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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

Under the haystack Little Boy Blue
Sleeps with his head on his arm,
While voices of men and voices of maids
Are calling him over the farm.

Sheep in the meadow are running wild
Where poisonous herbage grows,
Leaving white tufts of downy fleece
On the thorns of the sweet wild rose.

Out in the field where the tasseled corn
Its plumed head bends and bows
Where golden pumpkins ripen below,
Wander the snow-white cows.

But no loud blast on the silver horn
Calls back the truant sheep,
And cows may wander wherever they will,
While their master is fast asleep.

His roguish eyes are tightly shut,
His dimples are all at rest,
The little hand tucked under the head
By one rosy cheek is pressed.

Waken him? No! Let down the bars
And drive in the truant sheep,
Open the barnyard and drive in the cows,
But let the little boy sleep.

For year after year we can shear the fleece,
And corn can always be sown,
But the sleep that comes to Little Boy Blue
Will not come when the years are flown.

HAPPINESS.

How many definitions of this word would we elicit, if we were to ask the question of each of our friends? Its general character seems to be of so intangible, illusory and elusory a nature, that few find words to describe it. Pursued, it tantalizingly keeps just beyond our reach; sought for, it eludes our quest; called, it comes not; coveted, it flies, yet ever hovers near, tempting with bright promise of halcyon days to come, that yet flit on before us. Anticipation beckons us onward, now we are sure of perfect enjoyment; but alas, possession oft brings disappointment and grief. One seeks happiness in fame, another in ambition, still another in great deeds or glorious feats of arms, another thinks to win her in the calm delights of domestic life, or in literary pursuits. Each finds roses, but all find thorns, some so many that the sting fills the mind to the exclusion of all the beauty of the flower. Much of this failure results from looking amiss. Happiness is a coy but kind personage. Take her now, she will sit at your side content. But do not try to dress her to your taste. Welcome her in whatever guise she appears. The present moment is all we can use, but we may if we will, find in the present sweet enjoyment.

Too many are perpetually looking for-

ward to a distant point, where perfected achievement or fulfilled plans are, at the supreme moment of assured success, to bring the cup of happiness full to the brim. Everything is held in abeyance for this conclusion; it would be almost a sin to anticipate by a fraction, the expected bliss of that joyful moment. Negation sits enthroned: "Then, and not until then will I accept this great pleasure; but then, how happy I will be!" How frequently is bitter, poignant disappointment the result of such joyous anticipation. Either our cherished plans fail to materialize, or in their growth or unfolding, they develop qualities unsuspected, that dwarf or destroy the expected pleasure.

Repeated experiences of this kind sometimes poison a sanguine temperament. They sourly assert that for them Providence never smiles; they will never again hope for happiness, and settle down to a doubting, morose, morbid state of existence, as unhappy as it is detrimental to its unfortunate possessor. There is happiness for every one, but the power to embrace and hold it must come from the individual alone. Some poor creatures feel defrauded if they are cheated into forgetfulness of their unhappiness for a little time. Like the little boy, who under some excitement forgot to cry and at the first conscious moment inquired of his mother, "What was I crying about, ma? Oh yes, I know, boo, hoo," they hug their trouble to their hearts and recommence their complaints. They "enjoy poor health," or their pains and penalties are marks of distinction that raise them above the common level. They take a melancholy pleasure in being spoken of as "those sufferers."

I think there are many who covet happiness, and are capable of intelligent enjoyment, who miss or come short of it from a mistaken idea as to the proper form of seeking. We have essay, sermon and volume on the folly of "borrowing trouble," that, reversed in title, would apply to the pursuit of happiness. Let the sun shine or storm prevail; look to the proper use and enjoyment. If it contain one element of enjoyment, make the most of it. Do not wait for to-morrow. Have you a flower just opening. Do not wait for its perfect bloom to admire it. Watch each unfolding leaf; you will admire the perfect flower no less. Are you building a new house, or patiently working to pay for a little home? Do not wait for either to be accomplished before you taste the happiness of possession. Put in the little touches as you go along; these add so much to the feeling of happy ownership, at a cost many times of effort only.

Plant a tree, a vine or a flower, and watch them grow. What if your forebodings rather than your hopes be realized, and you must part with your treasures. These pleasant experiences will bring happy memories, and will bless other lives. Don't wait until your children are grown up to be happy with them. Take time to study their natures, to sympathize with their little joys and sorrows, to enjoy their caresses and kisses. You will gain even in a business view, for a child held in love's hands is more helpful, and more easily guided and corrected.

Be happy now; look closely for all and each avenue of enjoyment, holding all the senses of mind and body ready to accept and assimilate her beauty. Be not anxious, simply alert and quiescent. Look on the bright side of happenings, have faith, earnest faith, that the sun shines when clouds obscure the vision. Then while taking all the pleasure possible from every step of preparation for some grand culmination of enjoyment, moderate your transports with the thought of the possibility of failure, that disappointment be not overwhelming. Success will not be less pleasurable if it come. The person who has health, a fair share of prosperity, a love of God and humanity, has the elements of happiness inherent, and many with a wreck of health and a mountain of adversity overwhelming them, but a healthful possession of the two last, have attained to a high degree of true happiness.

Ardently desire, willingly accept, gratefully enjoy the companionship of Happiness, and she will be a frequent if not constant guest. May the elements of happiness be handily arranged, and properly combined to be appropriated by each and every one of us.

Happiness is a boon to mortals given,
A foretaste of the holy joys of Heaven;
To thine own self be true, and act Life's part
With faithful effort and an honest heart;
Battling for truth, daring to do the right,
Opposing error, though upheld by might,
Helping the weak, tho' lowly, and the poor;
Condemning sin, tho' pitying evil doer;
Be such thy life; tho' all must suffer pain,
Sweet happiness and peace with thee remain.

INGLESIDE.

A. L. L.

THE secret of successful frying is to have the fat at the right temperature. If fish, crullers, etc., are put into fat not hot enough, they take up the fat and become "fat-soaked," and unfit for food. The fat should be still, and a light-blue vapor arise from it; then it is at the proper temperature. Always roll fish in flour or meal before you put it in the fat.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

[Paper read by Mrs. Elliott T. Sprague at the Farmers' Institute at Battle Creek, Feb. 18th.]

(Concluded.)

Every mother should find time to give her children an hour in the day for little confidences, asking and answering questions, telling stories, reading, imparting delight to the little souls, "with their wonder so intense, and their small experience," and there is no hour so convenient and pleasant as the one "atween the lights." They will know when the hour comes, and learn to anticipate it; and the confidence thus gained will never be withdrawn. They will tell you all their little disappointments, their hopes and ambitions, and right here we should try and keep them, never for an instant relinquishing that hold. A child should have unbounded faith in his parents. Never make a promise that you know you cannot fulfill; for from that moment he has lost confidence in you. The little child has a busy brain and inquiring mind; there is a constant wonderment over all he sees, and the only way he can find out about it is to ask questions; often the answer is "Oh! get away child, you will know when you grow up." This is not satisfactory, he wants to know now.

When a child needs punishment, he should receive it. It is no kindness to a child to allow him to glide along without any opposition, knowing nothing but his "own sweet will." You will never know what sort of metal he is made of. Many a boy is started on the downward path, because this was neglected. The mother, in sympathy with the child, expects the father to punish him, he is in too great a hurry then to attend to it, he comes from his place of business, the cares have been unusually perplexing and wearisome, he turns toward his home with a heart burning with love and tenderness, he hears the joyous cry and bounding step of his darling, and as the door closes behind him he feels that "a world of care is shut out, a world of love within." It is a gross injustice to ask him to punish his child; the time for that is when it is merited, and punishment should never be administered in anger. Never expect to conquer a child until you have first conquered yourself. The fiercest wars that have ever been waged, and the greatest victories that have ever been gained, have been over self. Just as the block of marble assumes lines of beauty and form in the hands of the sculptor, so is the mind of the infant molded into perfect outline in our hands, but it should not be done in ignorance; there should be judgment, and firmness tempered with great love. The child knows when he has gained a point; he knows when he has yielded and owned a wrong. To oblige a child to yield always, because you say so, is not fair; a child has rights as well as a grown person, and they should be respected. Often a little explanation will be found to accomplish more than the rod. But it is better to grieve over childish tears and a moment's pain, than to feel the heart slowly breaking over a wrecked and blighted manhood.

We follow the child along, until there begins to come a self-reliant feeling, and the youth takes his character into his own

hands to fill it out. Now the home influence—home education—the quiet talks in the evening, will begin to bear fruit. He will now determine upon some life calling, prepare for it, and pursue it with vigor. Every energy should be directed to it, enlisted in it, and harmonized with it. For if he have ever so much genius, unless he have energy, and exert it, it is no more genius "than a bushel of acorns is a forest of oaks." It is a good idea to allow a boy to make a trade, buy stock or something of the kind, to see what he has a natural faculty for. Grant told an amusing anecdote of himself, which may be new to some. When a boy of eight years his father called him to his side, and handing him twenty-five dollars said, "My son, neighbor G. has a young colt that he wants to sell, he asks twenty-five dollars for him. Now you go over there and buy him. First offer him twenty dollars, if he says no, offer twenty-two and one-half, and if he still refuses give him twenty-five, for the colt is well worth it, and I want him, but remember, buy as cheap as you can, always." Young Grant went to the neighbor's, where he made his errand in this wise: "Father sent me over to buy that brown colt of yours; he said I must offer you twenty dollars first, if you would not take it, offer twenty-two and a half, and if that didn't fetch him give twenty-five, for the colt was well worth it." It is needless to say the boy left his twenty-five dollars, and led the colt home in triumph. Every boy and girl should be educated and trained for some branch of business; if they have no specialty, cultivate one, they want a fixed aim in life, a oneness of purpose, this alone will fit them to be, what every one finds, sooner or later, that they have to be, "bread winners." Give them a good liberal education; all that your means will allow. I do not know that I would advise mortgaging the farm or denying one's self comforts, still it has been done with success. There are better legacies that can be left them than piles of bank stock, or broad acres, money expended for their improvement and benefit, under a judicious supervision, the example of "a life well spent, a character uprightly sustained," a brave and manly character to encounter adversity, and perseverance to conquer. Burns says

"Though losses and crosses
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, you'll get there,
You'll find no other where."

Napoleon said there was no such word as "impossible." Whatever he wished to accomplish, he threw the whole force of mind and body upon his work, but possessing such resolute determination, selfishness was his ruin. From the following facts it would seem that education is what the masses need most.

Taking the "Bulletin of Illiteracy" in the United States, as returned at the tenth census, of the 36,761,607 persons of ten years of age and upwards, one-seventh were unable to write, and one-sixth unable to read. Our population in 1880 numbered 50,155,783. There were, equally proportioned between the white and colored races, 4,204,363 of both sexes, over twenty-one years of age, unable to write, or 2,000,000 illiterates, out of the 10,000,000 persons at that time entitled to vote; or in other

words, one of every five voters unable to read the ballot he places in the box. It is this illiterate voter in every five or six who holds the balance of power at our elections. These are the men who may at any time subject the country to their control.

Give the boys and girls plenty of education, plenty of good books to read, plenty of good wholesome amusements. I feel that our homes are not what they should be in amusements. So many have peculiar ideas about them, thinking they will have a bad influence. There is nothing but what becomes a vice, if carried to excess. If we do not allow our youth to indulge in different amusements, how will they know to discriminate between the good and bad? I would not advise the keeping of all temptations from them until they are grown men and women; how will they ever have moral courage to resist? We should regard amusements as part of our education, a part of the moral training which we must receive, to perfect our natures and refine our sympathies. Instead of being entirely separate from everything else, and set apart by themselves, at some chosen place and time, they should mingle with, and color with a ray of brightness, the whole web of life. They should stand side by side with the institutions of morality and religion, as aids and not enemies. Every home should be a little world, furnishing at least a little of all that its inmates want to make them happy. If parents will consider this they will never see their children weary of home, never see them "sowing wild oats" which will bring a harvest of tears. We should be mutual helpers. It was never intended that we should be stumbling blocks for others' feet. "If there is anything that opens the mind to angel visits, and repels the ministry of ill, 'tis human love." We all learned the Golden Rule at our mothers' knee, but so many forget it in later years. Many a young girl might have turned out, oh! so differently, if there had been the memory of a mother's gentle councils, a mother's good example, or if some kind friend had warned her of evil associates, of the "wolf lurking outside of the fold." I am classing the boys and girls together, for the time has gone by when it was "man to the front and woman to the rear." Their paths will never diverge as widely again; every day shows the increasing similarity in the occupations, pleasures and ambitions of the two. We find them in telegraph offices, as bookkeepers, as clerks in stores, in the Treasury Department, filling professors' chairs, as lawyers, as ministers. I have read of one lady who successfully runs a large Corliss engine in a manufacturing establishment, another had made an application for the position of engineer on a train. In fact there is scarcely anything but has "a woman in it." Side by side will they walk, she gaining strength and selfreliance and independence from him; he finding a safeguard in her presence, as his feet enter the labyrinths of the world's temptations. Oh! our brave, beautiful boys and girls! I have no fears for their future. The thread that drops from our hands will be taken up by them; the words that leave our lips will re-echo from theirs, the mantle that will fall from our shoulders.

will be most worthily received, long after our heads lie low, we shall live in them.

"The good begun by us shall onward flow,
In many a branching stream, and wider grow.
The seed, that in these few and fleeting hours,
Our hands unsparing and unwearied, sow,
Shall deck our grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield us fruit divine in Heaven's bowers."

KITCHEN TALK.

If women only knew how much more easily they could work over the stove, if it only stood high enough not to require them to stoop, I am sure many a cook stove would get a lift in the world this spring. Stoves and tables ought to be adapted to the height of the woman who is to work over them, instead of being of an unvarying pattern; and I hope the time may come when in buying either, the purchaser will look to this point as one of the most essential to be considered. No wonder women have back-aches and get round-shouldered bending over so much to stir something on the stove, and to knead the bread and roll out the pie-crust, and it is the stooping that tires. It is imperative that women study to lighten their work by every means in their power, not alone by judicious planning, but by saving of strength in execution. Whatever saves an ache or a pain is worth attention. It seems sometimes as if everything was economized on a farm but the labor and strength of the wife. She too often does her work after the hardest fashion, for want of thought on her own part, sometimes; and sometimes for want of practical help on the husband's part.

I believe I have made a discovery. I do not claim it as original, by any means, but it is new to me and I think will prove so to many of our readers. It is that a large coarse sponge is the best thing to use as a "duster" for certain purposes it discounts the accustomed rag considerably. Wrung out of tepid water, dry, so that it can leave but a trace of moisture, it licks up the dust as if it were greedy for it. It is excellent to wipe the dust from the carpet after a thorough sweeping; it captures the flying atoms under the stove, and goes over the baseboards in a commendably "slick" fashion, and holds fast all it catches. No more shaking a dust-laden cloth out the window, for the wind to blow its contents back into the room again. It cannot, of course, be used on books, etc., but for many purposes it is invaluable.

Mrs. Emma Ewing, at the head of the department of Domestic Economy at the Iowa Agricultural College, has published an article on cooking beef, which is very good, except in one of its provisos. She says a roast of beef should never be washed before being cooked. I think if Mrs. Ewing should chance to see a butcher's wagon laden with dressed meat on its way from the slaughter house to the market, she would arrive at a different conclusion. I often see such loads, the meat crowded into a dirty wagon, perhaps the butcher's boy sitting upon it and smoking as he goes, the mud from passing vehicles spattered upon it, and once I saw a side of beef thrown on so carelessly that it was wiping the wheel. It is bad enough to eat meat that has been washed, when we know of the carelessness and often positive filth of the handling it re-

ceives. No, indeed, pure water, quickly applied, and the meat well wiped afterward, will not hurt the cooking qualities of a juicy roast.

BEATRIX.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Ignorance" desires a description of a quiet home wedding, where no guests are expected except a very few relatives. Well, the prettiest home wedding the HOUSEHOLD Editor ever attended, was the quietest and simplest; and managed on the principle that people are getting married every day, and what's the use of making such a fuss about it. The bride and groom were in the parlors, with the guests, and when the hour arrived the groom offered his arm to the bride, and standing before the clergyman, the beautiful marriage service of the Episcopal church was read, the guests offered their congratulations, and the newly wedded pair led the way to the dining-room, where a nice breakfast was laid. The bride wore a neat traveling suit, the groom the conventional Prince Albert, suitable for a day wedding; neither wore gloves. The house had been prettily decorated; it was summer, and flowers were everywhere. Everybody said "What a pretty wedding!" yet there was not a bit of "fuss and feathers" about it. In more formal ceremonies, which are still not the "grand weddings" at which the etiquette is always the same, the clergyman enters the room in advance of the bridal pair, faces the company and the pair follow and face him. The groom wears gloves or not, as he pleases; if worn, they should be a light tan. The bride's gloves may match her suit if it is medium light, but light shades of tan or gray are also worn; white gloves are out of favor. At a small wedding, it is more desirable to seat the guests at the table; where there is a crowd refreshments may be passed. For refreshments, if you have the dainty cups for bouillon, you will of course desire to serve this first; chicken salad, cold ham, pressed chicken, jellies, ice cream and cake—not over three sorts, which must be the nicest of the genus cake. Last, if there is a bride's cake, it is placed before her and she cuts it. Coffee and tea are dispensed with if bouillon is served. If wedding cake is distributed, it is neatly packed in paper boxes, which come for the purpose, and each guest takes one. For the benefit of these fastidious persons who object to being promiscuously kissed, it is proper to say that nowadays no one kisses the bride except her very nearest relatives; even the clergyman is excused.

E. J. C. asks the value of a fifty-cent gold coin of the date of 1664, which is light, square in shape, and which she thinks would be valuable to a collector. Without a more minute description of the coin it would be impossible to even approximate its worth. There were no fifty cent pieces of American currency coined as early as the date named, the earliest Colonial currency being made at Boston, 1652, consisting of silver in English shillings and sixpences, and all the coins bearing date 1652 and 1662. Large amounts of gold coins, made by private parties, have been made and circulated in the country, the law only providing that each coin "be not in re-

semblance or similitude like those issued from the government mints;" and from the shape of the piece E. J. C. mentions possibly, if it is an American coin, it is one of these. Square coinage is not common; a Netherland ducat and the rupee of the Mogul empire are square. If E. J. C. will give inscription and design, we would be better able to give an idea of the value of the coin.

Mill Mimie.—We cannot give the address you ask, as we know no one who teaches the work. A letter addressed to Madam Rabaut, this city, might secure further information.

S. A. C. asks how a letter to a lady practicing medicine ought to be addressed, and inquires if "Mrs. Dr. Blank" would be correct. No, it would not. If it is necessary to indicate the sex of the person addressed, write out the first name, as "Dr. Mary Blank, or write "Mrs. Mary Blank, M. D." The first form is preferable. All forms like "Mrs. Judge A—," "Mrs. Dr. D—," "Rev. Mrs. M—," "Mrs. General G—," are improper and incorrect, though they are often seen in print. If a lady takes rank among professionals, she assumes her title of Dr., Rev., etc., but drops Miss or Mrs. and indicates femininity, if she feels she must, by giving Christian name, as above.

SCRAPS.

I MUST "beg leave to differ" from a late essayist in the HOUSEHOLD who calls the "newspaper idea" of a home filled with flowers, sunshine, pictures, and plenty of books and papers, "mere twaddle." Strip a house of these accessories and you rob the home of its attractiveness to any but those sordid souls who see beauty in nothing which does not give a return in dollars and cents. Take away these things and you remove the external evidences of refinement and culture; they are exponents of these qualities in the family. Tourgees say even the exterior of a house, its architectural character, is indicative of the character of those who reside in it; and he has a very pleasant paragraph about the man who somehow, by the subtle affinity which moulds us into harmony with surroundings, came to resemble, spiritually, a certain recessed window of his house which overlooked the street and dominated it. If the newspaper's teachings relative to the needs of home are "mere twaddle," then, since these teachings are only the voices of wise men and women, the noblest and best of our land, those who by observation of life are entitled to speak understandingly, speaking to us from the printed page instead of personally, their ideas must be "mere twaddle" also. Such are the thoughts of Emerson, Ruskin, Talmage and Beecher, who pleaded most eloquently for attractive homes as means to keep the young people from manifold dangers. The laborer's home lacks wealth, often comforts, yet it is happy in proportionate degree, not alone to the unselfish devotion of its members, but to the expression of that devotion manifested in its adornments and attractiveness.

WHAT a mistake girls make when they

put away their school-books after they have "finished their education," and think no more about their studies! As I pick up my old botany sometimes for reference, and look it over, I find "lots" of new things in it; I see new relevance to its teachings, new fitness to its terms; a new meaning in it all. Things that seemed so hard when as a pupil I was studying them, are so simple now that I wonder they ever perplexed me. I have often thought what a grave error we make that these studies, which we enter upon in our school-days, are not pursued when we leave school, or taken up again and reviewed in the light of more matured experience and mental expansion. If we spent less time in gossip, and over this fancy work which seems the womanly craze of the era, and more in making ourselves women of cultured minds and broader knowledge, how much better it would be for us and our little world! How few women in farm homes are observant of the wonderful natural processes going on about them in every recurring season! With every opportunity for observation, country people are usually very ignorant of all such things, and it ought not so to be.

THE interesting little stories published in certain of our exchanges, about girls who go into fruit-farming, market gardening, cake-making, etc., to support themselves and a small but interesting family accustomed to every luxury, and reach the maximum of success with the minimum of discouragement, "make me tired." They are very pleasant fiction to read, but I am sorry for the woman who hopes to realize them in fact. They may do some good, in arousing an interest in such ways of making money for women, but she who expects to make the bright visions her own will have obstacles to encounter and difficulties to surmount not "down in the books." And these stories, like all other fictitious yarns, invariably lead to marriage. The minute success is obtained, we hear the peal of wedding bells. Cannot we ever have anything for women without a man in it? Why should a woman who sees that she has laid the foundations of an independent, self-supporting existence, abandon the fruit of her toil as it hangs ready to her hand, to marry and "settle down?" I want to read one of these pleasing tales in which the heroine goes calmly on, a nice, quiet, pleasant maiden lady, minus the "cat and cup o' tea" which are her usual accessories, finding happiness, health and profit in her business, and not taking a husband for either protection or revenue. I shall have to write the story myself, I fear, since the ending I want is so unconventional, but perhaps I have not a sufficiently vivid imagination.

BEATRIX.

WHAT A PEST-HOUSE IS LIKE.

Easter Monday, the weather being very fine, I started out with some friends to visit the new pest-house, which is just finished. It is a very odd-looking building; the center is two large octagons, with a square room between, standing one east and one west of the square room; then on each side, north and south, there are three more octagons with a small square room between each;

these small rooms are for private bedrooms, for those who are able to pay for having a room to themselves. The four corner octagons are bedrooms also; the beds are all single iron bedsteads, with springs and mattresses, a pillow, blanket, and counterpane white as snow. There are two bath rooms, two sitting-rooms and a dining-room. The building is of plank, laid one above the other and nailed, all planed smooth and painted inside and out. There are windows on four sides of each of the six outside octagons. The center ones are taller than the outside ones, and have eight windows on each side. The house is one story high with a basement, the latter is divided the same as the upper story, but the rooms are used for different purposes. There is a kitchen, washroom, two drying-rooms, a coal-room, storerooms, pantries, a room for the furnace, and a room where they make the gas that lights the building. They have brought the water and sewer up from the city. There are three small cottages on the grounds, occupied by the family who has charge of the place. The building is situated on Crawford St., about one mile north of the Boulevard and about twenty rods back from the street.

WOODSIDE.

TEMPERANCE.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

LOOK out for the carpet beetle this spring. This insect was quite fully described in the *HOUSEHOLD* last spring.

TO CLEAN paint, dip a flannel cloth in whiting and rub the paint, wash off with clear water and wipe with a soft dry cloth. Paint—even of the most delicate color—will not be injured in the least, will look equal to new, and the work is more easily done than if soap is used.

AUNT ADDIE, in the *Country Gentleman*, gives these directions for preparing rubber cement: "Procure a piece of native rubber at any large store where rubber goods are sold, and cut it into very thin slices with a wet knife, and then with a shears divide these into strips as fine as can be. Fill a wide-mouthed bottle about one-tenth full of these strips and fill it three-quarters full of benzine, which must be pure. The rubber will swell up almost immediately, and in a few days, if often shaken, get to be of the consistency of honey. If it does not dissolve, add more benzine, but if too watery add more rubber. The cement dries in a few minutes, and by using three coats, it will unite the broken places on shoes and the backs of books, etc., very firmly.

BRAZIL wood is said to be one of the few dyes that will color linen and cotton successfully. The chips are boiled for several hours, and the decoction kept till it begins to ferment, as it gives more permanent colors than when fresh. To dye cotton or linen, an exchange recommends the following method: "Boil them first in a bath of sumac, next work them through a weak mordant of solution of tin, and then put them through the Brazil dye while it is lukewarm. This gives a bright Turkey red. To have a soft rose color, dip the goods

first in a solution of alum, rinse them well, pass them through the tin mordant, rinse again, and then put into the Brazil bath. Silk and wool are even more easily dyed, these goods needing no tin mordant, as the alum bath is sufficient to fix the color. The Brazil bath should be lukewarm for silk and boiling hot for wool goods. The shades of color may be modified on these materials by varying the strength of the bath, the mordant, etc. The addition of more alum gives a purplish tinge. A little alkali added to the bath gives a magenta shade. A rich dark crimson is obtained by adding a little logwood to the Brazil wood solution."

DID Bess, of Plainwell, receive an enclosure from the *HOUSEHOLD* Editor, in response to a wish expressed some time ago in a private note?

A. C. G. notifies us that the paper "How to be a Good Husband," in the *HOUSEHOLD* of April 18th, was written by Mrs. C. B. Whitcomb, of Hartford, Van Buren Co.

DO NOT forget the *HOUSEHOLD* this spring, in the midst of all the home duties. For its interest and benefit it depends largely upon its contributors. There are many who have not written for some time, but are remembered by the *HOUSEHOLD* Editor, who would be glad to hear from them again.

Contributed Recipes.

SPICE CAKE.—Three pounds seeded raisins one and a half pounds citron; one pound of butter; two and a half coffee cups sugar; two cups sweet milk; four of flour; six eggs; two large teaspoonfuls baking powder; three of cinnamon; two of mace.

TILDEN CAKE.—One cup butter; two cups powdered sugar; one of sweet milk; three cups flour; half a cup corn-starch; four eggs; two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Flavor with lemon extract.

PHIL. SHERIDAN CAKE.—Four cups powdered sugar; one of butter; five of flour; one and a half cups sweet milk; whites of sixteen eggs; three teaspoonfuls baking powder. Rose flavoring.

CITRON POUND CAKE.—One pound of sugar; one of flour; three-fourths pound butter; ten eggs; one and a quarter pounds citron, sliced fine. Bake one and a half hours. A nice rich cake.

PYRAMID POUND CAKE.—One pound sugar; one pound of flour; one pound of butter; ten eggs; flavor with rose; pour batter in pans, one inch in depth. When done cut in slices—after it is cold—three and a half inches long and two inches wide; frost top, sides and ends; before the icing is quite dry pile on a cake stand, five pieces in a circle, with spaces between, over the spaces five pieces more, and so on; draw in the top and put on a bouquet of flowers.

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