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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

ROCK-A-BYE, BABY.

"Rock-a-bye, baby, in the tree-top!
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,
Down tumbles baby and cradle and all."

Rock-a-bye, baby! the meadows in bloom,
Laugh at the sunbeams that dance in the room,
Echo the words with your baby tune,
Coo at the sunshine and flowers of June.

Rock-a-bye, baby! as softly it swings,
Over the cradle the mother love sings;
Brooding or cooing at even or dawn,
What will it do when the mother is gone?

Rock-a-bye, baby! so cloudless the skies,
Blue as the depths of your own laughing eyes;
Sweet is the lullaby over your nest,
That tenderly sings little baby to rest.

Rock-a-bye, baby! the blue eyes will dream
Sweetest when mamma's eyes over them beam;
Never again will the world seem so fair,
Sleep, little baby, there are clouds in the air.

Rock-a-bye, baby! the blue eyes will burn
And ache with the grief that your manhood will learn;

Swiftly the years come with sorrow and care,
With burdens the wee, dimpled shoulders must bear.

Rock-a-bye, baby! there's coming a day
Whose sorrows a mother's lips can't kiss away
Days when its song shall be changed to a moan,
Crosses that baby must bear all alone.

Rock-a-bye, baby! the meadow's in bloom,
May never the frost pall the beauty in bloom,
Be thy world ever bright, as to-day it is seen.
Rock-a-bye, baby! "thy cradle is green."

—London Reader.

ELMWOOD.

Within the confines of our beautiful city, often poetically called "the City of the Straits," lies another, a part of it, but in strange contrast to its noise and bustle; yet like it, in that it has its drives, its lots, its narrow dwellings, its crowds of inmates, young and old. We name it Elmwood, it is the Silent City, where sleep the dead.

On my first visit, I thought it the most beautiful spot I ever beheld, with its quiet and hush, so unlike the mad whirl of life outside, the noise of which seemed to be chastened and subdued before it broke upon the stillness within the walls. The entrance is through pretty gates, and down a gentle incline, at the foot of which is a circular basin backed by rockwork, from which jets of water splash over a tiny island of rocks, the misty spray being defined against the drooping willow boughs beyond. At the right, the road crosses a rustic bridge, on the left it follows the curve of what might have been the channel of a stream in ancient days, with high banks now smoothly sodded, and crowned

with gleaming headstones. Just before us, a broad path follows the crest of the bank, leading to the level ground above. Large beds of flowers are planted in the interval; the left bank this year has a great cross in foliage plants, with other symbols. There are many fine trees, which are well kept, and the grounds are beautifully tended, the grass being regularly clipped and the fallen leaves removed.

Here lie Detroit's illustrious dead, and we read the names of many whose names made Michigan's history. Lewis Cass's last home is marked by a high marble sarcophagus, bearing simply his name. In memory of Zachariah Chandler, the "old war-horse" in Republican politics, rises a single shaft of polished granite at least 70 feet high, whose base bears the one word "Chandler." The Firemen's monument is the goal of many out-of-town visitors; a tall shaft surmounted by the life-size figure of a fireman in his uniform. The lawn about it, which is defined by hydrants, is like a green velvet carpet, and the flowers at the base are carefully tended. The Waterman monument is probably the most beautiful and artistic of any in the cemetery. It is a broad slab, on which is sculptured a female figure as if passing through the air. It is called "Passing Away," and is the work of Randolph Rogers, the well-known sculptor, whose "Nydia" and "Ruth the Gleaner" have so often charmed visitors to the University museum at Ann Arbor. The hands are clasped over the bosom, the face upturned and veiled by a seemingly transparent drapery which floats backward. The features, beautiful in their calm repose, which may be termed the repose of expectancy, are clearly defined under the veil, though one marvels at the art which makes solid marble seem so ethereal. The hand and arm are exquisitely moulded, the bare foot most life-like. There are many sculptured figures of Faith clinging to her cross, Hope leaning upon the anchor, angels with too substantial wings poised for a heavenward flight, but none win the praise bestowed upon the emblem of the freed spirit "passing away" from the silence of the tomb to the happiness beyond. The old Irishman, whose Sunday suit was both tattered and soiled, took his pipe from his mouth as he passed our admiring group to say, "That the foinest monument in the whole cim'try. Luck at that arm, and thim finger-nails! It is beautiful, ye do well to admire it; it is most ex-cel-lent!"

There are a few quite old stones in this cemetery, laid flat upon the graves after the ancient fashion, and whose lichen-covered

inscriptions are deciphereable with difficulty. There are a number bearing date of decease in the 30's; and William Brown, who was born one hundred and ten years ago, and was a surgeon at Detroit when Hull surrendered it to the British, sleeps under a broad stone bearing his name, quite unconcerned at the wonderful changes which have come about since the "red-coat days." Beneath the inscription on the tomb of a deacon, who died when the century was young, we read the stern admonition, "Prepare to meet thy God," which to the light-hearted groups who saunter by must come with the literal force of a voice from the dead. Was it, I wonder, the wish of that old Christian that long after he had turned to dust and ashes, the insensate marble which to the world of to-day is the only record of his existence, should continue to warn his fellow mortals of the terrors of the Judgment Day?

How human nature crops out in the matter of epitaphs! One I read seemed more a recital of the virtues of the living than of the dead. A man notoriously unprincipled and immoral during life, is ascribed the virtues of a saint upon his tombstone. "Lies in marble." A name, with date of birth and death, marks the end of a life most beautifully begun, that of a young man who stood first alike in his classes and in the hearts of his teachers and fellow students, and whose eloquent valedictory address at the University was long remembered.

But it is at the farther side of the cemetery, near the wall, as if crowded even in death, that we find the graves the most numerous. Many are unmarked; most have but small and inconspicuous records. Here are buried those who own no lots, or who can buy but a small space, "only enough for a grave." "Heaven must be full of children," I thought, as I saw the rows upon rows of little graves, some scarce a span, so close together one is sure they can never be lonely. A great many are decorated with flowers, a few common blossoms in a cheap mug or tumbler, or a bright geranium growing over the still heart. Once I saw a child's rocking-horse, its gaudy trappings defaced by storm and sun, close beside a little new-made mound; and once a china doll, without doubt the one cherished possession of the little sleeper, laid upon a grave. It had rained, and the bravery of the bright dress had departed, yet the sight was pathetic. Picture the bereaved mother, poor, perhaps ignorant, laying her baby's best loved toy upon the sod above it, as richer mothers cover little graves with

costly flowers, with that hope, so common to us all, that somehow the lost may know of the love that follows them into the Spirit Land.

Is there a sadder sight than to see, upon lately made graves, the pillow with its inscription to "Our Mother," or "Dear Father," the cross, the crown, the sickle and its sheaf of bearded grain, the anchor or the "gates ajar," the flowers black with decay, the wire, the tin foil, the string, all the secrets of construction revealed, and these stale, faded emblems left upon the grave, week after week. So mourned, so soon forgotten! Or, alas for the frailty of our nature, can these be left thus to show the world how elaborate were the decorations at the funeral?

As we walked among the fallen leaves and the declining sunshine of an October afternoon, a funeral procession came by, the white hearse and tiny white coffin evidence that some home had lost its baby. Loving thoughtfulness had robbed the open grave of half its terror, it was lined with evergreens, and small evergreen boughs concealed the earth that was to be replaced. The little coffin was lowered into a green bower, and then that saddest sound that ever falls upon human ears, the clods upon the coffin lid, the rendering to earth its own, was heard.

As we rest awhile, in sight of these gleaming monuments, half ghostly in the haze of the late afternoon, one can hardly help moralizing upon the scene. Think of the bright hopes, the glorious anticipations, the happy lives, the useful lives for whose being the world was better, cut short by the reaper Death? Think too of the wicked schemes, the selfish plans, the unholy careers, ended, for this world, here! How many have been borne hither, with the bitterest pangs that can crush the heart; how many followed with the sense of a burden lifted! To this we all come at last, here all our ambitions tend.

BEATRIX.

HOUSEWIFE, SPARE THAT HAT!

There, Beatrix has been and done it! I was just about to rise and tell Mrs. W. J. G. many beautiful ways to use those plug hats, but Beatrix is so generous with her information and especially her advice, when she can introduce her pet theory of burning! I motion that Beatrix erect a crematory for useless articles and charge per basket or cartload, as the case may be; but Beatrix, please guarantee your patrons that it shall be hot enough to consume old hoop skirts and bustles. I find the stove is not hot enough for that, and how out of patience it makes the "good man" to try to take up wires or steels in the ash pail, when building the morning fires.

It may be a pleasant and profitable arrangement for Beatrix to burn up all articles that have become useless to her, but Mrs. W. J. G., I have raised more children than she has, and many times I have regretted that I consigned to the flames articles that I considered worthless.

Any one living in the country, where we have district schools, knows full well the thorough ransacking houses have for old hats, bonnets, dresses, etc., at the

annual school exhibition. Last winter my little boy wanted a plug hat very much to use at the close of school (and shall I tell it, at one of the meetings of our Farmers' Club). As my husband never wears one, he was obliged to look for one at a neighbor's, and an old hat was much more satisfactory. I think the real delight children experience looking over a chest or garret of antiquated clothing, and bringing them to light at exhibitions or home entertainments, fully repays the trouble of keeping them. I know a lady who ripped the silk covering from her husband's hat, (it was nice but he had ceased to like plug hats) and had a nice bonnet made of it for herself. Perhaps the covering might be used for some ornamental work, for there seems to be a place for every thing in the craze for ornamentation. I never had any experience with plug hats, as my husband likes soft hats best, and he wears them until I am glad to take Beatrix's advice, but I never yet cremated one without a search being made for it afterward, by him.

Evangeline and X. Y. Z., come and see me any afternoon, you need not send word. Stop by the way and invite Beatrix to accompany you. I know we will have a good time, and am sure we will enjoy it much better than a call.

I wish to say to I. F. N. that I enjoyed her description of the Soldiers' Home very much. I found I had a wrong idea of it, as I had supposed it somewhat like the one at Washington.

OLD SCHOOL TEACHER.

TECUMSEH.

LOVE AND KETTLES.

A certain young man gained the consent of his lady-love to wed. He was so overjoyed that he commenced to speak her praises to every one he met, which became almost tiresome. Before the wedding day he went to see his grandmother, and while shaking hands, began saying how lucky he had been, how pretty, how kind, how sweet, etc., his girl was. His grandmother said: "George, I always like to see the pots and kettles bright and shining, and if there is anything I hate to see, it is an untidy kitchen. I must see her kitchen before I pass my opinion." I sat me down, thinking about the fine feathers, the gay and gaudy dress, the lily-white hands, and the idea that when we are married it will be gayer and sweeter yet.

Young man, when you go to see your girl, do not always go with a horse and carriage in waiting, but go sometimes when she should be at the washtub and scouring the pots and kettles, and if she is cheerful and even whistling a little ditty, you may run your chances, convinced she is one who will help make an honest boy a happy home. Remember you must be active too. And girls, you too should sometimes see the boy you love in his work shop or the plow field, and if you can get him to help you set up the stove and put the pipe together, you will learn something else about him. When you get to keeping house and he returns home "tollworn and weary" you will be thinking about the sunbeam that sparkles so bright, the kettle of love that is boiling, and with heart true and

tender, he will work as for one, to keep you contented and make a happy home.

ANTI-OVER.

PLAINWELL.

"CORDELIA."

(Concluded from last week.)

"How would you like to go with me and work for me, and go to school until you become a young lady, then you could teach and never carry any more water up over the hills?"

"Would I be dressed like them uns?" she asked, pointing to a couple of young girls who were clothed in white.

"Yes," was Mrs. Ware's answer.

"There haint no use of me a thinkin' of it. My step-mammy would kill me first. She might let one of her young uns go, nothin's too good for them, and nothin's too bad for me." Having decided the matter in her own way, she took up her pails and walked up the rough stony path, carrying her load like an ox, never looking back nor stopping till out of sight.

"O! Mrs. Ware!" we all exclaimed in a breath; "What made you? you surely wouldn't take that ignoramus?"

"I surely would," she answered; "she would be perfectly beautiful if she was educated and bleached. Look at those eyes of hers, and such hair where it is not faded by the sun; then she has the sweetest mouth I ever saw." The lady became decidedly enthusiastic over the charms of the little waif, so we dropped the discussion.

Mrs. Ware was very eccentric as well as very rich, and a great favorite with us all; she was generous and unselfish especially to the poor, hence her interest in that little human pack-horse. We thought nothing more of the matter after discussing the girl's looks and manner of speech.

We had fairly settled ourselves again in the most lazy and comfortable way, had become interested in our thoughts and books, when the next we knew of any foreign matter, was the sound of the sweet childish voice in a somewhat higher key than formerly saying: "Missus, if you will take me I am ready to go; me and step-mammy had a fight en she smacked me in the face, because I was so long a gitten' water, en I told her I'd go altogether, en she could pack her own water, fer I know pappy won't, he'd die first; en she pushed me out the house en told me never to show my face there again. Now if you want me here I am, en if you don't want me I reckon I kin go some'rs else." There she stood, as stubborn as a young donkey.

Mrs. Ware was amazed. She had not counted on being taken at her word so soon. "Why, child! I cannot take you in that rig; with bare feet and that old rag of a dress. Have you no clothes?" "Yes, but there haint no use goin' after my tother dress en shoes, step-mammy won't give 'em to me." "I'll go with you," said Mrs. Ware. "Hain't no use I tell you," answered the young donkey in the most donkeyish way possible. Mrs. Ware started up the path, ordering the girl to follow, which she did, though every step she took was a protest against it.

They soon returned without any addition to the girl's wardrobe, nor would the

stepmother give the girl permission to stay there until Mrs. Ware could get some clothes for her. So we held counsel, each giving something until the child was in a fit condition to be seen by civilized eyes. Mrs. Ware was a person who never did things by halves. She took the girl home with her, found teachers for her, saying she would show the world that ignorance was not hereditary, that the "poor white trash" of the South were only ignorant for the want of advantages. Cordelia did not prove a very brilliant scholar but a very persevering one. She grew in beauty, as Mrs. Ware had predicted. After five years of study and cultivation, she became such a lovely woman that her benefactress was disturbed for fear that vanity would take possession of her protegee, but Cordelia's great common sense predominated. Mrs. Ware found in a short time there was no cause for alarm. What was stubbornness in the uncultivated child, became firmness and resolution in the woman. Taken altogether Mrs. Ware was very well satisfied; also felt fully repaid for the care she had taken with an obscure, uneducated child, whose life had been little better than that of a beast of burden. Cordelia had not seen her Tennessee home since she left it with Mrs. Ware; her father died a year after she left, she had no desire to see her stepmother, but had often thought of her half brothers and sisters. So when Mrs. Ware went to visit her friends Cordelia accompanied her, thinking perhaps she could benefit them in some way with her education, but she was doomed to disappointment. Her step-mother told her "not to be a comin' around her house with her big folks ways. She didn't want her gals spoilt by book larnin. She couldn't read nor didn't want to neither; it didn't take book larnin to tell a gall how to make a pone or milk a cow, en she was sure the boys could hoe coahn and grabble pertaters without a dictionary." I suppose to please the majority of readers Cordelia ought to meet a millionaire, who would marry her and take her to a palace where she would become world renowned for her wit and beauty. This being a true story nothing of the kind happened to her. She merely went back to the city, applied for a situation as teacher, which she obtained. She taught two years, then married a teacher and settled down into one of the most lovely and lovable wives and housekeepers one can find anywhere, perfectly happy in the love of a good true husband. What more does any one want?

The spring still gurgles up in the glen and runs down through the meadows to the river, where it adds its mite to the mass of waters. The same trees spread their branches to protect the fairy like nook from the blazing eye of the sun.

The pathway up over the hills looks as rugged and rough as it did that day which was the turning point of Cordelia's life. The stones perhaps are worn away a very little more by the many feet which pass over them. Cordelia's sisters carry the water over the path now, seemingly contented in blissful ignorance of anything better. If any doubt my story, let them come. I will take them to the glen to see the spring, also to the little unpainted house

where the stepmother lives; her high pitched tones are to be heard before one gets to the door.

She will invite you in and tell of her children's precocious ways, ending with the ungrateful stepdaughter's misdeed in deserting her home and going to live with the "big folks" and trying to be one of them.

ADELINE BUHL BAKER.
MORRISTOWN, E. TENNESSEE.

WHY NOT WHISTLE?

Whether A. L. L.'s article on whistling and other things, in a recent number of the *HOUSEHOLD*, was written to provoke discussion or was the result of indigestion I am unable to decide, but to that terrible order of beings called young folks, of which she writes, I would whisper so that A. L. L. may not hear, to you I extend my heartfelt sympathy. I would say (with all due respect for real modesty in all people, of whatever sex, age or color, and under all circumstances) that I am a lover of all musical sounds from whatever source they may originate. Though not a girl of the period but a woman so aged that my short locks are becoming frosted by the hand of Time, still when employed in the endless round of household duties, I sometimes relieve the monotony by puckering up my mouth and whistling softly some musical strain which comes to my mind. There is an advantage in whistling over singing, you need no piano accompaniment. Narrow-minded people are apt to be easily prejudiced; why it is considered more improper for a lady to fix her mouth in a position to whistle than in a position to sing I cannot understand. The good minister who shocked the old deacons by introducing a fiddle into his church choir finally made it all right with them by substituting the word violin for fiddle. Deacons of this stamp would undoubtedly make pharisaic prayers thanking the Lord they were not as other men were. Now I think the difference (as regards propriety) between whistling and singing as great as between these two musical instruments. It is one of the accomplishments for a young lady to be able to drive a well-trained, good-looking horse and it is equal to a game of ball for adding strength to the muscles and color to the cheeks.

I confess my admiration for long hair; when it is becomingly arranged, it is certainly an ornament to woman. At present the prevailing style of dressing this much abused article is not as ornamental as might be desired. Judging from observation this is the way they do it: First, to that portion of natural hair which is long enough to be kept from dangling over the neck and shoulders is tied with a greasy shoestring a huge switch, the whole is then formed into a beautiful coil which is fastened to the cranium by the aid of fifty or more rusty hairpins, two-thirds of which are saucily peeping forth from their twisted home; at this stage the coil and its appurtenances presents the appearance of a cogwheel which has too long been exposed to the winds and dews of heaven. Such a coiffure not only adds the finishing touch to a toilet but is liable to injure the brain of the one who wears it, thereby hindering her from writing well for the *HOUSEHOLD*. I would remark

right here that I could whistle quite well long before I adopted the convenient and sensible fashion of wearing short hair. As it has been my good fortune thus far in life to dwell in a quiet country place, I have not had the pleasure of being personally acquainted with any duds or dudesses, therefore I accept A. L. L.'s account of them as a correct one.

As to ladies voting, of course I'm in for that. I heard of one lady who said that she had voted three times and no whiskers had made their appearance on her chin yet. Upon hearing this one gentleman remarked that she did not keep her chin still long for the whiskers to start. If said gentleman's mouth had been examined there would unquestionably have been found a full set of teeth—each one a wisdom tooth.

Well, the world certainly does move. "Old things are passing away, all things are becoming new." "People are growing wiser as well as weaker." I cannot see in the signs of the times any danger of the world's getting in such a topsy-turvy condition as A. L. L. imagines, not if the older folks set a good example for the younger folks to follow, instead of ridiculing them for their thoughtless ways.

H. A. B. R.

WEBSTER.

FOR THE GIRLS.

One of our eastern exchanges thus describes "a plaque to be proud of," which any of our country ladies can make with a little pains and expense. The materials for gilding will be about the only money outlay, and these are not very expensive. The gilts cost from ten to twenty cents per bottle, the varnish 25 cents, and a brush twenty or twenty-five cents. Such an ornament is as beautiful as a picture, a handsome decoration for any parlor. And what a charming Christmas gift it would make for a city friend, to whom such woodland treasurers are inaccessible!

"The autumn is a time of special delight to the decorator. One of the things she will do will be to take a dozen fluffy thistles and as many cat tails, with a smoothly planed pine board, to her workroom. She will gild the board in dark gold. Around the edge she will tack two rows of rope, drawing them into a bow knot at the left hand upper corner, will fringe out the ends of the bow and then gild the rope and bow in bright gold. The cat-tails she will carefully touch in gold and will bronze the stems. She will gild the stems of the thistles and then spatter the liquid gold over their puff-ball tops till they sparkle like the sun. Then she will take a bunch of autumn leaves and gild them as near to nature as she can, leaving a few of the dark green and dull brown leaves to neutralize the whole. She will lay the cat tails on the board, grouping her thistles beneath them, and finishing with the leaves at the bottom. She will tie the bunch with a bow of coarse cord, and then gild the cord. The plaque is then ready to be hung up, and is a credit to anybody's room."

An ornamental and convenient wall-pocket is made by covering a large palm-leaf fan with silk. If the silk is thin put a sheet of white wadding under it, so that the ribs in the fan will not show. The silk must be put smoothly over it. The handle of the fan must, when it is hung on the wall, be at the left-hand side, not inclined at all, but pointing straight toward the left. A pocket is to be shirred on across the fan

it is cut rounding at the bottom and straight across the top. At the top of the pocket put a bow of ribbon; above the pocket on the plain silk work, in delicate gray etching silk, a spider's web, and at one side pin on a metal spider, which can be obtained at a milliner's store.

The ladies who have "put their whole soul into" a crazy quilt, have now the mortification of knowing their achievement is to be eclipsed by the new "jewel patch-work," which seems an improvement in labor and expense upon the "lunatic work." It is made of bits of plush sewed to a foundation with fine stitches, and the seams covered with gold braid, which is edged with tinsel. A harmonious arrangement of colors, blending with the glitter of the braid and tinsel, is said to be "exquisitely effective."

RECEIVING GUESTS.

Though long a reader of the *HOUSEHOLD* I have never appeared in its columns before; but now so strongly do I feel the force of X. Y. Z.'s argument of September 21st relative to company that I wish to give it emphasis by openly endorsing it.

My theory (from which I strive never to deviate in any essential) is to have my table, with linen clean, set from day to day with "bill of fare" sufficiently good for my family, food appetizing, with such dainties as my purse and strength will allow; then any chance visitor or expected guest shall be invited to it with no excuses from host or hostess, and a cordial welcome must supply other deficiencies.

If every housekeeper would make this her creed she would gain much. The time spent in preparation, the cash spent for extras, as well as the surprise and unnaturalness of the children over the same, and an ease in her entertaining born only of the consciousness that she has a mind of her own, and is "master of the situation." Of course an independence of this sort must in part be acquired, but like any other "method" it can be studied and practiced until perfected, to the infinite good of any would-be good housekeeper.

LANSEING.

DISHWASHING.

Beatrice not long ago gave us some very good advice in regard to "Saving Labor." Among other things she recommended draining the dishes, and suggested that dishes thus treated might be quite as clean and bright as those wiped on an average towel after a day's use. No exception is taken to her statement, but the point is raised that if dishes are properly washed and rinsed, the dishtowel should not be in an objectionable state for so much use.

There are many people who will "slosh" (no other word will express it,) their dishes through a little water, nearly cold, let them get nearly dry, then whisk a towel over them and they are clean. All visible dirt may be taken off, but to the touch, how rough and sticky! If dishes are thoroughly washed in hot, soft water, with soap added if needed, and nicely rinsed at once, they may be drained or wiped, and dish and towel be clean and satisfactory.

Pans will often develop rust as the tin is

worn off, despite good care. A separate cloth should be kept for wiping such things. Much has been said as to the material best for dish towels. While good linen toweling is the most satisfactory, any cloth that is clean will fill the bill. Much complaint we hear of "lint" comes from dishes being wiped out of lukewarm water, instead of having a thorough bath of hot water with drainage.

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A LADY of this city has found that small onions for pickling can be skinned very much more rapidly and comfortably by pouring boiling water on them and letting them stand in it a short time. The skins can then be quickly removed, and the eyes are not so affected by the strong odor as usual.

LISTEN, mothers! If a woman is obliged to do her own family sewing every tuck or ruffle that she puts on her children's clothes is a crime. The hour or hours spent in making an elaborate dress that baby will look "lovely" in is a waste of energy that a mother who does her own work cannot afford. Baby will look quite as lovely in her eyes in a plain slip, and if he has only his elaborate dress to recommend him to the eyes of others he might rather pass unnoticed.

QUINCES should be peeled, the parings boiled in water, then strained through a sieve, and this used instead of water in making a syrup for canning the fruit. Use one teacupful of sugar to two teacupfuls of this liquid. Steam quinces until a straw will easily pierce them, then drop into syrup and stew fifteen minutes. Can the same as apples. To make quince preserves, proceed as above, only using three-fourths of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit and boil till the syrup is rich and thick.

AN exchange says: "One of the surest ways to save is to have every dish well cooked, that nothing be thrown away as useless. Were all the money saved that is thrown out by unseasoned vegetables, underdone and overdone meats, burned cakes and pies, scorched oatmeal and rice, many dollars would be added to the savings of the house." And this is "gospel truth," and a great argument in favor of learning the best methods of cooking. To the above list might be added the waste of not using enough of sugar, butter, etc., to make food palatable, so that it is left untouched at table, and is finally thrown away.

DIRECTIONS for making a circus rug for the little ones are taken from *Babyhood*: Form gray canton flannel into a six-foot square. Cut paper patterns (in outline) of all the animals you can—as the cat, dog, elephant, rat, cow, horse, frog, rabbit, squirrel. Then cut them from colored flannel, carefully choosing assorted colors—as yellow, blue, red, white and brown. Use button-hole stitch to fasten these impossible-looking animals on the canton flannel. A few stitches with black or white cotton will form features, and help to define the body and supply the shading. This is so nice for baby to kick on that it will repay the trouble of making it.

THE *HOUSEHOLD* Editor acknowledges gratefully the faithfulness and constancy of the contributors to our little paper, and ascribes its success to the support it has received from the wives and daughters of the homes to which the *FARMER* is a visitor. But she wants more letters for its columns. There are many women in farm homes who read with interest what others say, and fee oftentimes that they would like to express their own ideas were they but sure of avoiding the dreadful waste-basket, that terror to the novice in writing, and that their letters would be acceptable. Dismiss such fears. "Don't cross a bridge until you come to it." Some of the letters that please you best were perhaps offered with as much timidity as you yourself can feel. A candid expression of opinion is welcome, whether in assent or dissent to views which have been expressed. We want to know your economies, in time and money as well as it labor; do not be ashamed of them, they are praiseworthy. And if you know of recipes for something "awful good," how selfish to keep the knowledge a secret! So let us have more letters; let those who have written once or twice write again, and those who have never written write speedily. It is a pleasure to the readers to greet a new contributor, and only the Editor knows how warm a welcome she herself has for them. We want letters on all sorts of topics suited to home and the family, descriptive, reflective, advisory. There is room for all. We ask, too, for those items which come under the head of "Household Hints," and would be glad if some of our housekeepers would give us some of their discoveries in that form; tested recipes are ever welcome. We hope also to hear from many of the new subscribers who gave their names to the *FARMER*'s agents at the fairs. The *HOUSEHOLD* extends a welcome and an invitation to join its membership.

Contributed Recipes.

SWEET APPLE PICKLE.—Take well flavored sweet apples, pare and quarter them. Boil till clear in a syrup made of two pounds of sugar to a pint of vinegar, with whole spices tied in a muslin bag. B.

ELDERBERRY PIE.—Line the bottom of the pie-plate with light brown sugar, then lay in the slices of one good-sized apple; then add two-thirds of a cup of elderberries, and more sugar, enough in all to make about half a cup. Sprinkle with a little flour, add the top crust and bake slowly. Although the mention of elderberries will make some "stick up their noses," I think those who will try the above recipe will find it excellent. I make my pie-crust after Lucille's recipe in the *HOUSEHOLD* of Nov. 10th, 1885, and consider it first class.

CHICK.

WASHING FLUID.—One pound sal soda; stone lime, one-half pound; soft water, five quarts. Boil in a brass or copper kettle, stirring occasionally, let settle and pour off the clear liquid into a jug and cork. To a half-boiler full of scalding hot water add one teacupful of this fluid; put in the clothes, having soaked them over night, and soaped wristbands, collars, and other soiled or stained spots; let boil half an hour. Some pieces may need a slight rubbing in the sudsing water, then rinse and hang out.