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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE SEASON IS HERE.

When the housewife in the morning early from
her bed doth rise,
And around her paper curls a towel deliberately
ties,
And puts on a faded wrapper that is much the
worse for wear,
And descends into the cellar with a grim, deter-
mined air;
When there's heard an awful clattering in the re-
gions down below,
And shouts of "Jane, come hurry up! How can
you be so slow?"
When you descend the stairs to take your matut-
inal mush,
And in the hall you're tripped up by a mop and
whitewash brush—
These signs are full of omen, at this season of the
year;
They tell the wretched husband that house-clean-
ing time is here.

AROUND THE HOUSE.

The saying goes, "A woman's work is never done." Yet even her Sisyphus-like toil has its ebb and flow. "High tide" occurs when May inaugurates the annual cleaning, the domestic upheaval which wives are said to enjoy, and husbands to suffer under protest. The wise woman does not upset every room in the house by way of introduction to the serious business of putting to rights, but beginning with the bureau drawers and closets, takes a room at a time, and the work goes quietly but steadily on. A woman exemplifies her character by the way she does her work. An empty wagon rattles and jingles, the loaded one goes along steadily and quietly; so the "poor manager" almost invariably fusses and frets and gets "nervous"—which in her vocabulary is often but another name for ill-temper—while the skillful planner goes at her task with method, and accomplishes it with the least possible friction. Some may claim that this is largely due to natural temperament, but it is quite as often a matter of education in self-control and mastery of the emotional nature. If we let little things vex and distress us, our burdens get to be as grievous as was Christian's in Bunyan's allegory. Instead then of rushing this hard, heavy work through in the shortest possible time, with the greatest expenditure of vitality, apportion it to your strength and let the end find you tired, probably, but not completely over-worked and exhausted, needing a week's rest before fit for business again; there is no economy in overwork.

I find a city life favors the idea of cremation. It is wonderful how many

things fire will most effectually dispose of, expeditiously, finally. The most satisfactory way to dispose of much of the rubbish which will accumulate around the house is to "pop it in the stove." Between the fire and the paper-rag bag, there ought to be little refuse in a well regulated house. The sweepings of the rooms, the bones from the table, coffee grounds, the withered flowers, the old straw hats and bonnets, dozens of things that are "no good," are so easily disposed of by fire. I have discovered that even old hoopskirts and corsets can be metamorphosed into ashes by the intense heat of a coal fire; and were there not always enough to take them with thanks, I dare say I should experiment on the effects of fire on old shoes. Burn up the trash, then, instead of throwing it out of doors, to add to the dirt; consult health and comfort by cremating it.

There is an old saying to the effect that if you keep a thing seven years you will find a use for it again. Well, it may be so but I don't believe it. And house-room is something, and the trouble of caring for it a good deal. If the article has intrinsic value, it may be well to await an opportunity to use it, but some people carry this idea quite too far. Their closets and attics are filled with old things, which have been laid aside as no longer of use in the present, but are kept for fear they may possibly be needed at that indefinite period known as "sometime." Nobody considers them among the "possibilities," they are too ancient; they only serve to catch dust and as summer residence for spiders and moths, and are often sorely threatened at house-cleaning. It is better far to put an end to such *impedimenta* at once. The old hat which has seen several successors has no excuse for continual existence; cremate it. The torn rubbers, which we tuck away because "perhaps somebody 'll want 'em sometime" should share a similar fate, nobody ever does "want 'em." A rubber is no use except on a rainy day, and then who wants a leaky one? So too the old clothes. When retired from wear, survey their possibilities for patches, for carpet rags, for whatever further good there is in them, put the residue in the rag-bag; this is better than making a second-hand clothing shop of your house and spending your time trying to keep moths out of it.

If you have a sink and waste pipe

in your house, do not forget that at this season of the year they need attention. The grease of the dishwater has formed a deposit on the inside of the pipes, which should be removed, and hot copperas water is excellent for this purpose. A solution of copperas or of chloride of lime, hot, should be turned into these pipes once a week, during the summer, to cleanse and purify them. A sink in a house is a great convenience, but unless it is cared for, it becomes a prolific source of foul air.

The cellar should be the most thoroughly cleaned apartment in the house. If it is not, the bad air from it will permeate the upper floors, to the detriment of health. There should be no decaying vegetables, no rotting wood, no vile-smelling soap-grease, nothing which gives an offensive odor, allowed in it. It should be thoroughly whitewashed every spring, and if vegetables have been stored in it during the winter, and milk is to occupy it in summer, it is a good plan to use copperas in solution, or chloride of lime, a week or so before the milk is put down, to thoroughly purify it. A small quantity of carbolic acid in the whitewash used in the cellar is highly recommended by health authorities. Whenever I read of a family being decimated by typhoid fever or diphtheria, I always wonder what was the cause of the foulness that bred the germs of the pestilence, for filth is the condition most eminently favorable to the development of zymotic diseases.

BEATRIX.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

A story of real life which I read when I was about fourteen years old made such an impression upon me that I have never forgotten it. And the tale was this: A wealthy nobleman had an only child, a son, heir to an immense property. The father desired the boy to be worthy the great trust to be one day in his keeping, and that he should bear the family name with honor. To this end he chose the most learned men as tutors for the lad, gave the strictest orders in reference to his training, forbidding all literature that disclosed the vices and passions of humanity, all knowledge of the evil that exists in the world. The father's scheme provided for an ideal life, pure and innocent through utter and absolute ignorance of the very existence of evil. The boy and his tutors were isolated in one of the

castles belonging to the estate, where even the servants, though chosen with the utmost care, were not allowed other than the most distant communication with the young lord. When the son had just passed his twenty-first birthday, the father died, and the son came into his inheritance. Being of legal age, there were no restraints upon him, he was quite free to order his life as he saw fit. After these years of careful, conscientious training in all that was exalted and refined, with the purest principles ever instilled into the mind at the most receptive period, one would be justified in inferring, would he not, that the after life would be in harmony with these teachings, and the father's noble purpose be fulfilled. But it was not so. The youth had hardly entered upon his new life, before he plunged into the wildest excesses. He was absolutely incapable of resisting temptation; and wine and women, and the gambling table, with his reckless expenditure for whatever toy pleased at the moment, exhausted his property, and in a few years, before he was twenty-five, he died, a wretched, besotted beggar, literally in the gutter.

The story, as I have said, made a deep impression upon me. For days it perplexed me; I could not understand why that careful keeping from evil, from even the very knowledge of the existence of evil, should so completely fail in its intent. Then I took the problem to one older and wiser than I, who pointed out that as there can be no physical strength without use and development of the muscles, so there can be no moral strength without resistance to temptation, that ignorance is no safeguard, nor innocence always a shield. The turning point in most lives is at some moment when, all unknown it may be to ourselves, we answer yes or no to temptation. If we are ignorant wherein lies the evil, how can we recognize the temptation? My wise Mentor bade me remember that knowledge of good and evil involves a choice; that every choice of right is a victory which makes resistance to evil more easy, that character is moulded by such choice as it could never be by passive acquiescence in another's judgment, or by being guarded from the necessity of choosing; and that right judgment demands knowledge of the allurements and disguises of wrong. "Because the young man had never been tried he had no moral strength; because he had no strength, he fell. All the little temptations, all the little victories, prepare us for the great triumphs over the evil that is without and within us," said my counselor. And I thought *these* things over, too; and I know that the story and the after teaching bears witness in my life to this day; and all my life's experience and observations go to prove that it is a knowledge of wherein lies the evil and resistance through moral principle, not ignorance, not avoidance, that gives us strength when we are tempted, and makes us unquiet, restless, unhappy, when we do that we know is wrong.

BEATRIX.

INFLUENCE.

"We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
But for a thousand years their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land, or healthful store.
The seeds we do, the words we say,
Into still air they seem to fleet:
We count them ever past; but they shall last—
In the dread judgment they and we shall meet."

"Influence is to man what flavor is to fruit, or fragrance to a flower. It does not develop thought, or determine character, but it is the measure of his interior richness and worth; and as the blossom cannot tell what becomes of the odor which is wafted away from it by every wind, so no man knows the limit of that influence which constantly and imperceptibly escapes from his daily life, and goes out far beyond his conscious knowledge, or remotest thought. God has written upon the flower that sweetens the air, upon the breezes that rock the flower upon its stem; upon the raindrop that swells the mighty river; upon the dewdrops that freshen the smallest sprig of moss in the desert; upon the ocean; that rocks every swimmer in its channel. Upon every penciled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, as well as upon the mighty sun, that warms and cheers the millions of creatures that live in its light—upon all He has written: 'None of us liveth to himself.'" And along with this fact comes another; this influence must be for good or bad. Knowing this, ought we not to consider more our manner of talking, and mode of living? Because a man can tell his creed and recite the catechism with volubility is no assurance that he is among the Lord's chosen; it is the life he leads that we judge from, the influence he exerts. He may hurl all the rhetoric he can command at you, *what* you must do, and *how* you must do it, but unless his life corresponds with his creed, it will do more harm than good. Ah! it isn't the ones that make the most noise that do the most good. Some men fill the air with their presence and sweetness, as orchards in October days fill the air with the perfume of ripe fruits. "Some women cling to their own homes, like the honeysuckle over the door, yet like it sweeten all the region with the subtle fragrance of their goodness." God has given us all these powers for good, we can have no worthier object than to use them right.

Tell me, you who have lost a sweet, innocent babe, were you not made better for caring for it? Has its influence ever left you. The soft caressing touch, the little smile, the gentle presence, are engraven upon your heart, and bring you many comforting thoughts. "And a little child shall lead them." I tell you the cooing voice, the smile, and soft touch of a child will often do more good, and win its way where theology would find no entrance. This proves conclusively that the more natural and simple our life, the better our example. We see too much that is superficial now-a-days. It is quite essential that we should have a good home-influence. What better legacy can parents leave their children than a good example? Harshness has driven many a boy away from home. The first education that a

child receives is the home education. Here the foundation of character is laid; principles are established, which they will carry out into the world, into busy life; the influence thrown around them at home will follow them in social life, political life and into the church. Through them millions will be benefitted or injured. Think you, then, that no responsibility lies with this home influence? Every thing possible should be done in our homes to give a moral and refining influence to the character of our family. Flowers and birds in the window, books, pictures, teaching the little ones to be kind and gentle to each other, all are lessons that will never be forgotten. Certain it is, this home influence will be for good or bad; will prove a blessing or a curse. It is not the stately mansion or fine furniture that makes the home. It is the sweet, gentle influence which emanates from a harmonious family. If the father and mother are respectful toward each other, their example will be followed every time by the little ones. Children are great imitators. How guarded, then, we should be in our language and manners before them. What we do and what we say is forever. We cannot recall an act or a word. We may be sorry, and wish we had acted differently, but the effect, the influence is lasting; often a great many suffer from a thoughtless word; we are so apt to think that what we do concerns no one but ourselves. It is by these words and little acts of kindness that we can be mutual helpers. Households are bound together by them, neighborhoods, communities, all can be made to feel their influence.

EVANGELINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

THESE AWFUL HUSBANDS!

There! Beatrix has answered Bess' conundrum in full while I was talking to "An Editor," but I never could resist the temptation to answer back to a man. I suppose she will think there is no need of saying more upon that subject, but I want to tell of two husbands that I knew of, and the way they treated their wives when they wished to go out evenings. When they were young men they were splendid escorts, and it was no trouble to go out evenings; it was never too cold or stormy or dark. They married, and like too many men they tired of going out evenings. One lives in town and he preferred to go down town after supper, and sit in some favorite resort with kindred spirits until bed time, instead of staying with his wife or going with her to an entertainment that they could both enjoy. If she went out she was obliged to go with friends. One evening they were invited to attend a reception. She persuaded her husband to accompany her this time, as she felt she could not bear to attend without him. He did not want to go, and as a consequence he made himself as disagreeable as possible while dressing; his shirt did not fit around the neck, and something was wrong with everything. His wife bore it, as well as she could, but

finally she said, "John, I want you to go this time but I will never trouble you to go with me again." She completed her toilet in silence and they started; when they arrived at the house she still felt as though her heart was in her throat, and she did not know as she could trust herself to speak; but by this time her husband began to get over his "fit" and he enjoyed the evening, but he had marred the enjoyment of the evening for his wife.

The other man tired also of going out evenings, but he lived on a farm and preferred sitting down quietly at home with his wife and family. His wife, like many another farmer's wife, longed for more society than could be found upon the farm; she wanted occasionally to go to an entertainment or lecture, and was not contented to wear out providing only for physical wants. Her husband compromised with her in this way, told her she might take the horse and carriage, and he would stay with the children and sit up until she came back, to take care of the horse. This was not a pleasant way to go, but the only alternative, and she said she must have more than the farm life afforded. I think both these men selfish, but the latter showed more regard for the feelings of his wife than the former; though his wife could avail herself of many more opportunities of going out, as they lived in town.

OLD SCHOOL TEACHER.

TECUMSEH.

FASHIONABLE STYLES FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

The "very latest" fashions for girls have short round waists and full skirts. The only trimming on these full skirts consists of embroidery, used as a finish to the bottom, or tucks in clusters. The skirt is gathered to the waist, a large welting cord being used at the seam. The waists are most fashionably made with deep yokes of another color, usually white, or of embroidery, with bretelles passing over the shoulders, and the space below the yoke and between the bretelles filled with a tucked piece like the bretelles. A pretty model omits the yoke, adds bretelles of embroidery, with a full puff of the goods between them in front, across which cord is laced from the bretelles. The long sleeves have round cuffs of the embroidery. The skirt is edged with embroidery, and tucked nearly to the waist. A wide collar of the embroidery is fastened at the left side under a large ribbon bow. The whole costume is charmingly simple and neat. Another model in plain pale pink chambray has a very deep yoke and sleeves of pink figured chambray. To this yoke is gathered a strip of the plain goods having a standing heading an inch and a half wide; the waist is sewed with a large cord to the full, round, tucked skirt. A narrow belt of the figured goods is worn. The yoke should be so deep that the plain goods which finishes the waist seems like a large puff. The skirts of these dresses must be very full; they are "horrid" when scant. A

new way of putting on these yokes is to cord them all round, making a straight finish when set above the gathered goods which forms the lower part of the waist. Girls from two to five and six wear yoke slips, falling straight in front and confined at the back by a short, wide sash like the dress sewed into the under arm seams. The yoke is nearly always of different color or material from the slip, and straps like the slip are stitched on with the yoke to tie over the shoulders.

The bretelles described above are new and pretty, not alone on the small girls' dresses, but on those who are older. White dresses for girls from three to ten years may have waists open in V shape in front, laced together over a full vest set in, with narrow pink, blue or yellow ribbons, eyelets being worked in the sides of the V. Rosettes of very narrow ribbon, like that used for lacing, are added at each shoulder, or bows of wider ribbon. For older girls the Norfolk belted waist, which has broad stitched-down pleats front and back, is favored. Round tucked skirts and apron overskirts are worn with these waists.

Hats for both large and small girls, are very large, in dark straw, with wide brims and high crowns; they are trimmed with bows of ribbon high up on the side of the crown, a twist around it and a cluster of flowers. White is liked on these dark hats. Mother Goose bonnets are liked for the little ones, made of shirred muslin; and French caps, also of muslin, with close fronts and high puffed crowns, are charmingly quaint for the two and three year olds. Turbans are worn by misses, if becoming. Hose are black, dark blue or brown.

DOMESTIC TOPICS.

I will say to Huldah Perkins, I have canned corn two seasons and lost only one can, and that by being imperfectly sealed. I used the Mason quart cans, with good rubbers and covers. My method was as follows: I cut the corn from the cob, filled the can half full, and pressed down with the small end of a potato masher, until it was tightly packed, filling and pressing down until the can was full, then put on the rubber and cover tight; placed in a boiler of cold water that reached nearly to the shoulder of the can, put over the fire and boiled just three hours by the clock, then removed from the fire, took off the boiler cover and let it cool a short time, then turned the covers down as tight as I could by using a wet cloth to handle them with. The milk oozed out some in boiling, but we pronounced the corn just splendid. I placed some pieces of shingle on the bottom of the boiler to set the cans on.

A recipe for hard soap may be found in the HOUSEHOLD of May 27, 1884, that I have tried and found good.

I scrape the lime from my teakettle with an iron spoon, and rinse well.

I secured the poem "Over the Hills to the Poor-House," and wish every one could read it. It reminds me of an old lady who lives not far from here.

Although her years number nearly four score and ten, she often trudges four or five miles, from the home of one child to that of another, never quite sure of a welcome. The old home passed long since into the hands, not of strangers, but of her children. Now which would be the more desirable lot? I, for one, would trudge my weary way "over the hills."

BESS.

A CURIOUS AND NEW INDUSTRY.

Three Oaks, Berrien County, takes pride in the fact that it is the location of the one and only, "the great original" "featherbone factory" on earth. What is featherbone? Briefly, a substitute for whalebone. Mr. E. K. Warren, of Three Oaks, several years ago decided that an excellent bone, equal to whalebone, could be manufactured from quills, and after months of study perfected his idea and patented his process and machinery. We had heard of "featherbone," it having been recommended by a leading Detroit dry-goods house, and by several city dressmakers, and are in receipt of samples from the factory, showing the different grades, and also the quill in process of manufacture.

A brief outline of the procedure may not be uninteresting: Quills of turkey and goose feathers only are used. The first thing is to strip the feathers of their plumage, rollers with knives attached split the quills in halves, the pith is removed by sand-papered rollers rapidly revolved; then a series of interlocking knives reduce the quills to fiber, and in this state the material is fed to a machine which forms it into a strong, fine cord which is at the same time wound with thread. In another machine four of these cords are wound with thread in such a manner as to form a flat tape; a sewing machine sets a line of stitching between each cord, giving increased strength and elasticity, and it is finished for market by being passed between heavy rollers, which smooth it and give a uniform surface, and packed in boxes containing twelve-yard lengths.

Featherbone is absolutely unbreakable. Bent double, when straightened, it is as good as ever. It is made in all colors, and in several grades as regards fineness, the "extra fine" being, we should judge, best adapted for use in dressmaking. Casings are not needed, as where whalebone is used, the featherbone being simply sewed to the garment. The manufacturers claim it will not warp, and that boiling water does not injure it. Genuine whalebone sells at retail at twenty cents for somewhat less than yard lengths; featherbone for fifteen cents per yard, giving it an economic advantage.

A large whip-factory is the outgrowth of this unique discovery, and featherbone whips are said to be superior to the best whalebone for awakening and renewing the energies of a lazy horse. It might be a good idea to manufacture featherbone switches, for especial use in families and schools, instead of the hazel sprouts which maintain family discipline according to

the Solomon-ic injunction. The refuse of the quills is found to make a very good mattress, being cleanly and elastic, and is also used for upholstering purposes.

PLEASING OTHERS.

Pleasantness, "to please," is not always accepted in that cordial spirit of kindness in which it is given. We meet with friends whose genial natures always see the bright side. In their visits with us their eyes are blind and tongues still to all that is wrong and out of order; they are ladies and gentlemen, and are always welcome. Yet we are much like school children; we are apt to forget lessons which we learned but a short time ago; we oftentimes need a reminder. But should some real friend speak of our faults and failings, it is offensive to us, and we are aware that we are treading on somebody's toes. The "home rule" question is a very tender one, and is puzzling some of the greatest minds to solve. If Mr. Gladstone could solve the domestic, why not the National? But one-half of the people of this world seem to feel that the other half were born to, and are in duty bound to, please them. And so great is their selfishness, that the more one tries to please the further they are off. Is it then that the iron rod is the rod of kindness, and must we forsake the golden rule, "Love thy neighbor as thyself?"

PLAINWELL.

ANTI-OVER.

CLEANING CARPETS.

A writer in *Harper's Bazar* says it is a simple but laborious process to clean a carpet, and describes how a very soiled and dingy one was "revived" and made presentable. The directions must be followed with exactitude:

"On certain very bad-looking grease spots was laid a mixture (equal parts) of magnesia and fuller's earth, made into a paste by boiling water. This was put on hot and left to dry, being brushed off the day following, when the spots were no longer to be seen. Other dirty places were gone over with ox-gall nearly pure. After this the carpet was thoroughly washed as follows: A pail of hard soap and water was prepared, the soap being well dissolved by boiling. With a good brush (a new one) dipped in this preparation a small portion of the carpet was scoured at a time, care being taken not to let it soak through. Next a flannel was rubbed well over the same spot, rinsed out each time in a pail of clear cold water. A third application was then made from a pail of water just soured by vinegar, and the carpet finally rubbed hard with a coarse cloth. Two people working at a carpet in this way can manage to dry it very evenly, and we would recommend their keeping strictly to their work until finished. A carpet, of course, can be cleansed advantageously by taking up and laying it in breadths on boards or a large kitchen table. Two and a half gills of ox-gall to a pail of clear cold water, applied with a soft scrubbing-brush, makes an excellent lather for cleaning a carpet, but it should be quickly washed off with a clean old linen cloth dipped in clear water, and rubbed with a dry cloth."

Matting can be cleaned by washing thoroughly in a solution consisting of one gallon of water with a small bag of

bran boiled in it, but be careful to dry thoroughly. Soap should never be applied to oil-cloths, nor, if it be desired to keep the color, should a scrubbing-brush be used. Wash the oil-cloth with a coarse sponge or a flannel dipped in tepid or clean cold water. Beeswax, with a very little turpentine, makes a fine polish, and will revive the colors of an oil-cloth admirably.

A carpet which does not have much hard wear but which gets dusty, as rooms will even when unused, the *Bazar* says may be cleaned nicely without sweeping by taking a pail of clear water in which is diluted a gill of ammonia. With a large soft cloth wet in this go over the whole carpet. Sometimes the second pail of water may be needed. The dust will thus be thoroughly removed and no injury done the nap of the carpet as is the case when swept, no matter how carefully. The furniture, etc., is to be dusted and the large articles removed before the carpet is attacked.

TO WASH LACE CURTAINS.

The average country housekeeper views the annual "doing up" of her lace curtains as one of the most troublesome and particular tasks of housecleaning. The city woman can send hers to the professional cleaner, who will return them looking as good as new, but this is rarely within the power of the out-of-town resident. A correspondent of an exchange, who seems to have reduced the work to "an exact science," gives her method, which is one of the best we know, as follows:

"After taking down the curtains and shaking them gently to free from dust, baste around each one a two-inch strip of cotton cloth—old will do. Fold each one down small and place in a tub of lukewarm suds; and when the worst of the smoke is soaked out drain them in the clothes-basket. Now dissolve half a pound of borax in boiling water enough to cover the curtains, and when cool enough not to scald put them in it and sent in the sun. This will bleach them beautifully. Squeeze very gently, as a lace curtain, when wet, will tear of its own weight; drain as before, and, if not clean, put through a weak suds, but do not rub soap on the lace. Rinse well, blue and stiffen with silver gloss starch, made very thin, with a little blueing stirred in.

"During all the curtains must be kept folded, and should you think it best to boil them, put them in a bag to prevent tearing. Dry by pinning to sheets spread on the floor or fastened to quilting frames. Pin the edges as often as once in two inches. Ours are hung without ironing; but if you wish to smooth them, rub over them a moderately hot iron, but do not dampen."

MRS. M. A. FULLER says, in reference to the packages of flower seeds designed for beginners, that all the varieties are suitable for out-door sowing. They must be thinned out as soon as well started, and re-set. Asters will be better if planted two or three times, as they will grow more stocky and have larger and more perfect blooms. Poppies should not be transplanted; all others will be better for the change. Mignonette is preyed upon

by small green worms; dust slaked lime or pyrethrum powder on the plants when small. Use Scotch snuff for the black flea which preys on alyssum. If the weather is dry the soil about the young plants must be frequently stirred. The soil from around the stables is good for these hardy annuals, if not too rank. The dahlia seed should be planted in a pan or box over it; there should not be too much earth, so as to bring the plants too close to the glass.

PROF. A. J. COOK says, in the *N. Y. Tribune*, that some maple syrup which had acquired a musty taste was boiled and then converted into sugar without removing the musty flavor. Afterward, three gallons of water were added to the same quantity of the musty syrup and the mixture boiled till reduced to the standard of prime syrup, when the taint was wholly gone. Professor Cook thinks the same result would be obtained by repeatedly heating and cooling the syrup.

ICE will last much longer if it is wrapped in flannel or felt before being put in the ice-box. Even newspaper may be used if nothing else is handy. Wrap flannel about the pitcher of ice-water on a hot day and the ice will last longer and the water remain cool longer than if not thus protected.

RAW coffee does not deteriorate but rather improves with age. After it is roasted, however, it rapidly loses flavor and goodness. Roast only a small quantity at a time if you wish the full excellence.

Contributed Recipes.

ORANGE SHORTCAKE.—Slice six or eight large oranges and sprinkle with sugar an hour or two before using. To a quart of flour add two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and rub into it two tablespoonfuls of butter or sweet lard; moisten with cold water to a stiff dough. Roll, bake in pie tins, split open and put the orange between. Eat with cream and sugar.

MINNEHAHA CAKE.—One and a half cupfuls sugar, half a cupful butter, whites of five eggs, or three whole ones, reserving the white of one for frosting; half a cupful of sweet milk, two heaping cupfuls of flour, into which a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and half a teaspoonful of soda have been sifted. Bake in three layers. Filling: Boil one cupful of sugar and a little water together, until it is brittle when dropped into cold water. Remove from the fire and mix quickly with the well beaten white of one egg. Add to this one cupful stoned raisins, chopped fine, or a cupful of nutmeats of one kind or a variety; then spread between the layers and over the top.

C. G.

GRANGER PUDDING.—One cup molasses; one cup thick sour milk; half cup sugar; half cup melted butter; one cup raisins, currants, or citron; cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg, quarter teaspoonful each. Flour to make the consistency of cake. Bake, or steam one and a half hours; eat with a boiled sauce made as follows: One teaspoonful sugar; half cup butter; one tablespoonful cornstarch; flavor with wine or lemon.

EVANGELINE.

BATTLE CREEK.