

# MICHIGAN FARMER

## AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, MAY 13, 1884.

### THE HOUSEHOLD--Supplement.

#### A SONG FROM THE SUDS.

Queen of my tub, I merrily sing  
While the white foam rises high,  
And sturdily wash and rinse and wring,  
And fasten the clothes to dry;  
Then out in the free, fresh air they swing,  
Under the summer sky.

I wish we could wash from our hearts and souls  
The stains of the week away;  
And let water and air by their magic make  
Ourselves as pure as they;  
Then on the earth there would be, indeed,  
A glorious washing day.

Along the path of a useful life  
Will hearts' ease ever bloom;  
The busy mind has no time to think  
Of sorrow or care or gloom,  
And anxious thoughts may be swept away  
As we busily wield the broom.

I am glad the task to me is given  
To labor day by day,  
For it brings me health and strength and hope,  
And I cheerfully learn to say,  
"Head, you may think, Heart, you may feel  
But, Hand, you shall work away!"

—Miss Alcott.

#### THE CHILDREN.

In one of her letters F. E. W., of Chelsea, asks whether, in caring for and amusing her little ones after the day's duties are done, she is not as well employed as if reading, writing, or otherwise educating and enjoying herself, and desires an opinion. Undoubtedly a conscientious mother finds more happiness in the merry chatter of her little ones, and in watching the development of their perceptive and reflective powers, than in the best of books read in leisure won by neglecting them. A wise mother binds her children's hearts to her by every means in her power. The ties are like spider's threads, frail individually, but collectively strong; strong enough to subdue passions and evil impulses, and unite mother and child through mutual love and confidence. Yet it is not wise to neglect self improvement, for the mother must remember that "the world moves," and that her children come into it at a more progressive period than when she herself was young, that what was new in her day is old now, and new thoughts and theories are coming forward every year.

When children are young and dependent it is comparatively easy for a mother to maintain her supremacy in her child's heart and mind. And happy that little one who can rest with perfect trust and confidence upon a mother's dictum. On the street the other day I passed two girls, one about seven years old, the other perhaps five. The younger was endeavoring

to convince her playmate of some fact, of which she said "*My mamma says so!*" with voice and look which said plainly that for her at least, there was no going beyond that authority. It was impossible not to smile at the little flushed, eager, defiant face, and to wonder if "my mamma" would always be so believed and trusted. I fear that many mothers who spare no pains to keep their babies close to them, forget that when they leave home for school and its new associates, the maternal guidance should be intensified, to still be dominant over the new experiences and influences. Instead, many relax their vigilance, and let the children drift away from them by processes so imperceptible that it is not until some conflict of opinion occurs that they realize there has been a change at all. A child must learn to be self-reliant (a mother makes a great mistake when she encourages her children to depend upon her, either morally, mentally or physically,) but with this self-reliance there should exist a sense of responsibility toward the parents, the dominant idea being that "mother knows" what is right and best. And I do not think that is the wisest woman who always decides her children's perplexities for them, and is always giving good advice. Self-dependence, reflection, and a realization of the truth that we are responsible for the consequences of our acts, are best taught by leaving the decision to the child, after setting forth the pros and cons, or inducing the reasons to be looked into.

It always seems to me a "fearful responsibility" to bring up children. The wise king said "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." But it seems as if the saying did not hold good, or else that those who certainly seem to "train" in the right direction, and must be given the credit for conscientious effort, must radically fail in some vital point, for the sons and daughters of the best parents seem to go astray in spite of example and precept. And what keen agony must rive the heart when the beloved child treads evil paths, or becomes amenable to law; while the thought must often come: "How much am I responsible, through my training and government, for my child's faults?"

It is when a mother begins to feel her kingdom slipping from her, that she needs to brighten up her wits, to read for the purpose of instructing the children, and make herself attractive personally. And if

she can hold their hearts to hers, so that as they go out into the world and into society, they will still come to her, as of old, for advice and guidance in those matters which so surely affect their future lives, sure of sympathy and that still "mother knows;" if she has so won them that instead of hiding their secrets in their own hearts, or confiding in their girl friends, they take troubles and joys alike to the one never found unfaithful, so surely shall they "rise up and call her blessed."

BEATRIX.

#### A MANIFEST DUTY.

What a difficult problem is life! This profound reflection is the result of reading what has been said of late in the Household on the subject of housekeeping. To be a model house and home keeper, is, in my opinion, to be a very queen. But how to be such an one, "ay, there's the rub." And when you cannot find time to do all that your ambition would prompt you to do, to know just what to leave undone! I don't believe that most of us who read the Household are in danger of forgetting that we have hearts and brains, but I think there may be many of us who need to be reminded that we have bodies that need care, for though I know of many instances where superior minds have triumphed over pain, still, I think it is too much to expect a physically broken down woman to be a good wife and mother. Hoard your strength as a miser hoards his gold, and that, before it is too late. When you have learned to do this, you will never be seen carrying a heavy baby while you prepare a meal, simply because the child frets, and your meal must be ready on time. You will never lift a tub full of water, nor carry a heavy basket of clothes to the line; nor yet will you be seen trudging about in the hot sun with aching feet and head, gathering what few berries you may have the good luck to find. And all this will not be because you are lazy, but because you are saving your strength for nobler purposes. And I have my own opinion about those who sit up till twelve o'clock to sew, though as regards others, I may be wrong; but I am certain if I should so deprive myself of needed rest, that somewhere in the hurry next morning of preparing breakfast, skimming the milk for the calves, straining the new milk, feeding the chickens and assisting the children to dress, I should lose my temper, and the more I felt ashamed of myself the crosser I should grow, and



while the benefit of their friendship and acquaintance would prove a great deal more; to dress her neatly, especially about the hands and feet; and take her from home as often as possible, encouraging her in every way to notice people and objects of interest, and to think less of herself. But whatever you do, don't laugh at her when you learn that she was afraid to enter a neighbor's house, or hid away instead of meeting your guests, for you can have no idea of the painful pictures drawn by her morbid imagination. Merely assure her of your affectionate interest in her welfare, and try to show her that by overcoming this troublesome habit she will add much to your happiness as well as her own.

THOMAS, April 28th.

A. H. J.

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

The rubber rings used to assist in keeping the air from fruit cans, sometimes become so dry and brittle as to be almost useless. They can be restored to a normal condition, usually, says the *Popular Science Monthly*, by letting them lie in water in which you have put a little ammonia mixed in the proportion of one part of ammonia and two parts water. Sometimes they do not need to lie in this more than five minutes, but frequently a half hour is needed to restore their elasticity.

The high caster and cake basket are now banished from fashionable tables, and there is nothing upon them more aspiring than the compotes for preserved fruits. The butter dishes, salt cellars, cruet, and other individual dishes with which it is the fancy to surround the plate, are all very fanciful in shape, and very much decorated. There are dainty pitchers in craquelé ware, the tinted glass through which run lines as if it had been cracked in many directions, and leaves and flower pieces in bisque adapted to table purposes. We eat ice cream from green grape leaves, veined and mottled, and cheese cups are tiny barrels, with each a Neufchatel cheese in it, and a silver scoop to eat it with.

Not infrequently the housekeeper is driven to hateful untidiness by the lack of a closet in her sleeping room, provision for which should have been made when the house was built. The *Philadelphia Press* describes a substitute which we have seen used to good purpose in this city: "Drive a number of nails into the wall at the height desired, or choose such a place if pegs are already attached. Have a wooden shelf fastened above the row of nails or pegs, the shelf being wide enough to extend some distance out over the pegs. Upon the floor, against the wall, beneath the pegs, place a number of boxes, of pasteboard or wood. These will form convenient receptacles for small articles, while dresses and the like may be suspended from the pegs. Then, to the edge of the wooden shelf, attach flowing curtains of chintz, cretonne, or other suitable material, the curtains being long enough

and full enough to cover clothes, pegs, boxes and all. Arrange the curtains in a frill at the top so that they rise above the shelf as a border, and hide the wood. The curtains may be further ornamented by bows of ribbon. Upon the shelf may be disposed books, a Parian bust, a vase of flowers, a few Japanese fans, or any other small article of use or beauty."

### SCRAPS.

It is in "Cranford," that charming chronicle of village life, that the assertion is made that every woman has her pet economy. There is an old saying to the effect that every housekeeper, no matter how painfully neat in other respects, has her one "dirty streak." So most of us have some one thing about which we are more fastidious than others. Not many years ago an extremely nice individual, who desired to make converts to his particular idiosyncrasy, sent out one hundred thousand postal cards in the interests of teaspoons. He wanted everybody to put the spoons in the holder with the bowls down, so that whoever helped himself would not in so doing finger the portion of the spoon soon to enter the mouth of another. As it cost him over \$1,000 to thus promulgate his views, we must credit him with a deal of earnestness in his peculiar "fad." And yet, isn't there something in it?

Here are some of George Macdonald's thoughts on the question of work for women, put into the mouth of one of his characters: "A man would be thought a downright sinner if he brought up his lads like maist fathers bring up their lasses. Women are reared and expectit to live sic lives as only scoundrels o' men choose for theirselves—hingring roon, eating ither folks' bread, and waiting for deid men's shoon. \* \* \* Mak' a bein' responsible, an' it will be responsible. Tak' it on yourself, an' there it will lie. \* \* \* An' when she's married she'll stop nae mair wage fra' the man's hand, an' she'll ken its value when she has it to spend. An' if you winna' teach some lasses how to earn that may never want to do it, then ye maun hae auld women wanting to earn when it is too late to learn. \* \* \* There is a beauty o' blossoms in an orchard in spring, an' a beauty o' ripe fruit in autumn. The blossoms o' youth are the hopes we have from the world, and the apples of age are the hopes and helps we can gie to it."

Madame Mojeska, the great tragedienne, says that a "homely woman who knows how to dress is far more attractive than a pretty one in slovenly attire, or dressed in unsuitable, ill-fitting garments. A becoming hat, a quiet dress, made well and accurately fitted, will do marvels in the way of sheltering personal defects. A woman's dress is a kind of personal glossary. Nine-tenths of the dress is the fit; if good it will redeem a twenty-five cent rep; if poor, it will ruin a satin de Lyon. There are three points a woman should never lose sight of, her position,

her age, and her weak points. She ought to know the latter better than her best friend or her worst enemy. "When youth, the dream, departs," then is the time dress is potent. Then she should be more careful than ever, dress in dark, warm, neutral tints, exquisitely fitting, but simply made. She should aim to be genteel and elegant rather than fashionable, and ignore all eccentricities of the variable goddess.

Isn't this true, girls? "A girl who is in love with a young fellow never sees his disadvantages. She feels that by proper treatment and advice there is no position in the world that he cannot fill, in time, and she decides then and there to put him in training for the Presidency. No matter if his head is number six and slopes the wrong way, she thinks it will fill out. She is going to do her best on him anyway. Take nine girls in ten who marry little shrimps or big awkward boys, and talk to them in confidence, and they will tell you that their husband is bound to make his mark in the world, and that he will be President some day." B.

It is with pleasure the Household Editor notes the interest manifested in the "little paper," and the ever increasing corps of contributors. All are welcome, and all most cordially invited to come again and yet again, while there is room for many more; "the more the merrier."

MRS. M. A. FULLER writes us that she will extend the time of receiving orders for garden plants, until May 15th, the season being so backward.

### Contributed Recipes.

**BREAD CAKE.**—Three cups of bread-dough, (that is when ready for putting in loaves); one and one-half cups sugar; two-thirds cup of shortening (butter or meat fryings); two eggs; one teaspoonful soda, same of cinnamon and nutmeg; one cup raisins; other fruit if wished; knead with the hand until thoroughly mixed, using no flour; put in two loaves; bake immediately. E. E. B.

SALINE

**LEMON JELLY.**—Soak half a box of gelatine in half a pint of water for half an hour. Measure out two cupfuls of loaf sugar, and rub the pieces of sugar on the peel of five lemons till the oil of the lemons is absorbed by the sugar. Pour a pint and a half of boiling water on the soaked gelatine, and add the juice of the lemons, the sugar and the white and shell of an egg well beaten; let it come to a boil, set aside on the stove a few minutes; skim carefully and pass through the jelly-bag into moulds.

**RHUBARB** or pieplant may not only be preserved in cans, but may be made into jelly. After rinsing the stalks in cold water, cut them in pieces, and with only about enough water to cover them; put them in a porcelain kettle; let them boil until nothing seems to be left but a soft pulp. Strain through a flannel jelly bag. To each pint of this juice add a pound of sugar, let it boil after putting the sugar in, and try it by taking out a little and putting it on a cold plate; when it "jellies" at once, it is safe to pour it into bowls. MRS. D.

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then wouldn't the domestic atmosphere be blue; and if the children fell to quarreling, which I am sure would be one result of the aforesaid blueness, I should shut the door and let them quarrel, miserably conscious that any attempt on my part to "pour oil on the troubled waters," would only end in setting fire to the oil. No, my friends, if you happen to pass our house and find the midnight taper burning, you may be sure it isn't because L. B. P. is plying her needle "with fingers weary and worn." I keep a basket right by my easy chair with work all ready to do, and then when I drop into my chair to rest or to wait for the men to come to their meals, it is no effort at all to keep my fingers busy, and I am surprised myself to find how much I can accomplish in just these same odd minutes. It requires no little resolution to deny myself the pleasure of a trip to the woods, because I know by experience that it is an expenditure of time and strength that I cannot afford, but when the children come back with their hands full of wild flowers, and I can enjoy them without fatigue, I feel amply repaid. And as I call attention to their beauty, and explain their growth, I feel grateful to the dear parents who gave me the opportunity to learn what little I do know, before the cares of life made it impossible to spend much time in the beautiful realm of books, and I resolve mentally that if education be incompatible with a knowledge of housekeeping, and the business of life, which, however I do not believe, I shall choose the education for our children. Now if, after managing to the best of my ability, except that I will have the evenings for reading and recreation, I should still find myself unable to meet the almost incessant demand for clothes, I should say to the "gude mon" "I must have some one to help me for a few days with sewing," and in my case the cheerful response would be "all right," but if he should thoughtlessly reply "I'm short of money just now, can't you get along someway?" I should say without hesitation "No! I've tried, and I can't possibly get along." I hope no one will think there is a covert sneer in the word "thoughtlessly," for it is my firm belief that husbands are oftener thoughtless than unkind. But I have rambled on till I am sure our Household Editor will wish I knew when to stop, and I haven't said yet how much I like the new Household; but it is scarcely necessary, for how can any one help liking the neat little sheet that is all our own? L. B. P.

ARMADA, May 1st.

### THE COOKING SCHOOL.

Miss Parloa recently devoted nearly all of one of her cooking lessons to the subject of warming up cold meats. "Hash," she said, "should summon visions of the most delicious character, instead of those the very reverse of pleasant." The meat should be carefully prepared, eliminating all scraps of gristle, muscle and fat. Season with the best butter. Warm quickly and serve as soon as thoroughly heated. For escalloped meat take any kind of cold meat, chopped rather coarse, and season

with salt and pepper. To every pint of the meat use half a cupful of gravy and a heaping cupful of breadcrumbs. Put a layer of the meat in a dish, then gravy, then a thin layer of bread crumbs, then meat again, and so on until the dish is full, the last layer being a thick one of crumbs. Bake about twenty minutes. For a fricassee, take three pints of any kind of cold meat, chopped coarse, one pint of water; put two tablespoonfuls of butter into a saucepan, when hot add one tablespoonful of dry flour, stir until brown, then gradually add the water, season to taste. Put the meat into a deep dish, turn the gravy over it and set in the oven. Make a biscuit dough of one quart of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one tablespoonful butter, one teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of sugar; mix with milk or water till stiff enough to handle, roll half an inch thick and cut into cakes, put the biscuit on top of the meat in the oven and bake fifteen minutes. For hash on toast, brown a tablespoonful of butter and the same of flour, as before, add two-thirds cup of water, and put into it one pint of chopped meat; simmer ten minutes and turn upon slices of toast ranged on a platter.

Miss Parloa made delicious fishballs by picking up a pint bowlful of raw salt cod-fish, unsoaked. Into a boiler she put two heaping bowlfuls of small sized potatoes, pared, and turned the fish on top of them. Cover with boiling water and boil half an hour. Drain off the water and mash fish and potatoes, until fine, add butter the size of an egg, a little pepper and two eggs, well beaten. Have your kettle of fat very hot, dip a tablespoon into it, then take up a spoonful of the mixture, making it as good shape as possible, drop into the fat; it should cook brown in two minutes. Dip the spoon into the fat every time before taking up the mixture, and take care to keep the fat hot.

To cook rice properly, as a vegetable, Miss Parloa says it should be well washed, then cooked in water in the proportion of one cupful of rice to three quarts of water. The water must boil all the time, it should be uncovered and not stirred. It will be done in thirty minutes. Season slightly with salt, draw off the water through a colander and stir in one tablespoonful of butter. Spread the rice, thus cooked, on a platter, and on it lay dropped eggs. This dish is known as Spanish eggs.

An omelet is a dish rarely served at a farmer's table, yet when properly prepared it is a most delicious addition to the supper table. Beat four eggs with the beater, add a teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of milk. Have the pan "sissing hot," as hot as it can be without being absolutely red, put in a tablespoonful of butter and pour in the beaten egg, shake with a rotary motion on the hottest part of the stove till the egg begins to set, let stand a second or two to brown, run a knife between the sides of the omelet and pan, roll it over upon itself and deposit it on a hot plate by turning the pan upside down, and serve at once.

Some instructions on cooking that much abused article, beefsteak, were given by

the dainty-handed cook. She said the steak should be cut thick, it cannot be good if only half or a quarter of an inch thick. She would dredge it with salt, pepper and flour. Cook on double broiler for ten minutes if to be rare, two minutes longer if rather well done. Never stick a fork into it, or cut with a knife to see if it is done; this lets the rich juices escape. Frying is a method which has only inglorious ease to recommend it, but it sometimes happens there are no conveniences for broiling. In this case heat the frying pan very hot, then sprinkle with salt and lay in the steak, turning it immediately the first side is seared, and turning again and again afterward. The frequent turnings are to keep in the juices, which otherwise would ooze out and be lost.

### SPRING PLANTING OF BULBS.

As too great haste makes waste in so many of life's projects, the planting of tender bulbs is soon found by experience to be no exception to the adage, for if planted too early, while the ground is still cold, they apt to rot and are lost, and if they manage to live, do not grow thrifty and bloom as well as if started into rapid growth with good sound roots. Gladioli and lilies are the most hardy bulbs in use for spring planting. Lilies require a deep bed with coarse sand at the bottom, and partial shade, while a matting of vines to cover the bed is also an advantage. Gladioli should be planted at least ten inches below the surface, and covered with any rich soil and well decayed fertilizers. This caution is ever given as to the fertilizers, especially for bulbs, for reason that it causes them to rot if not in that state. I frequently hear complaints of bulbs, especially Gladioli, not multiplying, which is occasioned by shallow planting.

Dahlias are so easily raised from seed, that many prefer them to tubers, unless certain varieties or colors are desired. Dahlias are gross feeders and not easily harmed by over fertilizing; suds from the wash makes a good application, and slips rooted early will make plants which will flower more freely than bulbs; in fact the shoots grow entirely independent of the size of bulb planted, and such plants are what are usually furnished by florists instead of tubers of the preceding year's growth; but in ordering certain colors or varieties, to get plants or tubers is the only reliable way to secure them, for seed is pretty sure to conjure up something new. There is no occasion for haste or risk in starting the Dahlia in spring, as it is a decidedly an autumn flower, and forcing fails to make satisfactory returns; but cool nights and mild days develop all its capacities for profuse and gorgeous blooming.

There are several bulbous-rooted plants so decidedly ornamental that it is a wonder they are so seldom cultivated, especially as their requirements are so simple. I refer to the Canna, Caladium, Tigridia, Tuberose, Tritoma, Zephyranthus, etc., any of which are cheaply obtained in a dormant state, easily tended, and preserv



through winter in a frost proof cellar without deterioration, but improvement and rapid increase with time, except the Tuberose and Tigridia, which require warm, dry quarters through winter for perfect preservation, and either of these when once understood are as easily managed as any plant. Such plants, that are natives of warmer climates, require a start in the house in spring, and a stove-shelf is none too warm for tuberose to warm up before the pots containing them are planted in the garden, which should not be earlier than June 10th; when such tender bulbs begin to grow they develop rapidly. The Tigridia, if given a little start in the house and turned carefully from the pots into a warm bed, will make a dazzling show all summer. The others mentioned are far more hardy, and no more trouble than Dahlias or Gladioli.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

FENTONVILLE, May 7th.

### THAT GARDEN SPOT.

Mrs. W. J. G. calls my attention to the fact that it is one thing to make a garden on paper in a newspaper office, and quite another to do it *manu propria*, and this, too, in spite of the pains I took, only a little while ago, to inform the Household people that before I accepted a seat upon the editorial tripod I had served a nine years' apprenticeship as housekeeper and maid of all work. Like Mrs. W. J. G., I have had my ambitions, also experiences akin to hers. The vegetables I raised in my spasm of gardening were eminently adapted to the use of Lilliputs. Onions the size of a silver dollar, tomatoes like plums, pea pods filled to repletion by one lone pea, cabbages which were mere rosettes of leaves, rewarded my energetic labors. I thought seriously of making an exhibit at our county fair, just to show how small vegetables could be and still be recognizable. Whenever we had anything in the way of a garden, thereafter, it was in the field, where the cultivator, and a hoe wielded by muscle, not good intentions, gave the culture. The vegetables grew well enough, but when I wanted them I wound the clock, took a lunch and locked the house before starting for the back lot."

Householders will please take notice that in my advocacy of the advantages of a good garden for the farmer, I gave no arguments to show that the women of the family should have anything to do with it further than gathering the vegetables and preparing them for the table. Experience convinces me that to care for a garden large enough for the bugs and worms and the family too, is a man's work, not a woman's. To raise vegetables for home consumption should be as much a part of the farm routine as to raise wheat for bread. I believe in out-door exercise for women, and that most of them would be the better for it, but the care of the garden, taken with the work of sweeping, churning, washing, ironing, all calling into action the same sets of muscles, is too much for any woman who does not enjoy that robust health so much to be coveted, yet so seldom seen. It seems as if it would

not be a heavy task to keep the mellow, fresh-turned earth free of weeds, and the soil stirred enough for rapid growth of plants, but when the weed seeds start they are so like the evil that is in us, and grow so much faster and stronger than the good seeds we planted and fain would cherish, that we soon learn that eternal vigilance is the price of a garden as well as "liberty." I am perfectly certain that while Adam hoed potatoes in the primal garden, Eve sat on the fence and ate apples, once in a while encouraging him by a big bite, and it is after this fashion that our modern Eves should encourage the degenerate Adams of to-day.

The secret of having a good garden is, to plant it in long rows, in some place where the the cultivator can do most of the work. This will save a great deal of slow work with the hoe. Plant enough of everything so that unless the insect foes are beyond all bounds there will be enough for you and them too—you'll have to share with the bugs anyhow, and they collect their tithes every time—but let the head of the family or his aid-de-camp do the hard work. BEATRIX.

### STILL ANOTHER METHOD.

I have read carefully all the various modes of bread-making as given recently in the Household, and have tried several of them, but as none of them have been just like my favorite recipe, I will give it for the benefit of the sisters, as in my opinion it requires less labor, and of course that is what we are all looking for. My method is this: After peeled potatoes have been boiled for dinner I select out eight of the largest, mash and pour over them the water in which they have been boiled, to which I add one teaspoonful of ginger, one tablespoonful lard, and one tablespoonful of brown sugar. I then put a cake of Twin Brothers' yeast to soak in half a cup of boiling water, when the potatoes and water are luke-warm I add the yeast; I then sift the flour and make a soft sponge in the middle, to which I add two tablespoonfuls of salt, dissolved in one pint boiling and one pint cold water, then let it rise over night. First thing in the morning knead into one large loaf and let it rise again; cut into small loaves, put into tins and let rise again. Then bake forty-five minutes.

Out of this dough can be made most beautiful biscuit.

I would be pleased to have the ladies try this plan and report their success.

MRS. J. W. P.

DETROIT, May 6th, 1884.

### CHAT WITH CONTRIBUTORS.

I want to tell the members of the Household how to make use of old socks and stockings after they are unfit for further wear. After being properly cleansed, the socks make nice dishcloths and the stockings are nice to wash the baby, and will prove very acceptable to older ones. Thanks to El See, Aaron's Wife and S. M. for their defence of salt-rising bread. It may not be any better when fresh than hop yeast bread, but if you have any to get

stale how much nicer to make into a pudding or toast, or even to steam. When mixing the sponge try warm milk instead of water; you need not take the trouble to skim it, as the cream will not hurt the bread in the least.

I offer my sympathy to "Contributor" who felt so indignant when confronted by the "Farm Law" column and advertisement of chromos. But in the issue of April 22nd I found something which made even that sink into insignificance. It reads somewhat "thusly": "If you have a listless, discouraged feeling, and get weary with slight exertion, &c., &c., take something—yes—take Ayer's Pills."

HOPE.

HILLSDALE, May 5th, 1884.

### TIMELY SUGGESTIONS.

To those who wish to get rid of old crinoline entirely, I would suggest that they dig a deep hole and bury them, along with broken dishes, oyster cans, old shoes, &c.

Empty your straw tick under your currant and berry bushes.

In cleaning house, begin at the topmost corner, and work down and out, cleaning one room at a time, and you will find that if you are detained by company or sickness it will not inconvenience you near so much as to have the whole house in disorder at once.

Try canning pie-plant this spring in cold water, cut it up, pack your jars, fill, with water, and seal tight.

Sprinkle white hellabore on the currant bushes early, and destroy the worms as soon as they hatch.

C. B. R.

VICKSBURG, April 28th, 1884.

### SMILES AND SALT-RISING BREAD

There has been a great deal said about meeting the husbands when they come in from their work with smiling faces. That is all right; but, on the other hand, the wife, and especially the mother, who has to work from early morn until night and perhaps far into the evening to do her work and care for her little ones, needs smiles and pleasant words as well. Does not "Farmer's Wife" agree with me in that?

I will give my way of making salt rising bread: Take half a teacupful middlings, a pinch of salt, pour in boiling water and stir it up; set in a warm place to rise. Make this the day before you wish to bake. Take one or two spoonfuls of this rising, or the whole of it, put in a bowl of warm water, stir in flour, set in a warm place to rise. I pour boiling water in the flour and enough cold to cool it, about half and half; let this sponge rise, after you put your bowl of emptyings in it, about one hour. Knead the loaves and set in a warm place to rise. You can get your baking done in the morning in this way.

MOTHER.

HUDSON, May 3d.

Mrs. M. E. M. H., of Lapeer, will find her query answered in the veterinary department of last week's FARMER.

## SCRAPS.

ONE of Detroit's pretty girls who was married recently received her wedding guests under a chime of bells modeled in flowers. Two of the bells were white, one of pink Bon Silene, the fourth of Marechel Neil roses. On the larger of the bells the monograms of the bride and groom were outlined.

THE criticism was passed upon a lecture delivered before a Farmers' Institute held in this State last winter to the effect that the lecturer "talked over the heads" of the farmers present; using too many "scientific" terms and unfamiliar phrases. It is not an infrequent complaint regarding books and papers as well as lectures. But for most of these alleged scientific terms there are no interchangeable common ones, and often the meaning could not be conveyed without great verbosity. The "scientific" terms which apply to farming are not very many in number, nor difficult of comprehension. Instead of demanding our teachers to come down to our level, might it not be better for us to lift ourselves to theirs, instead of elevating our noses at their teachings because we are too ignorant to comprehend them? Long fellow says:

"Men have no faith in fine spun sentiment,  
Who put their trust in bullocks and in bees."

but a practical truth clad in a phraseology we do not quite understand is a "nut to crack," not to be tossed aside unopened. These "scientific terms" are frequently met with in the course of agricultural reading and a little pains in consulting the dictionary would give us intelligent comprehension of their meaning, enlarge our information and vocabulary, and tend to prevent us from making ludicrous mistakes through misconception of the meanings of words. No house is well furnished without a dictionary. And when the children ask, "Father, what does this word mean, and how do you pronounce it?" instead of saying "don't bother me," or giving an unsatisfactory answer, send them to the dictionary, or better yet, go with them and aid them in finding and mastering the desired definition. By so doing you encourage instead of repress their ambition to know, and help them to learn that "new thing every day" without which we should not let the sun go down. B.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

THE late Charles Delmonico, one of the famous caterers of New York City, left behind him a recipe, "How to Cook Water." "The secret is in putting good, fresh water into a neat kettle, already quite warm, and setting the water to boiling quickly, and then taking it right off for use in tea, coffee and other drinks, before it is spoiled. To let it steam and simmer and evaporate until the good water is all in the atmosphere, and the lime and iron and dregs only left in the kettle—bah! that is what makes a great many people sick, and is worse than no water at all." Let our housekeepers whose tea-

kettles are always simmering and never entirely emptied, take notice.

WE have received from the Brainerd & Armstrong Co., 621 Market Street, Philadelphia, an ounce package of their "waste" embroidery silk, or "Factory ends." It is good silk, in twelve handsome colors, cardinal, old-gold, etc., and in quantity more than what is sold at city fancy stores for 75 cents. It is the very thing to use for the popular silk patchwork, so profusely ornamented with "stitches" and embroidery in gay silks, and ladies making "crazy quilts" or doing other fancy work requiring mixed colors, and large quantities, will find it a decided economy to send for a package, which is forwarded, post paid, on receipt of forty cents.

WITH what surprise would our great-grandmothers, who cooked over the fire-place, roasted meat on a spit, before the fire and welcomed the "tin oven" as a wonderful invention, view the contents of a modern hardware store! A great many of these "new fangled fixings" are great conveniences, too. Among them we may mention the Dover egg beater, which spares many aches on baking day, the dishcloth of iron rings, expressly to clean pots and kettles with, the new sifter, which settles into the pan of flour and sifts from below upward, saving all litter of flour; and the new style of clothes bars which fastens to the wall, and then opens out ten good strong arms ready to hold the clean clothes safe from being tipped over, and out of everybody's way. When not in use it takes up no room at all, being folded close to the wall. The hard-hearted Charlotte who "went on cutting bread and butter," while the body of her dead lover was "borne before her on a shutter," might have had time to have given him a glance had she been provided with one of the modern contrivances for slicing bread of a uniform thickness. How many housekeepers know how much easier it is to cook vegetables, stews, and warm over food in tin basins instead of iron kettles? It saves so much lifting of heavy pots, which must be handled at long range, and consequently at a disadvantage. Try it, and see if it does not save both back and fingers.

## Contributed Recipes.

"AARON'S WIFE" sends us the following tested recipes:

**RAISIN PIE.**—One cup each of raisins, sugar, water, syrup and vinegar; one-half cup flour; two eggs; butter the size of egg; teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves and soda. Chop raisins and mix; bake as mince pie. The mixture will fill four pies.

**COOKIES.**—White sugar, two cups; sweet milk and butter, each one cup; two eggs; hartshorn shavings, two teaspoonfuls; one grated nutmeg. Dissolve the hartshorn in the milk; mix and roll thin and dust with sugar; bake rather quickly.

**ROLL JELLY CAKE.**—Sugar, one and one-half cups; sweet milk, one cup; flour, two cups; three eggs; a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat eggs and sugar together; mix, and last add a flavoring of vanilla or lemon. Spread thinly in a long pan, and when baked spread with jelly and roll.

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