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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

HOME GIRLS.

The girls that are wanted are good girls,
Good from the heart to the lips;
Pure as the lily is white and pure
From its heart to its sweat leaf tips.

The girls that are wanted are home girls,
Girls that are mother's right hand,
That fathers and brothers can trust to,
And the little ones understand.

Girls that are fair on the hearthstone
And pleasant when nobody sees;
Kind and sweet to their own folk,
Ready and anxious to please.

The girls that are wanted are wise girls,
That know what to do and to say;
That drive with a smile or soft word
The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of sense
Whom fashion can never deceive,
Who can follow whatever is pretty,
And dare what is silly to leave.

The girls that are wanted are careful girls,
Who count what a thing will cost;
Who use with a prudent, generous hand,
But see that nothing is lost.

The girls that are wanted are girls with hearts!
They are wanted for mothers and wives;
Wanted to cradle in loving arms
The strongest and frailest of lives.

The clever, the witty, the brilliant girls,
They are very few, understand;
But, oh! for the wise, loving home girls,
There's a constant and steady demand.

IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

There is one thing the teachers of our country schools might do for the pupils in their charge, at no expense and slight trouble to themselves, which would be no small benefit to the children. In so many school-houses the desks are inconvenient, and like the seats, not adapted to the size of the occupants, who assume awkward, stooping, sprawling positions, which become habitual; perhaps in addition they grow to be round-shouldered. City mothers send their awkward, self-conscious children to dancing-school, where they are drilled into erectness, and forget themselves in obeying the short, quick orders of the master. But many mothers feel themselves powerless to fight awkwardness and shyness, and can only wait for the children to outgrow their uncouth ways. But if the teacher in the school would interest herself in the physical well-being of her pupils, as well as in their mental advancement, she could do more than the mother, because the drill is "fun" when the whole school participates in it, and awkwardness is soon overcome where we find we are not particularly observed. We all know what a few weeks of military drill will do for "the awkward

squad;" how the slouching, lounging, disjointed gait, as if the lad could hardly hold himself together, is changed for an erect, square-shouldered, straight-ahead walk, so that the boy seems hardly the same individual. I do not propose to introduce a military drill into our country schools, but it would do boys and girls good to have a little of the Delsarte system taught them, if only by imitation and without understanding it. One is invariably surprised at the change which a vigorous, continued calisthenic drill will effect in the personal habits of those brought under its discipline, especially if the object is shown to be a more pleasing personal carriage, a means to be "like other folks." The word calisthenics is full of meaning; it is derived from two Greek words equivalent to strength and beautiful, "beautiful strength." What could be more expressive? Many an awkward way of standing one-sided, many a stoop which becomes chronic, might be overcome in this simple fashion, without the restraint of shoulder-braces. Let a teacher, after an hour's study, make the pupils rise at the tap of the bell, and teach them how to stand straight. Heels nearly together, toes out; eyes front and level; heads erect, shoulders back and chests expanded; it would take several lessons to enable them to at once assume this position. Let them stand thus, and go through a few simple calisthenic movements, vigorously, in unison, as the teacher counts for them. Let them march up one aisle and down another, if there be room to do so, keeping perfectly erect. Let them go through their calisthenic drill, each with a book on the head, that they may know when they are erect, and "it is not so easy as it looks," either, and walk in the same way. Let the teacher give a ten minutes' drill of this kind twice or three times daily; and the results will be encouraging to say the least.

I have known teachers to object to such innovations as destructive of discipline. This is a mistake. The first attempts will without doubt be irregular; the children do not know what is expected of them, and the mischievous ones will take advantage of the occasion to poke a neighbor in the ribs or give him a vigorous if undignified push. But once interested in the drill—and it is easy to interest them—they will not be inclined for much nonsense; besides, the drill is rapid, by count, and attention must be paid to keep time with the counting. Again, the exercise is a rest, and a relief to the restraint of sitting, so that lessons are resumed with fresh interest.

Try sitting in one position for an hour, and see if it is not tiresome; it is ten times as irksome to active, growing children. Tired muscles are relaxed, and unused ones exercised; the children will soon discover this and enjoy the change, they will ask for the "play spell" if they think it is forgotten. It will be the teacher's own fault if order is not preserved, or if the children do not become interested.

I do not think it is all of a teacher's legitimate work to teach the lore of text-books. If she wins her pupils' respect and affection, she can correct many of their awkward, uncouth ways; she can inculcate habits of personal neatness; she can interest them in many things outside the scope of their previous observation; and under the care of the right kind of a teacher, the dull boy, who has heretofore been thought stupid because his dog-eared books held no charm for him, may develop some special turn of mind which will one day make him famous. One of our great naturalists was the dunce of the school in boyhood, till a teacher came who, seeing him neglecting his book to watch a fly very intently, asked him to describe it to her. She was amazed to find with what an eager interest he obeyed, and how much he had observed, and, being allowed to pursue such studies as were adapted to his bent, he became the brightest of students. Minds, no more than faces, are cast in the same mold, a fact the school system which prescribes a uniform "course" for all pupils, does not take into consideration.

Did you ever notice with what eager curiosity a school reader of a new series is examined by the children? Its possessor can get a bite of the biggest, reddest apple, and a chance to chew the collective gum of the whole school, for the privilege of examining the treasure. Is there no lesson to be learned here? If I could manage the schools of a township, I would provide each school with a different series of school readers, at least, and after every term an exchange should be effected, by which every school should have a new set. Do you wonder that children have little love for reading, little idea of the charm of books, when they are obliged to drone over and over the "pieces" in the readers which have been in use year after year, ever since they began to go to school, till they know them by heart? Yet nothing makes Paterfamilias grumble so vigorously as a demand for a new book which may perhaps cost him sixty cents, somewhat less than his weekly average for tobacco; and generally speaking, the teacher expresses mild dis-

gust if she fails to find a charming uniformity of text-books.

But even the old books can be made the medium of much new and useful information, if the teacher so will it. Nearly all our school readers contain selections from the works of well known and standard authors. New zest may be added to these "literary chestnuts" if the teacher will, from her own knowledge, supply somewhat of the personal history of each, giving such items as may arrest the attention; and if possible, showing them a picture of the writer. So many of our illustrated magazines have contained portraits of authors, with sketches of their life and work, that this is not difficult. The whole school will listen with pleased interest to a selection read aloud by the teacher, and with a good deal of general information will be imparted also an increased desire to know more of such subjects, and the first great step in education, as in every other good thing, is progressive desire. When we once want to know, we are soon alert and active in the search.

So too, in geography, which is usually an exercise of memory to remember lists of countries, cities, etc., bits of history, a story connected with a town, the life of a native of a certain country who figured prominently in his era, may be woven in to make the study interesting.

It would pay any teacher who has a desire to succeed in her work, an interest beyond drawing her pay, to subscribe for *The Youth's Companion* or *Harper's Young People*, for use in her school. The school board ought by good rights to do it, rather than the teacher out of her scanty wage. But I notice that the teachers who take an interest in the progress of their pupils, and neglect no means, even though at a personal sacrifice, to really educate them, get a reputation which leads to better situations and better salaries. "The great want of the time" is teachers who will do earnest, conscientious work for the small stipend paid in our country schools, where, generally, the lowest bidder takes the contract, but without giving bonds for its faithful performance.

BEATRIX.

TIRED OF LECTURES.

A letter by Dill in the *Housekeeper* meets my hearty approval. I am glad to see a word in praise of the girls. They have been preached about, at, and to, until I wonder if they are not all, like myself, completely disgusted. I do not believe there is a young lady in this county but what understand housekeeping thoroughly, as well as how to do many other things. As to the making home happy, I think there are two sides to that question, and would like to hear the young men preached at a while for a change. What right-minded girl does not like to be always neat? As for me, that is my principal objection to housework, for with the never-ending routine of washing, ironing, baking, churning, it is almost impossible to keep in good trim always. I presume more than one tired girl who has taken pains to "fix up" a little, has felt as though it were labor lost, as a friend and myself did one day, when,

from the hurry of baking and ironing, and preparing a meal for nine, we snatched time to make ourselves fresh and presentable for the table. We found, when the men had gone, our dainty damask table linen stained with the perspiration from their hands and clothes. I think if the "lords of creation" were taught a little more appreciation of the many things done for their comfort by willing and generally loving hands, there need not be as much said about "smiles and neatness." Self-respect would keep me neat under any circumstances, and I do not believe other girls are so much different, though mamma laughs and calls me one of the "pizen dirt women." A friend often says, "Never mind a little dirt, Mae; that is the way we get our living." But I can never contemplate calmly the appearance of the men from the harvest field, and think I must eat with them.

Mamma says if she could write out all the letters she thinks of while washing the dishes, the *HOUSEHOLD* would have plenty of manuscript. But I must cut this short, or Beatrix will have to do so for me.

FLINT.

MAE.

FASHIONS FOR ELDERLY LADIES.

It is a mistake to think that when we begin to go down the hill of Life, toward the sunset side, we need no longer care for our personal appearance—beyond the neatness which self-respect demands at any age, and can wear dowdy dresses and unbecoming bonnets, because we are "old." On the contrary, it is in this period of decadence of whatever physical charms nature bestowed upon us at first, that we should give most attention to making ourselves attractive. Not that we are to resort to art to conceal the ravages of Time; it is disgusting to see wrinkles filled with powder and rouge overlying a yellow, withered skin, or a juvenile "adjustable" bang at the front of a bonnet and straggling gray locks at the back. Nor is it pleasant to see an elderly woman who seems to have forgotten her years and the dignity that should accompany them, and dresses with an affectation of juvenality, indicative of frivolity and unbecoming vanity. A woman can add to or take away ten years from her apparent age, by her manner of dressing and "getting herself up," and employ no artifice, beyond the art of wise selection of material and choice of color and make up. And it is a duty she owes herself, her friends and society at large, to make herself as attractive, personally, as possible, just as she should strive to attract by her graces of mind and manner.

The fashions for elderly women are modified from those designed for younger ones. Women of decided embonpoint wear the plain tailor cut basques which are trimmed with flat braid or galloon, or with perpendicular folds down the front. Polonaises are revived for them, and fitted smooth and plain over the hips, are draped in various ways to suit the figure. Slender women prefer basques with revers in front and postilion pleats in the back; and really, you know, there's no reason why an old woman's clothes should not fit her as well as a younger

woman's. Full straight skirts and long draperies are worn by everybody, and even the burden of her sixty years need not prevent a lady from having a long wrinkled apron in front, and a back drapery of straight widths caught up in the middle at the top to give the effect of two points. These draperies must be full enough to avoid any appearance of scantiness; one and a half widths, or even two widths of 42-inch goods are often used for the back drapery alone. The best black silk may have the front laid in three wide box pleats, with a back drapery in any mode recommended previously in the *HOUSEHOLD*; and the basque be trimmed with a fan-shaped pleated revers, narrowing to a point at the bottom of the basque. Black guipure or French laces are again used on such dresses, being slightly gathered and set on under the hem. Cashmere is restored to favor, and is especially stylish made up over black silk skirts. Wraps are almost universally the visite in medium lengths; or for short ladies the wrap comes just below the waist line in the back, with longer tabs in front.

In colors, black is the universal preference, but dark brown and greys are also worn, also wool goods in fine lines and checks in gray and black, or in the "Scotch mixtures." These often have the edges of the drapery and basque finished by many rows of machine stitching.

Bonnets are of the shape worn by younger persons, only longer in the crown at the back to conceal more of the hair. Straw bonnets are trimmed with feather-edged ribbons in black, and a few loops of gray or heliotrope; for more dressy wear, with fans of lace and loops of ribbon. Strings are made up into bows with short ends to fasten under the chin. Very few caps are worn by elderly ladies; and these are almost invariably of white lace.

OUR FIRST DUTY.

I find the axiom, "Duties never clash," sometimes very difficult of interpretation. I meet a friend who asks, "Why were you not at the meeting of the literary society Thursday evening?" Another says: "So sorry to miss you from the sewing society Friday afternoon;" another, "Now it can't be possible that you are losing your interest in the missionary society; you were not at the meeting Saturday," and still another remarks: "I am so sorry that we cannot interest you in the W. C. T. U.; do come to our next meeting and you will become interested;" and so on it goes through the days, weeks and years. Now in all of these things I am very much interested, but I find it necessary to take as my motto "This one thing I do." I believe it to be the first duty of every mother of young children to make their well being, mentally, morally and physically, her highest aim; in this aim I find it necessary to have a little time afternoons for the improvement of my own mind, otherwise I shall become fossilized and not in sympathy with their growing minds. Even were I able to hire all my work done, there is so much that cannot be delegated during the years of childhood. Take as an illustration the life of Moses; all authorities agree that he was removed from his mother's influence at a very tender

age, yet so wisely had she used her opportunity that his whole after life was molded by her teachings.

I would not be understood as not being in sympathy with these labors of love and charity; on the contrary they are most delightful, and in the life of nearly every woman there comes a time when her children do not need her care so much, and this too before old age with its infirmities creeps upon her, when she may devote herself to the world around her, and to the heathen beyond the seas, instead of settling down into a money-maker, as many do at this period of their lives. When my children arrive at maturity I shall feel like pushing them from the nest as the birds do, to sink or swim financially, as I have done. I do not find those mothers the happiest who strive to keep their children within call, nor are the children apt to make as helpful, self-reliant men and women.

HOWELL.

MRS. W. J. G.

SPRING HOUSECLEANING.

What a flood of pleasant memories cluster round the labors of the past few weeks! First and foremost, we had the house turned upside down, (figuratively) to allow a duo of paperhangers to exercise their artistic vocation. How we revelled in pleasure during those days! The autocratic artists were in perfect control, and all we had to do was to obey their behest. How nice it seemed to lay down the burden of care and authority for a few days, while a foreign element prescribed what one needed and wanted done to make one's home (house) perfect; and then kindly carried out their plans! Did I protest? Not I. I have been better educated. At the commencement of the job, the boss, with a very grand air, wished to know how the work was to be done. Did I desire to direct, or should they manage the business in a proper manner? I assured him that I appreciated the compliment conveyed, but that I did not care to pay for work and then perform the labor. I should not overwork my brain to save theirs; they must plan the work and do it, too. We had bargained for skilled workmen, and expected them to use their skill.

"All right, ma'am; but work that is done right is not always appreciated by people not up with the times; but we will do your work right. Some folks give so many troublesome directions and then growl at the results, when their own mistaken instructions are carried out."

We subsided, and the work went on. The artists were so pleased with us, themselves and their work, that, were we conceited, we should have grown proud under the shower of compliments paid. Husband and I were *rara avis*, of such fine judgment and excellent good sense. And when the job was accomplished, and our satisfaction was expressed, we found that we possessed most positive artistic taste. Indeed, to so high a degree was this talent developed, that the average human stood far, far below our plane.

In this state of satisfaction we bade them a cordial adieu, considering the amount charged a mere bagatelle for such artistic labor and high compliments.

Being once more in possession of my

house, I set about the delightful work of bringing order out of confusion. What if paste and color covered floors and smutted furniture? in such an exalted state of mind, one would scarcely notice such small matters. Like magic room after room seemed settled; carpets never fitted so well, or went down so nicely. Dust, spots, paste specks, all fled in dismay before the happy mortal who wielded broom, duster and brush. Windows and mirrors were polished with scarcely an effort, closets and cellar were made tidy and orderly without a thought of designating them "plagues." With pictures rehung, curtains in place, with their flowing freshness, and all the little touches of renovating finished, the same serene state of mind prevails: the same sweet state of self-satisfaction still remains.

The stoves were taken down and stowed away without a "swear word" from the "gude mon," and he bought a new carpet stretcher of a peripatetic vender, which proves he must have shared my happy sensations.

The spring housecleaning, instead of being as usual a dread, a nightmare, has taken on the form of a poem set to sweetly modulated music. Delighted with the effect, I do not care to inquire too closely for the inspiring cause, but have contented myself with recital of the facts, leaving any who may be interested to draw their own conclusions, or make satisfactory deductions. Hoping that others may be as fortunate as myself in finding the new and pleasant road through a former disagreeable thoroughfare, I placidly await the further developments of the seasons, hoping to find each in its turn imbued and enshrined in the new halo of desirable exertion, entirely transformed from the former disagreeable drudgery. Is it not after all better to make life an active, happy dream, than a wakeful desert of woe?

□INGLESIDE.

A. L. L.

Cheese for the Home Table.

Henry Stewart, in an article on cheese in the *Rural New Yorker*, says:

"An exquisite small cheese may be made in imitation of the Neufchatel, which is exceeding popular in the large cities, both in America and Europe. This is made of sweet, fresh milk, to which is added the sweet cream of the previous milking. The fresh milk of a good butter-yielding Jersey cow would make these cheeses without the addition of cream. The mixture of milk and cream is warmed to 80 degrees, and sufficient rennet is added and stirred into it to make the curd in an hour and a half or two hours. The curd is dipped out very carefully with a strainer, as soon as it is firm enough not to break, and is put into cylindrical molds about six inches in height and two or three inches in diameter. These molds are made of tin; a small fruit or oyster can, having the top and bottom melted off on a hot stove, would make an excellent mold for this kind of cheese. The molds should be pierced with holes to let the whey drain off, and are placed on a clean folded cloth to be filled. As soon as the curd becomes firm enough it is turned out of the mold and set on a table covered with a straw mat, to permit the still exuding moisture to drain off. These cheeses are eaten fresh when ten or twelve hours old, or they are lightly salted, wrapped in paraffine paper and kept in a cool place, neither dry nor damp; where they will keep a long time in good condition."

This might be tried and give a good

article for home consumption, at a minimum of trouble.

OUR SURROUNDINGS.

[Paper read by Mrs. Elliot T. Sprague, of Battle Creek, at the Farmers' Institute at Athens.]

That labor is a condition of life is a fact that we all admit; but whether it is a pleasant task or irksome duty, depends almost entirely upon our surroundings.

While there is a certain formula that we follow, a daily routine we pass through in order to accomplish, busy brains and inquiring minds have opened avenues whereby workers can get out of the old rut, the groove in which they have run along, and better their condition. It is indeed a cold, dull, senseless nature that does not aspire to something better. There is nothing that is satisfied to stand still in this nineteenth century. Progression is stamped upon everything. With what perfect amazement would our ancestors look upon the improvements of to-day. The world now wants the the very best thing. It is not only a privilege, but a sacred duty to cultivate and utilize the highest gift. We can never hope to achieve success, unless we throw our heart into our work, for all true Christian culture begins in the heart. Every one holds in his own hands the making of his destiny. We can be helped and encouraged by others, but the main road of life we must tread alone. But we do not to think of self alone, we must train the eye to see, the ear to hear, the heart to feel for others. It is truly a most desirable thing to cultivate this feeling of interest for others, to have

"A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize."

It "is not all of life to live;" all people are not organized alike, for while many plod along, performing their work in the hardest way, seeming more like pieces of machinery, than beings imbued with life and energy, never noting whether the sky be blue or grey, the path rough or smooth to their feet, others pass through life gleaning the wheat from the chaff, plucking roses from the thorns, finding much of beauty and information from their surroundings. With hope such a large element in our character it seems wrong for any one to indulge in the so-called "blues," making not only one's self miserable and despondent, but clouding the lives of our friends. If we will only train our eyes to see, God has made a very beautiful world for us. No, I think he made us for the world, gave us eyes to see, and inquiring minds, that out of these beauties of nature, these pleasant and agreeable surroundings, we should gather knowledge. It is not enough for a man to know that a thing is so. He should know why it is so. In this way great discoveries have been made. It was only a tiny piece of seaweed floating past the ship that showed Columbus that he was nearing the New World, and quelled the mutiny that seemed inevitable. There is a Russian proverb that says "He goes through the forest and sees no firewood." Solomon says "The wise man's eyes are in his head, but the fool walketh in the darkness." Galileo was but a youth of eighteen, and was idling in a cathedral in Pisa. One of the vergers had just replenished a lamp

with oil. It swung slowly and regularly, to and fro, and while watching it, Galileo conceived the idea that it could be applied to the measurement of time. Yet it took fifty years of hard study and experiment before he completed the invention of the pendulum. Sir Samuel Browne, an English engineer, who brought into use both chain cables and iron suspension bridges, was one day walking in his garden, and observed a spider's web suspended across the path: quick as thought he saw how a bridge could be constructed on like principles, and the result was shown in his invention of a suspension bridge. The iron tube that conveys water under the Clyde was modeled after a lobster shell, by Sir James Watt, who made the discovery while eating lobster on the shell at the dinner table. So we see that the great things in life are often suggested by the small ones.

Those who live in the country have an opportunity to learn much, very much from their surroundings. No man should make farming a business simply as a matter of dollars and cents. There is no branch of business that will give a man more practical use of book learning, chemistry, geology, mineralogy, botany and natural history, character and physiology of animals, for all through his life he must have to do with them. Their breathing forms are all about him; his food, drink and dress, are all within them, and he must draw them out. "There is no honorable calling in life that may not engage the interest and attention of a whole mind, and be adorned and made attractive by the productions of a cultivated intellect." Observation and perseverance have done much for us. "It has put into motion thousands of spindles, winged as many flying shuttles, harnessed thousands of iron steeds to freighted cars, and set them steaming from town to town, and from water to water; tunneled mountains of granite, and annihilated space with the lightning's speed. It has whitened the waters of the world with the sails of a hundred nations, navigated every sea, and explored every land. It has reduced nature in her thousand forms to as many sciences, taught her laws, prophesied her future movements, measured her untrodden spaces, counted her myriad hosts of worlds, and computed her distances, dimensions and velocities." The glory of accumulated wealth grows dim beside some of these achievements of eye and brain; nights and days of weariness and toil, months and years of vigilant, powerful effort, are spent in achieving what the world bows to in reverence. Nature's thousand voices teach us perseverance. When the Alps stood between Napoleon and Italy, did that great general give up the dearest wish of his heart? No! he scaled the mountains, and the surprise of his startling descent more than half conquered the country.

While the world has great thinkers, men of sound common sense and practical knowledge, it has also visionary ones, men who spend a whole lifetime dreaming over an invention that will benefit mankind, a half conceived idea which never matures; and then say that Fate has woven a web of circumstances around them, and they have no power to break through. I tell you op-

position is what some natures want. Fate wants to conspire against them; they need to be put to their wits' ends to bring out force of character. They want to be hedged in, where there is no chance to turn to the right, or turn to the left, or to back out, but are forced to go ahead or fall; then if there be any strategy or ingenuity about them, it will be called forth. "Straws tell which way the wind blows." A young man once went to one of the Rothschilds for help; while nature had been lavish with her gifts, fortune had denied him money which seemed necessary to success. The rich banker was sizing him up, and had about arrived at the conclusion that he would not advance him the desired capital; when the young man, who was slowly walking up and down the room, paused and stooping down picked up a pin that lay on the carpet and placed it on the mantel near by. This simple movement determined the course of his whole future life, for it proved conclusively that he was careful, prudent and saving; the money was furnished him, and he honored the trust by becoming a successful business man. Brains grow by use, as well as hands, or other members of our body; a small suggestion has often opened up an avenue of thought, and the great idea that was slumbering in the embryo was awakened, brought forth and utilized.

(To be continued.)

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

PERHAPS the reason why some have succeeded in canning corn by the process several times given in the *HOUSEHOLD*, while others have failed by exactly the same method, may be in the corn, not the canning. It is said the corn must be freshly picked, not more than four hours from the field.

BEFORE wool goes "way up," make your wool mattress. It is not such an awful task as some suppose. Use one pound of sal-soda to water enough to wash 15 or 18 pounds of coarse wool. Wool mattresses are not made so thick as hair ones. They are very comfortable, and so cheap that expense need not deter those who covet them from possessing one.

OLD chamois-skins may be softened and cleaned by the following process: Rub plenty of castile soap into the skin, and soak for two hours in a weak solution of sal-soda in warm water, then rub it well until quite clean. Afterwards rinse in a weak solution of sal-soda and soap in water; after rinsing, wring it dry in a coarse towel; and when full dry, beat it until soft and smooth, and it will be finer and better than most new chamois-skins.

A HOME-MADE furniture polish which is well recommended is made as follows: "Over a moderate fire put a perfectly clean vessel. Into this drop two ounces of white or yellow wax. When melted, add four ounces pure turpentine; then stir until cool, when it is ready for use. The mixture brings out the original color of the wood, adding a luster equal to that of varnish. By rubbing with a piece of fine cork, it may, when it fades, be removed."

AN exchange recommends the following method of re-curling ostrich plumes: "Have ready some corn cobs and common salt, and let the fire in the cook stove burn down till you have a good bed of coals, lay the cobs on and sprinkle them with salt, and shake the feather in the smoke. Add cobs and salt from time to time and be sure to shake the plume well, turning every part to the smoke. The harder you shake the feather the better it will look. Be careful to keep it far enough from the fire to keep it from burning. The livelier the coals without blaze the better." A white plume may be washed in suds made of white soap, drawing it repeatedly through the fingers, gently; rinse in clear water and shake vigorously till dry; then re-curl as recommended above. A more laborious but better way is to curl each barb separately over a dull knife.

DAISY aprons are made of one breadth of dotted mull, which has dots large enough for the daisy centres, and a sufficient distance apart to prevent the flowers from appearing crowded when the petals are worked. Dots the size of five-cent pieces, and one and a half inches apart, work well. Make a three-inch hem, stitched with yellow silk, in feather stitch, on the right side, for the bottom. Make a narrower one for the top, through which to run a two-inch wide yellow ribbon of sufficient length to tie with long loops. Work the dots for the centre of the daisies in brown silk, satin stitch or French knots. Make the petals of yellow silk, with long loop stitch. Tiny pockets, with bows of ribbon, add to the dainty effect.

WE would remind our readers that if they miss or lose an issue of the *HOUSEHOLD* and expect to have the numbers bound at the close of the year, the surest way is to write at once for the lost copy. At the close of the year it is often impossible to supply back numbers, but we can nearly always do so if ordered at once.

Contributed Recipes.

MARBLE CAKE.—Light part: One and a half cups sugar; half cup butter; half cup of milk; whites of four eggs; two and a half cups flour; one teaspoonful baking powder. Dark part: One cup brown sugar; half cup molasses; half cup butter; half cup milk; yolks of four eggs; cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg; two and a half cups flour; one teaspoonful baking powder.

RUSSIAN CAKE.—Dark part: One cup brown sugar; half cup butter; half cup milk; two cups flour; one cup raisins, stoned and chopped; one tablespoonful molasses; one teaspoonful cinnamon; half that quantity of cloves; yolks of three eggs; two teaspoonfuls baking powder. White part: One cup white sugar; half cup butter; half cup milk; whites three eggs; one cup flour; one cup cornstarch; one teaspoonful baking powder. Bake each part separately in jelly tins and put jelly between the layers.

MRS. C. C. B.

FOWLerville.

FLOWER SEEDS FOR 1887.

I will send one package of choice pansy seed, mixed sorts, for 15 cents. Dahlias, any color, 12 cents each; five for 50 cents; 12 for \$1. Seeds from over 100 choice varieties of perennials, everlastings, annuals or herbs, six packets for 25c; 13 for 50c or 30 for \$1. Send stamp for list.

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