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THE HOUSEHOLD--Supplement.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

The dome of heaven is not half so deep
As a true woman's love;
The silver sentinels may fall asleep
Upon their beats above,
Her heart is wakeful still. It is its rest
If it can guard the one to it the best.

Go pluck the spray from yonder budding bush,
And, meeting the red day,
The inextinguishable morning push
Back into streaks of gray,
With thy own feeble breath blow out the sun;
Thou cannot quench her love when once 'tis won.

It is the shield, the trumpet and the spear
In the campaign of life;
The warrior without it well may fear;
Unarmed he seeks the strife.

Yes, it is deeper than the blue above,
For 'tis an exiled gleam of heaven's love.

—Good Words.

POSSIBILITIES.

I have watched with no slight interest the progress of the discussion on the housekeeping question carried on in these columns. The weight of evidence before the Household Court seems to indicate a general belief that it is not necessary a woman should grow up in a kitchen in order to make a good housekeeper. I have put this question to many of my personal friends, with usually the same results. It is just to add that nearly all qualify their opinions by adding that early training and familiarity with domestic processes are an aid, a help a mother ought to give her daughters if circumstances permit.

For myself, while I admit the importance of good cooking and its relationship to good health, I cannot see that it is necessary to begin in pinafores in order to be able at twenty to prepare the simple cookery which is our staple diet. Of French made dishes I know nothing, hence cannot say how long it would take to learn to convert an old boot into a savory *ragout*, as a French *chef* is said to be able to do. But really, are we women so inconceivably stupid that we must make bread for years before we can learn to do it properly? Cannot we make pie-crust as well after five times trying as after five hundred? Is the preparation of any article of food so mysterious a proceeding that a woman of average intelligence can not master it in a few painstaking trials? Certainly any woman who has respect enough for the work to "do it with her brains," can learn to cook in six months. No respectable reason can be brought forward why she should not; there is no

eight sense whose presence or absence makes or mars the cook, "genius" here lies in accuracy and intelligent comprehension.

But as it is "not all of life to live," so it is not all of housekeeping to cook. One may be a good cook and yet a poor housekeeper. The woman who rules her house wisely and well has a multiplicity of duties, in the performance of which she needs Argus eyes and will undoubtedly wish for the hundred hands of Briareus; and most essential of all is what New Englanders call "faculty," which is only another name for executive ability, the power to plan her work to the best advantage, to foresee results and meet emergencies. There are many who work hard and accomplish little, through lack of this best of gifts to the working woman.

My own opinion (which is largely founded on observation) is that a woman who has been educated or trained in any special direction, makes the best kind of a housekeeper. If her education educates, it develops and brings out all the strength of her character. It makes character. It makes her mistress of herself and her surroundings. Her cultivated brain sees there is no "luck" about culinary processes, more than in the operations of natural laws. I do not speak of that alleged "education" which spoils a girl for anything useful; it has nothing to do with the genuine, save to make the latter's value more apparent by contrast.

It is not to be expected that the novice will do everything "just right" at the very first, but it is safe to conclude that she will not make the same mistake the second time. The adaptability, the readiness to comprehend, the fertility in expedient which characterize the successful student, contribute to the housekeeper's success. She has learned concentration of mind and energy; she has but to bend her faculties in a different direction. Will a woman who can resolve a chemical compound into its elements, or compute the number of cubic yards of earth required to level a valley, stand dismayed and confounded before the elementary English of a cook-book, or be conquered by a pan of flour and a yeast-cake? The arts of the kitchen are simplicity itself before the difficulties she has already surmounted. Success or failure lie in the intention of the worker, not in the difficulties of the *cuisine*. The earnest woman's laurels are measured by her ambition. I have often noticed that an old school-teacher almost always makes a good

housekeeper, and this in spite of "Slow-mus' " assertion to the contrary. She takes into her kitchen the punctuality, regularity, self-discipline and executive ability she learned in the school-room as student and instructor, and under these incentives her household tasks resolve themselves into a routine involving the least friction and returning the best results. And generally speaking, the better the teacher the better the housekeeper.

"Some women are born housekeepers," says one of our Household writers. Is it not that some women are gifted with more executive ability than others, and so make a success of the work which it has fallen to them to do? Might not these "born housekeepers" have succeeded equally well in other lines of labor, if their lives had run in other channels? I have enough confidence in the average woman to believe she can do whatever she sets out to do, if she bends her energies to the work, entering into it with a fixed purpose, a definite end, a courageous heart. If she is to be always lamenting that her lot is not happier, that she must work while others whom she declares no better than herself can play, if she is half ashamed of her work, as if degraded by it, and always slighting as much of it as she can, she will never know the happiness which comes of success and feeling that if the task is not the one she would have chosen for herself, she has yet done it as faithfully as she could. I cannot see why an educated woman should hesitate to identify herself with a work which she recognizes as being for the best interests of those who are dear to her, though I can see that one who is restless and discontented because she has no resources in herself, and whose education failed to teach her the dignity and nobility of toil for those we love, can view her domestic duties as "belittling cares" and pity herself as a martyr.

The question, then, seems to be less whether a woman *can* become a good housekeeper in a short time, than whether she *will*. The foolish sisterhood who consider household work degrading drudgery will without doubt always win the epithet of "slack" and "slattern." But the woman whose education or native good sense teach her the intimate relationship of a well ordered house to the present and future welfare of the family, and who sees that upon the teachings and training and prosperity of home depend the fate of the nation, will gladly give of energy, strength and strong intent, and will be the conqueror of the *cuisine*.

BEATRIX.

THE LESSON OF THE RIOT.

While the recent carnival of crime in Cincinnati has caused a shudder through the land, and has rudely opened our eyes to the fact that only a spark is wanting to ignite a social volcano, which we had scarcely dreamed existed in our favored land, it has also awakened us to a sense of duty, to investigate this unknown phenomenon, and seek a cause for the terrible outbreak.

There is no doubt there has long been a growing apathy among the people in general, in regard to the working of our social and political machinery. Cliques and rings have had full charge, and the parties not directly interested in furthering personal interests or ambition, either for themselves or associates, have manifested little concern in the matter. There has also been a base pandering to the passions of the lowest classes. They are always on the *qui vive* where excitement is to be found, or a prospect opens for indulging in debauch. Their votes count as well as those of patriotic intelligence, and they are bound to vote, while the man of mark shrugs his shoulders at the dirty political sea, and stays away from the strife.

It is no wonder that in this condition of affairs, those who do the voting demand the right to name the candidates, and that this demand is in many cases conceded, is clear. Officers elected by the votes of this class, and looking forward to a re-election, are apt to see their offences with a glamourous eye, and bestir themselves with backward alacrity, in bringing them to justice. With officials thus handicapped, if not corrupted, and juries by our enlightened system necessarily in most instances drawn from the ignorant, if not depraved classes, it is not any wonder that in too many cases, trials of grave offenders have been but a travesty of justice.

In this "aesthetic age," too, there has grown up a mawkish sentimentality, a pity as uncalled for as it is misplaced, toward the criminal when once in the grip of the law. And there have been found foolish women to lead in this foolish, nay, criminal crusade. Women who would hold up their hands in holy horror of the crime, make a martyr of the criminal, and almost deify a human demon. It is as senseless as it is wicked to pursue such a course, and will not fail to bring swift retribution in breaking down regard for law and horror of crime. The tyro in criminality sees the leaders made heroes, courted and caressed by fair women, cared for by the best legal lights, whose use their high honors and erudition to convince the model jury, that the greatest criminal is only a poor unfortunate, whom it would be cruelty to convict.

No wonder the people grow restive under such proceedings, having well learned the further truth, that if a rogue is, unhappily, convicted, the judge, jury and prosecuting officer will likely recommend him as a fit subject for executive clemency, and he will soon walk the streets with his evil deeds condoned by a gushing

pardon. But, alas, if the martyr murderer is convicted, and condemned to meet the fate he meted to his victim, it is then he rises to the sublime. He holds a kingly court in his cell, the officers of the law wait for his orders, and are swift to do his bidding, the best of fare and service is his, flowers and favors are showered upon him, and his crime forgotten in the solicitude shown for his body and soul. The clergy, the ladies, and society at large, are in a ferment till he proclaims he "is forgiven and going home to glory," and with a hosanna he goes triumphantly from the scaffold—where?

This is all wrong, and must be remedied by men of worth and character assuming the reins of authority and government, relegating the vicious and criminal characters to back seats, and asserting and upholding the majesty of the law, or this deplorable affair will be only a foretaste of misery in store for us.

We must have honest men in power, and a faithful execution of just laws, or all is lost.

GREENFIELD.

A. L. L.

ORDER-LOVING WOMEN.

I thank the Editor for her cordial invitation to come again, and gladly avail myself of the privilege.

I think I can now appreciate the sense of order which every woman possesses, who loves to see her kitchen, pantry and closets in a well regulated condition at all times, and who strives to keep them so by having a place for everything, and everything in its place. Truly, there is a "fitness in all things," and what housekeeper is not occasionally just a little annoyed by some well-meaning, but thoughtless visitor, who imagines she is helping amazingly by wiping dishes, or sweeping floors, but who puts your silver spoons in the knife box instead of in the spoonholder; the cups, saucers and plates in just the opposite corners of the shelf, or perhaps on a different shelf entirely, from that on which you are accustomed to keep them, sets the broom or brush downward behind the stove, instead of hanging it in proper place. I well remember an instance illustrating this, in which I was the unwitting offender. I was passing a few weeks' vacation at the house of a much respected relative, who, by the way, is noted among her neighbors as being an excellent housekeeper, and withal, a very amiable lady. One morning soon after my arrival, as I was about to enter the kitchen, I heard my good aunt's voice raised high in righteous indignation, saying "She is old enough to learn anyway, and might as well know first as last." Knowing she must mean me, my first impulse was to beat a retreat, as I mistrusted I had committed some unpardonable offence in my zeal to help her, and I feared the result. Upon second thought I resolved to boldly "face the music," as she said I might "as well know first as last." I found, upon entering, that the particular offense of that morning was, that I had carelessly misplaced several baking powder cans, (all of one size, and to my inexperienced eye,

looking exactly alike,) in which she kept various kinds of spices, etc., and which she, further, kept in a certain order on the shelf, so that even in the dark she could place her hand on the one she wished.

As I was scribbling this, the postman came to the door with the FARMER. Of course I had to stop and look over the Household. I immediately recognized El See's *nom*, and my husband upon reading her article said: "I do not know what that man is made of who wants hot bread every meal."

I notice several new contributors, and agree with "Friend," that our paper grows better every week. It seems as if I can hardly wait for the cold winds to stop blowing and the frost to get entirely out of the ground, I am so anxious to see my hyacinths, lilies of the valley, and other flowers peeping their beautiful heads up from the cold beds, where they have slept for such a long time. I do love flowers and take great pleasure in cultivating and attending to the wants of even a few, and that is all I can have either summer or winter, for want of sufficient room to keep them. I know of another whom I think loves them too, as my husband says he has seen her on a fine summer day, admiring those growing in D. M. Ferry & Co.'s experimental grounds. And, Beatrix, aren't they lovely? She will wonder now who I am, but I do not think she would know, even should she ask the Editor. I will close by giving a recipe for cookies, which I often use, as it requires no eggs, and that, you know is an important item in the city housekeeping expenses, especially when eggs are forty cents per dozen, as they have been the past winter. The recipe was given me by the aunt above mentioned, therefore I call them "Aunt Nancy's cookies."

MOLLIE MOONSHINE.

DETROIT.

[The recipe for cookies will be found under the head of "Contributed Recipes."]

EXTREME FAITH OR DOUBT.

"Mamma, did Doctor Stone make God?" inquires a five-year-old boy; and while we smile at his childish faith in the power of that "big medicine man," we tell ourselves that it is quite as reasonable as the one cherished by many an adult mind.

We use all the judgment we possess upon other questions, but when it comes to sickness and disease, we expect our physician to cure everything; from that brought on by yesterday's big dinner, to the one we inherited from our grandparents. This too, with no help on our part in the line of diet and daily habits. We insist upon our meats, coffee, tea and corsets in spite of his remonstrance, and then if his drugs fail to remove the disease, for the simple reason that its cause is daily renewed, why, we say he doesn't know anything, and try somebody else. The most of us do this; but a few go to another extreme, and say that a physician, in spite of his years of study and long practice, is no more skillful than themselves. I admit that he may not understand the treatment of infants as well as

a mother who has reared several, because she has had a closer experience with them, but for this very reason, he has a great advantage with older patients. We all know the value of experience in sickness. We may read and read, but we are quite apt to gather up some erroneous ideas, which only actual knowledge can dispel; while we who pass for good nurses, and pride ourselves upon our plasters, syrups, sweats and packs, do not dip over deep into medical skill. How many of us wise mothers understand anything of our child's pulse or temperature, or the indications of its tongue, farther than its being either "coated," or "not coated." We need a better knowledge of physiology and hygiene. It should be taught in every school, and the people become better acquainted with the care of health and cause of disease. It always seems to me that a disease which grows upon one slowly, is caused by some error of daily life or labor, and though it may be alleviated, can never be removed, except by change. In our class, the only prescription that nine out of ten ailing women need is rest; and yet they either will not or can not take it—even when they pay for it—and we all know that makes considerable difference. I think it one mistake to feel ourselves unable to attend to the common, simple disorders to which the human system is liable; and another to so underrate medical skill and experience as to delay calling a physician, until we feel the shadow of the dread messenger in our home; to either feel ourselves quite helpless, or believe that to another has been given the super-omnipotent power suggested by the little boy's question.

A. H. J.

THOMAS, April 2nd.

THE LAND OF FLOWERS.

One's first duty when traveling is to attentively "read up" before visiting any new place of interest. The following is what I read in one of the most popular guide books about the St. Johns River: "There are but few streams in the world that present a more tropical appearance along their whole course. We find orange groves—bitter and sweet—dipping their gold dappled boughs into its tepid waters; on its banks rises the stately magnolia in all its pride, steeping the atmosphere in its rich perfume. The waters of this noble stream are a dark blue, slightly brackish in taste, as far up as Lake George."

It was with bright anticipations of pleasure that with a small party of new acquaintances, I went on board the *Cygnus* one morning, bound for a trip up the river. We settled ourselves in uneasy chairs on deck, taking good care to seek sheltered nooks, for the air was raw and chilly. As we steamed out from the dock, taking a course due south, the river opened before us into a broad, lake-like expanse, and we afterwards found that in reality the river as far as Pilatka was a series of lakes opening into each other, and averaging from two to five miles in width. For the most part the steamer takes a zigzag course, stopping at various

landings, so that tolerably good views of both banks can be obtained. At every curve of the shore or turn of the steamer a fresh disappointment is experienced. The water resembles black ink after a moderate freeze! The shores present a sameness and tameness that become very monotonous. The banks seem nearly level with the water, except in half a dozen places where there is a perceptible rise of a few feet. A dense forest grows to the water's edge, each tree so completely draped in gray moss that its foliage is invisible. Here and there an opening in the forest reveals a hotel, a few cottages, and we know by our guide book it is some "famous resort." By persistent use of the opera glass, we saw one orange grove, or at least we were told so, but failed to discover any "gold dappled boughs." A cold raw wind swept over the deck, albeit the sun shone brightly. Occasionally three forlorn looking Italians ground out doleful music. As hour after hour glided by the monotonous picture in black and gray grew positively hateful, and all except the inevitable smoker gladly retired to the *salon*. One happy exception to the dismal scene was at Magnolia, where we saw a beautiful vista opening between magnificent live oaks and magnolias, bending beneath a weight of long, swinging pennons of moss.

It was a decided relief to hear the cry "Pilatka," and we stepped briskly upon the dock amid a babel of voices, to be confronted by a crowd of curious spectators, the one event in the placid existence of the river towns being the daily arrival of the steamer with its load of fresh victims. Assured by the porter who grasped my satchel that it was "but a step," I waded wearily after him through deep clinging sand to a comfortable hotel. By-the-way, I found nearly all the hotels in Florida are managed by northern men, and are in most instances very good, but very expensive places of residence. Another fact I learned, which surprised me very much, and that is that all supplies were obtained from the north, more particularly New York. I found absolutely nothing upon the bill of fare of Florida's products except fish and oranges. Even bananas were imported.

Pilatka is certainly a very pretty little town, although it can be much improved. The streets are wide and shaded by well-kept rows of sour orange trees, many of which are prettily loaded with oranges the year round. There are a number of orange groves in the vicinity, but with the exception of three are hardly worth visiting. Most people are disappointed in their first visit to an orange grove, because nearly all are small, seldom extending over more than one-fourth of an acre, and the tree itself, unless well trained and cultivated, is not as beautiful as many of our common apple trees in early autumn.

I saw what is seldom seen at Pilatka, a real live alligator in the river. He was a dozen yards from shore, quietly napping apparently, and looked very meek and harmless. I also saw the alligator that figures so prominently in Floridian

"views,"—lying outside the door of a traveling "art gallery,"—only a poor innocent "stuffed one," though the pictures do not thus represent him.

Here, as at every place I visited in Florida, I found everybody dissatisfied with present quarters, grumbling about the fare, the climate, the fleas, the mosquitos, the sand, the malaria, and eagerly planning to go "south" to some advertised El Dorado.

The man who is always in a hurry should give Florida a wide berth. The average rate of speed on the railroad from Pilatka to Cedar Keys is twelve miles an hour, and one constantly wonders why the train stops every little while in the midst of pine woods or low swamps. I could not account for it unless it was to give the passengers a chance to "prospect." At all events it became the fashion to leave the car at every pause, and I observed that each time the prospect seemed less pleasing. We crossed the backbone of the peninsula, through the boasted garden lands of the State, and yet I was repeatedly informed that they had to import vegetables from the north to supply the demand. One disgusted orange grower told me that the reason was because "the soil blew away, carrying with it the seed." Certainly the most perfect pictures of blasted hopes that I ever saw were at some of the new orange plantations, and I am afraid if some of the proprietors of said plantations should read this letter they would accuse me of giving too much praise to the country—unless they were about to sell out.

Cedar Keys, as we approached, presented a novel and picturesque appearance. The old town and the new are built on separate islands in the midst of a small archipelago of tiny islands, each bearing a group of tall tufted palms. The waters of the Gulf shine beautifully bright and blue, and in the soft, hazy atmosphere every object at a distance loses all its disagreeable features and appears beautiful. The charm vanished when we were fully within the precincts of the town. Here in this important shipping port it was impossible to feel comfortable, and here was assembled a large company of disgusted travelers waiting for a steamer which did not appear for three days. In vain we essayed to walk about the town. The sand, the fleas, the heat, and the dust were simply intolerable, while the hotels offered little in the way of necessary comforts, and serenely demanded the regulation price, four dollars per day. One thing that impressed me as strange was the fact that many prominent native Floridians from different parts of the State were quartered at the hotels, who, like the "northerners," were "going south to escape the disagreeable winter season." It was quite edifying to hear them expatiate upon the beauties of Florida in summer, and it was a satisfaction to know that it is beautiful sometime, though they are candid enough to admit that it certainly is an unhealthy climate.

And so we wandered from place to place, seeking health, rest and recreation, and finding little of either, until at last

we discovered that we were pursuing a "will-o-the-wisp." While a few may be benefitted by a winter residence in Florida; I am satisfied that it is a very poor place for invalids and small farmers, and a good place for hotel men, speculators, and snobs, with unlimited cash and plenty of time. Tampa undoubtedly offers the greatest attraction in the way of climate, and Key West is to my mind the most attractive place for the health-seeker in Florida; but it is doubtful if either offers a fair equivalent for the home comforts and many actual necessities which must be relinquished when taking residence at either place. I. F. N.

DETROIT, April 14, 1884.

THE COOKING SCHOOL.

Miss Maria Parloa, who has become famous by her lectures on culinary science, has been teaching a class of ladies from "our best society" in this city, for the past ten days. The lessons have been given in Abstract Hall, where a good-sized range has been set up, and all accessories provided. The ladies in attendance bring spoon and plate, that they may taste the viands when the process is perfected. Miss Parloa, being herself mistress of her theme, explains very fully the reasons of each step, and economy is considered in all her teachings. All the dishes on the programme for a day's lesson are in process of preparation at the same time, thus instructing in the art of managing "many irons in the fire" at the same time.

From among the many recipes given by Miss Parloa to her class, all of which have been prepared in presence of and tasted by its members, we have selected a number which we propose to give for the benefit of Household readers, especially those practical housekeepers who are progressive enough to enjoy experimenting with new dishes. It is needless to state that the utmost accuracy is employed in all measurements, and the neatness and daintiness of the methods make every spectator fully aware that she is witnessing a work of science and art.

The lecturer took a sirloin roast, from which she cut the suet, leaving the fat to improve the flavor. She wiped it dry with a towel, and then dredged it on all sides with salt, pepper and flour, in the order named. On the bottom of the baking pan she laid a rack to support the meat, explaining that roast meat should never be laid directly upon the pan. The bottom of the pan was lightly covered with flour and salt and pepper, the meat laid on the rack, and set in a very hot oven for a few moments, to brown the flour in the pan, then add enough hot water to cover the bottom. In ten minutes baste the meat with the gravy, dredge with salt, pepper and flour, and repeat this every fifteen minutes, turning the meat as it becomes brown. The heat should be very great at first, to harden the albumen and thus prevent the escape of the juices of the meat. After it is once crusted, the heat can be diminished. The salt draws out the juices of the meat, but the flour forms a paste which keeps

them in, and thus makes the meat richer and better.

With this roast Miss Parloa served a Yorkshire pudding, prepared as follows: Take one pint of milk, two-thirds cupful of flour, three eggs, and a scant teaspoon of salt. Beat the eggs very light, add the salt and milk, pour half a cupful of the mixture on the flour, beat till perfectly smooth, then add the remainder. Take up the meat, pour off the gravy and pour in the batter, return the meat and bake forty-five minutes. The pudding is to be served, hot, with the meat.

When we are tired of roast beef, we may change our menu by preparing a fillet, which is simply the tenderloin from which all tough skin and muscles have been removed. Cuts were made at intervals, and bits of pork inserted, the process being called "larding." The whole was then dredged with salt, pepper and flour, laid in a small pan with no water, and baked half an hour. Although meat thus prepared is not considered as nutritious as a roast the method affords a variation in the cuisine which is agreeable.

FINE IRONING.

I have never seen a better way to "do up" cuffs, collars and shirts, than I saw this winter by a person who had worked in a laundry, and when I examined them and saw the glossy surface and the flexible stiffness of the articles, without the least of the brittle crackling of so much of the home laundrying, I thought I would try it and then mention it here. She first made a basin of boiling starch in the usual way, only boiling it thoroughly; then removed from the stove and took out half a cupful of it and set it aside. Then she dissolved with cold water a tablespoonful of starch and stirred into that in the basin, then starched the clothes, rubbing it well in, and rolled them up. In about an hour, after pulling into perfect shape, she spread a clean smooth cloth over and ironed a few times over, then removed it and ironed again, and I thought the article was looking extremely well. But when she took the starch saved out, and with a rag rubbed it over and polished off, it was so nice I thought it altogether an improvement.

That letter of El See's (whom I recognize with pleasure,) decides me to send directions for making good bread when the flour is not "so very" good or good indeed. The night before I wish to bake I take a cup of new milk and heat to boiling and stir into it half a cupful of cornmeal; season with salt, and proceed as with salt rising. I usually, with a large baking, scald a quart of flour by pouring boiling water in and stirring to a paste and add to the sponge, which will make the bread more tender and prevent drying if kept a few days.

As I have not use for postage stamps altogether, when seeds or flowers are ordered, I would prefer postal orders for sums over 50 cents, which will only amount to three cents extra, and I will add extra seeds to the order for it.

MRS. M. A. FULLER, (Aaron's Wife).
FENTONVILLE.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

"AUNT ADDIE," in the *Country Gentleman*, tells us a linen bed tick may be cleansed—with the feathers still in it, by taking a piece of white soap, wetting it and rubbing over the tick. Lay the tick out in the grass for a few days, turning occasionally, and it will soon become quite clean.

A PRETTY apron, worn by a little girl of about nine years, who was evidently enjoying a ride in that plebeian conveyance, the street car, attracted my attention the other day. It was of white mull and trimmed with fine rick-rack. The bib and skirt were cut together, with straps going over the shoulder to the belt behind. The novelty was that the mull of the bib was only an eighth of a yard deep, and filled in to the orthodox height with a wide piece of rick-rack, through which the bright red of her dress looked very pretty.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Country Gentleman* recommends a well-cleaned flour barrel as a convenient place to store flannels, winter wraps, woolen dresses, etc., during the summer months. Paste strips of newspaper over every crevice of the barrel, on the inside, and after it is filled paste a newspaper over the top and over this a piece of strong wrapping paper, to guard against accidental breakage. The barrel may be made slightly by covering it with cretonne, as directed for the clothes receiver described in the *Household* of April 8th. Furs may be kept from moths by shaking thoroughly, and packing in the box in which they came, if whole, and pasting over the edges of the cover with strips of newspaper. It is said moth will not work in colored furs, the dye being distasteful to them.

As this is the season for papering, and as so much of the success in hanging paper depends upon the paste used, we give place to the following directions for making the article used by professional paper hangers. The formula is taken from the *Manufacturer and Builder*: Beat up four pounds of good white wheaten flour in cold water—enough to form a stiff batter—sifting the flour first, and beat it well to take out all the lumps. Then add about two ounces of well powdered alum. Have a quantity of boiling water ready at hand, take it boiling from the fire and pour it gently and quickly over the batter, stirring it rapidly at the same time; and when it is observed to swell and lose the white color of the flour it is cooked and finished. The quantities herein indicated should make about three-fourths of a pail of solid paste. It is recommended not to use it while hot, as when cool it adheres better and goes further. A little cold water poured over the top of the mass will prevent the formation of a skin from the drying out of the paste. When about to use, a small additional quantity of cold water should be added, so that the paste will spread easily and quickly under the brush. In warm weather this paste must be used quickly, as it cannot be kept

for many days without fermenting and souring, when it becomes thin, watery and useless. If it be desired to avoid this, the addition of a few drops of carbolic acid to the mass when it is prepared will enable it to be kept almost indefinitely.

Here is a valuable item for our cooks to ponder upon: Dr. Kedzie says: In cooking acid fruits housekeepers unwittingly waste a good part of the sugar. Anxious to get the fullest effects of the sugar upon the small fruits they boil the two together, and thus convert most of the cane sugar into grape sugar. Several years ago my assistant in chemistry tested this matter by placing one hundred parts of ripe gooseberries in a stewpan with water to cover them, added twenty-five parts of sugar and cooked the fruit. A second portion of the same berries was cooked without sugar, and after the fruit was partially cooked the 25 parts of sugar added, and when this sugar had dissolved both samples of cooked fruit were analyzed, when one-half the sugar in the first batch was converted into glucose, and only one-tenth of the cane sugar in the second batch was thus changed. If the gooseberries had been green the results would have been more striking. If very acid fruits, like currants and cranberries, are rapidly cooked by boiling and then set to cool for a few minutes and the sugar added, a fine jelly-like mass will be found when the sauce is cold, very different from the watery mess so often seen. In "making preserves" the same principles hold good for the most part, though preserves are more apt to work or ferment if sugar is not cooked with the fruit. In this case it is better to steam the fruit till it is so tender that a straw may penetrate it, then put the fruit into cans, add the sugar, and seal up at once. Three pounds of sugar for four pounds of fruit will be ample.

SCRAPS.

A. H. J.'s suggestions in regard to the old hoopskirts, don't help me at all. How can you cremate a regulation crinoline in a small size Argand base-burner? And when you've no raspberry bushes to tie up! The rag-man scorns them and the peripatetic garbage cart will none of them. The hope of getting finally rid of such accumulations gets as indefinite as the time indicated by the famous sign on the barber shop at Seville, of which I have heard: "Tomorrow our customers will be shaved gratis."

A. H. J. asks why experienced housekeepers so often learn some new and better way of doing things, and inquires in to the value of "Households," if any one can learn the art of housekeeping in six months. Does a person who learns any business, trade or employment, learn all there is of it and never get any new ideas afterward? I confess I do not know of any work whatever, which is not influenced by new and better ways of performance, brought forward by invention or more extended knowledge. Even the mechanical work of laying brick and

daubing paint, has its "new wrinkles." And what a blessed good thing it is that it is so! How terribly monotonous it would be to never vary our toil in the least, to never have the pleasure of trying somebody's "better way," or experimenting with an original one! Bless you, the "new ways" are the housekeeper's salvation; they teach us we are not automatons, nor our work what Mr. Mantilini would call "one demnition grind." As for the "Households," they are to the housekeeper what trade papers are to artisans and manufacturers, chronicles of what others do and think, indices of the better methods we want to know about, the medium for us to give our own good ideas and get other people's.

On a Grand Trunk car the other day, my seat was immediately in front of two ladies who were just returning home from a visit to this city. In that confidential conversation which some women fall into in public places, mention was made of some objections raised by the husbands to the visit. One said: "My husband is perfectly silly about me; he can't bear to have me out of his sight when he is home. He never says anything when I want to go to see pa and ma, but I know he would not let me go anywhere else to stay a week. I'd give a thousand dollars if he did not think so much of me. I tell him he is perfectly silly." I could not help feeling that the husband was not so silly as the wife was foolish, to wish that her husband's devotion and love for her might diminish, that she might enjoy a trifle more freedom, and I just longed to tell her so. It would seem as if a wife ought to be very proud of her husband's affection, and boast of holding him to her, instead of deprecating his fondness. Perhaps this wife was consoled by her companion, who assured her that he'd "get over that," and be quite willing she should go visiting quite as much as she liked. Undoubtedly. To be told by the object of one's affection, that that affection is "perfectly silly," would act somewhat as a damper, to the average husband, at least.

A SUGGESTION ON BREAD-MAKING.

I have noticed that in nearly all the directions for bread making which have appeared in the Household, water has been recommended to use for mixing. I think if the bread-makers would use sweet milk, which may be skimmed if preferred, they would find their bread whiter, sweeter and more nutritious. There is another advantage in the use of milk, the baking can be got out of the way early in the forenoon, instead of occupying the greater part of the day. I set my sponge over night, mould in o loaves before or immediately after breakfast, as I find the time, let rise, and have it out of the oven certainly by nine o'clock, often earlier. Then, too, I find the bread takes a nicer brown when mixed with milk, and almost every farmer's family has plenty to use. I make breakfast rolls which we all like very much, by taking out a portion of the

sponge, kneading in a lump of butter—quite lightly, that the rolls may be flaky—set in a warm place where they will rise quickly, and bake ten or fifteen minutes.

PORT HURON.

AUNT LOUISE.

INQUIRY.

I wish to inquire through the Household, in reference to the recipe that was given for dyeing Turkey red. What amount of the madder-root would it require for two or three pounds of goods? Please answer through the Household.

JENNETT PENNOYER.

UTICA, April 11, '84.

Answer.—The recipe as given in our exchange did not mention the quantity of madder to be used. But a formula which is essentially the same, requires one half pound of the coloring matter to every pound of goods.

Contributed Recipes.

MRS. J. W. PERKINS, of Detroit, sends the following:

SCALLOPED POTATOES.—Pare potatoes and slice thinly; roll crackers finely. Put a layer of crackers in a dish, moistening with sweet milk, and add butter, pepper and salt; then a layer of potatoes, butter, pepper and salt, and soon, with a layer of crackers on top. Bake two hours.

FRENCH TOAST.—Two eggs beaten; pint of milk, a little salt. Fill a spider about one-third with lard, with a little butter added; dip stale bread (baker's bread is best) into the milk and eggs, and fry brown on both sides. Serve with maple or other syrup.

AUNT LU'S LEMON PIE.—The juice and grated rind of one large lemon, with one cup of sugar stirred into it; three eggs, leaving out the whites of two for frosting; a heaping tablespoonful of flour rubbed into one cup of cold water. Bake three-quarters of an hour. Beat the whites of the two eggs to a stiff froth, and add three tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar. Spread over the pie and slightly brown in the oven.

L. C. S.

PORT HURON.

AUNT NANCY'S COOKIES.—One and one-half cups sugar; one cup sour milk; one cup of melted shortening (butter, lard, or half and half of each); one teaspoonful soda; a pinch of salt. Flavor to taste, and add flour enough to roll.

MOLLIE MOONSHINE.

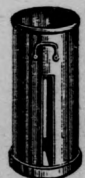
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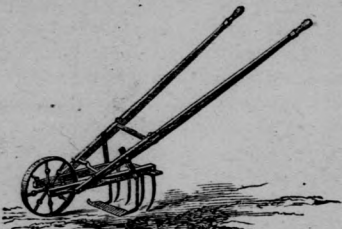


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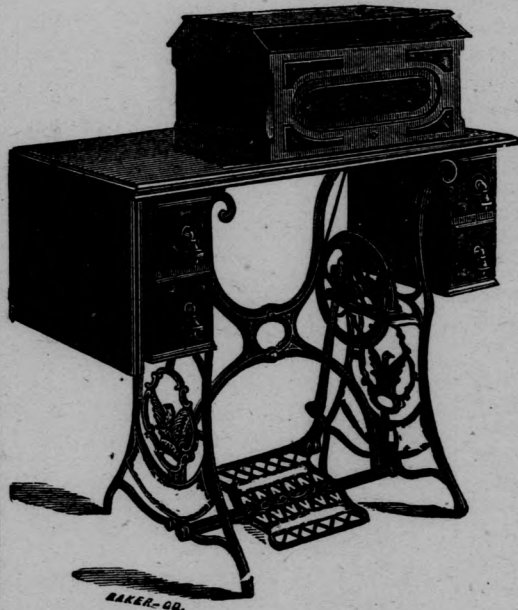


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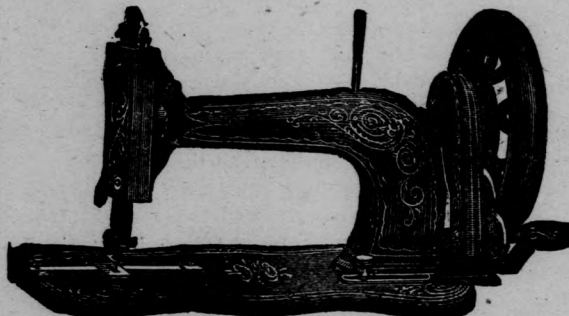
shop until it has been fully tested and proven to do perfect work, and run light and with as little noise as possible. This machine has a very important improvement in a *Loose Balance Wheel*, so constructed as to permit winding bobbins without removing the work from the machine.

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The Thread Eyelet and the Needle Clamp are made **SELF-THREADING**, which is a great convenience to the operator.

The **BALANCE WHEEL** is handsomely finished and nickel plated.

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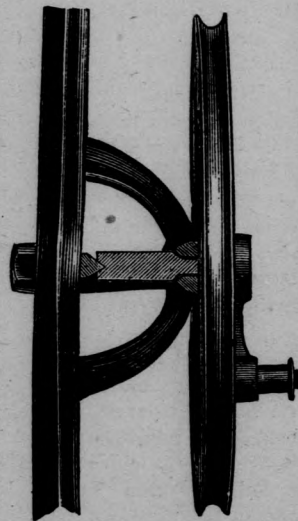
ALL THE STANDS HAVE The New Driving Wheel.

This Driving Wheel is the invention of John D. Lawless, secured by patent, dated Feb. 7, 1882, and is claimed to be the best device yet invented, being the simplest, easiest running, and most convenient of the many that have been tried. It can be easily adjusted and all wear taken up by turning the cone-pointed screw. It is the only device operating on a center that does not interfere with other patents. Dealers who wish to sell these machines will appreciate this fact.

The Stands have rollers in legs and the Band Wheels are hung upon self-oiling adjustable journals. Each stand is run up by steam power after it is set up until it runs very light and smoothly.

We have selected this style and finish of machine as being the most desirable for family use.

We furnish the Machine complete as shown in above cut, and include the following attachments, &c. One Johnson's Foot Ruffler, one set Hemmers one Tucker, one Foot Hemmer or Friller, one package Needles, six Bobbins, Screw Driver, Can of Oil, Extra Check Spring, extra Throat Plate, Gauge Screw, Wrench, Instructions



Each Machine is Guaranteed as represented and to give satisfaction, or it may be returned and money refunded.

Address all orders to

JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS, Publishers MICHIGAN FARMER,
44 Larned St., West, Detroit, Mich.

The Poultry Yard.

Setting the Hens.

Says the Massachusetts *Ploughman*, in an article on raising early chickens:

"The hens should be set in a house by themselves where the other fowls will not molest them; and it should be as free from dampness as possible; it should also be warm enough so as not to freeze cold nights. Each hen should be kept by herself when she comes off from her nest; this can easily be done by having a small open coop made of laths, for her to go in to eat and dust herself. Never set a hen on a floor where the air will draw under it, or in a barrel or box with nothing but straw on the bottom. A few inches of partially dried earth placed on the bottom of the box in which to make the nest, stops the drift of air from below. If on the earth short hay or chopped straw be put, a nest can be made that will be likely to keep the eggs in the right condition to hatch.

"One of the most important steps is to get good eggs; this is not always easy, there are so many diseases among fowl that are constitutional, that it is somewhat difficult to get eggs that will produce healthy chicks. Any constitutional weakness in the fowl will be sure to make its appearance in the chicks, especially when hatched during cold weather. Having secured good eggs, good mothers are the next want. There is a great choice in hens to set; some are uneasy and are very likely to break half the eggs before they have been setting a week, while others are quiet and careful as well as gentle. The medium sized Brahma hens make very good mothers, and are to be preferred to some other breeds. Every effort should be made to furnish the hen, while setting, with everything she needs to keep her comfortable. Besides being furnished with a variety of food she should have ground oyster shells, gravel, and some very dry loam, or ashes to wallow in. It is very important that the hen should not be disturbed while setting on the eggs; it is as a rule best to let them have their own way, especially when the chicks are about hatching out. We are aware that some believe it is necessary to assist the chick from the egg, but we are not of that number. Believing that nature has made ample provision for getting the chick out of the shell without the assistance of man, we hold to the opinion that while there may be cases where assistance would be beneficial, as a rule more chicks will be killed than saved by man's interference with nature's process.

"Another error is often committed by trying to make the chicks eat as soon as they are out of the shell. As they are not hungry until very nearly a day old, it is not best to feed them until the next day after they are hatched; then they should be fed on sweet cracked corn and millet, and in a few days the smaller grains, but never feed on fine meal, whatever may be the age of the chicks. Some of the best successes we have ever known were gain-

ed by feeding whole corn as soon as the chicks were old enough to eat it, which they can do when about two weeks old; with the corn was mixed oats, barley and wheat in equal proportions combined. In addition to this was given a noon meal of boiled vegetables, mixed with wheat bran and a small quantity of wheat."

Feather Eating.

This unnatural appetite, generally observed in the hen, is a source of great annoyance. It is probably the result of thirst, and also a want of exercise consequent upon close confinement. There seems to be no specific for this disgusting practice, as remedies which have cured in one instance have utterly failed in another. Indeed, it may be a question whether the cures which have supposed to result from the giving of remedies, have not rather been a natural withdrawing of the disease itself than otherwise. External applications would seem to be necessary in order to nauseate the unnatural appetite of the birds. The stumps of feathers should be extracted, and all the parts attached anointed with a stiff lather of carbolio soap. To give the birds occupation it is advisable to bury corn in the ground, or hang up a cabbage or lettuce by a string just within reach of the birds. A bran and linseed mash twice a week has been known to produce good effects. One-fourth of a grain of acetate of morphia daily with a grain of calomel twice a week in addition is a good sedative. The drinking water should contain enough carbonate of potash to give it a decided alkaline taste. Raw bones crushed small, have been known to effect a cure, and a sheaf of corn fodder thrown in the yards is said to be beneficial. It would be advisable to seclude a fowl which manifests a wicked desire for this habit until the appetite becomes more natural from forgetfulness. — *Western Rural*.

It is worthy of notice that but few persons have ever been thoroughly successful in the use of artificial heat in the poultry house; and as no breed of chickens has yet been found that will lay eggs continuously through the winter season without moderately warm quarters, the next best thing will be to build houses that will exclude frost, and, with the chickens in them, will maintain a temperature of from fifteen to twenty degrees above freezing. With such temperature, in a house well ventilated and dry, no matter whether it be on the farm or in the fancier's yard, we have an egg machine that only needs feed and water to give us music and eggs in the coldest weather.

Rheumatism is the most subtle and excruciating disease flesh is heir to. Neuralgia, sharper and more erratic, is as much of an enigma. Science has proved very noncommittal when asked to reveal a specific for them. But at last she consented. ATHLOPHOROS is the touchstone she has provided. H. S. Chandler, of *The Independent*, New York, says that "one bottle of ATHLOPHOROS entirely cured him of Rheumatism, from which he had suffered for a year and a half."

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Eggs from the best strains. First-class Weston stock. Price \$2 50 and \$3 00 per 13.

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Eggs from Croad and Samuels strains Price \$2 50 per 13.

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Upham strain. Price \$2 50 per 13. Address a15-3t E. O. DEWEY, Owosso, Mich.

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Bronze Turkey Eggs at \$4 for sitting of thirteen. Only a limited number for sale. Address a15-4t MINOR DAVIDSON, Tecumseh, Mich.

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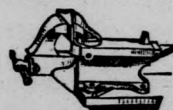
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A record hard to beat! Twenty hens averaging six pounds each laid during January and February three hundred and sixty-four eggs, and during March four hundred and eighty six. Eggs for sale, two dollars for fifteen. Address a8-4t C. C. NELSON, P. M., Cassopolis, Cass Co., Mich.

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HELP WANTED. 1 Agent wanted in every place to sell our new goods. Big Pay. 40 samples only 10c. None free. Cut this out. Acme Novelty Co., Clintonville, Conn. a8-8t



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Apiarian.

For the Michigan Farmer.

SPRING MANAGEMENT.

H. D. CUTTING.

Go through your hives and see just what condition your bees are in, for on whatever you do now, depends your whole honey crop for this season. Look carefully and see if you find any brood or eggs, if so all right; if you find but a few bees, put in a division board and confine them to a smaller space in the hive, as they will do better and breed faster in a smaller space, not so much to keep warm; and afterwards as they increase in brood and become stronger, move the division board back and put in a frame of comb from last year, or a frame filled with comb foundation in the centre. The queen will occupy a frame in the centre much sooner than if placed at the outside.

If it is cold stormy weather and the colony contains but few bees, don't be in a hurry to put in your empty frame because it will separate the brood, and it may get chilled by the bees leaving one side and clustering on the other.

If you will feed a little sugar syrup every evening, about two ounces will be enough to start with, as a small quantity will cause more excitement and cause the queen to deposit more eggs, than if you fed large quantities at a time. I have often fed one s confl with good results. To make your syrup, take a cup or tin basin, put in some granulated or coffee "A" sugar, then pour on a little boiling water, just enough to dissolve the sugar. Some advise boiling it, but I do not, and think for spring feeding it is just as well, and so much less trouble. I prefer to feed at the entrance, but if it is very cold they will not take it as readily, and it is best to feed from the inside; to do that, you can use any of the advertised feeders; but if you have a piece of old clean comb, lay it on top of your frames and pour the syrup into that and it makes a good cheap feeder; cover it all over tight so no heat can escape, for you want all the animal heat you can get at this time.

You may ask why do I prefer to feed at the entrance of the hive. It seems the most natural place for honey to go in, you can feed so much faster, you do not disturb the bees as you do when you open the hive from the top, you lose no heat, and never get stung.

I use a small tin feeder that no bees can get to from the outside, but must come from the inside, it prevents all robbing. You can supply the feed for at least ten colonies, while you are opening, feeding and closing one hive.

The above are but a few reasons why I prefer to feed at the entrance.

If you find a colony with plenty of bees and but very little or no honey, then feed in large quantities; feed all that they can take at once, and it will not stimulate and cause brood rearing so rapidly. You don't want too many bees too early in the season, but you must make your calcula-

tions so you can have your greatest number of bees just when your honey flow commences. If you don't know how to do this get some good work on bee-keeping and read up. If you expect to make any money from your bees, you must get and keep posted.

If you find a colony without a queen and you do not want to buy one to replace the one lost, you had better unite it with some other colony, for it is only a matter of time when you will lose it.

To unite two colonies, select the one you wish to put the bees into, blow some smoke in at the entrance, then give the other colony a good smoke. After you have waited just a moment, sprinkle each colony with warm sweetened water, have the water well sweetened, disturb the colony all you can as it will cause the bees to take up the warm sweet water and fill themselves, for bees filled with sweet will be accepted by another colony almost every time. If you add about fifteen drops of peppermint to a pint of the sweet water it will give each colony the same scent and prevent fighting. Take your queenless colony and shake off every bee into the other hive, give them plenty of the sweetened water, it will make them good-natured; should they show a disposition to fight give them plenty of smoke and they will stop.

Get your hives all ready, so that when you find a swarm hanging on a tree you are all ready for them, and do not have to get some old box or salt barrel to put your swarm into because you neglected to get everything all ready beforehand.

Have your sections all ready to put on in fact have everything finished and in readiness so that when the time comes to use them you have not got to let things go undone for the want of time to get ready. If you expect to secure any honey you must be prepared to take it when it comes, for the great flow of nectar only lasts but a short time in this locality. Last year all surplus honey was made in twenty days, nothing after that but what the bees consumed rearing brood and preparing for winter. It is impossible to give specific directions how to treat each and every colony, because you will not find any two colonies just alike, and you must learn by observation and the experience of others, with the help of one or more of our bee publications.

CLINTON, Mich., April 14, 1884.

It is possible to heat honey to such a degree that it would not crystallize, but the degree of heat required is so great that it evaporates the essential oils and thus destroys the flavor. If not heated hotter than boiling water the flavor will be unimpaired, but the honey will crystallize again. If a gentle heat be applied for a long time the honey will nearly lose its liquid character, and will remain in this state for a long time, but will eventually candy.

If you have a listless, discouraged feeling, and get weary with but slight exertion, very likely your liver is torpid. Take Ayer's Pills and they will cure you.

Michigan Central R. R.

Depot foot of Fourth street. Ticket offices, 154 Jefferson ave., and Depot. All trains arrive and depart on Central Standard time, which is 28 minutes slower than Detroit time.

Chicago Trains	Leave. going west.	Arrive. from west.
New York Limited Ex.	\$11.50 a m
Mail, via Main & Air line	*6.55 a m	*6.10 p m
Day Express	*9.30 a m	*6.25 p m
Kal. & Three Rivers Ac	*4.00 p m	*11.45 a m
Jackson Express	*5.50 p m	*9.55 a m
Evening Express	*7.55 p m	*8.25 a m
Pacific Express	*9.15 p m	*5.55 a m
GRAND RAPIDS TRAINS.		
Fast Express	\$11.50 p m
Day Express	*9.30 a m	*6.25 p m
Grand Rapids Express	*4.00 p m	*11.45 p m
Night Express	*9.15 p m	*8.25 a m
SAGINAW AND BAY CITY TRAINS.		
Bay City & Sag. Exp.	*4.55 p m	*9.50 p m
Marquette & Mackinaw	*8.45 a m	*11.20 p m
Night Express	*10.55 p m	*5.55 a m
TOLEDO TRAINS.		
Cincinnati Express	*8.30 a m	*7.25 p m
St. L. Cin. Cleve. and Col	*3.10 p m	*11.50 a m
Cincinnati Express	*6.50 p m	*8.35 a m
Toledo Express	*9.30 p m	*12.05 a m

Canada Division.	Leave. going east.	Arrive. from east.
Buffalo and Toronto Trains.		
Atlantic Express	*6.15 a m	*8.50 p m
Accom't'n from Windsor	*7.15 a m	*8.50 p m
Fast Day Express	*11.59 a m	*3.00 p m
New York & Boston Ex	*7.30 p m
Limited Express	*12.15 a m	*8.10 a m
*Daily. *Except Sundays. †Except Saturdays.		
CHAS. A. WARREN,	O. W. RUGGLES,	
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Depot Foot of Third Street. Ticket office 154 Jefferson Avenue and in Depot.

Trains run on Central Standard Time.

	Arrive.	Depart.
Bay City & Saginaw Mail	*10:50 a m	*8:40 a m
Bay City & Ludington Exp	*3:45 p m	*12:10 p m
Bay City & Saginaw Exp	*9:55 p m	*5:00 p m
Bay City & Ludington Exp	*3:05 a m	*11:30 p m

Sleeping Car on Night and Parlor Car on Day Trains.

*Daily except Sundays †Daily.
C. A. WARREN, P. & T. Agt.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

Trains run on Central Standard Time.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Cincinnati, Colum's and Cleve. Express	7 12 am	1 02 pm
Chicago Express	8 52 am	6 42 pm
Adrian, Toledo, Cleveland & Buffalo Express	3 10 pm	7 25 pm
Fayette, Chicago & Cincinnati Express	6 12 pm	10 22 am

The 7 25 p m train will arrive, and the 3 10 p m train depart from the Fourth street depot. Other trains will arrive and depart from the Brush street depot. Daily except Sunday.

Up-town ticket office No. 154 Jefferson Avenue

DETROIT, GRAND HAVEN & MILWAUKEE RAILROAD.

Depot Foot of Brush Street. Trains run by Central Standard Time, which is 28 minutes slower Detroit time. In effect December 30th, 1883.

	Depart.	Arrive.
*Morning Express	6:50 a m	11:45 a m
*Through Mail	10:30 a m	4:50 p m
*Grand Rapids Express	4:30 a m	9:50 p m
†Holly and Saginaw Ex.	8:35 p m	8:00 a m
†Night Express	10:30 p m	5:25 a m
*Daily, Sundays excepted. †Daily. †Daily, Saturdays excepted.		

Through Mail has Parlor Car to Grand Haven. Chicago Express at 8:30 a m has through coaches and Pullman Parlor Day Car to Chicago.

Chicago and Owosso Express at 8:35 p m has through coaches and Pullman Palace Sleepers to Chicago.

Night Express has Wagner Sleeper from Detroit to Grand Rapids.

Sleeping Car berths can be secured at G. T. R'y Ticket Office, 156 Jefferson Ave., and at Depot.

T. TANDY, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Detroit.

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