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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

TRUE NOBILITY.

Thou must thyself be true,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach;
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thought
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed!

HOLIDAY GREETINGS.

Again the Editor of the HOUSEHOLD has the pleasure of wishing all its readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year; in our greetings the twain are twins. The gift-giving and family reunions of Christmas are hardly done before Time whisks away the seven days, and New Year wishes and congratulations are in order. Sad indeed must be the lot of those to whom no friend offers the loving tribute of a gift, whose ears hear no "Happy New Year to you;" and hard and selfish the home where there are no holiday preparations, no warmer glow of love through sacrifices of self to make others happy, in this, the gala time of the year. Let all keep Christmas in our hearts and homes; and remember in our happiness the poor, whose burdens we may often lighten by help that costs us little, but is blessed in the giving and receiving. What the new year, just dawning, will bring to us, or take from us, we may not know as yet; the old year has passed into the history of our lives. What better wish for that to come can we make, than that all its days may be worthy to be "marked with a white stone;" what more beautiful for the season than "Tiny Tim's" Christmas prayer, "God bless us all!"

SEASONABLE THOUGHTS.

Yes, mother earth is going to sleep. Strength for the heat and burden of another season of her fruitful toiling must be won. And sleep is her, as well as our, "sweet restorer." With what grand munificence has she provided for the needs of all that subsist upon her bounties during the period of her slumbering! And to-day, as the spirits of the air go on weaving protecting draperies about her quiescent form, her face betokens the perfect grace that her resting heart and thews must feel.

Meantime the slow, sombre days and the deep, still nights of another winter must be passed upon the record of most of us. With

plenty of work, plenty of good reading and plenty of good company at our command, it surely will have been our own fault if at some future time we must needs blush to meet that record. We started in on the "long evenings" in our own family circle, which nearly without exception includes a beloved guest or two—with "Cape Cod Folks." "Novel?" True, it is a novel, and as such is a very indifferent affair. But as a picture of quaint, quiet, homely, happy life it is unique, and simply appeals to our sense of true nobility. Recently I was in a company of those holding various religious beliefs. Of course the discussion of isms and ologies waxed warm and warmer; but through it all, every now and then, I seemed to hear Grandma Keeler's voice—a character in Cape Cod Folks—singing softly her favorite refrain—"The light of the world is Jesus."

When I told my friend, who as a summer resorter at Narragansett has seen somewhat of these same Cape Cod Folks—how charmingly this neat buoy had kept its float above my faith's deep anchorage, she smiled and said "Education," and then added in a reflective tone, "But I too was trained in the religion of my fathers, the strictest sect of Methodism. Eighteen years ago I passed through what then was to me a very sore trial. Tom had set his mark above the level of our village school. We were glad of it, and sent him down to P—— academy to prepare for the university. He always told me everything, and on his second visit home, shocked and horrified me by announcing what "capital fun they had playing cards." Such a thing of evil as a pack of playing cards had never been in our house, and at that time I did not know that my husband had ever been a 'player.' I did not allow my dismay to make itself manifest, but easily elicited the truth that infatuation with this ruinous thing was sapping foundations in his character that were dear to me as the apple of my eye; namely, the zeal and fervor of his highly emotional nature were being transformed from the avenues of a high, manly ambition, into subtle, treacherous channels, fed by the delusive alchemy that is the charm of games of chance. The rigor of my husband's mind was such, and his methods of government so severe, that I hesitated a whole week before telling him, and then only because I saw my utter helplessness in exorcising this evil spirit from the mind of my boy. Judge then as to what was my surprise when my husband replied: "Oh, that is a sort of a disease with boys, and is in the mind something

like measles in the flesh, I had it very bad; so bad that I am an expert at card playing, and yet I never play nor care to now. But I'll get a pack of cards; I'll teach you and May to play, and when Tom comes home again he shall play cards to his soul's surfeiting if it is possible. Oh, I'll teach him the tricks and several other things about cards, and if he is not within three months cured of all dangerous phases of the card-playing distemper, then I shall have proved a faulty physician in the case."

"All of this shocked me not a little, or rather it shocked my puritanical ideas of propriety in the home. But it was done; my husband's strong good sense admitted no arguments nor false religious notions to interfere, and I perforce, entered at first reluctantly, at last heartily into the scheme, and card-playing became an everyday occurrence in our family circle."

"Well, what was the result as regards Tom?" said I.

"Just what his father predicted. In less than three months the books, experiments, models, and all the converse of an enthusiasm which was but the wings to my boy's ambition fell into their old familiar places, and anon the idle deceitful cards were forgotten. And to-day Tom will tell you or any one who may ask him that there are few things that are a greater bore to him than an evening at cards."

"And so," said I, "it would be with nine-tenths of the evils that are in the world, if people would only handle them intelligently, disclosing at once their worth and their worthlessness. For I hold that evil is only the result of the abuse of good. Everything was 'good' in the beginning. The evil is but the outgrowth of man's unenlightened excesses and abuses in the use of the good things provided for his health, comfort and pleasure."

"Indeed that is true, and that old idea of mine that the devil is in a violin or in a pack of cards, or in a gay little dance, is vanished with many other of the mists of my life's morning." E. L. NYE.

PLINT.

THE WOMAN AS HOUSEKEEPER.

Every man, and nearly every other woman, seems impressed with the idea that all women were born for housekeepers, and that that is their allotted station to fill. Failing to fill that in the most commendable manner she is set down as a sad failure. It is not merely the keeping the house in order and doing the cooking that devolves on the housekeeper, but she must exercise her talents in several other different direc-

tions, any one of which a man would call a separate business. We seldom see a man on a farm who has a blacksmith forge and tools to make his own repairing of implements, and shoe his own horses, or carpenter's tools to make repairs, or add the many conveniences necessary to the wife's comfort, or even "fix up" about the premises. Although men as a rule delight in the gratification of appetite, the farmers who provide vegetables and fruits for the table during the warm season, are few and far between. Now if a woman should make such failures in attending to the needs of her family, with all the drawbacks she is expected to endure patiently, her husband would feel compelled from the pressure of his grief over his domestic unhappiness and his wife's "mean" actions, to drown it all in a flowing bowl in a saloon, as Anti-Over has it.

Now I have always found it pays well to let the strong support the weak by curtailing demands on them, and always encouraging them with pleasant words and kindness. It always seems a reproach to manhood to see women struggling along with work beyond their strength or time, with few conveniences, and with little of beauty within sight to enliven them. So I make it a point, and it pays too, to keep the yard tidy and beautiful enough to satisfy; and all the small fruit the birds and women at our house can find a way to use. We do not have to visit our friends for a taste of early garden products either. Thus, by not giving cause for complaints I hear none, and there is not the worried, weary look on the faces around me. If I saw that look I'd know why, and cure it, instead of making it worse by complaining, or bolting for the company of men who are wretched and depraved by their own weakness and carnal appetites.

I have yet to see the man who can prosper without the co-operation of his wife, or enjoy his life without her confidence and affection, and the endearments of family and home. So for the happiness of these he should use his best endeavors to furnish her such aids to her work, such supplies and conveniences as he provides for himself. Then he should recognize the worth of her work, and not grudge her the little things that women delight in, and which cost so little compared to the pleasure they give. More women are made the opposite of gentle and tender, by the cravings for and the lack of love and appreciation, than are so by nature, and their lives are ruined by hardships and heart-hunger.

UNCLE BOTT.

DECORATING LICHENS.

I have been an interested reader of the *HOUSEHOLD* for many months, but it had not occurred to me to write to it, until a short time ago, when I saw an inquiry for instructions for decorating fungus, from Elizabeth. I have used lichens, if these are referred to, for household ornaments, and they are very pretty. If desired, they can be painted with ordinary oil-paints. They are very porous and rapidly absorb the paint, so must first be given a coat of glue or varnish. Winter scenes sprinkled with diamond-dust, or

landscapes in colors, are the prettiest decorations. I have one, a water-scape, done in black and white to imitate an engraving. If, the inquirer is not an artist; she can take the fungus when green, transfer a design and scratch it in with a needle, or any sharp instrument. When dry this makes a very pretty ornament.

Has any one of the *HOUSEHOLD* made a wall-paper fan? This is made of scraps of wall-paper pasted, after the fashion of crazy-work, on a strip of ordinary wall-paper three or four yards long. A handsome border, gilt is preferable, is pasted on the edge of this and the whole is folded in narrow plaits and sewed at one end, allowing the bordered edge to fly. Make a big bow of strips of tissue paper of colors contained in the fan. This is put anywhere on the wall, and is very decorative. The effect is quite "Japanesque."

I also have made a banner of wall-paper scraps. I hope these little suggestions may not find a waste-basket grave. Will some one tell me how to make a pretty case for the father's spectacles?

GLADWIN.

DOLLY K.

FROM THE NORTH.

Oh hum! How can we write when so tired that it seems as if even life itself were almost a burden?

But it is often at such times that the inspiration seizes us, and we feel just like writing down our troubles and telling others that we sometimes work just a little as well as themselves; and to-night wasn't I glad when the last dish was washed, wiped and placed back on the table and the last potato pared for the breakfast, and I in my quiet room ready for a brief talk on paper to you, my *HOUSEHOLD* friends, with whom methinks I have not met in a long, long time.

For two days past we have been cooking and caring for, not exactly threshers, but I believe they call themselves clover seed hullers, though if I am not mistaken 'tis very much the same, at least the eating part is.

Mr. Moonshine was not ashamed to help me finish up to-night and now sits my *vis-a-vis*, also writing. Our four-year old boy lies sleeping near by, and this reminds me of an indoor amusement he has which he enjoys very much, *i. e.*, blowing soap-bubbles. He also has a box of dry beach sand in a cozy corner of the kitchen which keeps him busy for hours together, with a spoon, a wide mouthed bottle which he calls his hour-glass, and an oyster can to fill up with sand.

I enjoy all the letters as well as ever, and will say to the one who thought we must be lonely in Northern Michigan that we live but two miles from the post office, church, store, etc., and our nearest neighbor lives just across the road; and oh! what a beautiful place this little peninsula is in summer time! A lady who had recently visited the locality where the most severe drouth had been, upon coming here said: "Why, your peninsula is a perfect little Garden of Eden, everything seems so green and fresh, not at all as if there had been a drouth."

Look on your maps and see what a very small peninsula it seems to be, and yet, my friends, it is about twenty miles in length and averages two and one-half miles in width, and away out on the point is a cun-

ning little lighthouse, as there are dangerous rocks and a reef for some distance out. I will describe the soil, productions, etc., more at length at some future time if it will be agreeable to the readers of the *HOUSEHOLD*.

MOLLIE MOONSHINE.

MAPLETON.

PROGRESS.

Light and darkness, heat and cold, constitute opposing forces in physical nature. So are there opposite degree of mentality, which we term good and evil. Probe nature's existing facts wherever we may, and gradations are found in whatever is, and of being; where light appears, darkness disappears; and the same is true of heat and cold. In the scale of human thought and development, there are heights to be attained in every direction, and we no sooner mount one step, than various and still higher lines of ascension await our views and efforts. Like the power of the two forces mentioned, as the rays of truth penetrate the clouds of ignorance and sin, their, cold, cruel, unreflecting and unfeeling forms dispel beneath the resuscitating spell of warmer emotions and purer resolves. When we apply the crucial test of sober reflection and analytical experience that may have been ours throughout the varying changes of human events, can we not perceive that there is no such thing as long being satisfied with self, as it is, and surroundings as they are? Many daily question why the human mind is ever seeking and longing for that it has not possessed, alike in the broad fields of mental and material strife. As "agitation is but the beginning of wisdom," the aspirations that we feel, the reaching out after something not yet attained, are the demands of that within us, to be met and answered in a more complete sense of life and being. Desires for achievements and aggrandizement fill the hearts of the vicious and criminal, however low in the scale of being, as truly as do they those of honorable mind. How many of them are the offspring of deplorable conditions; their minds bear the impress of no higher motives as governing human destinies than to grapple for self and that alone; they are blinded by a misconception of life's true meaning, and the narrow way that leads to salvation—salvation from ignorance and suffering—won only by the rigid obedience of the principles of self-denial and virtue; they sooner or later meet the attendant ills of wrong doing. When placed by civil justice in imprisonment are the fires of hope quenched because prison walls confine them? or roving at will, with darkened and guilty minds, are the unperishing throes of innate desires destroyed? Nay, that spark recognized as the immortal principle, is strong within the breast of every unfortunate child of earth, no matter how deep its pure glitter lies buried beneath the debris of mistaken acts and deeds.

Progress is the destiny of all, and from out the mass of accumulated wrongs and ills the rounds of progression's ladder must be reached through the war of suffering that is waged in human lives, while those towering above ascend in spiral form to be met with new and untried realities. Men-

tal misery is but the finger of reproof pointing to a better way, beseeching its victims to loosen their hold upon the cold barren wastes of selfishness and evil, and turn their gaze toward the beacon light of truth and right. Ye who feel the impelling heart throbs of sympathy for grand and ennobling works for self and humanity, rejoice! They are the enlivening forces of awakening impulses that will lead you on, when rightly obeyed, from one degree of accession to another, until your consciousness will have become imbued with its own radiance and you majestically meet all problems of life that are yours. MERCY.

METAMORA.

A CULINARY CONVERSAZIONE.

NO II.

I make pot pie once a week, either of beef or chicken. I make either baking powder crust, or save bread dough. I have found that the secret of light crust is in keeping it above the water while cooking; all that is under is apt to be soggy. When it is time to put in the potatoes, I take out the meat and strain the soup, return to the kettle and season with butter and pepper; the meat was salted before. Half an hour before dinner is ready, add the crust, and I am particular not to lift the lid until I am sure it is done. I have steamed the crust several times. I made pot pie for twenty-two men this summer. I filled two sections of the cooker, and when it was done turned it out and filled them again. It was pronounced delicious. Quite a poor piece of beef can be used in this way, and it is profitable to utilize all these things when cooking for such a family.

Meat pie tastes good once a week. If I use a bottom crust I line the pan and bake before I fill with the meat, but it makes plenty of crust to line the sides only, and put on a top crust. Slice the meat, previously cooked—cold steak is excellent—add seasoning alternately, butter, pepper and salt, and a bowl of roast meat gravy; this will bake in three-quarters of an hour. Chicken pie makes a good change. I like a rich baking powder crust better than cream and buttermilk; put bits of butter over the top, and as it browns add from time to time, bits of butter until it is all flaky and crisp; mashed potato is best with this.

Stuffed spare-rib is good at this time of year; crack the ribs across and add dressing as for chicken, then either sew or pin together; baste it often, this basting business is what makes roast meats of all kinds good; roast meat needs to be juicy when done, not dry as a chip; the dripping pan should be half full of water to begin with, and seasoned well with butter, then keep a large spoon with the fork, and every fifteen minutes or so, baste the meat; and have it done on time, not half an hour before. No matter how well anything is cooked, if it stands and is either cold, or dried up, it might as well have remained uncooked. A tough piece of meat can be made eatable by "roasting it down" in the kettle. Allow plenty of time for cooking and keep the meat just covered, no more, while boiling, by adding water; season highly with pepper and salt, when the meat is tender see that

the water has all boiled away, add a lump of butter, and as one side browns a deep golden brown turn and brown the other side; after taking out the meat add water sufficient for gravy and thicken with browned flour, meanwhile bake a basin of dressing to serve with it; mashed squash, turnip, sliced beets, boiled onions, plain boiled potatoes, are any of them suitable with it. Unless mutton is lamb it is much better cooked in this way than roasted, and I always turn off the water after it has boiled awhile and add new, it takes off that taste that is so disagreeable to many. Beef steak I roast down for a change; take the large round steak, make a rich dressing, spread it thickly over the steak, then roll it up and fasten it securely with a cord, season with pepper and salt, and cook same as a solid piece of beef, it is really delicious.

Ham is handy to keep for cold meat; small ones are better than very large ones. Not long ago I had occasion to cook for quite a company, and cold boiled ham was one of the kinds of meat. I selected two averaging eighteen and one-half pounds, they were brought from town about seven o'clock the night before they were to be used. I put them on to boil in the boiler, adding about three quarts of vinegar and some bags of spice, cloves and pepper. I kept a steady fire until eleven o'clock, when I filled the stove with wood, shut up the dampers, filled up the boiler, and went to bed and "trusted in Heaven humbly for the rest;" about four in the morning I was astir, and my best hopes were realized, the hams were done and done to a turn, the skin slipped off, but it had not cooked enough to make the meat ragged, and it was certainly the most delicious ham I ever tasted; if ham is not sugar-cured, sugar can be added when boiling. Another method is to finish them in the oven, basting with a caramel, but it is not necessary.

Thanksgiving Day we had for dinner stewed oysters, roast chickens, cold ham, potatoes, squash, turnip, sliced beets, cranberry sauce, bread, coffee, raw oysters, chicken salad, celery, tapioca cream, fig cake, Boston cream cakes, pumpkin pie, French pickles. We like the oysters stewed in milk. I have a ladle that holds one soup bowl, so I measure the milk in that; one can of oysters makes four dishes; of course we do not want to make a meal of oysters, when more good things are ahead. Set the milk on the stove to heat, season according to taste, but make it plenty rich enough. Pick the oysters out of the liquor with a fork, then strain it into the milk—to take out the bits of shell that are always to be found—now place the kettle where it will boil quickly, and when just striking a boil turn in the oysters, cover closely, and when it boils up—just boils, take off and turn into the tureen. Let each one add crackers.

How many use dry dressing for fowls, or oyster dressing? Crumb the bread fine, it is work thrown away to chop it, then for one chicken allow one well beaten egg, sage or one chopped onion, pepper and salt, and the wetting must be butter; mix slowly with the hand; oysters should be left whole, dropped in egg and rolled in cracker or bread crumbs. Turkey is delicious stuffed

with oysters prepared so, using plenty of crumbs and butter. Slices of lemon laid over raw oysters give an agreeable flavor.

Cranberries do not require one half the quantity of sugar if cooked as follows: Turn boiling water over them, say one quart of berries, just as they boil up add one teaspoonful of soda, let boil up once, when they will foam up, then drain that water off, add one pint of granulated sugar, cook about five minutes, turn into a mold. After beets are boiled tender peel and cut in thin slices, put them in your sauce-pan, add vinegar, not too sharp, butter and salt and sugar, let come to a boil, serve in small dishes. EVANGELINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

THE CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY.

NO. IV.

The greatest day of all days at Chautauqua is Graduation or Recognition Day. No single tongue or pen can tell all the meaning nor all the prophecy of such a day. This year the day itself seemed made expressly for the class of '86, and their thousands of friends who came to meet them. No dust, no rain, not too warm, it was a perfect day. Everything began, continued and ended, after the fashion of Chautauqua, with the promptness and precision of clock-work. At nine o'clock to the minute, "The Guard of the Gate" and "The Guard of the Grove" formed in line at the auditorium. The Northwestern Band were on hand in their brilliant uniforms, and with stirring music they led every marching column through the day. The keys, according to ancient usage, were delivered to the messenger, and then the stately first division moved to the Hall of Philosophy, where they took the positions and assumed the duties indicated by the honored names they bear.

Meanwhile the second division was forming at the Temple, and thither the people flocked in great numbers to witness what was one of the most beautiful and attractive features of the day, one hundred flower girls dressed in purest white, each wearing a coronal of leaves and carrying a basket almost as big as herself, full of brightest, freshest flowers, all with beaming happy faces that seemed to compete with the sunbeams that poured down upon them.

Headed by the band this second division, consisting of the misses with flowers and the "Society of the Hall in the Grove" proceeded to Chancellor Vincent's cottage, where they were met by the third division, consisting of the officers and counselors of the Chautauqua Circle, the banner bearers, the "Guild of the Seals," "League of the Round Table," and "Order of the White Seal," and together they march to the Hall of Philosophy. But while they are wending their way thither, the class of '86, the heroes and heroines of the day, have gathered at the arch of the Golden Gate. They are waiting admission, and the moment has nearly arrived. They stand in columns twenty abreast. At last the moment is at hand, and Messenger Hulbut makes his announcement, the gate swings open and four abreast the class of '86 enters the grove, which by faith and resolve they beheld in the distance four years ago. The flower misses, ranged

either side of the pathway from the gate to the hall, spread a very carpet of flowers at the feet of the approaching class. Professors Sherwin and Case have preceded them with the C. L. S. C. Glee Club and the choir of the Hall in the Grove, and are ready when the second arch is reached with their greetings of song. It seemed as though the Hall of Philosophy would not hold them all. They filed in, and when the last of the class of '86 had entered not a space was left. Then followed the "recognition," and words never fell from Chancellor Vincent's lips more impressively than when he uttered these few, but significant sentences. They were recognized by every heart.

While this programme was being carried out, another great procession was forming at the Park Athenæum, consisting of the Chautauqua Cadets, the C. L. S. C. undergraduates and the Chautauqua Schools of Language. These made up the Chautauqua procession which marched to the Hall of Philosophy and stood in open order, while the great procession of graduates of C. L. S. C., all years, and names of all orders and seals, moved out through the passage thus made and proceeded to the amphitheatre. The interest and enthusiasm had not culminated till this time was reached. The people had looked, wondered, admired and waited, but now as they looked in the faces of the class of '86, who had passed the arches, and beheld the long column, handkerchiefs were brought out and the Chautauqua salute reached from the Hall of Philosophy to the Amphitheatre.

It was hard for one single pair of eyes or one mind to see and comprehend all as the day's great programme proceeded. Speeches were made, diplomas were distributed, songs were sung, responsive readings given, the exercises of the day ending in the services of the camp-fire, at the Hall of Philosophy, where the Athenian watch-fires were brightly burning. Registrar R. S. Holmes took charge of the services on this occasion and gave to them a highly spiritual nature. At ten o'clock we wended our way to our resting-place, passing the illuminated fountain, and amid the sweet chime of bells, with thanks to our Heavenly Father for the delightful enjoyment of the day, we passed into the land of dreams.

MRS. W. K. SEXTON.
(To be continued.)

FROM KANSAS.

I want to tell you all how much I have enjoyed the *HOUSEHOLD*, and the many hints and helps I have received from week to week. Our kind, thoughtful father sends both papers to us every week. The poultry department helped me ever so much; for this year was my first attempt at raising poultry. I have enjoyed it, and am better for being out of doors so much of the time. I think women generally are housed up too much, I am sure it was so in my case. I never lived on a farm before, so of course all was new to me. I spent most of my spare time in the open air, until it became too warm. We had a very dry, hot summer in Kansas, but our nights are cool. We get up in the morning rested, that is worth a great deal; if

one has a south window or door, the room will soon grow cool after sundown. My husband quit plowing Oct. 30th; last year many plows were at work New Year's day, after that it turned cold.

It seems too bad to burn the old hats. Try crocheting a fancy cover of some kind, using bright colored carpet warp, and ribbon, covering brim and all. I feel sure it would make a pretty scrap holder or something of the kind.

KANSAS.

SUNFLOWER.

[Sunflower asks if Miss Corson's recipe for corning beef will answer as well for pork. If our correspondent will refer to the *HOUSEHOLD* of Nov. 23d. she will find on the fourth page an article on curing hams, which gives full directions for salting bacon as well as hams. Side pork is usually packed in a barrel or cask, with plenty of salt, and a strong brine turned over it.]

A RECIPE TESTED.

I wish to save Bess the expense of buying a potato-ball, as she can make one for herself. There is a recipe in the *HOUSEHOLD* of Nov. 23rd for potato-ball that is good. Mamma tried it last week and it worked like a charm. She made the ball at night and in the morning it was ready to use; it did not look as if it had risen at all, but brought up the bread sponge nice and light.

I disagree with some of the girls about housework; I think it a delightful occupation. Of course it has its drawbacks, as all other work, but it is good thing to know how to make bread, biscuit and cake. I say nothing of butter, as I do not know how to make it yet, but am going to learn.

Temperance can make a pretty penwiper for her father or big brother by dressing a small doll. Put four or five aprons on it, making the first one large and the ones above it a little smaller. Notch the edge of each apron and tie about the waist with a bit of ribbon, with the bow in front.

IONIA.

MINNIE.

[Minnie is mistaken in the date of the recipe for potato-ball yeast. These recipes were published in the *HOUSEHOLD* of Nov. 16. Come again, Minnie, and tell us which one your mother found so excellent.—*HOUSEHOLD* Ed.]

ANOTHER WAY TO DECORATE LICHENS.

Elizabeth wishes to know how to decorate fungus. This is about the right time of the year to gather them; go into the woods with basket and paper to prevent them from getting soiled. Put them away in a dry place for at least a month, not near the fire, for they are liable to crack.

They are very pretty carved. To do this, select a smooth, light colored one, and draw the design on it. If you are not skilled in drawing, draw an outline on paper, then transfer it to the fungus by laying the penciled side next the fungus, then with a piece of ivory—I use the handle of a tooth brush—rub over the paper till the lines are transferred. You will need a fine sharp penknife, three or four little chisels made out of steel wire, and darning-needles. Cut through the white surface, on the

lines, with a sharp instrument, then scrape off the light surface. Choose a subject with a dark background for the first attempt. Very pretty work can be done with care, patience, and a little artistic talent.

W. J. MILLER.

LITCHFIELD.

Not long ago a lady wrote to the *HOUSEHOLD* Editor, asking where a skirt form, to be used in draping dress skirts, could be obtained and the price. We were unable to furnish the desired information at the time, but can now do so. S. T. Taylor, 930 Broadway, N. Y., deals in such wares, and sells skirt forms at \$3, and forms with waist at \$8. The skirt forms are adjustable and can be reduced to a size occupying little more room than an umbrella, when not in use. Twenty-five cents additional must be sent for packing case.

MYRTLE, of South Haven, is very desirous of obtaining a copy of a poem which appeared in *Arthur's Home Magazine* several years ago, which she thinks was entitled "What Might Have Been."

Do not forget the *HOUSEHOLD* album when you are distributing your Christmas photographs.

Contributed Recipes.

SPONGE OR JELLY CAKE.—Three eggs; one cup each of flour and sugar; one teaspoonful baking powder; pour three tablespoonfuls of boiling water into the sugar, and while cooling beat the eggs; then stir all together.

SAUSAGE RECIPE.—For forty pounds of meat use one pound of salt, quarter pound each of sage, black pepper and cinnamon. When the meat is cut and ready for the chopper, spread on the table, scatter the seasoning over evenly, chop fine, and it will be seasoned just right; never pack in crocks.

FENTON.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

DYSPEPTIC PUDDING.—Line a deep bowl with slices of bread dipped in hot water, then filled with sliced apples. Cover with more of the dipped bread, and steam two hours. Eat with a liquid sauce, or cream and sugar.

IONIA.

MINNIE.

CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING.—Beat six eggs very light; add a tumbler of sweet milk; one pound of flour; quarter pound of bread crumbs; three-quarters pound of sugar; one pound of butter or beef suet chopped fine; one pound of currants; half pound seeded raisins; quarter pound citron; one wine-glass brandy; two nutmegs, grated; teaspoonful mace, one of cinnamon, one of cloves, one of salt, and finally, another tumbler of milk. Mix thoroughly; boil five hours. Serve with a sauce made of butter, sugar, wine and nutmeg; proportion: two cups sugar, one and a half cups butter, one cup wine, one nutmeg. Rub together to a cream; set over the top of teakettle to melt; when cooked enough add the nutmeg. The true English style is to turn the pudding on a platter, pour brandy around it, and just before entering the dining-room touch a lighted match to the brandy—it will come on the table smoking.

STEWED CELERY.—Celery makes a delicious dish cut in pieces like asparagus; boil tender in salted water; then season with cream and butter. Serve like asparagus.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGALINE.