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THE HOUSEHOLD—Supplement.

SIX LITTLE WORDS.

Six little words there are
Which bind me every day—
"I shall," "I must," "I can,"
"I will," "I dare," "I may."
"I shall," is that high law
Inscribed upon the heart,
Impelling to its goal
My being's every part.
"I must," the metes and bounds
In which, on every hand,
Mankind restrains my acts,
And Nature bids me stand.
"I can"—that is the dote
Of action, strength, and art,
Of science and of skill,
The Supreme may impart.
"I will," the richest crown
Which glorifies the whole;
The seal of freedom true
Impressed upon the soul.
"I dare," the mystic words
To be read right, before
They'll move the lock which bars
My freedom's swinging door.
"I may," the infinite is;
Midst infinities it floats;
Infinite light which gleams
On finite Sunbeam notes.
"I shall," "I must," "I will,"
"I can," "I dare," "I may,"
These six words bind me just
In life, from day to day.
Only as I am taught,
Know I what every day.
I shall, I must, I will,
I can, I dare, I may.

HOLIDAY SCENES.

Detroit's broad avenues never present a gayer or more lively appearance than during the holiday season. Crowds of eager shoppers surge up and down, rushing in and out of the stores, treading on each others' toes, and distracting the hurrying saleswomen by demanding to be waited on "right away quick;" while others, spectators of the living panorama, saunter idly along, inspecting the brilliant shop windows, and surveying the living tide that ebbs and flows, breaks and mingles again. Everybody's arms are full; the bundle is the emblem of the season. The ladies are the eager ones; the men who are not tied to business find more amusement in the attitude of critical and disinterested spectators—and in ogling the pretty girls—than in the vexing task of selecting gifts; the masculine fashion being to leave this till "the last day in the afternoon," then, voting Christmas a nuisance, hurriedly select for wife, sister or sweetheart the one particular thing that they care least for, and tucking it under an arm, walk off with the air of men who have spent their pre-

vious lives in preparation for the event.

It is worth a saunter down the avenues at this season, just to note the display in the store windows. Before anything attractive is an ever-dissolving, never-moving group, composite and often democratic in character. Madame's elegant seal dolman is brushed by the washwoman's coarse shawl; and the eye-glassed, spindle-shanked dude elevates his nose as a Polack woman, redolent of more odors than the famed city of Cologne, "comes between the wind and his gentility." The sturdy bootblack's grimy face peers over the shoulder of the velvet-clad child of wealth, and the ragged beggar girl introduces her basket of broken victuals into the foreground. High and low have equal rights to the street and its sights. A Christmas tree always calls a group of children, and mechanical toys cause us all to pause. In one window this season is a set of figures representing a monkey turning a hand-organ, a negro leader conducting his sable orchestra, who scrape their fiddles with true darkey abandon, while a laughing lad keeps time to the music with his handsaw. A small steam engine furnishes the power which drives the figures. In another store a "gem'man of color" tips his hat and raises his eye-glass to survey the admiring crowd; and a large doll, the size of a year old child, bows, lifts her basket of flowers and kisses her fingers when properly "wound up." "Oh, my eye, look a heah, you kids," says a little fellow to two smaller editions of himself, calling their attention to the life-size long wool sheep in a fancy store window. "Git onto that, now, will yer?" Two pair of eyes widened to their fullest extent, two pair of lips said "My!"

Equally amusing it is to watch the buyers inside, as they hesitate and consider, weighing the relative merits of this, that and the other. Some women take everybody into their confidence as they make purchases, forgetting the clerk don't care a pin as to the ultimate destination of what he sells. Here's a very important purchase being made, "a committee" of school girls choosing a gift for their teacher, and representing their class. Many girls of many minds cannot agree, any better than many men thus minded: "Got any 'fum'ry in a plug hat?" enquires a small boy of a smart clerk. "No; we don't keep our perfumery in plug hats," and he lost a customer. There is pathos in the disappointment of the poorly dressed boy who, with his

handful of pennies and nickels, is intent on buying a Christmas gift for his mother. With quick eye for the beautiful, he chooses something bright and pretty and watches his chance to ask "How much?" The sum named is far beyond his small store, and he turns obediently yet sadly to the counter full of cheaper goods to which the good-natured girl directs him.

What can you buy for a dollar? Lots of pretty things, this year. A lovely velvet-covered satin-lined box, which may do duty for handkerchief, jewelry or gloves; a gilded slipper on an easel, filled with flowers, a plush framed beveled glass mirror; an olive wood stand with rack for pens and cut glass ink bottle; a beautiful frame for a cabinet or panel picture; a pair of Venetian vases; a little cut-glass and gilt tube containing a few drops of the attar of roses; pretty brass easels to support Christmas cards; a perfume stand, an odor case, a gilded basket, satin lined and full of bonbons. Oh! lots of things!

What did I see in the windows that was novel and pretty? Too many things to tell of here. In one I saw a tiny satin-wood wheel-barrow, laden with a barrel of perfume; in another, a handsome pin-cushion of seal brown plush, on which was laid a cluster of pompons made of the seed pods of the milkweed, colored pale blue, and confined by a bow of pale blue satin ribbon. In a florist's window on Woodward Avenue, are some very pretty wall ornaments on which these pompons figure extensively. Ordinary palm leaf fans are gilded with gold paint, and on each is laid a cluster of pompons, tied with ribbons to match. Some are colored salmon-pink, some rose, others pale blue, a few are left in their natural creamy whiteness, while perhaps the prettiest of all was a group tinted in heliotrope, and held in place by a bow of pale mauve ribbon. Directions for making these pompons were given in the HOUSEHOLD last summer, and the girls should not neglect to provide a supply for next year's fancy work, as when home made, they are a very cheap yet beautiful decoration. Some of the clusters were mingled with the feathery sprays of the pampas grass.

Willow baskets of all sizes and shape, coated with gold paint, which seems the handiest thing out, useful everywhere, are profusely decorated with ribbons and chenille balls, to hold papers, magazines, scraps, and mercy knows what else. Small oval baskets have gold or cardinal

satin bag-shaped tops, and are to be filled with French bonbons or assorted nuts. A unique ornament was a large crescent, its humble pine disguised under a golden coat, like some humanity we wot of, with a solemn faced owl poised upon it. But I shall fall into my own wastebasket if I keep on.

The money spent for confectionery and worthless toys at this season in this city would feed and clothe its poor the remainder of the season. A single firm sold over two tons of candy last holiday week. Most people enter so fully into the "spirit of the occasion," that they buy articles of no more use to them than slippers to a goat. The "shopping fever" is as contagious as measles or the mumps; surrounded by eager buyers the temptation to buy too is irresistible, and in the convalescent period which ensues, one wonders, counting the contents of a depleted purse, what on earth possessed her. A young man of this city bought a hand-painted pink satin pincushion at \$15, for his "best girl." Think of a ten cent paper of pins in a fifteen dollar cushion! What a travesty on "the eternal fitness of things!" Yet there is always this comforting thought, that the follies of the rich minister to the necessities of the poor. There is always, too, a certain amount of perfunctory giving, gifts made because they are expected; and too, the calculating giving, which proportions its gifts to what it expects to receive. Such gifts are no pleasure and bring no blessing; perhaps, after all, the truest gift-giving, the true Christmas spirit, is that which unostentatiously leaves Christmas cheer at Poverty's door, rather than that which heaps benefits upon those who already have enough and to spare.

BEATRIX,

JOTTINGS.

There are few things more touching, few influences teaching more nobly, than to see those who have lived many years together, loving each other as little children. The sorrows, struggles, growths, all the experiences of united life, have wrought out love which brings the realization of peace and happiness. It is that love which is "goodness in action."

Words glide and sparkle as lightly on the current of expression as the white-tossed foam of the sea, while the hidden undercurrent moves silently on. Tender words are beautiful, but they are dead without the calm, vital undercurrent of action.

In the harmonious beauty of blended lives, how much there is to guide the beginning steps of youth! It speaks with a voice permanent, unerring. In it, for our girls, lies a lesson of power, grace, trust; for our boys, a lesson of purity, tenderness, honor. It is eternally reproductive in beneficence. Beautiful development of heart-life, the living out of sweet impulses unrestrained! It lifts those lives into a sphere of grander selfhood, and is a searching inquiry causing the young husband and wife to ask, "Shall we love thus when we are old?"

"Don't think; try and be patient." I once read those words somewhere, and having brought them to bear upon various phases of the inner life, have concluded that they, like all advices, are to be accepted with reservation and a view of testing their value.

When in confused pain, in doubt, and perplexity's mazes, thought combined with rational action can alone lead us into clearer purpose. When climbing a dizzy height, we look up, and pass safely on. So must we look up in thought, and by firm footing held in brave action, we shall pass the giddy heights of troubled perplexity and doubt.

In the life of the soul are periods of reception as well as of active preparation. In that calm beyond thought and expression, we sometimes perceive truth which words cannot gather nor lay in flower-like, dewy beauty on the page before us. There are made in these moments revealings which intellection alone can never evolve. There are also hours which are for endurance, when we naturally put away thought as weary and fruitless, when we need to "be patient" till the way grows clear and certain. Difficulties must be met and conquered. The way through them being intelligently planned, we shall have less need to "be patient." Where thought precedes and guides action, there is less of sorrowful experience. In his "Ethics of the Dust," Ruskin strikes a hard blow, yet one not alone of severity, but virtue, when he says: "All retouching, botching, repenting, doubt, hesitating, and wondering what is best to do next, is vice as well as misery."

We all need the example of heroic deeds to incite us to brave living; hope must shine through the moving clouds of disappointment like star-beams. Do we not stay ourselves by promises? Promise is like a day of soft airs and warm sunlight. Fair forms germinate and spring into beauty. Life itself is a promise of the infinite, hope a promise, and fulfillment a promise, each of higher good. I have seen an eager child, on beginning the study of a new book, turn over the pages delightedly, saying, "How much I will have learned when I finish this book!" That is a spirit to woo, the bright spirit of expectancy, of growing promise! It offers warmth in weary hours, cheer in dark ones. It has a clasp like a warm, welcome hand.

The most beautiful promise of to-day is that it holds some problem we may solve on the morrow, and our strong incentive to labor should be in this promise that to-morrow will be richer than to-day. Its story will be larger, for life flows on through new fields, gathering energy from the inflowing current of daily action, until it sweeps with the strength and grace of a river trending seaward. The rock-bed of experience may be broken and rough, but the stream farther on will be clearer and purer.

"I know there are no errors
In the great eternal plan,
And all things work together
For the final good of man;
And I know when my soul speeds onward
In the grand eternal quest,
I shall say as I look back earthward,
Whatever is—is best."

S. M. G.

LESLIE.

PREVAILING MODES.

In every avenue of life we find proof of the saying, that "human nature is very much the same in all ages and stations." This view was forcibly recalled to my mind on overhearing the strictures of a staid matron on the manners, costume and expressed preferences of her daughter, a rather pert but interesting miss of sixteen summers.

The mother condemned the daughter's bangs as "horrid," the costume was a mass of "senseless flounces and furbelows," her liking for parties and games was "sinful and degrading," her manners a "cross between backwoods and rowdy." And "girls didn't dress and act so when I was young."

Oh! far ahead of the "good time coming" are these good old "has beens." And each generation has numerous representatives who repeat the tale. What terrible retrogression have we witnessed during the past generation!

What a pity it is the old so entirely forget the times of their youth, or view them only through glamourous glasses. Who will not recall times, if they will let honesty draw the picture, when mamma objected to the fashion of their times, and sounded the praises of her early years, and then, sometime in conversation with an old friend, in confidential talking over their girlhood, give a description of some costume worn that seems so absurd, that your brows were elevated in contemptuous derision, that any one could have ever worn "that thing!" Look over the pictured fashions of twenty-five, fifty or a hundred years, and how grotesque they seem to our eyes. Yet youth and beauty found them unique and pretty in their day.

So now, mothers, just quietly watch your pretty daughter, and don't rouse her antagonism by wholesale denunciation of the times and fashions. It is natural for youth to wish to dress and appear near enough like others they may associate with, to secure from criticism and ridicule. If you have grown so independent that the opinion of others as to your dress is of no consequence, why, wear the fashion of your youth if you will, but don't oblige your daughters to wear the same. Sometimes I have wished that some elderly ladies had not grown quite so independent, for their own sakes. If they would admit the world moves, they would not make such guys of themselves in dress. I think many of these excellent but peculiar ladies really pride themselves on their oddity, and take more thought of their raiment than some others they so hardly berate for their "pride of dress." There surely was a time when their cherished form of dress was in fashion, and I am at a loss for any reason for later changes being more sinful.

Extremes of any fashion are always to be avoided, as being absurd and too pronounced, but any lady, young or old, dressed in quiet colors, made in a style prevailing, is much less noticed and criticised than if ever so simply or ex-

travagantly robed in some costume of other times.

So if tiebacks are the fashion, don't draw the loops too tight; in the hoop era use moderate circles; if high hats rule, don't choose the loftiest; if small bonnets rage, see that yours is large enough to be visible.

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

RELIGIOUS LOTTERIES.

Will a masculine face be allowed to peep into the HOUSEHOLD in these dark December days long enough to say a few words on some of the topics discussed? If so, I would most earnestly commend to the attention of both old and young, the views of A. L. L., in issue of December 8th, on young folks' "Keeping Company." Its valuable suggestions should be read and its warnings heeded, especially by all parents who have young girls disposed to receive the attentions of young men. Truly, as the writer says, "There are plenty of opportunities afforded young people—not mentioning children—to enjoy each other's society and become acquainted without these long hours of midnight intimacy, which, however innocent, afford a wonderful possibility of intrigue and infamy."

I would also commend the article by Beatrix, in the same number, on "Something for Nothing," showing up some of the fraudulent schemes that crop out under the alluring form of little lotteries, gift enterprises, trade gifts, etc., all made possible, as she says, by that frailty of human nature, the desire to get "something for nothing."

Probably the good and public-spirited ladies who manage the church fairs and socials, and sometimes arrange for the various little games of chance by which to raise money for church and benevolent purposes, do not imagine that they are doing the very thing that deserves the name of gambling. They probably think—if they think anything about it—that the privilege of leading some one of them to supper, and paying for it, is worth all it costs to any man, and if he gets the worth of his money in that way he is not robbed, and no harm is done; the novelty of a change of partners, even for so brief a time, is so agreeable to most men, especially to the married ones, and to the women, too. And when they go a step further—sell chances and distribute little prizes to the winners—why, it is only a small matter, and being for the good of the church or some charity to be benefited, and the fun of it supposed to be worth all it costs, it is therefore considered innocent and harmless. The fair managers do not reflect that in all this they are helping to cultivate a taste for gambling in other ways and places. They are teaching, under their approving smiles, the fascinations of a game of chance. They are doing away with the home impressions and teachings against gambling, if such have been received. The young man does not always see the difference between buying a piece of a cake cut into many little cubes, one of which contains a ring or piece of money, and other forms

of lottery gambling where tickets are sold and drawings made; and really, is there any difference in the principle involved? The engineers of the church social are thus sowing the seed that may fruit in the more extensive indulgence at the avowed and more-legitimate gambling halls.

A lady writer in the *Saginaw Evening News* comes partially to the defense of the managers of the church fairs, and after recalling the unsuccessful efforts in the old times to raise money for benevolent and church purposes, and the frequent rebuffs received from Deacon Hardshell, who "could pray long and loud for the Lord to revive His work in the hands of His people, and send the gospel to the furthestmost nations of the earth," and Squire Pursetight, who would respond with an emphatic "Amen," says "they evidently wanted the Lord to get along with the work somehow without much of their help" financially; but that under the more successful "church festival" mode of raising funds, you will see Deacon Hardshell, his face all wreathed in smiles, the center of attention for a group of happy, philanthropic ladies (who know he has plenty of money, if they can melt the ice from around it,) and soon in the sunshine of mirth and good cheer, the deacon's heart warms to the work of the Lord, and he gives right generously through all the little channels so ingeniously contrived to reach his purse through his vanity and self-conceit.

Now I do not object to all this, nor to the somewhat similar treatment of Squire Pursetight by a bevy of enthusiastic young girls at another table, nor to the statement that "the majority in these companies are genial, pleasure-loving people, who give more liberally through this means than they would through any other; but the added feature of the little lottery—the game of chance, is quite another thing—a feature that carries an unfavorable influence far beyond the jovial and apparently harmless scene. And it would seem the pleasantry and good cheer, the harmless part of it, would be quite sufficient to enable managers to raise money without resorting to the gambling features. Certainly it would be so if wives had a fair share in the control of the joint purse of the matrimonial partnership, and could feel at liberty to use their own judgment in making donations to good objects.

HOLLY.

PAUL JOHNSTON.

SILK PURSE, AND CROCHETED SHOE.

I have been an admirer of the HOUSEHOLD ever since it was published, have always longed to be one of its members, and since the editor invited all those who can give any ideas on Christmas gifts, I thought I would try and see what I could do. I am an invalid and I do a great deal of all kinds of fancy work, such as embroidery, crochet and knitting, etc. I will give directions for knitting a silk purse, which is a very inexpensive present when you make it yourself, but expensive when

you buy it. It requires one-half ounce of knitting silk to make two purses. Cast on forty stitches; knit four times around plain. 1st round: P 10, tw 2, p 2, tw 2. Repeat. 2d round, like 1st. 3d round: K 10, tw 2, p 2, tw 2, p 2, tw 2. Repeat. 4th round, like 3d. 5th and 6th rounds, like first. 7th and 8th rounds, like third. 9th and 10th rounds, like first. 11th and 12th like third. 13th and 14th rounds: Tw 2, p 2, tw 2, p 2, tw 2, p 10. Repeat. 15th and 16th rounds: Tw 2, p 2, tw 2, p 2, tw 2, k 10. Repeat. 17th and 18th rounds like 13th. 19th and 20th like 14th. 21st and 22d rounds like 13th. 23d and 24th rounds like 14th. Repeat these twenty-four rounds twice more, making seventy-two rounds in all; then knit once around plain. In the next round knit the first two stitches plain, then put your thread over your needle, knit two together to the end, always putting the thread over the needle; knit the last two plain. Instead of going on around purl back over the three needles. Knit back and forth in this way until you have a piece about two inches and a half long; then instead of purling back, knit all the way around once plain, then go on and knit the rest just like the other end of seventy-two rounds. Bind off. You can get rings for fifteen cents and beads for the same, this is very beautiful when finished. Draw the ends together and put a bunch of beads at each end.

To crochet a lady's worsted shoe, begin at the toe, make a chain of 15 stitches, work in single crochet, working 3 stitches in the center stitch of chain. Work 18 rows in this way, always being particular to take up the back stitch, and widening each time by working three stitches in the center. For the back, work back and forth on the first twelve stitches till the piece is long enough to go around the heel, then crochet to the other side, crochet a row of scallops around the top, run an elastic in, finish with a bow of ribbon, sew on a lambs' wool sole, which can be bought at any shoe store.

TEMPERANCE.

WOODSIDE.

FIRES.

These cold, blustering, stormy days call for frequent replenishing of fires, and for greater care and watchfulness lest we have fires we do not want. It is a question whether the farmer is a gainer or loser by not being able to summon to his aid a fire company. It certainly seems as though the farmer's only safety in case of a fire is, as some might say, never to have one. The few nearest neighbors who might reach the scene could only aid in removing things from the burning building. I was reading a few days ago an article giving an account of experiments made recently by Prof. Kedzie, of the Agricultural College at Lansing. I would like to acquaint all who have not seen the article with the result. An exhibition was given before the students, by an agent of the Harden hand grenade. He was provided with a vertical platform of pine boards, six by eight feet; over this was poured kerosene, and then the sur-

face was coated with pitch. Setting this on fire and allowing it to get well to burning, he threw in quick succession six of the pint grenades, and nearly extinguished the flames. The contents of the grenades were analyzed and the principal ingredient found to be salt. There was no doubt but that the Harden grenade solution possessed greater extinguishing power than water alone, and by experiments this power was found to be due to salt held in solution. A bottle filled with strong brine was broken in the midst of burning kerosene, the flames were almost instantly extinguished. A vapor seemed to spread in all directions from where the salt solution struck the board, extinguishing the flames as it went. Ladies, fill your bottles with strong brine, cork, and to make sure of their breaking, when thrown, fill two flat bottles and bind together with wire; hang in some convenient place ready for use, but not near the powder flask or oil can. The solution will not freeze enough to break the bottles.

Since writing the above our chimney burned out, and my experience leads me to add two more items toward the completion of a fire outfit. There may be no very great danger attending the burning out of a chimney, but the men were away, and I wanted to make sure no spark had escaped from the chimney between the roof and ceiling, and could easily have done so with the use of a short ladder or step ladder, but to place a chair on top of a table and yourself on top of the chair is too hazardous, especially if in falling you land at the foot of the stairs, so I will add, keep a ladder, and keep cool. Presence of mind has prevented many disastrous fires.

JANNETTE.

THE BABY'S SHOES.

As W. M. F. inquires about baby shoes, here is a pattern, which, knit in blue Saxony yarn, is very pretty for little feet; as they get larger we may use coarser yarn, or put on more stitches. I used coarser yarn. Perhaps my baby was not very active and energetic, but I had no trouble in keeping her in shoes like these till eighteen or twenty months old. I think they are much prettier and more comfortable for the wee ones than leather of any kind, be it ever so soft, as the feet never sweat in these. I tried one pair of kid shoes, and every time I took them off the little toes were wet, and sometimes cold.

Here are the directions: k. means knit, and p. purl: Cast on 27 stitches, k 1 row plain, p. 1 row, k. 11 rows, increasing on the 3rd stitch only of every row; p. 1 row, k 11 rows, decreasing by narrowing 2nd and 3rd stitches in every row. There should now be 27 stitches; p. 1 row increasing on the 3d stitch; cast on 10 stitches for heel, k. 9 rows, p. 1 row, and k. 5 rows, increasing at the toe end only. There will now be 45 stitches; k. 25 stitches, leaving 20 on another needle. For the front—1st row, k. 25; 2d row, p. 25; 3rd row, k. 1; n. 12 times; 4th row, k. 1, take up 1 to the end; repeat these four

rows four times more; make 20 stitches for side of foot; k. 5 rows, p. 1 row, k. 9 rows, decreasing at the toe end only; cast off. For the leg—Take up the 20 stitches on the side, knitting, also 12 for front, then knit the 20 left on the spare needle; k. 3 rows, p. 1 row, thread over twice and n. 1 row, p. 1 row, then 5 patterns same as front of foot; then k. 2, p. 2, as many rows as you like; then, on right side, k. 1 row, p. one row, thread over twice, and n. 1 row, p. 1 row, k. 1 row, cast off on wrong side. Finish with cord and tassel in the row of holes next the foot.

The cotton batting process of canning has been a success with me so far, even with strawberries, and the fruit was not preserved, but cooked as for table use.

MRS. E. FORRESTER.

MIDLAND.

SHOULDER SHAWL.

Now that Christmas is here how often have I heard little girls exclaim, "Oh! don't I wish I knew how to make something pretty for mamma," or sometimes it is for the oldest sister. So I thought I would tell the little HOUSEHOLDERS how to make a nice little shawl, suitable for either mamma or "my big sister," it is so easy to make that any little girl who can crochet will have no difficulty with it. Materials required are two ounces of split zephyr, of any delicate color, and a medium sized crochet hook. (Treble is abbreviated to tr. and chain to ch. to save space). Make a chain a half yard long, then a treble in the second chain, 1 in the 3rd, 1 in the 4th, ch. 3, tr. in the 3rd from last tr. 1 tr. in the next and one in the next, then 3 ch., 1 tr. in the 3rd ch., and so on to the end of chain; always 3 trs. separated by 3 chs., missing 2 chs. of the foundation, finishing the chain by 3 tr.; 2nd row: 1 tr. on 1st tr., then 3 ch., 1 tr. in each of chain, then 3 tr. in next chs. to the end of row, so the chains are over the trebles, making it look like a checker-board. Make it as long as it is wide; then for the border make all around one treble separated by one chain, skipping one ch. of the foundation; 2nd row: 5 ch. caught with a single crochet in every other chain, repeat to the end; 3rd row: 4 trs. in 3 ch., 3 in the next, and so on. I hope the directions are plain enough; I have tried to make them so at least. I have been an attentive reader of the HOUSEHOLD, and have written ever so many letters, and sent them—in the stove—believing that they were just as well there as in the waste basket; but I'll send this, and if I am given a hearty welcome then I will come again. I love the little HOUSEHOLD and its members, and am anxious to become one. I shall want Beatrix's opinion on the subject of what we shall give our children to read.

GREENFIELD.

PEARL.

As our readers will note in the prospectus for the coming year, the FARMER is offered for \$1 25 without the HOUSEHOLD and \$1 50 with it. This is estimating the HOUSEHOLD at less than half a cent per week, little more than the cost of the paper it is printed upon. Up to date, on-

ly a very small percentage of orders have been received for the FARMER without the HOUSEHOLD, a fact which greatly encourages and pleases the HOUSEHOLD Editor, who appreciates this practical token of the estimation in which the "little paper" is held by farmers' wives and daughters. We hope to make it better and more interesting than ever the coming year, and are sure our readers can obtain many times its money value from it during the year. The Editor therefore is emboldened to ask that all who have been benefited by it in the past will see to it that the renewal of their subscription for the FARMER includes the HOUSEHOLD also.

INFORMATION WANTED.—Will Old School Teacher please give name of churn purchased by her husband, and oblige one who thinks the HOUSEHOLD splendid?
M. T.

HONEYE, N. Y.

Contributed Recipes.

SNOWFLAKE CAKE.—One and a half cupfuls sugar; one cupful sweet milk; half cupful butter; three cupfuls sifted flour; two tea-spoonfuls of baking powder; whites of six eggs. Thoroughly beat the eggs and add last.

JANNETTE.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One cup sugar, one cup flour, three eggs, beaten separately, three tablespoonfuls boiling water, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one of salt. Beat all together ten minutes. Bake in jelly pans in a hot oven. I think it also a nice sponge cake. Filling.—One cup sugar, one cup milk, half cup grated chocolate, small lump of butter, two tablespoonfuls cornstarch, pinch of salt; flavor with vanilla. Boil the filling by setting in a dish of boiling water, and when cool spread between the layers.

CHOCOLATE MARBLE CAKE.—One cup butter, two cups sugar, one cup sweet milk, three cups flour, whites of five eggs, one heaping tea-spoonful of baking powder. Work the butter and sugar to a cream; add the milk and whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth, then the flour with the baking powder sifted through it. Take a large teacupful of batter and stir into it half a teacupful of grated chocolate. Then proceed as with marble cake. Bake in a moderate oven.

FRUIT COOKIES.—One and a half cups brown sugar, one cup butter, two eggs, two large spoonfuls sweet milk, scant teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful cloves, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one of allspice, one cup currants or chopped raisins. Flour to roll.

PUFF PUDDING.—One teacupful sour cream, one teacupful sour milk, two eggs, one teacupful soda, one of salt, three cups of flour. Steam in cups twenty minutes. Serve with a piece of jelly and sweetened cream, with nutmeg for flavoring; this will fill seven cups, and is a delicious dessert.

BLACK PUDDING.—Half cup molasses, one cup raisins, chopped; one teaspoonful soda, one cup lukewarm water, one and a half cups flour, yolks of two eggs. Steam two hours. Sauce.—One cup sugar, half cup butter, whites of two eggs, all beaten to a cream. Flavor with lemon. This is an excellent and easily made pudding.

CORN BREAD.—This is equal to anything we ever tasted: To one quart of sour milk add two teaspoonfuls of saleratus, two eggs, well beaten; one tablespoonful brown sugar, butter size of an egg, salt to taste; then stir in meal until about the consistency of pound cake. Bake quick, a light, rich brown.

OKEMOS.

M. S. P.