

MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, OCTOBER 26, 1886.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE WIFE.

Care not a whit what your life-work may be.
Not half of the pleasure of earth will you see,
Unless you are blessed with a good, prudent wife
And rosy-cheeked children to brighten your life.

Your servants may keep e'en your slightest command.

Your wishes be granted, though humble or grand
But if in your home there is no loving wife—
No child to caress—there's a blank in your life.

Your fame as a writer may ring round the earth,
Your wisdom and virtue be praised at each hearth
And all may honor and love you through life;
But still you'll miss something unless you've a wife.

The earth you may girdle with rails for your cars
And work shops erect till they're thick as the stars.

And millions of wealth you may mine from the earth:

But more than all this is a loving wife worth.

No one but a niggardly muff of a man,
A life for self only would lazily plan.
Whoever deserves the rich bounty of earth,
Would share with a partner the joys of his hearth.

Whatever you do, take a sensible wife,
To share in the sunshine or shadow of life,
And then don't neglect her, but act like a man,
And you will be happy if any one can.

—M. A. Chesley.

CARE OF TABLE LINEN.

It is one of the instincts of a good housekeeper to desire and take pride in a plentiful supply of table-linen. The linen closet in an old English country house, is the pleasure of both mistress and housekeeper, and the stores of fine damask, fragrant with lavender and rose-leaves, would delight and astonish our American women, many of whom find it possible to "get along" with the requisite number of every day tablecloths and napkins, and a couple of "extra fine" for company days. Our grandmothers took much more pride and interest in such things than do their degenerate daughters, and no young woman was thought prepared for marriage till she had provided a liberal supply of linen for her housekeeping, and more often than otherwise her own hands prepared the flax and wove the fabric. I have a table-cloth now which was part of my grandmother's trousseau; and which came from Scotland in 1808; it is marked with her initials in old-fashioned cross-stitch. I often wish I knew more of her history, and though I can perhaps guess with what trepidation she crossed the ocean to this new world, so different from that she had hitherto known, would like to know the story of her girlhood, and how the liquid Italian name of Beatrice came to be prefixed to the far less

mellifluous "Dempster" which betrayed her Welsh origin.

But I was not intending to inflict my speculations about a grandmother long since dust and ashes, upon a helpless audience. Girls now-days spend their energy and money upon their dresses, and if the parlors are prettily furnished, the shelves of the linen closet may be as bare as a mountain-top for all they care. I think one of the most pathetic scenes in "The Mill on the Floss," one truest to the nature of such a woman as "Mrs. Tulliver," is that in which she is pictured in the store-room, previous to the family council over her husband's misfortunes, with one of her linen chests open before her, her silver and china, too precious to see daylight often, unwrapped and laid out around her, and her tears falling in a copious shower upon one of her best table-cloths which she held in her ample lap. "And they're all to be sold, and go into strange people's houses, and perhaps be cut with the knives, and wore out before I'm dead," she says, as she gazes with wet eyes upon her household treasures. The modern woman has her Limoges and "old blue," the woman of a past century had her silver tea-pot and table linen for her Lares and Penates.

Table-linen, say the authorities on laundry topics, should be washed by itself; all stains should be removed by hot water before being put to soak. To do this most easily, lay the spot over a large bowl and turn a stream of boiling water from the tea-kettle directly upon it. The spot that this process will not remove, unless it is ink or wine, must stay there. Ink-stains are most readily removed by soaking while fresh in sweet milk. If soaked over night, all that is needful is to rub the pieces through the hands, pass them through the wringer and let them scald in the boiler while the other clothes are being prepared for it, then into the rinsing and bluing waters, though why a blue tint should be preferred to spotless white or to the ecru of age, is a conundrum I am not prepared to answer. Let the bluing be very sparingly used, if used at all; it is "only a notion" that clothes look better when blued.

I much prefer unstarched cloths and napkins; I do not like a table that seems unapproachable by reason of the stiff linen which repels my advances; nor a napkin which resembles a shingle in flexibility and ability to stay where it is put without being nailed there. But a very old and worn cloth may have a little body given it in its last days by a very slight starching.

This should be done after the pieces have been through the bluing water, and the starch should be quite thin, or the linen will be too "starchy." A quarter of a pound of good starch will make two quarts of liquid starch; a part of this may be diluted fully one-half for a very venerable table cloth. To make linen glossy, pour a pint of boiling water on two ounces of gum arabic, let stand over night, strain through fine muslin, and put into a bottle. A table-spoonful of this in the starch gives a new appearance to the goods.

There is a little art to be exercised in handling the table-cloths, especially long heavy ones, when they are being hung on the line. Pull them straight and even, first, then hang upon a firm line, never allowing any part to come over a knot on the line, or a post, as this makes a projection which will not iron out without a good deal of trouble. To be whipped on the line by the wind, injures linen more than wear. Take them from the line while damp, and shake and pull them straight again; do not throw them in a heap into a basket or on a table, but fold evenly, sprinkle a trifle more if necessary, and roll in a damp towel. Linen should be ironed singly to bring out the pattern well; then fold lengthwise and iron with the selvedge toward you. If linen is ironed, while quite damp, until perfectly dry, no starch is necessary; the goods will have a pliable stiffness very different from that which starch gives. Have the irons hot, and the board covered with several thicknesses of flannel laid perfectly smooth under the ironing cloth, otherwise there will be streaks in the linen. Remember, though, that your irons should never be heated red hot, for if they are, they lose the capacity to retain heat, and also their smoothness. For ordinary roughness, to remove starch, etc., rub the irons on coarse salt on a bit of brown paper, and then rub them with a little beeswax tied in a bit of cloth. Have two holders; it will rest and cool your hand to change. A piece of old boot top covered with stout jeans or drilling makes a good holder.

Save the ravelings when hemming your table-cloths to darn them with; or, better, buy a spool of fine linen floss. A break, if carefully darned in its infancy, can be entirely concealed.

Monograms and fancy initials, though very pretty when well designed, are no longer in the fashion, the present mode being a *fac simile* of the owner's signature. Write the name plainly upon a bit of paper, then trace it upon the linen, as to attempt to write upon the uneven goods

would make the lines stiff and awkward. Then trace the lines with marking cotton and sew over this in what is called "cording" stitch, which is simply sewing the thread over and over. Such a signature, worked in colored cotton, looks its best when traced diagonally across the corner of the napkin ready folded for the table. The initial letters may be in different colors from the remainder of the signature.

BEATRIX.

THE HUSBAND'S HOME DUTY.

After reading a "Hint to Mankind," by Luna, of Bedford, I thought perhaps some of the gentlemen of the HOUSEHOLD would like to learn how to have cheerful wives. I have read somewhere, "Better than gold to a man is a cheerful wife." But I would like to ask if you think the husband tries as hard to maintain the cheerful disposition as he does to hoard up his riches? Ah, I fear not, for how many times think you during the year, or even in a month, does he come home cross and fretful, finding fault with everything. No matter how hard she has tried in his absence to make things pleasant for him on his return, he meets her with a cross look, finds fault with the children, curses the dog and kicks the cat, by way of letting the family know that he is "out of sorts," as he terms it, and things have "got to stand around."

Such a man is an ornament to any home, I hope that none of our HOUSEHOLD band have such husbands, but you have all without doubt seen just such men, whose wives must endure their fractious tempers. I tell you a man must do his part toward making the wife cheerful and the home happy. It is easy enough for a man to marry a happy woman, but the bride expectant, when she thought how happy she would be, never contemplated the picture of a husband coming home cross as a bear and going to bed without speaking to her. But in a few days this man begins to feel ashamed of his bad behavior, and on returning from town brings her a sixpenny calico apron or a set of jelly tins, as a sort of peace offering. He is the same man whose "ha, ha," reaches from one end of the street to the other; one would naturally say, "What a jolly good soul he is, to be sure." But his laughter is only a hollow mockery. In my experience with human nature, the man who is so very nice away from home is just the one to look out for at home. He is generally the one who fails to hold out good weight, for the place to measure a man is at his own fireside. The man who spreads his laughter through his life is the one who is needed; he comes into his own home like a flood of sunshine, and the neighborhood, even, is better by his having lived in it.

I think that men as a rule do not over-exert themselves to secure their wives' happiness. They know that it requires a constant and great effort to accumulate property and to be secure in its possession in the midst of constant commercial changes. The cheerfulness, the happy hopeful character which every woman displays at the beginning of marriage, is not so easily lost as a fortune; they think it requires but a small share of attention.

But it does require attention, just the same; and those who forget this will find that it is possible to lose a treasure as precious as a woman's cheerfulness—yes, a woman's love. But I would add, to keep the balance even, it should be said that the wife must do her part to have a cheerful husband. When each seeks to confer happiness on the other, then home becomes a foretaste of heaven, as every home should be. Make some sacrifice every day for each other, if you would have a quiet, pleasant thought at night, and then the good angel will have something to record to your credit for that day.

OLD HUNDRED.

A GAME FOR THE CHILDREN.

The long winter evenings are enjoyable and profitable to young and old, if only well employed. There is no surer way of keeping children safe at home than making the evenings at home pleasant. Games, interesting books, puzzles, all adjuncts to home pleasures, should be brought into requisition. Then there are other games, "proverbs," "buried cities," "quizzes" on books just read, conundrums, which amuse a group of young people very charmingly. A game of this kind which is quite new is played in this fashion: Each in turn asks a question, as "I planted a letter and what came up?" to which the others guess the answer. There would be little merit in guessing "tea," or "pea" as an answer. "I planted a color and what came up?" would provoke the answer "Lavender." "A bird in tatters" if planted might produce a "ragged robin,"—the name of a flower; a "parting request" might bring a "forget-me-not." What question would you ask to have the answer "a dandy-lion?" Why, you would "plant Oscar Wilde." Ingenuity is required, and thoughtfulness, for the questions and answers require considerable thought sometimes.

A ROSE WITH THORNS.

If I were not the matter-of-fact, business, plain pink and white Rose that I am, I might stop and argue with our melancholy young man who is skulking about the HOUSEHOLD woodshed, only daring to peep in now and then, for fear of the girls. Perhaps I might even invite him to Brier Creek, and convince him the truth of what I said, but no! business is too pressing. I want to give some uses for the useless:

A braided straw cuff, such as gentlemen wear to protect the sleeve, gilded and decorated with a ribbon bow and hung by ribbons makes a very pretty whisk-broom holder. Baking-powder cans, if bright inside, are nice for jelly. Tie cotton over the top for cover. The "silk" of common milkweed can be made into lovely plaques and holiday cards. The fluffy ends are tied together so as to form a pompon, the seed ends being outward. Leave the seeds on the outside row and tip them with gilt. Save your old "bonanzas." When you build a new house, that old bureau will be just what you want. Have the carpenter set it in the wall, under the chimney, or in the cellar-way, up-stairs, or in your closet. You don't know how handy they are. You can have your bottomless

chairs re-bottomed with perforated board very cheaply, and they are just the thing for the kitchen, and the children's rooms.

I am a teacher, and find that a great many children consider their parents devoid of brains and wanting in intelligence. Oh, parents, this ought not to be! Get Barnes' Health Primer, (published by A. G. Barnes & Co., Chicago,) cost 20 cents; and the Child's Book of Nature, published by Harper Bros., N. Y., cost \$1; do as the teacher does, prepare your lesson first and see what delightful evenings you will spend and how your children will learn to turn to you when they are in doubt for themselves, and not say as children say to me every day, "O! ma don't know, she never knows."

Some one please do try it and tell us the result.

Young-Man-Afraid-of-the-Girls, please turn the pancakes while the rest of the HOUSEHOLD eat their breakfast.

WILD ROSE.

BRIER CREEK.

FALL WORK AMONG THE FLOWERS.

It is now time to lift dahlias, gladiolus, etc. There are so many lost by decay that perhaps a hint on the subject will not be amiss. If they are taken up while the weather is mild they can be spread in the garden on boards and remain a few days; if the nights are cold, cover enough to prevent injury. When gladiolus bulbs are dry remove the tops, leaving an inch or two, put in paper bags, and hang in the cellar or spread in shallow boxes. Care should be taken with dahlias not to break the stems next the tubers, as around them the most of the sprouts start. Lift carefully instead of pulling them from the ground, and after they have been dried as recommended above, cut away the stalks within eight or ten inches of the tubers and store in any frost-proof place, where they will be as free as possible from mould. They do well packed in sand if it is well dried; but whatever method is tried they require attention, and if any are decayed they should be removed.

The weather is so fine and dahlias at this season bloom so well we defer lifting usually as long as possible, and if a sudden freeze should surprise the unwary the tubers can be put under shelter a few days before storing for winter. Tuberoses and tigridias must have warm dry quarters, and their removal from the garden be not too long delayed. Cannas and caladiums can be treated as dahlias. There seems to be only a few who raise caladiums and tritomas. We have them and find they are quite attractive to visitors, especially the tritoma with its fiery spikes of flowers.

There has been such a long season of drouth, causing a suspension of growth of flowers and fear of destruction to our gardens, that now when everything is fresh and gay it seems a trial to part with it all. The planting of bulbs for spring and potting for winter, and all the necessary preparations for another year engage the mind in hopeful, trusting employment, and teach the repining heart a lesson of resignation to Nature's changes.

I attended Milford fair and secured my

full share of blue tickets, and also enjoyed much kindness and attention from officers and assistants. I missed meeting many friends I had hoped to see at Fenton fair by being too ill to attend after placing my flowers for exhibition.

FENTON.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

WINTER CLOAKS.

I have made a tour of inspection among our leading dry goods houses, looking over dress-goods, cloaks and bonnets "for the benefit of my constituents." Our beautiful autumnal weather has made trade in these goods very slow, and merchants are in no hurry about bringing them forward. For winter cloaks there are two distinctive styles, the very long and the very short. The long cloaks are of cloth, and nearly all have the sling sleeves now so popular on mantles. These sleeves are quite graceful and pretty, but a pattern is indispensable. It takes from $4\frac{1}{4}$ to $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of goods, 52 inches wide, to make these long garments, which entirely conceal the dress except a narrow margin at the bottom. Velvet and astrachan are used for trimmings. Newmarkets will be worn this year, but are not so new and stylish as the long cloaks described. Materials are English home-spun cloths, diagonals, and very fine mixed checks.

But nearly everyone will admire most the coats and mantles, which are short enough to display a pretty dress. At one of our large importing houses we were shown mantles in seal plush, having short backs, sling sleeves and long fronts, edged with plush ball trimming, and lined with quilted satin, which would cost about 70 bushels of wheat at present prices. Another of the same style, fur bordered, was ticketed at \$45. The same style in *frise* velvet, which is a woolen goods somewhat resembling uncut velvet, in brocade patterns, with fur borders, ranged from \$20 to \$35. It is a peculiarity of the cloak business that no matter how little goods it takes to make a wrap the price never shrinks in proportion to the size of the garment. Perhaps as good value for the money as we saw anywhere was a *frise* velvet visite at \$20; this had small sleeves, not of the new sling shape, long fronts, a short back and fairly good satin lining, and was trimmed with a band of fur bordered with tails. Collars of fur are not worn this year; a band of the fur encircles the neck and may or may not trim the front.

But the prettiest wear for young ladies and misses, especially those who have tolerably pretty figures, are the jackets so popular this fall, and which in heavier goods will be worn all winter. Boucle cloth and astrachan are favorite materials, though there are smooth finished cloths and those checked and striped with heavier threads. The astrachan ranges in price from \$4 to \$7 and \$9 per yard, but is very wide. Some of the handsome cloths just described are \$5 to \$7 per yard. But it *does not pay* to get cheap cloth for a cloak. One of our city girls, who gives her whole soul to her spring and fall outfits for a couple of weeks semi-annually and then dismisses the subject of clothes from her mind entirely, is having made a street suit of brown serge, which will have a perfectly plain skirt bordered eight inches

deep with brown astrachan, long back drapery, an apron overskirt looped high on the hip at the left, with a rever of astrachan, wide at the belt and narrowing to a point at the bottom. The side front looks as if it had been turned back to show the astrachan facing. There are cuffs and a deep collar of astrachan on the basque—a collar somewhat resembling in shape the old-fashioned muffler; the high standing collar of astrachan has attached to it a deep-pointed collar or cape which fits the shoulders exactly and is fastened in front with a clasp. With this she will wear a double-breasted jacket of astrachan, and a brown felt hat with its upturned brim faced with astrachan; shaded orange wings and brown picot-edged velvet ribbon trim the hat, and all the girls say it is "just too perfectly sweet for anything."

With these jackets will be worn long boas wound about the neck, with muffs of the same fur. I picked up one of the latter in a fur store the other day and was informed muffs are to be worn larger this winter. Other ladies will add to their jackets a band of fur which will extend round the neck, down one front, and end in a point at the waist line; the sleeves will be edged with fur, and a muff to match transforms the fall jacket into a winter coat.

Mink is coming into fashion again; one of the prettiest seal plush mantles at Buhl's had a full border of "prime" mink, and mink muffs, collars and boas are fairly numerous in fur stores.

Many ladies who possess handsome fur-lined circulars are reserving them for carriage wear, or use in the severest weather, and are having mantles made like their dresses, which are warmly wadded, often with an interlining of chamois, which they will wear except on those days when the mercury crawls down the tube of the thermometer and curls up in the bulb. The lining of such a wrap is not the task it was before the lining, of satin or satteen, could be bought, ready quilted, by the yard, for seventy-five cents to two dollars, according to quality. These wraps are trimmed with fur or feather trimming.

The present seems the "go-as-you-please" era in Fashion, as a walk down the avenue one of these lovely afternoons will convince the most sceptical. What infinite genius our milliners must have! for of the hundreds of bonnets one sees on such a promenade no two are alike, or trimmed alike, and rarely one sees the same bird or wing twice. So with dresses and wraps, an infinite variety, infinitely diversified. So the outfit is becoming, harmonious as a whole, and well-fitting, one is well dressed in anything. Some ladies manage to give that indefinable something we call "style" to even the plainest materials by the manner in which they adjust them, while others look dowdy in the richest fabrics. One thing is certain, I never saw the time when one could dress so well and so tastefully, if they but know how, on so little money.

BEATRIX.

AN INQUIRY RENEWED.—Can no one tell me how to make potato yeast? Long live the HOUSEHOLD; and many blessings rest on its Editor. BESS. [Thanks, Bess, but the blessing the HOUSEHOLD Editor is most in need of at the moment is more letters for the little paper.]

HOUSEWORK FOR GIRLS.

I have been thinking seriously for many a month on the subject of teaching young girls to do housework, as continually recommended in the newspapers. To thoroughly learn housekeeping in all its trying details would engage the time and energies of any young person to the exclusion of most other studies; at least preclude the possibility of doing them justice. Which is more essential! The majority of girls are receiving an education with the view to its use as a means of livelihood when completed or to fall back upon in the future if necessary, and very few will choose housework as a trade. For although it may not detract from one's own self-respect to do kitchen work, it cannot be denied that it rather sinks one in the social scale, and gives the least chance for refinement or mental culture. It is not a well paid business, as there are so many cheap hands to work at it. It is such cheap help, whose ways of doing work, no doubt by their inefficiency, are the cause of so much writing on the subject. I believe in a thorough and practical knowledge of all or any business I assume, and if I were to choose that for a business would hope to be paid for my services in proportion to my abilities, which I certainly should not be at present rates. Hence I conclude that housework is not a paying occupation, and is not far from degrading, giving the least show for mental culture or recreation; and that it is consequently an undesirable vocation. There are very few of us girls who could not cook a plain, healthful meal, and all the details recommended for our practice and study would only interfere with our chosen business. I hope to hear some candid opinions on this subject, as I am one of the girls.

HONOR GLINT.

LIFE IN NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

We began our experiment by taking up homestead land on pine plains. The soil is sand and gravel, principally gravel, with a good growth of herd grass, huckleberry bushes, sweet fern and wild strawberry vines.

We have proved that beans, rye and buckwheat do well with one plowing; and wheat, corn, potatoes and all kinds of garden stuff flourish after the ground has been enriched. We have no trouble in having ripe tomatoes by the middle of July. Clover is easily grown. We have three varieties of corn which will ripen when planted by the middle of May. The most this soil needs is thorough cultivation. We know we can succeed better on gravel plains than on hardwood timber lands.

We live near a beautiful lake, on which we spend some very pleasant hours. One point on the lake shore is called "Stony Bluff." It is a bank composed of layers of limestone, rising perpendicularly thirty or forty feet from the water; some of the stones are covered with moss, and a few small trees are working hard to get their heads to the top. Near "Stony Bluff" are an Indian graveyard and orchard. The graveyard is grown up to brush, but still shows some of the graves, with a picket driven at one end. When it was first

found, about fifteen years ago, it was fenced with pickets driven in the ground. The orchard occupies about five acres, on which the Indians planted wild plum and apple trees, which bear fruit every year. There are large Norway, white pine, spruce and balsam trees scattered over the place; the limbs have grown like shelves from the ground up. The present owner of the land has put improvements on it. There have been no Indians here for years.

SPINSTER HOMESTEADER.
PRESQUE ISLE COUNTY.

SCRAPS.

I LONG ago "gave up the job" of revolutionizing the world and making it run according to my notions. I claim for myself a liberty of opinion which I am willing to grant to others, no matter how much in error I believe them to be. But there are some of humanity's mistakes which I regret, because of their unfortunate consequences to others,—helpless ones who must submit to the treatment they receive because they are too weak to resent it. Therefore, when a pasty-faced, heavy-eyed baby munching a piece of cocoanut cake attracted my attention in the street-car the other day, I felt far more inclined to forgive the little fellow the erratic "grab" with a sticky fist at the bright flower I wore, which left a trail of eake crumbs over my Sunday-go-to-meeting silk, than the mother the ignorance which put such unsuitable food into the hands of so young a child. I know another mother, whose baby, not quite a year old, is permitted to eat peanuts. Naturally, the little one suffers from fevers, "worms," disorders of the bowels, yet, when I remarked that peanuts were so indigestible that really I did not dare eat them myself, and suggested they could hardly be fit food for so young a child, she replied, "Oh, they never seem to hurt her, she eats almost everything." So she does, and suffers for it too, while the doctor, who is "so good in children's illnesses," is growing rich off the ignorance of just such foolish mothers. But how can I help it?

OLD SCHOOL-TEACHER thinks I am too free with my advice to destroy what seems to have no further purpose in being. Possibly I am. I think it tends to increase one's iconoclastic instincts to live in two rooms and a closet. The accumulations must be disposed of in some way; one cannot afford house room for a lot of old duds because they may be wanted as a theatrical wardrobe some day. I read not long since of a woman who had saved all the *old shoes* her children ever wore. She had them in boxes and bags, where they moulded and mildewed in quiet. I knew another who had a mania for saving old hats. Whether she expected to come to poverty some day and relied upon this forsaken gear to drive the wolf away, I don't know. A tidy housekeeper I wot of is in a chronic state of having moths in her carpets; I find the reason of her inability to get rid of them in the closets full of old clothing, cast off suits, etc., in the house. I do not advise the destruction of things that are good for anything, nor those that are still intact, but unfashionable, though I think that

generally the more immediate use we make of such things, if there is any further use in them, the better. But I stick to my cremation notions, and I really don't know but my fondness for purification by fire will lead me to direct "my body to be burned" at death. A coal fire, I assure Old School Teacher, will destroy every vestige of old hoopskirts, etc.

SHALL the wife be conversant with the details of her husband's business?" Take out the phrase relating to "the details," and I would say yes, unqualifiedly. But that clause seems to imply a wider and more comprehensive acquaintance than most women can maintain, in addition to their own housekeeping and family cares. Does it not? I believe a wife should know her husband's exact financial position, his debts, his means to satisfy them, the outcome of his ventures, his speculations—before he goes into them; some men who have been taken in by Bohemian oats and bonded wheat schemes would have been better off had they listened to their wives—and the results, the acreage of crops, the amount of live stock on the farm, etc. When to such knowledge is added a just understanding of the expense of carrying on the business she can determine about how the family expenditures should be gauged, to keep the outgoes in relative proportion to the income. Such knowledge is her right, as partner in the business; not a favor to be granted or withheld at her husband's pleasure. Since economy and extravagance are relative terms, how can he justly reproach her with either, if she is in ignorance of his financial status? Is not such general understanding of her husband's position and prospects as is outlined above, as much as can be justly expected from the wife, who is mother, nurse, and has also taken a "master workman's" degree in the Order of General Housework? Yet I believe the happiest homes are those which have a common interest; where the wife understands her husband's work and can talk it over with him intelligently, and where he is not disdainful of a proposed change in arrangement of furniture—in a word, where what is uppermost in the mind of one is interesting to the other. But there's a great difference in men—and women as well. Some have great contempt for "the women folks'" opinions on any subjects beyond buttons and bread, while some wives are not content to suggest and inspire, but would rule if they could. I have small respect for those who disdain knowledge of the breadwinner's work, and while spending the proceeds of his toil profess to know nothing of how it was gained. I did hear once of a girl who professed not to know the limits of her father's farm; she "hated farming" and married a man who "clerked" in a store because he was "so genteel," and if she does not daily wish she had not done it, then I'm not

BEATRIX.

"NO NAME" puzzles us somewhat by the following: "Writing for the HOUSEHOLD reminds me of a remark I once heard a neighbor make in regard to the county fair, expressing herself thus: 'I would not like

to take anything to the fair unless I had something nice, and if I had anything real nice I would not like to take it.' And yet, strange to say, no one enjoyed the fair more than she; three days were none too much to spend on the grounds; but if the fair should prove a failure somebody would be to blame."

WHAT has become of Mrs. R. D. P., Aunts Bessie, Sue, Mary, Lucy and Jennie, and all the other aunts; and Evangeline, Serena Stew, who ought to stir us up again, Mertie, whom we have missed so long, our lady of the Moonshine, from far away Mapleton, our girls, like Temperance, Violet, and Teeny? We remember many others, whom we would be glad to hear from again, and whom we hope will respond to this plea for "more copy."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A LIQUID glue that is always ready for use can be made by filling a glass jar with bits of broken glue and putting over it acetic acid. Place the jar in water over the fire until the glue is all dissolved and the process is complete.

"GRAPE CURE" is practised in France and Germany in the autumn, and is regarded as a cure for many diseases due to high-feeding. The patient is given a pound of grapes to eat the first day. This amount is added to until the person can eat five or six pounds a day. The other food is gradually lessened, and the diet at last consists entirely of grapes. It cures obesity and many other complaints, and starts the person off on a new lease of life. Fruit is a necessity in a rational diet, and of immense value in dietetic medicine.

Contributed Recipes.

CHICKEN CHEESE.—Boil two chickens tender, remove the bones, chop fine, and season with salt, pepper and sage. Place in a deep dish, moisten with the liquor they were boiled in, press and slice when cold with a sharp knife.

PICKLED CABBAGE.—Take purple cabbage, quarter and slice lengthwise, pack in a jar tightly, sprinkle salt between each layer; let stand over night; then drain by turning the jar bottom upwards on a board or plate; heat good vinegar spiced with cinnamon, cloves, ginger root and black or red pepper, pour over scalding hot; heat the vinegar the third time, after standing two or three days each time. This will keep until next sheep-shearing, if not used.

FRUIT COOKIES.—One cup butter; two and one-half cups brown sugar; three eggs; one cup chopped raisins; one teaspoonful soda; two tablespoonfuls sour milk; all kinds of spice. Mix, and cut as cookies, and bake.

BREAD CAKE.—After kneading your bread, save three teacupfuls of dough; add one and a half cups sugar; one cup butter; two eggs; one cup raisins; one grated nutmeg. Work with the hand thoroughly, put in your pan and let stand in a warm place to rise before baking.

SPONGE CREAM CAKE.—Beat two eggs in a coffee cup until light, and then fill the cup with sour cream; add one cup sugar, one teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, one and a half cups flour, with the soda and cream of tartar sifted in. Bess.