

# MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, NOVEMBER 2, 1886.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### BEREAVED.

Dead! How the thought goes rushing through my brain.

Dead! But my poor heart cannot understand; Although my tears and kisses fall like rain, And though I clasp in mine the icy hand.

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These pallid hands gave back each clasp like this.

Often I've stood beside the bed of death Counting the heart-throbs as life ebbed away; Waiting and watching for the latest breath, But never knew its meaning 'till to-day.

It looks so long, and drear, and dark and lone If I must travel on and never see— Through all the devious way to mortals known This living presence cheering, guiding me.

We drop a friendly tear with those who mourn, Try to console with sympathizing tone, But never know the grief those hearts have borne

Until death takes from us our very own.

### A TRIP TO TRENTON.

On one of the beautiful afternoons of late October, I took the train on the Toledo division of the Michigan Central, which is still best known by its old name, the Canada Southern, and was carried swiftly through low-lying fields, with here and there glimpses of the river, past the little French town of Ecorse, whose inhabitants seemed to have all gone fishing, past Wyandotte, which the "laziest man" spelled Y&—with its rolling mills and furnaces, to the village of Trenton, on the bank of the Detroit river.

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to two channels by Grosse Isle, set like an emerald in its blue waters. The wheat fields upon the island are green as summer in the waning sunlight, while the russets and golden browns and grays of the woodland are mellowed and softened like the tints of an old painting. At the upper end of the island is a belt of natural forest trees, ancient and stately, the turf beneath them like a velvet carpet for softness and smoothness. Below, like a substantial spider's web, the draw-bridge of the Canada Southern stretches from shore to shore, the second largest bridge, in length of draw, in the world. A little ferry boat, the Jalma, comes puffing and snorting from the opposite shore; she will bring you across in two minutes and a half, and if you are in a very great hurry, can do it in two minutes. A few sail boats sweep noiselessly by, like huge birds with dun pinions, and the great bridge yawns portentously to permit their passage. The view was beautiful indeed, even though the landscape was clothed in the sober hues of late autumn, and the shining water had a suggestion of chill in it. It needed little imagination to picture the scene in summer's glory of leaf and flower, under a glowing sky, and with the river alive with little boats darting hither and yon like overgrown water spiders.

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noted in the fact that the more you ride on your commutation ticket, the cheaper you travel. Trenton is not a manufacturing town; its principal industries are Craig's ship-yard and Seymour's stave and bolt mill, hence the village is quiet, with little of the rough, unruly element found where manufacturers centre. There is not even a newspaper, to chronicle the small talk and give *ad nauseam* doses of that "awful nonsense" that passes as "society" news. Real estate is low, and fine sites for summer cottages or suburban villas are to be had cheaply. The cost of living is much less than in the city, while the local gardeners supply the home markets with fresh fruits and vegetables, or supplies can be sent down on the saucy little "Massasauga" for a trifle. There are some pretty drives about the town, and the roads are exceptionally excellent, the road-bed being filled in with broken stone and covered with earth, making a way as hard and almost as level as a table. The streets are wide and regularly laid out; and the residents can take their religion in three styles, Episcopalian, Methodist and Catholic, the three churches being located almost side by side; an concentration of externals not, I fear, copied spiritually. There are two school-houses, and a good-looking brick hotel.

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"Sermons in stones, books in the running brook And good in everything."

And where can one chance upon a more beautiful spot for a summer home than here, high above the shining river, an ever-changing panorama of sky and stream and forest ever before him, and with the "creature comforts" of a hammock, a book, and a sunshiny day, at hand? BEATRIX.

LEARNING to leave undone things that are of no special importance is one of the housekeeper's greatest accomplishments. The woman who can educate herself to seek out new inventions to aid her work, and to vary the routine of her work according to her physical condition, and above all, who has courage to simplify her living so that she does not spend her days in the kitchen making pies and cookies and doughnuts, is an apostle in a much needed housekeeping reform.

found, about fifteen years ago, it was fenced with pickets driven in the ground. The orchard occupies about five acres, on which the Indians planted wild plum and apple trees, which bear fruit every year. There are large Norway, white pine, spruce and balsam trees scattered over the place; the limbs have grown like shelves from the ground up. The present owner of the land has put improvements on it. There have been no Indians here for years.

SPINSTER HOMESTEADER.  
PRESQUE ISLE COUNTY.

SCRAPS.

I LONG ago "gave up the job" of revolutionizing the world and making it run according to my notions. I claim for myself a liberty of opinion which I am willing to grant to others, no matter how much in error I believe them to be. But there are some of humanity's mistakes which I regret, because of their unfortunate consequences to others,—helpless ones who must submit to the treatment they receive because they are too weak to resent it. Therefore, when a pasty-faced, neavy-eyed baby munching a piece of cocoanut cake attracted my attention in the street-car the other day, I felt far more inclined to forgive the little fellow the erratic "grab" with a sticky fist at the bright flower I wore, which left a trail of cake crumbs over my Sunday-go-to-meeting silk, than the mother the ignorance which put such unsuitable food into the hands of so young a child. I know another mother, whose baby, not quite a year old, is permitted to eat peanuts. Naturally, the little one suffers from fevers, "worms," disorders of the bowels, yet, when I remarked that peanuts were so indigestible that really I did not dare eat them myself, and suggested they could hardly be fit food for so young a child, she replied, "Oh, they never seem to hurt her, she eats almost everything." So she does, and suffers for it too, while the doctor, who is "so good in children's illnesses," is growing rich off the ignorance of just such foolish mothers. But how can I help it?

OLD SCHOOL-TEACHER thinks I am too free with my advice to destroy what seems to have no further purpose in being. Possibly I am. I think it tends to increase one's iconoclastic instincts to live in two rooms and a closet. The accumulations must be disposed of in some way; one cannot afford house room for a lot of old duds because they may be wanted as a theatrical wardrobe some day. I read not long since of a woman who had saved all the *old shoes* her children ever wore. She had them in boxes and bags, where they moulded and mildewed in quiet. I knew another who had a mania for saving old hats. Whether she expected to come to poverty some day and relied upon this forsaken gear to drive the wolf away, I don't know. A tidy housekeeper I wot of is in a chronic state of having moths in her carpets; I find the reason of her inability to get rid of them in the closets full of old clothing, cast off suits, etc., in the house. I do not advise the destruction of things that are good for anything, nor those that are still intact, but unfashionable, though I think that

generally the more immediate use we make of such things, if there is any further use in them, the better. But I stick to my cremation notions, and I really don't know but my fondness for purification by fire will lead me to direct "my body to be burned" at death. A coal fire, I assure Old School Teacher, will destroy every vestige of old hoopskirts, etc.

SHALL the wife be conversant with the details of her husband's business? Take out the phrase relating to "the details," and I would say yes, unqualifiedly. But that clause seems to imply a wider and more comprehensive acquaintance than most women can maintain, in addition to their own housekeeping and family cares. Does it not? I believe a wife should know her husband's exact financial position, his debts, his means to satisfy them, the outcome of his ventures, his speculations—before he goes into them; some men who have been taken in by Bohemian oats and bonded wheat schemes would have been better off had they listened to their wives—and the results, the acreage of crops, the amount of live stock on the farm, etc. When to such knowledge is added a just understanding of the expense of carrying on the business she can determine about how the family expenditures should be gauged, to keep the outgoes in relative proportion to the income. Such knowledge is her right, as partner in the business; not a favor to be granted or withheld at her husband's pleasure. Since economy and extravagance are relative terms, how can he justly reproach her with either, if she is in ignorance of his financial status? Is not such general understanding of her husband's position and prospects as is outlined above, as much as can be justly expected from the wife, who is mother, nurse, and has also taken a "master workman's" degree in the Order of General Housework? Yet I believe the happiest homes are those which have a common interest; where the wife understands her husband's work and can talk it over with him intelligently, and where he is not disdainful of a proposed change in arrangement of furniture—in a word, where what is uppermost in the mind of one is interesting to the other. But there's a great difference in men—and women as well. Some have great contempt for "the women folks'" opinions on any subjects beyond buttons and bread, while some wives are not content to suggest and inspire, but would rule if they could. I have small respect for those who disdain knowledge of the breadwinner's work, and while spending the proceeds of his toil profess to know nothing of how it was gained. I did hear once of a girl who professed not to know the limits of her father's farm; she "hated farming" and married a man who "clerked" in a store because he was "so genteel," and if she does not daily wish she had not done it, then I'm not

BEATRIX.

"No NAME" puzzles us somewhat by the following: "Writing for the HOUSEHOLD reminds me of a remark I once heard a neighbor make in regard to the county fair, expressing herself thus: 'I would not like

to take anything to the fair unless I had something nice, and if I had anything real nice I would not like to take it.' And yet, strange to say, no one enjoyed the fair more than she; three days were none too much to spend on the grounds; but if the fair should prove a failure somebody would be to blame."

WHAT has become of Mrs. R. D. P., Aunts Bessie, Sue, Mary, Lucy and Jennie, and all the other aunties; and Evangeline, Serena Stew, who ought to stir us up again, Mertie, whom we have missed so long, our lady of the Moonshine, from far away Mapleton, our girls, like Temperance, Violet, and Teeny? We remember many others, whom we would be glad to hear from again, and whom we hope will respond to this plea for "more copy."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A LIQUID glue that is always ready for use can be made by filling a glass jar with bits of broken glue and putting over it acetic acid. Place the jar in water over the fire until the glue is all dissolved and the process is complete.

"GRAPE CURE" is practised in France and Germany in the autumn, and is regarded as a cure for many diseases due to high feeding. The patient is given a pound of grapes to eat the first day. This amount is added to until the person can eat five or six pounds a day. The other food is gradually lessened, and the diet at last consists entirely of grapes. It cures obesity and many other complaints, and starts the person off on a new lease of life. Fruit is a necessity in a rational diet, and of immense value in dietetic medicine.

Contributed Recipes.

CHICKEN CHEESE.—Boil two chickens tender, remove the bones, chop fine, and season with salt, pepper and sage. Place in a deep dish, moisten with the liquor they were boiled in, press and slice when cold with a sharp knife.

PICKLED CABBAGE.—Take purple cabbage, quarter and slice lengthwise, pack in a jar tightly, sprinkle salt between each layer; let stand over night; then drain by turning the jar bottom upwards on a board or plate; heat good vinegar spiced with cinnamon, cloves, ginger root and black or red pepper, pour over scalding hot; heat the vinegar the third time, after standing two or three days each time. This will keep until next sheep-shearing, if not used.

FRUIT COOKIES.—One cup butter; two and one-half cups brown sugar; three eggs; one cup chopped raisins; one teaspoonful soda; two tablespoonfuls sour milk; all kinds of spice. Mix, and cut as cookies, and bake.

BREAD CAKE.—After kneading your bread, save three teacupfuls of dough; add one and a half cups sugar; one cup butter; two eggs; one cup raisins; one grated nutmeg. Work with the hand thoroughly, put in your pan and let stand in a warm place to rise before baking.

SPONGE CREAM CAKE.—Beat two eggs in a coffee cup until light, and then fill the cup with sour cream; add one cup sugar, one teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, one and a half cups flour, with the soda and cream of tartar sifted in. Bake.



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## "SOMETHING FOR NOTHING."

I wonder if it be true that in all humanity there is a taint of greed, an undercurrent of dishonesty, that impels the alertness displayed in so many devious ways to secure "something for nothing."

Beatrice lately gave a chapter on "Frauds" that is apropos. The guileless innocents would never be caught on the gudgeon hook, so temptingly baited, were it not for this in-born desire to get big pay for small labor. Many a girl, after being taken in by a tempting advertisement, fails to learn wisdom by experience, and is caught again by a lure not more specious than the first.

These wheedling humbugs are exposed time and again, even though the bitten are careful not to expose their folly, yet they are well patronized, or the costly advertising would be discontinued. It is no compliment to human nature that they succeed so well.

While lotteries are under ban, Uncle Sam even refusing to bear their printed inducements and circulars through the mail, yet "policy shops" and policy dealers are as plenty as bugs in June, and the premiums drawn by lucky holders are as scarce as hen's teeth; yet the infatuated victim keeps on purchasing, quite sure that his luck will turn sometime.

I believe this is the most fateful and fascinating form of gambling, and that it prevails to a most alarming degree, finding its votaries alike among the highest and the lowest classes. Men and women, wealthy and poor, high and low, educated, illiterate and innocent, all seem to have been bitten by this tarantula of deception, and keep investing until bankrupt or crazed.

It is impossible to compute the enormous sums that go into the greedy maw of this insatiate monster. It is only by being alive to the little curtain liftings, and unguarded words, that a person can gain an accurate idea of the great prevalence of the custom. Many a laborer, many a servant girl, makes a regular practice of investing in lottery tickets, and the habit, once formed, seems as hard to break as that of using morphine or alcohol. It seems to develop a mania, and keeps its victims on the rack perpetually. "I wonder if this will be a lucky number?" "Where will I get money to invest next month?" are questions that worry, harass and depress many minds; and the alternate anticipations and disappointments unfit the mind and body to pursue the even tenor of habitual business. Irritable, absent-minded, and pre-occupied, they are not prepared to get out of life either profit or enjoyment.

Once in a while the victim may be baited by a small sum, the anglers understanding this will soon be reinvested, with as much more as can well be offered to this insatiate Moloch; and that the prize will be surely told of, while blanks are seldom heard from. One prize of a few hundred dollars, drawn by a well known person, will set a country side crazy, and put thousands of dollars into the safe of the concern. It is a pity that public sentiment is not more thoroughly enlightened and active in this matter, and more earnest and decided

steps taken by the authorities to prohibit its continuance.

With the Bohemian oats and Russian wheat swindlers among our simple-minded, or not very honest farmers; supplemented, as these heavy weights are, by lightning-rod and patent-right men, there is no danger but that the fool-killer can easily enough spot his victims, if only he will make his rounds.

While the designing and wicked can make a better living off the gullible, the credulous and unwary, that the honest can make by sturdy toil, there will be plenty who will "live by their wits," and they will be accorded a certain sort of applause in the minds of some, who admire their "cuteness," and have only contempt for their victims. These people who are "so sharp," who would never have "such games worked on them," are often the very ones who prove easy victims to the sharper who baits his trap with taffy. "He knows they will see through all his tricks; they are too smart for him," and inflated with conceit, eager to prove their capabilities, they swallow the bait, when, presto, luck changes; chagrined and humble they fall, while the astute trickster chuckles.

INGLESIDE.

A. L. L.

## CREMATION, PRACTICALLY CONSIDERED.

Thanks to those who have so kindly made suggestions whereby I may use those hats. I tried the cremation process on two of them, but as the flames enwrapped the first one there came the sound of wedding bells, bringing pleasant memories and faces long since gone but not forgotten, and as the hat slowly smouldered to ashes, those bells changed their tone, and I found myself listening to funeral knells, making those ashes almost too sacred for the enrichment of anything less precious than my most beautiful rose bush.

"Life evermore is fed by death,  
In earth, and sea, and sky;  
And, that a rose may breathe its breath,  
Something must die."

Recalling myself to the present, I resolved not to be sentimental, but proceed bravely to rid myself of those hats. Throwing number two on the coals as directed, I was about to leave the spot, when, behold! the vision of little Hezekiah, as he used to look with his long and curly, almost white hair falling about his face, and a faded gingham apron torn from the bottom all the way to the neck-band, walking behind his father, with the wind in his face, and that identical hat on his head, a perfect Horace Greeley as he puffed along, his father telling him all the while, "When you wear a hat like that you must take long steps as you see me do, and not trot along like a baby." "Yes, papa," and he would grab the hat once more to keep it from the wind.

It may be very foolish, but I could not proceed further, and as confession is good for the soul, I will just tell that I went away from the spot "whistling," but doing a heap of thinking.

With regard to the "guest" question, I have tried to adapt myself and household to the following maxims of Emerson's, which were given me in 1879:

"I pray you, oh excellent wife! cumber

not yourself and me to get a curiously rich dinner for this man and woman who have just alighted at our gate; nor a bed-chamber made ready at too great a cost; these things, if they are curious in them, they can get for a few shillings in any village inn; but rather let that stranger see, if he will, in your looks, accents and behavior, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, that which he cannot buy at any price in any city, and which he may travel miles and dine sparsely and sleep hardly, to behold. Let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in bed and board; but let truth and love, and honor and courtesy, flow in all your deeds."

Since doing so, I find my guests are better entertained, while I am relieved from a great deal of worry about the matter, and enjoy the visits of my friends very much more than before I made these my rules.

I find a blackboard and crayons a great help in amusing the little ones; it is also entertaining and instructive to the older children.

What can be more beautiful than the golden October weather? Our verbenas and sweet peas are yet in bloom.

If Old School Teacher will try cutting the brims of her husband's soft felt hats into wicks for the lantern, she will never wish any other after having tried them once.

MRS. W. J. G.

HOWELL.

## HINTS FOR CHRISTMAS.

It is not too soon to begin to plan for Christmas. Many pretty trifles can be made if one only begins to plan in time to execute. We want to hear from "our girls" who know how to make pretty things, in time so that their instructions may aid those who do not know how.

Take three penholders with pens in them, and gild them. Arrange them in the fashion of a gipsy kettle, and tie the handles in place with a bit of narrow ribbon. Then suspend one of the tiny gilt pails that may be found in any fancy store, and you have a pretty ornament for a writing desk or table, which is a convenience when the little pail is filled with pens.

You can make a very pretty paper case out of a wire steak broiler. Gild the wires, and run ribbon in and out them, and finish with bows, attaching only one side to the wall. It takes six yards of ribbon, and peacock blue with old gold, maroon and pale blue, or cardinal or cream color are very effective.

One of the prettiest and most effective shelf lambrequins we have seen lately was made of peacock blue plush, with a finish on the edge of chenille balls and crescents alternating, in blue, cardinal and old gold. The plush was four feet long and fourteen inches deep, and at about eighteen inches from one end, was caught up nearly to the shelf under a large irregular bow of ribbon, combining the colors of the border. On the long space was embroidered in colors, with arasene and silks, a trailing spray of wild roses. A cluster of yellow daisies with black hearts was worked on the shorter end. It was very handsome, both in design and execution.

For the benefit of those who have designs for embroidery which they would like to use, we would say they can be transferred to goods by tracing them on moderately stiff

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paper, and then going over the designs with the sewing-machine, unthreaded. Have ready a little white paint thinned to the consistency of cream—not too thick; a little experience will show how thin it should be—lay the pattern on the goods and with a brush—a tooth brush can be made to do—rub the paint over the perforations, being careful not to get on so much that it injures the goods. When it is dry, your pattern is outlined, and will not rub off, as will much of the “stamping” done with powder. The Briggs’ transfer papers are very convenient for some materials, but fail on plush and velvet, and are not always satisfactory on felt.

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"SOMETHING FOR NOTHING."

I wonder if it be true that in all humanity there is a taint of greed, an undercurrent of dishonesty, that impels the alertness displayed in so many devious ways to secure "something for nothing."

Beatrice lately gave a chapter on "Frauds" that is apropos. The guileless innocents would never be caught on the gudgeon hook, so temptingly baited, were it not for this in-born desire to get big pay for small labor. Many a girl, after being taken in by a tempting advertisement, fails to learn wisdom by experience, and is caught again by a lure not more specious than the first.

These wheedling humbugs are exposed time and again, even though the bitten are careful not to expose their folly, yet they are well patronized, or the costly advertising would be discontinued. It is no compliment to human nature that they succeed so well.

While lotteries are under ban, Uncle Sam even refusing to bear their printed inducements and circulars through the mail, yet "policy shops" and policy dealers are as plenty as bugs in June, and the premiums drawn by lucky holders are as scarce as hen's teeth; yet the infatuated victim keeps on purchasing, quite sure that his luck will turn sometime.

I believe this is the most fateful and fascinating form of gambling, and that it prevails to a most alarming degree, finding its votaries alike among the highest and the lowest classes. Men and women, wealthy and poor, high and low, educated, illiterate and innocent, all seem to have been bitten by this tarantula of deception, and keep investing until bankrupt or crazed.

It is impossible to compute the enormous sums that go into the greedy maw of this insatiate monster. It is only by being alive to the little curtain liftings, and unguarded words, that a person can gain an accurate idea of the great prevalence of the custom. Many a laborer, many a servant girl, makes a regular practice of investing in lottery tickets, and the habit, once formed, seems as hard to break as that of using morphine or alcohol. It seems to develop a mania, and keeps its victims on the rack perpetually. "I wonder if this will be a lucky number?" "Where will I get money to invest next month?" are questions that worry, harass and depress many minds; and the alternate anticipations and disappointments unfit the mind and body to pursue the even tenor of habitual business. Irritable, absent-minded, and pre-occupied, they are not prepared to get out of life either profit or enjoyment.

Once in a while the victim may be baited by a small sum, the anglers understanding this will soon be reinvested, with as much more as can well be offered to this insatiate Moloch; and that the prize will be surely told of, while blanks are seldom heard from. One prize of a few hundred dollars, drawn by a well known person, will set a country side crazy, and put thousands of dollars into the safe of the concern. It is a pity that public sentiment is not more thoroughly enlightened and active in this matter, and more earnest and decided

steps taken by the authorities to prohibit its continuance.

With the Bohemian oats and Russian wheat swindlers among our simple-minded, or not very honest farmers; supplemented, as these heavy weights are, by lightning-rod and patent-right men, there is no danger but that the fool-killer can easily enough spot his victims, if only he will make his rounds.

While the designing and wicked can make a better living off the gullible, the credulous and unwary, that the honest can make by sturdy toil, there will be plenty who will "live by their wits," and they will be accorded a certain sort of applause in the minds of some, who admire their "cuteness," and have only contempt for their victims. These people who are "so sharp," who would never have "such games worked on them," are often the very ones who prove easy victims to the sharper who baits his trap with taffy. "He knows they will see through all his tricks; they are too smart for him," and inflated with conceit, eager to prove their capabilities, they swallow the bait, when, presto, luck changes; chagrined and humble they fall, while the astute trickster chuckles.

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

CREMATION, PRACTICALLY CONSIDERED.

Thanks to those who have so kindly made suggestions whereby I may use those hats. I tried the cremation process on two of them, but as the flames enwrapped the first one there came the sound of wedding bells, bringing pleasant memories and faces long since gone but not forgotten, and as the hat slowly smouldered to ashes, those bells changed their tone, and I found myself listening to funeral knells, making those ashes almost too sacred for the enrichment of anything less precious than my most beautiful rose bush.

"Life evermore is fed by death.  
In earth, and sea, and sky;  
And, that a rose may breathe its breath,  
Something must die."

Recalling myself to the present, I resolved not to be sentimental, but proceed bravely to rid myself of those hats. Throwing number two on the coals as directed, I was about to leave the spot, when, behold! the vision of little Hezekiah, as he used to look with his long and curly, almost white hair falling about his face, and a faded gingham apron torn from the bottom all the way to the neck-band, walking behind his father, with the wind in his face, and that identical hat on his head, a perfect Horace Greeley as he puffed along, his father telling him all the while, "When you wear a hat like that you must take long steps as you see me do, and not trot along like a baby." "Yes, papa," and he would grab the hat once more to keep it from the wind.

It may be very foolish, but I could not proceed further, and as confession is good for the soul, I will just tell that I went away from the spot "whistling," but doing a heap of thinking.

With regard to the "guest" question, I have tried to adapt myself and household to the following maxims of Emerson's, which were given me in 1879:

"I pray you, oh excellent wife! cumber

not yourself and me to get a curiously-rich dinner for this man and woman who have just alighted at our gate; nor a bed-chamber made ready at too great a cost; these things, if they are curious in them, they can get for a few shillings in any village inn; but rather let that stranger see, if he will, in your looks, accents and behavior, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, that which he cannot buy at any price in any city, and which he may travel miles and dine sparsely and sleep hardly, to behold. Let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in bed and board; but let truth and love, and honor and courtesy, flow in all your deeds."

Since doing so, I find my guests are better entertained, while I am relieved from a great deal of worry about the matter, and enjoy the visits of my friends very much more than before I made these my rules.

I find a blackboard and crayons a great help in amusing the little ones; it is also entertaining and instructive to the older children.

What can be more beautiful than the golden October weather? Our verbenas and sweet peas are yet in bloom.

If Old School Teacher will try cutting the brims of her husband's soft felt hats into wicks for the lantern, she will never wish any other after having tried them once.

MRS. W. J. G.

HOWELL.

HINTS FOR CHRISTMAS.

It is not too soon to begin to plan for Christmas. Many pretty trifles can be made if one only begins to plan in time to execute. We want to hear from "our girls" who know how to make pretty things, in time so that their instructions may aid those who do not know how.

Take three penholders with pens in them, and gild them. Arrange them in the fashion of a gipsy kettle, and tie the handles in place with a bit of narrow ribbon. Then suspend one of the tiny gilt pails that may be found in any fancy store, and you have a pretty ornament for a writing desk or table, which is a convenience when the little pail is filled with pens.

You can make a very pretty paper case out of a wire steak broiler. Gild the wires, and run ribbon in and out them, and finish with bows, attaching only one side to the wall. It takes six yards of ribbon, and peacock blue with old gold, maroon and pale blue, or cardinal or cream color are very effective.

One of the prettiest and most effective shelf lambrequins we have seen lately was made of peacock blue plush, with a finish on the edge of chenille balls and crescents alternating, in blue, cardinal and old gold. The plush was four feet long and fourteen inches deep, and at about eighteen inches from one end, was caught up nearly to the shelf under a large irregular bow of ribbon, combining the colors of the border. On the long space was embroidered in colors, with arasene and silks, a trailing spray of wild roses. A cluster of yellow daisies with black hearts was worked on the shorter end. It was very handsome, both in design and execution.

For the benefit of those who have designs for embroidery which they would like to use, we would say they can be transferred to goods by tracing them on moderately stiff



paper, and then going over the designs with the sewing-machine, unthreaded. Have ready a little white paint thinned to the consistency of cream—not too thick; a little experience will show how thin it should be—lay the pattern on the goods and with a brush—a tooth brush can be made to do—rub the paint over the perforations, being careful not to get on so much that it injures the goods. When it is dry, your pattern is outlined, and will not rub off, as will much of the “stamping” done with powder. The Briggs’ transfer papers are very convenient for some materials, but fail on plush and velvet, and are not always satisfactory on felt.

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erty. It is a game of chance, with life as the stake, and yet we risk it.

Somebody is risking life, or what makes life worth living—health, all about us, every day. We toy with the gift as if it were valueless, and yet are as quick to blame others for their foolhardiness as if we were never guilty ourselves. How careless we are of health, how recklessly we expose ourselves, regardless of consequences, till, some day, we look back and date our decline in health or strength from a summer of overwork, a cold resulting from wet feet or insufficient clothing, or other causes whose possible effect we overlooked at the time. Life is often in jeopardy from accidents beyond our control, how careful we should be not to increase our risks. BEATRIX.

#### "TEN DOLLARS ENOUGH."

The above is the title of a new book on housekeeping matters, by Catherine Owen, which has been laid upon the HOUSEHOLD table. It tells how to keep house *well* on ten dollars a week, how it has been done, how it may be done again. Molly, the heroine, tires of the happy-go-lucky profusion of even a good boarding-house—as boarding-houses go—and longs to keep house. Harry, the husband, is the son of a wealthy man who does the "stern parient act" because he married a poor girl for love rather than a rich one for money, and leaves him to his own resources, which are a salary of \$100 per month, and an immense affection for his little wife. Accustomed to the luxuries and faultless service of his father's table, Harry dreads the housekeeping experiment, fearing worse meals than at the boarding-house, and long bills to pay. But in the end the woman has her way, as indeed she generally does, and the couple rent a suburban cottage at \$20 per month, hire a stout girl just from the Fatherland and as green as her native cabbage, and the housekeeping begins, under Molly's assurance that the \$30 which had paid boarding-house bills should cover every item of the household expenses.

Molly had taken a course of cooking lessons, and had had besides the advantage of instruction in the school of Poverty, which teaches how to make the most and best of everything, if we but profit by its help. It is needless to say that the accounts balanced and the domestic machinery moved like magic, that Marta, the girl, proved both teachable and faithful, and contrary to the habit of most of her kind, did not "strike" for higher wages or leave to take a better place as soon as she could cook a beefsteak. "Everything is lovely" in housekeeping—on paper. But the book strikes us as being somewhat like that delusive fiction "Ten Acres Enough," which is responsible for so much "agricultural fever." It is "too rosy." Molly's hands stay as white and soft as when she did no housework, and "oh, my sisters," we know that's "an awful whopper," don't we? She is so deft and quick that she can make canned chicken salad with mayonnaise dressing and French coffee in the fifteen minutes required to bake drop biscuit, and teach her handmaid how to do it as she goes along. That is quite too phenomenally "rapid," with only a fresh arri-

val from Castle Garden, who don't know a salad-basket from a steak-broiler, as assistant. But, perhaps, as the supernaturally good children of our Sunday school literature serve as models of perfection for everyday, "real human" boys and girls, we need to have set before us the paragon of housekeepers, who is ideally punctual, never gets hurried, worried or flurried, as a picture of perfection for us to work up to. But we do not think three full-grown persons, with normal appetites, would leave enough of a chicken to present a respectable ghost at another meal.

But these little points do not detract from the merit of the book, which our housekeepers will read with profit and pleasure, and from which they can learn how to prepare many economical dishes. Let us whisper that the secret of Molly's success in keeping within her ten dollar limit was due to preparing only just enough of every dish, and in exercising the utmost care that nothing, no matter how small, was wasted. She concentrated upon her cooking the energy and strength most wives must diffuse through a dozen channels, for she "only sewed the buttons on," and the first baby only arrives at the final chapter; in which also the father, who has been induced to visit the cottage and taste Molly's wonderful cooking, relents and bestows a Queen Anne cottage and a check for \$1,000 upon the pair, taking Harry into the firm as junior partner. With this, the necessity of making "ten dollars enough" vanishes. The book will be found pleasing and instructive; we can commend it, notwithstanding these criticisms.

#### DOWN QUILTS.

It is not given to all of us to sleep under satin comforts, filled with eider-down, but the woman who has plenty of hens and turkeys and will take the trouble may fill her satteen comforters with a fairly good substitute for the famous plumage of the eider duck. Strip the side plumes or barbs from the coarse feathers, put them into a bag, securing the mouth firmly, then rub the bag hard on the washboard or between the hands till these stripped plumes have been made into a delicate downy substance, which makes the warmest and softest of quilts, "luxuriously warm," and so light as to be literally "feather-weight." It is more than suspected that the costly eider-down quilts in our stores really owe their origin to the plebeian hen and turkey, instead of being composed of genuine "down." It is not nearly as much work to make one of these comforts as it was to embroider crazy quilts in the days of their popularity, and the result, if not so showy, is none the less an achievement. The material also makes an admirable lining for dressing gowns; and the most luxurious coverlid for the baby's crib you ever heard of.

#### BLACKING THE COOK STOVE.

Do you desire to inscribe on the lintel of your door, "healthful home" that the destroying angel may pass by? Then do not weekly, semi-weekly or daily get out brush and stove polish, even the best the market

affords, and spend precious time and strength to make your cook stove shine, for you will not stop with simply daubing it if you have for your motto "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well." The better the shine the more will you find the polish deposited in and on everything in your room, be you ever so careful, to say nothing of your own person, which is really the most important factor in the business. That woman who said "draw a paper over the hand" should have added encase ears, eyes, nose and mouth as well. It is a slavish, dirty custom. Come out from bondage, my sister! I speak from experience; I was a long time joined to my idol, but am now thoroughly converted to the better plan of washing my stove with clean cloth and clean soap suds. The top may look red, but I know it is wholesome, and does not have a neglected look at all.

How much we need line upon line and precept upon precept that we do not sin ignorantly! LUCY.

WEBSTER.

WE deeply regret to learn of the death of Mr. Levi E. Cannon, of Washington, Macomb County, husband of one of our HOUSEHOLD contributors, "El See," whom we all know and admire, but whose pen has been idle for many months under the shadow of this great sorrow, none the less terrible in its consummation because long expected. Of what avail are words, however tender and loving, in the tide of grief that overwhelms the bereaved wife in an hour like this? We can only offer sincere sympathy from our HOUSEHOLD corps, and pray that Time, though he cannot heal deep wounds like this, may yet mercifully mitigate the sharp edge of anguish and help the crushed heart to say "Thy will be done. The poem upon our first page is commemorative of the death of Mr. Cannon.

#### Contributed Recipes.

CHILI SAUCE.—Peel and chop twelve ripe tomatoes, two peppers and one onion. Add one tablespoonful of salt and two of sugar. Boil two hours; then add two cups vinegar; then boil half an hour. When done, add one teaspoonful each of cloves and mustard. Good.

CORNEB BEEF.—For every hundred weight of meat take two quarts of salt, two and a half pounds of sugar and two ounces of saltpetre. Use water enough to cover the meat, add the ingredients and boil and skim. Turn on the meat when cold. By freshening meat pickled in this brine, it can be roasted down—a "pot roast"—as if fresh.

HARD SOAP.—Three gallons soft water; five pounds sal soda, five pounds unslacked lime. Put these ingredients together over night. In the morning drain off the water and put in an iron kettle with three and one-half pounds of grease. Boil till thick, turn into a shallow pan and when cool cut in bars.

WASHING FLUID.—Two pounds concentrated potash, dissolved in two gallons of cold water. Boil. While boiling add one ounce salts tartar and two ounces ammonia. Boil till these are thoroughly dissolved, and when cold put into a jug and cork tight.

STARCH POLISH.—Half pound paraffine; add to it fifteen drops of citronella. Cool in pie tins and cut in cakes an inch square.

DETROIT.

MRS. C. W. J.