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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

WASHING THE DISHES.

She stood upon a shady porch
Before a milk-white table,
And o'er her head a rose-vine wreathed
The brown old-fashioned gable.
A pretty cotton gown she wore,
With sleeves rolled up displaying
Her lovely arms, and on the breeze
Her curls were lightly straying.
This side a cage of song-birds hung,
And that a globe of fishes,
And butterflies flew in and out,
And hovered lovingly about
The maid that washed the dishes.
At first she dreamed not I was near,
And never ceased her singing,
While through the shining bubbles fast
Her dainty mop went swinging,
But soon she spied me, and I heard
A little rill of laughter,
And straight my heart sprang to her side,
And I sprang quickly after.
And in a moment more I'd told
My love, my hopes, my wishes,
And marked her bright eyes brighter grow;
And then—work must be done, you know—
She washed, I wiped, the dishes.

—Margaret Eyttinge.

SMALL ECONOMIES.

This is a subject that should concern every one of us, and we should make it our study. The trouble is we do not economize in the right way. Many of us may have a disposition to save, but not with prudence or frugality. We may not know how to manage without loss or waste, or how to make the best use of little means to bring about the best results. Economy is a virtue, but when we save so as to become covetous or miserly, it ceases to be such and is no longer economy. We can use economy in the enjoyment of our homes; shall we beautify them and make them attractive according to the means we possess that they may be pleasant to each member of the family? Ought we not to make a special effort in making the evenings at home attractive, that each member of the family may look forward with delight to the evening hour, spent so pleasantly together? Will it not lighten the labor of the day, and remove in a degree the fatigue of farm labor? Do we not make farm labor too much a mere means of subsistence, and not add the intellectual, moral and social culture which man so much needs?

We frequently hear it said, "It is hard times, and we must economize; we must patch up the old clothes," as if woman's time were not worth much; but if we spend enough time in patching up the old clothes to buy new, do you call that economy? Some people do not stop to think to make the

best use of little means. If time is money and we are not in a position to make it such, the first thing that is to be done is to put ourselves in such a position. That is what we mean by economy; not a narrow, miserable soul, who never can give a penny beyond self, and not half take care of self, so he can count his miserable dollars. We should be moderate in all things.

If we save from our table, denying ourselves nourishing food that we may be richly clothed, or if we go shabbily dressed that our house may be well furnished, I do not call that economy. We must in each department make the best use of what we have to bring about the best results. But few are possessed of a true economy, and yet it is necessary for the success of the farmer, both on the farm and in the house. We should have a place for everything, and see that things are kept there. Whatever you do, do it well, and make every move count. Do not keep the men waiting for a late breakfast or dinner. I need not tell you that fences should be well kept that cattle do not break over and destroy, that hens and pigs should not run in the garden or flower yard. I give a bit of experience to illustrate: We had some pigs about six weeks old, that found their way out of the pen into the door-yard; they were cute little things, little beauties, as black as night. One day I said to my husband, "You had better shut those pigs up." He said: "Don't you know that pigs can't grow shut up in a pen?" As they were running around how pleased he was to see how those pretty little things did grow! I had just set out a bed of tulips and crocus bulbs, of new varieties, for which I had sent to James Vick, and before I saw what those miserable little pigs were about, they ate up every one of those flower bulbs. And I, like any other sensible woman, sat down and cried; and I got caught at it, too. But the pigs were shut up, and the conclusion was that it was not economy to fatten pigs on flower bulbs. Sometimes the neglect of one small thing will cause so great a loss that it is irreparable.

In speaking of economizing time, I have have thought that some women, as well as men, were unnecessarily helpless. One should not trouble the other to do what they can do for themselves. A man, when he dresses himself in his best, should know where to find his clothes and how to put them on, without calling on his wife, for she generally has all she can do to be ready on time. Where is the man who can with patience wait for the woman to put on the extra touches? And yet he is pleased if she

looks a little better than his neighbor's wife.

A woman who knows how to use a knife should know how to keep it sharp, and should have a whetstone handy, and not use the stove for that purpose. Economy in every department is the foundation of real success, and therefore the foundation of helping itself. We are all creatures of habit, and some people have very filthy habits. Think of the money that is wasted in the use of tobacco; fifty cents a week makes over a thousand dollars in twenty years' account, and who is benefitted? We should form while young habits of neatness, prudence and punctuality. We should learn so to plan our work that no time is wasted. Some may say what little time they waste is but a trifle, but is not life itself made up of trifles, and sometimes the performance of these little trifles, as we are pleased to call them, will make our whole life a success or failure. Then how essential it is that we should look well to these small things. And their results are beautiful homes and well-filled barns, happy hearts and pleasant faces.

But what is a pleasant face worth without a well-filled mind? Then we need economy in choosing our reading, that it may be from the best class of writers. It is best to feed the mind with good, healthy food. We need literary culture. The mind needs cultivating just as much as do our fields to prepare them to bring forth. If the mind is not great in man, what is he? The mind is too precious to store rubbish there, and there should be no room for poisonous reading; store the mind so full of good that it will resist evil.

There is much to be learned from observation and reading. We should profit by others' success or failure, for we cannot see our own mistakes until it is too late; and it takes a whole life to learn. How few of us live in a way to show that life means something, or that life is for a purpose. We want to have enough knowledge in store so that when we speak or write we will say something, say it in such a manner that it will make an impression on others' minds. We may read so much that it will weaken both mind and body; while careful reading and reflection will strengthen both.

When we are asked to write for the little HOUSEHOLD, is it economy to refuse? It will give us help that we would not get in any other way. Then we should look at it as a privilege, tending toward our own advancement; for when we have done the best we can, we have not given more than we have received. And when you hear the Ed

itor's call to fill that "aching void" drop everything, take your pen and paper, and sit under the shade trees, among the flowers, and for an hour forget all about fruit-canning and extra harvest men, for when you hear her calling for help, do not leave what you can do for another.

In conclusion, it is economy to make the best of all we have and are, but how have we lived in economizing for the life to come? When we have been led to see what was wrong, have we tried to do what we could to make it right? And have we so lived without loss or waste to forward the cause of Christ and make our own salvation sure?

MRS. R. D. P.

BROOKLYN.

THE BURTON FARMERS' CLUB.

I would hardly dare attempt to comply with our Editor's request, thinking to make any useful suggestions in regard to conducting a farmers' club. It would certainly be a greater benefit to us all to hear from members of some of the older clubs, and I hope we shall hear from them speedily, but possibly I may be able to give a word of encouragement to those wishing to organize such a society. I am very willing to try, for I think the more such organizations there are, the better it will be for the farmers. Not only does this meeting together to exchange ideas, and consult about the different methods of doing work, add pleasure and profit to the duties of farm life, but it is a social benefit as well. Try it, and see if it does not promote more sociable and friendly feelings in the neighborhood than when we depend for society and entertainment on the usual mode of visiting—a company, either large or small, getting together occasionally, with no especial object in view, the principal subjects of conversation usually being the weather and our neighbors.

Our Club has hardly passed its experimental stage, although the interest and enthusiasm manifested encourage us to hope for continued success. I think none of us were familiar with the usual proceedings of such a club, but we had learned something of them from the FARMER. Six months ago, we met together, about a dozen families, to see what could be done toward organizing a club. You know the papers tell us that after a man has been to dinner is the proper time to try our persuasive powers, so dinner came first on the programme, after which we were not long in deciding to effect an organization. We accordingly proceeded to elect our officers, president, vice president and secretary, for six months. The office of vice president, however, has been only a "hollow mockery," unless there is something "in a name;" so you may judge of the faithfulness of our president. The necessary committees were appointed; one to prepare the constitution and by-laws, another to arrange programme for the next meeting. The president appoints a committee of three, at each meeting, to select a subject and prepare a programme for the next. It is customary in some places to have the programme made out, and places of meeting appointed for the year in advance. This arrangement would have its advantages, and perhaps its

disadvantages also. We have usually had two or three persons appointed to prepare papers at each meeting, and a general discussion follows the reading of those papers. When convenient we have music, and in the winter, the special evening meetings are very pleasant and instructive, and I think help to keep up the interest in the club.

Our last meeting numbered about thirty, and it was decided not to admit any more members, as we have as many as can conveniently be accommodated. The suggestion was made, at first, to have a limited bill of fare, so that the hostess' tasks should be as light as possible, but the hostess, being a woman, usually does as she pleases about that. Where it is not convenient to set a long table, the little caterer boards are just the thing for such a company, and a half dozen of them will accommodate twenty-four persons.

We were afraid there might be some difficulty in selecting subjects that would be of interest to both the men and women, but have had no trouble so far; and I am inclined to think it is a good thing for each to take an interest in the other's work and success, and I know of no better way of awakening such an interest. I hope the time will soon come when every farmer in Michigan shall live within reasonable distance of such a society. We need to get better acquainted with each other, and to feel a more common interest.

S. J. B.

BURTON.

A NEW WAY TO COOK PEAS.

I have wanted to add my mite by way of telling some of my methods of canning and preparing food, after reading so many other ways. In canning no one has mentioned the care of fruit cans. As I empty a can I wash it, removing the rubber carefully, not leaving it stretched on the can until next year, and when thoroughly dry place inside the can; put the cover on loosely and set in a clean cupboard, and next year when the hurrying time comes you will not have to waste time washing and fitting covers and rubbers. Next, I always have a pail of cold water and a coarse towel, and after wetting wring out and fold six or eight double and place under my can when ready to fill; and I seldom ever break a can, and it is so much easier handling them. In cooking fruit I always make a syrup of my sugar and juice, if possible to have enough to melt the sugar; heat boiling hot, then drop in the fruit, and when canned it is not all mussed up, but beautifully whole and nice, pleasing to the eye as well as the taste. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever;" this will apply to our food as much as any thing in the world, and to do this we must be careful in preparing our dishes, and also about the manner in which they are served.

Now I want to tell you how I cook green peas. First prepare the peas, then put a generous lump of butter in your kettle, heat boiling hot, pour in the peas, stir over the fire with a spoon until they are a bright green; have boiling water ready to cover them, add salt and pepper, cover close and cook thirty or forty minutes; add some milk or cream before taking up; they

are delicious. Boil beets until tender, skin and place in a dish; hash with a knife, add pepper, salt and a lump of butter; then vinegar to suit the taste, put in the oven and serve hot.

How many of the HOUSEHOLD readers have good gardens? The garden seems to be a much neglected part of farming in this section of the country.

M. S. P.

OKEMOS.

FROM DIXIE'S LAND.

I have been anticipating midsummer in Memphis as a time of general par-boiling. To my great relief the days thus far have risen and set, bringing no warmer weather than we usually have at this season in southern Ohio. We have slept under a light comforter every night, as after sundown the atmosphere cools rapidly, is even unpleasantly damp outside the house after dark.

The anniversary of "the day we celebrate" has not awakened much demonstrative enthusiasm in the ease-loving southerner. The small boy is forbidden the luxury of flinging about fire-crackers in this city of vast cotton sheds, but everybody is invited out to Estival Park to hear the big cannon boom at 2 o'clock P. M., get tworides on the toboggan and see the fireworks at night, all for 25 cents. Memphis, by the way, is not a picayunish Yankee city where an evening's amusement may be obtained without money and without price. In trade no pennies are used—nothing less than a nickel. The day has been most enjoyed, as are all holidays here, by the colored people, who flock into the city by hundreds, swelling the numbers to a dense crowd of all shades, from a light nankeen to ebony, which, viewed from an upper window, presents a grotesque and ludicrous picture represented by no other class. The "country nigger" is distinguished by cleaner clothes and a general indication of having prepared for the occasion. Those who live in the city generally own nothing except what they have on. Look upon them as the most hopelessly shiftless specimens of the human race. Since living among them I fear my sympathies are less active, though I shall never be able to join with those who so shamefully impose upon their ignorance. They are employed by white people to work for them without any regard to paying them. They are sometimes handed a pittance and asked to wait, which they do cheerfully. They even appear to think more of those who treat them roughly than of those who deal with them fairly. I see them in the stores clothed in rags, making the most senseless investments, as they are passed from one clerk to another with a wink that implies they are not to escape with any money. This is how the rich accumulate, and why they do not want white laborers who know how to count the dimes. I have never yet seen a white man here driving a dray, digging a ditch, carrying a hod or laying a rail. The colored men it is said hate white laborers as much as the employers, and do all they can to make a white man's life unbearable if compelled to compete with them in their employments. Verily, the South is not for poor white people in any capacity. The

"nigger and the mule" find an element in the drudgery, and those who enjoy social privileges must have money. This is my experience after a residence of almost one year, as also the uttered testimony of all northern people I have met who have been here any length of time. Those who have never seen the effects of slavery cannot conceive the arrogant indolence and selfishness engendered—to the third generation since the abolishment.

Memphis is a city of many magnificent homes, as well as hundreds of hovels of poverty; beautifully shaded streets and inconvenient distances, which are being rapidly spanned with street railroads; is a growing commercial center, but is wholly southern in traffic as well in social customs. The highest rank in either is conceded to those who have the greatest revenues, especially if secured to them without effort on their own part.

A visit to the country just after the prolonged rains gave me an idea of the tendency of the soil in this section to wash into deep gulleys, leaving the land untillable. It does not produce any of the grasses profusely enough to be of great value for grazing.

We visited a lady who is superintending her farm, and were gratified to find a southern woman brave enough to set aside the labor prejudice and work with her own hands; notwithstanding she dipped snuff incessantly, a not uncommon habit among numerous women of pretensions, though happily falling into disrepute.

In writing as I do from the standpoint of the plain American farmer who asks nothing but health and strength to rise early and wait on himself, it is with no feeling of antagonism toward this particular community, only a desire to give to others, who have been reared as I have been, the facts concerning what they must meet should they remove to this part of the country. I say unhesitatingly, that whoever is brave enough to come south to live by the labor of his hands, without a bank account, is bound to live in comparative isolation if not social ostracism for several years.

MEMPHIS, Tenn.

DAFFODILLY.

OUR NATIVE LAND THE BEST.

Although not a subscriber to the FARMER, it is taken in the family where I now reside, and I have been a weekly reader of the HOUSEHOLD for months. I have become quite interested in the contents of the little messenger, especially in the writings of E. L. Nye. She writes like a person who has "travelled;" and next to sketches of domestic life give me interesting incidents of travel. No novels or love stories for me, and if our young women, instead of spending their time over light and flashy literature, would store their minds with useful knowledge, they would make far better wives and mothers, and our daily papers would not be filled with such advertisements as "Hannah Smith vs. John Smith, divorce case," and the like.

When I so often see or hear the announcement that Mr. —, wife and daughters are to "spend their vacation in Europe," I wonder do they ever think of the—to them

—unknown wonders of our own land. Let them spend five years in the Rocky Mountains, (as I have done,) or even five months or five weeks; let them pass through the Royal Gorge, the Grand Canon, and Ute Pass, visit the Garden of the Gods, Glen Eyre and the Cave of the Winds, go through those mountain passes where the thunders roar and the lightnings flash, and where God's handiwork is piled up on every side, and then if they think there is nothing grand, sublime or magnificent in their own country, let them take a trip to Europe.

God willing, I shall return to my mountain home in a few weeks, and would like to take the HOUSEHOLD with me.

AUNT LUCY.

PAW PAW.

OUR LITTLE INVALID.

It is the Fourth, or rather the fifth of July, and mamma and I are keeping house alone; the rest of the folks are gone. Last Fourth I could not get about, and my little sister invited the little girls around, numbering about twenty, and they had a nice time singing, speaking pieces and the like, with refreshments at about six o'clock, on the lawn. I enjoyed it very much, lying at the door and watching them. I think that is a very nice way for people to let their children enjoy themselves on the Fourth, those who are too small to go among larger folks and learn the wicked ways of the world.

I suppose Violet has got through picking strawberries. I can not pick berries or any kind of fruit, but I have to pick over most all our berries, and stone all of the cherries and such work as can be done with the hands.

TEMPERANCE.

WOODSIDE.

[Beatrix accepts Temperance's invitation with thanks, and promises to call "some day," the next time she is out driving, if possible.]

A WORTHY ENTERPRISE.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Presbyterian church of this city have arranged for what they call the people's popular star course and summer series of lectures and literary and musical entertainments. Miss Helen Potter gave the first of the series—a literary recital. Camilla Urso, the renowned lady violinist gives a grand concert July 14, and Kate Field comes July 28th, with her lecture—"The Mormon Monster." I have a season ticket and expect to be as highly entertained by the last two as I was by the first one of the course. Miss Potter's elocutionary entertainments are of a high order; her impersonations exquisite bits of comedy, tragedy and farce. And as I sat there taking it all in, I wondered why in our country churches such lecture courses could not be gotten up by the ever indefatigable Ladies' Aid Society. These famous lecturers might not be available, and again they might if time and circumstances were taken by the forelock. But then, as now, when I got this far with my plan for giving the good people of the pleasant farms a chance to pass a most charming and profitable evening at the church, the hydra-headed "I can't," that keeps them at home, even when such opportunities come to the door, looms up in

my mind, and I am forced to confess that the only thing the Ladies' Aids can do is to buy bells and clocks and carpets and communion services, and send money to the heathen in Boorioboolahzah.

E. L. NYE.

FLINT.

E. L. NYE'S PERSONAL HISTORY.

Her back positively points an index in the Declaration of Independence (as you may possibly have guessed.) She was born under the plant Mercury, in the midst of a glorious mid-September sunset. (These, too, have their analogous consequents in her life and character, which may and may not have appeared to the "naked eye" of the spectacular HOUSEHOLD.)

Early in life, while yet, indeed, her feet swung beneath the "bench" and the floor between the "front seat" in the much carved old school-house, she became enamored of a vocation. She set her mark at its entrance gate, and at the age of thirteen had won the "certificate" that was her "open sesame." Duly she entered. Dutifully, and she trusts successfully, she labored there for several years. But no sooner had she reached the acme of her ambition therein, than duties developed by the death of her mother, set her in the midst of the cares and shelter of her Home-in-the-Hills. The years passed swiftly, uncounted, until lo, here am I. Yours faithfully,

E. L. NYE.

FLINT.

WHY GIRLS DREAD TO MARRY.

"I never desire to be an old maid, but I know so many women who would gladly be single again that I think I am safest and happiest; and though I shall probably follow their example some day, yet I dread to marry." This incidental remark of a young lady of twenty-eight, voiced the sentiment of many intelligent and lovable women.

The cause of the reluctance with which sensible women marry is set forth in that sentence, and in the fact that few of our young men of to-day are worthy the respect and admiration of a woman. "When I see a man like my father," said a bright young lady, "I know I will love him." And it is well that our young ladies have such a high ideal of manhood.

Another reason for their aversion to marriage lies in the fact that the average girls are now reared to habits of self-reliance and self-support, by which they can entertain and support themselves in a comfortable manner. Many husbands fail in this respect.

Fifty years ago a girl must "work out" for fifty cents a week or get married. Consequently a great many married young; but their daughters are full of the rebellion and pluck and purpose that will storm a citadel rather than follow their mothers' footsteps, and submit to their humiliations. And is it not better so? When they do marry, will they not have learned to "bear and forbear;" to over-look in a great degree the faults of the man whom they respect and love above all others? For by their contact with the world, they will have found all men lacking, and have been obliged to show charity toward them. Will they not have become so well schooled by their previous

fight for daily bread, that they will know how much the welcome smile and cheerful words will be appreciated by the tired laborer when he returns at night. I think so.

WILD ROSE.

BRIER CREEK.

CHAT WITH THE GIRLS.

I would like to say to Teeny that I think a sprinkling with white hellebore and water (a teaspoonful of hellebore to a gallon of water) will kill the pests that trouble her rose buds. An even teaspoonful is meant. But, although not positively dangerous to do so, I think if she has an appetite for eating roses, it would be as well to not indulge in it.

As nearly as I can remember at this remote period I was a little girl once, and I think I had a great liking for roses as a sort of a fairy food. I rather think I fancied their perfume entered the system and made the breath sweet. I am not sure whether I imagined the blushes of the leaves were transferred to the cheeks or not.

I love roses still, and all through their reign I like to wear them fastened on my bodice, where I can inhale their sweet fragrance. They are my favorites next to the pansy. That stays in blossom so long, and lifts up such an honest face to you, in addition to giving us such a sweet, delicate fragrance, that I install it as prime favorite.

I hope the girls will come again.

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

INDIAN MONEY.

Specimen collecting is now quite popular. Not long ago I received from Washington Territory a nice box of real Indian money. The lady who sent it to me says her husband collected it while trading among the Alaska Indians, and now having no use for it she sent it to me. The Indian money, or "wampum" as they call it, is a rare sea shell, an inch and a half in length, the size around of a large knitting needle, tapering, slightly bent, and hollow; the value of each piece was four cents. I have much more of this currency than I need for my collection, and will give what I have to spare to those who have none. Any one who would like a piece of Indian wampum may have it and welcome, if they enclose a stamp for postage.

MRS. F. A. WARNER.

EAST SAGINAW.

MORE CANNED CORN.

As the question of canning corn has come up so many times, I should like to give my experience on the subject for the benefit of L. A. R., or any others who may be disposed to profit by it: I cut the corn off the cobs as for cooking; pack it into the cans as tight as I can press it in, filling the cans almost full but not quite, leaving nearly an inch. Put the covers on, but do not screw them perfectly tight. Then put a board into the bottom of the boiler, (I beg leave to differ with the lady who advised putting in hay,) set the cans into cold water, heat gradually to boiling, then boil three hours without intermission. Have the water above the shoulders of the cans, not allowing it to be below that for any length of time. Have

the teakettle full of boiling water with which to fill it up at any moment. When done take the boiler off the stove, dip the water out, so as to get the cans out as soon as possible, and then screw down the covers perfectly tight. When using our corn put up in this way we found it just as fresh and good as if newly picked from the garden. If any one should be inclined to follow my method, I think they would find it satisfactory.

INTERESTED READER.

TECUMSEH.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

It is said that the satteen dresses, at once so fashionable and so handsome, if washed in borax water will retain much more of their original beauty, than if handled in any other way.

A GOOD method to clean painted walls is to pulverize some Bath brick, and after rubbing a little soap upon a woolen cloth, dip it in the brick and with it rub the walls. This will remove dirt without detriment to the walls.

TO MAKE a feather duster—which is, after all, no great addition to a housekeeper's outfit—take the nicest of the turkey's tail feathers, and sew them firmly to a strip of cloth an inch wide and six inches long. Use an old parasol stick for a handle, and around the end of this wind the strip of feathers firmly; add more strips till you have the bunch as large as you desire. Cover the strips, where they are wound on the handle, with a bit of red morocco leather, or plush or velvet.

ERNESTINE, in the *Colorado Farmer* says: In blacking and polishing stoves, for many years we have put on an old glove or mitten. This was better than getting one's hands so black and grimy, but a more excellent way has dawned. Of course everybody keeps their old paper bags handy. Envelope the hand in one of these, grasp the brush and proceed. The bothersome glove and thick, wooly mitten are both dispensed with. This is a little thing but the little things and small matters in life go far in the grand whole.

A BUTTER-MAKER whose product sells for double ordinary rates, tells the readers of *The Husbandman* how to make brine for butter:

"Take the best dairy salt and stir in hot water, as much as can be taken up or dissolved and a little more. When thoroughly stirred, so that the brine has become as strong as it can be made, strain through a tightly woven cloth, then set it away to cool. When cooled pour it on the packages; if a firkin, to the top of the chime that the supply may be sufficient for entering every vacant place. The same process is required when butter is packed in a jar or tub, the purpose being to exclude air, the brine serving this use effectually, and at the same time keeping its strength and operating in some degree as a preservative."

THE woman who is compelled to catch and kill the fowls for the table, may be glad to know how to do the former gracefully and in a dignified and easy fashion. The *N. Y. Times* recommends a scoop net, the handle seven feet long, stout but lithe

and light, like a fishing pole; the net of twine—a cabbage net, in fact, or a piece of fish net, with meshes only two inches wide and fastened to a hoop of No. 9 fence wire, with the ends of the hoop twisted together in the form of a shank to fix it to the pole. Armed with this and a little corn, she throws down the enticing bait within reach of the scoop and deftly dips up her victim, which is helpless to escape from the deep, purse-like, treacherous bag. There is no hurry, no racing around after flying birds, no unladylike expressions of disgust as the tail feathers come loose and the prey flies off with screams of terror and cackles of anger. A gentle dip and three or four birds are gathered in, and those left know nothing of it.

"CHIC" of Holly, asks whether type writing is a desirable occupation for girls. Yes, it is both desirable and suitable employment. In reference to the further question, whether situations are easily obtainable by beginners, we would say that inasmuch as type-writers are chiefly used in business offices, where speed and accuracy are essential, one conversant with the work would of course obtain a situation far more readily than a beginner. Yet it is axiomatic that you cannot become proficient without a beginning. If you wish to engage in this work, master it as thoroughly as possible, and obtain a situation, even if at very low pay, till you can command better wages by your speed and correctness. When you have once conquered the business you ought to have little difficulty in obtaining work. But remember it is skilled labor which wins.

In reply to "Aunt Lucy's" request to know on what terms she can obtain the HOUSEHOLD alone, we would say it is never sent except with the FARMER. The FARMER may be obtained without the HOUSEHOLD, but wherever the HOUSEHOLD goes the FARMER must go also. At the very low rate at which the HOUSEHOLD is furnished it would not pay to keep another mail list, which would be necessary if sent alone.

It is with great pleasure the HOUSEHOLD Editor acknowledges the receipt of fine cabinet photographs of M. S. P., of Okemos, and her "whole family," husband and son, the latter a smiling laddie of three years. Miss Mattie Fuller, of Fenton, has also kindly presented the Editor with an excellent cabinet picture of herself.

Contributed Recipes.

SPICE CAKE.—One cup of molasses; one cup sugar; two-thirds cup butter; one cup sour milk; three eggs; one teaspoonful each of soda, nutmeg and cinnamon; one-half teaspoonful cloves; three cups flour. Bake in two tins.

BESS.

COFFEE GEMS.—First take the yolk of one egg and a heaping teaspoonful of sugar and salt, butter the size of an egg. Beat all together a few minutes, and then take half a cup of sweet milk, and flour to make a stiff dough, with about two teaspoonfuls of baking powder stirred in the flour. Drop these into hot gem irons, set on the top grate and bake quickly.

CHIC.

HOLLY.