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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

A MOTHER.

There came one day to join the angel throng
A woman, bowed through serving oft in pain;
But as she meekly stood her form grew strong,
And long-lost youthful beauty dawned again;
Yet more was given—for all, with wonder
fraught,

Bent low before the sweetness of her face,
Crying, "What marvel hath this woman wrought
To be thus clothed by such sweet, mighty
grace?"

Then one of seraph tongue made answer low:

"One talent only hers—a faithful heart,
And she abroad but little could bestow,
So much was needed for her mother part,
And this with love she always made so fair
That there she was an angel unaware?"

—Mary Wright.

THE BELOVED DEAD.

There are times in life when its usual quiet monotony is broken by some sudden event, which, with its train of consequences, seems to change the very manner of our existence; to cloud the sun and turn bright day into profoundest night. Sorrow folds us in her somber mantle, our mourning robes are typical of our heart-gloom when the angel Azrael hovers above our home and stoops to bear away a beloved inmate. "It is appointed unto man to die," and we see everywhere evidences of the uncertain tenure of our stay. The crape upon the door, the plumed hearse with its attendant train of carriages, threading its way through avenues crowded with the crush and hurry of trade, the fast increasing hillocks in the cemetery, all bid us be mindful of death. We scan the death notices in the evening papers as we sit in our own unbroken circle—how little we realize what those announcements mean to others, what heart-breaking sorrow, what agony of pain, some loving hearts must know. Happiness, as well as grief, is selfish. It is not until the blow falls upon us that we feel in all its sad intensity what it means ever to see the vacant chair, and listen vainly for a voice forever silent.

Death, the Great Conqueror, entered a little home in this city, and the wife and mother who had made its brightness was last week laid beneath the brown sod and leafless trees of Woodmere. Faithful, true wife; tender, loving mother; staunch friend; we were loth to let her go, for we loved her. But the unwelcome guest was relentless, and in such haste was he that the absent husband and son were denied a last good-bye. Only loving messages were left, precious legacies to bereaved hearts. "I cannot stay," she said, and kissed the wondering, wide-eyed baby grandchildren; and still true

to her life's creed, laid her last injunctions upon her children to love each other. The solemn service for the dying was read at her bedside, and the faint yet clear voice joined for the last time with that of the man of God in "Our Father;" and then, like a tired child who having said its prayers is ready for slumber, she said "I think I can sleep now," and she did, so profoundly that she woke in Heaven.

Those who left behind will long hold her memory dear. How precious our dead grow to us! Others may think we forget, but just as the grave closes over the inanimate form, hiding it from sight, so we bury the remembrance of their virtues, all they were to us, deep in our hearts, in the very holy of holies, sacred to them alone. We do not speak of them often, perhaps, but thought is busy; they are not forgotten, they are blessed, beautiful memories.

The life of this beloved friend, so lately laid to rest, was a gracious example of Christian virtues. Her simple, unostentatious life was modeled on the law of love and charity to all. You might listen long and vainly for words of detraction from her lips. Her heart had no room for the petty spites and jealousies which so often mar life's completeness. What more or better can we say of her than that she was a noble example of true womanhood! And so we leave her, dead to this world, safe in the arms of Infinite Compassion, and evermore shrined in the hearts of those who knew her and held her dear.

BEATRIX.

NO EXCUSES.

Never make an unnecessary apology; by unnecessary I mean an apology for a condition in which you may find yourself unexpectedly placed, which condition itself suggests all the apology called for.

I have apologized many times in my life to people indifferent to me, for things in no way connected with them, and which in truth were none of their business, but I believe I have outgrown the habit, and every time I dodge an apology now, save where another is concerned. I feel stronger mentally, and my self-respect takes firmer footing.

Don't excuse an untidy room, when it only suggests your own consciousness of its condition and failure to have it different. Don't excuse a picked-up dinner, when it was the best arrangement at the time, and good enough for the family. Don't excuse the flies when you have had them all summer, and they have not hurt you, and won't hurt any one else; besides, they are your

flies, in your house, and what difference does it make?

Again, don't excuse the fact to your husband that you need money for yourself or children, when he must know the wear and tear of time as well as yourself. Give him credit for common sense, and make your requests as if he gave you credit for the same.

Excuses come from a feeling of our own unworthiness or failures, from a standpoint of what some one else has done. This "measuring ourselves by others," we are all prone to; all things being equal, it might do, but every person's case isn't controlled by the same circumstances, hence the adage "circumstances alter cases" must be our stronghold and comfort.

Could we always aim to do just as well as we can, then let who will find us when and how he may, and surroundings can be forgotten.

FACTS.

A CONTRADICTION WORLD.

What a world of contradictions this is. I suppose we are all in search of knowledge and the best methods of doing things. We search the newspapers, study books, and ask for information of our friends and others. We often think we have obtained the best information and accordingly proceed to economise, cook, work or rest according to directions, all the time flattering ourselves that at last we have found the right way, when lo, someone turns us "topsy turvy" by declaring we are entirely in the wrong, and proceeds to direct us in another way.

I wonder if young housekeepers who search the HOUSEHOLD for information and advice ever get puzzled over the various and often contradictory opinions. A. H. J. told us how to simplify our ironing and not spend so much valuable time over something that had to be repeated every week. I thought her a wise woman and wished every woman might follow her example; then in a few weeks Beatrix tells us how to iron table linen, and spend as much time, patience and strength with this single item of our ironings as we ought with the whole.

One member will tell us how to put a beautiful polish on the stove and yet preserve the whiteness of the hands by incasing them in paper bags; another will tell us blacking the stove is a slavish, dirty practice. Some of the members will tell of their pet economies in dress and advise us to wear the old styles or "fix them over." Many are glad of these hints and repair their wardrobe, and think they have done a commendable thing (they have, too), when

some bright afternoon Beatrix will take a walk along the avenue and tell us of the bewitching, lovely and expensive costumes until we are pretty sure to break the tenth commandment. Amid all this diversity of opinion happy is the woman who will follow that which is best suited to her taste, circumstances or strength.

When we planned our house we arranged our sleeping rooms with a view to health and also sickness. We have good ventilation, and also heating arrangements; water on upper and lower floors, and the rooms opening into halls on the upper floor. Our sleeping room on the lower floor is provided with an outside entrance and communication with other rooms, etc., according to Beatrix's directions. I have felt that the rooms were "all right" and felt very complacent, but when I read the article on "The Sick Room," I began to think we had made a mistake and would have to occupy the wood room if we used one at all suitable for sickness. I re-read the article and was glad to find it had especial reference to contagious diseases. I have had a good many serious illnesses thus far in my life, being confined in my bed for weeks at a time, and I should seriously object to being removed to other than my own familiar room. I think when a person is ill everything should be kept as familiar and homelike as possible. I do not wonder that many in the delirium of fever beg to go home, when the sick room is made unfamiliar by the removal of pictures, draperies, etc., by closing the blinds until everything has a shadowy appearance, and the attendants go about like ghosts and converse in sepulchral whispers. Whatever else is done do not allow whispering in a sick room; better let the patient hear the adverse opinion of the attending physician than be kept nervous and suspicious by whispers.

In regard to the bed, if the patient is accustomed to a luxurious one, do not change it but let it remain as natural as possible. I well remember how my husband, when once detained from home by a severe accident, complained of his bed and longed to go home, where, he said, "I have a good bed." I think a clean tick filled with good oat straw is nice when placed upon springs, as it can easily be emptied and refilled (the straw that has been used can be burned); spread comfortables on this, or a feather bed if you wish, and you have a bed that will be comfortable for a sick person. I confess to a weakness for feathers. When I am ill I want good springs, a good mattress, spread a comfortable over the mattress, and a feather bed. After recovery from illness send the feather bed and pillows to a steam renovator, then put the feathers in new ticks, or in the old ones after thoroughly washing and boiling, and I will use them again and I think they are entirely wholesome. After a patient is far enough recovered to leave the room give it a thorough cleaning and disinfecting, as Beatrix advised, and I think no one will be the worse for the room. I have often noticed that many people are constitutionally afraid of the air. I wished to speak of this in connection with the sick room, but I have already occupied more than my allotted corner.

OLD SCHOOL TEACHER.

TECUMSEH.

GOOD BREAD AND PIES.

Dyspepsia produces more quarrels than ill-temper; poor bread causes dyspepsia; therefore if you would keep peace in the family, make good bread and avoid family controversies. We have the best of flour, and there is little excuse for the woman who habitually makes heavy, black, indigestible bread. "Luck," whether good or bad, ought to have nothing to do with cooking. If we fail, it is simply that some part of the process has been neglected; we have used the milk or water too warm or too cold, have neglected to keep the sponge warm enough to permit it to rise, or our yeast has been poor. To some women, making bread is like buying a lottery ticket, they are never certain what the result will be, whereas it can be reduced to one of the exact sciences simply by care and thought. I have no patience with the woman who blames her "luck;" it is not luck, it is negligence. The test of good bread is neither its lightness nor its whiteness; if it becomes a sticky mass in the mouth it is not good bread; it should divide and crumble, showing a ready absorption of the saliva, which is so important an aid in digestion. There is also considerable art in baking bread, to have it up to the highest standard. Aside from knowing the moment when it is "not too light, just light enough," and ready for the oven, the oven itself must be at that moment of just the right temperature. If the oven is too cold, the chances are the bread will run out of the tins before it bakes; if too hot, the outside of the loaf will be scorched over too quickly, preventing the slight rising in the oven, as the baking begins, which so aids lightness and whiteness. And too, it is "quite a knack" to know when it is done to a turn and should be taken from the oven; the clock, the appearance of the bread, and the sound it gives when "thumped" are all aids, not one of which can be implicitly relied upon alone, and in which experience plays a prominent part. There is considerable "knack" in this part of the process.

There is no more abused article of food than pie, not one which is more promotive of indigestion when improperly prepared, nor more innocent when well made. It is not pie *per se*, but the terrible messes we concoct and baptize by that name. First, a pie ought always to be fresh, eaten the day it is baked. Pie which has stood over night, till the juices of the interior department have soaked into the crust, is not as immediately fatal as a dynamite bomb, but it is a great shock to the abused stomach to surprise it by a quarter section, cold as charity, and sodden as lead. It may be put down as a fundamental proposition in the culinary creed that no pie is fit to eat except on the day it is made. Of course some of those housekeepers whose "baking days" come semi-weekly, will dissent from this, as treason to the traditions of our grandmothers, whose pies, baked by the dozen, were good till they were gone; and as making much more labor for them. The charge of treason we can ignore; there is no use clinging to poor methods which have only age to recommend them. The

labor question is more serious, and to this may be answered that when it once becomes a part of the regular programme to make a pie after breakfast—or before—it is easily and quickly done, and with no more thought of extra trouble than the performance of any other customary task. And if other work is too pressing, make a pudding instead, or use fresh fruit, or baked or steamed apples with cream.

The preparation of the crust is the most tedious part of pie-making; this trouble is lessened by keeping in a closed tin pail or can, a supply of flour into which lard or butter, in the proper proportion, has been rubbed. In a cool place it will keep a week, and will be found very convenient.

The crust, really the only unhealthy portion of a fruit pie, is generally composed of lard, flour and water, in any proportion dictated by that exasperating quality in an old cook which she calls "judgment." One seldom sees recipes for pie crust, but all sorts of elaborate directions are given for the "pie" proper, the crust being considered a secondary consideration. In the proper column will be found a recipe for pie-crust, which is good, though not as rich as puff paste, by any means. It is especially excellent for apple, peach, or other fruit pies, delicious when these are eaten with cream, and comparatively inexpensive. It is also to be recommended for squash and pumpkin pies. Should be rolled as thin as possible, as indeed should all pie-crust, and is always light and digestible.

Will not our housekeepers give their views on the bread and pie question, and also give their methods. BEATRIX.

GOOD SUGGESTIONS.

I am much obliged to the lady who gave the recipe for yeast; it was something I have been wishing for some time, for I have had such poor luck with bread, and I think the yeast cakes the cause. I find that my sink is an excellent place to keep the sponge warm over night. I light a lamp and set it under the sink, turn it the necessary height to keep it warm, and as the bottom of the sink is iron there is no danger of burning anything.

Now that Beatrix has opened the way for me by mentioning the possibility of drying dishes without wiping them, I will confess that I never wipe my earthen dishes. I always slip them from the dishwater into a pan of rinsing water heated almost to the boiling point, and when the pan is full enough, I take them out and drain them on the table; they dry in a short time.

A few numbers back the HOUSEHOLD advises if you have a boiler a little rusty and too good to throw away, to put your clothes in a bag made for the purpose, to save them from rust. If you will dry the boiler well, and rub on the inside with kerosene oil, your boiler will not get rusty.

I find a light board, shaped to the shoulders of a cloak, with a hole bored in it and a string inserted to hang by, keeps a cloak smooth, and saves it from being worn by a hook or nail.

I think Honor Glint is just about right; she has argued the case so well it is useless

for me to say more. I think as she does, housework would be the last business that I should undertake willingly.

Ladies, tell us what you raised in your garden. We have a beet that is not through growing yet, and it measures 31 inches round. Nearly all those in the patch are almost as large.

A hint may be timely; don't spoil your citron preserves, as I did mine, by putting in too many lemons.

If you wish any music without the trouble of making it yourself, purchase a large mouth organ and slip it under the window. When the wind blows from the right direction you will be agreeably surprised.

It would be a pleasure to hear from more of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD.

WISNER.

H. L. L.

HOW TO MAKE HOME PLEASANT.

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

Home, what a beautiful word! But how much more beautiful a pleasant home; that is one of the greatest blessings in this present life. Some seem to have a talent to make others happy, while others are just the reverse. Now this is not so much a natural gift as it is the cultivating a desire to be pleasing to others, or making home pleasant. No labor is lost which is spent in making home beautiful, but we want something besides an outside adorning. Home means rest and comfort and culture and refinement. The home life is the foundation of society. The home that is the most pleasant, is the one that is so lovely and attractive that it breathes a spirit of contentment, and by its influence refines the heart and banishes vice. There are many new homes daily being organized and set in motion all over our fair State. Shall they be pleasant homes, or homes of suffering and discontent? The women have much to do with answering this question; they have it in their power in most cases to make home pleasant. If the wife is always ready to greet her husband with a cheerful, pleasant look when he comes in from his labor, perhaps tired and perplexed—how quick all these tired feelings are gone. But if he sees a discontented look, and expects to hear something of her ills and aches, I know it must be discouraging. I pity a man who is tied to a good-for-nothing, whining woman, who always thinks that she is sick, and the thinking so has half to do with it. What becomes of his dreams of happiness with a partner like that? He is soon led to wish that he had let marriage alone. Most men want a wife who will make things a little jolly about home. She cannot do this if she is forever on the sick list; so do not let your "Oh dear me!" come out unless there is something more than usual the matter. I do not mean to say that if a woman is really sick she should not make it known. But the eyes of love are quick, and if she is really sick she can not hide it if she would. But if you are a little nervous keep back all impatient words. Try and exercise a little will power over your nerves, and show them that you are master and

not they. You may not be able to do it in your own strength, but go to that higher power, and my word for it you will come off victorious.

How one impatient word at meal time will spoil a dinner for a whole family, let it be ever so well cooked. Did you ever think of the amount of thought required to prepare three meals a day, for three hundred and sixty-five days in succession; to prepare enough and not too much, and to so prepare the food as to make it pleasant to all concerned. And then there is the house to be kept in order. Many a woman keeps an immaculate house who has not an idea that keeping a pleasant home is a nobler and dearer duty; and those women who spend their time and strength with dust and cobwebs, are generally those who in the care for the shell of the home, neglect what is infinitely more essential, the home spirit. This we must not neglect. The wife and mother ought to know more than the details of housekeeping to be a companion to her husband, and a counselor and instructor to her children.

It is a great thing to know just how much to leave undone, and temper work with reason. If the husband comes in with some bags to mend, (and they always want mending when we have lots to do), do not let him know by your looks that you wish there never were any bags to mend. If you must do it you might as well do it pleasantly. I think it a good plan to have a place for bags that want mending, and then when we have leisure we can mend them. We women, if we wish our homes pleasant, must manage our work with some faculty, we should make our head save our hands, by planning ahead what to do first, and so come to our task with preparation of mind and readiness of hand.

We cannot afford to neglect our children; home should be made pleasant to them. No room in the house should be too nice for them to sit in. Throw back your shades and let in the sunshine, no darkened or ill-ventilated rooms should be allowed in this pleasant home. We should read to them occasionally something that is interesting and instructive. We should never speak hastily to them. Scolding always hurts children, it will drive them from us; children are quick observers, we must not let our tones repel our little ones; if they have done wrong, if we wish to gain the great end of reproof, let it be done in kindness and not in anger, at the same time winning our children to that which is right and still retaining their love. I think that a farmer's home should be one of refinement. We are created intelligent, social beings, and we need something besides our daily labor to occupy the mind. That is one reason why women need birds and flowers and fancy work.

Home should be a place where the young can be given a task for the fine arts and a love for the beautiful. Then let us surround our dwellings with large shade trees and choice flowers, whose fragrance is inhaled, and whose beauty attracts every passer-by; let vines cling lovingly to the porch, making a home where you can see contentment and rest written on every shrub and flower. We should have music

and plenty of good books to read, and then when we entertained company we would have something to talk about besides our household affairs or hurtful gossip, and we need some entertainment to break the monotony of home life.

That is one of the benefits of our farmers' clubs. If we do not have something of this kind we get tired, become discouraged and think we are sick. These long evenings, if one would read out loud, it would make the hours profitable as well as pleasant. The husband, after eating his supper, is quite apt to pick up his paper and read all the evening to himself, forgetting all about the wife who must sometimes work evenings or somebody's clothes will want mending. It is not always time and money that are needed to make home pleasant, but a willing heart and hand.

Every kind act that a husband or wife can do for each other they will find returned to them a hundred fold. If your husband presents you a gift, let him know by your looks and thanks that you are pleased. I am sorry to see that politeness is so little studied in domestic life, that there is so much absence of ceremony.

Choose your hired help from the best class of laborers—in that line we generally get what we pay for. It makes home pleasant in more than one way, if you have a man with good character, one whom you are not afraid to trust your boys with, one who goes on with the work just the same when you are absent as when you are present. Treat your hired help well, be mannerly towards them; they are very apt to imitate their betters. If we do not set a good example before them, then we are not their betters, though we may have more dollars and cents. It is these little acts of kindness that go a good way towards making home pleasant. Now, shall we receive all these gifts with unthankful hearts, or shall we remember who has done so much for us in giving us these pleasant homes, and give Him a place in our hearts and homes?

GOOD BREAD AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

Why certainly, Bess, I will tell you how to make "potato ball yeast" right from the very start. I intended to have answered the inquiry right away, but I was quite busy and I consoled myself with the thought that perhaps somebody else might answer in the next issue. Beatrix gave a good recipe for making hop yeast, but Bess is still in the dark about the "potato ball." The recipe I will give for the proper column.

Now about bread: I have heard people say the more you knead bread, the better it would be. Oh my! I have long since regarded that theory as all "bosh." I never take my bread on the kneading board. I do not knead it at all, and Mr. Scotland says I have splendid bread, and of course I think him authority for anything in the cooking line. For four loaves of bread I take two quarts of lukewarm water, make a batter, then add part of my "potato ball" and a tablespoonful of salt, let stand about a couple of hours, then mix stiff; let rise and bake. Do not add any more flour. This,

to our way of thinking, makes the softest, lightest bread of any way I ever made it, and is certainly the least trouble. How to make good bread was to me a conundrum when I first went to housekeeping. Many a time, I have almost shed tears over repeated failures. Once I remember in particular, (we had only been married a few weeks, and poor bread was always on our bill of fare) I set my bread—kept it warm (too warm I think now), but it obstinately refused to rise one bit. What to do I did not know, at last, it popped into my head to scrape it over to a lame pig that always lounged near the barn. Acting on the idea, I seized the breadpan and out I went, and so intent was I on getting every morsel out of the pan, that I did not hear anybody, until Mr. Scotland called out: "Why Bonnie, you don't intend to kill that poor pig, do you?" Tableau—on which the curtain fell.

MASON.

BONNIE SCOTLAND.

POTATO YEAST BREAD.

As no one answers the inquiry of Bess, as how to make potato balls, I thought perhaps I might tell her how I make mine; the yeast is very good and makes nice bread.

When I boil potatoes for dinner, I leave two or three potatoes in the kettle. I add one tablespoonful of white sugar, and if the potatoes are already salted I do not use any more, or if not salted I add a teaspoonful of salt, and then mash fine, soak a half cake of good yeast in a little water, and when cool enough mix all together, and make in a ball, or keep in a dish, and it will be ready to sponge at bed time. I put in all the water or milk I need when I sponge it, and mix into dough next morning when I get up. I make it every time I need to bake, as I think it much better when fresh, and you can save a little of the yeast to make again; it is the easiest way I ever found to make bread.

I often feel as if I would like to write something for our little HOUSEHOLD, but I feel as if so many can do better, I forbear; I enjoy reading it very much.

LOWELL.

MRS. J. E.

Listen Bess! let me tell you how I make potato yeast. Take three tablespoonfuls of flour, two of sugar and nearly two of salt, pour over this one pint of boiling water, add to this ten potatoes mashed fine in two quarts of warm water. When cool enough add two yeast cakes (Twin Brothers) softened in half a teacup of cold water, keep the yeast in a warm place until it rises.

In making bread use two cups yeast to one loaf of bread. Mix up in the morning, using a little warm milk or water with the yeast, mold it into loaves, keep the bread warm, but do not let it rise too fast. The yeast will keep a week or two. The beauty of this bread is that you do not have to set it at night.

I do not know how it is with others, but as for me the hints and ideas of styles given by our Editor are gladly received, and if those with small means will but bear it in mind to dress plainly and not con-

spicuously, have their dresses well made and in good taste, they will pass.

FLINT.

COZETTE.

LETTERS FROM THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

A LITTLE FINANCIER.

I want to tell the other girls how I saved sixteen dollars. In the first place I had earned three dollars, and papa bought me a pig about four months old. It raised five pigs the next spring. Papa had one pig for wintering its mother, and half what the other four brought me for fattening them in the fall. I had the other half. I sold the old pig and her three little ones—they were about a week old, for ten dollars. In all I received eighteen dollars and a half. Sixteen dollars I now have at interest.

OKEMOS.

VIOLET.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

I thought a glimpse into our rural home might be interesting. My papa takes the FARMER, and it is a welcome visitor in our Canadian farm house. It was a year last April since I began school; we live two miles from school; there are ten teachers. I am in the fifth division and have to study pretty hard. With my school lessons and music I do not have much time to play. We have a parrot three years old, she talks and whistles beautifully.

There is a lovely summer resort at Fisher's Glen, on Lake Erie, five miles from here; we often drive there and spend the day. I have no brothers or sisters, and to amuse me mamma taught me to make cake. I will send you the recipe of the first cake I ever made; I was seven years old.

OAK LAWN, Canada.

BELLE.

KNITTED LACE.

I send directions for knitted lace which I think pretty: Cast on fifteen stitches, knit across the first time plain.

2d row—Knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two, thread over twice, narrow, knit five, thread over twice, seam two together.

3d row—Thread over once, narrow, knit seven, seam one, knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two.

4th row—Knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit ten, thread over twice, seam two together.

5th row—Thread over once, narrow, knit ten, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two.

6th row—Knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, knit four, thread over twice, seam two together.

7th row—Thread over once, narrow, knit six, seam one, knit two, seam one, knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two.

8th row—Knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit twelve, thread over twice, seam two together.

9th row—Thread over once, narrow, knit twelve, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two.

10th row—Knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, knit four, thread over twice, seam two together.

11th row—Thread over once, narrow, knit six, seam one, knit two, seam one, knit two, seam one, knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two.

12th row—Knit two, thread over once, seam two together, knit fifteen, thread over twice, seam two together.

13th row—Thread over once, narrow, knit fifteen, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two.

14th row—Knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit fifteen, thread over twice, seam two together.

15th row—Bind off six stitches, knit ten, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two.

Repeat from second row.

OKEMOS.

VIOLET.

SEVERAL of our contributors have enquired whether manuscript in pencil was accepted or not. Well, that depends. If you write in a microscopic hand with a hard pencil, you will have to say something very wise or witty to induce the editor to copy your article so the compositor can read it. If you will use a soft pencil and "large size" handwriting there will be no protest entered.

MARY WAGER-FISHER thinks paint for kitchen floors should be a nice dust gray color, "just as near the hue of dried mud as it can be mixed." Now that's a good idea. Usually the yellows and red browns which are used for the purpose show every footprint and bit of dust, and are nearly as much trouble to keep clean as an unpainted floor would be.

Contributed Recipes.

HEALTHY PIE-CRUST.—One cup sour milk; one tablespoonful good butter or lard, rubbed in the flour; soda enough to sweeten the milk, generally not over a scant half tea spoonful; a pinch of salt, and flour to mix. This will make two small pies. If you want the top crust richer, roll out, sprinkle bits of butter on it, fold and roll out again.

BEATRIX.

BELL'S CAKE.—One cup sugar; half cup sweet milk; one and a half cups flour; one egg; two teaspoonfuls baking powder; two tablespoonfuls butter. This is very nice made fresh for tea.

BELL.

OAK LAWN.

POTATO BALL YEAST.—Take two fair sized potatoes, mash fine; add one teaspoonful each of sugar and salt; one yeast cake dissolved in just enough water to wet it.

MASON.

BONNIE SCOTLAND.

PICKLED CABBAGE.—As I do not have red cabbage, I take our common sort, such as I have, as sound as I can. Quarter them and steam until the heart is tender; then take the vinegar that is left from pears or peaches and pour boiling hot over them, not slicing till I put it upon the table.

NEW YEAR'S COOKIES.—Two and a half cups butter; five cups sugar; three eggs; one pint sour milk; two teaspoonfuls soda.

HOLT.

AUNT LOA.