

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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## THE HOUSEHOLD--Supplement.

### THE FIRST QUARREL.

She stands beside the door in white disdain;  
For some portentous nothing is at stake,  
And she will not unsay the words she spake,  
Nor he make right or wrong, though he were fain.  
Alack! their honeymoon is on the wane;  
The hearts that beat as one have learned to ache;  
The stream wherein they two have come to slake  
Love's thirst is parched for drought of Love's  
sweet rain.  
They brood in sullen silence 'neath the cloud  
That now first shadows this fair wedlock o'er,  
When, lo! it bursts in tears from both their eyes  
And, on each other's lips, their anger dies.  
Upon his breast her golden head is bowed,  
And in his arms he clasps his life once more.  
—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### AUTUMNAL FASHIONS.

The "whirligig of Time" has again brought round to us the season for putting away the light garments of summer, and replacing them with heavier, more seasonable ones. The stores are full of fall goods, the milliners' windows are beginning to blossom, and good dress-makers command a premium. A few new fall toilettes have made their appearance, but most dresses as yet worn are those made up last spring. The new fabrics most favored by fashionables are the heavy, rough goods, which "look as if they were meant for horse blankets," according to the disdainful saying of one who is oblivious to their beauty. But the stamp of fashion has been set upon them, and they are "to be worn," so if your merchant shows you a coarse, rough, shaggy cloth, which looks as if it might have been sheared from a curly dog, be certain he is offering you "the very latest style." I have seen at least a couple of dresses made entirely of this rough cloth, but the usual method is to combine it with other goods. Some of it is woven in stripes of two shades, about two inches wide, the nap seeming to meet in the center of each stripe; another style has tufts of wool woven in in loops and is called *bourette* cloth, while a third has rough stripes alternating with smooth. English serge, tweeds and diagonals are very much used in the tailor-made suits which, though more severe in their simplicity than ever, are more than ever "the style." For these trimmings are almost entirely abandoned, the draperies are very long, being in effect a second skirt, simply draped. Pleats, if used at all, are laid very shallow instead of being folded nearly double as formerly. The back breadths either fall in long, un-

broken folds, or are draped high under the short postilion basque. The "fan front" is popular in these dresses; a triple box pleat is laid down the centre of the front breadth, spreading a little at the foot, and held in place by tapes to define its whole length. The sides are then caught up very high, under the back breadths; or the left side only is lifted and held under a fancy buckle, the right hanging straight and slightly full.

In smooth cloths mohair and alpaca are quoted as very much worn at the east, but Detroit merchants tell me ladies here do not take kindly to them. Tricots will be very popular this season, as they are good value for the money, being very serviceable. Prices range from \$1 for a good quality to \$2 and \$2.50 for fine imported French goods, double width. Serges, camel's hair and bison cloth come next.

Combinations of plain and figured goods will be used for autumn and winter wear. Ten yards of double width wool goods are sold as a dress pattern; for combinations seven and a half yards of plain, and two and a half of figured. The plain goods is used for the basque, sleeves and drapery; the figured goods form the front and side breadths, is used for panels or front breadth, or borders the entire skirt, according to choice. The basque has revers, a vest, or bretelles of the figured goods, of which are also the high, officers' collar and the small round cuffs. Sleeves are still close-fitting but not so skin-tight as formerly, and are sewed in with but slight fullness at the shoulders. Basques are short in front and on the sides, and nearly all have postilion or coat backs. An untrimmed corsage is seldom seen; all have vests or revers.

In colors, *plomb* or lead color is new and very fashionable; a grey-blue called sphinx, and browns and green are the most worn. A new shade is called lynx brown. Trimmings are the wool laces and worsted braids which have been described, but many dresses are made up without them.

Wraps for fall wear are short, of Astrakhan, *bourette*, or "niggerhead" cloth, the latter a fabric having quite sizable tufts of mohair woven in which give it its odd and not euphonious name. These wraps are short in the back, fitted by one or three seams, generally the latter, and have fronts which form quite long points and also make part of the sleeve. They are trimmed with fur,

feather trimming, bands of Astrakhan, and a new worsted trimming, an imitation in wool of the "moss" trimming introduced last spring, and which sells at fifty cents. For winter we are promised both long and short cloaks, the former for carriage wear, the latter to show off the handsome walking dresses which have so long been eclipsed under the long wraps. Close-fitting jackets and those with loose fronts are also popular, and the buttons rival a dinner-plate in size.

The new bonnets are small, and not materially different from those of the summer. The little horseshoe bonnet is a favorite, while other styles have coronet fronts, becoming to ladies with large faces. They are to be trimmed with velvet or plush ribbons, and have ties. The new ribbons are very singular looking; some look like bands of Astrakhan, some have rough and smooth stripes alternating. Felt bonnets, according to the *Bazar*, are to be worn, trimmed with ribbons and fancy feather clusters. Many suits will have bonnets made to match, especially of the rough and shaggy goods, these are to be trimmed with wool lace, wings, and long quills of birds. Round hats have high crowns and narrow rolling brims, which are very narrow or entirely wanting at the back; trimmings are tartan and plain velvets, wings of birds, and wide striped ribbons. Some pretty fall hats for young ladies are of fine black straw, trimmed with poppy red China crape.

BEATRIX.

### MAKE THE BEST OF THINGS

Blessed indeed is the mind and body that has learned the secret of making the best of attainable blessings, and also of misfortunes. To such an one the world is almost heaven, and the rain that falls into her lives only serves to reflect the rainbow of thanksgiving.

If our friend, thus blessed, lives in a "wee cabin," she does not make herself gloomy contrasting her abode with the imposing farm house. She can admire and fully appreciate the beauty and convenience of the great house, but with no envy in her heart, she sets about making the best of her surroundings, often repeating in some simple fabric ideas gained in "peeps" in some more pretentious mansion. Dry goods boxes are metamorphosed into cupboards, book cases and ottomans; cheese cloth, prints and muslins provide draperies and hangings that fill her heart with delight to view them, and when her active hand has



wrought out the schemes of her fertile brain, and convenience, order and beauty result, she feels a pleasure and triumph known only to the genius of creative talent, revelling in perfected achievement. Her mind will revert with pity to her neighbor, whose dwelling is smaller and poorer than her own, and she will find herself devising ways and means of improving their more destitute surroundings. She will show her small successes with a justifiable pride, and glow and dimple with satisfaction when their merits are extolled. She is the person who has the knack of "making over." In her person is fulfilled the phrase "She gars old cloes leuk amaist as weel as new." Difficulties challenge her to new efforts; failure is only a stepping stone to success. But this little woman is modest withal, and never dreams how "much better she is building than she knows." Her life is a sermon, her efforts an inspiration, and her successes a demonstration that wakens attention, kindles enthusiasm, inspires efforts that lift many a groveling soul from whining complaint and repining, up into the light and liberty of self-helping independence.

I am not advocating the state of content that would make no effort to rise higher. It is the one who always makes the best of everything who is always aspiring, as well as prepared to seize opportunity's forelock, and rise to better things.

Trained to habits of observance and industry, alert, watchful and self-reliant, she is quick to see and seize all means of improvement, and with a new meaning makes the best of them.

If we with hand and mind intent on making the best of things, put our theory in practice, there will be little time found to bewail our hard lot, or complain we have "no chance in the world."

Providence, as a rule, helps those who help themselves, and human nature yields reverence to earnest, successful workers; while the best of us have a feeling of contempt for the idle repiner, who folds her hands and maunders on the old refrain, "I never have no luck." A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

#### HEALTH HINTS.

I can sympathize with Beatrix in her sufferings from insomnia, and vain endeavors to obtain that most refreshing of all our refreshments, a good night's sleep. I have been a great sufferer from the same disease for the last few years. Many, very many nights have I retired to rest, after a hard and wearisome day's work, only to find myself tossing restlessly about to obtain it. I think when I know a sleepless night or two is in my way, that all cares shall be left in the kitchen, that I will not go to bed to think and plan for the next day, but the first thing I know, I am doing the very thing I thought to avoid, and thus become nervous and restless, and get no sleep until the wee small hours of the morning. In a paragraph from the *Herald of Health*, I saw a statement which startled me not a little; it was that comparatively few people,

after childhood has passed, know what perfect sleep is by experience. I have tried all of Beatrix's methods to obtain sleep, except the midnight lunch or reading myself to sleep. In imagination I have gone into the forest and named the different kinds of wood in an alphabetical order, naming as many as I could, commencing with A before going to B; generally that would bring sleep.

After reading Beatrix's new treatment, I tried that and was successful. I found it difficult at first to keep the eyeballs turned down; but a determination to do so brought sleep.

I have experienced the most benefit from using salt and water as hot as I could bear it, for weak eyes, or "blurs" before the sight. Cosmoline, applied once or twice a day, is very strengthening to the eyes; it has hardly an equal for wounds and sores; it is a nice dressing for the hair to remove dandruff.

My remedy for bad burns is sifted corn meal, made quite moist with good vinegar, laid on a cloth and applied to the burn, and moistened often with vinegar, or newly applied; it will stop the smarting and draw out the fire in a short time, then dress with cosmoline.

GRAND BLANC.

BETTY.

#### LIFE IS HELPFULNESS.

The grand aim and end of all acquiring is helpfulness. The accumulation of wealth is but a ministration to human need. The most profound and varied knowledge makes us wise only as its many rivulets flow into the great channel of use. The only true results which can ever come of science, philosophy, or religion are light and helpfulness to human progress; toward this end lead all the processes of reason and intuition. All the garnered treasures of life are preserved only by use, only as they are set in the diadem of helpfulness. Every person or thing is limited in its power according to its ability to minister to necessity. Who would be great must be useful. Helpfulness is the test, the "cleansing fire" of life. If you would know its value, lay your life upon this heaven-built altar. Should the flames consume all you have gathered into the years, go forth again and garner for eternity.

I have known a man, brave, loyal, and help-loving, comprehensive in mind, aspiring in spirit, yet the great sorrow of his life was his limited helpfulness. I see here a principle,—helpfulness is the condition of happiness, and obedience a promise of gladness. Here is the great secret of unhappy living. Action is a divine force, and must be in harmony with the great principles of existence.

Helpfulness is an innate desire, yet all are not helpful. Some lives are like tangled weeds, always making our path wearisome; others are stumbling blocks over which we fall, tearful because of our very helplessness and bruises. Why is life thus prostrate and groveling? Heaven alone knows all the causes; we are children, therefore life means growth to us.

If there be an innate desire, why are not all helpful? What is helpfulness? It is ministration, yet how and what will teach us true ministration? Ah, this is the problem! We seek, we are in process of trial, our forces are unknown and untried by us. We are climbing up to the hope and promise of heaven in our spirit's life.

The cry for help is universal. The little children plead for it, their misshapen souls and bodies cry to us from the cradle and the street. The young crave guidance, as their wondering hearts pause or hasten, as they doubt, wander and sometimes sink. The middle-aged ask light to free their strong lives from the prejudices and errors which crush the spirit's life. The aged, like the children, plead for guidance, as their tottering steps grope towards the gateway of light.

Let us search all the pathways of truth we are capable of entering; let us gather the treasures of use, the gems of joy, and bring them for the relief of the needy. Where shall we search for these? We shall find them only in the realm of realities. Sometimes we climb up, unknowing as a child, and grasping a shadow above us seek to stay ourselves by it. How may we know when our hearts reach out to grasp the shadows? What is Reality?

There is a "bleeding heart" by our door-step. Do you know how the dew drops lie on the leaves of this plant? Not as on other leaves, but the drops are gathered in larger globules, more distinct, and glow with the clearness and beauty of the diamond. I can easily brush these liquid jewels to the earth, yet they contain the spirit of reality. They whisper a thought beautiful in its helpfulness, though they are frail as the fabric of a dream.

Then come out in the morning with me, and see our newly opened pansies. Oh, the wonder, passion, and glory of the flowers! Pansies, pansies, I can but cry, you hide in your blue and gold hearts a mystery! Whisper it to my spirit. The delicate fragrance speaks with divine sweetness of Reality. I feel a growing consciousness of the beautiful Real, as felt in the powers lying unseen, silent, latent. Back of all we may speak, there is in the heart something so sweet, so subtle, yet enduring,—the Reality of life lies there stretched in eternal repose. Storms of passion, blight of pain, thrill of pleasure's brief chords,—nothing disturbs the calm, chaste Reality of being. Yet how can I bring these influences into use? They are building up my comprehension of realities, and reality means victory.

But must there not be a plan? I cannot tell, I know there must be a purpose, and perhaps a plan, method, is the extension and elucidation of a purpose. Our purpose is for our individual life, our plans for those we would help.

In a brief but pleasant chat with our Editor the other day, she said, speaking of our little paper, "I have been connected with the Household five years, and I think it will take five years more to get



it up to my standard." Here is a helpful thought. How grand to have a standard, intelligible, real to the soul, pure, clear! Helpfulness follows, for the object of all plan is aid. But what is a standard, and what renders it valuable? The degree of power it has to uplift measures its value, and the quality of our desire to be helpful gives it clearness to us. The standard itself is the soul-power and capacity of the individual life, and is as varied as the experiences gathered into life and the use made of them. With many it is like a block, cut just the width and height of the individual to whom it belongs. This is applied to all; if it fails to fit, being either too short or too high, too broad or too narrow, of course it is easy to see where a fellow being's imperfections lie and we can compute them to the fraction of an inch!

The goal of life is truth. Any standard of worth must embody the elements of truth, and a comprehension of its universal principles. It must be wide enough and free enough for many minds to find in it use and beauty. Above their illusions, clearer than all their prejudices, must shine a light which will make luminous the everlasting word truth, which gilds the standard of helpfulness.

Yet still my heart questions, for all the philosophy of my brain. For it was my heart which yearned to help when a young wife said to me, "When I have done all my work, many times I fold my hands, and here alone I feel, my life is a failure!" Oh, saddest cry of human heart! What does the spirit of true ministration here suggest? What gem of use shall the heart offer?

Ambition, desire to acquire, can have no limit in the face of needs like this. One must have power to discover, and wisdom to select the true word of guidance for which the weary heart waits. Oh! rich meed of love, I thought, have not you crowned life for her? Labor, action, cannot you send the glad pulse of your life into her brain and heart? Thought, surely you have power to drop the seed which shall thrill all the latent forces into germination. You are creative. I need not to lighten her labor, nor can I fulfill to her her hope of love, but thoughts there are which gladden all our being. They come to us as revelations, we feel as though we were discoverers of spiritual wealth, but we are not. All truth is in the eternal existence, and from our full heritage the drop for which we thirst falls upon the soul, evolving new energy of being. Shall not the weary pray? By prayer, I mean not alone petition, but the *preparation of life to receive*; and if the soil be well prepared, God will grant a fruitful seed.

But the children who cry for help, what shall we give them? Let us redeem them by giving them fairer forms, clearer minds, and purer souls! Let us bless their opening lives through a diviner parenthood and more tender, patient teaching. The young, who haste with eager feet, what shall we do for them? Let us take them to our hearts, teach them, hope in them, love, trust them

always. The middle-aged, strong in brain and sinew, who will yield not a straw of their burdens though sometimes falling beneath them in silent pain of heart, how can we reach them? Shall not the children lead them, and make clearer life's beautiful meaning?

And the aged, let us gladden their hearts by loving always. We will smile upon them, for does not the child-like heart of age love the shining of the spirit? This only is a smile. We will guide their trembling steps, and wreath the grave in flowers. The feeble life will inhale a breath of heavenly fragrance, and glide more gently into the arms of sleep from which the waking is light, and a clearer unfoldment of the laws of life.

LBS LIE.

S. M. G.

### THE OTHER SIDE.

It is said there are two sides to every question, and in regard to the one of health may it not be possible that some of us are trying too hard to keep well? Strange idea to advance, I hear a member say; but this seems to be an age of strange ideas. I don't think cleanliness or sanitary laws ever hurt any one; but if there is an all-saving grace in the laws of health, why does not a closer attention to such matters decrease sickness?

When we start out to follow the laws of health religiously, we are soon at sea; for one says you must never take a cold bath, while another remarks that a hot one is very injurious; one says never eat meat, still another declares it a necessity; some claim one meal to be sufficient for health, while others will advocate four. "What is meat for one is another's poison," so if a person has any inherent common sense they had better use it, while if they have not, it is useless to argue with them.

To get happiness for ourselves, we are taught to try and make it for others. I think that rule will apply in a great measure to health. When you begin to feel aches here and there, instead of going to a doctor's book to see what may come of it, go to a sick or tired neighbor and see if you can't lighten her load. A recital of your own pains will never help her or you. Do not begin by telling her how bad she looks, or that a friend of yours, who was taken in the same way, suffered for years. Have not you heard of well people being made sick by simply being told they looked bad? Medical students have brought disease upon themselves by reading it up and becoming very much interested.

Does not this all go to show our mind has a great, if not controlling influence over our body? If it is necessary for us to know all about the workings of our bodies, could God be good and make them so intricate? Why are not doctors' families exempt from sickness, if a knowledge of medicine is such a desirable thing? We are told that certain diseases are contagious, but some who have been exposed do not contract them, while others who have not, do. Taking thought of these things does not seem to prevent them,

while undue thought will bring on a disease; so let us try to go about our duties with no expectation of calamity. In my opinion, the person who eats a piece of pie with a contented spirit and kind word for the cook, helps his own digestion more than the one who eats graham bread with a fear that it isn't made just to suit his stomach. My experience has been that what I expect to hurt me does; while what I do with a consciousness of its not being morally wrong, and without even a passing thought, does not prove injurious. A sick mind makes a sick body.

In a recent Household I was asked to try the cotton batting process of canning fruit, which I would be very glad to do if I was keeping house. No wonder a farmer's wife who doesn't keep house can have theories!

PANSY.

SCHOOLCRAFT.

### THE MANNERS OF "RESORTERS."

To-day, as I sat preparing fruit for pickling, a party of "resorters" drove past. They went into raptures over the beauties of my flower garden, which, I must say is worthy of it, and finally persuaded the driver to stop and let them get some flowers, which they did in a manner not at all pleasing to me. Instead of coming to the door and asking for a bouquet, which, of course, would have been cheerfully granted them, they forthwith began a raid upon the choicest plants, pulling here and there, without regard to right or privilege. I stood it as long as possible, then, armed with a pair of scissors, I "swooped down upon them." They were not at all abashed by my formidable appearance, but coolly informed me that the flowers were "just too lovely for anything," and they had "taken the liberty to pick just a few." I told them that as I was saving seed from different varieties, I preferred to cut the flowers myself. They kept on picking; and if they had been contented with that, perhaps I should not have been tempted to "give them away." One of the ladies (?) informed me with great pomposity that she was Mrs. Dr. S—, of D—, and a moment later, stooped, and in trying to pick, pulled one of my choicest pansies up by the roots. Such impudence! I was—yes, I was glad to see them mount into their vehicle and drive away.

Such a deplorable lack of manners as is shown by those who wish to be known as persons of importance, we often witness here. They seem to think that because this is a comparatively new place the people do not know what manners and politeness are, so they are left at home to be donned on their return to society. My idea of true politeness is not by any means realized by the manners which some of these resorters exhibit.

I have just read the questions or conundrums so solemnly propounded by Beatrix in the Household of September 1st. I smile audibly when I contrast the pounding barrel which entered into active service in our kitchen to-day, with an extremely convenient washing machine which was left here on trial a few weeks ago, and which, because of the "hard



times" and prospective low prices of hops, we of the kitchen were duly informed could not be bought at present. To-day an agent left a new "patent cast-iron harness" (that is what one of our hired men called it), price, \$15. If that agent leaves the harness here for good, washing machine will haunt the ears of *ye gude mon* until it appears.

To the second conundrum I would answer, a sound spanking would be a good remedy. What the father did do, depends.

One word more and I close. I have seen Mrs. W. J. G.'s dahlias and they are simply *immense*.

MAPLETON.

MOLLIE MOONSHINE.

### THE SOFT SOAP QUESTION.

I see that E. L. Nye places a very high estimate on soft soap, in comparing it with the worth of the broom or the tea kettle. Now, according to my way of thinking, the soft soap I can very well dispense with, while the broom and tea-kettle I could not possibly do without, unless as in the case of the former, a better substitute was provided. I remember well the last soft soap that I made, several years ago. After getting a leach "set up," (which usually takes a good while if the men folks are busy), I heated water and carried some distance to the leach every half hour for two days, and dipped lye and worked over the soap two days more, and when I was done got a poor quality of soap and a lame back, which lasted a long time. In our earlier days, when there was no hard soap to be obtained but the large bars of yellow soap, which, I think, cost 25 cents per bar, perhaps it was economy to make soft soap to use in part. I have seen my own fingers and those of the girls skinned too many times to ever desire to use it again; it is destructive to colors, and makes white clothes yellow. In these days, when there are so many kinds of nice soaps made, and sold so cheaply, it does not pay to make soft soap. Better use the ashes for fertilizing the soil, and feed the grease scraps to the chickens for egg food, with the proceeds buy hard soap, and save your strength for better purposes. A box of Babbitt's soap, containing 100 bars, costs \$4.50, and will last me, with a family of four, a year and a half; and use all that is necessary. I like Babbitt's best of any I have used.

S. A. G.

DEARBORN.

### WANTS.

The correspondent who suggests in a recent issue of the Household that inventors direct their attention to the needs of housekeepers, voices my sentiments exactly. I am not, however, as modest as she in my demands.

In the first place I want a mop. Do you think if men had floors to clean they would still be slopping around with a rag on the end of a stick?

Also I want a machine to mix cake and knead bread.

My Colby washer, set in a rectangular box, is a great help, but I still find it

necessary to rub nearly everything. I want a washer that will do its work as perfectly as does John's binder. A mangle, in which sheets, pillow-cases, table linen, towels, etc., could be pressed, ought not, it seems to me, to be beyond achievement. Nor yet a dryer that could be used with an ordinary cook stove.

The only "mitigating circumstance" in the tiresome round of dish-washing is the little cluster of iron rings which some man evolved from his giant intellect as a puzzle. His wife solved it for him by appropriating it to clean her pots and kettles, and it travels the world over as an "iron dish cloth."

Now if some inventive genius will turn his attention to household needs, and leaving us in peace with our Dover egg-beaters and whatever inconvenience we may chance to have in the way of a churn, develop some of the above crude suggestions, I am confident there will accrue profit to him and benefit to us. CHAT.

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Canadian *Farmers' Advocate* says that the economical way to can fruit is to let it get cool before adding the sugar. After putting in the sugar let stand an hour longer, heat to the boiling point again and can. A still better way, however, is to use the sugar syrup for canning.

HERE is something for our mothers to take note of: A little girl at Watertown, N. Y., was ill of scarlet fever. Her mother was writing to a friend whose little daughter was a beloved playmate of the little girl who was sick. The latter wished to send a kiss to her little friend, and kissed a spot on the letter. The little girl who received the letter very naturally, in her turn kissed the same spot, labelled "a kiss," took the fever, and died. We have here an example of the contagious character of this disease, which should carry with it its own lesson.

THE healthy, happy country lassies who have won without wish the freckles which the city belle cultivates so assiduously to show that she has been to the seashore or the mountains for the summer, may like to know that one of our exchanges says that grated horseradish, left to stand a couple of hours in buttermilk, then strained, and the wash used nights and mornings, will remove these "kisses of Phœbus." Yet the freckles do no harm, whereas the wash is a vile-smelling compound, whose odor is strong enough to "stop a clock," very disagreeable to use.

AUNT ADDIE recommends the following harmless application to whiten and soften the skin. It is absolutely harmless, but must be persisted in if once adopted for any length of time: "Take one cupful of oatmeal and five cupfuls of water; stir several times during the day, let it stand over night and then pour off all the water and the coarser part of the meal. Strain through a fine sieve and add bay rum to it

until it is of the consistency of cream. Bathe the hands freely with it and draw on an old pair of kid gloves, and you will be delighted with the effect. This is equally good for a chapped face. Bathe the skin with it, letting it dry in."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Western Rural* makes a home-made fly paper which she highly recommends. Take equal parts of melted resin and castor oil. Into the melted resin stir the oil thoroughly. While still warm spread thinly and evenly with a broad-bladed knife, upon any paper that is not porous, as writing paper, catalogue covers, etc. Lay the paper wherever flies do most congregate, and you will soon find it covered with them. There is no odor to attract, no dead flies dropping round, for when the paper is full it is burned.

ELENOR says her method of making salt-rising bread is nearly the same as Mrs. Fuller's, and she always has her bread baked in the forenoon, "splendid bread, too." She thinks if Huldah Perkins will try it, she will have no need of a new invention.

MRS. FULLER's address being known to our readers, they will please prefer their requests for prices of plants, bulbs, information as to what colors of varieties she has, to her directly. Requests for information as to culture, etc., sent to the Household, will be answered in its columns.

### Contributed Recipes.

WASHING WOOLENS.—To wash woolen goods so that they will not shrink, put three or four pails of cold, soft water in the washtub; then take two table-spoonfuls of borax and one half pint of soft soap, dissolve in about one quart of hot water; when thoroughly dissolved stir into the tub of water. Put in the goods and let stand an hour or two before washing. Rinse in cold rain-water. Bright colors should stand but a short time. ELLA MAY.

SPICED PLUMS.—Make a syrup of three pounds of sugar to one pint of good cider vinegar; add half an ounce each of stick cinnamon and whole cloves done up in a muslin bag. Prick three pounds of plums. Turn the hot syrup over the plums, let them stand till cool, heat the syrup again, and again turn it over the plums. When cold, put over the fire and cook carefully till the plums are done. B.

DETROIT.

CANNING CORN.—Am I too late with my method of preserving green corn for winter use? It is this: Boil the corn on the cob same as for table; then cut off and pack in stone jars. Cover the bottom with a thin layer of salt, then a layer of corn three or four inches deep, press down tightly, and continue alternating salt and corn until the jar is full. Cover tightly and keep in a cool place. Be careful and not use too much salt. When wanted for the table, wash and soak in clean water over night, cook slightly, seasoning with pepper and butter, also add a small teaspoonful of sugar. I have prepared it this way for several years, and we all relish it very much. Hope some of the ladies will try it and report their success! MOLLIE MOONSHINE.

MAPLETON.