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THE HOUSEHOLD--Supplement.

MORTAL, IF THOU ART BELOVED

Mortal, if thou art beloved,
Life's offences are removed;
And the fateful things that checked thee,
Hallow, hearten and protect thee.
Grow'st thou mellow! What is age?
Tint on life's illumined page,
Where the purple letters glow
Deeper, painted long ago.
What is sorrow? Comfort's prime,
Love's choice Indian Summer chime.
Sickness!—thou wilt pray it worse
For so blessed balmy nurse.
And for death!—whon thou art dying
'Twill be love beside thee lying.
Death is loathsome? Oh, how brave
Shows the foot-frequented grave!
Heaven itself is but the casket
For Love's treasure, ere he ask it—
Ere with burning heart he follow,
Piercing through corruption's hollow
If thou art beloved; oh, then,
Fear no grief of mortal men.

Michael Field.

HOW TO HOLD A HUSBAND'S LOVE.

The question is asked from Kalamazoo, "Is there true love in man?" I say yes; but if there is not who is to blame? This question comes back to us mothers, how have we educated our boys? In infancy the boy is just as lovely as the girl. We are very careful to teach our little girls that they must be amiable, submissive and virtuous; ought we not in the same way to teach our boys that to be manly they too should be amiable and virtuous, and teach them principles of abstinence? What kind of men would you expect boys who are allowed full liberty in the street would make. But I for one know that there are boys who are carefully trained and educated, who make honorable, amiable husbands, all that a wife could ask them to be. And I expect this world has many of these honorable men.

As for the next question, "What must woman do to obtain and retain that love?" First, she must be sure that the man respects and trusts her, and she the same with him, before she marries him, remembering that love is a thing of deeds, not merely words; and that if he is such a man as a woman can trust her happiness with, then there will be no trouble in retaining his love. But you must not look for perfection in this life, nor expect more of the husband than you can give in return. Show him by your acts that you have perfect confidence in him; and above all things avoid giving the first angry word. If the husband by nature is hard and unkind, all the more

necessary that you should avoid unkindness in your own person, and you may win him by your amiability.

I can tell you how to solve the stepmother question. Love is the key that will unlock all those troubles. By deeds of kindness the stepmother should bring that boy under obligation to her, and then it will not be hard work to reach his heart. She should avoid telling the boy's little misdeeds to his father, but correct him in a kind, motherly way, with love. I find boys more easily managed than girls, as most girls expect to be petted, but I am often pained to see how boys are neglected. Make home pleasant for them. Fix up their sleeping room so that it is attractive, with plenty of good books, and accommodations for writing. Let them help in the beautifying of the best room in the house, and give them the privilege of sitting there; ask their advice about some of its arrangements, encourage them to make or buy some little keepsake, and show that you appreciate it, and they will feel an interest in helping to make home pleasant, and the question will not come up as to which must be sent away.

BROOKLYN.

MRS. R. D. P.

CATCHING UP.

The arrival of Vick's gem of a *Floral Guide* for 1886 reminds me that spring is coming, and that I have not written a word to our HOUSEHOLD since last September. Time's old whirligig must be lubricated and propelled by electricity. But never mind, here I am again, ladies, faithful as the equinoctial, and just about as sure to "pour" when I do come as is my good prototype. I have been an interested digit in the audience, and have frequently pointed out significant points in your discussions, always finding that other observing ones in the audience were looking at the same. Notably—the "Sparkling Sunday Night" episode. The wonder to me, in this case is, that people of average intelligence and with even a moiety of what we call common sense—either in the relation of parents, guardians or "young persons" can be such slaves to custom—such cowards in the presence of a conventionalism at once so unbecoming, belittling and dangerous.

By the way, I often feel the need of a HOUSEHOLD index. Many of my friends have spoken of their wish for one also. Can we have one? I often wish to refer to some article or recipe, and for want of an index must spend more time than I can

afford in looking it up, and so must forego it. For instance, I now wish to refer to the lady's article on "soft soap" in which she thought I rated its value too highly, etc. But as I don't know exactly where to find it, will simply say I never have anything to do with the "making" of the soap. Masculine muscle is the basis of all soap-making operations on this ranche. But all the same I do insist on having a prime article of soft soap to use. I have tried many kinds of "no labor" soaps, but they don't do the business up in the neat, sweet, wholesome, expeditious manner of the good old reliable home-made article above named. And I will still further strengthen my statement by saying if I could have but one, a diamond necklace or some good soft soap as an aid in housekeeping, I would take the soap.

I too have made a "book case," or rather book shelves. I have often thought I would tell the HOUSEHOLD about them, but they cost so little—only ten cents, that I was almost ashamed to. But I'll tell: First, I had about a peck of spools that I had been saving up for the last twelve years. Next, four quarter inch iron rods five feet in length, and flattened at one end to keep the spools from slipping off. Next, five shelves, each twenty-nine inches long, the length of the space in the corner assigned to the shelves, and one foot wide; these the carpenter dressed neatly and made, with a quarter-inch bit, a hole in each corner of each shelf for the rod to pass through. Next I sorted my spools, putting the largest at the bottom, grading them and the space between the shelves from bottom to top. Then the painter (we built a barn last summer, that's why the painter and carpenter were so handy,) gave me the proper paints, brushes, varnishes, etc., and I finished up my book shelves in good cherry style, and they are full of books, and a very handy thing to have around. I have spools enough to make another set, which I shall do the first time the carpenter and painter come to live with us again. The ten cents expense was for the iron rods. My shelves are neat and an ornament to the sitting room, to say nothing of having a place for the books.

E. L. NYE.

METAMORA.

[We comment the suggestion in reference to an index in the HOUSEHOLD of Jan. 19th, to our correspondent as the best we can do at present toward supplying her want.—ED.]

PEOPLE WE MEET.

Paper read by Mrs. Alice Olsaver, of Webster, at the Institute of the Webster Farmers' Club, Jan. 19-20.

It takes all sorts of people to make this world of ours; and all sorts of business to keep these people busy, or at least all who wish for something to do. Occasionally we meet with one who is a drone in the hive, who will sit down, do as near nothing as possible, live on the substance of the workers, and seem to feel just as if it all belonged to him.

Here is a person who is up with the lark, rushes from one thing to another, not seeming to know what piece of work to attack first; takes forty steps where a dozen would do as well. One would think by appearance there must be some great issue at stake, and all future success depended upon *that* day's work. When night overtakes him, what has he accomplished? No more than the one who takes time to think, and has the labor he wishes to perform planned before he begins. He may be somewhat deliberate in his movements, but it all counts.

Another goes about his work, especially if it be farming, in a hap-hazard way, plows and sows as usual, and expects a good crop; but if he gets a poor one, he can not think what is the matter. He will try one kind of fertilizer, then something else, and at last he hits the right thing, it seems. But if he was asked why he did so, he would be entirely at sea, and something like the woman who became possessor of a sewing machine for the first time, and it failed to perform the work satisfactorily. On being asked what was the cause of the failure, she said she did not know, for she had "turned every screw in it, still it would not work."

With a little study in either case, they might have overcome the difficulties. But that would never do; it would take a little time, and time is money; and money is the one thing needful with them. They are the ones who, if they ever thought of attending an entertainment of any kind, would ask first, "What is the admittance fee?" If more than ten cents, they guess they will not go, it will hardly pay. They have never learned "that a dollar's worth of pure pleasure is worth more than a dollar's worth of any thing else under the sun." That man is always forty years or more behind the times and always will be. He usually takes one newspaper, and that one generally printed in his own county; if by chance he takes two, he has subscribed with one of his neighbors, each paying fifty cents, and so gets a dollar sheet. If asked if he will not subscribe for one for his children, why, he "cannot afford it, for times are hard" and he must be economical. He will buy his tobacco by the pail, for that is economy also. If you should ask him a few questions pertaining to civil government, he would think you expected him to recite the multiplication table.

Then there are the milk and water, or dead and alive inhabitants; no ambition, nor go ahead about them. If you should try to raise any enthusiasm in them, they

would be upset entirely. They will do just as little work as they can, and get any kind of a living. They are too lazy to sit up or lie down, so their attitude is usually a mixture of the two; they will take more time in studying how to get rid of work than it will take to do it. I have in my mind a piece of land that I have the pleasure of seeing once in a while, which consists of five or six acres enclosed by a fence nearly as odd as Dick's hat-band, (which I believe is said to have gone half way round and tied) and in that small enclosure there are at least eleven piles of stones, and the owner has plowed round these obstructions for years, instead of removing them. It seems to me he must have exercised a great deal of patience and practiced considerable ingenuity in seeing how near to them he could plow and not hit them. I do not know what would induce such people to get out of the old ruts, except a small earthquake.

There is one who is ever building castles in air, and always has some large scheme on hand, and if it comes out all right he will be a millionaire or something. He tries to fire the brain of his neighbors with his plans, but the fire will not blaze, and his visions soon end in smoke.

We suppose there is a right place for each of us in the world, but some fail to find it. We often meet those who, we say, have missed their calling; some farmers who might make better mechanics; some mechanics who might have made good preachers; preachers who might better be holding the plow or handling the shovel, for all the good they will ever do to the souls of men. Then there are women who might better be washing dishes and making beds than attempting literary work. But they heard a voice from headquarters saying "Write! Blessed is she who writes essays for Farmers' Institutes from henceforth."

People would rather do the work which brings the best pay. "Nearly all are capable of earning three meals a day, but that would be mere existence. We need a little more than our daily bread. We have minds and higher faculties which need consideration, and we need an occupation which will furnish us means for improvement."

We sometimes encounter people who are never used just right; who are always discontented, always grumbling; if they have anything ever so good, it is not quite right, it should have been better. They are confronted with a cold shoulder here, and a slight there, (imaginary ones). No one seems to be friendly to them. They always see through blue glass; they seem born to sing in a minor key all through life, from the first faint wail till they are laid where no one can possibly step on their toes. But I think if we do not have plenty of friends it is because we do not deserve them. We have only one life to live, that is, where we furnish our own board and clothes, and that is too short to be always looking on the dark side. It does no harm to be jolly and have a good, hearty laugh. "If we would laugh at some of our aches and ills, it would

prove a better panacea, or elixir, than all the stomach bitters and liver pads combined." It must have been quite an expense to Peggotty, in "David Copperfield," for buttons; still she laughed and was happy.

The lot of many of us may not have been cast in pleasant places, but let us try to "make the best of it," and we will undoubtedly succeed. It is said a contented mind is a continual feast. "If we have evils surrounding us to contend with, there are not many so great that the force of a determined will will not reduce them, to say the least. Resolution and resistance are certain principles to rely upon for success."

We can not always judge the merit of a person by the cut of the coat, or the number of feathers worn on the bonnet; though I think a person's general appearance is in a degree an index to the character. A man with a coat two sizes too large for him, out at both elbows; an old hat with a number of holes in it for ventilation; a pair of old faded overalls worn from time immemorial, without washing; or a woman with a head like a small brush-heap; a dress ornamented with numberless grease spots; here and there a rent mended with a pin; a pair of old slippers down at the heel and holes in the stockings; these are not what we would take for specimens of cleanliness, which is said to be akin to godliness. Such people will go through the world in this slipshod fashion; will have no respect for themselves, nor win respect from others. Their homes and they themselves are described more particularly in the following pen picture:

A slovenly dress, a shabby pate,
The fences down, a broken gate;
Pigs in the garden, weeds very high,
Children unwashed, no meat to fry;
Lots of great dogs and yawning old cats,
Windows repaired with a dozen old hats;
An empty barn, not a spear of hay,
Cows in the clover, horse run away,
Things sold by guess without being weighed;
Bills coming in, taxes unpaid,
Pipes and tobacco, whiskey, neglect,
Drag in their train, as all might expect,
All sorts of trouble, to fret away life,
But worst of all, an unhappy wife.

If that is one extreme, here is another; people who are "more nice than wise." Think of a woman so neat (or foolish) that she takes up a piece of carpet on a hall floor four or five feet square every morning, gets down on her knees, and with soap, water and cloth, scrubs and scours those boards with all the strength that lies in her elbows, then puts the piece of carpet back in its place, only waiting for the next morning to come, when she does the same thing again. As she does in this case, so she does with everything else. I have seen her kitchen floor so white I would prefer to eat off it rather than some tablecloths I have met with. She will follow you around, and if you chance to leave your chair, it is brushed and set back at its proper angle near the wall; and if you lay a paper or book out of its place for a moment, when you go where you left it, it is not there, but put up properly on its own shelf in the library. In such a case, I think neatness ceases to be a virtue. Now this woman, and all who resemble her, will go the way of all living; will die and be

buried in dirt at last, unless they leave special word to be cremated, and have their ashes gathered up in a clean dish. It seems to me that with all the patent churns, washing machines, soaps, and patent everything we have to work with, we might get a little more time to enjoy our patent rockers. But if we *will* persist in using the old washboard, the dash-churn, and working our butter with the ladle, making and using soft soap, just because our grandmothers did, then complain of lame backs and shoulders, why, we *must*, that's all. It is quite probable that if our mothers had done less hard work, their children would have been able to have done more.

I would not advise a person to shirk a duty by any means; but we have different ideas of duty. The saying, "Do with a will that which your hands find to do," has considerable nonsense in it; if we followed the advice, we never would find a resting place this side the grave. Some are not contented to do that which lies near, and needs to be done, but, like "Mrs. Jellyby," must use their ambition in some far off country, Africa or some other place; or in other words, they prefer attending to other people's business rather than their own. We need to superintend our own business, paying heed to the advice: "If you have anything to do, go, not send," which is forcibly illustrated in the poem "Miles Standish," where John won the prize, and Miles "got left."

"There was another, large of understanding, of memory infinite, of judgment deep; who knew all learning, all science knew; and all phenomena in heaven and earth traced to their causes." We have such people in this the nineteenth century, who know still more than the one described by Pollok, who are "wise in their own conceit." They will advise you what to do and when to do it; will point out all your mistakes, and give a remedy for each; in short, they know it all. They mind everything but their own business. You get their advice free, but you give all it is worth.

There is yet another type of the genus *homo*. The business of its representative may be harmless, in a measure, just as long as his conversation runs in a newsy channel, but when it attacks the character of a person, we cannot denounce it in terms strong enough. It is said: "Character grows; it can not be put on ready made, but day by day, here a little, there a little; it grows with our growth, strengthens with our strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail." And as that is all we have we can take with us to the next world that has a smattering of this world about it, we would rather it would be undisturbed by that malicious biped we politely term a gossip.

We are all peculiar creatures. If we could but "see ourselves as others see us," we would, I think, try to make ourselves over somewhat; trim off some of the rough edges here and there, and make ourselves a little more companionable. The only way that I can see to do so, is to be more

social beings than we are. "A person was never meant by his Maker to be a recluse or a hermit; if he is such, he is a creature of misfortune or perversion. No one lives alone from choice, except he is warped or in an abnormal condition." David and Jonathan did not believe in that way of living. We are told also that two are better than one, for if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow. If one prevail against him, two shall withstand him, and a three fold cord is not quickly broken.

The few people I have attempted here to describe, you all are as well acquainted with as I am. We meet them at every turn, in every locality, the world over. And if I have touched some tender cord in any hearts that beat in sympathy with the characters delineated, I stand ready and willing to accept their forgiveness.

A NOVEL BED-SPREAD.

Beatrix is evidently running short of "copy," for she inquires if I am "never going to write for the *HOUSEHOLD* again." The last and only new thing developed by me is an etched bed spread. I use bleached cotton. My blocks are ten inches square, and mostly worked in red embroidery cotton. I invite my friends to contribute a block worked in any design they like, with a quotation in one corner, and initials of worker in another corner.

I work some blocks ahead sometimes, and let my gentlemen friends affix their signature, and the way the average man sweats over the stitches is ample recompense for any irregularity.

Some of them are very funny—most of them are little Kate Greenaway figures; the most of them were drawn with a pencil, and represent something. One of my girl friends who can sketch has drawn a number of patterns for me. One is a tree with two owls sitting close together, with unmistakable symptoms of "spoons," while another sits in the background taking them in; overhead is the moon and the words "Two's company—three's a crowd."

Another block has a large horse shoe with "Beware of desperate steps" worked inside the horseshoe lines; another has a discouraged looking urchin and dog gazing out to sea trying to solve the old, old problem of "What Are the Wild Waves Saying." Earnestness seems stamped in the droop of the boy's trowsers and the wag of the animal's tail. It would take a long time to tell of them all. Any one with any quickness of thought will readily originate ideas. They are done in outline stitch, and can be worked in several colors; red, blue, green, black, and tan will boil in washing. The spread is joined and ornamented on the seams in some fancy stitch, and one layer of wadding put in and then quilted at wide intervals. The spread is wonderfully quaint and refreshing, and the more unreal and grotesque the sketches are the better they are liked. I split my floss for most of the work, and use it coarse for

the emphatic points. If any of Beatrix's flock yearn for such a work of art, and fail to understand this, let them address me and I will cheerfully aid them, even sketch some blocks for them, and will carefully label them, as my likenesses are not startling. The only return I would ask is the "honour" it may bring me, and the privilege of copyrighting my endeavors. Every one is getting interested in the scheme, and it bids fair to rival crazy work in its intellectual capacities.

HOWELL.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.

CHANGES.

"They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled our homes with glee,
Their graves are severed far and wide
By mount and stream and sea.
The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeper's brow,
She had each folded flower in sight;
Where are those dreamers now?"

It is such a comforting and encouraging thought to me, while caring for my little ones, soothing childish sorrows, joining in childish merriment, listening to the sottly lisped prayer, rocking the little tired bodies to sleep, tucking them carefully in bed, that just so my mother did for her little flock. It seems to me such a little while since I was a child in my old home. I can see mother as she bent over me in the trundle bed, with her sweet patient face close to mine; lots of time I feigned sleep, but I could feel her kiss on my cheek; and sometimes I could feel a tear-drop, and I thought it was so strange that she should cry, and once I asked her about it. How well I remember her answer: "Dear child, you will know perhaps, if you ever have little ones, how anxious a mother feels." Her words come to me today with strange earnestness. It does not seem so very long since she told me so, but it is a long time.

"Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between."

She always made such a Christmas for us; it was on that day

"From east or from west,
From north and from south,
Came stranger or guest;
When we saw round the board,
Old broken links of affection restored."

All the relatives and friends, 'till the house seemed full. We children saw only the bright side of life, we thought that the sunshine and blue sky, the rose and purple clouds shone on everybody as on us. Since then I have found that this is a strange world. While some have all frosted cake and plums, others get only dry crumbs, and there are lots of little hearts hungering for love. I feel a great pity for those children who have a hard, cold childhood—no poetry—all prose—no dreams, all a terrible reality. Lots of lives might have shaped themselves so differently, if some one could have started the child aright. My own childhood was very happy, it all came back to me so vividly this Christmas, but the merry band is broken, we shall never again meet, and with the pleasant memories come sad ones. There is no life but has its sorrows as well as joys, they serve as a background to throw into stronger relief the sunny spots; and as I hug my little ones close to me, I feel that I can

never do too much to make their child hood bright and pleasant. I shall keep all the cares and sadness from them as long as I can, for it is a cold, rough world. We have to generate a great deal of the sunshine we bask in. But it is good discipline, this gaining strength to push away the briars and thorns from our path, and making the way smooth; the life is more beautiful, the character more perfect. Oh! this dear home life! Though the duties are homely and so irksome sometimes, and we think we are sick and tired of doing the same thing over and over, and wish something new would turn up, why not be contented? There comes to us all a time when we sit alone, the family circle is broken, the dear ones scattered no matter how large the family, and in our heart is the lonesome feeling, and we are so sorry that we ever tired of toiling "for Love's sake."

EVANGELINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

THOSE KNITTED SHOES.

I regret exceedingly that my directions for knitting should get any one in trouble; for I know by experience how vexatious it is to try picking out patterns that we cannot see through; besides it is a real disappointment when we try to help any one, and our effort proves a failure. Hoping to set M. J. H. right, and perhaps save others worlds of bother, I will say the shoes are to be knit on two needles, then sewed together, down the back of the leg, and along the length of the foot. One row means once across. I have compared my pattern with the one in the HOUSEHOLD, and the only place I think one could make a mistake is in knitting for the front of the foot; 3rd row, there is a period between n, and 12 times, but as there are only 25 stitches on the needle, it means knit one stitch and narrow 12 times.

If M. J. H. cares enough about it to send yarn to me I will knit one shoe for her. You see I wish to prove my pattern a good one. I think they are the prettiest of the kind I ever saw.

MIDLAND.

MRS. B. FORESTER.

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER ON POULTRY RAISING.

I have always enjoyed reading the HOUSEHOLD, and have often thought I would send something for publication, but find that *thinking* is not *doing*. I am a farmer's daughter, and last winter I read so much in the HOUSEHOLD about the profits of poultry raising that I concluded I would try it, and see how much I could make. Mother and I made a bargain to the effect that if I would take care of the hens, I could have half the egg money, and all the chickens I could raise. I had good success; my mother said she could never raise chickens so easy as I did. Heretofore the hawks have troubled us a good deal, but they never took even one chicken from me.

I had about 35 hens to commence with; they were of the Plymouth Rock variety.

From the eggs sold we received \$34.86. We raised about 50 chickens; the pullets we kept for this year, but sold the cockerels for \$16, which makes in all \$50.86 that we received from hens this year. With the money received I have clothed myself nicely, and also bought my this year's set of Chautauqua books. I think I was well repaid.

We think turkeys are more profitable than chickens, and generally raise about 75 every year. This year they brought us \$1.43 apiece. The coming year we intend to raise the thoroughbred bronze turkeys, as we think they will be still more profitable. A PANSY OF '87.

MILFORD.

FROM A NEW-COMER.

Is there room for one more? If there is I want to say I endorse all our Editor says on the question of sweeping. It is my plan so to do, except using the ammonia in the water with which the carpet is wiped up, but if I have never tried it, I doubt not the efficacy, for ammonia is a powerful agent of cleanliness.

There is one point however, which Beatrix overlooked, that is to open all the outside doors, (perhaps she has none) and sweep with the breeze if there is any. You will find a large portion of the dust will blow out, which saves changing the position of it again. I have seen sweeping done when it seemed that every door was opened except the outside ones, and have also seen the effects of such sweeping.

Let me tell the HOUSEHOLD readers of a nice bluing that will not spot nor streak the clothes, providing soft water is used, as it always should be with any bluing. Procure ten cents' worth of Chinese blue, and put it in the largest bottle you can find, then fill up with soft water. It is ready for use in half an hour. Add a very little to your soft rinsing water, and you will have one of the clearest blues you ever saw, which may be used constantly without making clothes grimy, as so many of the patent blues we get. This amount will last a good sized family a year, by filling up the bottle as it is lowered. Don't let your druggist give you Prussian blue in lieu of Chinese blue. MARY.

CHARLOTTE.

SOOT FOR HOUSE-PLANTS.

Our FARMER came to our house this morning, and with it the HOUSEHOLD, which we were glad to see, and if ever our HOUSEHOLD is missed again, Beatrix may know that something is wrong somewhere, for I do not want the FARMER without the HOUSEHOLD.

In the little paper I see S. J. B. asks if it was one of the HOUSEHOLD members who said that soot tea was good for the little white worms that feed on the roots of plants. S. J. B. says she has given her plants soot tea quite often all summer and she never saw them thrive so well, but if I had her plants I would have no white worms in them, and I would not

use anything only soot. I use it twice every week and never have any in my flower jars. I have eighty-six jars of plants at the present time, all looking healthy and nice. If the soot tea would not destroy the worms, I would use one tablespoonful of dry soot to each jar; stir it up with the soil on the top, then sprinkle your plants as usual. I never used tobacco, but have known those who have used it, but did not like it. I have used lime water, also ammonia, and like them.

Our Editor wishes to hear from Mrs. Fuller. I also would like to hear from one more experienced than myself, and hope Mrs. Fuller will answer.

I would suggest to the ladies of the HOUSEHOLD that we all try and fill the place of "Mercy," of Metamora, in the HOUSEHOLD. She has lost loved ones, let us try and gladden her heart with cheerful words, and let her know that we are ready to rejoice with those who rejoice, and weep with those who weep. A cheerful word, that costs us nothing, is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

A FARMER'S WIFE.

LANSING.

FOR THE HOUSE PLANTS.—Noticing an inquiry as to what will kill the small white worms that injure the roots of plants, I think I can give a remedy that will not fail: Take a teaspoonful of pyrethrum and put in a gallon of rain water, and thoroughly water your plants. The worms will wriggle to the top, then give them a liberal dressing of the dry powder, and there will none be left. I have tried it with never failing success.

BIRMINGHAM.

MRS. SATTERLEE.

Contributed Recipes.

STEAMED BROWN BREAD.—I always make the bread myself. It saves doctor's bills, and is so wholesome and keeps the system in good running order. Made this way: Two cups of Graham flour, one cup white flour, one of sour milk, half a cup of molasses, and one teaspoonful soda. Stir thoroughly, pour into a buttered basin or cake pan, and steam nearly two hours without letting the steam stop a minute. Then stand it in the oven to dry off, and you will be pleased with the good, food-y loaf, so satisfying that "my old man" calls it "Vittals an' drink and lodgin'."

DELICIOUS GINGERBREAD.—I smell it now! Mary Jane has just taken it out of the oven, and she hails up to me, "Missus, its just splendid!" I've been telling my neighbors, and cousins, and friends, and the women who "read the papers," about Mary Jane's fine gingerbread; but I guess I never told the MICHIGAN FARMER HOUSEHOLD yet. So cheap, too. I think Mary Jane says this whole card is only six cents' cost—that means so much outlay of money; for our flour and milk cost nothing. Here is the recipe, and I don't want it used in the paper for "filling," but for real honest, helpful good: One and a half cups of sorghum or New Orleans molasses; half a cup each of brown sugar, butter and sweet milk; half a teaspoonful of ginger, and one teaspoonful of soda; mix all together thoroughly; add three cups of sifted flour, and bake in shallow pans. Do not let the fire be too hot. You will find this excellent, cheap, delicious, and—no thanks, ladies; no thanks!

BONNY DOON.

PERRYVILLE, Ohio.