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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

REPROOF.

Love does not always heal with balm;
The surgeon's knife some anguished wounds
must bare
For oft their poison balks the tenderest care
That lies within the touch of pity's palm.
Who keeps for love a sweet unbroken calm,
Like breath of some novice's cloistered
prayer,
Nor brooks the storm that frets the tranquil air
And sends a discord quivering through its
psalm,
Belittles love. That love is truest, best
Which bravely learns to face all bitter things,
And yet in answering wisdom's high behest
Forgets no word of its sweet utterings;
And even as perforce it wields the knife
Recalls with its fond kiss to stronger life.
—Birch Arnold.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF AN APPLE

Swift said of the strawberry that "Doubtless God might have made a better fruit, but, doubtless, He never did." If the strawberry, in its brief season, commands so high a compliment from one so fond of the pleasures of the table as the worthy dean, what shall we say of that infinitely more lasting and serviceable gift, the apple, in all its multiplicity of varieties. Shall we not crown it queen of fruits, queen through the golden circle of months, though temporarily "under a cloud," when the more transient and perishable berries and stone fruits are so profuse? What should we do after the last peach has turned its furry cheek to us, and the over-ripe grapes dropped a shower of wine-filled globes at our feet, without our juicy, mellow apples, spheres of "sweetness and light," for eating out of hand and for use in the kitchen!

The apple is one of the most healthful,—if indeed it does not claim the palm as the most healthful—of our fruits. Whether raw or cooked, it is easily digestible, except in rare cases of individual idiosyncrasy; the mild acid exerts a very beneficial influence upon the liver. When a physician prescribes for inactive liver, as indicated by yellow skin, headache, nausea, coated tongue, etc., he prescribes an acid. We can avoid his nauseous doses and cheat him out of his fee by the liberal use of fruits, especially the apple, strawberry, and grape. Their free use cures constipation, the cause of a great many other troubles, in most instances, and alleviates more obstinate cases. A dish of apple-sauce—not a little dab on a desert of dish, but a generous saucer-full—is a most healthful adjunct to the breakfast table, if not the most stylish one, while baked apples are a dainty dish for tea.

There ought to be but two types of apple-

sauce. Some varieties of the fruit "cook all to pieces," their tender, melting flesh seeming to almost dissolve under the influence of heat; others retain their shape and comeliness. The first class should have as little water added as possible, only enough to prevent burning; and it is a good way to pass it through a sieve to reduce it to a uniform pulp; at all events, it should be so thoroughly cooked and stirred that it is a homogenous mass, with no lumps in it. In cooking the other kind of apples, care should be taken to preserve the shape of the quarters, and to have every piece done enough, yet not too much. Sugar should, in neither case, be added till the fruit is done.

The possibilities of an apple! Did you ever think how many ways we have of cooking them, into how many dainty dishes, "fit to set before a king," they enter? They are so plenty, so cheap, that we undervalue their excellence; that which is abundant we seldom hold at its true worth. Deprive us, and we would soon decide we could not keep house without them.

The ideal pie is made of apples, great yellow Belleflowers, the prince of culinary apples, and "not bad to take" as a dessert fruit. The flaky crust girdles the thin slices, evenly ranged in seemly order and liberally sprinkled with white sugar. Not a drop of water, nor a dust of flour, nor a "speck" of butter or spice; just the juicy, tart fruit, cooked in its own essences till it is transparent, and equal to the ambrosia of the gods. You may think I am enthusiastic, but I know pie when I eat it. Commend me to a quarter-section of apple pudding; tart apples sliced thinly into a deep baking dish, and comfortably tucked up under a coverlid of biscuit dough made soft enough to spread with a spoon, baked a delicate brown, inverted, and the tender fruit sprinkled liberally with sugar, flavored with just a dash of nutmeg, and served with rich sweet cream.

A dessert which found favor in our eyes when we lived on the farm, was made as follows: I took fair, smooth apples, Greenings, because we had them, wiped them, cut out the cores, leaving the apples whole, filled the holes with sugar, set them in a baking dish and steamed till done. Sometimes they were served with cream and sugar; sometimes with a spoonful of boiled rice on top of each apple; sometimes the fruit was "snowed under" the rice, which was piled between and on it, and the whole set in the oven "a little minute;" and again they were smothered in soaked tapioca and baked. Sweet

Bough apples, baked slowly till their skins are golden brown, and wrinkled "like the furrows Care doth plow on the withered cheek of Age," and served at the tea table with rich sweet cream—oh dear, don't speak of it! A variation on this is to wipe the apples clean, put into a kettle, sprinkle half cupful of sugar over them, cover with water and boil till a fork will go through them easily. Take them out into a deep dish, boil the juice in the kettle down to a syrup, after adding sugar according to the tartness of the fruit, and pour over the apples. Eat when cold.

Apple jelly is delicious, made of sour apples. Boil the fruit and strain the juice through a jelly-bag without pressure. Let boil away one-half or two-thirds, putting in a few slices of lemon, then use one cup of sugar to two cups of the syrup. Boil together till a drop will sink in a cup of water, pour into glasses, and you have a beautiful pink jelly, nice for any purpose for which jelly is desired.

Just think, dear ladies, how many dainty desserts you can prepare from this noble fruit; how appetizing in its various disguises, how faithful it is through the whole year, and you will not long for the oranges and pineapples of foreign climes, but will be content with our ruddy-cheeked apples, best beloved of Pomona.

BEATRIX.

IN A SHOE STORE.

Our trysting place was at a shoe store, and I, being impatient, was at the rendezvous half an hour in advance of the appointed time. Women are proverbial for punctuality, but as the party of the second part was a woman, too, and was twenty minutes late, I am not sure as this meeting strengthens the proposition.

The polite clerk gave me a low rocking chair, on my stating my wish to wait the arrival of my friend. It was a busy day and human nature was on exhibition. A very neatly dressed young lady, with a friend to talk the "fit" over with, kept a clerk busy half an hour. She "never had found any difficulty before in wearing a number four. What was the matter with the shoes, any way?" So one pair after another was brought forward, tried on, condemned, in some cases re-tried, while the damsel and her friend kept up a running commentary. At last a pair seemed to give satisfaction, but when the question that greeted every trial came; "Is that a four?" the clerk was obliged to confess, after investigating, that it was a four and a half. Oh! the scorn of the look he received. Hur-

riedly he retreated, and the thankless work began over again. Once in a while, the pinching, when the buttoning was tried, would bring a frown, occasionally an exclamation, "Oh! I cannot bear that." After a long time a shoe was buttoned on, not a wrinkle was visible, but she was afraid it would stretch, and one button was a little loose, "Well, it should be remedied." So off went the shoe and a chatter of the friends as to its possibilities ensued, while the clerk was absent. Soon he returned, the shoe was accepted, and she "would have the other on, and wear them." The other was tried. A grimace resulted. "It is too tight across the toes, there by that seam." The patient clerk took the offending shoe to a stretcher, and it was finally accepted, and paid for. Then the clerk picked up the old pair, and took a quiet revenge by pointing out that a fracture across the heel and a side wrinkle showed that they were too short for the foot. "These signs are unmistakable," said he, "and it is a common but sad mistake. A foot looks better, more shapely and slender in a shoe a little too long, and the wearer escapes untold misery; and besides, a short shoe gives an unsightly hobbling to the gait, and often positive deformity to the foot. Here is your parcel. Thanks. Good morning, ladies." They started for the door, but the buyer gave an impatient stamp with the foot last shod. "O dear! I wish this was no tighter than the other."

A matron with a young daughter asked for shoes for the latter. "What size?" "Two was the last worn." Two or three pairs were tried, and found too small. At last the young miss declared "that pair a fit." "What number are they," asked the mother, anxiously, "Three's, madame." "Why, surely, two and a half must be large enough. "Those I tried were that number." "Well, Ella, I declare, you will soon want a size as large as I wear," declared the lady. "What is the price?" She was told. "O, surely, you must take off something from that, she is only a child." "Well, madam, dealers are so unreasonable that they persist in making us pay as much for a three as an eight, and we would lose money to take less." "But it seems such a price." "It is, to be sure, but that is such a good shoe, well made and of warranted stock. I am sure you will find you have got the worth of your money." "Well, I suppose I must pay it, as I must have the shoes." So another sale was made.

An elderly lady, plainly but warmly dressed, evidently from the country, walked in with a businesslike air. She evidently knew what she wanted, and was going to get it. There was a drawing in of the mouth, a snap of the eye, and a tone of voice that showed there was "no nonsense" about her. She wanted a pair of pebble goat, number six, button, stout and well made. Two or three pair were brought ere she condescended to "try on." "Don't bring me any high heels," she called after the clerk who started to wait upon her. "Are these paper soles?" was her first question, when a pair was brought, "No, adam," said the clerk, and his injured

look and tone proclaimed that firm do not deal in spurious goods. But, alas! the old lady shared the infirmity of her sisters, and it took another half size before her corns and bunions found sufficient room for ease.

A little chub, of perhaps four years, very decidedly objected to having her foot pinched. "Those old shoes just hurted, they were so tight, and the new ones were stiff and must be loose," and she went off triumphant in shoes that "were just right."

"Our goods are marked in plain figures," exclaimed a clerk to a would-be purchaser, who objected to the price. "We use all alike, have but one price, and that is the lowest we can afford." Alas! the size, too, was in plain figures, and that was the cause of trouble. I thought: "If this is 'holding the mirror up to nature,' the next time I buy shoes, I'll ask for the largest made, first, and if they fit, all right, if not I'll try the descending scale, just for the novelty of the case." Not an impatient word or act did those persecuted clerks display, even when customers acted as if the fault was theirs that the feet were too large for the chosen number, so I suppose they have become accustomed to their fate. But this was not the way with all customers, I am glad to say. Some came in, stated their wishes, made their trial, chose their goods, and were gone in a hurry. Such customers must be dear to the hearts of the salesmen.

One other matter came under my notice, a most lamentable lack of neat hosiery, with some elegant toilettes. The dilapidated state is referred to, not the material. Surely a lady should have a new shoe fitted over immaculate hose.

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

FROM THE NORTH.

I want the congratulations of the HOUSEHOLD on having taken possession of our new house after several years of living in the small, inconvenient one that was on our farm when first purchased. Of course before building we went through the usual process of talking it over, sketching plans, &c., studied Shoppell and Woodward diligently, and at last our ideas have materialized into a house that is just large enough and not too large for a family of six. We altered a plan so as to do away with a hall with stairs, because in this northern country if a house is not heated by furnace, the hall is always a cold place, impossible to keep warm from adjoining rooms. In lieu thereof we enclosed one end of the porch where the front door opens, so as to have an entry or vestibule. To take up little space, the stairs were doubled up like a jack-knife half shut, with a square platform in the middle. To be sure we found after the house was enclosed and ready to have chimneys built, that our alterations made a wide discrepancy between the places where the stoves were to stand and the spots on the roof where the chimneys would look right from the outside. Only in one respect I am not entirely suited with this house. I did want a large, old-fashioned fire-place,

"Where giant logs in splendor fall away,
In glowing shapes among the ashes grey."

But in our beloved but sandy Michigan, bricks are too expensive. The mason who

charged \$1 per foot for the kitchen chimney, run it up eleven feet from the starting point before we could put a check on his enthusiasm in the cause.

After all, I find there is a great similarity in all house plans, as though the perfection in convenience had been attained and one could not go beyond. My pantry is probably just like thousands of others, but I do not see how it could be improved. It is square, 7 x 7 feet, with door and window opposite. Under the window is a broad shelf, with cupboard to the floor beneath, extending across that side, with doors. Adjoining this on one end is the flour bin with inside partitions for different kinds of flour. Opposite and at the same height as the broad shelf, are drawers of different sizes. Shelving around the three sides, two sides with doors and one not. On the side of the door is wall space for hanging up whatever is desirable, and one shelf over the door where I keep empty fruit cans and whatever else that's to be put away high and dry.

For greater warmth the outside walls are filled with mortar between the studding. The inside woodwork is oiled and varnished; even pine is beautiful treated that way; it grows darker and richer looking with time, and in about six years it is the color of new mahogany.

I have noticed one odd peculiarity in people who were born and brought up in the country. They do not appreciate unskimmed milk, or sweet cream, not with city people's appreciation at any rate. I noticed this peculiarity in my young days when a country school ma'am. Not using tea or coffee, I always had a glass of milk with a faint, blue circle around the edge, and the quality of milk never changed with the change of boarding place. I have drank coffee with skimmed milk in it at these places. I have eaten strawberries with pale blue, thin milk poured over them; all this is not from economy; they are lavish in the use of butter and everything else. Once when an invalid in a city, I wanted some bread and milk—home-made, salt-rising bread and morning's milk from towards the top of the pan. Baker's bread and milkman's milk did not seem to touch the right spot in my stomach. So driving into the country to a friend's where they kept twenty-seven cows, I made known my want and was served with a neat little tray covered with snowy napkin, on which was a plate of the perfection of home-made bread, a china bowl with silver spoon, and milk with the inevitable blue rim; milk from which every trace of cream had been removed as carefully as if it were poison. My friend sat opposite with a benevolent smile on her face, so glad to be able to give me exactly what I wanted. I was just sick and weak enough to shed some tears over the disappointment after I got home.

I would ask A. H. J. how can there be any question as to the cause of the reluctance of women to assume the duties of maternity? Few women could be so unmotherly as to grudge the darlings the care they need when they are here. It is the long months of sickness and dread, then the awful agony of child-birth, the going down into the valley and shadow of death. If medical science could do aught to make the trial an endur-

able one, I think many more homes would be brightened with little faces and happy young voices. How great a blessing a baby may be! To quote George Eliot:

"In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the City of Destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatened destruction; a hand is put into theirs which leads them forth gently towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward, and the hand may be a little child's."

HULDAH PERKINS.

PIONEER.

GENEROSITY AT HOME.

There are several subjects before my mind that I had thought to write upon. But a little circumstance which occurred yesterday gives me still another; I will tell you of it: A farmer came into one of our groceries and sold some potatoes. They were in bags; he emptied them into the grocer's baskets, filling six just as full as one would lie on the heap, and the seventh basket was about two-thirds full. He said, "I guess there's a half bushel, isn't there?" the grocer said, "I guess so." When the grocer handed him his money, the farmer's son stood near. I did not hear what the boy said, but the father said, "You won't get any of this," the boy urged a little, but the father shoved it into his pocket with a "No sir." This is not the first man whom I have seen who dealt liberally with his neighbors and with strangers, and was very "close," I will say, instead of a worse word, with his family. I wondered what that man would say, if I had told him that he was a dishonest dealer; he was a stranger to me, so of course it was not proper for me to say anything.

Some of your husbands may read this, and they will say, "What was there dishonest in that transaction?" It was in giving the grocer what he should have given the boy. If he had plenty of money to give his own family what they needed, and then chose to give the grocer a peck or more of his potatoes, it was his privilege; but no man has any moral or Christian right to take from wife or child and give to strangers. When I see children treated with no consideration of their rights or feelings, I do not wonder they hate the farm, and want to get away from it as soon as they can, where they can get money for their labor. Money represents everything to young people, as well as some of the old ones.

I do not advocate being too indulgent to children, for that is quite as detrimental to them; they should have some money, in order to learn to use it with discretion; there is no rule to regulate their money allowance, for that depends upon the father's income, and still more on the natural inclination of the child. This subject is exhaustless, but I will leave it with you who have your children yet spared to you.

Let me say to the woman who has not one of those model kitchens, you do not want one, unless you have plenty of help to keep it clean, or unless you have no higher ambition than to live and work in a kitchen, until you are laid out for your last sleep in the "spare room." I call them "modern

woman killers," if there is only one woman to do the work. You need not cry sour grapes; my kitchen is one of the same kind, not quite so much cupboard, I should judge; but every time I am obliged to wash off the woodwork or clean the inside of those cupboards, I wish they were in a pantry or other room, where I could shut a door upon them when there is smoke and steam from cooking meals. If a pantry is wiped up once a week, and the door kept shut when there is dust in the kitchen, your shelves and dishes are free of dust, which will get into cupboards opening into kitchens.

To the ladies with those model kitchens, when new and when clean they are nice to look at and to go into and do up the morning baking, then I would like to be excused. I prefer an easy chair in my parlor or sitting room, with light work, books or writing, to scrubbing, sweeping and mopping for my recreation; not that I dislike a little of either, but there is another side of me that must have a little attention; for years I have made it one of my studies to do my housework with the fewest steps, or the least labor, and still have everything well done.

One of the latest things I have learned is Cozette's way of making bread. I like it very much, because it is good and so very little trouble. Now, let the next one speak and tell us how some other thing can be done good, and at the same time with little work.

M. E. H.

ALBION.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

[Read before the Tecumseh and Franklin Farmers' Club, Feb. 9th, by Mrs. B. Hurry.]

Should I follow the example of our brothers who have been assigned the task of opening the question for discussion, I would come before you with an extended apology, but like the economical woman who provides for her guests the best the house affords without any excuses, I would ask you to "Take what is set before you, asking no questions for conscience's sake."

Webster tells us "Economy is the management of domestic affairs, the regulation and government of household matters, especially as they concern expense or disbursement," or as might be said, living within one's means. Now as all are not blessed alike with this world's goods, what might be considered economy for one, would be considered extravagance for another. Economy is to avoid all waste, and use our money to the best advantage. One step farther and we have frugality, which is a system of rigid and habitual saving; this, carried to an extreme (which is often the case) is parsimony, which involves a meanness of spirit, and a sordid mode of living. Thus while economy is a virtue, parsimony is a vice. We often see extremists, some buying much that is of no value to them, merely to gratify their fancy, others while trying to practice economy reach parsimony, becoming mean, stingy, depriving themselves and their families of the necessities of life, not to speak of the comforts they might enjoy within their means; and this that they may amass a fortune for their posterity to quarrel over. Far better to leave to children a good name, minds well stored with useful knowledge; of these,

none can rob them; with them, they are well fitted for useful positions among their fellow men.

As fathers and mothers we should beautify and adorn our homes, making them attractive to the children. When we see with what a lavish hand evil men finish and furnish like palaces their dens of vice and iniquity, to entice our sons and daughters, tempting them to cross the threshold and enter their places of infamy, think you we cannot afford to spend time (and money if need be) putting forth every effort to make home to our loved ones, the dearest and sweetest spot on earth? Then when they reach their majority it will be with feelings of deepest regret that they leave the parental roof. Oh! would that fathers and mothers might arise in holy horror, and with one sweep of their united ballot, blot forever from our land the greatest demon of the age—intemperance, that causes so much extravagance and misery.

Perhaps I am wandering into by and forbidden paths, however I believe it to be true. economy to use carefully the means God has given us; not economy but parsimony to deprive ourselves of the comforts and enjoyments we may have, placed as we are for a time in this bountiful and beautiful world. But the practical side of the question, particularly in the expenditure of money: Take the matter of purchasing—which is the more economical way for farmers to purchase, in large or small quantities? Could they unite and buy direct from the wholesale dealers they might save considerable that now goes into the hands of middlemen. In purchasing sugar, as a matter of economy get it by the barrel, as it comes a little less per pound, and you thus avoid paying a round price for coarse brown paper. Buy kerosene in the same manner, as an oil can is not pleasant company to have very often on your trip to town, but to the "gude mon" of the house, I would whisper softly, don't use kerosene for kindling wood, as it is not economy. All other groceries purchase by the quantity, provided you have the means at hand to pay down, otherwise never; better one pound at a time, paid for, than a barrel on credit. Never buy cheap groceries; they are sure to be adulterated, consequently injurious. In the purchasing of drygoods it is economy to get the best; shoddy is dear at any price. I do not mean by this to purchase the highest priced and finest goods, but good durable articles, made "pon honor," if you can find such. Is it not a little doubtful whether it be economy to patronize these much advertised "quarter off" sales? Perchance this wonderful "quarter off" is by the dealer first added to the original retail price, then taken off, thus giving the innocent public the benefit. Much might be said regarding the economical use of all articles after purchasing, but I will leave that for those whose muskets are loaded with better ammunition. If as farmers and farmers' wives we were more independent we would be more economical. By thinking less of what people will say, and more of what we can honestly afford in matters of dress and living, we might become a wiser, healthier, happier people.

Let us as wives and mothers imitate our noble brothers; when there is extra work, let us have extra help, economizing our time and strength. Few men realize the extra care and worry brought upon their wives by the family of little ones. How often does the mother try to perform all the household duties, nurse, chambermaid, laundress, seamstress, dairymaid and cook! Is it strange that many farmers' wives are early in life physical wrecks, to say nothing of their bright intellects that have become dull and feeble for want of time and means to improve them. Sometimes we hear it said of a man, "He is awful good to his wife, he hires a girl for her the year round." Surely this is not so magnanimous when you consider he keeps a man for himself, and hires from twenty-five to one hundred and twenty-five extra days' work beside. When a farmer does not succeed financially, what is the trouble? Surely not the depression in prices, or his mismanagement in any wise. No—but—well—ah! he has such an extravagant wife; does he succeed, all is due to his wonderful management, and not to his dear economical spouse. "Consistency, thou art a jewel!" Sisters, let us try to be economical in the true sense of the term. Brothers, see to it you better appreciate your economical wives, and look well to your laurels, lest when they visit the barns, granaries, shops, tool houses, etc., they find extravagance and waste.

PEPPERMINT OIL.

The subject of raising and preparing peppermint for market was pretty thoroughly discussed at our late institute in Kalamazoo Co., but nothing was said publicly in regard to its medicinal qualities. The majority of people have no idea of the benefit that may be derived from the use of this oil in various ways. It is a powerful stimulant, very penetrating, promotes perspiration, and is excellent for almost any ailment if used properly. From one to three drops in a little sweetened water will relieve flatulency or distress in the stomach; bathing the affected parts will ease neuralgia or rheumatism; a drop wrapped in cotton and inserted in the ear will cure earache; and a hollow tooth may be treated the same way with the same results. It is also good for colds. For a cold in the head put a few drops in a basin of hot water, hold it in the lap, throw a blanket over the head and breathe the steam. For cold in the throat and chest, bathe the parts with the oil and also apply a little to the end of the finger and put on the tongue as far back in the mouth as possible, three or four times a day; it will taste rather strong at first but one gets used to it. The latter application is becoming noted in this locality for hay fever and asthma. Another member of my family and myself have tested it with good results; we have practiced the use of it for three months, lessening the number of doses as time advances; and have not had asthma during that time, which is the longest period we have been free from it in about eight years. I have several friends who have also tried it and found relief. We hope if any of the *HOUSEHOLD* readers have the asthma they will try this remedy, and if it relieves them publish it

far and near, that all who have that dreaded disease may be benefited if possible. None except those who have been afflicted with asthma, know what misery there is in sitting up in a chair for several successive days and nights, and gasping for breath till every muscle is strained, and every nerve unstrung, until one almost dies for want of rest and sleep, unable to obtain it till the attack has run its course. Often when suffering so, only the dread of leaving my family has kept me from wishing I could drop this mortal coil and go where I could exist without breath, or get it more easily.

Peppermint oil is good for burns, scalds, &c., and is also used in the form of essence, which is made by dissolving one teaspoonful of the oil in one ounce of alcohol; a dose of the essence is from one to three teaspoonfuls, according to the severity of the pain. A small portion of the essence will flavor other disagreeable medicines and render them less nauseous. The oil and essence may both be obtained at the drug store, but it is said that it is adulterated in some cases to quite an extent after leaving the distillery, but by sending to any of the numerous mint raisers in the country the pure oil may be obtained. It is used in foreign countries for cholera and other infectious diseases, and I believe it is used for coloring purposes.

In reading the above over methinks it sounds like a patent-medicine advertisement and I am afraid of the waste basket, but I assure the editor that I am not financially interested in it, only in the way it has saved us from the doctors this winter. If I could have but one medicine in the house it would be peppermint oil. C. B. R. VICKSBURG.

GASOLINE VS. KEROSENE STOVES.

I would say to E. M. P. that I have used a gasoline stove four years, and would not like to be without it; I would not have a kerosene stove in the house. As for danger, there is no more risk than in using our lamps; in either case you cannot be careful one minute and careless the next, and I never allow a green hand to run mine. We have a wood stove to use if necessary, but if you have to buy your wood it is cheaper to use gasoline. There are some things I can do a great deal better with a gasoline than with a wood stove; ironing is one of them. ENQUIRER.

PARMA.

I have used a kerosene stove and must say that I do not like it. My objection is to the soot which forms on everything used about it. A kerosene stove is like a lamp without a chimney; the black residuum must go somewhere, so it floats about in the air, and is worse than soft coal. When I came to have my kitchen walls cleaned, the black, greasy smoke was very hard to remove, rolling up under the cloth, and requiring a good deal of muscle to remove it. A kerosene stove requires a good deal of care, also; it must be cleaned every day, or the odor from it is very disagreeable. I have never used a gasoline stove, but all my friends who have them like them very much. My kerosene stove is entirely neg-

lected, and will not be used again unless in case of an emergency. M. J. H.

DETROIT.

WE cannot admit into the columns of our little paper anything that savors of personal controversy. We grant to all the privilege of free expression of opinion, but ill-natured remarks or uncourteous criticism are "barred." If others dissent from beliefs expressed by a contributor, it is their privilege to give their own thoughts on the subject, though directly in opposition, but it must be done courteously and without bitterness. Personalities will always be relentlessly blue-penciled.

ONE of our readers recently asked how she could clean a new iron teakettle. Thoroughly scald the kettle and wash with a coarse dishcloth on which you have rubbed some scouring soap. Fill the kettle with cold water, in which a little washing soda has been dissolved, and let it come to a boil on the stove. A dishcloth of iron rings is very useful in cleaning kettles which are not porcelain-lined; it cleans off iron rust nicely.

BESS says: "Tell Max to examine her pickles and see if iron comes in contact with either pickles or vinegar; if so the mystery is solved." She adds: "To make washing easy use Bogue's soap according to directions, thus avoiding the disagreeable odor of boiling suds."

SEVERAL letters we would have been glad to have published in this issue were too late for insertion, and are unavoidably held over. Copy should reach us early in the week if designed for publication in the *HOUSEHOLD* of the following Monday.

THOSE who have missed numbers of the *HOUSEHOLD* for the current year can have the missing copies forwarded to them by addressing a postal card to the MICHIGAN FARMER, giving the dates wanted.

IN the recipe for brown bread given in the *HOUSEHOLD* of the 21st inst, a typographical error made us say "two teacupfuls of soda" instead of two "teaspoonfuls."

MRS. C. B., of Shelbyville, wishes some of the readers of the *HOUSEHOLD* who have children would give their ideas on dressing little boys.

Contributed Recipes.

FRIED CAKES.—One cup sugar; one egg; two teaspoonfuls baking powder; two tablespoonfuls butter; two-thirds cup sweet milk. Flour to roll soft.

FRIED CAKES No. 2.—One coffee-cupful sour milk; one teaspoonful soda; one teacupful sugar; two teaspoonfuls shortening (butter preferred); one egg.

APPLE SHORTCAKE.—Make a cake as for a strawberry shortcake. Stew good tart apples—Yellow Bellflowers are splendid—with as little water as possible, sweeten quite sweet place between the layers, and serve with sweet cream.

LEMON PIE.—Juice and grated rind of one lemon; five tablespoonfuls sugar, and one of butter; half cup milk; three eggs. Bake with cover crust only. MRS. C. W. J.

CHICAGO.