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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

HOW LITTLE WE KNOW OF EACH OTHER.

How little we know of each other.

We pass through the journey of life,
With its struggles, its fears and temptations,
Its heart-breaking cares and its strife,
We see things alone on the surface,
For few of us glory in sin;
And an unruffled face is no index
Of fires that rage wildly within.

How little we know of each other,

The man who walks quietly by
With wealth and with honor and title,
And holds his head proudly on high,
Oft carries dread secrets within him
That render existence a curse;
Dread secrets that sear his soul over,
Of crime, or misfortune, or worse.

How little we know of each other

The woman of fashion who sneers
At her sister whom fate has abandoned
To poverty, misery, tears,
May prove ere the sun rise to-morrow
More deeply immersed in disgrace,
And the sadness sneered at in another,
Be pictured upon her own face.

How little we know of each other.

Of our own hearts how little we know,
We are all feeble under temptation,
Be our station in life high or low.
Ah! then, let sweet charity rule us,
And help one another to win
The crown that awaits those who strive for
Avoidance of shame and of sin.

SPRING MILLINERY.

Last week and that just previous, were notable for the number of events crowded into them. We had a big fire, a big defalcation, and a half dozen "openings" of spring millinery, for the woman who does not have a new bonnet for Easter, when Easter comes in April, is "way behind" the fashionable times. I do not often attend these displays of stylish headgear, because though I am in love and charity with all my fellow-women, I do not enjoy being pushed about by an eager and bustling crowd, who all want to "see." But I chanced to accidentally find myself amid that array of ladies in their best, and the confused murmur of "superb," "ravishingly beautiful," "perfectly charming," and other exclamations by which femininity manifests delight, the other day, and took a few notes of early styles which may help somebody in the choice of a bonnet.

The new bonnets differ from each other only as one star differs from another in glory; they are not, in shape, much different from those of last season, or even last summer. They are still small, with narrow, high crowns, often V-shaped in the back, and closely fitting the head in front, flaring

slightly, or with narrow coronets. The novelty consists in the fanciful braids of which they are composed, and the beautiful ribbons which are lavishly used for trimmings. Prices of these little bonnets, which are in all colors, to match costumes, range from seventy-five cents up to \$2.50, according to fineness and novelty of the braid. Ribbons are principally used for trimming, and are very fanciful in the matter of edges; they range in price from 45 cents upward, some in black as low as 30 cents. Some bonnets are trimmed in two colors, as crushed raspberry and gray, pistache green with some of the new shades of brown; one bonnet which somehow reminded me of a salad, was trimmed in a green like the tender leaves of lettuce, combined with loops of mustard yellow. It is comparatively easy for even a novice—if she has any skill in millinery whatever—to trim one of these little bonnets, if she will bear in mind that the effect to be produced is that of height and narrowness. Make first a tightly-strapped bow with loops about three inches long, push the loops up close to the strap and set it on the front of the bonnet. Fill in on each side of it, back, with gradually lengthening loops of ribbon, finishing with two forked ends. Pass a folded ribbon down the sides, fastened at the points of the bonnet, for strings, or rip two places in the braid of the crown and insert the ends of the ties. If you wish to add flowers, put them in the centre of the cluster of long loops; they—the flowers—must have long stems. Fine flowers, mignonette, primroses, heliotrope, lilacs, etc., made up with grasses and seed pods, are the most used. Flowers are used almost exclusively on these little capotes; and feathers, when seen, are ostrich tips; fancy wings seem to have gone quite out of favor. Jet bonnets are as fashionable as ever, in fact they are always elegant and suitable, like a black silk dress, but there is nothing stylish about an old-fashioned one; it should be re-made, as well as other bonnets. The pretty printed silks, which are called foulards, and the plain and brocade silk costumes in colors, usually have a bonnet made of the silk to match, generally a soft full crown, trimmed with ribbon of the principal tint, or of a pretty contrasting yet harmonious hue. I had half a mind not to tell about these bonnets, for though they are pretty when well and tastefully designed, they are "perfectly horrid" when they are not. I see some occasionally that are calculated to drive a milliner crazy.

I heard a gentleman of this city say once that no matter how nicely a lady was dressed

he could always tell whether she belonged in the city or not, by her bonnet. Country milliners, he said, never seemed to know when they had piled on enough adornments, and had no idea of elegant simplicity. There is some truth in the criticism. The most beautiful bonnets are those which are not over-trimmed, but which are becoming in color and shape, and not too conspicuous. A bonnet should be like a frame to a picture, calculated by its suitability and harmony to set off the face beneath it, without obtruding itself because of pronounced color or *outré* shape. I do not like to see a woman who looks as if she had stolen a scrap of sunset to twist around her head.

In buying a bonnet or hat, remember above all else that what is beautiful in itself may be un-beautiful on you by reason of unbecomingness, want of correspondence with other articles, or because it is not suitable to your age. A gay bonnet above a face which has lost its bloom and roundness attracts an undesirable attention; on a youthful person it detracts from beauty's effect; because we look instinctively at the headgear, not the wearer.

Hats are very high in the crown, with brims turned up, down, sideways, at an angle, any way you prefer; the single desideratum seems to be the altitude of the crown. For early spring wear ostrich plumes in medium lengths, with velvet or ribbon accessories, are worn. Most of the new models are rather "loud," it seems to me, but I presume we shall all make up our minds to wear them. Children's styles are not new, the principal features are the wide brims and high crowns.

BEATRIX.

USEFUL UTENSILS.

Would say to Cyrene in regard to the automatic steam cooker, that I find it all that it is recommended to be, and a great convenience in many ways. It will cook a dinner beautifully on the top of a coal stove, oil or gasoline stove, requiring but little heat to keep the water boiling. You can put your dinner on to cook and go to church and find it just done and not over-done on returning; thus if the family are late to dinner the food will not be injured by cooking until wanted. The only disadvantage is when you want to hurry a meal, as it takes longer to cook than when a meal is prepared on a stove, but one can soon learn to adjust such matters as that. The small size will cook sufficient meat, vegetables and dessert for six persons. I am looking forward to real comfort preparing dinner, when the hot season returns. If any further

information is needed I will be glad to furnish it.

I would like also to speak of the self-heating flat iron, having tested that also. I am convinced that we should not be too quick to try labor-saving machines before making inquiries. The self-heating flat iron is not necessary except during hot weather; and as it requires live coals to start the charcoal, one would be obliged to have a fire to start it; it can be started with fire kindlings, such as we get at the grocers in balls; if you have a porch you can iron there and let the smoke escape. But it is too large an iron to iron small articles conveniently. I hope these remarks will be of service to some one who is called on to purchase, as they are only sold by agents.

KALAMAZOO.

MRS. J. A. MANN.

[The HOUSEHOLD Editor has used the flat iron mentioned above, and found that in addition to the objections named the fumes from the burning charcoal invariably gave her a severe headache, accompanied by an unusual feeling of weariness and lassitude.]

KITCHEN TALK.

I believe there are comparatively few people who are in the habit of managing fires, especially that in the kitchen, with any thought whatever of economy of fuel. This is particularly true of those whose fuel comes from the home woodlot, and hence has not a value represented by an immediate pecuniary outlay. The idea quite generally prevails that a stove crammed to its utmost capacity, the kettles boiling "like mad," and an atmosphere close up to the furnace in which the Hebrew children had their fiery trial, are necessary to cook a meal. Particularly is it the idea that a hot fire hastens a meal; and always the first thing the belated cook does, is to stuff the stove in order to make up for lost time. If we would only learn to manage our fires judiciously we would find we could cook much more comfortably, not to speak of the saving to the woodpile.

It is a mistake to believe that the faster and harder vegetables or meat are boiled, the more rapidly they are cooked. Water cannot, under ordinary atmospheric conditions, be raised to a higher temperature than 212 degrees; the extra heat simply converts it into steam. It is very hard to convince cooks of this however; as they are firmly grounded in the belief that the hotter the fire and the more steam generated, the more effectual the cooking.

Now you can take a piece of meat, cut it in two, and boil one half vigorously for half an hour, and cook the other in water at that point we call "simmering" and you will find the latter will cook in the same time, and be more tender than that boiled, for the reason that the greater heat toughens the fibrin. You can boil eggs hard in three and a half minutes, and have the albumen of the whites tough and undigestible, whereas if you put them into water at the boiling point, set them on the back of the stove where they cannot boil, the white will be like jelly, and the yolk mealy. We ought to learn a lesson from this. And then how much discomfort we might avoid in hot weather by never having

more fire in the kitchen than is necessary to do the work required. There would be the saving in fuel, and a saving of quite as much importance, in our physical strength and the comparative comfort in which we could perform our necessary tasks. Just try the "low pressure" system of cooking, and see how it works.

The dish-washing question is a riddle we solve three times per day, in the old, old fashion which never becomes pleasant or easy to us. In my nine years of practical housekeeping experiences, I never saw the time when I could approach a big tableful of dishes with truly Christian serenity; and during my girlhood, when fate compelled me to "do" the dishes, I used to vow when I kept house I would serve my meals on chips and then burn them. I did not; Mrs. Grundy was too much for me, even in our quiet country neighborhood. But it seems my bright vision of emancipation may yet come true. Mr. Joel Denton drops into the world of woman's work with a practical thought. He suggests this Sisyphean-like task might be greatly lightened in a very simple manner. So many things are nowadays made of paper that most of our dishes might be of that material, plates, cups, sauce-plates, etc., and when used, serve as firewood. The cost might be made very trifling, since paper pulp is now made of straw and wood; and though the expedient would not do away with dish-washing entirely, it would greatly lessen the labor.

There is one thing I have seen many other-wise very neat people do, which in my view is "a very dirty caper," and that is to allow the dog or cat to eat from a dish which is to be used on the table again. Many persons scrape the scraps from the table upon the platter, or a dinner plate which has been used at a meal, and set it down for the convenience of a family of cats or a couple of dogs, who lick it clean. To be sure it is washed, but seems as if, in my eyes at least, all the hot suds in the dishpan cannot wash it quite clean again. There is a good deal in what we call "association of ideas;" I don't care to have dishes and dog kennels intimately associated. A discarded tin basin, a dish with a piece broken out of it, is plenty good enough for the dogs and cats of the ordinary farmer. My Lady's pug or King Charles may eat from a hand-painted china saucer, or even a silver plate, but at least it is kept sacred to his dogship's use, and one is not invited to eat her matutinal oat-meal from the same dish.

BEATRIX.

DRESSMAKING MODEL.

I sent one dollar to Higbee & Co., Mendota, La Salle Co., Ill., and received a model for cutting ladies' and children's garments. It took me about one hour to learn of a dressmaker how to use it. It is more convenient than to cut by patterns, and a person with taste and common sense can, with a little practice, soon learn to cut any dress by it. As I am 25 miles from anywhere, I find the articles on styles in the HOUSEHOLD a great help. When I have dresses to make I send for a fashion plate and go to work.

CHEBOTGAN. SPINSTER HOMESTEADER.

HOUSE-CLEANING.

"Sing a song of cleaning house,
Pocket full of wails;
Four and twenty dust pans,
Scrubbing brooms and pails,
When the door is opened,
Wife begins to sing—
"Just help me move this bureau, here,
And hang this picture, won't you dear?
And tack that carpet by the door,
And stretch this one a little more,
And drive this nail and screw that screw,
And here's a job I have for you—
This closet door will never latch;
And oh! while you're about it John,
I wish you'd put the cornice on,
And hang this curtain, when you're done
I'll hand you up the other one;
This box has got to have a hinge,
Before I can put on the fringe;
And won't you mend that broken chair?
I'd like a hook put up right there.
The bureau draw must have a knob;
And here's another little job—
I really hate to ask you dear,
But could you fix a bracket here?"
And on it goes, when these are through,
With this and that, and those to do,
And infinitum, and more too,
All in a merry jingle;
And isn't it enough to make
A man wish he were single?" [Almost.]

Can there be a man produced who does not thoroughly detest house-cleaning time? They seem to know intuitively that it means interrupted quiet, cold dinners, wife in deshabille, and the house turned inside out. I have been looking for some one to give us an article on "simplifying house-cleaning," but I see I must set the ball in motion, giving my ideas. In the first place get ready for that important time, so that the regular meals shall go on just the same. Make a large measure of molasses cookies, sugar cookies, doughnuts, any kind of loaf cake—a Perfection cake keeps moist three weeks or more, bake it in one pan loaf—a chocolate and cocoanut cake, these with fresh molasses cake and bread, seven or eight mince pies, a pan rice pudding, which is lots better cold than hot, or a baked Indian meal pudding, full of raisins, can be warmed in the oven, and is better than when fresh baked; a pan of blanc-mange, boiled custard, corn starch blanc-mange, can all be made in advance. Then the closets and cupboards should be ransacked, the winter clothing brushed, mended and folded, or hung away; a large packing trunk will be found convenient. Any work like packing ham, canning mince meat, apples, sweet pickles, etc., should be done. Have the vegetables and apples sorted, and give the cellar a thorough cleaning; this can all be done the odd days. It helps so much to be all ready. Young housekeepers think that the first thing to do is to tear up carpets and pile furniture in the middle of the room. This is a poor beginning; do all the odd jobs first.

Do not take down stoves and tear up carpets too early. It is nothing to boast of that you are the first one to have your house cleaned; each housekeeper knows her own business. If there is a baby in the house this makes it highly necessary that we should wait for May sunshine and warmth. It is so much better and much more pleasant to go to work with some order. The most important item is that the "men folks" will look upon this part of the year's programme with a better feeling. I wish we could do as the women in town do; have a colored man come and do the cleaning. They are paid one dollar and a half a day, and accomplish so much, taking up the carpets, cleaning them and tacking them

down again. It is heavy work and is well worth a good price.

The chambers and hall should first be cleaned, then take a room at a time, planning no more in the morning than can be completed at night. It is foolishness to rush through as if there was never going to be another day; a woman in this way with only one pair of hands to do the cleaning and housework, will be completely jaded out when the campaign is over. There is considerable brain work necessary to carry on the cleaning, and not destroy the harmony of the home. Of course the more cleaning and dusting, setting to rights, is neglected, the harder work it is to "create order out of chaos." Every day and week brings its duties; never neglect them, keep them all up in shape. You will be amply repaid by seeing how much easier housecleaning is got along with.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGALINE.

A TRIP ALONG THE EASTERN COAST OF FLORIDA.

In the fore part of the winter of 1885, when I was eleven years old, I accompanied my father on a trip to the sunny land of Florida; and thinking that a brief description of the things to be seen there might be interesting to some of your readers, I thought I would try to partially tell them. Well, after looking about Jacksonville in search of curiosities, finding some very nice ones, we took the steamer Chesapeake and started down the St. Johns river. After a few hours things beautiful almost beyond description began to appear. There were the tall palmettoes, the great live oaks and many other trees and bushes forming a thick undergrowth; and from the branches in every form imaginable, from tiny strings to broad sheets, hung the famous moss of the Southern States, which is suspended from nearly every branch of the trees to the water and is almost the only bedding they have there. In most places the banks are very low and covered with rank grass, and the river is so narrow that the wake of the vessel would run upon the land for several feet, sweeping over the grass, which looks as if it were being mown. The cattle growers, when there are any, turn their stock out in the woods to hunt their own living, and a poor one it is, for grass is very scarce there. About the best pasture they get is in the marshes, which are generally covered with bushes or saw palmetto, and the lakes and rivers. They sometimes wade into the water to their backs after the moss that grows upon the bottom, and the buzzards which abound there have many a good meal over some poor victim which, stuck in the mud, could do no better than die.

After a few days travel we found ourselves at a lake the name of which I have forgotten, where there is a warehouse built in the middle, and a shed on shore to hold the produce, which was principally oranges, till it could be rowed out. We were landed and took the only means of traveling, two mules and a wagon, to Titusville, which is seven miles distant, but there being so much to see we did not mind it any. This road led us through vast pine forests, and we would once in awhile pass an orange grove;

we also passed an enormous Indian mound. Having arrived at Titusville we hired the sail boat "Orient," Captain Carlin, and after procuring the things necessary on such a trip, we started down the Indian river. Indian river is very much like the St. Johns in both vegetation and breadth, but the banks are not so low. Near Titusville it was covered with a species of ducks called coots and the people fairly live on them in their season. When shot at they would rise by the hundreds, making a noise as loud as the rumbling of a train, but only to alight to be shot at again. Well, we started, and for a while saw nothing of any account except the beautiful scenery everywhere to be seen there. Occasionally we would catch a glimpse of an alligator, or 'gator as they are called by the natives, sliding from the bank where he had been quietly reposing, or floating upon the surface of the water. After a few days of steady sailing we reached what is called Indian River Narrows, the mangrove bushes nearly touching each other across the river. Here the boat had to be steered with a pole, and as the wind could not reach us, we had to row, so you may imagine what a time we had. We were obliged however to pass one night in this lonely place, where the deathly hootings of the owls, together with the howling, chattering and screaming of the night prowlers, the splashing of the pompano, a kind of fish noted for its peculiar habit of leaping from the water, and the company of mosquitoes and that ready and ever willing little torment the sand-fly, whose good qualities are known to none but the visitors of Florida, made night hideous. In the morning we got under way, and in a couple of days, stopping occasionally to go to the beach (to gather shells) which is only about a quarter of a mile from the river, we arrived at the Jupiter Narrows, which unlike the Indian River Narrows, consist of a wide river filled with beautiful islands, among whose reeds and rushes herons, cranes, different kinds of ducks and other aquatic birds enjoy the quiet solitude to their hearts' content, and undisturbed by man rear their young. It is very difficult to sail through this place, it being I should think nearly a mile long, and there being but one way to go through it. We got through the narrows all right, and after going eight or ten miles, I should judge, we came to Jupiter Inlet, where the river joins the sea. At this point is Jupiter lighthouse, which stands 105 feet above the sea level, has 104 steps in it, and whose light can be seen 18 miles away. In the morning the sailor who went with the boat, rowed us to the other side of the inlet, and while he went to get a supply of wood, we walked down the beach after shells, and I remember seeing the boilers of an ocean steamer standing upon their ends, and the shudder that stole over me as I thought of the poor souls that were probably lost when she was wrecked. As soon as the direction of the wind permitted we set sail and crept silently down toward the breakers which seemed waiting to crush us, and I cannot say that I felt exactly easy; but being assured that there was no danger, I stood at the cabin door with my father, until with a sudden crash the boat stood on beam end, and

plunged and tossed about so frantically that I came near pitching overboard; but after being completely drenched by the breakers, I succeeded in getting into the cabin. After getting beyond the breakers the sea was not so rough, and I walked to the prow of the boat and getting out of the way of the jib I enjoyed the sight immensely. We passed schools of porpoises rolling as it seemed over and over in the water. We also saw a whale and a large loggerhead turtle; this turtle is of a bright orange color and makes a very marked appearance as it floats upon the waves. After a few hours we reached Lake Worth, which is an arm of the sea. It is twelve miles from Jupiter inlet. Here we stopped and picked shells and seabans. We went along the beach for a ways and descried some rocks ahead, and on going there I saw one of the most pleasing sights imaginable. Standing upon the rocks, with the great ocean stretching away as far as the eye could reach, the breakers dashing furiously against the rocks, and countless numbers of sharks swimming stealthily about beneath with their great fins sticking out of the water for a foot, was to my mind one of the grandest sights I ever saw. Great numbers of gulls skimmed along the water, but the most remarkable bird was the pelican; hundreds would fly over the water or swim lazily along its surface, and on a sudden they would dash headlong into it, and would rarely if ever miss the little fish they dove for. To think of a bird larger than a goose diving after a fish perhaps as big as your little finger, why, the mere thought seems ridiculous. These birds build their nests on islands, and great numbers live on each one; they are called Pelican islands. We visited one of these islands and there were the nests, some with eggs, some partly built, and others with young birds of different sizes. We intended going to Key West, but circumstances preventing, we turned back, thinking, as I dare say, you would have done had you been with us, that we had had a splendid time, and were willing once more to see home, which to me, when I got back, seemed a great deal nicer than ever before.

MANCHESTER.

L. W. W.

PROF. J. SATTERLEE, of Lansing, sends us a report of the proceedings of the Michigan State Board of Health, with a paragraph marked relative to the item on poisoning by vanilla extract which appeared in the *HOUSEHOLD* of March 28th. In this paragraph Prof. V. C. Vaughn, of the University, and also a member of the State Board of Health, states that he and his assistant took 30 drops of the vanilla used in flavoring ice-cream which had seriously affected 18 persons who had eaten of it, with no ill results whatever. Prof. Vaughn's assistant, later, took two teaspoonfuls, with no results, thus settling the question as to the innocuous nature of the vanilla. The illness of those who ate the ice-cream was due to the presence in the milk of tyrotoxicin, a poison which has been found in cheese, producing similar effects, and first discovered by Prof. Vaughn. The symptoms produced by the ice-cream were identical with those observed in cases of cheese-poisoning. We shall, later, give Prof. Vaughn's views on the possible connection between tyrotoxicin and cholera infantum, which will be interesting to the mothers of young children.

CARE OF CANARIES.

Canary birds are often the victims of ignorance and mistaken kindness. The bird's wants are few, yet often the little fellow gets many things he does not want, and few that he does. He wants pure air, but must not be placed in a draught; he likes warmth but not heat. The bird whose cage is hung high up in the room gets more heat than if his cage were lower, and gets in addition, all the dust and impurities of the atmosphere. Often too the cage is hung out of doors in the shade in summer, and its tiny occupant forgotten till the meridian sun invades his position, and he is nearly baked in the heat reflected from the side of the house. We once saw seven cages containing canaries hung against the side of a house, with the afternoon sunshine streaming fully upon them. The poor little victims were panting in the scorching heat, and prisoned by the gilded wires, powerless to escape; their thoughtless owner ought to have been arrested for cruelty to animals.

Canaries cannot endure sudden transitions from heat to cold; if the temperature is variable, that is, if they get a draught from the window during the day, a torrid evening in a room heated by fire and lamps, and a decided lowering in warmth as the fire dies down through the night, asthma will follow as a resultant, a disease much more easily prevented than cured. The best remedy for this is aconite, homeopathically prepared, one drop in a teaspoonful of water; this is sufficient for two doses.

The canary is a cleanly bird and will take his daily bath with evident delight and a regularity which some unfeathered bipeds might emulate with advantage. Give him a good sized bathing-dish and let him splash and flutter to his heart's content; water but little lower than the temperature of the room should be given. Birds are generally dainty about the water they drink; make it a rule to fill the cups at least twice a day. How would you like to be compelled to drink water brought into the house in the morning, and which has stood all day?

If you keep canaries, or birds of any kind, make up your mind not to neglect them. It is cruel to keep them in bondage, and neglect or refuse to care for them. The cage should be cleaned every day, and fresh sand or a clean paper spread on the bottom. The odor from a neglected cage, or the sight of one half-filled with wilted lettuce leaves, bits of apple, stale egg, etc., are disgusting.

Canaries will not sing unless they are healthy; they cannot be healthy unless well cared for. Give them pure water, and enough hemp and canary seed, with cuttle-bone, and occasionally a bit of red pepper pod, and keep them clean, and they will be healthful and therefore musical; unless preyed upon by vermin. In such case, prevention is better than cure, and cleanliness is preventive. Birds love lettuce, chickweed, sugar, sweet apple; and delight above all things to rob heads of grass of their store of seeds.

When birds are quite young give them hard-boiled eggs and cracker soaked in milk, and the seeds should be cracked for them till the little bills are strong enough to attend to business.

If the bird shows, by drooping plumage, cessation of song and by picking at himself, that vermin are troubling him, thoroughly wash and scald the cage, no matter how "fancy" it is; burn up the old perches and provide new ones. Examine the new perches every morning, and scald them if you find on them, as you probably will, the tiny mites which distress the little musician?

Loss of voice in a canary is due to age, cold, over-singing, or moulting. A little rock candy dissolved in the drinking water is said to be good, as also lettuce seed, which some regard as a specific. Red pepper is also recommended, sprinkled on a bit of bacon and hung where the bird can reach it.

A fine colored bird is much prized, and various means are resorted to to produce the rich lemon color so much admired in the canary. A favorite process with dealers is to pour boiling water on a pinch of saffron and let it stand till all the color is extracted from it; soak bread in the infusion and give it to the birds. Birds thus fed have a beautiful yellow hue which can be produced by no other means. Cayenne also gives a decided character to the plumage, more of a reddish tint than that given by feeding saffron.

BEATRIX.

POULTRY RAISING FOR WOMEN.

[Paper read before the Eckford Farmers' Club, by Miss Mary Avery, March 15th.]

I think every woman needs some outdoor exercise, and what can be more pleasant and profitable than raising poultry? Perhaps there are some who think they cannot spare the time, (for I confess it does take considerable time) but as a rule, I believe fowls do better under the care of farmers' wives and daughters, than they do in the hands of the farmers themselves; men do not seem to have the time. Then again some of these same farmers say, poultry raising does not pay, and assert the hens eat their heads off two or three times a year, etc. Still I think they are beginning to realize there is a little profit in poultry after all, if properly cared for.

My experience with poultry has been encouraging, and I consider it a pleasure to care for the fowls. I think it is quite an item in poultry raising to get an early start in the spring, for it is the early chick that will bring the highest price, or pay you in eggs the next winter. I do not know what others think, but it would not pay me to keep old hens over; they will not lay much through the winter; then when they do begin it is late before they will sit, and the result is, late chickens, and not much profit.

On December 4, 1885, I had 25 hens of a mixed breed, and a Wyandotte rooster. I sold during the year 113 dozen eggs, at an average of 11½ cents per dozen, and 372 pounds of poultry, at the average rate of 7½ cents per pound. The cost of the fowls December 4, 1885, and the feed for the whole year, was \$28 50. I had on hand December 4, 1886, 41 fowls valued at \$25, making a net gain of \$38, which I think is not bad for a beginning. My hens have laid remarkably well this winter; I have sold from December 10th up to date, 100 dozen eggs, besides using over eight dozen. Several persons have asked me how it is my hens have laid so well, but that is a

question I am unable to answer; for many with larger, warmer, more convenient and expensive hen-houses than mine, have gathered but very few if any eggs during the winter.

The feed was usually a warm mess in the morning, with whole grain at night, scattered over the straw, so while eating their supper they were getting exercise as well, which I think is very essential. Keep them just a little hungry, so they will scratch. An over-fed hen with no exercise will soon get too fat to lay many eggs. Another essential element is warm drink two or three times a day, if water freezes in your poultry house as it did in mine.

Though I can not boast of great profit, I am satisfied there is money in raising poultry, and with increased stock I hope to do better this year, than last.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

The farmer's principal dependence for meat is salt pork. We want some new recipes for cooking it; something to make a change. Here is one way: Boil a piece of the meat which has "a streak of fat and a streak of lean," let it get cold, cut in slices, roll in flour and fry; or broil it without the flour. A good way to dispose of the slices of fried pork left after dinner, is to broil them for breakfast. If any one can give us any variations on this time-honored dish, we shall gladly print them, for at this time of the year the appetite craves a variety.

An exchange says: An old body Brussels carpet (always a good purchase, for it wears almost endlessly) when badly soiled, should be thoroughly beaten, then stretched upon the floor and nailed down. Begin at one side and scrub it thoroughly with an ordinary scrubbing brush, changing the water often and wiping it up with a coarse dry cloth. The effect will be surprising; not only is the dirt removed, but the pile seems to be raised. Of course the room must be left with doors and windows open until quite dry.

Contributed Recipes.

CHOCOLATE PIE.—Yolks of two eggs; two cups milk; two-thirds cup sugar; two tablespoonfuls cornstarch; two tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate; this is to be cooked like boiled custard. Let cool. Line the pie-tin with puff paste and bake. Into this pour the chocolate; frost with the two whites beaten with four tablespoonfuls fine sugar; add a teaspoonful vanilla; return to the oven and brown slightly. Very nice.

CEARALINE FLAKES PUDDING.—One quart milk, bring to boiling heat; add one tablespoonful butter; a little salt; then stir in three cups cearaline flakes. Cook five minutes; eat with cream and sugar.

SUET PUDDING.—One and a half cups flour; one cup molasses; one cup milk; one cup chopped suet; one cup seeded raisins; one cup currants; one teaspoonful soda; one of salt. Steam three hours. Eat with hard sauce.

CREAM TOAST.—Toast nice slices of bread; for one-half dozen take two cups sweet cream, half cup butter, half cup sugar; bring to boiling heat and turn over the toast; put each slice on a plate by itself before putting on the cream.

EVANGELINE.

BATTLE CREEK.