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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

LITTLE THINGS.

The memory of a kindly word
For long gone by,
The fragrance of a fading flower
Sent lovingly,
The gleaming of a sudden smile
Or sudden tear,
The warmer pressure of the hands
The tone of cheer,
The hush that means, "I cannot speak
But I have heard!"
The note that only bears a verse
From God's own Word;
Such tiny things we hardly count
As ministry;
The givers deeming they have shown
Scant sympathy;
But when the heart is overwrought,
Oh, who can tell,
The power of such tiny things
To make it well.

HOUSEWORK AND GIRLS.

How pleasant the words sound in my ear, and ever will with the knowledge I have of practical life. I wish to ask the young lady readers of the HOUSEHOLD if they intend to marry; if so, let me give you a few friendly hints. Don't neglect lessons in the kitchen if you wish to complete your education. No wife is fit to become a wife and mother until she knows how to preside at the head of her establishment. I cannot agree with Honor Glint that it sinks one in the social scale and gives no chance for mental culture; as many of our dear lady friends would be hopelessly lost to good society, who are bright and shining stars leading others on to industry and virtue.

The talented Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote Uncle Tom's Cabin while superintending the baking of pies, cakes, and puddings in her own home, and I listened not long ago to a poem written by a lady who does her own work most of the year. The idea is so impressed upon the girls' minds that it is degrading to do general housework they will manage every way to dodge it. I believe every girl should be taught certain branches of housework, no matter what vocation she chances to follow in life. To be a true woman is to occupy her allotted sphere with gentleness and intelligence and grace.

I also believe in the adage "where there's a will there's a way," that a portion of your time can be set apart for helping that loving patient mother who is toiling on every day with failing strength. Don't make a drudge of her, expecting she will always be at your side to help through the trials of life. I admire self-reliant women as well as anyone, but cases have come under my observation

many times where those fitted for teaching common schools, music, painting and drawing, and clerking in stores who, if any member of the family were sick, could not make a decent dish of gruel, but they will marry and place themselves in a dependant position at last. Somebody must regulate our homes and who is the most competent if not the intelligent lady of refinement and moral courage who dares defy the popular prejudice of the day, and never be ashamed to place herself on equality with that much abused class called housekeepers. I hope to hear from others of the girls on this subject.

AUNT POLLY.

MASON.

HOW SHALL WE MEET?

They leave us in the morning—our loved ones—the husband going to town, or into the field to begin the day's work, the little children with clean faces and neatly combed hair, with dinner basket and books off for school, the good father and mother who have been to see us, and made a good visit and we stand and watch them as they drive out of the yard, and up the road, looking back to wave a "good bye" to us as far as they can see. Sometimes we part with bitter words and lowering faces, sisters who for some imaginary wrong will not visit each other; husbands and wives who feel, there is a gulf between, but can scarcely trace the beginning, mother and son estranged through business transactions. As we turn each to go a different way, does the thought ever come, "How shall we meet?" The eyes may be closed in death, the voice forever stilled. We may always mourn that we had not said one little word "forgive," "forget!" how easy it is to say, how hard to do. "Let not the sun go down on thy wrath." It is only a foolish pride that keeps so many estranged. Life is all too short to live at variance with our loved ones. Can we not imitate the Master who prayed "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do?"

"Ah! how could our spirits e'er hope for the
skies
If Heaven refused to forgive and forget."

We cannot look upon the heart; we judge people a great deal by their manner, their words, and, too, we often find we have been grossly deceived. The flattering tongue, suave manner, and bland smile are used to accomplish a purpose, and once attained the mask is thrown aside, and we see the real character revealed. Those whom we love the best often hurt us the most. It is not best to remember a wrong, to hold a grudge. There has an instance of this kind

come to my notice recently. It is the act of a wife whose husband obtained a divorce from her some fifteen years ago; since that time he married again and parted from her. He became very sick and his first wife came and took the tenderest care of him and closed his eyes in death. Only those who know her, and know how she has been wronged and abused, can understand what an unselfish, noble woman she is. Think you when they last saw each other, that he thought there was such love and faithfulness, that she could forgive and forget, and come back and be with him in his last sickness—that her eyes would be the last ones he would look into? Probably not. We do not always know who our best friends are, we often turn from the tried and true for new ones, and find, when too late, that we have missed it.

Never leave home without a kind word; it may be the last we will ever speak there, and it will leave a pleasant remembrance. How hard it is to bear, when the one we love best, instead of loving words and endearing names and tender caresses shows perfect indifference, harsh fault finding, cruel treatment! The view we take of life depends very much upon our surroundings. We are doing a great wrong when we destroy the harmonious atmosphere of home. It is here we should bring our fairest, brightest offerings; a home that is a home will always be remembered and looked back to with affection. How eagerly the children return when school is over; when they have homes of their own, they love to come back with their children, going from room to room to see if anything is different, telling over again all the pleasant incidents of childhood. Some children are cast adrift, with cold, harsh words, and the expectation of never meeting again; how terrible to turn away from our own flesh and blood, sending them out into an unfriendly world! Husband and wife so often forget the love they gave each other; distrust and suspicion creep in; little by little they grow apart, neither can really tell just when the coldness began, when a kind word might mend the whole matter. They part without a good bye, meet without a word of welcome; but there will surely come a time when what is dark will be made plain to us, the shadows will be lifted and we shall see the light; though the burden has been heavy, it will roll from our shoulders easily.

"If we err in human blindness
And forget that we are dust;
If we miss the law of kindness
When we struggle to be just,
Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the plain that hides away,
When the weary watch is over
And the mists have rolled away."

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGALINE.

A MOTHER'S COUNSEL.

I am very much interested in our little paper, and have intended expressing my opinions on the various subjects which have been discussed therein, but I am a very busy woman, one of the old fashioned sort who believe in rag carpets, patchwork quilts and homespun yarn.

I like to do all kinds of fancy work and to see my daughters interested in such things too, but they must first learn to knit their own stockings, and darn them nicely when they need mending. I have no patience with mothers who bring up their girls in ignorance of all useful work, as many do in these days. There are few girls who can make their own dresses, although they make such lovely table scarfs and banners in embroidery, and paint panels in Kensington painting as it is called.

It has got to be the custom to buy every article ready made that can be bought, and to hire the rest made. Now this is all right where there is plenty of money to buy with, but farmers who have no income but that derived from their farms find it hard work to supply the needs of their families, when all farm produce brings such low prices as at the present time. It is a great blessing to the overworked mother who has every thing to do alone for a family of little ones, to be able to buy ready made garments, but where there are several girls in the family who are old enough, they should be taught to do all kinds of useful work. It is not difficult with a little practice; the patterns can now be bought to make one's own dresses, and the money saved in this way will pay for all papers, magazines and good books the family can read during the year.

I am glad the subject of parents being interested in their children's studies has been brought to our notice. It is astonishing how little interest many take in this matter. I was spending an afternoon at a neighbor's some time ago, and asked her about the boys' studies; she has a boy the age of one of mine, and she made me this reply: "I don't know any thing about it; we furnish books and send our children to school, and expect the teachers to see that they learn. I have no time to bother with them." Now this lady was a teacher before she married, and a good one; and I should have thought she would have known how much more interest children take in their studies when they find their parents know just how far they have worked in every study, and are ready to help and explain any question or example they do not understand. When our oldest boy commenced book-keeping it was a study I knew nothing about, but when he brought home his books, and would work at making out the bills and getting them ready to enter in the blank books, I was always ready to help him, and when I failed, as I did in making out the bills of lumber and timber for houses and sidewalks, his father was ready to lend a helping hand. I always teach my children to read and spell before they are sent to school at all, and when they get discouraged and begin to cry, saying, "I can't learn this lesson," I just

throw my work, take them on my lap, kiss the tears away, and hold them until the lessons are learned and recited, and then send them to their play.

Parents expect teachers to take great interest in their children, and so they ought, and I would suggest that parents take a little more interest in the teacher. When a teacher comes into your district, if she is a stranger call on her, and invite her to come and spend the night with you. It is not customary for teachers to board around any more. Sometimes we have teachers who try to have the children "write compositions and speak pieces," as it is commonly called in country schools, and in this they get but little support from many parents. They do not seem to see any need of the practice, and will make no effort to encourage and help their children to find suitable pieces to learn, or subjects to write about. I always am interested in this, and hear my children's recitations over and over again until they have them perfectly. I was proud of my eight-year-old boy when he stood before me and recited "Paul Revere's Ride" and at another time "Barbara Freitchie." The study of such poems leaves an impression on a child's mind, different from a silly little scraps picked up anywhere. Children should not be allowed to read any book they please. I think the "Dotty Dimple" books and "Little Prudy" series are excellent reading for children. I have read them over time and again to my restless little ones before they could read for themselves, and after them Louisa M. Alcott's books. Children never tire of them, they are always new, and I get just as interested in them as the children do. Who that loves boys would ever tire of "Little Men?"

ROMEO.

MRS. H. A.

PUPILS AND PARENTS.

Only this morning I thought "I wish Beatrix would tell us something about cloaks," and when I opened the *HOUSEHOLD* I saw the desired article. There was only one point more that I wanted to know, and that was, where shall a stranger in Detroit look for cloaks?

I, too, am a teacher and can sympathize with "Wild Rose." The good students almost invariably come from the educated families. If father and mother are well bred, the children usually will do fair or good work in school.

I often have occasion to wonder why it is that parents do not teach their children that politeness is just as essential in school as at home. I often see children, or rather young ladies and gentlemen behave very rudely in school, who I know have had good training, *i. e.*, they know how to behave, but the training does not go so far as to include their conduct at school. It is a common experience to a teacher to have a boy or girl whisper, or make other disturbance while she is talking, when they would not be guilty of such rudeness anywhere else. If parents took more interest in the education of their children, I am sure they would be rewarded by better results.

I wish parents could realize how desirable it is to cultivate the reading habit in

their children. I believe one who has a taste for good reading, has one of the greatest safeguards against temptation. The spirit of unrest seems to be growing more and more prevalent. How many boys and girls can be content if they have to remain home during the week? They must have in view a social here, a party there, a prayer meeting one night, and a social time with friends another. It matters little where they go, but go they must. I do not advocate keeping children in too closely, but I do think they should learn the pleasure of a quiet evening at home, and learn to have some resources within themselves, and not depend entirely on outside amusements.

Here is a recipe for potato yeast, which we have found satisfactory. Grate five large potatoes, add two tablespoons of salt, three of flour and half a cup of sugar. Turn on this a quart of boiling water in which has been boiled a handful of hops. Put on the stove and stir constantly till very thick. When lukewarm add a cupful of yeast or a little sponge made from yeast cakes. This will keep three or four weeks.

I wish Beatrix would tell us about pretty things for Christmas early enough so that we, who have very little time, could make a few things at least, for Christmas.

LAPEER.

M.

[The principal and most reliable dealers in ready-made cloaks in this city are Taylor & Woolfenden, Newcomb & Endicott, Heyn's and Mabley's Bazars, and Metcalf & Co. John R. Campbell & Co. also carry a good line of such garments this season. If one wishes an elegant cloak, or fine furs, we can recommend Newland & Co. as carrying the finest goods and being perfectly reliable.—HOUSEHOLD ED.]

FROM A NEW COMER.

The Editor's call for "more copy" has been ringing in my mind all the morning. Could I see any of the *HOUSEHOLD* readers and talk with them, I could tell them a good many of my plans; but the idea of writing them out makes them seem of little value to me, and I think I had better not undertake it. But if all the readers thought so, and acted accordingly, what would become of our little visitor, that we all think so much of? I have been a constant reader of it since its existence, and would dislike to do without it very much.

To-day I have raked and cleaned the yards, the back yard as well as the front, in addition to the housework. I have a place where I can throw the refuse, such as feathers, old boards, boots, shoes and hats too, briars, anything that will cremate, for I do dislike to see a yard strewn with such rubbish, and as soon as there is any of account I set fire to it, and all there is left of it is a pile of ashes the rains will wash hard, or if dry make a nice place for hens to work in.

I would ask the ladies if they ever used pieces of cotton flannel, left of garments, not good for anything else, for lamp wicks. Fold them the width of the burner and run together just to hold to place; they are very good.

AUNT LOA.

HOLT.

CHAT.

I wonder if the lady who writes from Northern Michigan is not lonely? Perhaps she does not live six miles from the post-office and two miles from a neighbor, as my sister did when I visited her. We were only three-quarters of a mile from Lake Huron, though, and I used to enjoy listening to the music of the waves when all the rest were asleep. Those who have been at Petoskey will agree with me when I say that a sunset on Little Traverse or Petoskey Bay (as it is often called) is just grand! I saw Mrs. Fuller's flowers at the Fenton fair; they were lovely. I, like Wild Rose, was a teacher myself, but my health will not permit now. I am glad to hear Old Hundred preach on the other side. This continual preaching at the girls "makes me sick at my stomach," as a friend says. I for one do not see why all girls should be expected to do housework, any more than all boys are expected to be farmers. If they like something else better and can make more money at it, why should they not? We are not all cast in the same mold. I hate housework, but that is not saying I cannot do it. I have the reputation of being a good cook; still that does not make me enjoy the work.

FLINT.

MAE.

The nom-de-plume chosen by Mae have been claimed by a young lady who sometimes writes us from Howell, we ventured to discard it and give another to avoid confusion of identity. In reply to Mae's inquiry, the Editor of the HOUSEHOLD is "Beatrix," and "Beatrix" is Mrs. R. F. Johnstone, widow of the former Editor of the FARMER.]

MOSS MATS.

To make moss mats I use from five to eight shades of wool. This fall I wished to make three mats, so bought one pound of zephyr (it only weighed nine ounces). Out of the darkest shades I crocheted a plain mat the size of my lamp, then I crocheted four rows of holes around that in very coarse crocheting. Take the next shade and break off a little more than one quarter of it, the remainder divide in three parts for convenience, to keep from snarling. I roll in a ball holding the three ends together, then thread a worsted needle with a needleful of the quarter sorrel, tie it to the tree ends, and tie or work a double buttonhole stitch, (or two single tatting stitches) every one half or five eighths of an inch apart, then cut the three strands between each knot, it will leave three short ends of worsted on each side of the knot. Sew it in loops two or three inches in length around the edge of the mat; then tie the next shade in the same way and sew it inside of that, and so on till the lightest shade comes in the center next the plain crocheting. I hope this is plain and that it will help some one as much as I get helped from some letters in our paper.

I could tell Wild Rose of children who say, "Oh mother, please explain this rule; I can understand you better than I do the teacher!"

When I commenced housekeeping many

years ago, my husband thought a woman had enough to do without bothering about a man's business, but he is converted to the idea that a wife needs to know as much as he himself does about the business. Although I had nothing to do with changing his ideas, I am pleased to think he has changed, for I enjoy talking and planning with him. Perhaps if any one cares to know I will tell them some time what changed him so much.

UTICA.

N. E. V. P.

[We hope N. E. V. P. will come soon to tell us the cause of her husband's conversion "to sound doctrine." Possibly some other wife's life might be made happier and more in unison with her husband's by the story.—HOUSEHOLD ED.]

FOR A. L. L.

My inability to comply immediately with A. L. L.'s urgent invitation to visit the HOUSEHOLD again, was caused by the severe shock I received from one of her random shots. At first I thought I was "kilt intirely" but I finally rallied and have now so far regained my equilibrium as to be able to sharpen my quill; in fact am numbered among the convalescents. My worthy opponent's last effort was replete with logical reasoning. It was a forcible illustration of a case in which the pen is mightier than the sword. Girls, my arguments are as naught when compared with A. L. L.'s.

O had the gift been given me
(before I appeared in these columns.)
To have seen myself as others see me,
It would from this great error freed me.

Had I but the wings of a bird I would fly to this fair author, this disturber of my dreams, and entreat her to smoke with me the pipe of peace, and if she listens to my entreaty, my slumbers would evermore be calm, peaceful, and side by side we would wander "where gentlest breezes stray," and together would sing (not whistle) "When the mists have cleared away."

WEBSTER.

H. A. B. R.

A VISIT AND A SUGGESTION.

I have just returned from a month's visiting amongst the scenes and friends of my "Home-in-the-Hills." Surely nature has fairly outdone herself in making the October of 1886 the most glorious, gentle and tender of all the Octobers that she has laid away with her choicest jewels of the year's twelve gemmed crowns. Many were the pleasant drives with the dear friends whom I have known so long and well, (ah, there are no friends like the old friends!) that I had about the well known highways with their wealth of hills and stones, springs, brooks and rivers, their happy prosperous homes in the villages, and on the rich productive farms, where the farmhouse is a thing of beauty. If farmers only knew and appreciated their privileges, chances for self culture and social enjoyment better, they might soon become a crowd of veritable kings and queens! Of all the drives—and I enjoyed an uncounted number—I must make especial mention of one taken one incomparable day in early October. The woods were the loveliest I

ever saw them. No storms or high winds had torn their foliage, and "untimely frosts and snows" had not seared them with rough coloring, but on every tree we saw in unmistakable letters "leaves have their time to fall." Beautiful, tender and touching beyond degree was the sight, and deep the lesson of life and death it taught. One thing I missed. It was the gay, blithesome squirrels. The hunters have hunted the pretty creatures almost out of existence in that region. As the dews and the twilight fell on the earth, the sweet fruity smell of orchards laden with luscious ripened wealth filled the air with a perfume that no distiller can duplicate, and as my friend and I passed through all these graceful, glowing and fragrant beauties of earth, and viewed the skies which Italy may equal, but possibly cannot excel, we said "Truly it is good to live."

I took in Hadley fair as naturally as ever, even to filling my customary place "on committee," and this brings me to my suggestion. It is this: It is almost impossible for any committee in Floral Hall to do exact justice in awards, because of the faulty entering of so many articles, committees have no liberty to correct such errors. For instance, a piece work quilt will be entered as a patchwork, a pair of knitted pillow shams as embroidered; an ottoman as a footstool, and so on *ad infinitum* and *vice versa*. This makes very bad work for the committee, as it throws articles into and out of legitimate or any other sort of competition, when if properly entered they would have won what their owners wished them to. Now the proper way and the way that will straighten all this apparent crookedness, is for each exhibitor to procure a premium list, and study it. Find out the correct significance of its terms, and carefully discriminate as to which is the proper class and name of the intended exhibit. Then carefully label in accordance with this intelligent knowledge of what you are doing. Do this if it must be done at the expense of a dozen inquiries, bespeaking your ignorance of what some one may think you might have known yourself. And so save the committee many beratings, and yourselves some considerable chagrin.

FLINT.

E. L. NYE.

THE REWARD OF THE FAITHFUL.

[Essay read by Mrs. J. G. Palmer before the Brooklyn Farmers' Club, Oct. 29, 1886.]

"He that is faithful in little will be faithful in much." This thought was suggested at our last meeting, and as the conclusion of the subject at that time seemed to be that it is according to the capacity of the man whether success is to be attained, I refer to my subject which has been verified from time immemorial, has been rung in our ears from past generations, and will still be handed down to posterity. Have you not already in mind the faithful toiler of husbandry who begun life in an early day, when convenience was not thought of but all work was done by the most laborious process? Yet the noble heart thought not of discouragement, but ambition and independence actuated every stroke of the woodman's ax as the forest trees were

brought to the earth which was soon to repay the labor by bearing precious seed. The log cabin was reared and a home made in the wilderness with as much care as in after years when the mansion replaced the cabin, and the wilderness blossomed as the rose.

Perseverance and energy made a home then, and he who was faithful over a few things became ruler over many. The person who keeps one acre of ground in good condition, corners free from weeds and rubbish, lawn nicely arranged, buildings painted and well kept, exhibits a trait in character which will not be crushed if fortune should favor him and give him more. Although added cares will come with the gift, yet the one who was faithful in little will be faithful in much; traits of character will be made manifest; sometimes in adversity they will be almost crushed to earth, yet will they rise again and shine forth as the sun. How many of our farmers have seen this exemplified in their hired help; you were careful at first, trusted them with little, but as their capabilities were made known to you, and their faithful performance of work satisfactory you trusted them further, and they grew in your confidence and esteem.

I have noticed this characteristic also in our homes. The careful housewife was just as painstaking in the interior of her cabin home, as when in after years she hung the gilded pictures upon decorated walls and sweeps carefully the tapestry covering of the floor thinking of the time when she began housekeeping in the cabin home, how cheerful the fire in that old-fashioned fire place, how neat the hearth, how she polished the andirons to a golden brightness, and a stranger in crossing the threshold would gaze in admiration, for was not peace and contentment written in letters of snowy whiteness, and everything showed the careful hand-work of the wife and mother. As she passed from the old home into the new, she did not leave the old life and its ways behind, and the reward was hers.

I do not wish to be understood that a person must be a slave to farm or house for fear everything will not be just as you would like; there are extremes in both ways; let us find the happy medium between the two, and practice it. I believe many things, both indoors and out, can be trusted to hired help, but let your eye be over all; never let your work drive you, but you be master. Forethought and arrangement make half, and you take that half, and as order was heaven's first law, let that be also a fixed law with you, for without it the farmer on a small farm will not be successful, and on a large farm will lose in the same proportion. One of the earliest lessons of childhood should be order. Find a place for toys, and little hands will soon learn to place them there, and as children's habits are formed when young, we should teach them to be faithful in little things. We see in our children traits of character daily developing, and we are astonished at the rapidity of growth. A bad habit is a tyrant from which it is hard to be released, and we cannot be too careful in choosing associates for our children. Our homes

should be such that they will be the dearest spot on earth; and the faithful mother is one who combines in her domestic relations these two qualities, house-keeping and home-making. Then, in years to come there will be no regrets, for great will be the reward of faithfulness.

BURTON FARMERS' CLUB AGAIN

Although the day for the regular meeting of the Burton Farmers' Club, October 28th, was rainy and disagreeable, it found twenty of us, besides visitors, assembled at Mr. E. B. Simpson's in good time for dinner. I believe no one insisted on being "merely a spectator" of this part of the programme at least.

Soon after we left the dining room our president called the meeting to order, the minutes were read, necessary business gone through with, and were ready for the subject for discussion: "Winter Evening Amusements," which was opened with a paper by R. W. Park, followed by another by Mrs. L. M. Woodin. Perhaps this will be considered a "new departure," but as the long winter evenings are so near, and our evening entertainments or socials commence soon, it was thought advisable to let farm topics rest for one day and take up this subject, for, although it was interesting and, I think, profitable to us, the subject has been so thoroughly discussed in the HOUSEHOLD it would only be the same old story, and there would be just as many different opinions as ever. Even we did not go to our homes all converted to one opinion. Some advocated such games as authors, dominoes and checkers to keep young people interested at home, and for social parties; others thought that all such games had a tendency to lead to cheating. Dancing was not generally approved, and the kissing games were voted even worse. One member thought that if children were allowed to play cards and other games at home, and to dance in select companies, they would not be apt to be tempted away from home to find such amusements; said he had been brought up to consider dancing as wrong. His mother said she had danced till she had seen the folly of it, and he had always felt as though he would like to dance till he saw the folly of it, too. Another member, one who has had successful experience, said that parents should begin when the children are very young, to cultivate in them a taste for the right kind of amusements, play with them, talk with them, read to them and with them as they get older. Gain their confidence, and there will be little fear of their seeking amusements, in places not approved by such parents.

Among the other good suggestions, was one which should be thought of, and practiced more than it is, reading the Bible. We should read it, not as a duty, but as a pleasure read it with the children, and talk about it, and study the Sunday school lesson. The Bible is a book for all, children and old people, even those who have no especial interest in it as the word of God, will find it an interesting study, especially if two or more read it together, and not only read, but study it; it can hardly fail to do them good.

In regard to the social circle for young people. I believe all were in favor of such entertainments, as reading, recitation and music. Debating was recommended, also; it encourages study, and young people will easily learn to express their thoughts in this way.

The merits of the Chautauqua Circle were talked over, and soon after four o'clock we adjourned.

The next regular meeting was appointed at the residence of Mr. G. T. Mason. The subject is "Winter Care of Stock," and for us women "Household Pets," including birds and flowers, and one of the gentlemen suggested, "husbands." That is all right, but we do not care to have them return the compliment, even if we wives are left out in the cold, and uncared for.

BURTON.

S. J. B.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

DID you ever try picking up codfish in large—very large—flakes, freshening it thoroughly, rolling the pieces in flour, and frying them in butter?

PLACE your butter bowl in a milk pan while working butter. Slide it on the pan at a proper angle to let the brine flow into the pan, which you will find much easier than lifting the bowl from the table and holding it each time.

LUCY.

WEBSTER.

THE copper boiler or teakettle can be kept by rubbing once a week with a solution of oxalic acid. Put five cents' worth of the acid into a bottle and pour on a pint of warm water, cork tightly, label it "poison" in big letters, and put it where the children cannot get it. Pour a little on a flannel rag and rub the boiler or kettle.

Contributed Recipes.

FRIED POTATOES.—Paré and slice some raw potatoes; have some butter hot in the frying pan, put them in with a good seasoning of salt; cover them and fry them brown, stirring them so they will not burn.

CREAM COOKIES.—One cup of thick sour cream; one cup sugar; one egg; a little salt; half a teaspoonful soda. Scatter sugar over the top before baking.

JOHNNY CAKE.—One and a half cups butter-milk; half a cup sweet milk; one egg; three tablespoonfuls flour; one and a half cups corn meal; salt; one teaspoonful of saleratus.

ONE OF THE WORKERS.

FLINT.

POTATO YEAST.—In two quarts of water boil six potatoes, a handful of hops in a bag, and a half teacupful of salt. When the potatoes are done, mash fine and add to this liquid a teacupful of sugar, a teaspoonful ginger, and when milk warm add a teacupful of yeast; set where it is warm and let it ferment. I use one teacupful of yeast for five loaves; set my sponge at night and add three potatoes. If you wish for more potatoes and not so much hops, take mashed potatoes and add water to make it of the consistency of common yeast, and while warm add a tablespoonful of sugar and two of yeast, keep where warm, and let it ferment, when it will be fit for use. If Bess will forgive us for this omission, we will give her more directions for yeast than she can test.

MRS. R. D. P.

BROOKLYN.