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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

VIVAT REX.

There's a tyrant who rules with a scepter of night,
His subjects are legion, and black, brown or white,

From equator to pole they acknowledge his right,

And are steadfast and loyal and true.
His mandates are honored in feverish haste,
And deference paid to each whim of his taste,
His speech is with infinite eloquence graced,
And yet he says nothing but "goo."

How long has he reigned? Since the world was begun,

And his reign will endure till its glories are done.
There's nothing so wonderful under the sun

As this king who has nothing to do
But to eat and to sleep and be always on hand
To enslave a new subject or give a command
Which they fly to obey, for they all understand,
Although he says nothing but "goo."

Ah, velvety despot, how silken your chains!
How cherished your bondage o'er all earthly gains;

How sweeter your voice than celestial strains,
As you lie in your cradle and coo.

No monarch e'er reigned with a sway so complete
Whose subjects so abjectly kneeled at his feet,
Whose rule was so dear and whose thralldom so sweet

As this one who says nothing but "goo."

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

The newest and prettiest covers I have seen for the two perfume bottles and pincushion which constitute a "toilet set" are made of paper. Take a sheet of the finest French tissue paper, which is almost like thin silk in texture, by the centre and draw it through the hands till it is creased in fine crape-like folds. Cut innumerable half circles out of this, crimp them in the hand and arrange them overlapping each other, on a satin foundation which has been securely sewed on the bottles; the half circles are pinched together a little, till they resemble large rose leaves in shape, and are then fastened in an upright position to the satin by stitches or a little gum arabic. The effect is as if the handsome cut glass stoppers of the bottles rose from a mass of rich dark red rose petals. A full puff of plush to match finishes the base and conceals the bottom of the bottles. The cushion is covered with satin, a plush puff surrounds it, and the top is covered in the same way as the bottles, the half-circles being arranged in such a manner as to make the top somewhat round in shape, and allow one corner to be covered with a full bow of picot-edged ribbon, from which the leaves seem to radiate.

A very pretty pincushion, made after the style described in last week's HOUSEHOLD, was on exhibition at one of our fancy stores.

The three bags are of old gold satin, about four inches broad by six in height, the tops fringed and tied with ribbons of the same color. Each bag was hand-painted in a design of delicate wild flowers, and several loops of old gold ribbon were set in where the three bags were united at the top.

Cover a thin board eighteen inches square with plush of any color preferred, though cardinal or dark blue are best. Screw loops to the back to hang it up diamond-wise on the wall. On it fasten a little holly-wood bracket, or a cheaper one gilded, with a little vase or other ornament upon it. Or arrange a cluster of autumn leaves or thistle pompons on it, under a bow of ribbon.

For an elderly lady, or an invalid, a pillow filled with pine needles—the foliage of the balsam fir being thought most aromatic—is a suitable gift. Make a drilling case for the needles, then a slip of ecru or gray linen, embroidered with a suitable motto, as "Give me of thy balm, Oh fir-tree." A hop pillow, for feverish, restless heads, can be made in the same fashion, with the design a graceful cluster of leaves and hops.

A cradle quilt is a nice gift for the small person who is too young to appreciate it, but whose mother will be grateful for the attention. The materials are two yards of cheese cloth, double, and place a layer of wool between. Baste the edges together. To tack it together, take a needleful of worsted, double, and beginning underneath, make six long loops for the daisy, then sew a bit of yellow worsted for the centre of the daisy. These daisies may be set in diamonds or squares, over the quilt, and the edge finished with a cord to match the daisies, or a border of shells crocheted on it. These little quilts are light and warm, without heaviness.

Leggings for an infant are knitted as follows; they are intended to come up well around the body: Use medium sized bone or wooden needles, and Germantown yarn. Cast on thirty stitches on each of three needles, and join like a stocking. Knit a piece four or five inches deep, then separate the stitches in half for the legs, and knit separately. When near the ankle, take off the stitches on to smaller needles, and complete the knitting with these.

A wall pocket of new design seen at one of the bazars would be suitable as a gift for a gentleman, or as "the booby prize" at a progressive euchre party. The edge of a palm-leaf fan was cut off, and the fan gilded. Five playing cards—the seven and eight spots being chosen—formed the

pocket. Above the pocket, on the gilded surface, was the legend "Such a hand!" in fancy letters, and as if to answer the question "What's trumps?" the jack of diamonds was pasted cornerwise above. It was "cute," and provoked many a laugh.

GIRLS IN THE KITCHEN.

I would not advise Honor Glint to spend many more months of precious time thinking on the subject of teaching girls housework unless she makes sure she will arrive at a different conclusion, in some respects than she admits in a recent number of the HOUSEHOLD.

If I were seeking an occupation which would pay the best in dollars and cents, I am not sure I should accept housework as such, though a thorough knowledge of the art is found indispensable to most women, and those who can and will perform the labor the best will always command higher wages than the "slouch." Girls are apt to set their mark high, and that is commendable if they do not get it out of sight of their talent. They expect to make teaching or some other worthy profession a life work; if they will stick to it, all right, but in nine cases out of ten the first good offer of marriage they receive they accept, then good-by to former resolutions. If they are lucky enough then to live without doing any housework they surely should know when others perform the work for them properly. I cannot believe that it takes all the years of a girl's life from the time she is tall enough to wash dishes until old enough to have a house of her own (and that is a questionable age) to learn enough of housework to make the domestic machinery run something after the manner of clockwork. A girl's education is not finished (as if one's education is ever finished!) until she studies and practices domestic economy. So it appears to me to be the best or one of the best branches of education to "fall back upon."

I have yet to see the case where honest labor degrades the person who performs it, but on the other hand we frequently see people degrade labor. We sometimes see girls who work in the kitchen more refined than the lady (?) of the establishment. I am very well acquainted with a girl who quite often lends me a hand in hurrying times, who makes housework her business and who commits many a poem to memory while mopping the floor or washing dishes; she mixes the poetry and prose of life, and I never knew of the dishwater degrading the poems. Girls who are afraid of coming in

contact with housework for fear of reducing their character or reputation are usually content to sit in the parlor and let their mothers do the work. There seems to be in the history of most girls two or three distinct periods. One is when they are waiting for a mission, another a silly or sentimental one, and one a very smart one. They usually succumb to each for a short time, afterward rally, and finally come out the wiser and better for their experiences, and make useful women.

SUSAN NIPPER.

HOUSEWORK FOR GIRLS AGAIN

I have long been an interested reader of the *HOUSEHOLD*, and have often thought I should like to help a little, when our editor has made a plea for "more copy;" but have never been "inspired particularly" until today, when reading Honor Glint on "Housework for Girls."

To her and all others who are of the opinion that housework "is not a paying occupation," "is not far from degrading," and gives "the least show for mental culture and recreation" I would say, contrast the following cases from the lives of two of my own friends.

One has had a good education, taught school some; but is now clerking in a store, at five dollars a week. She pays three dollars and a half for her board and fifty cents for washing and ironing, and has one dollar left at the end of the week. She works from seven o'clock in the morning, until seven or eight at night, Saturday nights until ten; is so "dead tired" she can't read or sew, consequently has to hire her sewing done. Lots of times she has for mental culture and recreation, and that's paying business too; but then it isn't degrading.

Now the other, thrown on her own resources when young, and with limited education, had nothing but dressmaking or housework to choose from. She sensibly chose the latter.

She does the kitchen work in a large family, at three dollars a week, manages her work so that she is rarely in the kitchen after the dinner dishes are done. Time is given her to do her own sewing, her evenings are her own, and she finds time to read the daily papers, many good books, and at odd moments crochets and makes rick-rack.

She makes visits when she wishes, but of course keeps within bounds, dresses well at all times, and I am sure no one who knows her would feel that she is degraded, in the least.

After helping a sister in school and dressing herself, I warrant she has saved more than the first has left, after paying for board and washing, and surely she will be fully as capable of making a good housekeeper, when she has one of her own. If housework is degrading to the girls, it cannot be very elevating to those of us who are obliged to do our own, and somebody must do it.

If Mrs. Whitney's story, "The Other Girls," might only be realized in life, it seems to me there would be many homes much better ordered, and lots of girls happier and better protected than now.

LEOTI.

THE HOUSEWORK QUESTION.

I want to ask Aunt Polly if the "dear lady friends" she refers to were doing housework as a regular business, or trade, as that was my meaning, and I think quite clearly expressed. Superintending the baking of pastry or doing light housekeeping for one's self, may not interfere materially with recreation or mental culture; but to read, write or study for improvement while engaged from "early morn 'till dewy eve" in all the domestic cares and toil expected from paid help—the same work that is generally conceded to be the ruin of health and minds of so many married women at the present time—I think would prove a discouraging task. Perhaps one might create a poem while dressing vegetables or denuding a chicken for dinner, or lay out a neat little plot for a story while blacking the stove or scrubbing the kitchen floor, but a few years at such tasks would be likely to quench poetic fires and obliterate all taste for romancing. As to the respectability of this sort of work there is no question about it; it certainly does not elevate one if followed as a business; at least I possess no proofs of it. Therefore one must degenerate if mind and body are constantly employed in work that is mainly coarse and disagreeable, and that is the part which devolves upon hired help.

It is natural for us all to have ambitious aspirations to do something in which we may progress, and gain if not distinction at least proficiency in our undertaking, and command suitable esteem for our capabilities. Housework holds out no flattering prospects of the kind, and is a treadmill life deprived of culture, health and enjoyment, and worse at the end than at the beginning. Marriage does not necessarily place every one, as Aunt Polly suggests, "in a dependent position" as is proved by the many sick, maimed, indolent and dissolute husbands who are supported by faithful industrious wives, not to mention the helpless children whose mothers shoulder the duties of both parents. Now, which is the more remunerative and agreeable employment for one so placed, millinery, dressmaking, teaching, painting, or any of the hundreds of useful trades or professions that only require health and energy to excel in, or—housework? And which the more pleasant and profitable for a woman who has not yet any one to "lean on?"

HONOR GLINT.

DETROIT.

SOME OPINIONS.

It is a dark, rainy day, dreary and cheerless, a forerunner of the winter to come, and a reminder that the summer is past; thus the years roll around, seasons change, friends depart, and each year finds us "one year nearer home."

To some the coming winter will be hailed with joy and gladness; bright fires will sparkle and glow, shedding their genial warmth to all around them, while others, the poor homeless ones, will shiver and dread the approaching cold. However, it is not my intention to write a discourse on the weather, but to say a few words to the *HOUSEHOLD* friends. I have been much

interested in the discussion concerning "whistling girls," not that I ever was one, for "if I would nature said I never could." But I have in mind a merry, light-hearted girl whose cheery whistle can be heard "morning, noon and eve," and she doesn't wear her hair short, or think herself strong-minded either. Now don't think I advocate girls whistling; I think it all depends on the "how and when and where," whether it is unladylike or not; but I do think girls ought to learn housework, and not to consider it degrading. I think many get a false impression from the fact so much is said in regard to slighting housework, so as to find time to "improve the mind." I think that with careful arrangement, bearing in mind the old adage, "Let all things be done decently and in order," the work may be properly executed and time found for rest and mental culture. The great trouble is so few avail themselves of their opportunities, but when they have a few leisure moments they are spent in gossip or reading some silly worthless trash with which the country is flooded, to the detriment of other and more educating books and papers, thereby creating a taste for such "mind food," which if indulged in will prove a hindrance rather than a help to anything of a more elevating nature. I think that a girl or woman who understands housework from the greater to the most minute detail, is rather to be respected than otherwise, and instead of being "degraded" by her knowledge is far ahead of one who thinks it beneath her dignity to understand matters so commonplace.

AUNT BECKY.

WACOSTA.

POWER AND INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

This little paper is mostly devoted to the interests of women, still it will do a man no injury to read it, and read it closely too. Perhaps I may be "a day after the fair," but the womanly woman question will never wear out in principle. In finding fault, it is generally said, a woman is harder on her own sex than the man, and again that it is nobody's business but our own, if we are not just so. Evangeline writes well. It is somebody's business, because of the influence it spreads around us. A year ago I spent an evening in a skating rink. There were young girls and boys by the score, from the age of ten to fifteen, school children who were flying on skates, in fine clothes and in all their glory, from seven to ten o'clock and after. A resident told me it was just so every evening the rink was open. In the first place, it is an injury to the children; next it costs money to buy skates and clothing to suit, and still worse, the influence of those who are able is leading on the playmates of those who are not able, and the poor father and mother hate to deny them pleasures. Perhaps many will live to curse the day that their parents showed them so much kindness.

A woman has her allotted station to fill. I think it was Mae who said she hated housework. It is well that a farmer knows some trade, if he is not obliged to work at it. So with a woman, if she can, but

nature has seemed to plan the household duties to the woman, and to her who is the best girl, the best wife and housekeeper there is a world of honor. There is many a woman who drives her husband to the saloon and makes his head swim by disorder, careless indifference, unkindness to his help and company, and a hundred little things she can do, and yet not seem unkind. Yes, a woman can act mean and a man cannot help himself, only to break up his home, and destroy all that we live for; and there is much truth in the spoon and shovel story.

ANTI-OVER.

PLAINWELL.

THE CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY.

NO. II.

As we pass up Vincent Avenue, the main avenue of Chautauqua, we see handsome cottages on every side. At our right, but hidden by the foliage, is Normal Hall, a large handsome building, with the interior finished in chapel style. Soon we come to the meat market with stands, general store, drug store, postoffice and general office of the Chautauqua Circle where, if you please, we will step in and join the class of '90.

The classes of '86, '87, '88, '89 and '90 have united in a plan of erecting a union building for the five classes, to cost about \$5,000, on four lots furnished gratis by the Assembly. It is intended that the building shall have five rooms below, with an audience room and library on the second floor, and it will be used as a rallying place for all members of the five classes, each one having its own headquarters, decorated with class colors, and the grounds ornamented with various class flowers.

Several professors of colleges and ministers of the gospel helped to form the class of '90 and add to its dignity, among them Prof. Barnard, of New York, for nine years assistant editor of *The Century*. So popular did the class become at Chautauqua that two young ladies, members of another class, fled to the woods and buried their badges; returning they enrolled themselves among the '90's and proudly wore the colors of their favorite class. At last reports the buried badges had not sprouted.

The motto of the class is "Redeeming the Time;" the class flower, the tuberose; the name, Pierian, from Pierus, a mountain in Thessaly with deep-flowing springs, sacred to the muses. Pope says:

"Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

And now, as we have paid our fifty cents annual fee and filed our application for membership in this class, we will turn to the left and wend our way to the Amphitheatre and Hall of Philosophy, the chief places of attraction for all Chautauqua. We first pass the School of Languages, and as the windows are all open and we see teacher and pupils engrossed in their books and hear them speak in unknown tongues, it is very hard to pass, but as we are not gifted with omnipresence, and there are at least three places where we would like to be at the same time, we suppress our longing for a knowledge of the languages and pass on.

Soon we reach the Children's Temple and Newton Temple, the latter a very fine museum built in honor of Bishop Newton.

Among the many curiosities there are a tear bottle, and a piece from one of the largest cedar trees of Lebanon. The limb of the tree from which this was taken was broken from the main tree by a storm, and finally secured by Dr. Jessup and sent to America. It was conveyed to the sea by the Maronites with great pomp.

Soon we reach the Amphitheatre, a colossal framework, it can hardly be called a building. It seems that a natural hollow basin was found. This was seated, and a board perhaps a foot in width placed on the ground in front of each seat, then a roof was placed over this, supported by 48 huge wooden pillars heavily braced. This roof is perhaps twenty feet from the ground as you enter, so the whole Amphitheatre is open except at the rear, where the platform, gallery and organ are placed. The aisles, 12 in number, are of the hard packed ground and are quite descending. If, perchance, all the upper seats are taken and you are obliged to descend to the floor, to a novice at descending an inclined plane, or to one possessed of a lame back, this is quite a feat; but one is willing to test their power of muscle that the powers of the mind may be strengthened and that they may enjoy the literary feast which awaits them there. The Amphitheatre will hold 6,000 or 8,000 people and the sight of this wave on wave of human faces, all created in the image of God, yet each possessed of its own distinct individuality, is very touching.

The Chautauqua salute, the blooming of the white lilies, as Dr. Vincent calls it, is a most beautiful sight, as one might well imagine the waving of 6,000 or 8,000 white handkerchiefs might be. This is not often given and seldom unless called for by Dr. Vincent.

On Recognition Day, blue and red programmes had been distributed through the vast audience. Dr. Carlisle, President of Wofford College, S. C., one of the newly elected Counselors, was to speak, and before he appeared upon the platform Dr. Vincent requested that these might be used as a triple salute to him. When he appeared the immense audience seemed a sea of red, white and blue in motion. On another occasion pink, blue and yellow programmes were used as a salute. The scene beggared description. It was so different from anything else ever seen, it made me think Aladdin with his "wonderful lamp" was around.

But we must hasten on, as we are anxious to enter St. Paul's grove and obtain a view of the white hall in the grove, or the Hall of Philosophy, which is built in imitation of the Grecian temple of learning, the Parthenon. This is a roof supported by twenty-four Corinthian pillars. The pillars, cornice and ceiling above are pure white and present a beautiful appearance. Except for the roof above you, you are in the open air, in full view of the lake, in the midst of dense green foliage, and a benediction of peace and blessing fills the place. No one who has ever been at Chautauqua will ever forget the song so often sung here:

"Day is dying in the west,
Heaven is touching earth with rest."

Dr. Vincent conducts the services of the Camp Fire and Vesper Services, which are

always held here, and are of a highly spiritual nature, and one feels like saying with the poet:

"My soul would sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss."

Among the many attractions at Chautauqua were the Schubert Quartet, the champion male quartet of the west, and the Rock band, which consists of two brothers and two sisters of the Till family from England. They played the Fairy bells, selecting many English airs, giving also an imitation of the Westminster chimes. They sang a few solos and quartets and performed upon a variety of musical instruments, among them the ocarina, an instrument modeled after one recently discovered in Pompeii, the xylophone, the streich zither, musical glasses, etc. They exhibited, for the first time in America, the rock harmonicon, a musical instrument which their father spent eleven years in perfecting. It is composed of sixty rocks dug from the Skiddaw Hills, in the north of England. Some of the rocks were five feet in length. The whole number were placed upon a long table and were arranged similar to the keys of a piano, the larger rocks answering to the natural keys and the smaller ones to the black keys. The two brothers and one sister drew from this instrument with large wooden hammers, the most exquisite music. In the construction of the harmonicon the different tones are formed by chipping from the center and edge of the rock to raise or lower the tone.

MRS. W. K. SEXTON.

(To be Continued.)

FOR CHRISTMAS.

I saw a very pretty photograph holder recently which I will try to describe for the benefit of the "Householders." It was of bronze green plush lined with pink satin. The beauty was in its simplicity, the exquisite combination of colors, and the elegance of the material. Take a piece of plush about eighteen inches long and three inches wider than a cabinet photograph is long. Cut the satin of the same size, seam together and then turn, carefully blind-stitching the part that was left open to enable you to turn it. Then take two rows of ribbon about sixteen inches long and fasten about two inches from the top and bottom. Fold the case together (the long way) and fasten the ribbon with fancy silk stitches just as far from the outer edges as from the middle, allowing room between the fastenings for a few photographs to slip in easily. Finish with a pink bow on the upper corner. When done it is folded like a book.

Those making mittens for Christmas should remember that the proper thing in that line now is the Jersey mitten—that is, knit one and seam one throughout the entire hand and the thumb. They fit beautifully to the hand and are very pretty.

Among the nicest books for the young that I have seen this year are the "Stories of the Nations." Boys and girls in their "teens," as well as the older members of the family, will enjoy them. It is history in a very attractive form. Among the magazines for children which I have never seen mentioned in the *HOUSEHOLD* is *Our Little Men and Women*. The magazine is very nice for young children, and the price (\$1)

puts it in the reach of many who could not afford *Wide Awake* or *St. Nicholas*.

Don't spend much on toys or candies for the children. A child is just as happy with a few playthings as with a house full. If you give candy make it at home, saving expense and making much pleasure to the little ones thereby. And here is a new recipe with which we have good success: To a cup of sugar add a fourth as much water, boil eight minutes, remove from the stove and beat until it is nearly cold; make into balls with the fingers and press half an English walnut on the top of each. It is very easily made and there is none of the trouble about telling when it is done, as with most candies. M.

How anxiously we looked for the last two weeks, thinking that all the HOUSEHOLD writers would certainly tell us what to do for Christmas.

I will tell you how to make a wall fan: Cut a piece of pasteboard in an oval form; cover neatly with light blue silesia. Cut some tissue paper into strips about four inches wide; slash this crosswise, nearly in two, that is, leaving an uncut border about one-half inch wide. Now crinkle this fringe over a knife. Cover the entire fan with these strips, beginning at the outside, so that the fringe of one strip covers the plain border by which the outer strip was pasted on. It is much prettier if you put three or four rows of light blue fringed paper around the outer edge, then three or four rows of yellow, then of white. Now make a bunch of tissue paper roses, with green leaves. Fasten this in the centre. Of course your oval pasteboard needs a handle, or it would hardly be recognized as a fan. 'Twill be a thing of beauty; and a joy for several years.

If you have a flat basket fill it with paper roses and hang on the door knob or wall.

Make a comfort of pink cheese cloth, tie with white with a yellow centre, to represent daisies. That will be a joy forever. I saw such an one, and really 'twas the most refreshing thing I ever saw on a farmer's spare bed. Can some one give directions for landscape painting?

I wonder whether if we should write quite often, every one of us, Beatrix would scold? Let us each write every week. Of course much would go into the waste basket, but what matter? WILD ROSE.

BRIER CREEK.

GOOD WORDS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

I smiled when reading Old School Teacher's remarks in regard to what we are to do and not to do. Our HOUSEHOLD is like a hotel table; look over the bill of fare and take what will do you the most good. I think there has not been a number of this little paper that has not given either my daughter or myself something that was just what we wanted.

About the stove blacking, if you have a wood stove in the sitting room it will burn brown and need to be blacked if it is to look nice. I bought a long-handled shoe brush and wet the small side, put on the blacking and polish with the other side.

Some paper on the handle will keep the hands clean.

As for the Christmas things, we all want something nice, and money wont hold out at such times. I have found it a good plan to begin in September, and none too much time then. If this has not been mentioned it is handy: One yard of the narrow cream colored toweling that is marked off in squares in either blue or red; turn one end up half the length of the towel and it will make the pocket. I took some worsted the color of the bars, and just took a long stitch each way across every other square, then stitched through the middle; then at the top turn over each side and that will make it pointed; work the blocks in the same way, and finish with a loop to hang it by, and a nice ribbon bow to give a finish. When done I took some hoopskirt wire and covered to stitch on the back; as I found it pulled down when full. We use it for dirty cuffs and collars, and fine handkerchiefs. This is much prettier than one would think from a description.

I often think of the remark of one of the HOUSEHOLD members who said some time ago, that if one could only write out at once the nice things that come in one's mind; but after you have been getting dinner and something for tea, the bright thought is gone, and with it the courage to say your say; and you think some one else will do the writing. When Madame Beatrix calls for help I think I will try and say some little thing, but instead I only add a foot or two to that endless pavement that we all help to build. S. F.

ANN ARBOR.

A GAME FOR THE CHILDREN.

I want to thank each one who wrote for the HOUSEHOLD of the 9th inst.; as I finished each letter I thought, "I am glad I could read that," and I think in every one I found some word of encouragement or help.

I am especially interested in anything about children, and any way to interest them. I often keep my children interested by playing "Comeshecome" with them, and perhaps it may help some one else if I tell how we play it. I commence by saying "Comeshecome" and some one asks, "What letter do you come by?" then I tell the first letter of some article in the room, as T for table, being careful to select something they all know the name of. Then they guess what it is; and the one who names it first gives the next letter. Where there are a number of children together, they get quite excited over it sometimes, and the older ones will keep interested too.

What are you going to make for your children for Christmas, and how are you going to give your presents? A collar and cuff box is a very acceptable present for a gentleman. One I made had for its foundation a five pound starch box and a cuff box. I cut the sides from the cover and fastened it to the box by pasting a piece of cloth over the edge of each for a hinge, then covered the outside with fancy brown paper and the inside with red, then the cuff box was cut off so the bottom was only two inches high, this was papered with the red

paper and glued firmly in the center of the large box. With a scrap picture on the top and a loop of ribbon to lift up the cover, it was quite pretty and very useful. Of course one could be made that would be much nicer by covering each side of the box with satin, as has been described for glove boxes.

Will some one please tell me how to decorate the fungus that we find in the woods; please give all the particulars.

HADLEY.

ELIZABETH.

MAYBELLE asks: "Is there any way of cooking celery? Dade says he knows there is, but I have never heard of cooking it, and put the question to convince him that for once, he is mistaken." It is Maybelle who is mistaken. Celery is served both stewed, fried and as croquettes, but it takes an educated taste to appreciate it. It is also often shredded fine and used to flavor soups. We will give a couple of recipes for cooking celery soon so Maybelle can experiment, and also punish "Dade."

AUNT BECKY wants to know how to wax autumn leaves. The process is very simple, being only to rub the wax upon the warm flat irons, then iron the leaves. Unless Aunt Becky has quite decided her autumn leaves must be waxed, we would recommend varnishing them with the thick varnish used upon carriages. Five cents' worth would varnish a large quantity. It takes several days for them to dry perfectly, but when once dry they do not curl in a warm room as waxed leaves will, and the colors are brought out beautifully.

MAYBELLE, of Bridgewater, says potato ball yeast cannot be started without the aid of a ball. Hers is a year old, and as good as ever, and she would not take five dollars for it if she could not get another. She offers to send a ball to Bess, by express, the latter paying charges, if she will give her name and address.

E. B. C., of Watrousville, in a private letter to the Editor, says the prettiest thing she has seen in home made picture frames recently, was made of rough pine boards, simply gilded; the rougher the boards the prettier the effect.

S. F. encloses a paper model of the laundry bag she describes, and we judge it will be quite an ornament as well as convenience in the bedroom.

Contributed Recipes.

HICKORY NUT CAKE.—Two-thirds cup butter; two cups sugar; one cup milk; three cups flour; one cup hickory nut meats, chopped fine; three eggs; two teaspoonfuls baking powder; this makes two layers; put together with frosting; frost the top and lay on halves of nut meats.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—One cup tapioca, soaked in one pint of milk; then add one quart of milk, three eggs, half cup sugar, half cup of raisins, a little salt, butter size of an egg, flavor with nutmeg or vanilla, or if preferred, half cup of prepared cocoanut renders it delicious. Bake slowly. Good warm or cold.

WACOUSTA.

AUNT BECKY.