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THE HOUSEHOLD--Supplement.

A THOUGHT FOR CHRISTMAS.

While we receive and to our dear ones give
These tokens, that of true affection show
Such ample view, what happiness to know
That in each free bestowal there must live
A manifest of more than mortal joy;
A revelation of those ties which bind
Us soul to soul, and make all human kind
Partakers in a love without alloy.
But this divinely ordered tenderness
Is not complete unless its cheer extends
With single purpose to relieve distress,
Wherever want has made a need of friends;
And keeps us walking in the perfect way
Of him whose birth we celebrate this day.

THE BLESSING OF WORK.

Says George Eliot: "What sort of a heaven can there be for souls pauperized by inaction?"

Without attempting to look into the future we may ask: What sort of a present is there for those who recognize no responsibility in life? Yet it seems to me that there are a very great many women in the world whose sole aim is so to manage that they may live without labor or responsibility, or who, if they must work, give unwilling and half-hearted service, and who would welcome any circumstance which would give them nothing to do, and all day to do it in. A human being blessed with the normal mental and physical endowments which of right belong to him, should find pleasure as well as profit in occupation. To find out the one thing which one can do better than any other, and do it with one's whole mind and strength, ought to be a source of pure and constant enjoyment. Inactivity is certainly not the condition to which we were appointed. Nothing in Nature is inactive; however slow her processes action is ever present; even a glacier moves. Yet everywhere we find "souls pauperized by inaction," as our good philosopher has it. And it seems to me as if we might find the most of such stunted growth in the fashionable boarding-houses of the town. I wonder, sometimes, how these women who have no duty more pressing than combing a lap-dog, no task more engrossing than embroidering sofa cushions, count time. Do the hours ever hang heavy on their hands? Do "the styles" ever pall upon them, or the incoming or outgoing of the neighbor across the way fail to interest? I have heard women say that they could get as tired doing fancy work as more earnest labor; it is possible, then, that these idle ones may sometimes enjoy the repose which follows fatigue, yet is the sleep as

satisfying as that earned by work resulting in actual happiness or benefit to another? Since Heaven is for all sorts and conditions, will there, I wonder, be some place filled up with a full line of worsteds and supplied with new patterns, where these can study the latest fashions in fancy work?

It is expected of every young man that he will enter some business. He succeeds, and the world respects him according to his pride and ambition in it. The young man who has no work of any kind, however wealthy he is, seems matter out of place. He is out of place; he should be among the workers, an atom in the force that moves the world. But who expects a woman to do anything unless she is absolutely compelled to work? Indeed I have heard it made a reproach to a woman that she worked when she might have lived in idleness, thereby taking the bread from another's mouth, who might have filled her place and who had need of it. Young women who have come to me for work have apologized for asking for it, and been at pains to explain the temporary strait which prompted the request, as if ashamed that they could not be supported in absolute idleness! This is taking an altogether wrong view. It is a relic of mediæval days, when a woman was either a beast of burden, or set upon a pedestal to be worshiped as a being half divine, whose only use in life was to be beautiful and beautifully dressed. We have taken long steps forward since then, yet after all, the chains of the old ideas still hamper us. We need to get new ideas of the nobility of work, added respect for it, and those who do it. Some day, though none of us may see it, it will be the idle woman who has no duties nor responsibilities, no achievements nor creations, who will be pitied and half despised; and the self-supporting woman, with her mind fixed upon a definite aim, working not grudgingly nor of necessity, but because of her own self-respect, because of her liking for labor for the reward it brings, will be the envied among women.

And when the working woman takes her appropriate place, and is recognized as working not by sufferance but by right, we shall see a proportionate decrease in crime. Women will no longer drift into downward paths from sheer inactivity and indolence, from want of employment for the energies of mind and hand, nor sell their virtue for the sake of being supported in shameful idleness be-

cause they dare not work, and because it is easier to give up than struggle.

BEATRIX.

CHRISTMAS GAMES AND CANDIES.

Most family gatherings at the holidays are brightened by the presence of the children, whose delight over their new toys and the dainties of the table is so unfeigned as to be a constant pleasure to the elders, who have lived through the callow days of taffy and toys, yet love to see the gladness of the season reflected from their children's and grandchildren's eyes. For their amusement dignified aunts and uncles unbend, and even the grandparents must not disdain to join in the youngsters' games and grow young again. The Christmas games are remembered the year round, especially if the wonderful Christmas tree, which blossoms and fruits in mid-winter, is a feature of the entertainment. And the wonder and amaze of the very young, the we ones whose years can be counted upon the fingers of one hand, often repays the elders whose hard work has wrought the magic, and all the other pleasures are cumulative.

A tree can be dressed at comparatively small cost at home; the wax candles being the principal money expense. Festoons of strung popcorn, rosy cheeked apples suspended by threads from the boughs, small cornucopias and baskets and pails of candies and a few stars and circles of gilt and colored paper, quite transform the modest evergreen into a holiday affair. Several of the apples may be converted into gilded spheres by the convenient gold paint, making them like the golden apple which Paris threw, since all the children will covet them.

When a tree is voted "too much trouble," a Christmas table, on which the gifts are piled, is next best. A large earthen dish, or the humble chopping bowl filled with small evergreen boughs, with the autumnal spoils of dried leaves and grasses and ferns, is a pretty centre piece round which to group the presents, or even a blossoming plant gives an air of gracious festivity to the occasion.

For amusements, the youngsters will be delighted with a "bran pie," a big dish—the half bushel measure will do nicely—filled with bran in which many tiny gifts, sugar plums, Brazil nuts gilded, small clusters of raisins, oranges, each wrapped in paper, small toys that can be

tied up in small space, are hidden. A large spoon is provided, and Santa Claus' pie is served, each one taking a spoonful. Whatever bundle the spoon touches belongs to the one that is holding it, and great is the mirth of the unfolding. Another game that pleases the children immensely is the Christmas bag. Make a bag of not too strong paper, fill with sugar plums, blindfold each child in turn, and after turning round once or twice, to bewilder any possibly calculating brain, allow them three trials to strike the bag with a small stick and break it so the candies will roll out. When the bag is at last broken all are allowed to scramble for the bonbons.

Much amusement is also derived from a "lucky box," which is similar to the bran pie, without the litter of the bran. Small gifts are wrapped to look as nearly alike as possible, deposited in the box and then it is passed around, each taking a package. If the gifts are humorous, much fun is the result. The one who quotes "Precious goods come in small parcels," and so chooses a tiny bundle, may be rewarded by a peanut or stick of gum, the invisible hairpins may be the share of the curly-headed boy, and the staid grandfather get the jumping-jack. All these small matters please the children, and perhaps some older ones, grown blasé and world-weary, may be beguiled into an unwonted frolic, even if followed by a sigh at the thought that the "day of small things" has passed forever—for them.

In October, 1884, the *HOUSEHOLD* contained some excellent recipes for home-made candies, pure and healthful, which can be eaten with comparative impunity. Our old subscribers have only to consult their files to find these recipes, while for the benefit of our new readers, we give directions for a paste or dough, which forms the foundation of many candies known as the confectioners' choicest: Break the white of one egg into a glass; carefully note its bulk, turn out into a dish, and measure the same bulk of water; put this with the white of the egg, and add two teaspoonfuls of lemon or vanilla extract. Beat thoroughly, then stir in two pounds of confectioners' sugar, which sells at twelve or fifteen cents per pound. This makes a candy of the consistency of dough, which can be rolled out on a clean moulding board. Figs and dates are cut and mixed with a part, hickory and walnut meats, Brazil nuts and almonds, rolled in it, and then in granulated sugar; little balls are dropped in melted chocolate for chocolate creams; other balls conceal raisins, while if a small portion is taken before stirred very thick with sugar, and mixed well with dessicated cocoanut, a very nice candy is made. M. I. G., of Battle Creek, once gave us a recipe for "Lightning Taffy," made as follows: To one pound of granulated sugar add a teaspoonful of cream tartar, and just enough water to keep it from burning. Boil fifteen minutes, and pull till white. "Sour drops" are made by boiling the juice of a lemon with as much sugar as

it will dissolve; test by dropping a little on a buttered plate till it will harden. With these recipes for pure candies, there is no need of feeding the children on terra alba and glucose, disguised by fruit sirups made from old cheese rinds and the like.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL HOUSE.

The account of what one woman did, as given in the last *HOUSEHOLD*, was of great interest to me, as it is a subject that has lain very near my heart for many a year. This illustrates the fact that in many cases one person with tact and energy can inspire many others to work for and achieve great ends for general good. It is no small thing to overcome old and fixed habits, and the habit of carelessness in regard to school buildings and grounds is an old and well seated one, although in many localities there are evidences of an awakening, shown in improvements in buildings if not in surroundings. This encourages us to hope that all necessary modern improvements may not stop short of the district schools, and that ways will be devised to warm feet as well as heads when pupils are seated, and supply fresh and pure air; while seats shall be furnished that will not induce weariness and spinal curvature; and books, maps and charts strew the desks and tables bountifully. With such a well appointed place to learn, learning will come easily, and then, if when out of school hours there is another channel for thought supplied in the cultivation and habits of plants and flowers, and an encouragement to love the beautiful in nature, and achieve as well as admire, it would be a source of improvement and pleasure. Botany is becoming a more important study, and its first lessons would be only a delightful recreation when illustrated so readily. I have often thought when passing school houses with low walls and unattractive surroundings, how easily all might be remedied, and longed to have a hand in the accomplishment of something to please the eyes and refresh the spirits of children, when they leave the usually cheerless school room. Cares and reverses come soon enough with maturity, let childhood and youth as far as possible be bright, and in the future a pleasant memory to cheer when darker days may come. It is almost pitiful to see children sent from home, with its cool nooks under shady trees, and woods inviting rambles in the long pleasant days, with freedom to romp and enjoy surrounding beauties without, pleasant rooms and home comforts within, to pass the days in cheerless, empty rooms, with nothing more pleasing to their eyes than a black-board with relics of the last recitation to relieve its blackness. At recess they must step out into a bare, shadeless yard, with no attractive features about it, nor material for amusement, except to wear still deeper the footprints of little feet in the barren soil. Along the sides of the road or fences near by can be seen apartments laid out, the only material to carry out the plan being the little pebbles and

chance pieces of board which make their "playhouse." It looks "too poor" for the children of wealthy and prosperous Michigan, and all might be so easily and pleasantly remedied. Now that women are allowed a voice in school matters, I have no doubt the day is beginning to dawn when the district school house, without and within, will be a model of beauty and healthful arrangements, while the grounds will be well laid out and embellished with flowers and trees, with contrivances for the amusement of the infants we are in the habit of sending with older ones; let them enjoy it without overburdening the teacher. It is a matter that has been too long neglected, but when once there is an awakening there will be a general readjustment of things.

There are thousands of benevolent schemes to resist wrong and accomplish good, but it is a good idea to begin with the children, and by example as well as precept cultivate a just and generous spirit toward humanity in general, and not be niggardly because others are to be benefitted. Whoever does their part in promoting the comfort and intellectual growth of children, is taking a long step heavenward. MRS. M. A. FULLER.

FENTON.

RENOVATING OLD CLOTHES.

Black silk can be made to look almost as good as new by sponging on the right side with weak tea or coffee, and pressing on the same side with a piece of flannel between the silk and the iron. If the silk is badly wrinkled sponge with weak gum-arabic water on the wrong side and iron between two woollen cloths.

The following mixture is highly recommended as an excellent preparation for sponging woollen clothes to clean them: Two ounces of white castile soap, cut in small bits and dissolved in one quart of warm water. After the soap is dissolved, add four ounces of ammonia, four ounces of alcohol, two ounces of ether, one ounce of glycerine and three quarts of soft water. Mix and bottle, using rubber or glass stoppers for the bottles. To use, pour a quantity of the fluid into an earthen dish, lay the goods on the ironing table, on a piece of rubber cloth, and sponge with the mixture, wetting thoroughly, and always drawing the sponge in the same direction. When the goods is nearly dry, press with a hot iron under a piece of white cloth if the goods is light colored, or under black, if the goods is dark. Remove the rubber cloth before pressing, and be sure there are no creases in the ironing blanket, as every one will leave a streak in the goods.

Rusty black goods can be best restored by sponging with strong ammonia water, or, what is better, a mixture of equal parts of ammonia and alcohol.

Grease spots can be taken from goods of any color by covering the spots with pipe clay. Powder the clay and moisten with water to the consistency of thick cream; spread on the spot and let dry. Leave on several hours and then remove

with the blunt edge of a knife, and dust with a soft brush. To remove paint, apply turpentine till the paint is soft, then sponge repeatedly with alcohol. Oil, wax, and resinous substances may be removed in this way. Spots made by rust on woolens may *sometimes* be removed by citric acid, but before applying test on a bit of the material, as the acid sometimes changes the color of the goods.

Rinse rusty black lace in a teacupful of soft water to which one tablespoonful each of borax and alcohol have been added. When the lace is partly dry, dip in water in which an old black kid glove has been boiled, pull out the edges, pin on a sheet of blotting paper and dry under a heavy weight.

BEGINNING TOO YOUNG.

A. L. L. gave us some solid truths in her letter last week condemning the custom of "keeping company" which still obtains in many communities, and is characterized by a "protracted meeting," an economical consumption of kerosene, and

"Two forms with but one rocking-chair,
Two hearts that beat as one."

I believe with her, that the custom is one far "more honored in the breach than the observance" and that the liberties possible and permitted during the "settings up" pave the way for the downfall of many an innocent girl who would otherwise have remained virtuous. Innocence is weak before the specious advances of an unprincipled person who cloaks ulterior purposes under pretense of love and honorable intent, and is thus able to waken love, or that imp of mischief, Infatuation, that so often masquerades with Cupid's wings and quiver.

I think the parents of these precocious misses might emulate to advantage the example of a gentleman of my acquaintance who, when his pretty fourteen year old daughter was called upon one Sunday evening by a callow youth of her own age, himself kept company with the pair, and at half-past nine said "Well, Charley, it is getting late, and time boys and girls were abed; you've had some nuts and cider and I guess you better be getting toward home." It is hardly necessary to say this youth's experience effectually deterred any further attempts on the part of the lad or any of his companions at "keeping company" in that direction; yet the girl escaped the fate the gossips predicted and married before many who had "kept company" with half the young men of the vicinity. To prove, however, how firm a hold this fashion of getting acquainted with a possible *fiance* has upon the minds of the rising generation, I have only to quote the following paragraph in a late issue of one of our State exchanges:

"A young lady not many miles from here, took poison on account of her father's objecting to her sitting up with a certain young man, but by the timely aid of a physician came out all right, after lying in spasms all night."

This is what interference with the time-honored customs of our forefathers leads to. Death, rather than the tyranny

which interdicts "sparking Sunday nights!"

Yet I do not wonder we have children keeping company, and marrying, and getting divorced too—as witness a case in our own State where a boy of nineteen and a girl of seventeen figure in the divorce courts—when I see how it is taught them from the cradle up. If you see three or four happy youngsters at play together, there is always some fool woman at hand to talk to them about "little sweethearts" and "little beaux," to pair them off at the children's parties, and teach them to choose each other in their games, when they ought to play together as innocent of difference of sex as little pigs or kittens. But their little preferences are commented upon; they are encouraged to talk of each other and their likes, and worst of all they are teased and joked about such things till it is no wonder the little heads are full of nonsense about "beaux" and "sweethearts" when they ought not to know the meaning of the words. Thus prepared, is it any wonder that they begin to flirt before they are out of knickerbockers and short dresses, and are "engaged" before they have seen a baker's dozen of birthdays? It would be a greater wonder if they did not, since there is no truer saying than that homely adage: "As the old ones crow the young ones learn." Why, I walked down the street this fall behind two girls not over ten years of age, who were discussing a party they had attended the night before; they criticised the dresses and refreshments in a chorus of "did you ever's" and finally one began to narrate her exploits as a belle: "And do you know, I just thought I'd show Fred —, and so I flirted with Charlie — till Fred was that jealous!—he was just perfectly wild, and I pretended not to see him at all and let Charlie take me to supper!" "What fun you must have had!" said Missy No. 2. It's quite enough to make one wonder "what on earth we're coming to."

Youth has its own peculiar charm in its freshness, innocence, spontaneity and *naivete*; it has neither wit, wisdom, ease of manner nor fullness of experience, for these come with the years, which rob us of youthful charms but compensate us by these more enduring ones. But these youthful attractions are very quickly lost in this playing at love-making, these mimic passions and shallow emotions, "idle, wavering heart blaze" which means nothing, yet consumes the bloom of innocence. The miss who begins her career in society by having beaux at thirteen is an "old girl" before she should really have been "out" at all. At a time where she should be studying to fill her mind with useful knowledge, her alleged brain is busy with the boys, and her tongue eternally prattling about them.

It is no recommendation to a young man to find that a girl who attracts him by her pretty face or engaging manner, has "kept company" with three or four before his advent. A rosebud in all its dewy beauty, worn by one a brief space

and then handed to another, crushed here and crumpled there, is quickly tossed aside for an humbler blossom just plucked from its stem. So the young man when he wants a wife turns from the girls who have been caressed by half a dozen of his comrades, and selects some modest daisy or violet in the garden of girls. However *blase* he may be himself, no matter if he has himself "kept company" with a score of girls, when he comes to marry, he looks first for freshness and innocence.

And so, girls, if for no better reason than that it is *policy*, do not hold yourself too cheaply. That which seems beyond our reach and costs us some effort to obtain, is valued far more highly than that which is flung at our feet to take or leave as we choose. Let it be known that you belong to the "Early Closing League," and the young men will respect you all the more. And as far as the mothers are concerned, if a young man came courting my pretty daughter I am quite sure I should be anxious to become acquainted with him myself, to see if in my estimation he was a fit person for a son-in-law. I should not let her "keep company" with him, and expect my opposition to marriage, later, would result in anything but an elopement; I certainly should not wish to be obliged to say, as did a poor woman whose daughter and her two babies had fled to her for shelter from a brutal, intemperate husband: "She kept company with him for six months, but I never saw him but twice till the day they were married!" I don't know of any better comment on the usual custom of having every member of the family have pressing business somewhere else the moment a young man is seen tying his horse at the front gate.

BEATRIX.

THANKSGIVING IN DIXIE.

A great many years ago, when I was a little girl, my father was driving with me along a country road on summer afternoon when we met a boy on horseback. I exclaimed: "Oh, father, see his foot!" I have never forgotten his rebuke, which included one of Benjamin Franklin's maxims of good manners, that we should always be blind to the defects of others. That great philosopher has laid down a number of rules, which, observed, make up the sum of that politeness some one else likens to an air bag, which contains nothing but eases our jolts wonderfully.

It does seem that one has a delusive itch for slander to pass ill-natured reflections upon a strange community by whom he or she has been treated with benevolent kindness.

I am trying hard to like this "land of cotton, down where the niggers grow ten feet;" that is if they are not rickety headed, or humpbacked, or bandy-legged, or by some disaster stopped growing in the sixth year.

I think I have never received such courtesy anywhere as I have from the men I have met in Memphis. I am almost ready to forgive a man his mouthful of tobacco when he holds his hat under his arm as he addresses me. When the

grocer apologized for the awkwardness of his clerk by saying, "He not know much; he just from Cincinnati," I was a little crestfallen. Perhaps we Northerners, with our brusque self-assurance, might absorb some of the Southern urbanity to advantage. Not but that I shall forever cling most fondly to the customs of my own native State. I shall never learn to respect the aristocratic shrinkage from answering one's own door bell, nor come to revere the struggle made to preserve a fragment of what the ancestors have been. I shall never love the sight of a bale of cotton surmounted by a negro driver, better than a load of corn on its way to market driven by the whistling farmer who has planted, plowed and gathered it with his own hands. The cotton and the colored man remind me painfully of the sad lot of a fellow creature born to no inheritance but slavery, whose shackles are not yet shaken off. Though the white people are now in self-protection offering means of education and improvement to these unfortunate beings, whose numbers are in excess in Southern cities, the present generation will have passed away ere a white man can till his own fields without feeling degraded, or the poorest family dispense with a colored servant and not feel disgraced, or something akin.

Thus we "poor white trash" come down here and criticize, and heal the wounds of separation from home and friends with the tinkle of the Southern guinea as it drops into our yawning pockets.

The ladies with their plump forms, gentle manners, and delicate hands, might excite envy were it not for the glimpses of their helplessness in the days of adversity which have overtaken so many. One woman said to me: "With our money all gone, we can do nothing but keep boarders." With my hair-splitting ideas of housekeeping, I mentally remarked: "And what a failure!" At that time I was paying \$8 per week (summer terms) for board and a room, where I felt each time I entered it as though I must buy a broom. We are housekeeping now in two rooms on less money. When Vashti arrived she was reading David "Copperfield," and exclaimed on entering the apartments I had provided: "Why, we can't sling a cat here. But then we don't want to sling a cat. We never do sling a cat." We bought our furniture on the installment plan, and agreed to never again buy a single article we could possibly get along without. One has only to try, to learn how genteelly and yet economically one can live in a trunk, when under orders subject to change without notice.

This is Thanksgiving Day, and is being more generally observed here than ever before. To me a free day is ever welcome. Not having been able to get a winter bonnet up to this time, this morning I brought out the velvet from last winter, which was originally a wedding vest, and before dinner my poor little gray braid was buried in a pall of black scraps with a saucy wing threatening to fly away with it. We wished as we sat down to our

dinner, that every woman and child in the land had as many human comforts, with the additional glorious privilege of being independent through honest labor.

The sun is shining in at our window, warm and mellow as a September day; the old earth looks glad. Let us give thanks.

DAFFODILLY.

MEMPHIS, Tenn.

SPOONS.

It is the human kind that I mean; the extremely devoted pair that we meet at various times and seasons and in different places. They may be of all sizes or pattern of decoration, but male and female they are ever. They may be very young, very old, or a combination of the two, but they are always encountered in pairs.

I once met a couple of these spoons traveling. We were thrown in company for several days. The female spoon was a fine, bright girl of sixteen, lively and pretty, rather *petite*, with a high-stepping gait that gave a curious swinging, up and down bob to her head and shoulders as she walked. Her mate was a tall, Shanghai-built youth, a few years older. Every little while you would encounter them packed away in some nook, playing some game, or reading from the same book, or lost to the presence of others, dreamily leaning affectionately to each other. The miss's mother was their *bete noir*, always on the lookout for them if missing; her authority extended no further than to annoy and unsettle them, and soon the maiden's high-stepping form would be seen leading the way to some other point; her faithful swain following slowly, his head towering away up high, while probably the mother, with a clouded brow, would soon pass in swift pursuit.

I guess they had a good time, but could they have heard the comments their silly conduct called out, their cheeks would have been aflame, unless terribly brazened.

Something may be forgiven an old man, nearly in his dotage, who, overjoyed by the possession of a young wife, shows his triumph by a public devotion, innocent though foolish. He has a legal right to be silly, and no one is compromised.

But the habit some young people have at public or private parties of sauntering off in pairs, seeking secluded corners, or nooks where a dim light shines dreamily, there to loll in each other's arms, whispering sweet words to ears in close proximity, is an exhibition of extreme bad taste, and ought to be earnestly condemned.

Such thoughtlessness, to call it by a mild name, on the part of a girl, is to give rise to the gravest doubts of her good character, cloud her reputation, and give color to vilest insinuations against her fair fame.

Let young girls distrust those young men who are so ready to be demonstrative. Let them keep their person sacred. Suffer no caresses nor liberties.

The young lady, who, while lively and sociable, is yet guarded and self-reliant,

is the one that wins the respect and esteem of all, even those who are ready to be one of a pair of spoons with some soft-headed girl.

Wherever you go you will be likely to see specimens of this genus, but if you listen to the outspoken opinions of level-headed people who witness their exhibitions you will become disgusted with the whole business. Don't be spooney.

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

BABIES' SHOES.

I am about to put short clothes on my first baby, and would like some help about dressing her feet. Had thought of crocheting the little shoes, but would like to know what color of wool would be most suitable, also about the color of the stockings.

W. M. F.

Many mothers crochet or knit little shoes for the babies, but an active, energetic baby, just the right size to creep, can keep not only the mother, but also her "sisters and her cousins and her aunts" busy, and not half try. The shoes are usually knitted of red, pink or blue yarn, the more delicate colors being preferred. The color of the stockings is less important than their length, which should be sufficient to allow them to be fastened with safety pins to the baby's diaper. Pink, blue and red are the usual colors, though we have seen quite small babies wearing black stockings, in deference, we suppose, to that edict of fashion which decrees black hosiery as *de rigueur* for all sorts and conditions of femininity.

An inquiry about babies' cloaks will be answered next week.

WHEN a wash boiler begins to rust and is still too good to cast aside, make a good sized bag of strong muslin or old bed ticking, put the clothes to be boiled into it, and so save them from rust.

Contributed Recipes.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—Wash four tablespoonfuls of tapioca and soak over night in one cup of cold water. In the morning cook in a double boiler with one quart of milk till it is clear; then add the yolks of four eggs beaten with one cup of sugar and a saltspoonful of salt. Stir constantly till it thickens like soft custard; flavor with lemon and serve perfectly cold.

CRANBERRY PUDDING.—One and a half cups of sour milk; one teaspoonful soda; one cup sugar; saltspoonful salt; three cups flour. Stir well together and add two cups of raw cranberries. Pour in a buttered tin and steam one and a half hours. Sauce: Yolks of two eggs; one cup sugar; half cup butter; juice of one lemon, or a tablespoonful of vinegar; one tablespoonful of cornstarch, stirred smooth in a little cold water. Beat the butter and sugar, add the eggs and cornstarch, and stir into it three gills of boiling water. Cook till it thickens sufficiently for the table.

MRS. T. J. K.

SUGAR COOKIES.—Three eggs; one and a half cups white sugar; one cup butter, and one teaspoonful soda, dissolved in three tablespoonfuls of sweet milk; five cups of flour. These cookies will keep six weeks.

BOANIE SCOTLAND.