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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE WRONG GIRL.

Fair Marcella in the parlor
Strung her beads on golden thread;
Played "a study" or "fantasia,"
Or a thrilling novel read.
She was stylish, fresh and dainty,
She had hands as white as snow,
And she'd quite resolved to marry
Only "dear, delightful Joe."

Little Jennie in the kitchen,
Busy at the morning light,
Making clear and fragrant coffee,
Making biscuits fresh and white,
Busy sweeping, dusting, cooking,
"Here and there, and to fro,"
Good and fair, but noways stylish,
Jenny loved "delightful Joe."

Now Marcella and then Jenny
Caught the gay, uncertain beau;
One day holding little brown hands,
Next the hands as white as snow.
But when listening to Marcella,
Playing in the parlor dim,
He was sure the stylish maiden
Was the very wife for him.

Then again at Jenny's table,
Loved and honored as a guest,
He was sure the household maiden,
Of all wives would be the best.
So between the maids he doubted
Till one night—'tis mostly so—
Fair Marcella, in the moonlight,
Won the dear, delightful Joe.

Ten years after! Then he knew it—
Knew that he had chosen wrong—
Knew a dainty home and dinner
Were far better than a song;
Knew that white hands may be pretty
For a lover to caress;
But that hands well trained to duty
Are the hands that truly bless.

BURDENS.

"To every one on earth
God gives a burden, to be carried down
The road that lies between the cross and crown;
No lot is wholly free;
He giveth one to thee.

"Some carry it aloft,
Open and visible to any eyes;
And all may see its form, and weight and size;
Some hide it in their breast,
And deem it thus unguessed."

Burdens are of various kinds, some are the result of our own indiscretion, we are wholly accountable for them, others are put upon us, and although entirely innocent, we must bear them; some burdens are real, others imaginary. Let us take the defaulter, for instance; I think he must carry a fearful burden. We will suppose he has a wife and little ones, who depend upon and love and honor him; he has also a father and mother who are looking proudly at the position of trust he occupies. He is loaning money for other parties, receiving interest, rent, etc. He has brilliant talents, and is rapidly climbing the ladder

of success, but alas! in an evil moment he falls, steals the money belonging to others, gives up principle, home, friends, everything, and flees the country, has not moral courage to face it, leaves his wife and little ones to bear the terrible disgrace. Each has a burden, which think you is the heaviest?

We occasionally meet a person who seems to have what is styled "bad luck." Whatever he puts his hand to turns against him, and as a natural consequence he is always behind. The old saying that "It never rains but it pours," proves true in his case, for one misfortune after another follows him. His troubles are so numerous that one cannot help but remark it, and it is a real satisfaction to him to parade them before the public eye, he staggers along under a fearful burden, but lightens it somewhat by thinking there are "better days coming." We are all familiar with instances of children who consider the care of father and mother a burden. The old people have found the care of the farm too much for them, so give it to a favorite son, trusting to him to care for them, never dreaming but what the love and toil lavished on him in childhood will be more than repaid in caring for them. But, shame that it should be so, after a while they find themselves in the corner; if they venture a little good advice, they are told that "housekeeping and farming have changed considerably since they began, and all remarks are superfluous." The things that mother has always used so carefully, the best knives and spoons, china and table linen, are carelessly handled; the frugal habits and little economies are not practiced, everything seems, to the old people, to be going to rack and ruin; they find they are a burden where they had hoped to be a comfort.

We watch by the bedside of our loved ones through a long and terrible sickness, and we know they will never be better; it may be an only child, one in whom all our hopes and pride are centered. We have formed so many plans for his happiness; the old house is built over, or a new one made entirely, but just as our plans are maturing, disease attacks him. We know that the pleasant room finished and furnished expressly for him, will be occupied but a little while, we must give him up, and it seems as if our shoulders could never bear this burden.

"Thy burden is God's gift,
And it will make the bearer calm and strong
Yet, lest it press too heavily and strong,
He says, 'Cast it on me
And it shall easy be.'

"Take thou thy burden thus,
Into thy hands, and lay it at His feet,
And whether it be sorrow or defeat,
Or pain or sin or care,
Lay it down calmly there."

There are some few of earth's favored ones who think any little disappointments or defeat in cherished hopes and plans are grievous burdens, hard to be borne. They know nothing of heartaches over defeats which change the course of a whole life. We may be caring for some motherless child, trying earnestly, prayerfully to do for his or her good, but the stubborn, wilful spirit will not be benefitted; we are cursed, instead of helped along, and we feel as if a burden had been added, instead of our load lightened.

A great many struggle along with a secret sorrow, one which no earthly friend can help them bear, no matter how sincere the sympathy. The face must wear a smile, the home must be made pleasant, we must minister to the comfort of our loved ones, but with so little heart in it. We must keep up appearances, and the world says "How happy Mrs. — is! a beautiful home, splendid husband, lovable children, every wish is gratified," little dreaming how the poor body is racked and tortured. So many homes have a skeleton, locked away from the public eyes; it may be a youthful sin—a mistake innocently made—or the love so warmly given has been thrown back unrequited, and that the grave has closed over our best loved one.

Earth has many sad burdens. Many who were gay with New Year's congratulations, rejoiced in the sweet influence of spring, witnessed the orchard blossoming, June roses, and the golden glory of the harvest, plucked the golden rod of October, are deeply buried from human eyes; the autumn leaves are falling over them, the chill November blast will sweep over their graves. The merrymaking of Christmas is not for them. We sit in sadness—oh! so lonely—and we wonder about this grim visitor who "with equal pace, knocks at palaces as the cottage gate," and we think of so many things that we had planned to do that remain undone. How natural it is to intend to do something; and we wait and wait for a more convenient time, or for tomorrow, and when tomorrow comes our friend is gone beyond recall, and we always have a sorrow that we waited.

"And still we tread the desert sands
And still with trifles fill our hands,
While ever just beyond our reach,
The fairest vision shows to each.
The things we have not done but willed,
Remain to haunt us—unfulfilled."

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGALINE.

FOR CHRISTMAS.

A pretty pin cushion is made of three satin or lace bags, fringed at the top, and filled with wool or bran well dried. Each bag should be of different color, but the hues should harmonize. Tie the bags at the neck with narrow ribbon, and fasten them in an upright position, leaning together, with strong silk. A little sachet powder mixed with the wool or bran is a pleasant addition; if you cannot get sachet powder, buy five cents worth of powdered orris root at the drugstore and use instead.

"My grandmother's needlebook" is made in this fashion: Take a piece of morocco, (bronze is the best, but red or dark green is pretty,) about two and one-half inches wide, and five inches long; a plain, oblong piece, and round one end. Fit a piece of silk or ribbon the same width exactly to the morocco, and bind the edge all around neatly with ribbon half an inch in width. Cut four or five pieces of flannel just the width of the morocco, and wind them into a roll. Cover each end with a piece of silk or velvet of the same shade as the lining to the needle-book, letting it come half an inch or more over each end. Wind the straight end of the morocco once about this roll, and fasten it neatly. Cut two pieces of soft, fine flannel a little narrower than the width of the morocco, and button-hole-stitch the edge of each, fastening them in next to the roll. Take a piece of silk like the lining, half as wide again as the width of the needle-book, hem one end half an inch wide, run a shir and draw it up with a narrow silk braid to the width of the needle-book, and stitch it in next to the leaves for a pocket. Sew a half a yard of narrow, blue ribbon on the rounded end, to tie the needle-book when rolled.

The HOUSEHOLD gave directions for making a "daisy tidy" about a year ago. But as we have many new readers since then, and probably some of the old ones have forgotten, we make no apology for reproducing them, as the tidy is really very pretty. Cut out of stiff white material forty-one pieces the size of a silver half-dollar. Cover these with serpentine braid, beginning on the outer edge, and sewing each point down until near the centre. Make a tuft of yellow worsted and fasten in the centre of each. Make four squares of nine inches each, catching lightly one or two points of each daisy. Make a cross of two pieces of red ribbon, each piece two inches wide and thirteen inches long. Hem the ends to a point. Fasten a daisy on each point of ribbon, and one in the centre. Now fasten one of the squares of nine daisies in each of the corners, which will make your tidy nearly square, though each point of ribbon should extend out a little further than the daisies.

The small girls, and those not so small either, can make a laundry bag as a gift to the mother or a big sister, to hold soiled cuffs and collars and handkerchiefs. It should be made like a bag, with one side longer than the other to form a lap to come over the top upon the front, and linen or silesia, in any desired color, can be used.

A woman at the washtub, or with arms akimbo standing beside a tub, or hanging out clothes with a basket at her side, are appropriate designs, to be etched in ink or done in Kensington stitch.

A very handsome wall pocket has for its foundation a palm-leaf fan, which is covered front and back with pink satin, a layer of wadding being laid between the satin and the fan, and a narrow ruche of pleated satin is set round the edge. The pocket covers about two-thirds of the fan, is cut out of pasteboard, covered with plush in front and lined with satin. A satin revers is turned over from the top of the pocket part, on which is traced an outline design in colored silks and gold thread. This revers is finished with gold cord, and a cluster of ribbon loops placed under the point. The handle is gilded and finished at the top with a bow of ribbon. This design can be copied in cheaper materials if desired.

THE CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY.

It is impossible to describe the charm there is about Chautauqua, to picture it as it is, or to impart to another the inspiration and strength one receives from being there.

Lake Chautauqua is in itself a gem of beauty, a body of clear, sparkling water, twenty miles in length and seven hundred and twenty feet higher than Lake Erie. The route from Brocton to Chautauqua is exceedingly picturesque. Within fourteen miles you climb this seven hundred feet. Because of the windings of the road, you see Lake Erie now upon the right and now upon the left. As you ascend, its retreating waters seem likewise to rise in an opposite direction, and vessels in the distance seem to almost rest against the sky. So, in life's journey, there are ever visions of heights beyond, and the mountains of trial and difficulty are overcome, go sailing away on the sea of the past and are lost on Memory's horizon.

You leave the train at Mayville, three miles above Chautauqua, and board one of the steamers that ply the lake, and as you glide over its peaceful waters you feel that you have left the cares of the world behind and give yourself up to the impressions of the hour, and in the enchanting glamour of the beauty of the summer morning your whole being thrills with ecstasy as you drink in the loveliness and grandeur of the scene. On either side are beautiful farms and terraced vineyards, while in the background rise the everlasting hills. Below you, the dancing, sparkling water; above you, the bright blue vault of heaven, and over all the sweet soft shimmer of the golden sunlight.

Soon there greets your expectant vision the far-famed Chautauqua, beautiful for situation, lovely in its repose, wooing you to its shady retreat.

The first objects you discern are the magnificent dock, with its massive clock and sweet chime of bells, and the white walls of the Hotel Athenæum, shining out so clear from the green slopes of Chautauqua. This hotel was erected two years ago at a cost of \$125,000. It is supplied with all the modern conveniences and is admirably conducted. The upper rooms of the dock are filled with

curiosities of every description, which are worthy many hours' close attention. Near the dock is the Oriental House, also filled with curiosities. Among the many attractions at the landing is the model of Jerusalem, which occupies a space perhaps forty feet square. Around it and elevated a few feet above, is a platform from which you obtain a bird's eye view of Jerusalem and its surroundings. Here Dr. Eaton, of Franklin, N. Y., lectured one hour every day, and we were shown the Valley of Jehoshaphat east, the Valley of the Son of Hinnon south, and the Valley of the Gihon west of the city. The buildings and walls are of course in miniature, but there is something so real about it that you seem to stand by the veritable Jerusalem and to hear the tread of men and nations and the long line of prophets, priests and kings, which once thronged the city—David in all his grandeur, Solomon in all his glory, the Queen of Sheba with her gorgeous retinue, and last of all, God, manifest in the flesh, the man Christ Jesus. We were shown the road over which He passed in His triumphal entry into the city, the road leading to Bethpage over which the colt was brought upon which He sat, and the road to Calvary, where He went bearing His cross. On the east of Jerusalem lies the Mount of Olives and the Garden of Gethsemane, and near by the Hill of Evil Counsel, where the Sanhedrim consulted to put Jesus to death, and away in the distance the Mountains of Moab. On this side of the city, also, are the Pool of Siloam, the Fountain of the Virgin, and Nehemiah's Well or Enrogel. Near by is shown the Village of Bethany, where our Saviour often went for rest and refreshment.

The principal objects of interest in Jerusalem are the mosque of Omar and the church of the Holy Sepulchre. The mosque of Omar is a magnificent building, erected upon the site of the Jewish Temple and the Tower of Antonio. It is sometimes called the Dome of the Rock. Mohammedans say that Mohammed ascended from the Rock underneath the dome, and would have taken the rock with him had not the angel Gabriel held it down. It is a tradition of the Mohammedan religion that the souls of Mohammedans go through this rock. They will not allow a Jew to enter the building, and it is only within twenty years that Christians have been admitted. This is a sacred place to the Jews, being the place where David met the angel of the Lord by the threshing-place of Arannah, the Jebusite, and offered sacrifice for his own sin, "and the plague was staid from Israel." There is still to be seen a hole in the floor, eighteen inches in size, supposed to be the place where the blood from the sacrifice in the temple passed out.

Helena, the mother of Constantine, the first Christian emperor of Rome, came to Jerusalem inquiring for the spot where our Lord was crucified and buried, and erected over it the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. There are three holes in the rock, said to be the holes dug for the three crosses, and it is quite certain it is the veritable spot. This church, together with the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem and the Church of the Ascension at Bethany, was built by Helena in the third century.

In the eleventh century the wars of the Crusades began, the object of which was to get the Holy Sepulchre from Mohammedan back into Christian hands. In this they were not successful, except at short intervals. The Crusades were four in number, and last of all came the Children's Crusade, in which thirty thousand children joined the white standard and marched from Vienna with Stephen (a boy of twelve), their leader, in their midst, dressed in a long white robe, riding in a white silken car with silver curtains, drawn by white ponies. Only twenty thousand of these little Crusaders reached the gate of Marseilles, at which place two deceivers appeared offering their ships to convey them to Jerusalem, but they were sold into slavery and only one returned to tell the sad tale.

In this model of Jerusalem the Jews' waiting place is shown in a portion of the city which Titus preserved as a monument of his power in conquering so great a city, and adjacent to this is a part of the arch which formed the foundation of the bridge which connected the king's house with the city.

About twenty years ago the quarry was accidentally discovered from whence were taken the ponderous stones used in building the walls and temple. A dog was burrowing for game and disappeared. This aroused investigation, and a quarry extending three-quarters of a mile underneath the city was found, with some of the stones partly quarried.

The walls of Jerusalem are at some points sixty feet high and eight feet thick, and pierced by four heavy gates which are closed at sunset. The sentinel calls out: "Come, hasten, ye people, the sun is disappearing and the gates will close;" and the people rush quickly to enter the city before it is too late. The city contains thirty thousand inhabitants—the Jews, Mohammedans and Christians each occupying their own part of the city, being about equal in number.

MRS. W. K. SEXTON.

(To be Continued.)

THANKSGIVING THOUGHTS.

Thanksgiving with its pleasant memories is again drawing near, and our heads and hands will soon be busy contriving our best dishes for the occasion. We naturally, when choosing our company on that day, think only of the near relatives and friends, but should we not go a little farther? Should we not think also of the needy in our midst who cannot have anything extra on that day? Could we not spare a dish or two out of our abundance, and make some poor body happy and grateful, not only for the food offered, but because they know some one has thought and cared for them. Oh, if one-tenth of the surplus victuals used by extravagant people that day could be given to starving families, how many true, heartfelt, thankful prayers would ascend to the Power that provides for us; prayers that we could hope would be answered, too. And the givers will be benefitted also by an indescribable satisfaction, and will feel that they have done a noble deed. We are apt to think that our whole duty on Thanksgiving Day lies in getting up a good dinner and eating it; but we should be

thankful that we have the means to get it, and should be good to all around us, so they can be thankful also. It has been said, and it is a sweet thought, that every noble thought and feeling that we exercise, and every kind act we perform is a round gained on the ladder that leads to heaven.

Thanks to Lucy for the suggestion that we can if we will, do without blacking our stoves. It is a detestable job and I for one would prefer washing them, yet hope that some genius will soon invent a polish that can be put on as we use shoe polish, thus doing away with the dust. C. B. R.

VICKSBURG.

LADIES' DAY AT THE WEBSTER FARMERS' CLUB.

The November meeting of the Webster Farmers' Club was held at the residence of Wm. Scadin, on the 13th inst. Mr. Scadin and his wife on this occasion sustained all their old time hospitality, making each member of the Club, whether old or young, feel the influence of their kindly greeting.

As this was Ladies' Day the gentlemen were put upon their good behavior and took back seats, relegating the dry debates on ordinary farm topics to the corners, while the bright and piquant gems of thought flowed from the lips of the women. The "Neilsons" selected their best melodies and sang with a heartiness that put us in just the humor to fully appreciate Miss Julia Ball's inimitable rendition of Will Carleton's "Church Organ," after which Mrs. A. M. Chamberlain read a paper which, having no title, might be styled "The husband is the head of the wife, and if she will learn anything let her learn of her husband at home."

In the discussion following, without particularizing, the gentlemen who dissented from the paper will admit to having been handsomely floored by Mesdames Olsaver, Phelps, Bachus, Rogers, and Mrs. Lee, of Grass Lake, assisted by Rev. Mr. Butler, pastor of the Congregational church, who briefly showed that this command was only given to the Corinthian woman, whose forwardness needed repression.

Mrs. Chamberlain's paper is as follows:

I will present a few thoughts brought to my mind by the discussion at our meeting held at Mr. Buckelew's, even at the risk of having it whispered: "Just like a woman, she always wants the last word."

We were told that it is said, "The husband is the head of the wife, and if she will learn anything, let her learn of her husband at home." In all communities, whether it be of a nation or household, there must be a governing head, and I cannot deny that the husband is the head of the wife, or ought to be; and that wife falls far below her place who by constant faultfinding, or angry contentions, seeks authority over her husband. I say below her place, for I do not know which is the most lamentable sight, the husband who meekly, fearfully obeys his wife, or the wife who "bosses" her husband. Did you ever notice how often women are reminded of the "keep silence," of "the obey," of the "husband the head of the wife;" and have you noticed that they usually stop there?

But that is not all, the duties are not all

on one side. Men are commanded to love their wives as their own bodies." Now, that is a very strong expression, "as their own bodies," and may mean many things. I understand they should not prefer their own comforts or pleasures to the neglect of the wife's comfort or pleasure.

I once knew a couple who had been married only a few weeks when they received an invitation to a neighborhood sleighride party. The wife dressed for the ride, put her husband's clothes in readiness, when he came in and said, "What, are you going? I should think you had better stay at home." He was selfish, he loved his own pleasures; he did not love his wife as his own body. We are all far more selfish than we think. Many a ghostly "skeleton in the closet" would crumble if all the old cobwebs of selfishness could be swept and dusted from that grim old room.

Again, men are commanded "not to be bitter towards their wives." Now as the opposite of bitter is sweet, I suppose they are to be pleasant, good natured, not cross, morose or snappish.

We hear much of how the wife should meet her husband with a smile and strive to smooth away the cares of life. That is all right, but should the husband be so nice and agreeable away from home and then come home with all the gathered bitterness of the day, to burst as a dark cloud on the lives of those nearest and dearest at home; for remember, a wound from an enemy may hurt, a wound from a friend may hurt yet more; but a wound from a loved one is bitterness indeed.

It reminds me of Fanny Fern's pen picture of "Father is Coming":

"Father is coming, and little round faces grow long, and merry voices are hushed, toys are hustled into the closet, and mamma glances nervously at the door, and baby is bribed with a lump of sugar to keep the peace; but father's face relaxes not a muscle and the little group huddle like timid sheep in a corner; tea is despatched as silently as if speaking were prohibited by the statute book, and the children creep like culprits to bed, marvelling that baby dared to crow so loud, now that father has come."

I wish also to remind you that the husband is to be intelligent and sociable, for is not the wife to learn from her husband at home? And how can she learn of her husband if he is not intelligent enough to teach her? How can she learn if he does not talk; and how can she hear if he is not at home; neither is the wife to be kept in ignorance, she is to learn.

Now, I think it wise when gentlemen cry "I am the head," that they also look well and see what manner of head they are, lest their dignity, without foundation, topple and fall ignobly in the dust.

I have been very much tempted to branch off on the different points brought to my view in this paper, but I know a word to the wise is sufficient, and I fancy I hear a voice from headquarters saying: "Cut it short!"

C. M. STARKS, Corresponding Sec'y.

AWNT EM, in the *Rural*, says that she once had some white pique badly molded. She tried drying it out, knowing the mould was a vegetable growth. She baked the goods in a cool oven for two or three hours, then brushed well with a stiff clothes-brush and thus removed all trace of mold.

TOBOGGAN CAPS.

These caps are now "all the rage" in this city and the Bazars are selling great numbers of them. Any lady who can crochet can make them, and they make very acceptable and useful Christmas gifts for young children of both sexes, or for misses. The materials required are two and a quarter ounces of Germantown yarn. Use an ounce for the cap, which is crocheted like a cuff, only large enough to fit the head, and should be a quarter of a yard deep. Turn up two inches of the bottom of the cap on the outside for the roll, or band. Sew the cap together in a straight seam across the top and lay the seam in two forward turning pleats, beginning at one end of the seam, and bring them down nearly to the roll or band which was turned up; this leaves the back of the cap perfectly plain and straight, and the seam joining the edges of the top entirely concealed in the fulness which is made by pleating it down upon the front. Divide the remaining ounce and a quarter of yarn into three equal parts, for the pompons which decorate the front. Take a strip of thin card board two inches wide and three inches long; on this wind one-third of the yarn. Run a darning needle threaded with stout cord between the wool and the card, and tie the wool tightly as possible; cut the wool on the opposite side of the card, and you have one of the three pompons for the front. Pull the wool into shape, clip as is necessary, then hang the pompons where they will get the steam from boiling water for at least ten minutes; this untwists the yarn and makes the pompons soft and "fluffy." Clip again if needful, and fasten the pompons in a group against the pleats in the front of the cap.

Any stitch, afghan, star, or the regular "toboggan stitch" may be used for the cap, the directions being the same in all cases. Or the cap may be knit on coarse needles, seaming four or five stitches to make the work ribbed. These caps are very pretty, and easy to make. B.

CURING HAMS.

Miss Corson gives the following directions for curing hams by the dry-salting method: To every eighteen pounds of meat allow two pounds of salt, two ounces of saltpetre and four ounces of brown sugar. Trim the hams properly, lay the skin down so the meat can drain, then rub with the above preparation, thoroughly mixed, every day for four days, then for twelve days rub the meat daily with salt, keeping a board with a weight upon it to facilitate the draining of the blood and brine from it. A brine for curing hams is made by using three gallons of water, four and a half pounds of salt, one and a half pounds of brown sugar, one and a half ounces of saltpetre, half an ounce of saleratus, and two quarts of molasses; boil and skim clear. Put the meat in a cask, turn the brine on it cold, weight with a heavy stone, and let remain five weeks. At least twice they should be taken up and repacked, putting the top ones at the bottom; otherwise those at the bottom will be too salt. To dry-salt bacon, trim the sides, rub them

with salt and let them drain twenty-four hours. To each side allow half a pound each of salt and brown sugar, and one ounce of saltpetre. Rub the mixture well into the sides, and turn them every day, then smoke ten days.

Meats for the consumption of a small family can be smoked by suspending the hams from bars laid across a large barrel open at both ends, set over a smouldering fire. Corn-cobs make a good smoke, and bay-leaves and juniper berries burned with them give the meat an slightly aromatic flavor.

SUGGESTIONS.

I have used my Garland stove for two years, and prevent rust in the following way: I only black the stove once a week, at other times I simply rub it over with a woolen cloth on which I have turned about a teaspoonful of kerosene. This removes the water spots and brightens it up wonderfully. The cloth soon become so black that it soils the hand, then I use a piece of paper to handle it with. The longer you use the cloth the better it polishes; I never change until it is worn out. Be careful not to put on too much kerosene, or it will dull the lustre; use just enough and rub quite vigorously.

I prevent starch from sticking to the irons by making it in this manner: Dissolve one teaspoonful of borax in a little boiling water; wet two teaspoonfuls of starch with cold water, turn the two together, mix and use as cold starch. This will do a small starching; quantity must be regulated to necessity.

OLD HUNDRED.

SCRAPS.

ONE of "the sights" on Woodward Avenue last week was a magnificent floral urn, on exhibition in M. S. Smith's window. It was fully three feet high, and was made of chrysanthemums. The base, which was square, was in white, shading gradually into light coppery red, and this in turn into a darker shade, which was deepest at the union of the body of the urn to the pedestal. From this the colors shaded from dark to light yellow, the differing hues being so exquisitely blended as to produce excellent effects of light and shade. The arms were of small yellow chrysanthemums, relieved by smilax; and a few fine flowers were thrust loosely into the top. The vase attracted a great deal of attention, both from its novelty and the beauty and harmony of its colors. It was placed on exhibition by Breitmeyer & Sons, and we suspect Mr. Phillip Breitmeyer would be compelled to plead guilty if charged with being the artist.

I FELT perfectly sure that some quick-eyed woman would "catch me up" for the seeming discrepancy between my advice to slight the ironing wherever possible, and later instructions in regard to the proper way to iron table linen. But, in the first place, I advise every woman to adjust her burdens to her ability to bear them. She should have the good sense to do this. Then she will have no difficulty about conflicting statements and advice in the HOUSE-

HOLD or elsewhere, because she will have the courage to reject what is not applicable to the conditions of her life, and to adopt what will aid her. In the second place, though I might fold the sheets and towels and put them to iron under a weight, and iron the starched bottoms of my skirts and give the tops "a rub and a promise," I always felt that it was economy to iron the tablecloths with care and pains, for these reasons: A well ironed cloth keeps clean longer than one that is slighted, hence, as the linen is so conspicuous on the table, it saves washing and makes no more ironing to do it well. Secondly, I care not how good the cooking or how ample the spread, if the table linen is wrinkled or mused, or soiled, it takes away the zest with which we sit down to eat. And if the tablecloths are hung on the line as directed, and sprinkled just right, is not a great task to iron them when not starched, and I think I said I did not approve of starched table-linen. I endorse Miss Willard's motto, "Plain living and high thinking," but I want my "plain living" to be attractive to the eye, so far as neatness is concerned, and the best of its kind in quality.

OILCLOTH has a variety of uses in the kitchen, being useful as a cover for a table, shelves, etc. A strip tacked to the wall back of the sink and the table at which the dishwasher presides saves unsightly stains on the wall, as does also a piece nailed below the hooks on which tin ware is hung.

ONE of the household conveniences you can get the men to make on a rainy day, is a folding clothes-rack to be hinged to the wall, perhaps behind a door, folded up against the wall when not in use. The frame can be made of any desired size, and the article is very convenient. Similar ones can be found in any house-furnishing store.

Contributed Recipes.

MIXED LAYER CAKE.—White part: One cup white sugar, half cup butter, stirred together; whites of three eggs, well beaten; two cups flour; half cup milk; half teaspoonful baking powder; flavor with essence of lemon or vanilla. Dark part: One cup molasses; half cup brown sugar; half cup butter; yolks of five eggs; one cup sour milk; one teaspoonful soda; one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves and ginger; one cup chopped and seeded raisins; three cups flour. Bake in jelly tins and place on a plate, first the dark and then light alternately, with icing spread between, made from the whites of two eggs and white sugar.

PLAIN FRUIT CAKE.—Two cups molasses; (I like sorghum best for baking) two-thirds cup butter or drippings; three eggs; one and a half cups sour milk; two teaspoonfuls soda; one teaspoonful salt; two teacupfuls raisins, halved and seeded; one tablespoonful each of cloves and cinnamon; one-half nutmeg grated, and flour to make quite a stiff batter. Bake slow.

POP-CORN BALLS.—Place a tablespoonful of butter in a kettle; put in the shelled corn when hot, and stir until popped nicely. Put a bit of butter in a pan, add a pint of molasses, boil until it is quite thick, and will hair when the spoon is lifted up; stir this among the corn and then mold into balls with the hand. Showy for the table at Thanksgiving or Christmas, and will please the children.

VICKSBURG.

C. B. R.