

# MICHIGAN FARMER

## AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE

DETROIT, DECEMBER 14, 1886.

### THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

#### THEY SAY.

They say—ah, well, suppose they do?  
But can they prove the story true?  
Suspicion may arise from naught  
But malice, envy, want of thought;  
Why count yourself among the "they,"  
Who whisper what they dare not say?

They say—but why the tale rehearse,  
And help to make the matter worse?  
No good can possibly accrue  
From telling what may be untrue;  
And is it not a noble plan  
To speak of all, the best you can?

They say—well, if it should be so,  
Why need you tell the tale of woe?  
Will it the bitter wrong redress,  
Or make one pang of sorrow less?  
Will it the erring one restore,  
Henceforth to "go and sin no more?"

They say—O, pause and look within!  
See how thy heart inclines to sin;  
And lest in dark temptation's hour  
Thou too, shouldst sink beneath its power,  
Pity the frail, weep o'er their fall,  
And speak of good, or not at all.

#### CHRISTMAS CONFECTIONS.

The appetite for candy is common to nearly all children, and some of us older ones admit the possession of a "sweet tooth." A Christmas without bonbons would be, to the average child, as dull as "Hamlet," with the Prince of Denmark left out. We cannot recommend the cheap candies which most children are furnished with from the country stores, because they are so generally adulterated. The home-made candies, for which recipes have several times been given in the HOUSEHOLD, are cheaper and much more healthful, and we would advise every mother to include among preparations for Christmas a few hours' work in the manufacture of candies. We give a new recipe, one of Miss Corson's, which seems very easily and economically made: Put a pound of loaf sugar, a third of an even teaspoonful of cream of tartar and a half pint of cold water over the fire in a thick sauce-pan, and boil till it reaches a point when a little cooled in cold water can be rolled to a little ball in the wet fingers. Then remove from the fire and let cool for five minutes. Beat the whites of five eggs to a stiff froth, and holding the saucepan above the bowl containing the beaten whites, slowly pour the sugar into them, beating the mixture constantly that it may be smooth. If the sugar hardens, melt it again, but the beating must be continued until all the sugar has been added to the eggs. Some of this, baked on buttered paper in small spoonfuls, make *meringues*, or "kisses." With nuts, pop-corn, figs, dates, and preserved fruits, as cherries, a great

many different varieties of candies may be made; and a few cents expended for fancy paper to cover boxes, or coarse lace to make bags, will give these home-made bonbons a holiday air eminently satisfactory to the small people. Not a little of the delight of a gift comes through the attractive shape in which it is presented. The bonbons with which Detroit confectioners tempt their customers are put up in dainty boxes, with attractive little pictures on the covers, and lined with lace paper. Others are sent out in miniature champagne baskets, with a broad ribbon tied in a bow on the cover; while there is no end to the fancy bags, baskets, and boxes which are filled with the daintiest of sweets, crystalized fruits and flowers, morsels of exquisite flavor, and sold at prices perfectly paralyzing to the innocent individual who has only a half dollar to spare.

Another way of making the candy which shall serve as the basis of many sorts, like the economical old lady's seven kinds of cake from one dough, is made as follows: Boil a pound of sugar, one-third of an even teaspoonful of cream of tartar and a gill of cold water, to the thread, that is, till by dipping the thumb and fore-finger into cold water, then into the boiling sugar, it will stretch between them like a thread, without breaking. Remove, and cool for fifteen minutes, then with a wooden paddle rub the sugar against the sides of the saucepan; as the portion rubbed becomes white and creamy stir it with the clear syrup; when all is creamy it is ready to use, and can be kept just warm enough to use. Roll bits of it round almond meats, make little cakes and press the half of a walnut on top; make up little balls and dip them in melted chocolate, or roll them in dry sugar; cut figs in half and envelop them in the cream and dust with sugar; chop nut meats or raisins and stir into a portion, and make cocoanut cakes by stirring the cream thick with dessicated cocoanut. There are many ways of using which will suggest themselves as you work.

If you like peanut candy, take half a pint of molasses, two quarts of unshelled peanuts and a little soda. Flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla, shell the peanuts, rub off the inner skin, and stir the meats into the candy. Pour into buttered tins, press down smoothly, and check with a knife when partly cold for convenience in breaking up.

Then, if you wish to present your friends with a dish of very acceptable "taffy," you will take the shells of the English walnuts—which you cracked very carefully to preserve them intact—and bore holes through each half with a hot knitting needle, tying

the halves together with a bit of No. 1 ribbon. Write out personal remarks from the poets—easily selected from a birthday book, and place the neatly written "sentiment" inside the shells and fasten together with just enough stiff gum arabic to hold the paper. Bronze or gild the outside and you will be able to administer some very delicate morsels of compliment to your friends.

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BEATRIX.

#### HOME DOINGS.

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The long winter evenings! What a boon to overworked, tired farmers, and their no less busy wives! Do not let them degenerate into nodding, sleepy evenings. Brush up your wits; read the news; the history, and the poem; read aloud; invite remarks and criticism. Don't let one brain conserve all the good things. Read aloud, even if it does cost an effort, and when tired, let another take a turn. You may feel that it is a trouble to do so, and find it tiresome; you feel you understand better what you read, if you read it quietly to yourself. This may be true, but it is also very selfish.

If one is reading to himself, there is a restraint on all the others, who are debarred the pleasure of hearing the reading,

much good or harm a few words will do her, a chilling manner or sneering sentence often driving her to the verge of desperation; while an assurance that all will soon be well, a suggestion that the coming child may prove the greatest blessing of her life, or a mention of the briefness of the time her family will be small compared to the number of years they will be a comfort and help, makes her feel brave and cheerful again.

A mother caring for young children has a peculiar feeling that the task is endless, and under this impression grows impatient, tired, and too discouraged to take the joy of her dimpled darlings, when, lo! all at once they are grown and gone. She has time for her toilet, her books or pen, liberty to come and go, but often, too, a terrible hunger to gather them back to her arms, to put them asleep in their beds and crib; to watch over them and know that she is the queen of their little hearts and that those hearts are innocent. A woman often has wise and good reasons for not wishing children—hereditary disease, either mental or physical, poverty, or some great unhappiness; but when merely to escape pain, care and toil she foregoes the joy of motherhood, when to escape the few years of their helpless infancy, she yields all the pleasure of the many of companionship and their returning love and care, and faces an old age without children to give her a fresh interest in life, she is false to her own nature and an enemy to her own happiness. A. H. J. THOMAS.

#### PAINTED LACE.

Beatrice has discovered that painted lace is the newest departure in decorative fancy work, likely to interest her artist friends. At her suggestion I've experimented on all the lace within my reach, and found it practicable as well as extremely pretty. It is suitable on curtain lace for home decoration, or on trimming for ladies' apparel. For the latter Spanish lace is best, as it can be procured in a variety of flower patterns, such as roses, daisies, primroses, etc. You will require water color paints, Winsor & Newtons are considered best, either in tubes or bottles. The following are the most necessary: Chinese white, crimson lake, vermillion, Prussian blue, chrome yellow, burnt sienna and vandyke brown; they should be diluted with a little gum arabic water to thin, and prevent spreading. Of course by mixing these colors many desirable shades can be produced, as for instance, blue, yellow and burnt sienna give a fine olive green, Chinese white with a touch of vermillion a lovely pink. I think the lighter the coloring the better the effect. Hogs' hair brushes are the best to use, but camel's hair will answer; one small and one medium size.

Fasten your lace smoothly on a board covered with cloth, and if a number of yards are to be painted it is well to mix sufficient paint in a bottle, as it is difficult to get the same shade when mixed in small quantities; shake the bottle well before pouring in the saucer.

Nottingham lace pillow shams and spread would be very handsome painted in this way if a desirable pattern could be

procured; in fact there are numberless ways in which this pretty art could be turned to account, as will be seen from the following description of a bedroom, taken from the *New York Herald*: "The walls were painted a delicate cream color, the ceiling cream, rose color and light blue. A frieze of Nottingham lace border twenty-five inches wide designed in daisies, with a deep scalloped edge, was painted in colors to match the ceiling, the daisies were of blue, centered with yellow and brown, the leaves and stems a delicate green; and the borders in pink and cream color, the two tints separated by a line of burnt sienna; this was stretched around the room and fastened with white tacks, the whole having the appearance of an elegant fresco. The window drapery was of Nottingham lace, similar to the frieze, painted the same way, the furniture was of brass, the bed curtains, pillow shams, and spread also painted, the mantel was covered with a broad strip of lace painted and caught up at one side with a rosette of light blue and cream satin ribbon. The furniture was upholstered in blue and cream satin, and ornamented with tidies of lace in wild rose design, painted in the most delicate tints and tied in place with satin ribbons; the toilet was also covered with a spread of blue satin covered with lace painted, and of a pattern similar to the tidies." E. B. C.

WATROUSVILLE.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Do not be afraid to try new recipes, nor test new methods of household management; make the most of every opportunity, improve all your advantages.

WHEN you are done using the hot fat in the frying kettle, pour the fat into a basin, wipe the kettle with a cloth, then strain the fat back into it through a square of cheesecloth kept for the purpose. This removes all crumbs; and then, if you have a tin cover to fit the kettle closely, the fat is ready for immediate use whenever wanted. Never allow the fat to get too low, it is more economical to use plenty.

EVERY one makes kitchen aprons big and "far-reaching" nowadays, but every one does not increase their capabilities to the fullest extent. Make a holder of convenient size, cover it with goods like the apron, and attach it to the band by pieces of the goods stitched together. Make the attaching band long enough so that the holder will be readily useful. If in the way when not in use, put it in the pocket, which should be large.

Mrs. J. P. P., of Wisner, has our thanks for a can of very nice apple jelly, which reached us in good order last week. It is of good color and excellent flavor. Mrs. P. says of it: "It is made entirely of apples, without sugar, simply cider boiled into jelly. I find it splendid for cakes and puddings, but rather too sharp for tarts. I make a cracker pudding, put jelly on top, cover with frosting and brown in the oven, and we like it very well."

SOME of our correspondents are forgetting the newspaper rule which requires that matter for publication shall be written on but one side of the paper.

#### Contributed Recipes.

ROMAN SAUCE.—Nice with fish. One teacupful milk, one of water, brought to a boiling heat. Stir in one tablespoonful of flour and three well-beaten eggs, salt, pepper, two tablespoonfuls butter, and a little vinegar; boil four eggs hard and lay over the dish; pour over the sauce and serve.

CODFISH A LA MODE.—One teacupful fish, picked fine; two cups mashed potatoes; one pint sweet cream; two well-beaten eggs; half cup butter; salt and pepper. Mix well. Bake twenty minutes.

RUSKS.—Four cups bread dough; two well-beaten eggs; half cup butter; one cup white sugar; mix thoroughly; let rise until very light; then mold into rusks long as your finger, and narrow; when raised sufficiently, wash the tops over with sweetened water; bake quickly. Delicious for tea.

BUNS.—Four cups bread dough; half cup sugar; half cup butter; half cup Zante currants; mix; then roll about an inch in thickness; cut with large biscuit cutter. Do not crowd them in the tin. Sift cinnamon and sugar over tops. Nice for breakfast.

BAKED EGGS.—Strew bread crumbs about an inch deep in an earthen pie-plate; add pepper and salt and bits of butter; break eggs carefully on top of the crumbs; add butter, pepper and salt. Bake about eight minutes in a hot oven. Nice breakfast dish.

FRIED CARROTS.—Boil carrots until tender in slightly salted water; then peel them, slice lengthwise and fry them brown in butter. As nice as parsnips.

MARbled LOAF.—Take equal parts of beef's tongue and veal, be sure it is boiled tender; grate the tongue; cut the veal in large pieces; mix alternately in a jar or dish, seasoning with butter, pepper and salt, sage if you like; put on a weight and press solid. Keep in cold place.

GLEANERS' PUDDING.—One quart sweet milk; one pint bread crumbs; four eggs; one cup sugar; quarter cup melted butter; soak the crumbs fine in the milk; rub the butter, sugar, yolks of eggs together, and add; bake slowly without browning much. Take from the oven and spread thickly over the top raspberry jam or currant jelly, or blackberry jam; beat the whites and add three tablespoonfuls of sugar; flavor to suit taste, pile over the pudding, return to the oven, and brown a golden brown. Eat with sweetened cream.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—Arrange slices of white cake, spread with jelly, around a large dish; take two coffee cups of very thick sweet cream; put in a large bowl and beat it with the egg-beater until it is thick and foamy; then add half an ounce of gelatine, previously placed in sufficient hot water to dissolve; then cool, and strain into the cream four tablespoonfuls sugar and one teaspoonful vanilla. After adding these ingredients, beat a few times—be very careful or you will have butter—then pour it into the dish over the cake; put bits of the jelly on the top. Set in a cool place. Delicious.

WHITE MOUNTAIN PUDDING.—One quart sweet milk; four large butter crackers; teacupful white sugar; yolks of four eggs; mix thoroughly; flavor with lemon; bake slowly. Do not allow it to boil. Beat the whites of four eggs, add three tablespoonfuls sugar, flavor, spread over the top, and brown a delicate golden. It does not require any sauce or cream.

EVANGALINE.



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If one is reading to himself, there is a restraint on all the others, who are debarred the pleasure of hearing the reading,

and tacitly prohibited from amusing themselves in any other manner. True, if there are books and papers enough to go round, all may read, but this makes a sleepy household. No matter how much one may be pleased or impressed with a chance expression or pleasurable idea, if they venture to call attention, the better to enjoy it from companionship, the chances are that the annoyance felt and shown by others at being disturbed in their own pleasures, will effectually dampen all pleasure or ecstasy of feeling, and send the offender back to his book with a saddened, mortified sense of irritation, little calculated to help his present enjoyment, or to tempt him to a further effort at sociability.

The ability to read aloud is largely a matter of habit, and is also a useful exercise for the development of the vocal organs. Where a family gathers round the table, and one member reads aloud to the others, all can enjoy the books or papers together; an occasional remark, or criticism, or laugh does not jar on the nerves, irritating one or more; the other members of the family can be pursuing other avocations, and yet give and receive pleasure. The mind is kept busy, the senses are on the alert, mutual enjoyment makes mutual improvement, and all tends to a community of interests, and a pleasant home feeling. Then shake off the selfishness of isolated seclusion, and come forward into the more gracious atmosphere of social enjoyment.

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

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FOR CHRISTMAS.

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It is a long time since I have been numbered among the HOUSEHOLD girls, but I have been busy with my books and music, and I take a ride when it is warm enough to do so; but now I will write to the HOUSEHOLD oftener. I will try to help the girls with their Christmas gifts.

A nice present for grandmother is a warm night cap, crocheted from woolen yarn, or from tidy cotton; for very small children nothing is nicer than a box of alphabet blocks, to be bought at any book store; I learned my letters from them before I could talk plain. For older children nothing can equal a nice book; if parents would give their children a book every Christmas, they would have a nice library when grown up.

A pretty little ornament for the centre table is a photograph holder. Take two pieces of cardboard, seven inches one way and five the other; cover them on one side with satin or plush, on the other with silesia. Now take two and one half yards of ribbon, cut one yard of it in four pieces, and sew two pieces on one end of each of the pieces of card board, about half an inch from the side; tie them together and stand them up in the shape of a capital A. Take the other yard and a half of ribbon; cut in four, and sew each piece about two inches from the bottom of the A, and tie in a bow to keep the A from spreading. Take a strip of plush two and a half inches wide, and five inches long, and sew it on the bottom of the A on each side in the shape of a pocket to stand the photographs in. It can be trimmed around the edge with a cord if you like.

WOODSIDE.

TEMPERANCE.

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SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT.

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Often have I hesitated and finally lost the idea of sending to the HOUSEHOLD some of my methods of housework, thinking "Surely every housekeeper already knows that. Moreover, Huldah, you are not a bright and shining light in housekeeping, why should you hold your doings up to public scorn?" But if some sister seeing my tracks shall take heart again, knowing her own methods to be so much better, this article will be useful.

One thing I do not do, is to keep a quantity of cookies always on hand. If any of the family want a lunch between meals, instead of eating bread and butter with cold meat or fruit, which would be much better for them, they will eat cookies because they are at hand, and it seems a pity to waste a good appetite on anything so dry and tasteless as cookies. I can easily prepare the one or two pies needed for dinner, while doing up the morning's work, never making a large quantity at a time, for cold pie is way down in my ideas of something good to eat, next to cookies. I take especial pains with bread and butter, both, try to have them always fresh and good enough to be relished eaten alone.

If you have any one else to attend to the rest of the breakfast, it is a good idea to fry a plate full of doughnuts, to have fresh and warm with coffee. A teacupful of buttermilk, with soda enough to sweeten, two eggs and a little sugar, and spice as you like, make these anti-breakfast doughnuts about right. They are not so good cold. In making any kind of doughnuts, when rolled out ready to cut, sprinkle salt on and roll in light. That is a Pennsylvania Dutch idea and is the way they make pretzels.

Cabbage or cauliflower boiled till tender, and the water almost gone, then a cup of sweet cream, and half a cup of vinegar added, boiled up and served, is another Dutch idea and sounds as if it would not mix well, but is really very good. Another dish which can be prepared in a very short time is a potato stew. Potatoes are pared and sliced in water with a few onions, a little meat, either fresh or salt (this can be omitted), and seasoned with butter, pepper, and salt. I add sometimes a little celery or tomatoes, or the juice and a little of the rind of a lemon. Sometimes I mix an egg with flour, roll out and cut in fine strips for noodles, dropping them in the stew shortly before serving. My recipes may not be easily followed, for I always cook "according to my judgment," and my husband and three grown boys are not critical.

I make bread puddings that are all eaten up, out of the dry bits of bread in this fashion: Make the pudding in the usual way by soaking the bread in new milk, adding two or three eggs, but omitting sugar or spice; bake. The sauce to be eaten with it is: One cup of any kind of sour wine, one cup of sugar, a large spoonful of butter, boil all together. If you have had a can of fruit ferment, the juice will be just right for this pudding sauce, to use in place of the wine. Whether it is right to use wine or liquors in cooking, is a question on which I am an agnostic—I don't know. The kind I use is always home made.

I conclude with a quotation: "Here are seven kinds of cake, and nothing to eat," we heard a traveler remark at a hotel in Vermont when he came in hungry after a day's fishing on Lake Champlain. That's just it; seven kinds of cake and nothing to eat! A man of sound digestion and healthy appetite would wave these frivolous things aside and ask for some proper human food. Good bread and butter would answer his purpose; add baked potatoes and he would rise from the table refreshed and satisfied, and sleep his allowance of eight hours as like the proverbial top as possible. What can a hungry man do with pound cake and pickles?

HULDAH PERKINS.

PIO NEER.

THE CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY.

NO. IV.

One of the great days at Chautauqua is Grand Army Day. The day was fine and the "Army" made an imposing spectacle as it filed into the Amphitheatre, led by the Northwestern Band. Enthusiasm ran high, and the lilies quickly bloomed for the "Boys in Blue."

Mrs. Livermore spoke in the morning and there was a "fire of sympathy and rain of eloquence," as she talked of the "Women of the War." Congressman Horr, of this State, spoke in the afternoon, discussing the labor question, and I think no one in America knows so well how to mingle sense and nonsense as he. The amphitheatre was packed, and the audience went fairly wild over his enthusiasm. At the close of his lecture the Chautauqua salute was given him with a will, and of all the popular lectures his seemed to take the best.

A red letter day at Chautauqua is Temperance Day. The President of the National Temperance Association presided. Col. Bain, from Kentucky, lectured in the morning, and, excepting John B. Gough, is the best temperance lecturer I ever heard.

Mrs. Livermore lectured in the afternoon. She also gave a lecture on "The Life of Queen Elizabeth." She had visited the British Museum, had spent much time in studying her character, and gave us some new revelations in regard to the life of that noted woman. Mrs. Livermore is justly styled "The Queen of the Platform," and although age is beginning to show itself in the silvery hair, she has lost none of the old-time fire and eloquence, and no one can listen to her without receiving fresh impetus toward a higher life.

Then there is Pyramid Day, Look-Up-Legion Day, Seminary Day, College Fraternity Day, St. Paul's Grove Day and Denominational Day.

The witty and eloquent Dr. Henson, of Chicago, delivered the address before the Baptist Circle. He said "I esteem it a great privilege to be here, not because it is a Baptist Day, but in spite of it. I rejoice mightily in these summer assemblies that bring together the representatives of the different denominations. I am glad to know that we have taken to expounding the word of God, instead of pounding one another. I am glad that we are getting closer together, and that commonly the place where we get close to-



gether is somewhere near the water's edge. Chautauqua and Ocean Grove! It is a great happiness to me to see with what alacrity the brethren and sisters do take to the water." He then discoursed on governors, mentioning the child, the cook, the wife, the editor, capitalists, machinery, Knights of Labor, the demon alcohol, the devil himself, and the Omnipotent God, closing with these words: "As I watch that marvelous panorama unrolled before the enraptured vision of the Seer of Patmos, as I listen to the thunder, as I look to the clouds, I see the gleam of forms I do not understand. But this much I do: I hear the footsteps of the mighty God marching down the ages toward a victory over which all earth and heaven and the universe shall rejoice."

Dr. Edward Everett Hale gave two lectures on Gen. Lafayette and The Human Washington. He said: "I am to describe the human Washington as well as I can. The truth is the more we print, the more we tell, the better for us, and the better for Washington. Had he been merely marble, without passion and without feeling, there would have been no credit to him that he went through life, unselfish, unprejudiced, true to enemies and loyal to friends. At the time he was appointed to the command of the American army, Washington was said to be the gentleman of largest private fortune in America, and later his wife brought him an added hundred thousand. His father died when he was scarcely ten; he was brought up by his mother, his brother, and Lord Fairfax, with whom he was closely connected by his brother's marriage. This old nobleman was ninety-two years old when he heard of the surrender of Cornwallis. It said he died of the news of Yorktown. When he heard the news that his king's army was captured he said to his black servant, 'Come, Joe, carry me to bed, for it is high time for me to die.'"

MRS. W. K. SEXTON.

(To be Continued.)

#### GIRLS AND HOUSEWORK.

As there has been much written upon this subject through the columns of the HOUSEHOLD, which we all like to peruse so well, I have often wished to give my opinion with the rest, although it may not be any addition to the ideas already advanced. I think every girl should be trained to work, no matter what may be her surroundings or probable expectations, and the place for her to learn is in the mother's kitchen. I was reared in the "long ago," when every girl was invariably taught to work. Hence my firm belief in this idea. My daughters were all trained to do the domestic work of the household, and could do it well from cellar to garret. As they acquired their literary education they became teachers in town. I had four teachers among my children, but some have passed on to the better land. After my daughters have taught for a term of years, they can return to the homestead and do my housework with as much readiness as if they had never been engaged in teaching. They can superintend the cooking for any company whatever, and follow the routine through down to the most common requirements and nobody thinks them degraded by it. Notwithstanding this,

housework is not the most desirable work, and I do not blame any one for wishing to avoid it when possible.

My daughters find time to do fancy work, crochet, make rick-rack, play the organ, read and write. For the past six years we have taken six papers, and one of them a daily, besides buying some books. As I now have passed the meridian of life, and cannot bear the heaviest burdens, I have for my pastime knitting and piecing bedquilts. I confess not to a weakness, but to a love for piecing quilts. Have always done the knitting for my family and still keep my "men folks," supplied with woolen for winter. Think my absent son appreciates the warm socks which he receives from his mother every recurring winter.

TECUMSEH.

INTERESTED READER.

#### SOUTHERN CEMETERIES.

It is two years since I was introduced to the readers of our little paper; I found a warm welcome and then thought I would come again soon. If it were as easy to come as to wish it, how much oftener many of us would write for our HOUSEHOLD.

Beatrice's tender thought on "The Beloved Dead" touched a responsive chord in my heart. How very true: "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." I have thought many times since our visit in the "Sunny South" I would tell you of their cemeteries. There are some which show the marks of tender care and devotion, others neglect and desolation. They truly seem like "cities of the dead," all being built above ground. Like our living houses, each is built according to the owner's taste and means. Some of the wealthy build their tombs before death.

One of the most beautiful cemeteries is Metairie. We take the street car for the beautiful resort at "West End," on our return stop at the cemeteries, Greenwood on the right hand, Metairie on the left; there are others, the names of which I cannot recall.

It was our good fortune to become acquainted with a very kind and pleasant gentleman residing in New Orleans, who sometimes went with us or told us of places of interest which otherwise we would have missed. One beautiful Saturday afternoon he went with us to the cemeteries. As we enter Metairie, at the left stands a fine monument, erected to the memory of Confederate soldiers, encircled by a fence; on each side are steps leading up to it. Within the fence, sloping up to the base of the monument, the grass is a lovely green, not a weed to deface its beauty; on each side is sculptured the face of a Southern general, Lee, Johnston, Jackson and others.

To the right is a very large vault where soldiers are buried, on each side and back the grass rises to the roof, in front at the entrance is a double iron picket gate with heavy lock. Above rises a spire; within is a space I should judge to be eight feet wide and twenty long. There is a marble table, on each side shelves long enough for eight or ten coffins, side by side, high enough for four above each other; a marble

slab with the inscription is placed on each. There are other smaller vaults, with room for fifteen or twenty.

One beautiful tomb I remember had bronze double-locked gates; within we saw a pure white marble statue representing a woman standing, the forefinger of the right hand on her lips, denoting Silence.

There are many beautiful designs and costly tombs, and many very fine monuments; to all these we mount steps, then descend inside around the base of the monument; within are shelves where the casket is deposited, outside grass grows, kept short, looks very fine to see in February or March, to one going from this cold climate.

The magnolia trees form a beautiful shade, while from many hangs the gray southern moss, giving a mournful look well befitting the place.

Thinking it may be of interest to the HOUSEHOLD readers, I will give a description of a burial which we witnessed that sunny afternoon in March, 1886. Our friend learned from the sexton there was an only daughter to be buried at 4 p. m.; that being the usual hour, the body being seldom kept over night. The sun was sinking into a bed of crimson and gold, when we saw the nodding plumes on the hearse, which was drawn by white horses. The carriages following, drawn by black horses, threading their winding way through the shady avenues, or shell drives, halted before a small but costly tomb. The sexton had removed the marble slab and made an opening sufficient to slide in the beautiful white casket. The friends formed in a circle before the tomb; all bowed with uncovered heads while the Episcopal service was read, then with tearful eyes they watched the sexton and colored attendant lay each brick in place, and with a trowel and mortar close up the opening and bury the loved one from sight. The marble slab was replaced and screwed on, the colored man, with a broom and pail of water swept away all trace of mortar, then retired. The friends arranged the floral offerings, and with a last lingering look, turned to the carriages and went their way to the desolate home. In a distant corner is an "ivy tomb," a lovely spot. An only son who died at eighteen lies there. The tomb cost \$40,000, we were told. It is of gray marble, around it is a stone walk, smooth as the floor, on each side of the entrance is an iron highback seat; over all is an iron frame in lattice work, covered with two kinds of ivy, one having a light green leaf, and the other a dark, the latter we see in the North called German ivy. Near the middle of Metairie is a greenhouse with all varieties of flowers and foliage plants. The South is the land of flowers, roses in most luxuriant abundance. On one side of the cemetery is a rosebush a mile long and six feet high.

The St. Louis and French cemeteries are on the canal, near the central part of the city. These are the oldest and look as if time had done its work. In them are many so-called ovens, which are rented to the poor; when the time expires if rent is not paid, the bones are taken out, burned, and space is rented to others. Two colored



women stood weeping by one of these. On inquiring the cause of their grief, one said, "My children were buried here." Looking at the inscription we told her she must be mistaken, it said the person was fifty years of age. "Well, they were buried there, but when I was unable to pay the rent they shoveled out the bones and burnt them; some one else now lies there."

We cannot wonder New Orleans is unhealthy; these ovens must be offensive in warm weather, as the mortar and pieces of brick have fallen out. We were told the Jewish people do bury in the ground, but the coffin has to be weighted to keep under the water. I should advocate cremation for such a place. We saw the grounds that had been purchased for a crematory, but no buildings.

The poor, superstitious people decorate these ovens with ornaments made of black and white beads, wreaths and other hideous looking designs. Some looked as if they had hung there for years. When a death occurs among the wealthy or better class it is advertised; bills in mourning are posted on the corners of streets and public places, stating the time and place of funeral service. There is a great display when a fireman dies; bands of music and processions in uniform. There is a firemen's cemetery.

MRS. M. E. HALL.

LESLIE.

#### IMMORTELLES.

As there is usually a good demand for everlasting flowers and grasses, and still very many who admire them are not quite clear in regard to the different varieties offered, I will give a few hints now in their season. The immortelles so much used for designs and decorations are imported from France where they grow in great abundance, and although much superior still resemble our wild, low-growing, downy-leaved wildlings called everlasting and in fact are related to them. *Heliochrysums* are larger, and by some are called straw flowers; those are easily raised in gardens with about the same treatment we accord asters. *Ammobiums* are tall growing garden plants with singular winged stems and small white flowers, very useful, as they are delicate and still durable. The Globe Amaranth, or winter clover, is very well known in its purplish red, but not so well in other shades, or in its immense plants and blooms, as it appears when given good and generous treatment in a garden. These are the best varieties, as they will bear quite rough handling and may be dyed and made new when desired.

There are a number of different kinds of grasses used, but after years of trial I prefer those named below: *Bromus Brizaformis*—the first is Greek for wild oat, the last refers to the nodding heads on their slender wiry stems; *Stipa pennata* or feather grass, is so called from its long feathery pennants or sprays, so that those unacquainted with it would never recognize it as a grass. It is one of the best to give grace and airiness to a bouquet of grasses, and will finish a bunch of our native or field grass with a soft wavy effect, immediately transforming a stiff bunch to a fairy-like cluster. It is a good idea to save a supply of such grasses, which are really beautiful for the purposes of win-

ter ornamentation, and the cost of others to combine with them is trifling. They are a fine addition to a bouquet of flowers.

For making designs a green ground is necessary, and the want is well supplied with what florists call bouquet green (*Lycopodium dendroidium*) very bright deep green, fadeless and enduring. Pampas plumes are without rival among large grasses. Although there are many that are beautiful and for bouquets for large vases more desirable, the pampas plumes require no additions. Like other everlasting flowers and grasses they are easily bleached or colored, and in pieces make delicate wreaths. When the plumes are gathered at the right time, the stems are apt to shrivel, and it not only repairs this, but is an improvement to make an artificial stem and paint with gold or silver paint, tie together with bright ribbon, and adjust them on the wall. *B. Brizaformis* is a hardy perennial here; the others named are principally imported. The *Eranthus Ravanne* is similar to the pampas but only one-third its size, and can be used to advantage in bouquets.

I omitted *Gypsophila paniculata* when naming the flowers, but it is one of the best for a finish to a design or a bouquet. The flowers are white and very fine, giving a misty appearance to those with which it is combined.

I hope this has not been delayed so long as to be of no use; continued ill health is a drawback to business. As an old friend I sympathise with El See.

To insure the safe delivery of my mail I find it necessary to have some unmistakable sign with my address, so I desire my old nom-de-plume, Dill, added, thus:

MRS. M. A. FULLER (DILL).

FENTON.

#### AN EMPHATIC ANSWER.

Have just finished reading the HOUSEHOLD, and between Anti-Over, Aunt Becky, Susan Nipper and Leoti, I think Honor Glint and I are having a "hard row to hoe;" shall stick by my "colors" nevertheless. If the ladies would only take more interest in housework, and not leave it all to the help, they would find there would be a better class of hired girls. As it is now no intelligent girl wants to take up housework for a living. I know a girl who has not much education, so went to doing housework. She gets up, lights the fire, (in all weathers) orders the groceries, in fact keeps the house, all for \$2 a week. Generally she has a family of five or six to work for. She came home this summer utterly fagged out, and often says to me, "I wish I could sew, or teach; I am tired of housework."

But I was not complaining; I think home making one of the grandest of employments. It is all bosh about a woman driving her husband to the saloon. I know a man who has one of the best wives in creation, but he will drink, and I have seen the inside life of enough families to believe that the man is generally the one to blame if the house is not a happy one. Of course there are exceptions in all cases. But Beatrix will send me to the waste basket if I'm not careful. Where is the member whose non-de-plume I unconsciously appropriated? Hope I did not frighten Young-Man-Afraid-of-the-Girls out of appearing again.

FLINT.

MAE.

#### HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

This is a contradictory world indeed. Just as I had resolved to turn over a new leaf, and put my whole soul in the great effort of keeping the cook stove blacked, Lucy stepped boldly to the front and said it was more praiseworthy to let the stove go unblacked, even though it blushed a rosy red. Thanks, Lucy. But the best stove blacking I ever used is put up in wooden boxes, and called the "Servant's Friend." It makes very little dust, and one thorough application on the "Round Oak" will last all winter.

The rubber on fruit jars will tarnish silverware if kept in the same cupboard.

Break corn cobs in pieces, saturate with kerosene oil, and keep in a dish in the kitchen, and you will always have kindlings handy without whittling shavings.

In serving a large company dinner, let the turkey, or whatever meat you have, be carved before it is brought to the table. I once saw a guest placed in a very embarrassing position, by being urgently invited to carve the turkey. Let us hear from Old School Teacher on this subject.

PLAINWELL.

BESS.

THE continuation of Evangeline's article, "A Culinary Conversazione," is unavoidably held over until another week. We have also a letter on the "Care of House Plants," which will appear as soon as possible.

#### Contributed Recipes.

**SPONGE CAKE.**—Two eggs and one cup of sugar beaten to a froth; one cup flour; one teaspoon heaping full of baking powder; a little salt; half cup water. Add the water last. Season with lemon or any other extract. Bake in a moderate oven. It also makes very nice jelly cake when baked in tins and rolled. I find it delicious, and often call it my lazy cake, as it is easily made.

**JUMBLES.**—Three eggs; half cup butter; one cup sugar; beat until it creams. Season with lemon; flour enough to roll nicely. Bake in a quick oven.

MAE.

FLINT.

**OYSTER SOUP.**—To two quarts of boiling water add one pint of rich milk, or one cup of sweet cream, half pound butter, salt and pepper to suit the taste. Let boil up; then add one quart oysters. As soon as the oysters begin to rise remove from the fire and serve with crackers.

**STEAMED PUDDING.**—One cup buttermilk; half cup sour cream; three cups flour; half cup molasses; two teaspoonfuls soda; one of salt; one small cup raisins or dried berries of any kind; mix and steam one hour. Serve with sauce made of three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one of flour, a small piece of butter; mix all together, and pour on boiling water to make the right consistency; season with nutmeg. This makes a pudding good enough for the—Editor herself.

**LAYER FRUIT CAKE.**—Two cups sugar; two-thirds cup butter; one cup sour milk; three cups flour; three eggs. Flavor with lemon. Sift one teaspoonful soda and one of cream tartar in the flour; mix and bake one-half in two long tins. To the remainder add one teaspoonful molasses, one cup raisins, piece of citron, chopped fine, small teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg. Bake in two long tins; put the four layers together alternately with frosting or jelly.

BESS.

PLAINWELL.