

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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## THE HOUSEHOLD--Supplement.

### THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPER.

How can I tell her?  
By her cellar,  
Cleanly shelves and whitened wall;  
I can guess her  
By her dresser;  
By the back staircase and hall.  
And with pleasure  
Take her measure  
By the way she keeps her brooms;  
Or the peeping  
At the "keeping"  
Of her back and unseen rooms.  
By her kitchen's air of neatness,  
And its general completeness;  
Where in cleanliness and sweetness,  
The rose of order blooms.

—Lester Leigh.

### EARLY SPRING FASHIONS.

The woodchuck came out of his burrow on Candlemas Day, beheld the goodly proportions of his shadow, and concluded to retire for another nap, which proceeding on his part causes the weather-wise to prophesy six weeks of continued cold weather. Notwithstanding this indication that the famous "backbone of winter" is not yet broken, our city merchants several weeks ago displayed in their windows their first importations of spring cottons in dress-goods, which were speedily purchased by those provident ladies who make Lent truly a penitential season by doing up their spring sewing along with the forty days' fast. Aside from the temptation to purchase to those who are subject to inspirational attacks of "thimble fever," is the fact that these first supplies are generally choicest in pattern and quality, and cannot be duplicated later in the season, being "imported French goods," if the glib-tongued salesman may be credited. The most elegant patterns are those having small figures on a solid ground, though there are some pieces displayed which present the advantages of large pattern and small price. A large, showy figure cuts up too much in fitting to be desirable; decapitated birds, bisected leaves and floricultural fractions give a waist a patchy look, hence we find the small figured goods the favorite. Stripes are promised us in the durable Scotch gingham, as a variation to the bars and checks so long worn. Although plain goods is shown to be made up with the figured, in buying a new dress most ladies prefer to purchase of the figured, and in another season, if necessary, remodel by the aid of the plain.

We have already the advance sheets of the new styles of making-up, in which

we find both plain and pleated skirts, and short and long draperies. Many skirts are plain and round; where pleats are used they are wide and shallow. The round jacket promises to be very popular, being figured for both wool and cotton goods, and vests are universally worn in consequence, either plain or soft and full, the latter being most becoming to slender figures. Revers extending from the collar to the waist line are a new feature on some of these jacket basques. Round waists, shirred, tucked and pleated, are to be more worn than last summer. Polonaises, with full fronts shirred on the shoulders, and half belts of ribbon sewed in at the under arm seam, are also shown, to be worn over old silk or wool skirts. Ruffles and flounces, unless of embroidery, have seen their best day, and tucks are taking their innings; while embroidery still retains its grip. In dresses trimmed with embroidery, however, a new departure is observed; the plain goods forms the draperies, while the embroidered is used almost entirely for the lower skirt. The effect is such, in white, that an unsophisticated observer might believe the belle had forgotten to put on her dress and was disporting herself in her petticoat.

Velvet will be much used in conjunction with wash dresses the coming summer, as bretelles, collars, cuffs, belts and sashes. A set of these in black velvet may be worn with white, pink and pale blue dresses, and give a very dressy and stylish air to a limited summer wardrobe. With round waists the sash is almost indispensable. There will be an attempt to introduce low linings for muslin and lawn gowns, and as a pretty throat and shoulders gain added beauty through the semi-transparency of such material, no doubt it will prevail. Fashion decrees the coat-fitting sleeves "must go," yet her mandate is most reluctantly obeyed. Some of the new sleeves are plain and close fitting to half way above the elbow, where they are slightly gathered in the lengthwise seams to make fullness across the upper arm. Another style which promises to find favor with those having plump arms, is loose and somewhat flowing at the wrist, and snugly fitting the upper arm.

The new material to replace velvet as vest, collar, etc., for new wool dresses, is watered silk, the *moire antique* of our grandmothers. It is not so warm and heavy-looking as velvet. Moire and satin stripes alternating make very pretty vests.

Cuffs, lately banished from My Lady's toilette table, are again restored to favor, and also the lace frills at the wrists of dressy costumes. Dress collars are still abnormally high, and the linen collars which still prevail for street and ordinary wear are correspondingly altitudinous. The jet collars which have been described in these columns are quite as fashionable as ever, and now often have the addition of a network or fringe of beads on the lower edge.

Ribbons are to be used in great profusion on all thin dresses, including summer silks. Those with picot or purled edges are preferred, especially when gro-grain or in watered effects. They are worn as dog collars, with three loops and a forked end, fastened at the left side. The elbow sleeves will have a bracelet with similar loops, and a frill of lace below. Cravat and belt bows are also worn, and some sleeves have ribbon loops for their only trimming, forming a cuff crossed by a strap on the inner arm, with hanging ends below. Rosettes of loops, and bows and ends crushed together to form a rose shape, are also stylish.

### A FARMER'S BILL OF FARE.

Have the housekeepers who read the HOUSEHOLD ever tried having a bill of fare, to be different every day, yet every week the same? I have, and find it a great help, as it takes time to decide what shall be cooked.

Last summer my husband built a large barn, and we boarded the hands; as we could not afford the additional expense of keeping a girl to help me, I was obliged to make every moment count. We had ten or twelve in the family nearly all summer, and they required something hearty to eat. Do you remember when you first went to house-keeping how hard it was to think of anything to get for dinner? I remember thinking, "Oh, if mother were only here to tell me what to get!" I could get it; the hardest part was to decide what to have.

I knew that it would require a good deal, so I prepared for it in the fall and winter, by canning mince meat, tomatoes and corn, and packed several hams. We had a good supply of garden vegetables, beans, meat, and fish, besides having plenty of eggs, butter and milk.

We always have pancakes for breakfast the year round; wheat in summer, and buckwheat in winter, with maple syrup. We have a good sugar bush on



our farm and always make enough syrup to last us until sugar-making comes again. So I decided to have my bill of fare for dinners only; picking up the suppers partly from something that might be left from dinner. I wrote the bill of fare for the week, plainly, on a piece of paper and tacked it on the wall over the table in the kitchen. Of course I added lettuce, radishes and other early garden products as they came in season; the same bill of fare lasted from the first of April until the last of August, by merely changing from old vegetables to new, as the season advanced.

For young housekeepers it would be a good plan to try it; perhaps I will send you mine, if you wish, some future day.

AUNT LUCY.

MASON.

### A SOUTHERN BLIZZARD.

Tell me not again in song or story, bright tales of the balmy south, where winter is unknown. Until now I believed that where cotton grew no snow ever fell, but like many another rosy mist this fancy has faded, leaving me to face the sordid fact of a regular northern snow storm that prevailed eighteen hours, blocking the street cars, making of business people unhappy pedestrians. As I trudged through the cold drifts heaped over the curb stones they seemed only an addition to the huge installments of cotton bales that have lined the same streets almost every day since last November. Indeed we were not at all prepared for your northern blizzards as they followed fast, one upon the heels of another. At first we huddled close to the grate, heaping on bituminous coal, watching it in a dazed and hopeless way, as so many dollars and cents going up the chimney. As the thermometer dropped down to eight degrees below zero we submitted with a groan to the next inevitable, put down a large square of oil cloth in one corner, brought in the gasoline stove and most of the "kitchen things" preparatory to living altogether in the one room that we use as a sitting room during the day, and by unfolding the lounge, metamorphose into a sleeping apartment at night. We are now even reconciled to using the drawers of the dressing case for dishes and cold victuals. The latter are not kept long in stock. The many shivering tramps who travel along our street appear to prefer ringing the bell of our unpretentious cottage, to soliciting eatables from the occupants of the mansions all around us. I have a theory regarding this ill-favored element in which all the arguments of cool judgment cannot shake my faith.

"O ye, who sunk in beds of down  
Feel not a want but what yourselves create,  
Think for a moment on his wretched fate  
Whom friends and fortune quite disown."

We have been having Moody and Sankey with us for a few days. We were able to attend the 8 A. M. services, by going without any breakfast. We could not miss this opportunity of getting some first class religion. The rapidly dissolving snow formed rills, rivulets and brooks that crept through the streets in all directions, glistening in the mellow

sunlight saucily as any legitimate stream. Being navigable for craft as large as No. 5 overshoes, we courageously forded all in our way to the cars, and were soon seated at the feet of the renowned evangelists. I had expected more eloquence, greater erudition from Mr. Moody, but you know one humble sinner should not presume to criticise what the whole world says is wonderful. Mr. Sankey's singing filled us and thrilled us, and we are prepared to say to the multitude, you must go and hear Moody and Sankey the first opportunity. The Southern people are too phlegmatic to be swept into a great revival by three days' preaching. But they are nearly all church members, and to my mind unusually consistent. I have never been in any place where so many men attended church and were active workers.

We are growing to like Memphis very well, and as time advances hope to send pleasing pictures of our adopted home. This is a great commercial centre. A vast amount of business is compassed every day. The Mississippi River is at present full of floating ice, impeding travel by boat to some degree, but we peep over our lofty bluffs complacently, knowing that no rise of this mighty stream can ever reach our dwellings.

DAFFODILLY.

MEMPHIS, Tenn.

### WHITE WORMS IN THE SOIL.

I notice that the only cause given by florists for the presence of white worms in flower pots, is overwatering and insufficient drainage, making the soil sour and become unhealthy. I would also name the probable presence of some rank fertilizer, used in watering or potting. This condition is unfavorable to plant life and growth, even if worms did not appear; but as they do, the next study is how to destroy them. Soot is an excellent fertilizer and stimulant, as well as rather unhealthy for worms, and will correct the acid of the soil, rendering it more nourishing to the plants. I have great confidence in *pyrethrum roseum* as an insecticide, and no doubt Mrs. Satterlee's plan is excellent. The sulphur ends of matches put into the soil will destroy the worms, but not invigorate the plants. Unless the roots are tender or succulent, I think white worms do little harm; but when soot used liberally or lime water sparingly, does not make a decided improvement, I should turn out the ball and set in a dish of tepid water, shake gently until the roots are clear, then rinse, and after thoroughly cleaning the pot rinse it with lime water and carefully re-pot the plant in good prepared soil, as I have frequently described here. Then set in the shade, sprinkle the foliage often, but very little at the roots, after a good soaking when the potting is done. We must not forget to give the foliage plenty of water at all times, either by vapor or sprinkling, or both, and add a little rich soil occasionally, even if room must be made for it by removing some of the old.

Plants should not be set in too large

pots. Turn out the ball sometimes before watering, and see if it is pot bound, or if all is well with the roots. Good thrifty plants are very pleasant companions, but sickly, too-much-doctored ones, in sour, mal-odorous soil, are worse than none at all, for there is no doubt that it is the exhalations from such pots of soil that give rise to the opinion that plants are injurious to health, when the earth itself does whatever harm is done. I am fond of plants, but the garden is my greatest delight; I long for the refreshing breath of spring, and the exhilarating garden work. I nearly envy the residents of the Golden State, who are now at that very work I am so eagerly anticipating. I learn from a correspondent that in Galeta, Cal., fruit trees and garden flowers are in bloom, and spring and its seasonable work fairly inaugurated. In offering my seeds this spring I feel more than ever confident of giving satisfaction, which I sincerely desire. I hope to see the time when every home in the land, and every school ground, will have its flower garden.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

FENTON.

### A CHAT ABOUT FAVORITE AUTHORS.

It would take a whole afternoon to name them all, so I will mention a few that I especially like, and of course Longfellow must head the list. What can be more exquisite than some passages in *Evangeline*!

"Sat the lovers apart and whispered, beholding  
the moon rise  
Over the pallid sea and silvery mist of the  
meadows,  
Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of  
Heaven,  
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots  
of the angels."

"Something there was in her life incomplete, im-  
perfect, unfinished;  
As if a morning of June, with all its music and  
sunshine,  
Suddenly paused in the sky and fading slowly  
descended,  
Into the east again from whence it late had  
arisen."

"Talk not of wasted affection, affection never  
was wasted,  
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters  
returning  
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill  
them full of refreshment.  
That which the fountain sends forth, returns  
again to the fountain."

In "The Courtship of Miles Standish," where was there ever another such a friend as John Alden, putting all his beautiful dreams and hopes aside, making "All his life henceforth a dreary, tenantless mansion," saying

"Let not him that putteth his hand to the plow  
look backward;  
Though the plowshare cut through the flowers  
of life to its fountains;  
Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and  
the hearts of the living.  
It is the will of the Lord."

How much we may learn, if we will, in Whittier's "Among the Hills" Have we not all been in just such a "best room"

"Stifling with cellar damp, shut from the air,  
In hot midsummer; bookless, pictureless,  
Save the inevitable sampler hung  
Over the fire-place, or a mourning piece,  
A green-haired woman, peony-cheeked, be-  
neath impossible willows."

"And in sad keeping with all things about them,  
Shrill, querulous women, sour and sullen men,  
Untidy, loveless, old before their time,  
With scarce a human interest save their own  
Monotonous round of small economies,



Or the poor scandal of the neighborhood.  
Blind to the beauty everywhere revealed,  
Treading the May-flowers with regardless feet;  
For them the song sparrows and the bobolink  
Sang not, nor wind made music in the leaves;  
For them in vain October's holocaust  
Burned gold or crimson over the hills.  
Church-goers, fearful of the unseen powers,  
But grumbling over pulpit-tax and pew rents,  
Saying, as shrewd economists, their souls  
And winter's pork with the least possible out-  
lay  
Of salt and sanctity."

And we have also seen the home that is contrasted with this in the poem; the farm life made beautiful and attractive by a cultured woman; with such grace and dignity performing the everyday tasks that they seemed no longer homely. I like to read this poem; I like to shut the book and repeat it softly to myself, for it is so real. "My Psalm" I especially like:

"All as God wills, who wisely heeds,  
To give or to withhold,  
And knoweth more of all my needs  
Than all my prayers have told.  
Enough that blessings undeserved  
Have marked my erring track—  
That where so-e'er my feet have swerved  
His chastening turned me back—  
That death seems but a covered way  
Which opens into light  
Wherein no blinded child can stray  
Beyond the Father's sight.  
That care and trial seem at last  
Through memory's sunset air  
Like mountain ranges, overpast  
In purple distance fair—  
That all the jarring notes of life  
Seem blending in a psalm—  
And all the angels of its strife  
Glow rounding into calm.  
And so the shadows fall apart  
And so the west winds play,  
And all the windows of my heart  
I open to the day."

My volume of Jean Ingelow is pretty well worn, it falls open easily at any page. In the poem "Divided":

"And yet I know past all doubting, truly—  
A knowledge greater than grief can dim—  
I know, as he loved he will love me duly—  
Yes, better—e'en better than I love him.  
And as I walk by the vast calm river,  
The awful river, so dread to see,  
I say 'Tis breadth and thy depth forever  
Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me."

"The Letter L," "A Cottage in a Chine," "Songs of Seven," "The Four Bridges," are all favorites. I like Burns very much: don't you think these lines in "Tam O'Shanter" are so true:

"For pleasures are like poppies spread,  
We seize the flower, its bloom is shed;  
Or like the snowflake in the river  
A moment white—then lost forever;  
Or like the lovely rainbow's hues  
Evanishing among the storms,  
Or like the borealis race  
That flits, ere you can point its place."

Dickens I like to hear read aloud. Who can refrain from crying over "Little Nell"; or "Paul" in "Dombey and Son," or laughing over "Sairy Gamp"? Dickens understood human nature pretty well. I like his poem, "The Children."

"Oh, there's nothing on earth half so holy  
As the innocent heart of a child.  
They are idols of hearts and of households;  
They are angels of God in disguise;  
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,  
His glory still gleams in their eyes.  
Oh, these truants from home and from heaven  
They have made me more manly and mild,  
And I know how Jesus could liken  
The kingdom of God, to a child."

I have read a number of Wilkie Collins' books. I must name Grace Aguilar's "Vale of Cedars" and "Days of Bruce;" Currer Bell's works; George Eliot's "Adam Bede," "Mill on the Floss," Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea." Oh, I wish I never had anything more difficult to do than read, and tell who I like and who I do not. Half the comfort I have is in thinking over what I

have read, for household duties and the care of little ones fill in my time pretty well. When we were all at home, an older sister used to read aloud; it was her favorite pastime, and as she was a splendid reader, the book was tenfold more interesting. That is the way I read all of Dickens' books, and Burns' poems. There are so few who can read Burns well. Has any one belonging to our HOUSEHOLD read "Ramona?" I have seen it noticed by the press as equal to "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGALINE.

### THE TOOTHPICK QUESTION.

I was glad to see in the HOUSEHOLD, Jan. 26, 1886, this language "Our correspondent is justified in her condemnation of the 'toothpick craze.'" It should be discouraged, for it is certainly very unrefined. I would as lief dine in a dentist's room, with the dentist engaged in his practice, or have a clean spittoon on the table, as to have toothpicks there, for they suggest the same thing, the cleaning of the mouth. I have traveled considerably and mingled in what may be called refined society, but I have never seen toothpicks on the tables or in sight on the tables of cultivated and refined families, or at the first class hotels. The custom may have originated in cheap restaurants, where horsemen get together and chat with kindling wood in their mouths, but anywhere I see it I turn my face away in disgust. And I have seen men and women at dinners and teas, after eating and the toothpicks were passed around, all go into the exercise of picking their teeth as though they thought it was a custom among the most refined, and were elevated a little above their neighbors, who has not discovered the æsthetic nature of the practice.

ALTHEA.

HOWELL.

### TRAINING SCHOOLS.

"Does it pay to educate the girls?" is a question that Beatrix has more than once asked in these columns. Thus far no one to my knowledge has attempted to answer. I have always intended to answer, but lest I might fail to make my meaning clear to the comprehension of all have desisted and deferred. The time has at last arrived when I think I can be understood, with the aid of an extract from a letter received from a friend, who went to Worcester, Mass., last October, for the purpose of placing her two oldest sons—who were ready for college—in a technical school there, said school being called an "Institute of Industrial Arts." I wish to preface the quotation with a little explanatory note:

This mother is an educated, brave, sensible woman; one who recognizes the relative values of learning and labor, of industry and happiness. And this is why she thus virtually superintends the education of her sons, while their father, a man of wisdom like unto her own, is at the antipodes doing service in a branch of Uncle Sam's navy. What she says in regard to the school is this:

"The examination for admission to the Technical Institute did not take place till January 27th. The boys spent their time till then in reviewing their studies and taking private lessons in French of one of the professors at the Institute. At the examination they were successful, and were admitted without 'conditions.' The class was limited to 32 on account of space in the work-room, and 54 candidates presented themselves for examination, so we consider our boys quite fortunate in being among the successful ones. The students spend a certain number of hours in shop practice each day, besides their lessons, which gives them a good practical education. They combine theory and practice. I don't know as I have told you that our boys have entered the class of Mechanical Engineers. They practice in the wood room until the end of this year—in June—and next year work in iron at the machine shop. 'Washburn machine shop' is a part of the school, and the articles made there by the students are sold in the markets; so you see their work has to be well done. Besides this, they give them a good education, such as they give in any college."

"Well," you say, "that's all very good, indeed, but I fail to see that it has anything to do with 'the question,' since it does not so much as recognize the fact of 'the girls' existence.'" Here's where I make my point: It is just as essential to the peace, prosperity and consequent happiness of the human family that woman's work be done by the most skillful and successful methods as that man's work should thus be done. Men recognized and accepted this fact, as far as it pertains to themselves and their work, years ago, and set the ball rolling so vigorously that the boy may soon be able to acquire in school a thorough practical knowledge in any art, science, calling or vocation that he may choose to serve. But "the girl" can as yet only learn in school those things that have caused Beatrix to ask, "Does it pay to educate our daughters?"

My answer to this question is: It does not pay, in any sense of the word, to "educate" a girl in any way that excludes a thorough and practical knowledge of house and home keeping. If along with this she acquires "accomplishments," a trade or profession, and the logic of deep and high erudition, so much the better; but for the good of the world, for her own happiness, and for the sake of happiness and prosperity in the home she is ever so eager to win and to preside over, let her learn to treat every domestic duty as a familiar and well beloved friend.

This is a problem to which I have given much thought and study. I can see but one way by which to bring it to a successful solution, and that is, make a practical knowledge of housekeeping and home-making a part of the girl's school education—in the same way, that is, by corresponding methods, by which the boy gets a practical knowledge at school of agriculture or of mechanical engineering, or of any other calling or profession he



may choose. This can be done. It is possible. It is eminently desirable. It is wise to make it practicable. And I have faith to believe that the day draws near when it will be said, "It is done."

For women are waking to the importance of the idea—more—in many places and in various ways they are working out the foundation stones of this some-time-to-be undetachable part of our common school system, which as yet—like our glorious republic—is only in its infancy.

E. L. NYE.

HOME-IN-THE-HILLS.

#### THOUGHTS ON OTHERS' OPINIONS.

The FARMER of Feb. 16th has just arrived and I hasten to endorse the sentiments of Mollie Moonshine regarding "rest."

I am sorry to differ with Pearl, but if the influence of *Harper's Young People* tends toward making the children whooping Indians, then I fear the mother may join the band and whoop with them; for I confess I enjoy it just as much as they do, from its artistic frontispiece clear through to the letters written from England, Ireland, Germany, Australia, India, Siam, and the islands of the sea. I for one say long live such publications for our young people.

Pearl may be able to supply all the needs of her little girl and yet put those quarters in the bank for her; that is a subject which gives me very little trouble with my children; the present "needs" take all the quarters. Do not misunderstand me, I do not say "wants;" I do not attempt to supply them; but children really need so much beside something to wear and a place to eat and sleep. There are so many aids to education outside of the school room that I find myself as it were standing waiting for the next quarter to put in an appearance. I feel that in this way my children will have—when they attain their majority—a bank account which no scapegrace can run away with by marriage, neither will the bank fail.

A. R. will find at the drug stores a preparation for blackboards—at least we have it here—which dries immediately, is entirely different from paint, and is quite cheap.

MRS. W. J. G.

HOWELL.

#### THE HUSBAND'S WORK IN THE HOUSE.

There is little doubt that most husbands would be glad if their wives would learn "how to rest." It is not pleasant to see the buoyant spirits droop, the beauty fade, and the charm that only health and hopefulness can impart, vanish under the pressure of care and toil. I read many of the household departments in papers of this and other States, and it seems to be just now the prevailing idea that these little savings of steps and small slights of work would make everything easy for the housewife. I endorse the notion of saving every step possible, and all modes of diminishing labor; and yet I think that

which will save most strength is what a woman does that should never be considered a part of her work or necessary for her to do at any time, as we all know well if one begins while young and strong to bring water, split kindlings, gather vegetables,—well, there would be quite a list of things that most of us have done in the beginning easily, that when drawbacks on health are experienced, prove burden some indeed. Men as a rule have help; women do sometimes, but oftener have none at all; and if one, or any of the men folk would see that water and everything necessary for fires is at hand and all the rough work done to begin the day that calls heavily on the strength of the weakest and most burdened one on the farm, a step would be taken in the right direction. But if women wait for some men to put on their "thinking cap" to render needful assistance they may know the pleasure of waiting; so it is better to manage to convince the husband in the beginning that it is positively for his interest to do his part before taking up a paper to read. Self-denial is well in its proper place, but self-immolation on the altar of man's selfishness is not likely to be appreciated, and is no wise commendable.

I would like to say to "M" that I think instead of its being the mother's fault when daughters do not conduct themselves properly in the presence of young men it is the willful disobedience of the daughter; and in that case an unfilial daughter would be quite likely to endeavor to make her mother the scape-goat of her youthful follies. This advice too is "cheap and plenty more at the same rate."

About cyclamen: In purchasing these bulbs we may not get those quite mature enough to bloom, as seedlings must be two years old before they will give flowers; or there may have been mismanagement in potting. It requires rich loam in a small pot, with soot or charcoal as drainage, and the crown of the bulb not covered; the pot should not be placed in the window until the leaves are well grown and buds appear. I advise C. H. if there are no more signs of blooming, to let the bulb remain as it is, if well potted, and in the spring repot and plunge in the border in a shady place until September. They are charming flowers and not particularly difficult to manage. As with most seedling window plants the greatest care is while they are yet seedlings, as there are insect pests ready for such tender fare. Although the contrary is frequently asserted, cyclamen bulbs will not only flower more than the first and second years, but many others besides, with no deterioration but rather improvement; and so with gloxinias and many others that have been considered beyond ordinary culture; when once their requirements are well known I find they can be enjoyed outside of a greenhouse.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

FENTON.

A FRIEND says tell the lady inquiring about papering painted ceiling to paste it over with cheese cloth first, and she will find it will paper nicely.—OLD SCHOOL TEACHER.

By the Dayton, Ohio, *Daily Herald*, we see our "I. F. N.," Mrs. B. N. Beaver, of that city, is conducting the department of the *Herald* devoted to the interests of the W. C. T. U. The Dayton Union is endeavoring to establish a home, restaurant and training school, broad in scope and practical in its purposes, which shall aid working women in the direction that is most beneficial, giving them a home in case of need, training in their duties, and moral support and countenance. It is a good work; we hope the citizens of Dayton will appreciate its importance, and give it liberal support.

FLEDA, of Manchester says: "Having been denied the privilege of reading the *HOUSEHOLD* the past year, it comes to me this year like an old friend and companion, long absent, but not forgotten. We can all profit by the good advice, the cheering suggestions and wise counsel of the contributors. This has been a dreary winter; scarcely a week of sunshine, with dark lowering skies, and chilling winter blasts. But the never-ending household duties have kept me busy, with scarcely a moment of leisure to look out of doors. The story of the "toiling farmer's wife" has been told in prose and poetry so often that we can scarcely realize the facts unless we are placed there ourselves by circumstances over which we have no control. Yet 'Life is what we make it,' and there are 'rifts in the clouds' which the sunbeams illumine at all times." Fleda must pardon the omission of her recommendation of a certain article; we cannot give it so much free advertising.

#### Contributed Recipes.

PASTE FOR WALL PAPER.—I send L. K. a recipe for paste that I have tried many times, and always without fail: One gallon of soft water, a pint of rye flour, and one ounce of alum, dissolved; mix together cold and set on the stove until it nearly boils, stirring frequently. Cool before applying. It should be thin as milk, so, if necessary, thin with hot soft water.

MRS. M. A. F.

FENTON.

TEMPERANCE, of Woodside, sends the following, which she credits to her mother:

STARCHING.—For shirts, collars and cuffs in cold weather, when starch freezes and spoils the looks of the articles when hung on a line to dry, just wash and dry them, then dip in cold starch, spread on your ironing board, with a clean cloth spread over them, and rub with a hot iron till nearly dry; then dip in cold starch as usual, roll up a while, and iron as you always do.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Can the tomatoes in the usual way, and when you open the cans in the winter, take any quantity and season with salt to suit the taste; then add cloves, cinnamon, cayenne pepper, a little vinegar, and a little sugar. It is the best you ever tasted.

#### FLOWER SEEDS FOR 1886

##### FRESH SEEDS TRUE TO NAME

ready for the Spring Trade. Mixed packets of Annual, Perennial, Everlasting or Herb Seeds, 10 cent, three for 25 cents. Order from list in *HOUSEHOLD* of February 23rd. Six packets, except where price is named, 25c; 13 for 50c, and 30 for \$1. Collections for beginners, 15 varieties for 50 cents. Send one cent stamp for price list.

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