

# MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### BROWN HANDS.

Full many a page has been written  
And the gifted have sung in the praise  
Of lily-white hands and fingers,  
In a score of poetical ways;  
This is all very well for a lady  
Who lives among diamonds and silk,  
But sometimes in life a farmer's wife  
Is obliged to do housework, and milk;  
And woman's best mission throughout our dear  
land,  
Is fulfilled in the strength of the little brown  
hand.

When the roses are blushing the sweetest  
And the vines climb up to the eaves,  
When the robins are rocking their birdies  
To sleep 'mong the maple leaves.  
The sunshine smiles down, cross the threshold,  
When the labor of love seems but rest,  
Whether rocking the household birdies  
Or keeping the dear home nest;  
Oh! I pity you all who can't understand  
The wealth and the worth of a little brown hand

If I were a man with a fortune  
A million laid by on the shelf  
If I were a youth—if I wasn't in truth—  
If I wasn't a woman myself—  
I know what I'd do in a minute  
(White fingers have often misled)  
I'd seek after those whose rich tinting shows  
Acquaintance with puddings and bread;  
I'd use all the eloquence words could command,  
And be proud might I win a little brown hand.

### THE HABIT OF CRITICISM.

There are some things we note in life which are not exactly wicked, but are in very bad taste. A friend who looks over my shoulder as I write, says that to be "in bad form" is worse than to be wicked. She is good at argument, and I am not; I therefore allow her the privilege of her opinions, while I remark the especial matter I have in mind at the moment is the habit of fault-finding in the family, especially the habit some husbands have of criticising their wives in the presence of others.

I know of no greater foe to domestic peace in a family than a confirmed fault-finder. One person who is in a chronic state of dissatisfaction with everything done by others, can make everyone else in the house as miserable as he is discontented. But if the husband falls into a way of commenting upon the cooking, housekeeping or personal appearance of his wife, in a jestingly-sarcastic or criticising tone, he has chosen a way in which he can make the little woman who bears his name very uncomfortable, if not downright unhappy, and sets, at the same time, a very bad example to the children or other members of the family. Often no unkindness is intended; the remarks are meant to be "cute," to amuse others; but is not he doubly unkind who ridicules his

wife to provoke smiles at her expense? "Heavy bread again! We could supply Fort Wayne with cannon balls at low rates;" "This pie would do for a specimen of Old Silurian;" are samples of would-be witticisms, which, however unthinkingly uttered, wound and hurt the woman's heart, ever sensitive to praise or blame from those she loves. Now the woman who prepares a meal usually does it to the best of her ability; if any dish is an absolute failure, we need not add to her chagrin by calling attention to it; if the fault is but slight, surely we ought to be grateful enough for the labor which was expended for us to overlook it. It is irritating to the best-tempered woman to find herself constantly subjected to such fault-finding; I think it might make one with capabilities in the opposite direction positively ugly. Who would blame the cook if she inaugurated a "strike," and invited the critics to show their own culinary skill?

Did you ever sit at table and hear the comments go round in this fashion: Head-of-the-House, *loquitur*: "Mary, this beef is evidently a choice cut from a Texas steer; strange we never can have any decent meat." Eldest son, *solus*: "What's the matter with these peas, Mamma? They're not fit to eat." Second son, ditto: "Wish we could ever have bread baked brown, not this raw-looking stuff;" while the occupant of the high chair chimes in, "Mamma, dis pie so sour it makes my teef ache!" And so it goes, all round the table, every meal: somebody finding fault with some little thing not quite to their liking, and unmindful of the care and thought and time necessary to prepare each meal, and also of the further fact that in a large family it is impossible to season each dish exactly to the varying tastes of the different members. Do you not suppose it needs a good deal of "saving grace" to enable the target of these remarks to remain as calmly tranquil and immovable as a target ought? When such criticisms are made in the presence of guests, they are rude and ill-mannered, as well as doubly unkind; they are more humiliating and mortifying to the victim than the speakers can possibly understand, except through experience. It is especially unkind because the wife and mother of a family is a servant who is debarred the privilege of "giving notice;" her wages are paid in love and appreciation, and if these are withheld, pray what reward has she?

There is another habit, more inconsiderate still, which arises from thoughtlessness and a desire to "say something smart." Most of us have heard some husband say, in presence of his wife, "When I get my second

wife, I'll do"—this, that or the other thing, or tell what Number Two shall be able to do or be like, etc. Now, I consider such remarks unmanly, ill-mannered and most unkind. They are cruelly thoughtless; they grate on the wife's ears "like sweet bells jangled out of tune;" they are out of tune with happiness. The wife feels—though she will stoutly deny that she "cares,"—as if her husband was not quite suited with her; there is an implied dissatisfaction and reproach, as if she was not all to him that she should be, and he would, if free, look for other qualities in a possible successor. I do not say *he* means this, but that to her more sensitive nature it so appears. And suppose death should chance to take her first, would not the memory of these words come back, like ghostly echoes, bringing new and sad meaning, a sting of remorse?

The man who will censure his wife in public, the woman who can blame her husband to others, are greatly in error. Neither should be made to stand the test of public criticism: if criticism there must be, let it be in private, and between the two. To blame in public is taking an unfair advantage, for a defense, though founded on right reason, often provokes recrimination, and leaves a wound that rankles, all the more because of the knowledge that outsiders have heard the caustic words.

Don't do your "family spankin's" in public, either. If the children need reproof, do not choose the moment when strangers are present to give them "a real old going over," or to discuss their faults and peculiarities. If you do, you may expect to have sullen, taciturn boys and girls, who will leave you for more pleasant homes at the earliest opportunity. A habit of fault-finding or unjust criticism will alienate them quite as effectually as it will a husband or a wife.

And, mind this: If you wish to be happy, to retain love, to make friends and keep them, do not criticise, either in public or private. Spare your wit, if it is to pierce another's heart. We like those people best whom we perceive we can please; so the home atmosphere, to be full of content and peace, must be redolent of a desire to please others, and to be pleased with the attempts of others to be pleasing to us.

BEATRIX.

IN answer to an inquiry, we would say we cannot furnish the HOUSEHOLD without the FARMER. To do so would necessitate a third mail list, and as the HOUSEHOLD is furnished at about the cost of the paper it is printed on, it would not pay us for the extra trouble and expense.



## HELPFUL HINTS.

I agree with L. S. that girls should be proud of being able to do housework. My mother has been sick since last June, and I, being the oldest of the family, have done the work, which is not a little, there being nine in the family. I think if those who make so many pies, would make more puddings, they will find the family will be just as well satisfied, and the sick headaches less frequent. If you do not happen to have either fresh or dried berries or cherries, get some Zante or English currants; I think they make better puddings than raspberries. Take two teacupfuls of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt, stir quite stiff with flour and put in about two-thirds of a cup of whatever kind of fruit you may happen to have; bake about an hour, or better still, steam two hours and serve hot, with sweet sauce or cream and sugar.

If Evangaline will pour some vinegar over her dish of souse and shanks while it is still hot, I think when she comes to eat it she will find it an improvement, though I would not clear the shanks of the skin, for I consider that the best part. Also boil the heart and liver and put it in the vinegar with the tongue, but remember and do not boil the liver in the same kettle with the heart and tongue. Did you ever fry the liver and set it away till cold, and then serve? Our family much prefer it cold, though we sometimes eat it warm. Some day when you want something good, make a crust as for short cake, and spread some of your canned berries between the layers; better than fresh strawberries.

Girls, learn to sew, but don't sew on crazy quilts and such things. I have never made a quilt, but I have bragged about the ten dresses I made before I was fifteen; and I have for two years done the sewing for our family of nine. I get the Butterick patterns, and with those it is not very hard to cut and fit garments. What do you ladies on the farm wear to do your work in? It does not pay to make up calico. We have made our dresses of shirting but have made up our minds that it will be cheaper and better to make them of cheap alpaca, which is twenty-five cents a yard. By the way, how many of the girls go to the store and buy their own things? My mother never bought a thing until after she was married, and then she was so afraid she would pay more than a thing was worth, and being poor could not afford to lose anything, so she hardly dared buy a thing, but said her girls should learn to trade. So as she was not well enough to go to town and father too busy, I have done the buying this year, dry goods, groceries and all, and think it is a thing all girls should learn to do.

When you get the children a scrap book would it not be better to let them put the pictures in? Of course they cannot arrange them quite as nicely as you can, but it will afford a great deal of amusement to them, and you can offer some suggestions about arranging them. I think it is better to get children something to play with rather than something merely to look at. For the little two or three years old get a slate and pencil; for my sisters, aged seven and nine, I got some colored pencils, such as are used in map drawings; of course they cannot draw

much, but they take old papers and paint the pictures in the advertisements and such things. The lady who asked for ways of amusing children may try this, which we play a great deal: We all sit around the room and see how many objects we can see in the room beginning with "a," such as apple, keeping count on our fingers how many we each have; when they have thought till they begin to be a little restless, ask each one how many she has, the one who has the least tells first, then the next least and so on. Then take "b," and in that way go through the alphabet. Have I made it plain to you?

If I'm not too badly scared when I see how this looks in print, should it escape the waste basket, I may come again.

YPSILANTI.

MARY B.

## THE HOUSEWORK QUESTION AGAIN.

In answer to Honor Glint, I would say that I for one am doing housework as a regular business, not the light work as a pastime, but the whole routine, except washing and ironing, and the fact that I do it in my own kitchen does not alter the matter at all, so long as my doing so contributes to the general welfare and prosperity of the family. Moreover, I have never felt degraded by so doing. All "labor is honorable," and when I rise these dark mornings I recall these words written by a great and wise king: "She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." I have also the example of an eminent scholar in this wise: "Ye yourselves know that these hands have ministered unto my necessities."

I am glad to find upon taking a retrospective view of the year just past, that I have not degenerated, but have made some progress mentally. I always do my best thinking when busy with my work. My experience is that when I have unlimited time for reading I allow my authors to do my thinking, while if I have but a few minutes I make the most of them and digest what I have accumulated afterwards, while my hands are employed mechanically.

I positively deny that housework is a "treadmill deprived of culture, health and enjoyment." We laugh at the poor whites of the South who prefer to sit in poverty and chew snuff, and be in their own estimation "respectable," but I can point to a dozen girls in our own town who pinch themselves and pinch the others in the family that they may make a fair show on the outside, and perhaps succeed in marrying some youth as silly as themselves, when their lives become a treadmill in reality. Could these girls but rise above this foolish prejudice, they might many of them make noble, self-reliant women, and marry men equally worthy of them.

I have seen many instances of labor degraded, but have yet to see the individual degraded by it.

Honor Glint is not to infer from what I have written that I think housework the only outlet for her surplus energies, but we all exert an influence upon those about us and her words may mark the turning point

in the life of some young girl less happily situated than herself. Now I would not create a poem under any circumstances, but these thoughts whether good or bad came to me while blacking my big Round Oak. I think I cannot do better than quote that noble apostrophe to labor with which Hugh Miller adorns the pages of his "Schools and Schoolmasters." "Upright, self-relying toil! Who that knows thy solid worth and value would be ashamed of thy hard hands and thy soiled vestments, and thy obscure tasks—thy humble cottage, and hard couch, and homely fare! Save for thee and thy lessons, man in society would everywhere sink into a sad compound of the fiend and the wild beast, and this fallen world would be as certainly a moral as a natural wilderness."

HOWELL.

MRS. W. J. G.

## A CULINARY CONVERSAZIONE.

## NO V

While hot cakes are not healthy they are eaten very generally. Those who do not like to use buckwheat can make nice flour cakes. To one quart of thick milk add a heaping tablespoonful of sour cream, one egg, teaspoonful soda, salt, and thicken with either white or graham flour. Rice cakes are splendid. It happens quite often that a little rice is left in the cupboard or thrown away; it can be used nicely as follows: One cup boiled rice, one quart sweet milk, yolks of four eggs and flour for a stiff batter; beat the whites to a froth, stir in three tablespoonfuls of baking powder, a little salt, add to the batter; bake on a hot griddle; these are nice, spread with butter and sifted sugar; or jam and jelly. Corn-meal cakes are excellent for a change. One pint of Indian meal, teaspoonful soda, one of salt, pour on boiling water until thinner than mush; when cool add the yolks of four eggs, half a cup of flour in which two teaspoonfuls of cream-of-tarter have been well mixed, add sweet milk sufficient to make the batter suitable to bake, add the well beaten whites just before baking.

Stale bread can be made into griddle cakes. Crumb enough into a quart of thick milk, in the morning rub through a sieve or colander; add four well beaten eggs, one teaspoonful soda; one of salt, two tablespoonfuls melted butter; beat the eggs separately and add the whites last makes them a little nicer, thicken with either flour or corn meal. Flannel cakes: To a pint of hot sweet milk add two tablespoonfuls butter, let it melt, then add a pint of cold milk, the yolks of four eggs, a teaspoonful salt, one-half cup yeast, and sufficient flour to make a stiff batter, set in a warm place to rise over night, or three hours ought to be time enough to become light, just before baking add the beaten whites, do not add any more flour, as it will destroy the feathery lightness. Waffles are not used very much now-a-days, but they are simply delicious. I can remember when I was young they were the crowning glory of the tea-table. One must have waffle irons to make them complete, still I suppose they are just as good baked on a common griddle, you know a rose by any other name would smell just as sweet; imagination has con-



siderable to do with these things. Two pints sweet milk, one teacupful melted butter, yolks of six eggs, sifted flour to make a stiff batter, salt, add the beaten whites, lastly four teaspoons Royal baking powder, beat thoroughly, as fast as baked pile on a platter, butter and sift powdered sugar over each one, keep hot. Very delicious pop-overs are easily made; two teacups sweet milk, butter the size of a walnut, two eggs, tablespoonful sugar, salt, two teacups sifted flour, bake in gem pans; do not fill them over half full. Mennonite toast: Three eggs well beaten, one pint of milk, salt, dip slices of bread cut an inch thick into this and fry in hot lard or drippings, like doughnuts, until a delicate brown, butter and sift powdered sugar over. Serve hot.

All of these recipes I know to be most excellent, and they will vary the bill of fare wonderfully. If the "gude mon" does smile at them the first time they appear, be assured he will ask for them the second time.

Cake making is quite an item in the week's baking, but there are so many kinds that will keep well, that much labor is saved. Fruit cake will keep the year round if there are not too many Johns around with a tooth for sweet things. I do not frost it, only the loaf I am cutting from, as it turns yellow and soft. Nearly all nice large cakes will keep three or four weeks in a cool place and if covered close; while a pan loaf cake will be as nice six weeks after baking. So many young housekeepers dread having company when they think eggs are scarce and they cannot keep several kinds of cake on hand. It is not necessary to spread out five or six kinds of cake, I do not think it is in good taste either—a fruit cake, white cake or a layer cake is plenty, or one alone, we need not be ashamed of with good fresh bread, rusks or biscuit; we can fill up the deficiencies with cold meat, pickles, cheese, jelly, canned fruit or preserves. I have made a ham omelet, or a dish of scrambled eggs to fill up with.

A housekeeper must have a very fertile brain. There are times when the heart of the most composed will stand still and the query arise, What shall I do, but the willing hand and sweet temper can accomplish much. Do not make excuses, especially when you know you have served a really good meal. A very eccentric old gentleman once sent word to a lady who was a noted cook, that on such a day he would dine with her; this lady was always making excuses, indeed it had become second nature with her, and he determined to give her a severe lesson. Fish, flesh and fowl had been slaughtered, and a right royal meal gotten ready, the soup was everything that could be desired, the fish done to a turn, and she commenced her excuses, "Really, I am ashamed of my dinner, the soup was miserable, the fish underdone, and now the poultry is not fit to eat," and so on. The old gentleman rose in righteous indignation, "Well, madam," he said, "I won't eat such a dinner. I thought if I sent you word a week in advance you would have something decent to eat, but upon my honor I see it is impossible for you to have

a well cooked meal," and he walked out in high dudgeon. It was an effectual lesson, as it ought to have been.

I think sometimes these excuses are made simply to receive a compliment. I believe "the proof of the pudding is in the eating." Any one with common sense knows when a meal is well served, and the best compliment the guests can pay the hostess is in seeming enjoyment of the meal. Better fill up the discrepancies with pleasant conversation, not in excuses or discussing the character of some neighbor; the more entertaining you are, be assured the better the meal will taste. It is full as much in the arrangement of the table, the company assembled, in having them all congenial.

EVANGALINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

#### FURNACE-HEATED HOUSES.

I have just been reading the HOUSEHOLD and seeing the inquiry of L. M. R., I hasten to reply. We have our house heated by a furnace, this is the fourth winter we have lived in it, and we like it very much. I would not go back to stoves for anything. There are no stoves to be put up or taken down by the men, or to be blacked by the women. The furnace saves any amount of sweeping and dusting, and the walls are not blackened by smoke. I do not see any reason why they are not as suitable for a farmhouse as a city home. To the question propounded by her husband in regard to building the fire, I well remember my husband asked the same question; but he finds it is no colder to go into the cellar than into a sitting-room to build the fire; when the fire is built it is ready for all the rooms except the kitchen, and in my own case that fire would have to be started. In regard to warming the rooms before breakfast, if you expect to warm all of them you will fail, but close the registers except in the dining and sitting room until after breakfast, and you are all right. We made our cook room so small that there is no room for the family or guests to cluster around the cook stove. I object to having people in my way when cooking, and we planned accordingly.

My husband thinks furnaces are expensive, and so they are, but not so expensive as it would be to put up stoves in all the rooms warmed and keep them as warm as we do with the furnace. We use about twenty cords of wood in a year, exclusive of that burned in the cook stove.

Another thing in favor of them is, if the cold air is taken from the outside,—I mean out-doors,—we consider it very healthy, as we are having fresh air all the time, and the old foul air is forced out in the cold-air register leading up the chimney. The floors are kept warm, thus removing the necessity of spending so much time warming the feet. I used to be troubled very much with cold feet, which caused cramping of the limbs to such an extent that I used to dread to retire for the night. I am not troubled with cold feet any more, and very rarely have cramps.

In regard to keeping the milk in the cellar, you could, but do not do it; do not make a milk room at all below, but persuade your husband to get you a cabinet creamery, and make your milk room above ground; you

will never regret the investment, or he either, as it will save you both much work and make a superior quality of butter.

Now for the drawbacks: Furnace heat is very drying to woodwork and furniture, in spite of all you can do to prevent it, and heating by steam is preferred by many. Another drawback is, your friends who are not used to a furnace will insist that the house is cold, and they "know they will catch their death of cold." You can make the rooms uncommonly warm, but no fire is to be seen and they will say, "Haven't you got any fire?" Thanksgiving we kept our rooms at 98 deg., hoping they would be warm, but the friends complained that they were cold, and many of them complained of catching cold. We keep plants up stairs and down, and in the hall in the upper floor—and they do splendidly.

We have a pantry that we think a "daisy." It has closed cupboards reaching from floor nearly to ceiling, opening from dining room and pantry. These are at the end. Then on the south side are closed shelves reaching to the window, where is a broad shelf at the end of which is a nest of drawers for dish towels, hand towels, spices, soda and baking powder, extra ironing sheets and holders, and one a catchall for holding hooks, screws, nails, tacks, corks, etc. Under the broad shelf and closed shelves are the flour bins, one large single one for wheat flour, another with two compartments for meal and graham or buckwheat flour; at the end of the bins is another small closed cupboard where I keep sugar, coffee and salt; at the east end are open shelves, but at the north side is the real "jewel;" this is a large dummy which reaches to the floor of the cellar when pushed down. This is enclosed and looks quite like a wardrobe in the pantry, and like a large cupboard in the cellar. I could tell of my kitchen, but my article is already long, and quite likely L. M. R. has her own ideas of a convenient kitchen.

OLD SCHOOL TEACHER.

TECUMSEH.

#### FURNACES.

I for one will inform L. M. R. that a furnace is just as convenient and comfortable in a farmhouse as in a house in town. I would advise those contemplating building a new house to put in a furnace by all means, even if it is necessary to live in the old one another year to accumulate money for the extra expense, which only ranges from \$100 to \$150. In regard to the length of time required to heat the rooms, it certainly does not take as long as it does to heat them with stoves. In twenty minutes after the fire is built the rooms are comfortable (we turn on five registers when first arising); if we desire to keep them warm all night, we fill the fire-box at bed-time, and shut the dampers; then the rooms do not cool off entirely until morning, and there will be a bed of coals to start fire with in the morning.

In answer to the question "Who will go down cellar in the cold to build fire?" I will answer, The same one who has to split kindlings and run into three or four cold rooms and shiver around building fires in stoves, that, perchance, will smoke or burn, just as they choose. Of all inventions to



save women work, the furnace is beyond anything that I have tried, and I wish every farmer's wife could have one. Of course the men should attend to feeding them, as the wood is large for women to handle. Still I know a family consisting entirely of ladies who would not know how to get along without their furnace. It saves all litter from wood except in the cookroom, and even there it may be done away with by using gasoline. There is no occasion to cling around the stove at breakfast time, as the registers are more inviting.

By having your cellar divided into three rooms, one for wood, into which the furnace opens, one for vegetables, and one for milk and butter, you may keep the temperature such that it will not be too warm or cold for any of them. In regard to the wood used it certainly does not take as much as the stoves that would be required to heat a house up stairs and down. Some say furnaces are dangerous on account of the hot-air pipes running through the walls, but if built properly there need be no possible danger that I can see, unless perhaps in case of leaving wood too close to the fire-box in the cellar, and sparks flying out when the damper is open; but the danger then is very small when compared with the many ways of taking fire from the stoves and stove-pipes. In building, be sure and have the air used in heating the rooms come from out-doors in place of the cellar, then you will breathe pure air; and if the ventilating pipes are arranged properly, there need not be so many headaches and weak feelings as arise from close, unventilated houses. C. B. R.

VICKSBURG.

#### EXPERIENCE WITH FURNACES.

L. M. R. wishes information from those having experience with furnace-heated houses, and as this is the third winter we are using a wood furnace, I would say that we are highly pleased with it. We heat ten rooms, and halls below and above. The first winter we used it our fire was never out from November till April, and we never had to get up in the night to put in wood. A good large stick put in the furnace at 9 p. m., and drafts put up, would be a good fire at 6 a. m.; the house would be warm all night, and the temperature would generally be about 50 deg. or 60 deg. in the morning, so that only a few minutes would be required, after the draft was opened and wood put in, to have the house as warm as necessary; and consequently, there was no necessity for "clustering around the cook stove to get warm." We had flues in the partitions to warm the up-stairs rooms, also register in the hall below. The proper time to have the furnace set is when the house is being built, and the portion of cellar occupied by the furnace ought to be partitioned off from the rest of it, and no hot-air pipes should go through the other part of the cellar where vegetables, etc., are kept. No one who has ever used a good working furnace would want to heat with stoves.

A person contemplating putting a furnace in a house, ought to have his doors and finishing lumber thoroughly kiln-dried, or they will shrink badly. There are many details which a person ought to understand,

but would occupy too much space to describe here; but if L. M. R. would like further particulars, from our experience, we will furnish them cheerfully. Our address can be had by addressing the Editor of the HOUSEHOLD.

A. B. & Co.

MONTEITH.

#### CURING SIDE PORK.

In a recent HOUSEHOLD I noticed Sunflower's question about curing hams or pork. As we always cure our side-meat the same as the hams, I will send our method, which we have used for twenty years, and it has never failed yet. Do not be afraid of the potash, as that will keep the lean of the meat tender clear to the bone. We sent the recipe to a friend of ours, and he was afraid it would turn his meat to soap. When you pack your meat, rub the meat on the flesh side with fine salt lightly, and leave it in the barrel two days before putting on the brine. Make a brine as follows: To every 100 pounds of meat take of best coarse salt eight pounds; saltpeter, two ounces; brown sugar, two pounds; potash, one and one-quarter ounces. Let the hams remain in the brine six weeks, and then dry several days before smoking.

KATE.

SANILAC.

"A CONSCIENTIOUS Member of the HOUSEHOLD Band" says that since reading Beatrix's pathetic complaint about "no good apples to eat," she cannot sit down to enjoy one without feelings as though she were eating forbidden fruit. So she very generously and thoughtfully forwards to the afflicted Beatrix a box of very fine large apples, which she may imagine the latter enjoying as she "toasts her toes" these cold evenings. As the old lady said when she extorted an invitation, Beatrix "wasn't a hintin'" where she wrote her article; it was a spontaneous outburst over a great grievance; but she thanks her thoughtful friend very sincerely, and would do so more at length by letter had she but the name of the generous donor.

We received a letter from a lady who desired the author of the article on toboggan caps would give directions for the regular toboggan stitch mentioned. The HOUSEHOLD Editor furnished the article in question, and knows but one person who can "do" the correct stitch. She will endeavor to obtain the required directions as soon as she can see the lady in question, who lives in the city, but a long way out.

A VALUED contributor to the HOUSEHOLD tells the following in a private note to the Editor:—"Our little Ruth amuses us all by her quaint conversation. She will march up to me with her picture book, and order me to 'talk that,' which means, read about the picture. I promised her a linen picture book, telling her it could not be torn; she said, 'I want some "talk" in it.'"

INTERESTED READER says: "In my letter in the issue of December 19 I was made to say that my daughters became 'teachers in town,' instead of 'in turn,' as I wrote it. It sounds so badly I wish to have the error

corrected. I intended to have said that my daughters did all their own sewing as well as mine, but forgot it."

MRS. W. J. G. wishes some one would kindly give directions for a fancy mitten in crochet, suitable for Saxony yarn.

#### Contributed Recipes.

PACKING EGGS.—One pint fresh slaked lime, like thick cream; half pint salt; three gallons water. Keep from freezing and you can have fresh eggs months after they have been packed.

TO DRIVE AWAY ANTS.—Sprinkle powdered borax under the paper on your shelves and they will soon leave.

SUNFLOWER.

KANSAS.

SCRAPPLE.—Take a hog's head, clean thoroughly, chop off the snout, take out the eyes and throw away the ears, cut it up and put it in soak over night, and with it all the skins and fitch pieces that are left from the lard and sausage; in fact all bony pieces. After soaking all night put on to boil, cover with water and boil steadily for three hours, or until the meat falls from the bones; then take out the meat and strain the liquor through a colander, pour back in the boiler and thicken it with meal and about one-third middlings or flour, until nearly as thick as mush. The flour makes the scrapple stick together and fry better. Cook this well about three-quarters of an hour, stirring constantly to keep from burning. Pick all the bones out of the meat and chop fine while warm and when the mush is cooked put the meat in and stir constantly fifteen minutes; season with salt, pepper and sage to taste. When the seasoning is thoroughly cooked through, take it out and put in pans. The fat that rises on top will help to keep it. When cold slice off and fry as sausage. The liver and heart may be boiled and added, also the shanks and feet.

MRS. R. D. P.

MINCE MEAT.—Six pounds lean beef, cook until tender, free from gristle or fat. When perfectly cold chop very fine; add three pounds of beef suet, cut fine; four pounds raisins; four pounds currants; one pound of citron; four quarts chopped tart apples; two ounces each of cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg, ginger, allspice; juice and rind of two lemons; two pounds dark brown sugar; one quart molasses; tablespoonful salt; one of pepper; quart of cider; lump of butter; let this all cook thoroughly, adding more cider if required, until considered done. Pack in jars and pour molasses over the top; this will keep any length of time, taking out as you require, heating and adding more wetting. A good rule is one-third meat, two-thirds apples, using the heart and any pieces of roast meat.

WHITE MOUNTAIN CAKE.—Two cups pulverized sugar; one-half cup butter; one-half cup sweet milk; two and a half cups flour; whites of eight eggs; two and a half teaspoonfuls baking powder. Bake in three layers; put frosting between and on top. Flavor with rose.

VANITY CAKE.—One and a half cups sugar; half cup butter; half cup sweet milk; one and a half cups flour; half cup cornstarch; one teaspoonful baking powder; whites six eggs; Bake in two cakes; put frosting between and over top; flavor with vanilla.

SNOW CAKE.—One cup sugar; half cup butter; half cup sweet milk; one and a half cups flour; whites four eggs; teaspoonful baking powder.

EVANGALINE.

BATTLE CREEK.