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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

GOSSIP.

Oh! could there in this world be found
Some little spot of happy ground,
Where village pleasures might go round,
Without the village tattling;
How doubly blest the spot would be,
Where all might dwell at liberty,
Without the bitter misery
Of Gossip's endless prattling.

If such a spot were really known,
Dame Peace might claim it as her own,
And in it she might fix her throne,
Forever and forever.
There like a queen might reign and live,
While every one would soon forgive
The little slights they might receive,
And be offended never.

'Tis mischief makers that remove
Far from our hearts the warmth of love,
And lead us all to disapprove
What gives another pleasure.
They seem to take one's part—but when
They've heard our cares, unkindly then,
They soon retail them all again,
Mixed with their poisoned measure.

And then they've such a cunning way
Of telling ill meant tales—they say
"Don't mention what I've said, I pray,
I would not tell it to another."
Straight to your neighbor's house they go,
Narrating everything they know,
And break the peace of high and low,
Wife, husband, friend and brother.

Oh! that the mischief making crew
Were all reduced to one or two,
And they were painted red or blue,
That every one might know them.
Then would our villagers forget
To rage and quarrel, fume and fret,
Or fall into an angry pet
With things so much below them.

For 'tis a sad, degrading part
To make another's bosom smart,
And plant a dagger in the heart
We ought to love and cherish.
Then let us evermore be found
In quietness with all around,
While friendship, joy and peace abound,
And angry feelings perish.

IN CASE OF SUNSTROKE.

There was a long list of fatalities in all the newspapers the day following the climax of the recent hot weather, when the thermometer showed the unusual temperature of 102 degrees in the shade. Undoubtedly there were many cases of prostration and some deaths due to heat that were not reported. Not all those who suffered can trace the cause to the direct rays of the sun, for poorly ventilated rooms, or those exposed to reflected heat, may induce similar effects. People who do not perspire freely are most apt to be overcome by the heat. There is no danger of sunstroke while the perspiration is copious, for this cools the

body and enables it to resist heat, but when perspiration ceases or greatly diminishes, there is great danger. Those who perspire freely can endure much higher temperature, in health, and anything tending to check perspiration, which is the natural refrigeration of the body, is dangerous.

Great attention should be paid to the diet during hot weather. Meat should not be eaten freely; it is too heating, being what we call a carbonaceous food, carbonizing the blood and producing higher temperature of the body. Fish, fruits, vegetable and cereal foods should compose the diet, and we should be careful not to eat too heartily. No matter how hard one must work, the diet should be simple, and little meat be eaten. Ice water should be used with discretion, if at all; its free use often proves fatal.

If a person is stricken down by the heat, the proper treatment depends somewhat on the symptoms. If the temperature of the body is high, "thermic fever" it is called, cold applications should be instantly made and kept up. A few drops of camphor should be given, and the patient made comfortable in a cool place, and by removal of clothing. A teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia is highly recommended, to be given in half a glass of water, and the dose repeated at intervals, as needed. Where the symptoms are a low heart action, accompanied by fainting and paralysis of the circulation, a bath of warm water containing mustard should be given also. Take notice that the water applications should be regulated by the thermic condition of the patient,—ice cold applications if the temperature of the patient is high; warm applications with mustard or other excitant if the heart seems to fail in its action, and the temperature is low.

"Prevention is better than cure" in every type of disease, but especially so in case of sunstroke, for the person who has been once prostrated by heat, is ever afterward peculiarly susceptible to such influences, and rarely if ever is free from a sense of oppression or constriction in the head, especially during hot weather. I knew a lady once who was prostrated by the heat of her kitchen; she said she had a "stove-stroke," and she has ever since been unable to endure heat without a recurrence of the same symptoms. Those who suffer most severely are subject to syncope, sometimes resulting in loss of reason, the mania most frequently taking the form of a suicidal or murderous inclination. Examination of the brain of victims of sunstroke show a congested state, or a disintegration of the

brain cells, though the most important changes are in the lungs and heart. We ought to take all possible precautions against being overcome by the heat, and cease work and find shelter at the first indications. Better be "bushed" than dead or demented.

BEATRIX.

OUR MISSING ONES.

Is it not right to mourn for those we love? This question was asked by a friend who was grieving her life away, at the loss of a dear one. Certainly it is both natural and right to a certain extent, we could not help it if we would. All the world is dark without the missing one, there seems to be no pleasure in anything for awhile, but it is wisely ordained that our grief will slowly but surely wear away if we become reconciled to it. While it is perfectly proper to give way to our feelings, yet as time goes on and we know we must give up our treasure, we should endeavor to keep back our sorrow as much as possible, that our own health be not damaged and that others may not be made sad. We are apt to nurse our sorrow too much, and thus make all around us miserable. We should do all we can for our friends while with us, and if we are forced to give them up we will have the consolation of having done our duty toward them; and although it seems as if we would rather die with them than take up the burdens of life without them, yet we must live and do for those who are left.

I have known parents who having lost a child, kept saying that she was the best, that the other children were not so good, they would miss her the most; yet when the next one lay with the death dew on her face, they found they could not give her up any easier than they could the first. And how those unkind words came back to them; thoughtless, yet unkind, for the children were heard saying to each other "I wish it could have been me; they would not grieve so much." Old enough to realize the full extent of their loss, and loving their sister devotedly, the parents should have shown them their affection, and let them know that they were thankful it was only one that was taken even though the best. We are fated to lose our loved ones, and in many cases it seems as if those who are needed most are taken first. Yet if we were given a choice we could not choose to spare any of them. Oh no, we could not say of any, "We can spare her." So it is best to submit to the Higher Power and look to Him for consolation and strength to bear our

trials; and when the first hours of anguish are over we should say,

"Be still, sad heart, and cease repining,
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall;
Some days must be dark and dreary."
VICKSBURG. C. B. R.

JOY IS REAL—GRIEF A DELUSION.

Two youths just went down the walk, stepping buoyantly to the movement of a lively march, which they musically sang, as they with such rapid, rhythmical, unconscious ease and grace passed on toward "down town." If alchemy ever finds life's elixir it will be when her search is bounded by the confines of Harmony.

Nothing can so give wings to the feet, dexterity to the hands, prophetic perspective to the brain, and waken the holiest affections of the heart, while a blissful pulsing joy enchants the life that throbs through the nerves and veins of our little clay house, as can Harmony, and the music and melody that as surely as the day follows the night, follow in her train. I realize more and more every day how a life defrauded of its harmonies has no fullness. For these vary and change to suit the needs and requirements of life, as its stages advance and develop.

A few days ago we were charmed by the sweet cherubic singing of a little boy, apparently not more than four or five years of age, who went down this same walk in the lovely June morning, singing in one of the sweetest, most thrilling and musical childish voices I have ever heard, one of the beautiful Sabbath school hymns that every child should know. We watched and listened till sight and sound were lost in distance. And I could but think as this dainty drop in the great surging sea of humanity passed on toward "down town," "Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven," while the tone, air and movement of child was evidence that the line of communication between him and his heavenly guardian was free and fully harmonious.

Goethe makes his brother to exclaim, "If you become not like one of these!" * * * "Great God! from the height of thy heaven thou beholdest great children and little children, and no others; and thy Son has long since declared which affords Thee greatest pleasure." And again he says: "We should deal with children as God deals with us—we are happiest under innocent delusions." What then? If the child whose heart and brain and voice responded in such exalted sympathy to the tuneful touch of its angel, anon meets one of the world's beasts of discord by which it is temporarily overmastered and made miserable, does that prove the ecstasy just preceding to have been a delusion? Not at all. And if within one hour or one day, one week, month or year, the same beasts of discord, only of more mature and fiercer growth, meet and so assault, tear and tyrannize over the two happy youths who just passed down the street in such purely happy and exalted mood, will that then prove the excessive and unanalyzed joy, that swelling up from life's mysterious fountains filled to overflowing their own

existence, and contributed much to the sum of general cheer and good will, to have been a delusion? No indeed! The delusion is all on the other hand. It is in the discord, the darkness, the dismay, deceit and treachery that were devised to entangle and enslave us in the day in which "good and evil created He them." And I hold that from the cradle to the grave, be the journey long or short—and that is not necessarily the longest life that foots up the greatest number of years, it is this quality of the human soul, this power of the spirit to enter into and be maintained in such states and periods of exaltation, of an ecstasy begotten of perfect harmony with the good, with the undying principle of repeated existence, that is our one trusted key to the door of a mysterious immortality. How sweet is the memory of the moment in which we have thus been carried out of and beyond ourselves, our temporal existence lost or rather found in a rapture divine!

FLINT.

E. L. NYE.

SERENA STEW'S EXPERIENCES.

A little slip through the mail tells me I have read the HOUSEHOLD a year; that is, I have been helped, comforted and entertained all this time without returning the favor. Yes, and I have been thoroughly discouraged, too. So many women seem to get everything done, even to fancy work, while I can scarcely compass the essentials in the simplest manner possible, and then often lack time to read the HOUSEHOLD, but my husband reads it to me and many more things, while I "sew on the buttons." I live in no fairy castle. The ten who sit around my table get hungry, confusion gets into my sitting-room and sometimes into my bureau drawers, and if I should tell more it would not sound like most others write for the papers. But just here let me comfort John, grieved because he was called the "hired man." My good sir, the name of the office attaches to the occupant, from the king to the groom. In some countries it constitutes a titled nobility; in this, lawyer, doctor, preacher, blacksmith, schoolma'am. Then for thirty years I have been in close contact with the "help" question, in the house, and yet feel prepared only to ask questions. If girls are to be wives and mothers, is it wise for them to be employed where they will be away from every thing they will need to know when they are married? If all the positions of public trust which men could fill, were filled by them, and the women free, would there not be a better chance to have done some of the mountains of undone woman's work, which now cast a shadow over the land? Of course men can wash dishes and cook, but it seems that in some cases of sickness women might do better than men, for instance to dress little babies. In this change wouldn't there be fewer tramps? But it would take pages to write fully of the help question.

I want to pity Dot, and blame her mother, and every other mother who is so foolish as to suppose she is making life easy for her daughter, by not having her learn to do all kinds of housework; instead, she is bringing upon her a load she must carry through

life. I'm not imagining. For fourteen years I was the mother of but one daughter, and I know the instincts of mother love. If girls all received practical training would there not be fewer cases of domestic trouble? I should shorten the school days to give time for work, neither should I send them very young. And here I come to another big subject, our district schools. I read in an old paper the other day that ours is the banner county in the State, but recently when I visited the school in our "district," I saw nothing but what was familiar in my early school days, and after spending two or three days in reading the answers given to questions asked by the State superintendent, by two hundred teachers, I said, "Where is the fault in our schools that the would-be-teachers have not mastered the rudiments of an education?" And when I see certificates granted to those who have attended only district schools, who have never attended an institute, and have pursued no course of reading, I ask will our schools improve? Dear, fond parents, with the noisy little ones gone six or eight hours a day, you had better find out what they are accomplishing. Ask your twelve-year-olds how many times they have been to fractions. Don't rest unconcerned in regard to your school, for possibly it may have been sleeping with Rip Van Winkle for twenty years. Life is very full and has many sides, but if we can continually put away from us the things for which our dear Saviour said "take no thought," and train ourselves and our children in the things which make for our eternal peace, happy are we. Some one asks about my name. Well, do as you like, call it a characteristic one, that has come to me like a Bible name, or simply one of the incongruities of married life. But my headache with which I did not get up this morning is wearing away, baby has rolled from me asleep, and the question from the kitchen, "How shall I salt the beans," brings me back from my pleasant hour with my pencil to active duties, and thanks to the HOUSEHOLD for the way in which it helps us to bear one another's burdens.

Since writing the above I have seen the question of Old Hundred: Why build at all? Get a creamery. This can stand in the shade anywhere, if you use ice. The Champion has refrigerator combined where cream can be stored and some butter. Use the brine process of salting described in the FARMER a few weeks since, and your labor is reduced to the minimum, with most satisfactory results. We pack directly from the churn, the butterworker is packed away up garret, and our butter satisfies the most fastidious Detroit buyers. I will give more explicit directions if desired.

MRS. SERENA STEW.

AN INSPIRATION.

Mrs. W. J. G., in a brief note says: "A bright thought came to me yesterday: Why not kill the flies before they come in? Perhaps I may seem very stupid, but my previous efforts had been directed to getting rid of them after they were inside the screens. Now I shall keep the fly poison handy for them outside; perhaps I might put up a sign, Free Lunch; this however

might make them suspect me of being too generous."

That is really getting at the root of the matter, isn't it? But the real way to diminish the flies is to be careful not to furnish them "fly food" out doors. A tablespoonful of stagnant water in a drain will nourish more flies than a yard of "sticky fly paper" will make way with.

PROPERTY RIGHTS.

The article in the HOUSEHOLD of the 18th inst., by Mrs. R. D. P., affords much food for thought. I think if a woman is lucky enough to inherit money, that in nine cases out of ten she is just as capable of taking care of it as a man. But if she wishes her husband, whom she loves, to take charge of her money, I think it would be well for the loving husband to give the wife a note for the amount that he is to handle; so that in case the husband is removed by death, the widow may have something that need not pass through the probate court, some one thing that she may do with as she pleases without a guardian to look after her. If our laws treated the woman as it does the man, that would be one of the circumstances that alter cases. Mrs. R. D. P. says if a woman earns the money she is competent to take care of it herself; but there is where Mrs. R. D. P. and the law differ. Does not the woman who labors by the side of her husband 25 or 30 years, working more hours than the husband, does she not earn the money as well as he? I say most emphatically, yes. Then why is it if the wife is left alone, that the property has to go through such a process, while on the other hand if the husband is left alone he can glide along just as he pleases, no one to molest or make him afraid? The only way I can account for the difference that is made between the two is that men make the laws and they make them to suit themselves.

"Let us now be up and doing,
Let us labor and not wait,
Still achieving, still pursuing
Some way to avoid this fate."

MASON.

S. B. W.

[If we understand our correspondent correctly, she is under somewhat of a misapprehension as regards the rights of wife and husband to property after decease. If the wife owns property in her own right the husband cannot legally assume control of it without proper process of law, though this is sometimes done, we are aware. So also, we have known instances where the sons, on the death of the father intestate, assumed entire control of the farm and personal property, allowing the mother and daughters to understand that they had no right to anything, except as the sons generously permitted them to have a home on the old place. In another case, a son, on the death of both parents, took charge of everything, and the two daughters, his sisters, managed the house till he married, when the new wife and the sisters not getting on well together, the brother attempted to turn them out with nothing but their clothing, telling them they had no right there. He would have succeeded, had not the real circumstances come to the knowl-

edge of the lawyer of the little country town ten miles away, who informed the girls of their real interest, and made the brother give them their just inheritance. Such injustice would be impossible were women better informed: it would probably be impossible now unless in some place very remote from the world, for it happened nearly fifteen years ago. Women know their true position in legal matters much better now.—Ed.]

PRETTY KNITTED INSERTION.

Cast on 24 stitches and knit twice across plain.

3d row—Slip 1, narrow, over 1, narrow, knit 14, narrow, over 1, narrow, knit 1.

3th row—Make 1 and seam 1 in the made stitches, rest plain.

5th row—Plain.

6th row—Like 3d row.

7th row—Like 4th row.

8th row—Like 5th row.

9th row—Slip, narrow, over, narrow, knit 5, narrow, over, narrow, knit 5, narrow, over, narrow, knit 1.

10th row—Make one plain and seam one of the made stitches, rest plain.

11th row—Slip 1, knit seven, narrow, over, narrow twice, over, narrow, knit 8.

12th row—Slip 1, narrow, over, narrow, knit 4, knit 1, seam one in made stitch, knit 2, knit 1, seam one in the made stitch, knit 4, narrow, over, narrow, knit 1. (This means that the made or "over" stitches should be made two of by simply knitting one and seam the same loop.)

13th row—Slip 1, knit 1, knit 1 and seam one in the made stitch, knit 2, narrow, over, narrow, narrow, over, narrow, narrow, over, narrow, knit 2, knit 1 and seam 1 in the made stitch, knit 2.

14th row—Knit 1, and seam in the made made stitches, rest plain.

15th row—Slip 1, narrow, over, narrow, knit 3, narrow, over, narrow, narrow, over, narrow, knit 3, narrow, over, narrow, knit 1.

16th row—Knit 1 and seam 1 in the made stitches, rest plain.

17th row—Slip 1, knit 9, narrow, over, narrow, knit 10.

18th row—Knit 1, and seam 1, in the made stitches, rest plain.

Repeat from 3d row.

FOREST LODGE.

MILL MIMIE.

A WORD OF WARNING.

In a recent article on the children's table, Beatrix mentions milk as their most natural and healthful food, and recommends that it be given to them freely.

My experience contradicts this, as it does many another theory, and of late, when our children have access to fruit, I keep the milk away from them. The wisest view we get of life is the one we cast backward, and I see plainly now that several sudden and alarming illnesses in our family have been directly due to the taking of fruit and milk together. Once, a sixteen months child lay at the verge of convulsions for hours, and I am quite certain that the cause was a drink of milk followed by a raw tomato—a fruit of which she was extremely fond and could help herself to from the garden. A neighbor's child died last

summer of peritonitis, brought on by eating cherries and drinking milk. Since I have wakened to this danger, our little band seldom suffer from those high fevers and deranged digestion which used to be so common. I have no idea that all children would be affected alike by this combination, but write my lines of warning in hopes they may help some other mother.

When a child is recovering from sickness and still too weak to hold a book, a box of scrap pictures is a real pleasure. It may be placed at the invalid's side and its contents examined easily. Those who have no children could make a nice gift of this kind to others, or perhaps to a hospital.

Nothing affords more pleasure in the plant window than a pot of morning glories. The seeds should be sown late in the fall. They will grow three or four feet long, and be a profusion of blossoms, beginning about mid-winter.

Carpet rags may be sown more rapidly and just as firmly on the machine as by hand. Fold them the same as for hand sewing and run them in and out of the machine, outlining a section of rail fence, then put in another without cutting the thread; clipping the threads is delightful work for a child.

The most of our farmers plant their gardens in rows and use the cultivator. The row or part of the two rows nearest the house is a fine place to raise flowers. The cultivator leaves but little weeding or hoeing, and if the farmer is fond of either wife or flowers, he will be apt to finish the work.

Don't put sulphur on young fowls to kill lice. It may do it, but it will kill the fowl too, as some of my neighbors have learned to their sorrow.

A. H. J.

THOMAS.

POWER OF FASHION.

What will not people do if it is only "the fashion?" The most absurd fashion just at present is wearing the bustle, I think; and some of those very girls who wear those hideous looking things, were they deformed in that manner would be mortified nearly to death; but it's the fashion, so never mind the looks.

When I made my summer dress I asked a friend how she liked it. Her reply was: "It is splendid, fits you perfectly; if you would only wear a little bustle now you would be all right." "What difference would a bustle make?" I asked, "Oh it would make it look a little better, that's all." How it would look better she did not say, and could she? I have never worn a bustle and never will; and I thought the other day when I heard that a friend had said "Mary is such a little bit of a thing," that if a good many girls who are much larger than I were less artificially made up we would be surprised. My strength is not all spent carrying the artificial part of myself around. I think if girls heard more of the remarks that are made about them and their bustles, they would not wear them. At least I know I have heard remarks about other girls that I should hate to have made about me.

"Fashion, though a fickle goddess,
Issues stern commands;
Changeful as the cut of bodice,
Strict accord demands;
Veering like a weather vane,
Binds her slaves with iron chains."

YPSILANTI.

MARY B.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Should a note to be personally delivered be sealed when it is handed to the person who is to deliver it?" asks a young lady. It is perfectly proper to seal it. The person who is to deliver it may seal it, in presence of the writer, if it is unsealed. An exception to this is the letter of introduction, which should not be sealed.

"What shall I get for a school dress for my sixteen year old daughter, who is to enter college this fall?" asks a mother. Some wool goods which is durable and does not muss easily, as serge, camel's hair or diagonal twill, in navy blue, brown or dark green, to suit complexion, will make a very serviceable and suitable school dress, and will be found cheaper in the end than goods at a lower price. You don't want anything that will look shabby in two months or less. Make such a dress simply, with a plain or pleated skirt, long apron drapery in front and back widths full and draped in a point, and narrow velvet revers and wide cuffs on a plain postilion basque. The Norfolk jacket is a rather pretty style; it has two box pleats two inches wide down the back, which with the exception of these pleats on the middle forms, is cut like any basque, and one on each side of the front. The waist is the same length all round, and is belted. It is a good plan in making school dresses, to lay a piece of the dress goods on the lower half of the sleeve between outside and lining, so that when the elbows begin to "come through" the wear is not so evident.

"Greenhorn," who says she is going to take a trip away from home this summer, wishes some hints on table etiquette, and asks several questions which we answer without repeating. It is "good manners" to begin to eat as soon as you are served, without waiting for others to be helped; this rule obtains at the private as well as the hotel table. Holding the spoon in the right hand, dip the soup from the plate with an outward motion, and eat it from the side of the spoon. Do not break crackers or bread into the soup; nobody does that nowadays. It is more "stylish" to eat bread with soup than crackers. Never tip the plate to secure the last spoonful. Lima and string beans are to be eaten with a fork; green peas with a spoon. Where meats and vegetables are served on individual dishes, as at hotels, transfer the kind of meat you prefer to eat first, if you have ordered more than one kind, to your plate, with its appropriate vegetable; eat the other from the plate on which it is brought you. If fish and meat are brought you at the same time, as sometimes is done, eat the fish first from its platter with bread alone; then transfer the meat to your plate. Where cut or cube sugar is passed with coffee, it is proper to pick up a lump in the fingers and drop it into the coffee cup, but it should be daintily done, without touching any other than the piece chosen. It is quite allowable to eat green corn from the cob, but the ear should be broken into bits two or three inches long, and the piece held in one hand only; to hold the ear in both hands and eat the whole length at a mouthful is a trifle too "backwoodsy" in style. If our correspond-

ent will remember to use her knife to cut her food, her fork to convey it to her mouth, to eat slowly and quietly, to break bread into small pieces, instead of buttering a whole piece and biting from it, and not think everybody must be noticing her, she will make no bad breaks. I once heard a lady of my acquaintance say she would not marry the best man she ever knew till she had seen him at the table, and indeed one's table manners are a good index of refinement and good breeding, and social position. And there is no home training which so tends to beget confidence among strangers as the consciousness that one knows how to do the right thing at the right time and place at the table. "I should like him if I had never seen him 'feed,'" said a young lady of a mutual acquaintance the other day, "but at meals he is perfectly disgusting." And, poor fellow, he did wish so much to find favor in the little lady's eyes! Almost everybody has accepted the fork as the proper implement for conveying the food to the mouth, but there is a right way and a wrong way to use it. Some hold it as a child does, with an awkward way of bringing the whole hand over and upon the handle; others take what might be called an "underhand" hold as if it were a spoon, while both make its business that of a spoon rather than a fork, by lifting food upon the tines, instead of on or against the back of the tines. It should be held easily, with the forefinger extending down the shank, the other fingers supporting it, and used fork-fashion. Mothers would do well to see that the little people are instructed how to use fork, knife and spoon properly, when these are first allowed them, for a bad habit of this kind is hard to correct.

FLY-PAPER.

V. K. Rose, of Atlas, wishes to enquire through the HOUSEHOLD for a recipe to make the "sticky fly-paper" of the day; also an effective remedy to drive away ants.

Size common manilla paper by brushing one side of it with liquid glue; let dry. Then to this sized side apply a coating of resin, boiled with castor oil. This must be applied hot. Use enough resin to make the oil stiff; not too stiff or the flies will not stick to it; equal parts by measure will be about right. This is the way the "fly-paper of commerce" is made, but our correspondent will find it cheaper and a great deal less trouble to buy it out and out. Insect powder will drive ants away. It is also said that powdered borax scattered on the pantry shelves, where they run, will cause them to leave. To trap them, take a piece of sponge, dip in sweetened water; lay where they are most plenty, and when they have congregated in its interstices dip it into boiling water. A colony can be exterminated by a few such baths.

If you have a white or light straw hat or bonnet which you desire to make of a different color, take one-quarter of a tube of paint, of the color you want your hat, and add to it enough drying oil to make a thick liquid, and apply with a sable brush. Hang in the air to dry. The cost is very trifling.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

DRIED pieplant is the last thing the woman who lives by eating has experimented with. After stripping as for pies, it is put on earthen plates and dried rapidly in a warm place. It is said to be "not half bad" for a change when soaked, stewed and made into pies in midwinter.

It is said that if soap, sapolio, scourine, or any other elbow grease economizer be used to clean paint, it should be rubbed on a flannel cloth dipped in hot water. If the ordinary cotton rag be used, the paint is apt to come off with the dirt. An "oil finish" is very quickly impaired by alkalies, and soap, ammonia or other cleansing agents aside from clear water should be employed as little as possible.

PEOPLE who keep birds will appreciate the new style of bird-cage, which has, on one side of the floor, a roll of thick waterproof paper which crosses the bottom of the cage and is creased in squares the size of the floor. The soiled paper can be pulled through and torn off in the crease, ready to be thrown into the fire, and the fresh paper, by the act of pulling off the soiled, has taken its place without further trouble.

Contributed Recipes.

HUCKLEBERRY PUDDING.—Three slices stale bread; three cups berries; one cup white sugar; one teaspoonful each of mace, cinnamon, cloves; one and a half pints sweet milk; three eggs; a little salt; two teaspoonfuls baking powder; a small lump of butter. Bake forty minutes; serve with a boiled sauce flavored with a spice of some kind.

CABINET PUDDING.—Half pound stale sponge cake; half cup raisins; six peaches cut in halves; four eggs; one and a half pints sweet milk. Make a custard of the eggs and milk. Line the pudding mold with slices of cake; then raisins and some peaches; make three layers; pour over the custard and steam three-quarters of an hour. Serve with boiled sauce flavored with peach or almond.

WINE SAUCE.—Three-fourths pint water; one cup sugar; half cup butter; two tablespoonfuls cornstarch, cream, butter, sugar and starch; turn over the boiling water until it thickens; add one wineglassful of wine or brandy.

GOOSEBERRY PIE.—Stew the berries with plenty of sugar until they are thick and jelly-like. Line a deep pie dish with rich crust and fill with the berries; cut out some of the crust in tart pieces, and, with a thimble, cut it full of little holes; lay these over the pie; bake until nicely browned; sift fine sugar over while hot; turn a pan over them until cold. Delicious.

HUCKLEBERRY CAKE.—One cup butter; two cups sugar; four eggs; one and a half pints flour; two teaspoonfuls baking powder; two cups huckleberries, well floured; one cup sweet milk; teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, mace, allspice. Bake fifty minutes; must be eaten fresh. Very nice.

ELECTION CAKE.—Two cups sugar; one cup butter; three eggs; three cups flour; two teaspoonfuls baking powder; two cups seeded raisins; two cups currants; one cup citron, cut fine; one cup blanched almonds; one cup milk; cinnamon and vanilla. Bake one and a half hours. Ice when nearly cold.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.