flour on to the board, take out the dough and work in the hands just to make it smooth and free from flour, put into the pans to rise again, and bake from thirty to forty minutes, according to the size of the loaves, having the oven very quick when the bread is first put in."

Our author says much depends on

having the oven right; this comes more of experience than by rule. She says further that when milk is used for bread it should be boiled, not merely scalded, then set aside to cool, and used when lukewarm. This is to prevent souring. Bread should be mixed in an earthen bowl; wooden bowls are not easily kept sweet, and tin, being a good conductor of heat, allows the warmth to escape from the dough, so it does not rise as quickly. Too much shortening makes bread heavy; a just proportion tends to make it soft and light. Butter, if fresh and sweet, gives the best flavor, drippings are the cheapest shortening, while lard makes the whitest bread. For baking, a good rule is to have the oven hot enough to brown a teaspoonful of flour in five minutes. The heat should increase during the first fifteen minutes, remain steady for the next fifteen, and decrease slowly toward the last.

A YOUNG LADY'S CHOICE OF BOOKS.

I think one of the best of subjects is now being discussed in our valuable little paper, viz., books, and I have read with great interest all articles on that subject. I would advise all the young people, (and older ones also) who like a good story, to get Pansy's books, for I think they are far ahead of any others I have ever read. Dickens' "Child's History of England" is very good, but I prefer Macauley's. I have read only one of Dickens' stories, (Oliver Twist) and I did not feel repaid. E. P. Roe's novels, some of them, are very good, but some savor too much of Mrs. Holmes to suit my taste. I have read one of Anthony Trollope's which had at least one charm, it was entirely different from any other I ever read. Mrs. Wood's stories are quite exciting. Tourgee's are excellent, combining history and novel in a very interesting manner. Cooper's "Spy," gives a very good history of the revolutionary war, and the movements of the American spy—Harvey Birch. Among the poets Longfellow is my favorite, and Whittier comes next, although I like Will Carleton very much, and am never weary of reading his "Farm Ballads."

L.
RIVES.

THE BEST WAY.

In doing housework, I am inclined to believe there are as many methods as there are housekeepers; for we all have a way of our own, and doubtless each thinks her way to be the best, or at least the easiest. I think that to be a successful housekeeper, four things are requisite, namely: Order, Industry, Economy and Neatness. Add to these a well appointed system, and one has a pretty sure foundation for a well regulated household.

I do not believe in slighting work; on the contrary, I claim that "what is worth doing at all is worth doing well;" and speaking of myself alone, I could not "rest" or read (and no one can enjoy reading better than I do) no matter how well written or entertaining the book

might be, if I had a pile of unironed clothes, for even if they were under a "weight" they would rise up before me and like the famous ghost, "would not down," but mar all my pleasure until they were nicely ironed and put away.

Of course there are exceptions to all things, and in sickness, or where there are large families to do for one has to resort to "ways and means" that would not be deemed permissible under other circumstances.

I know the housekeeper's duties are tiresome and often seem an endless round of drudgery, yet "without these cares life would not be as well for us as it is;" there is a bright side to these every day duties if we are only willing to look upon it, and learn not to get discouraged, nor fret at small things.

I think a good way is to plan and arrange our work so that each day of the week has its own particular duties; then by doing the hard, disagreeable portions in the forenoon, we can have the rest of the day for sewing, reading, or visiting, and the evening for sweet, quiet rest, with the consciousness of a day well spent.

L. R.

WACOUSTA.

HOME METHODS.

Ever since I read Mollie Moonshine's article on saving labor, and her account of having to wait for dry wood to bake the bread, I have been desirous of telling how the wood-pile is managed at our house.

First, the wood is sawed or chopped into stove length in the woods, and then left to season. Then, when good sleighing comes, or at a convenient season, the woodshed is filled with some of the said wood and nicely piled up. Every morning (usually) except Sunday, my husband splits up enough wood for the day's use; it only takes a few minutes every day. Then he splits some nice dry wood very fine for kindling, which he puts in a pile by itself; any dilapidated old rails, boards, hencoops, &c., are split up for summer wood; nice straight, smooth sticks of basswood are laid aside to be shaved up into fine kindlings. I must confess that I generally cut the kindlings myself. After the corn is shelled, the corn cobs are put into an empty crib, and are nice to make a quick fire in the summer, when not much heat is required. My husband fills the wood-boxes two or three times a day. I never have any trouble when baking, if I am at all thoughtful, for there always is plenty of kindling wood to start up the fire if necessary. Of course there are exceptions to these rules; for instance, when husband has to hurry off to the mill on a short winter's day, or to take some one to meet the train. The water I usually carry in myself, as the well is close by, for I like to get out-doors all I can.

LEONE.

BIG BEAVER.

BACK numbers of the HOUSEHOLD for 1886 can be supplied to those who apply for them at once. Those who have missed any numbers should send to the FARMER office, giving the dates wanted.

MAYBELLE, of Bridgewater, desires to express her admiration of Mrs. Chamberlin's paper, read at the Webster Institute, and says every HOUSEHOLD member should read it at least twice. She admires "Pearl's" spirit of love and self-denial manifested toward her little one in the saving of a small sum each week, against her majority. "Bonnie Scotland's" method of helping her husband is commended, and a wish expressed to hear from her more frequently; while "Daffodilly" is earnestly entreated to "tell us more about the land of sunshine and flowers."

A GOOD paste is a great aid in hanging wall-paper. A professional paper hanger recommends the following recipe: Beat four pounds of flour into a stiff batter with clear cold water. Then, having a vessel full of boiling water at hand, and a vessel containing the batter large enough to contain two pailfuls, pour the boiling water upon the batter gradually, stirring briskly all the while. It will be observed that the batter will swell and its white color change to a yellowish hue. When this occurs, stop pouring in the boiling water, and a fine smooth paste will be found suitable for paper hanging. Do not make the paste until you are ready to use it and keep in a cool place so that it will not sour. This is sufficient for a room which requires four or five rolls of paper.

Contributed Recipes.

COFFEE CAKE.—One cup cold coffee; one cup butter; one cup molasses; one and a half cups sugar; five cups flour; one teaspoonful soda; two teaspoonfuls cream tartar. Raisins and spice to taste.

L. R.

WACOUSTA.

FRIED POTATOES.—Peel and wash your potatoes; have ready in your frying-pan some fried meat grease, hot; slice the potatoes thinly, sprinkle enough salt over them to season, give them a good stir with a knife and cover. Do not let them fry too fast; stir often from the bottom. When done they will be a nice brown. Our family think they are "boss," and would eat them three times a day. Sweet apples steamed are far better than baked.

MRS. M. C. M.

SISTER LAKES

CODFISH BALLS.—Buy a pound of boneless codfish, white and free from taint. Soak it in warm water for an hour, pick it up fine and put on the stove in cold water. When the water is hot taste it, and if too salt, pour off the water and put on more cold. Do not let it boil; boiling toughens it. Press it dry, then pick up all lumps, removing the bones. Add an equal bulk of hot mashed potatoes, well mashed and beaten with a fork until they are light and creamy. Mix the fish and potatoes thoroughly, adding a lump of butter the size of an egg, pepper and a beaten egg. Make into cakes with the hands. These can be made over night and fried for breakfast in a little hot butter.

B.

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.

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