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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE WOMAN OF TO-DAY.

As you walk the broad highways of culture and art,

O, sweet, earnest women, of beautiful lives,
In your care of the intellect slight not the heart—
That germ of the old-fashioned mothers and wives.

The fair fields of progress are lovely, indeed,
With the white robes of women who march on to fame,
And the world is as ready to wish them God-speed
As once it was ready to hiss them to shame.

Oh, ho! for this era! this age of progression!
Be glad that you live in this wonderful time.
From the ruts of old creeds that bred wrong and oppression
We are marching out into a future sublime.

No more 'midst the sneers of an insolent throng
The woman of talents must make her gifts known

Now the world doffs its hat as she passes along;
She is courted and sought, like the queen on her throne.

The feminine "doctor," once rudely assailed
By ridicule's shafts, has attained her true place,
And daintily habited, booted and veiled
She enters sad homes like a vision of grace.

The pert paragrapher falls flat in his mirth
When he jests of the "blue-stockings' carelessness array;

Her exquisite toilets are models for Worth
(Sorosia itself proves my statement to-day).

The woman who think—in our cities and towns—
Are no longer objects of insult or fear;
"Society" copies their coiffures and gowns,
And whenever they speak the world pauses to hear.

Then, ho! for this century! Thought is the fashion?

The pathways are crowded to culture and art!
But, alas! for us all, if the warm springs of passion
Run dry in that time-honored organ, the heart.

In the drama of life, full of pathos and pain,
The scenes call for sympathy, tenderness, fire;
And the women whose hearts have dissolved into brain

Are not the star actors, who teach and inspire,
We were meant to be creatures of sweetness and love

Though the highways of knowledge are lofty and broad,
I know of fair hilltops that tower above—
The hills of affection that lie close to God.

In your strong, earnest efforts great good to attain,

Oh! earnest-souled women, remember this truth;

It was love and compassion, not talent and brain
That Buddha and Christ brought the world in its youth.

Brave, beautiful army, march onward and pray
For the truest conception of duty and right;
You can haste the dim dawn of a wonderful day
When the fair brow of Justice shall shine with new light.

A day when the sins of your fathers and brothers
By the eyes of the world are regarded the same
As the errors and sins of your sisters and mothers—

When men shall admit there is no sex to shame.
Formed by the same clay, by the same God created,

By the same passions stirred, the same temptations vexed,
Why should not our faults by the same rule be rated?

Why pardon one sinner and sentence the next?

This age is for women! The pathway is clear,
The boulders are gone that obstructed the past
There is much to be hoped for and little to fear,
Your purpose and strength are respected at last

The gates are wide open to knowledge and art;
As you cultivate gardens in intellect's soil
Sun the fruit of your brain in the warmth of your heart

And the world shall acknowledge the worth of your toil.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE CHILDREN'S TABLE.

There is an idea prevalent among a certain class of mothers—those who care for their children as animals for their young, through an instinct which provides food and shelter, but without that other and better care which takes thought of future conditions, as results of the present treatment—that young children, who are moderately sturdy, can eat anything with impunity. To this end, the small members of the family are given any and all articles of food which find a place upon the table, and this variety is extended by indulgence in the sweets which children love, candies, nuts, pop-corn, cakes and the like. Sausages and buckwheat cakes with syrup, and coffee, are placed before the three year old, and no one thinks anything about it. At five years the child probably complains his coffee is not strong enough, or wants "more." If he begins to exhibit a capricious appetite, the thought is not a reform in diet, to enable the stomach to regain its normal tone, but a loving but mistaken care is exercised to provide some unusual dainty to tempt to over-indulgence. Health is estimated by what is eaten, rather than by what is digested and assimilated, and a falling-off in appetite, instead of being traced to its cause and treated accordingly, is made a pretext for indulgence in more dainty and unhealthful food.

The child's system, with the vigorous exercise and activity naturally incident to its years, can dispose of a good deal of improper food without immediate unfavorable results. But Nature is the sternest of creditors; she exacts the full "pound of flesh" for every violation of her laws.

When the child has grown to maturity, with experiences en route with sick headaches and bilious attacks, the long suffering stomach will pay no more debts of his contracting, and so advises him by that rebellion which we have named dyspepsia. Then he leads a miserable existence, a slave to the despot who rules his digestion, a terror to cooks, a victim to drugs and doctors, with pessimistic views of life and a mighty poor opinion of humanity, all because of his early indulgence in strong coffee and tea, fried oysters, doughnuts, mince pie, and other viands concocted by cooks for the undoing of humanity.

"We set better tables, so far as abundance and variety go, than any other people in the world; eat more and digest it less comfortably than any sister nation. This generation is beyond help in these particulars. We must look for the abatement of American dyspepsia, to the mothers who are making the constitutions and history of the coming century."

It requires a good deal of courage to live plainly in the midst of such abundance as we, as a nation, are blessed with. The articles of food that are luxuries in other countries, are every-day fare to common laborers in the United States. The English laborer, especially in the agricultural districts, think himself fortunate if he tastes meat once a week; the Germans have their black bread and vegetable soups; the French peasantry live plainly and what we would call poorly; but meat three times a day, the finest of white flour, and cakes and puddings, are the every day fare of the corresponding class in our country. We are apt to point to this as an emblem of our prosperity and greatness as a nation. Yet the children whose diet is oatmeal, black bread, and vegetables, with no dainties, excel in strength, health and longevity, those who have what we are pleased to call greater advantages. We have, certainly, greater opportunities than any other nation, and what we might accomplish if we but lived up to our privileges, and at the same time modeled our table at least, upon Spartan simplicity, putting brain and stomach in unison, as it were, who can tell.

There is no more perfect food for children than milk. Oatmeal and milk, bread and milk, milk to drink, instead of tea or coffee, ought to be the principal living of the little ones. An American mother would indignantly declare her children were "abused" if their diet was as simple as the nursery table in the home of an English nobleman, where cereal foods, mutton for

meat and rice puddings or fruit for dessert are the rule. Yet English women are healthy, rosy and athletic.

Let any person, young or old, succumb to a sick headache or a bilious attack, which is only one condition of indigestion, and the first thought of those interested in the patient's welfare is "Now what can we fix up that you can eat?" That is, when the stomach has "gone out on strike," in indignation at our unfair treatment of it, we insist it shall not be allowed to recuperate, but increase the task it has already refused to perform.

To an inquiry as to the health of a little daughter of a physician, who had been very frail and delicate from her birth, the father, made answer: "She grows stronger and more robust; we think her improvement is largely due to our strictness in the matter of diet. Sometimes she over-eats and gets sick; then she goes without eating for two or three days, and is all right again." I have often thought since that a little wholesome starvation is not such a bad thing after all. BEATRIX.

EASY HOUSECLEANING.

We have just finished cleaning the kitchen described in the *HOUSEHOLD* of Jan. 17th. The room is finished in butternut and varnished, consequently a soft cloth and lukewarm water was used in cleaning wood-work. The shelves are whitewood and painted a peach-blow color; the floor is maple and oiled. The woman and myself were one-half day cleaning kitchen and pantry combined, and we did it with ease. With our old kitchen and pantry we would take one-half day for each; never both in one day, as when one was finished we were too tired to attack the other. To begin with, every thing had to be taken out of the pantry, shelves included, scoured, and sides whitewashed. When that was done I felt more like going to bed than anything else, but of course everything must be washed or wiped off and replaced before dinner. It was always the hardest room in the house to clean and the one most dreaded, and we invariably had a one o'clock dinner that day. With the present arrangement I commence at the top shelf, set the things on the next below; when wiped and the shelf washed, they are replaced, hence things are never in a confused mass as in the former case. I asked the woman, when we got through, which she had rather clean, this or the old fashioned pantry. "This," she said emphatically, "it was not as dirty; besides, the kitchen and pantry are now both cleaned." She said she had helped clean a good many, and never saw one yet that was not a catch-all for everything unsightly. We cleaned our china closet and dining-room the day before. I have a cortacine carpet on the floor, and wipe off the same as the kitchen, Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, and if your lumber is well seasoned, and doors fitted properly, you will not be troubled to wipe dust or anything else from your china unless you only have company twice a year, spring and fall. Of course a child ten years old would know the doors should be shut before sweeping. I did not cry sour

grapes, but said "Every one to their notion," as the old lady said when she kissed her cow." My little girl said to me this winter, "Ma, you don't have to warm your dishes; the doctor's folks do when it's cold." Another advantage claimed for the china closet.

I did the work the past winter for a family of eight, with the exception of what an aunt 78 years old could help me. When I told my husband my intention of doing my work alone he opposed it, saying it would confine me too much at home, I would make myself sick, etc. When I weigh 90 pounds he says he is afraid of me, and I tipped the beam at 96 pounds before spring. I would like to say to the ladies who have made new rag carpets to put on their dining-room floors, sell them for some one's sitting-room and buy a linoleum, or cortacine, which is the same I think, only the former is not as heavy and comes cheaper. Mine is the latter, costing one dollar a square yard. The body of the carpet is ground cork and linseed oil. If you will do this, my word for it you will look younger at the end of another year than you do now. I had some pictures taken a short time ago and sent some east to my friends; they wrote back I was growing younger looking, and I attribute it to my dining room carpet. When the men came in to their meals I used to look at their boots, to see the loads of mud they were bringing in, now I don't give it a thought. M. E. F.

GALESBURG.

A GLIMPSE OF DETROIT.

Having left our own Michigan for a visit to friends and relatives in my own native State, New York, I would like to send greeting to the *HOUSEHOLD* friends. The *HOUSEHOLD* seems like a member of the family that has been left behind; have missed it this week.

While visiting places of interest in Detroit, I passed the office of the *MICHIGAN FARMER*, and how I did want to step in and have a chat with our Editor! I remembered that she must be very busy, and being a small woman the fear of being tucked in one corner of that "waste basket," made me hesitate. The temptation being too great to be resisted, however, I mustered courage and followed the friend who was with me, up the stairs. My disappointment exceeded even my timidity on being informed that the Editor was not in.

Detroit is indeed a beautiful city; I was charmed with the absence of the usual monotony of straight streets and square buildings. Grand Circus Park seems like a delightful retreat from the heat and dust of the city. The only drawback to a full enjoyment of it, seems to be suggested by the placards, "Keep off the grass." How glad I am that in the country we need not feel that the green grass is merely to look at, not touch.

I will not attempt to describe the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, or the fine view from the top of the City Hall, but will leave it for some one better able to do them justice. I was disappointed in not reaching the new bridge at Niagara Falls in daylight, but hope to do so on my return. S. J. B.

THE OLD FOLKS.

I will venture the assertion that Will Carlton's simple ballad, "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse," has drawn more tears to the eyes of the old men and women, the grandfathers and grandmothers of our State, than any other poem in our mother tongue. Why? Because in its homely phrase it tells the story of the ingratitude of children, on whom have been lavished the love and care and thought of a lifetime, because its story is lived in prose all about us, and though many of those whose tears fall do not see before them the poorhouse as the refuge of their old age, their hearts have been cruelly wounded by the neglect, the indifference, and unkindness of those who owe them a debt only to be paid with kind solicitude and loving care.

There is no sight in all the world so sad as to see families at variance, children arrayed against parents, brother against sister, husband against wife. The relationship of the family should be the closest, the dearest, the tenderest, in life. As the children grow up in the home, love for their parents and each other should keep pace with their increase in stature. But does it? The feuds in civilized families, among those calling themselves Christians, are so bitter that sometimes a son passes the mother who bore him as indifferently as if she were a stranger, the father's eyes hold no recognition for his daughter, whose baby arms have so often and so tenderly clasped him, and children of one mother fight and quarrel in a fashion that would disgrace respectable cats and dogs. But the cruelest of all is to see the aged parents thrust out of, or made unwelcome in the homes they founded in their youth. Beginning with little, by toil and economy they gathered comforts, thinking in their age to enjoy the fruits of present self denial, with many a loving ambition for the education of their off-spring, many a sacrifice to save for their sakes, to make their beginning in life more easy and comfortable. Such action brings its sweet reward with it, for the measure of our love for others is what we are willing to do for their sakes, but how is it returned? The father says, "My boys will take care of me when I need it," as he gives one after another "a start," and wears the old clothes a little longer, and works a little later to make up the debt.

But the young folks are not content with "a start;" they see great possibilities if they can only "manage" the paternal property. "The old man" is made to feel that he is old and slow; his wisdom is scorned, his cautions unheeded. He is urged to give up the responsibility and let the boys assume it, his years and infirmities are urged, he is promised an easy time, and remembering how he has depended upon his sturdy sons, thinking, as he toiled for them, how by and by they would work for him, he gives them control.

He is a wise man who keeps in his own name his title deeds. Witness the many times a surrender of these causes him to become the most unimportant personage in the household, considered a burden, with the thought expressed in actions "What can an old man do but die?" Who of us

cannot recall some such instance, where the father, to gratify the sons, to keep them with him, or trusting to their fair promises, has at last found himself looked upon as an incumbrance upon the property, only tolerated in the home he once presided over and which owes its being to his life's toil!

It was only last week that the papers chronicled the story of an old couple thrust out at an advanced age, long past the three score years and ten allotted to man, and compelled to seek refuge with other and more distant relatives, because their children, though amply able, refused to provide them a home. Once they had money, and all the friends that prosperity brings, and then their children were cherished and helped. But with the wealth went also the love and gratitude of their children, who were anxious to get rid of the burden of their support. And this is paralleled by another instance occurring in our State some little time ago, where the aged father of sons in comfortable circumstances had made his home with one of them who lived in a western State. But even the bread the old man ate was grudged him by his ingrateson and his wife, who at last bought him a ticket to a town in the interior of this State, where another son lived, and sent him half way across the continent, with a few shillings for meals by the way. At his journey's end he found himself penniless as well as heart-broken, and by the kindness of his fellow passengers was sent in a carriage to his son's house, several miles out of town. We might picture the tender greeting a son should give his old, white-haired father, whom he had not seen for years; with what assiduity he would look to his comfort. But this son was not "that kind." He did not even go out to see his father, but ordered the driver to take him back to town again; he would not open his door to him, but sent him away hungry and penniless, and strangers in the city provided him shelter and food, and a "soul-less corporation" furnished him free transportation back to the home in the west from which he came.

Some one has said: "Gratitude is an Alpine flower, which blossoms only in lofty altitudes." That is true. It is a noble nature which retains the memory of past favors, and evinces a disposition to return them, if not in kind, in what is often more grateful to the recipient, affection and tenderness. But the mind that is tuned to the chord of self cares for others in proportion to the benefits they can bestow, and when no longer useful, casts them off like a worn-out garment. But with the gratitude due to parents for all the care and nurture of infancy's helpless years, is mingled a deeper obligation, that of duty. "My mother's my mother, all my life," was the only answer the little Irish lad gave to those who entreated him to leave the drunken, besotted woman who spent all his earnings for whiskey, and pawned everything he provided for their poor home for more. "My mother's my mother!" What nobility, what strength of purpose and courage, what fidelity, the boy's words convey! "My mother's my mother, and so, whatever her faults or vices, no matter how ungrateful the task, or how discouraging,

I will stand by her, and provide for her, and be faithful to my obligation as her son!" Let those who are in haste to step into the old folks' place, and enjoy the fruits of their toil and self-denial, take thought lest in their own old age their children make them know "how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child." He who is unkind and ungrateful to his father and mother, may justly expect to receive the measure he has given them.

BEATRIX.

HOW TO MIX COLORS FOR PAINTING.

Alice M. Crockett, in the *N. E. Farmer*, gives some directions for mixing paints for decorative painting which we reproduce, believing them of value to the many amateur artists who read the *HOUSEHOLD*.

The first step in the use of colors is to become acquainted with their names, properties and combinations. Some pupils learn color very easily, having a good eye for it, while others are troubled very much to know what to use to get desired shades. One of the greatest mistakes which beginners make, is in mixing tints, sometimes getting them too crude, especially in the shades of green. Many know that blue and yellow make green, but they proceed to use this combination without any other addition, which is wrong, as this green needs one or more colors added to give what artists term "quality," that is, toning them down, so they will not be so bright, but more like nature's lovely green. To study nature, and try to produce her colors, will be the best guide that can be had. There are three shades of zinnobar green, light, medium and deep, but the light is the one used most, and is preferable to the others. This green with white, black, raw umber, burnt sienna and light cadmium will make almost any shade that is commonly used. Black and deep chromo yellow will give a good dark green; Antwerp blue and yellow ochre mixed, makes a good foundation for green, qualified with the other colors mentioned; vermilion is often used in light green, and crimson lake in some of the darker shades. Emerald green is a color never used alone, but is sometimes useful to mix with others, as in the blue-green leaves of the carnation pink, and to make a shade of gray; by combining it with crimson lake, yellow ochre and white. This gray is often used to shade pink flowers.

It is an excellent practice for a beginner to try mixing different colors, trying to match the shades of flowers and leaves. White flowers are painted with gray, for the general tone, and the lights and shadows put in while the whole is wet. For this gray use white, yellow ochre, cobalt, light red and a little black, adding more of the darker colors and less of white in the shadows. A white flower is never so white but a little of some yellow is used in the lights; some are a cream-white, others a greenish shade, and sometimes they are tinted a little pink.

Pink flowers often trouble the amateur, and they are apt to get the shade too purple in tone. This may be overcome by adding yellow to the pink, made by mixing

madder lake and white; janne brilliant is best for this, but yellow ochre Naples yellow may be used. There are several shades of red flowers. For scarlet ones use vermilion, crimson lake, with a little white in the light and black in the shadows. For the darker red flowers use more crimson lake and less of vermilion, and when the flower is dry, if you wish it very bright, glaze with madder lake. This is done by mixing a little of the madder lake with linseed oil and rubbing it over the flower. If the lights are too dark add a little white and retouch them. This is the best mode of painting bright crimson flowers.

Purple flowers may be painted with crimson lake, cobalt blue, white and black; make it the desired shade by adding more or less of the crimson or blue. Mauve is sometimes used in place of the other colors, and it is a beautiful shade, but too bright to use alone, and should be qualified with black and white. Our blue flowers are mostly of a purple tone, and are painted with permanent blue, white madder lake, shade with raw umber and black.

For yellow flowers use the different shades of cadmium (or chrome yellow) white, and shade with raw umber, burnt sienna, and black, according to the shade of the flowers desired. All flowers are shaded more or less with gray, and not a darker shade of the same color, and in all lights white is added.

BABY DRESSES.

Pretty baby dresses for the two years old baby may be crocheted of cotton or linen thread in the so-called antique lace pattern. They have a flounce, also collar and cuffs of the same crochet lace. Any delicate colored satteen will be pretty to line them with. Ornament with a few bows to match the lining.

A new style of "Mother Hubbard" dress may also be made with yoke sleeves and flounces of this lace, with the body of the dress made of two widths of dotted mull. This dainty little affair has a sash of the lace lined with the mull. The yoke and sleeves are also lined with mull, and the bottom of the flounce just comes to the bottom of the skirt.

The open work and embroidered scrim for aprons should be made up "crossways of the cloth," being very much prettier.

To make toilet cushion cover and mats, get one-half yard cream-colored brocade satin, one-eighth yard crimson velvet, cut bias; embroidery silks; four yards silk lace three inches wide. Cut two squares of seven inches each for the mats, then a piece eleven inches one way and seven inches the other for the cushion cover. Sew the velvet across one corner of each with fancy point russe stitches. Embroider a spray of lilies of the valley upon the velvet. Sew the lace on, fulling slightly at the corners. Then cover the joining with fancy stitching with floss.

FOREST LODGE.

MILL MIMIE.

[Cannot Mill Mimie give us directions for the crocheted lace used for the baby dresses? We think they would be acceptable to many *HOUSEHOLD* readers.]

SCRAPS.

I AM a little distrustful of A. L. L.'s rhapsodies over spring housecleaning in the HOUSEHOLD of May 16th. I've been doing a little work of that kind myself lately, and did not find it so delightful. Probably it was due to an individual idiosyncrasy, and not the fault of the housecleaning. Her fable teaches a good moral, though, for she would have us make the best of even our greatest discomforts. And "it does beat everything" to see how our trials lessen, our troubles vanish, when we once make up our minds to conquer them, rather than to let them conquer us, to bear them with the best grace we may, instead of giving way to repining and grumbling. So much depends upon the spirit in which we meet difficulties. Most of us know people who make themselves very unpleasant if anything occurs to upset their individual plans, or if they must do something contrary to their individual inclinations. But what a very uncomfortable world it would be, if each only chose the path most pleasant to his own feet? Let us take A. L. L.'s moral home to our hearts, and attack our work, even its most disagreeable parts, with cheerful hearts and pleasant faces; we can by so doing make life far more blessed to ourselves, through the discipline; and any who has ever tried to live comfortably with a person who persists in looking "on the dark side" and puts on martyr airs over her work, will agree that we can thus make existence much brighter for others. We make ourselves selfish egotists by always talking of our troubles, and demanding sympathy in them. We overlook the greater troubles of others in making mountains of our own. The woman who gets up thinking and saying, "Oh dear, I've got such a big day's work to do that I know I never shall get through it; so many things to do that I don't know what to do first, and I know the baby 'll be cross and I should not wonder if I have company," and so on through a long list of possible annoyances, has laid an excellent foundation for a miserably unhappy day, and made all who listen to her complaints uncomfortable. We are too apt to look on our discomforts as if we were the centre of the universe, and everything revolved around us. Sometimes, when I walk through our crowded streets, looking into hundreds of strange faces, I think what an infinitesimal atom in the great world a single individual must be. So many, many people in the world; so few who mean anything to us in our individual existence. Surely the few who come within the orbit of our own lives, should be made better and happier by the contact.

THERE is one weakness of humanity which always seems very despicable to me. It is that meanness of spirit which leads to what we call "toadying," the paying deference to a person's position or wealth, with no reference to worth, the feeling which makes us elated by a few amiably condescending words, or sends us onward, proud and pleased, at a recognition from some person whose place or money makes him courted. It seems as if this feeling took very comical modes of expression

sometimes; thus I heard a lady remark that her servant girl had "worked for Mrs. Senator —," with an air as if the fact somehow conferred a reflex glory on herself as present employer. If not the rose, she had at least been near that flower; if the lady had not the honor of the acquaintance of "Mrs. Senator —," at least a member of her family, if only a servant, had received orders concerning beefsteak and mutton chops from those aristocratic lips. This servile spirit is often manifested by claiming acquaintance with people we only know by sight, because they are rich and influential, and we hope thereby to enhance our friends' estimation of us. The homely proverb "Let every tub stand on its own bottom," which I take to mean "Let every man be judged by his own character," is a good rule to live by.

BEATRIX.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A BARREL that has been used for beef cannot be made fit for keeping pork any length of time. But, on the other hand, an old pork barrel is the very best package for keeping beef.

POWDERED alum used as snuff will stop bleeding at the nose. Equal parts of glycerine and yolk of egg alleviates the pain of burns, and damp soda bound on the injured part is also a most excellent remedy.

LUSTRO is excellent to remove stains from silver or nickel. A flannel rag moistened in alcohol or ammonia and then dipped in whiting, applied with a little "elbow grease," puts a fine polish on the silver. Whiting and ammonia, one or both, are better than soap to clean paint.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Southern Cultivator* asserts that it is the sugar used in canning fruit which causes it to spoil or ferment. Her plan is to use no sugar, and when she desires to use the fruit she turns the contents of the can into a dish, adds the sugar and allows it to stand several hours before serving. Nearly all sugar is adulterated, and the adulterations induce fermentation.

THE *N. E. Farmer* says: "Freshening salmon and mackerel in sour milk makes it very much nicer than when soaked out in water; also dried fish and salted trout. Soak in enough milk to cover the fish, let it stand twenty-four hours in the milk, then wash in pure water till the milk is all out, and it is a great improvement and can be broiled, fried or boiled to suit the taste, and it pays well for the trouble in freshening it."

If you have an old basket out of which you can cut a perfect half, a very pretty wall-basket or pocket may be made from it in this fashion. Get a piece of board larger than your basket, bevel the edge, and cover with plush, canton flannel, or any such material. Cut or saw the basket in half, leaving the handle on; bind the cut edge with leather and with brass staples fasten the basket firmly to the centre of the board; let the handle come against the board, and tie a ribbon bow at the top. Stain, paint

or gild the basket, according to the use to which it is to be put, and add bows of ribbon "wherever they will do the most good."

If a feather bed has been in use some years without being renovated, put it on the grass where the rain pours heavily, and let it become thoroughly wetted. Then turn on the other side. When the sun shines brightly it will dry quickly. Let it lie out several days, bringing it in at night to keep it from the dews. When perfectly dry hang it on a strong line and beat it as you would a carpet, until all the dust is out of it, and you will have a clean, sweet bed, as well repaired as if the feathers had been run through a machine with a steaming apparatus attached.

THE HOUSEHOLD Editor is always glad to welcome any of the HOUSEHOLD readers or contributors at the FARMER office. Her room is now easily accessible, the "sky parlor" having been abandoned for quarters on the second floor of the old *Tribune* building, now known as the Butterfield Buildings, directly in the rear of the post-office. Neither the Editor nor the waste basket are at all formidable; and she will be pleased to have those who visit the city on business or pleasure this summer, call upon her.

Contributed Recipes.

PRESERVE PUFFS.—Roll out puff-paste very thin; cut into round pieces, and lay jam on each; fold over the paste; wet the edges with the white of egg and close them. Lay them on a baking sheet and bake fifteen minutes; ice them.

ORANGE SHORTCAKE.—One quart flour; three tablespoonfuls butter or lard; two tablespoonfuls baking powder; wet with water or milk into a soft dough; bake; split open and butter; then lay sliced oranges between and on top; sift plenty of sugar over.

MOCK MINCE PIE.—Twelve crackers rolled fine; one cup hot water; half cup vinegar; one cup molasses; one cup sugar; one cup of currants; two cups raisins; a little sliced citron; half cup brandy; tablespoonful cinnamon; clover, mace, small cup butter. This makes four pies. Very nice.

LEMON PIE.—Yolks of four eggs; one coffee-cup boiling water; one coffee-cup of sugar; three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch; tablespoonful butter; one lemon. Stir the cornstarch into the boiling water until it thickens; rub the egg and sugar to a cream; add the butter, then the juice and pulp of the lemon. Bake with one crust; beat the whites to a froth; sweeten and pile on the pie after it is baked, and return to the oven. Brown slightly.

ICE-CREAM.—One quart rich milk; one coffee-cupful powdered sugar; three eggs. Beat eggs with an egg-beater until in a foam; mix thoroughly with the sugar; stir into the boiling milk; let it thicken slightly, not curdle. Flavor when cold. Reliable.

ICE-CREAM.—Ten quarts milk—half cream; three pounds twelve ounces powdered sugar; one package Cox's gelatine, dissolved in boiling water; mix cold; freeze after flavoring. Delicious and easily made.

FIG SAUCE.—Figs are nice for dessert stewed slowly until soft. Allow two ounces loaf sugar to a pound of figs; cook two hours; add a glass of port wine or sherry, a little lemon juice, almond meats or orange peel.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.