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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE CHILDREN WE KEEP.

The children kept coming one by one,
Till the boys were five and the girls were three.
And the big brown house was alive with fun
From the basement door to the old roof tree.
Like garden flowers the little ones grew,
Nurtured and trained with the tenderest care,
Warmed by love's sunshine, bathed in its dew,
They bloomed into beauty, like roses rare.

But one of the boys grew weary one day,
And leaning his head on his mother's breast,
He said: "I am tired and cannot play:
Let me sit awhile on your knee and rest."
She cradled him close in her fond embrace,
She hushed him to sleep with her sweetest song,
And rapturous love still lighted his face
When his spirit had joined the heavenly throng.

Then the eldest girl, with thoughtful eyes,
Who stood where "the brook and the river meet,"
Stole softly away into Paradise
Ere "the river" had reached her slender feet.
While the father's eyes on the grave are bent,
The mother looked upward beyond the skies;
"Our treasures," she whispered, "were only lent,
Our darlings were angels in earth's disguise."

The years flew by and the children began
With longing to think of the world outside;
And as each in his turn became a man,
The boys proudly went from the father's side.
The girls were women so gentle and fair,
That lovers were speedy to win;
And with orange blossoms in braided hair,
The old home was left, new homes to begin.

So, one by one, the children have gone—
The boys were five and the girls were three;
And the big brown house is gloomy and lone,
With but two old folks for its company.
They talk to each other about the past,
As they sit together at eventide,
And say, "All the children we keep at last
Are the boy and girl who in childhood died."

"WILD GIRLS."

The "wild" girl is a purely American institution. In every other country young femininity is tamed being turned loose in Society; in America we let down the bars and it cavorts at will in social pastures till caught by the lasso of marriage. Henry James gave us one type of American girlhood in "Daisy Miller," and American girls were not particularly pleased with the delineation; yet "Daisy Miller" is not a typical "wild" girl, only an unconventional one. And I think that if some clever satirist were to draw us a pen picture of the genuine untamed, as she is met with in circles which if not the most refined, the most exclusive, or the highest, are yet fairly representative of the great middle stratum of Society, we would very probably declare the likeness a caricature or a libel.

The wild girl usually aspires to promi-

nence in some circle or "set." She is in error at the outset, in mistaking conspicuousness for prominence. She especially covets admiration, and her "wildness" is assumed for the purpose of drawing about her the young men, and gaining attention. She discovers early in her career that flippancy and pertness will provoke laughter, she cares little whether men laugh with her or at her. She finds that girls who "push" and crowd themselves forward get the attention and the compliments; what does it matter that the latter are "fished for," and the invitations extorted? The young men laugh and are amused; and often, I am sorry to say, provoke her from one excess of folly to another, to see how far she will go, till that respectable sober-minded class whom she designates "old fogies" and "loves to shock," are really aghast at her indelicacy and daring defiance of even ordinary etiquette.

But there are some disadvantages in being a "wild" girl; for even "old fogies" have considerable weight in Society, and their disapproval is sometimes in the end too strong to be ignored. These antiquated ones are so unappreciative of the beauties of "wildness" that they accuse her of bad manners in interrupting her elders in conversation, in running shrieking through a crowded parlor, in telling young men to "dry up," "put up or shut up," or to "skip out," or trenching on the privileges of the other sex in saying "Now Charley, you're going to take me to the opera, are n't you?" These "poky old folks" have a way of condemning street flirtations and "pick-up" acquaintances, having such old-fashioned idea about introductions; and sometimes these middle-aged tongues can make quite sharp, biting remarks; though generally she is too absorbed in devices to be seen to care particularly how she is seen.

The wild girl has about her a train of youths, often quite callow and unfledged, who know a great deal more now than they will ten years later, who satisfy her longing for notice; she does not see that the "nice" young men, whose admiration she covets, pay butterfly visits to her and soon flutter away, first amused, then disgusted. Her court is constantly changing; it is as disorderly as King Petaud's; there is nothing to hold but noise and nonsense, the jingling bells and motley garb of Folly. She devoutly desires to make an advantageous marriage, but rarely does so. What sensible man wants a leering, frisking giggler for a wife? She may be pretty, but silly platitudes from

beautiful lips will weary; even a musical voice is unmusical in loud laughter, while always favors that are free to all are lightly held.

So the wild girl's lot, is, after all, "not a happy one." She sees other girls married, while she still lingers, a flower pretty well gone to seed in the "rosebud garden of girls." She hears remarks about herself which cut through even a wild girl's seasoned cuticle. Too late she realizes that a young man who is worth having does not choose a wife who has been Tom, Dick and Harry's "best girl," and that always to a man with the normal complement of good sense, there is a vast difference between the girl he seeks and tries to win, and the one who seeks to win him.

Our wild girl labors under a further disadvantage in being often misunderstood. She may be simply silly or imprudent, disregardful of social conventionalities, without being bad in heart or morals. But she is constantly liable to be mistaken for one of the bad ones, because her loud talk and laughter in public places, her freedom of speech and manner, and conspicuous dress, are after the fashion of Phyrne of the brazen stare. She thus encounters dangers the modest, quiet girl never experiences; in fact, she invites danger. She never knows the respect and admiration in which these lady-like girls are held. Some one has compared the American girl to a flower, saying: "Nothing can be freer than the wild rose dancing in the breezes and sunshine; but then, nothing is sweeter or more natural. It needs no tall hedges for protection. It has its own little thorns and can use them." And yet, half the beauty of the wild rose is in its environments, its retiringness, its inaccessibility. When its petals are crushed apart, its thorns bent and broken down, who cares for it!

The career of the wild girl is not fit subject for commendation. She makes her friends ashamed of her, and till she becomes so brazenly defiant that she really cares nothing for the opinion of others, conscience and good sense goad her with innumerable tiny stabs of shame and regret. And when she gets grey and wrinkled, and sees other wild girls making idiots of themselves, just as she used to do, the sight would seem to call an autumnal blush to her hardened cheek as she recalls her own career.

No, girls, it does not "pay," in any sense, to be "wild." Better be "wall-flowers" than resort to the wild girl's methods. Better keep the respect and ad-

miration of the "old fogies" than be renowned for flippancy. There is one thing we are none of us strong enough to do, and that is defy Mrs. Grundy by reckless disregard of decorum and good manners. We may rebel inwardly, but we must obey outwardly, and none of you can afford to be "wild."

BEATRIX.

AMUSEMENT FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

I have been looking over some back numbers of our *HOUSEHOLD*, and read Mrs. W. J. G.'s mode of amusing children in pleasant weather, (viz., a pile of sand or fine gravel, and small shovels or old iron spoons). My thoughts went back many years, to the time when there was a little boy, an only son, in our home, and when the weather was too severe for out-door sports, I furnished him with several small bags, made of stout twilled cotton cloth, each one holding half a pint of corn, or other grain. These he would fill from a box or small pail of grain, and load his little cart, going to imaginary markets many times a day.

Another in-door amusement is a box made of planed pine boards, and the size used for a foot-stool, a paper of tacks, and a good-sized tack-hammer, with a claw. A child will soon learn to drive the tacks in the form of letters, a star, or some design that mamma can draw with her pencil, cautioning him to not drive the tacks in too far, so he can draw them out easily, thus making one paper of tacks last a long time. When tired of it, turn the box over, and place hammer and tacks within. What if I did have to sweep up a little corn sometimes, or pick up a stray tack!

Since those days, that boy grew up to manhood, graduated from the high school at Ann Arbor, afterward from the law school in the same city, practiced his profession with success a few brief years at our county seat, and only two months ago was stricken with disease, and after a few days, Death took him, and we laid him beneath the sod. None but those who have been thus afflicted can know the depth of our sorrow. Do you think I now regret any labor performed, or sacrifice I may have made? Mothers! be patient with your restless little ones, and do not think an hour lost you spend trying to amuse or interest them in the long winter that is coming.

A FARMER'S WIFE.

PINCKNEY.

THE SICK ROOM.

We have had some excellent letters in the *HOUSEHOLD* on the care of the sick, and toothsome recipes for dainties to tempt a variable appetite. Yet nothing has been said with reference to two most important points, the arrangement of the sick room, and what should be done after the convalescence or death of the patient. Many a serious illness has followed neglect of proper disinfection of the sick room and its contents, and some hints as to what should be done may be timely.

In the first place, as soon as a person is known to be seriously ill, he should be removed, if possible, to a room remote from

the family living rooms; if such removal is impossible, then the noise and bustle of the home should be transferred to other rooms. The most commodious and airy room in the house should be chosen for the sick, even if it be the sacred best parlor. Most of us know instances where a sick person has been nursed in a bedroom off the dining room or kitchen; this is cruel to the sick and most imprudent for the living. The air from the sick room, laden with the imperceptible emanations from the feverish patient, is diffused through the rooms and breathed into healthy lungs, while the odors of cooking, etc., annoy the sick. I heard of an instance, once, where a woman, sick of a dropsical affection, occupied a room off the living room, which was used for kitchen and dining room, and from which opened another bedroom, occupied by other members of the family. A safe containing milk was kept in the living-room, and the butter-making continued as usual. No wonder that "a visitation of Providence" removed the sick woman to a better world, and that others in the family had a "close call." The unnecessary furniture, pictures, draperies, etc., should be removed, a bed put up, placing it so that the light from the window will not dazzle the eyes of the occupant, and if the disease is contagious, the carpet, and everything except what is absolutely essential, must be removed. Rugs, or strips of old carpet, may be laid down about the bed to deaden the footfalls of attendants, or better, the attendant may wear soft list slippers, which are next to noiseless.

In the case of contagious diseases, isolation of patient and attendant should be as complete as possible. No article should be taken from the sick room to other parts of the house, after use in the sick room, unless disinfected. The linen from the bed, and that worn by the patient, should be washed by itself, and the water used in washing it not thrown into the usual drains, but emptied in a place by itself, and liberal applications of lime or copperas water made there. [I am writing this more particularly for the residents in farm houses, where there are no sewers.] In case of diphtheria, small-pox, scarlet and typhoid fevers, all alvine discharges from the patient should be disinfected with copperas water, or some equally powerful disinfectant, and buried, while those from the mouth and nose should be received upon soft cloths which should be promptly burned. The dishes used in the sick room should be washed by themselves, the towels, etc., kept separate from those used by the family. Every possible precaution against the spread of the disease should be taken. No visitors should be allowed in the sick room; it seems hard to deny the dying mother a last look at her beloved children, whom she must so soon leave, yet the last fond caress is often death-laden. Princess Alice, daughter of the Queen of England, took diphtheria from her little daughter's lips in a last kiss, and mother and child sleep together.

And after the patient has passed into that stage of convalescence which permits removal to another apartment, or after the solemn commitment of "dust to dust

ashes to ashes," has been made, what is to be done? Whether the disease is contagious or not, cleanliness and a regard for the health of the survivors demands immediate and complete purification of the apartment and its contents, even at the cost of an entire renovation. A room that is not papered is best for a sick room, then the cleansing whitewash can be liberally applied; boiling water with copperas or carbolic acid in it should be used upon the floor; and the carpet—well, there ought not to be a carpet to clean, but if there must be, a thorough beating, sunning, or exposure to the air for some time, should be given it. If strips of old carpet are used, they can be effectually purified by boiling water and copperas, carbolic acid, or the like, and kept for use again. The bedding should be washed, every bit of it. A straw mattress with several thick comforters spread over it, makes a comfortable bed, especially in hot weather, and one easily purified. I hardly know what to advise in reference to a feather bed, particularly if the disease was contagious. I would not use such a bed.

We cannot be too careful and painstaking in time of sickness, and I am well convinced that the "all run down" condition which prevails in a family after the serious illness and perhaps death of a member, is due not entirely to the physical fatigue and strain upon the nerves of the survivors, but is intensified by the carelessness or want of knowledge which neglects proper sanitary precautions after death.

Were I building a house, I think I would try to have one room which should be conveniently situated and furnished for use in case of sickness. It should be known as "the hospital," have an outside entrance, as well as communication with other rooms, and especial attention be paid to ventilation.

BEATRIX.

COMMENTS.

I have long thought I would mingle with the *HOUSEHOLD* contributors, but time and matter seemed to be lacking. Of late my stove has seemed inclined to rust, and as it is new I would like to have a little information as to the best method of keeping it clean and black. It is a Garland cookstove and has never been washed. I have used the Rising Sun polish mostly. I have not kept house many years, so do not know it all.

I like the *HOUSEHOLD* very much. I calculate to take in the whole of it, and as much as I can of the *Advance*. My reading seems to stop about there, for the past few years; as I can not read to rest, like many.

We were at the St. Johns fair, and I wonder if I met Oriana? I wonder if she felt I did, disgusted with fairs. Will the time ever come when farmers will have a fair to compare farm products, stock and skilled work, one which will improve as well as please, instead of these side shows and gambling dens, which are furnished by the powers that be? I would say that I used to teach school. Would you think it? Alas, I seem to be one of the "has been's." I used to love the work too, so much I fear I am a little like Lot's wife, but the passion

is somewhat assuaged by the weekly meeting with some little folks in the Sunday school.

I do not think it at all out of place for a girl to play ball, if she is reasonable; she can be a lady on the play ground; in fact I have set the example, and never felt that I compromised my dignity. An appropriate time and place should be chosen, it seems to me, and no harm need be done.

VICTOR.

TRUEDE.

ALL FRAUDS.

A correspondent wishes to know Beatrix's opinion of the firms in our large cities which advertise to send work to be done at home, promising good pay and light work. Beatrix's opinion is that they are frauds, and she would not waste even a two cent postage stamp on such advertisements. Generally the schemes are worked thus: A circular is sent in reply to each application saying the work is coloring photographs, or Kensington or other embroidery, as the case may be, which the firm agrees to pay for liberally; but either a "small deposit as evidence of good faith," to "secure the firm for the goods," or some such excuse, is demanded, or else the applicant must purchase the materials for doing the work. Whatever the scheme, the too-confiding individual who forwards the "small deposit" either never hears from it again, or receives in return some trash which is far below the worth of the money sent. A young lady of this city obtained "work" in this way, and in return for the small amount of money sent received a small piece of cotton velvet, stamped with a half-obliterated pattern, to be embroidered. Though she does beautiful work, she was notified, per postal, after several letters asking for the money deposited and the pay for her labor had been despatched, that the work was so poorly done they could not pay for it.

In another instance the money was to pay for materials, which were sent and proved to be worth about one quarter of the sum charged for them. The work was returned but pay was refused, "the execution not being up to the standard." Some of the enterprises may do a legitimate business, but their methods render them justly objects of suspicion.

In one of our interior towns, not long since, a young man worked this scheme at shorter range than usual. He induced a number of ladies to take lessons in coloring photographs, promising them steady work at good prices, and collecting his pay for lessons, materials, etc., in advance. As soon as he had his victims "trying their 'prentice hand'" on cheap pictures, he left town and has not since been heard from.

I would not advise any one to put faith in these advertisements. The advertisers are cunning, they keep within the limits of the law, transgressing its spirit, not its letter. They usually receive mail at a box at the post-office, or hire desk room in some obscure building on a well-known street. When they have gathered in the harvest of small coin—for their bait is skillfully managed, they ask but a small sum from each, but which collected from their many victims aggregates a good income for them—they are as easily lost to their dupes as the proverbial "needle in a haystack."

Last winter an agent with a seductive smile and talk enough to crack ice, victimized a number of ladies in this city in this fashion: For a small subscription, two dollars, I think, he promised the reading of all the issues of the Franklin Square library. This includes not only much good light literature, but also a considerable portion that is "solid" and not obtainable in cheap form elsewhere. The books were to be kept at a certain locality and new ones to be added as published. The project looked "lovely." He took the two dollars in every instance where he could get it, and if his victims could not or would not pay it down he obtained their signatures to his book and would "call later." He "called later" on a friend of mine, who said her cash would be forthcoming promptly when the "library" was established and the books ready for perusal. He blustered awhile, then left, only to call a few days after, and repeat the bluster. She refused to pay until the books came. Shortly afterwards she received a letter saying suit would be begun to enforce payment unless payment was prompt, on which the agent received an invitation to begin suit at his earliest convenience. A letter from a well-known legal shyster was received in a short time threatening prosecution, to which no attention was paid, and that was the last of it. No books were received; no "library" has been started.

Keep your money, unless you know where it is going, and have reasonable hopes of dealing with responsible parties. And remember, in a wicked world like this, where saints and sinners are jumbled together, with an alarming superabundance of the latter, that you need never expect to get "something for nothing" from even these philanthropic individuals who labor to do good to humanity.

WHISTLE IF YOU LIKE.

Well! to be sure! how many random shots will strike a mark, and how many unsuspected corns we tread upon in walking about "promiscuous like." Oriana can't see any harm in "girls whistling at home," and H. A. B. R. confesses to "whistling softly." It may be these mild statements will be taken as tacit admission of a doubt of the propriety of the custom, as a general performance. Don't be bashful, ladies; A. L. L. is ready to face any music, even whistling; and you may speak out loud in meeting, and not put yourselves to the trouble of whispering.

To avoid all possible chance of misconception, I assure the HOUSEHOLD ladies that I am not critical as to the fashions followed by our young people; or older ones, either, so long as they are kept in moderation. I have no objection to bangs, if they will leave a suggestion of a forehead. I admit short hair to be becoming to some heads, and the wearing of it in that way more sensible and healthful than the way described by H. A. B. R., but "allee samee" in my observation whistling and short hair go largely together, and with all deference to dissenting voices, I am not convinced that whistling and singing are as near alike as a "fiddle and violin."

I fancy the most ardent advocate of

whistling would, in practice, find many places where she would sing where she would not whistle.

I am heartily glad that the starting of the question has added another able contributor to the columns of the HOUSEHOLD, one of firm convictions and fearless mind; ready to defend them and given a reason for her faith. Such unprejudiced, fair-minded people are needed in every community and circle, to keep lesser lights from being befogged in their own mists, and lost in their own misconceptions. But, let me explain that indigestion was not the cause of the criticized article. I am not of a bilious temperament, nor am I subject to the bonds of gall and bitterness; but am always amenable to discipline, frankly invite criticism, and thoroughly enjoy a good literary "rubbing down," as it conduces to variety, which is the spice of life.

So, H. A. B. R., sing with or without "accompaniment," whistle to your heart's content, but do not forget to visit the HOUSEHOLD again.

I would say to Oriana I do not object to girls playing ball, but if they learn to "throw balls like a boy," a hitherto acknowledged impossibility of nature is overthrown, and an avalanche of other unsuspected possibilities invited.

Although H. A. B. R. "sees no signs of topsy-turvy conditions," she gives very convincing testimony to its truth, in saying, "Old things are passing away, all things are new."

I cordially congratulate the voting lady on her escape from a hirsute chin, and advise her to keep it in motion if that will save her. She will not envy the gentleman his "full set of wisdom teeth," in her gratitude for his valuable suggestion.

INGLESIDE.

A. L. L.

BUTTER-MAKING.

This topic is one of interest to most farmers' wives, to the older ones, who wish to keep themselves conversant with the new methods, and especially so to the younger, who have much to learn, and wish to know the best ways. From an article in the *U. S. Dairyman* we take the following, not because the ideas are new, but because they are worth a practical application:

"From the fact that sweet and sour cream require different temperatures for churning, the two should never be mixed. They cannot be churned together without loss. At least twelve hours should intervene between the churning and the last addition of cream, that the whole mass may become in the same condition. Thorough mixing of the cream by stirring helps secure a uniformity of condition, but time or oxygen is an important element in the problem.

"Use only the best salt in your butter and incorporate it with the butter in the best manner. Do not grind it into the butter by working the salt in while undissolved, but keep the mass of butter in a granular condition, sprinkle the salt over it and carefully stir it in. The butter should be at a temperature of 58 degrees or below

"The use of brine among butter makers is much more popular than it used to be. It is now used by many in washing butte

and some salt their butter only by brining it. If brine is used in washing and fresh water is not subsequently used, brine salting will make the butter as salt as it ought to be, or as most people like it. But if washed with fresh water, more or less of the water will remain in the butter, and this will weaken the brine. A better way of salting is to leave the butter in a granular form, and drain out the water until just enough is left to dissolve the salt, then sprinkle on the salt and carefully stir it in at a temperature of 58 degrees or below. This will give an even salting and obviate working. All that will be needed will be to press the butter together into a solid mass. But only fine, even-grained and easily dissolved salt should be used, and that of the finest kind.

"A good way to prepare brine for salting butter, or for any other purpose where a pure brine is needed, is to first boil the water, skinning off any scum, and then dissolve in the water all the salt that it will take up. Let the brine itself come to a boil. Put in salt enough so that a little will settle on the bottom, in an undissolved condition. In this way, the brine is sure to be a saturated one. Then let the brine cool and settle, taking the scum off from the top with a skimmer. When thoroughly settled and cooled, rack off the brine and put it into a clean, sweet tub or jar for future use, being sure to keep it carefully covered so that no specks, dirt, dust, flies, bugs or other insects can get into it. In this way a quantity of brine may be made and always kept on hand for use. It is good to work or salt butter with, and is specially handy and useful to pour over the tops of packages that are to stand, so as to exclude the air.

"The secret of packing butter and keeping it in good condition consists in making the packages air-tight or in excluding the air from the butter. In wooden tubs, of course the air will come in contact with the contents. But let the tub be thoroughly saturated with pickle, and over the top of the butter spread a thin cloth (which ought to have all starch or dressing washed out of it and then be scalded before using,) letting the edge come up a half inch or more around the tub. Then cover the cloth with a half inch or more of salt and moisten it with pure water—indeed, put on water enough to make a brine, and keep it there, but not water enough to dissolve all the salt. This will almost completely exclude the air and put the butter in the best condition to keep, but a cool sweet place to keep it in is necessary. If kept very cold, however, as in cold storage, it will soon go off flavor when exposed to a high temperature."

YEAST FROM THE START.

Not long ago one of our correspondents made inquiry about the right way to start yeast "from the beginning." No one has made answer, hence we give the following from an exchange:

"Boil for one half hour one ounce of hops in two quarts of water. Strain and cool to milk warmth; then add half a handful of salt and one-quarter pound of brown sugar. With this mix smoothly one-half pound of flour. Cover and keep where you would

bread to rise, stirring frequently. The eighth day wash and boil and mash without paring one and one-half pounds of potatoes. When milk warm add to the yeast and return to its place, stirring as before. Let it stand till the next morning, when, after straining through a fine colander, it is ready for use. One large spoonful of yeast to a pint of water for bread. Keep the yeast in a jar on the cellar floor, covered with a plate. It will keep three or four weeks in warm weather, and in cold till used up. Even when it seems quite sour it does not affect the sweetness of the bread."

We would be glad if our friends would kindly send us replies to the inquiries made through the HOUSEHOLD. Do not think others will write and you can be excused. If all act on that thought our young housekeepers will not get the help they ask for.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A FEW fine clusters of grapes may be preserved for dessert on Thanksgiving, or for some other great day, by selecting those with long stems, carefully removing every broken or imperfect grape, and then enclosing each cluster in a paper bag, tying it closely and hanging it to a nail in a cool room.

It is said that the very finest coal ashes, that deposit of dust which settles on the ledges of the stove, is "the very nicest thing in the world" to clean discolored nickel ornaments. The HOUSEHOLD Editor can bear witness that such ashes are very effectual in brightening silver, and in her limited housekeeping economy are preferred to whiting, etc.

SALT pork will sometimes get "rusty," the usual name applied to a somewhat tainted or soured condition. This is sometimes due to impurities in the salt, too weak brine, or to the meat not being entirely under brine. As in many other cases, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," but a remedial measure is to soak the meat, after it is cut for frying, in water in which a teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved. Rinse in clear water afterward, before frying.

THERE is not much encouragement to the ladies who have taken up silk culture to enlarge their incomes in a recent circular sent out by the Commissioner of Agriculture, who is desirous of buying a few thousand pounds of dry cocoons for which the highest price which will be paid is \$1 15, and this only for such as will produce one pound of silk from four pounds of raw material. He further says that in this country but few raisers produce cocoons of such quality as will command the maximum price quoted. The charges of transportation must be borne by the shipper, who is instructed that it is advisable to send a sample of the cocoons before shipment.

How many of our HOUSEHOLD readers examined the "Eureka dishwasher," exhibited at our State Fair? No one has told us anything about it. Here is a description of it taken from an exchange. How do you think you would like it? "The dish-washer was a tub or tank about 2½ feet in diam-

eter and 20 inches in height, made of galvanized iron, from the top of which projected a shaft with gearing and crank *a la* ice cream freezer. Near the bottom of the tub, attached to the shaft, was an agitator, which might be compared to a turbine water-wheel; or, perhaps more properly, to an iron turbine windmill, and when the shaft was turned rapidly by means of the crank and gearing, the arms of the agitator 'scooped up' the water that had been placed in the washer and threw it upward with considerable force. Just above the agitator, upon a rack made of wire, are placed the dishes upon edge. When the dishes are in place the covers are closed and the crank turned about two minutes, when it is claimed that the dishes will be perfectly cleaned. If the victuals have been allowed to dry upon the dishes before they are washed, it will be necessary to give the crank a few turns, then do some other work while the dishes are 'soaking.' After the dishes are thoroughly cleaned, the water is drawn off, hot water put in, the crank given a few turns, the water drawn off again, the cover raised, and the dishes wipe themselves."

M. W., of Ionia, would be glad if some of the HOUSEHOLD readers will tell her how to make an afghan, and also a lamp-mat. The prettiest mats for this purpose the HOUSEHOLD Editor has ever seen, to her taste, are those in shades of red or green, which are, we believe, known as "moss" mats. They are made by tying strands of the wool with the same color, and cutting it, but we do not know just how. Will not some one give us directions for this and other styles?

Contributed Recipes.

BOSS GINGERBREAD.—One cup molasses; one tablespoonful sugar; one ditto butter; two teaspoonfuls soda; two-thirds cup boiling water; one-fourth teaspoonful salt; spice to taste. Put the molasses and sugar in a bowl, add one teaspoonful soda, then the butter, mixing well. Stir in flour until it is very stiff, as stiff as it can be stirred. Dissolve the other teaspoonful of soda in the boiling water, stir this into the other ingredients; it will be like rich cream; bake immediately. This will make two tinsful.

SPONGE CAKE.—One tumbler sugar; two eggs; two teaspoonfuls baking powder in one tumbler flour; half tumbler water. Flavor with vanilla. This is excellent to bake in layers for jelly cake.

CORN STARCH CAKE.—Two cups sugar; one cup butter; whites of six eggs; three teaspoonfuls baking powder; one cup sweet milk; one cup cornstarch; two and one-half cups of flour. Flavor with lemon.

GRANDMOTHER'S COOKIES.—One and a half cups sugar; two eggs; one cup butter; one cup sour milk; one teaspoonful soda. Nutmeg.

FRENCH CAKE.—Two cups sugar; half cup butter; three cups flour; three eggs; one cup sour milk; one teaspoonful soda.

DETROIT.

MRS. C. W. J.

SPRING-BLOOMING BULBS

I have spring-flowering bulbs for sale at the following rates: Hyacinths, double, 20c each; one each of red, blue, yellow and white, 75c. Roman Hyacinths, 20c. Tulips, single, scarlet, white and yellow, 5c; double, 8c; mixed, 50c per dozen. Narcissus, double or single, 8c; mixed, 50c per doz. Crocus, mixed, 30c per doz. Lily of the Valley, 25c; Day Lily white or blue, 25c. Paeonies, red, white and rose, 25c each. MRS. M. A. FULLER, Box 297, Fenton, Mich.