

# MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, MAY 30, 1887.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### THE WOMAN-SOUL.

"The woman-soul leadeth us upward and on."  
—Last line of Goethe's "Faust."

There is a region of the upper life  
Where all I love, where hate and fear and strife  
Beleaguer not. The soil of that fair land  
Is rich with generous sward and foliage fanned  
By breezes of repose. A paradise  
Of peace it spreads. Its mansions rise  
With portals smiling on a sylvan scene  
Delectable, fast by where intervene  
Still waters. Its halcyon vistas end  
Only with vaster views to interblend;  
While, purpled in deep air, its mountains rise  
To lose their summits in the summer skies  
Of blue.

He who in that land liveth gleans  
The wheat of life without its chaff; he leans  
Upon a rod and staff of strength; he eats  
Of joy and beauty for his daily meats.  
Nor fame nor wealth nor power may secure  
An entrance to this Eden; there lure  
Of pomp, the panoply of circumstance  
Commands not access.

In its free expanse  
What man so'er would gain his blest abode  
As guide and guardian upon his road,  
He fain must for his guest a woman find,  
A woman tuned and tempered in her mind  
To all the fair humanities, a being  
So tried by tribulations that she, seeing  
A need, her mission also sees, who wears  
Not sumptuous silks nor glaring gems, but bears  
For ornament a meek and steadfast soul,  
And who unto the man she loves the whole  
Of her doth give: her ardent energy,  
Ruled by a regnant will, must guerdon see  
In sympathy, while, free as is the sky,  
She must be pure as the clear lake where lie  
The sun and shade reflected.

Guiding grace  
Like that would life uplift from commonplace  
Resplendent unto rectitude. The empty shams,  
The meaner striving after ends that damns  
The better self, all these in nakedness  
Would sink from her, but every spell to bless,  
All witcheries of womanhood,  
Would she avoke, her loved one's highest good  
Her fullest joy.

### THE UNKNOWNABLE.

"Still on the lips of all we question  
The finger of God's silence lies,  
Shall the shut hands in ours be folded?  
Will the closed eyelids ever rise?"

"O friends! no proof beyond this yearning,  
This outreach of our souls, we need;  
God will not mock the hope He giveth;  
No love He prompts shall vainly plead.

"Then let us stretch our hands in darkness  
And call our loved ones o'er and o'er;  
Some time their arms shall close about us,  
And the old voices speak once more."  
—Whittier.

There are many people who are continually striving to look beyond the veil which intervenes between this world and the next, through which only the freed spirit may pass, and speculating upon what our condition will be therein. What is Heaven, where is it, what is it like; will we remember our present existence; shall we

renew our earthly ties there, are questions over which they weary themselves in fruitless conjecture. This desire to penetrate the mysteries of a future existence appears co-existent with the idea of the immortality of the soul, which in some form seems common to all nations; and vain as the quest is acknowledged to be, still the speculation goes on.

Who can sit by the bedside of a beloved friend whose moments are numbered, who is slipping away from us into that Undiscovered Country we must enter alone and unattended, without longing to know that it is indeed well with our dear one, and wondering what mysteries are perhaps already dawning upon the departing soul? It is an awful thing to think of going out into the darkness, a thought brightened only by our belief that in another world the souls that were one with our own here, will be drawn to us again. It would be a dreary thing to go to the land of strangers. Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, in a lecture once said: "Personal identity, without which immortality would be worthless, involves a knowledge of those whom we have known and loved on earth. Is it to be supposed that the emotional part of our natures will be so altered or extinguished that we shall cease to love that which on earth was the centre of our most earnest and tender affection? Those who have gone before cannot forget those whom they left behind, nor will their cup of happiness be full unless they expect to welcome us where they have gone."

Men fancy Heaven to suit their own opinions and desires. To some it is a perpetual song-service; to others a place where all that defiles and debases the soul in this world shall be eliminated, and purified spirits dwell together in full and perfect development. The Indian fancied he was still to know the pleasures of the chase, and his bow and arrows were buried at his side; the Chinese spread a yearly feast for the spirits of the dead, and burn effigies—"paper servants"—to serve them in another world. Mahomet peopled Paradise with dark-eyed houris for the delight of the faithful; and the heathen Plato dreamed of it as a place where the just dwelt in philosophic calm. A great poet has given these definitions:

"Hell, the shadow of a soul on fire;  
Heaven, the vision of fulfilled desire."

A prominent clergyman of this city, whose sermons are full of terse epigrams, says, "Heaven is the promise of progressive development."

Canon Farrer says heaven and hell are

undoubtedly states of the soul's being, a view in which modern theology coincides. A man carries heaven or hell in his heart, according to his life; not a material heaven, nor a hell of physical punishment, but the state of his soul. Dante, in his *Inferno*, said the Canon, whose lecture upon Dante I heard when he visited Detroit, saw the soul of a man whom he knew to be alive and upon earth. Asking how he came to be in the place of departed spirits, he was told that this man, who was a priest, had slain his guest at a banquet given in his honor, and that for this dreadful deed his soul had gone to the depths of hell, while his unsouled body remained upon earth, moving among men. And why should not our good deeds lift our souls to heaven, if our bad ones can keep us in torment? It is a strange thought, that the soul may be filled with heaven or hell, as we will it, while the body walks the earth, with no evidence of the spiritual condition except those gleams from those "windows of the soul," the eyes, which sometimes chance to betray us.

Men and women have gone insane in their attempts to penetrate the mysteries of a future existence; and many saner ones have followed wild vagaries to their own undoing. Others have unsettled their faith by their speculations, instead of grounding it more firmly. That the attainments of earth are amplified and perfected in a future existence is beyond a doubt. The talents we have here are ours in the life to come, and the more we increase and perfect them, the higher the enjoyment we may attain in it. According to our life here will be our capacity for the highest blessedness and happiness hereafter; for that there are degrees of happiness in heaven we cannot doubt. The more we cultivate, the more we develop, the nearer we approach the Divine thought, the fuller and more complete our enjoyment, both here and hereafter.

What matters, then, the exact nature of our reward, so we but win it, confident as we are that it is good beyond our deserts? The way to gain it has been made clear to us, why then should we disquiet ourselves concerning that which has been hid from us by the wisdom of the Almighty, and of which it is impossible for us to know more than He has chosen to reveal? Should we not rather leave these profitless conjectures, these arrogant assumptions founded on our own wisdom, and spend our time and strength in fitting ourselves for that better, richer, more complete life?

"Sing thou thy song and do thy deed.  
Hope thou thy hope, and pray thy prayer,"  
and with steadfast heart expect a just reward.  
BEATRIX.



## UNMARRIED WOMEN.

While there is nothing that moves so slowly toward civilization as society, that progress is made we see by various indications, and one of the most noticeable is that the phrase "old maid," is well nigh out of fashion. I believe that the majority of unmarried women are so from principle, because they had too much honor and delicacy of feeling to form a marriage merely of interest or convenience, without love or feeling in the matter, and resolve that the solitary life shall be made cheerful by being useful. Why should such a life be one of aversion? Why need they be joked upon the subject by such remarks as "What, not married yet? if you don't look out you'll outstand your market." To a woman blessed with sensibility and natural refinement, such remarks must be impertinent and disagreeable if not very offensive, for no one likes the idea of being considered a commodity. Who can not remember some dear good unmarried woman whom everybody called "Aunt," who was so kind and sympathizing in sickness; to whom little children loved to go with childish hurts and differences; to whom maidens went to confide little love quarrels, or to whisper of the great happiness that had come to them; who was always ready to advise older ones, in fact proved herself often a "good Samaritan?" We perhaps know one who is the "mainstay" of an aged father and mother, whose hand has resolutely put aside all thoughts of self, all girlish fancy and romance, and pushed forward faithfully in the path of duty. The refrain of many a joyous, thoughtless girl has been,

"Come deaf, and come blind and come cripple,  
Oh! come any one of them a',  
Better be married to something,  
Than na to be married at a'."

But those thoughtless words come back oh! so cruelly some day. There are women who enter society and determine that they will marry; they "play their cards well" and succeed. "A life union should be regarded as too important and sacred to be entered into merely from motives of vanity or selfishness; to rear families is doubtless the ordination of nature, and when it is done conscientiously it is the best education men and women can receive.

The great "Author of Nature" intended that men and women should marry, but society has become artificial, and consequently the number of unmarried ones has increased. If humanity were in a state of natural, healthy development, this would not be so; as artificial wants diminish, real happiness would increase in proportion. There are single women who had "an ideal" in youth, but they expected too much, they never met their "hero," but in after years found happiness and delight in the fruition of some young friend's hopes. George Eliot says of such: "When we are young we insist upon having everything or nothing, when we are older we find that 'everything' is an impossible, and 'nothing' a somewhat bitter word. We are able to stoop meekly and pick up the fragments of the children's bread, without feeling ourselves altogether 'dogs'." In speaking of two who had become estranged in youth,

but in after life were re-united, the same writer says: "Young love is passionate, old love is faithful; but the very tenderest thing in all this world is a love revived." There are women who never seem to crave or yearn for love and protection, whose highest ideal is art, or music, or some philanthropic work, to whom the passionate lover could well cry

"All thy passions matched to mine,  
Are as moonlight unto sunlight,  
Or as water unto wine."

There have been unions of sisterly love, which resulted most happily—of brother and sister that have been most beneficial. Charles and Mary Lamb seemed united, mind and body. Our own poet Whittier, whom all hold so dear, had a home made beautiful by the same relation, mutual love and dependence. Alice and Pæbe Cary were devotedly attached; Frederica Bremer was a single woman; Maria Edgeworth, Catharine Sedgwick, Miss Mitford, whose writings are said "to cheer the soul like a meadow of cowslips in the spring time;" Miss Alcott—oh! so many have shown what a pure unselfish life can do. Their constant labor for others' good, and the cheerful satisfaction resulting from such labor, proves that to be steadily and pleasantly employed is a preventive of despondency, for there are temptations peculiarly incident to single life, there is often suspicion of neglect, ennui if idle. The measure of strength in character will be shown in putting these feelings and propensities aside. That many women err in marrying, is seen in peevish, fretful wives and mothers, who have not or would not realize the happiness they anticipated. There is much beauty and advantage in married life if one is true to her womanly nature; what task so sweet as rearing the young, what so beautiful as the mother-love! There are "women with faces like windows, thro' which a sweet spirit shall smile." "Often beneath a placid exterior may lie a silent history of trouble and trial that have been converted into spiritual blessings. Hearts bleed and heal again, or learn to cover their wounds, and the world goes on." Burns throws unshed tears into his "Farewell to Nancy:"

"Had we never lov'd s'ae kindly,  
Had we never lov'd s'ae blindly,  
Never met and never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken hearted."

Tom Moore says

"Better be courted and jilted,  
Than never be courted at all,"

and Lord Byron tells us in such a beautiful poem that,

"Love rules the camp, the court, the grove,  
For love is heaven, and heaven is love;  
So sung the muse, yet thousands pine,  
For want of that great love divine."

"A woman may make a respectable appearance, as a wife, with a character far less noble than is necessary to enable her to lead a single life with usefulness and dignity. She is sheltered and concealed behind her husband; but the unmarried woman must rely upon herself; and she lives in a glass house, open to the gaze of every passer by. To the feeble-minded marriage is almost a necessity, and if wisely formed, doubtless it renders the life of any woman more happy. But happiness is not the sole aim and end of life. We are sent here to build up a character; and

sensible women may easily reconcile themselves to a single life, since even its disadvantages may be converted into means of development of all the faculties with which God has endowed them."

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

## OUR SURROUNDINGS.

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

(Concluded.)

Not many months ago, a poor boy, employed about one of the large hotels in New York city, was called by some errand down to the wharf. Boy-fashion, he was gazing around, and his attention was finally riveted on some men who were pumping water out of a boat. The pump threw such a small stream of water that the boy took note of it, and when the men went away he examined the pump and quick as a flash he saw where a great improvement could be made, whereby a much larger body of water could be thrown. He was almost afraid to think about it until he had perfected his plans; all night he lay awake thinking about it, and the next day visited several tin shops to have the various parts of the pump made, not daring to have one man make the whole for fear his secret should be discovered. Alone in his little room he fitted the parts all together, and found he had a success. He dared not trust any one with the secret for a long while, but finally enlisted the sympathies of a kind-hearted old gentleman, through whose influence it was sold for forty thousand dollars.

Mother Earth holds countless treasures for her children; all that is needed is the observing eye, the inquiring mind the heart open to others' wants. This is no age for selfishness, talents will not benefit humanity folded away in a napkin, or hid under a bushel. What is needed to-day is practical knowledge; we have no need of theories; they are a mere puff of wind, one might as well follow a "will-o'-the-wisp." One-half the failures in life are due to theory.

Just as observation is necessary in the world at large, we find it equally so in our homes. There is no place where the quick eye and ready intuition are more needed. No housekeeper has perfected those qualities which are essential in her department, without making good use of her eyes. If she had never noticed trifles this standard would never have been reached. Her well and carefully trained eye discovers instantly if anything is amiss. The table linen must be immaculately clean, the several dishes in their places, the food well cooked and served, furniture free of defects, dust accumulations speedily removed, or her reputation as an expert housekeeper is lost. One of the writers of the present time says: "Women should do less talking and fighting against intemperance, and try a little home work, perfect themselves in cooking; many a husband and son are sent out in the morning with empty stomachs, for the coffee was sloppy, the breakfast hardly eatable, and in order to accomplish a forenoon's work they resort to strong drink."

But the slack, careless, slatternly woman proves that her home is no better for her being in it. Cobwebs may festoon the



corners, dirt accumulate until the whole house is in disorder, what cares she, so long as she can pore over some lackadaisical love story, utterly oblivious to things about her. Her surroundings are entirely different, for in imagination she revels in scenes of fairy-like splendor, sits with kings and queens, or has as companions the great minds of ancient and modern times; she cries over the thwarted union of "two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one," never thinking that she has a better nature to be true to, and that she could improve her home by having less to do with imagination and coming face to face with reality, for there is a wide difference between dreams and realities. "No matter how or where we are situated we will always find opportunities for observation, if we will only keep our eyes open, and our minds open at the same time." It is the brain behind the eyes that makes seeing of any value. Every gift may be perfected by self-culture, and by keeping the eyes busy on things about us. By observing and comparing we color our future lives, increase our intelligence, and are never at a loss for new worlds to conquer. What the world needs to-day is less outlook and more insight. We need eyes to see our own duty in every department of life, to note our own faults, and to observe the beauty rather than the blemishes of others; to see wherever we can be of service, and in what way we can enlarge our opportunities and beautify our surroundings.

#### HUSBAND AND WIFE.

When I finished reading Beatrix's article "A Few Reasons" I said to myself, "That's splendid," and felt impelled to fasten some of the thoughts it suggested. I too, think that a man and wife, where both have a desire to be and do right, though with different temperaments and training, may learn to live together with a good degree of happiness and comfort, though it may require patience and tact.

What is the use of wishing we were not married; we wouldn't be any better contented, and the majority would do just so again, perhaps with worse results, and life is not a bed of roses to the single; or at least they do not realize it, for most of them want to see the "folly of it" for themselves.

If husbands and wives would try as hard to live together as they do to get apart, the result would be far more satisfactory and less unhappy.

I cannot fall in with the idea that a wife can always be as attractive in looks or actions as a sweetheart is expected to be occasionally. We all have our own opinion of a woman who does little but make herself look nice, and but few men want such for wives. If the curls before marriage were bewitching, it was because they had been "done up," and the husband would hardly expect his wife to go home every time she curled them after marriage, would he? and if she had the toothache is she under any more obligations to hide it under a smile than he is? Would he do it?

I supposed marriage was a mutual concern where labor and cares, sorrows and ad-

versities, as well as joy and prosperity, were to be shared together. I do think we should cultivate patience and neatness always, and if we want to control a husband, we must try and control ourselves. Let us try faithfully to make married life a success, that there may be less reason for the conclusion that is apparent, namely, that there are few happy married people.

NORVELL.

A. VINE.

#### PRESERVING EGGS WITH LIME.

I have found so many good and valuable recipes in the HOUSEHOLD that it has come to be second nature to look in it when I need help, so now, wanting a good recipe for "limed" eggs, and finding none I come to you, thinking that perhaps you can aid me. I noticed an item in the FARMER a while ago, saying a young man bought a great many dozen at nine cents, and by putting them in lime was able to realize twenty-two cents per dozen. I would like to know how it is done.

DUNDEE.

MRS. E. R. R.

The usual method of preserving eggs for sale during the winter months, is by putting them in a "pickle" of lime, salt and water. The eggs must be *perfectly fresh*; this is the first and great requisite. Use the best quality of stone lime, that which will slake white and clean; good clean salt and pure water. The proportions are one bushel of lime, eight quarts of salt, 250 quarts of water. Slake the lime with a part of the water, then add the salt and the remainder of the water. Stir well several times, at intervals, let settle, and draw off the clear portion into the cask in which you intend to keep the eggs. When you have about 18 inches deep of the pickle in the cask, put in the eggs, and when you have a layer a foot thick, stir up a little of the top of the lime in the cask in which the pickle was mixed, till it is milky in appearance, and then put this around over the eggs. Add more of the clear liquid, more eggs, and more milky liquid. The object of adding this is to have the fine lime drawn into the pores of the shells, and so seal them hermetically. Care must be taken not to get in too much of the lime, or it will settle on the shells and make them hard to clean when taken out. One unfortunate experimenter used so much lime in putting down the eggs, that when he came to take them out, it was impossible to do so; the lime had hardened about the eggs till they could only be broken out and were worthless. If not enough lime is used (in the manner described) the whites of the eggs become watery. When the cask or tub is nearly full of eggs, cover them with factory cloth and spread on this two or three inches of the lime that settled from the pickle; and it is important that the pickle be kept at such a height as to cover this layer of lime. When you are ready to sell the eggs they should be taken up, washed and dried quickly, and packed for the market. The casks or tubs containing the eggs should be kept in a cool place which is free from bad odors, and where the temperature is steady, and as low as can be maintained above the freezing point. Eggs packed in this manner, where all the conditions are just right, are quoted but slightly below strictly fresh eggs in the market, and, as in the case mentioned by our correspondent, the difference

in selling value in midwinter and the time at which they were bought in, nets the packer a good profit. The process given above is that recommended by the United States Butter and Cheese Association, and has also the approval of packers.

#### RED RASPBERRIES, JAM, JELLY, ETC.

I want to tell the lady who complained, last year, of having trouble with her raspberries, what I think is the matter. I have put up red raspberries nearly every year for the last twenty years, and have never lost a can; but I think for canning and jelly, they should be perfectly fresh, although I have made jam several times when the berries had been picked over night, and it was just as nice. I can the red berries the same as I do black ones. For making jam I take equal quantities by weight, and cook until it is rich and thick, stirring enough to keep from burning. For jelly I measure, using three cups of sugar to two of juice; stir until the sugar is dissolved, and let boil three or four minutes. I always use granulated sugar. I think the jelly is the most delicate flavored jelly there is made, and the jam is simply delicious. As a guarantee that I have good luck, I would say that I have sent the jam, jelly and canned berries, packed in a barrel, with other canned and dried fruit, shipped as freight to the "far west," and it was nice after all that shaking up.

A BUSY HOUSEKEEPER.

DUNDEE.

#### THE HAIR.

"How shall I wear my hair?" inquires a correspondent. Nearly every one wears the back hair coiled flatly, fairly against the back of the head, medium high, or braided in the same way. Certain others wear it in a loose and somewhat untidy-looking French twist, which commences low at the back of the head, and requires a small "rat" or roll-like pad. But this is not as fashionable a mode as the former. The front hair is still cut short, and worn in loose rings or curls. Not so much of the hair is cut for this purpose as formerly and the effect is lighter and more graceful. A way which finds favor with many Detroit ladies who have low wide foreheads, is to comb the hair back, puffing it slightly but not using a pad, and also without parting. The short locks in front are brushed up and back against this, giving an effect a la pompadour. More of the forehead is shown in dressing the hair at present than for some time past. The "Russian bang," which is cut slightly pointed in front, is still worn, but is hardly a pretty style unless for children. The most generally becoming way for children to dress the hair, which has also the further merit of being becoming to most, is to have the front hair cut in the pointed "bang," and the back hair of medium length, left loose. Older girls braid the back hair and loop it under ribbons, or tie it and curl the ends loosely. A good many children are also wearing the hair shingled, a cool, comfortable fashion for summer, and one which is popularly supposed to strengthen and promote the growth of the hair.



## SCRAPS.

I NOTICE that certain of the Ladies' Aid Societies, connected with various churches in Michigan towns, have held or are about to hold "flower fairs" or shows, at which plants in bloom are exhibited, and flowers and pot and bedding plants are sold. What more beautiful and appropriate way of raising money for the service of Him who bade us "consider the lilies of the field" could be devised? How infinitely preferable to the church fair or "bazar," with its fancy work at exorbitant prices, its "grab-bag," and "fishing-pond," its quilt to be sold by lottery, and its gold-headed cane to be "voted"—at ten cents a vote—to the most popular man; and all other devices employed to coax money out of the pockets of the victims who attend, and who are expected, in fact compelled, to buy things they don't want and have no earthly use for, or be thought—perhaps be called, "real mean" or "stingy old thing." But then I'm a heretic, and never did believe in selling pious pincushions or lading out religious oysters, three to a stew, in order to spread the gospel, or purchase religious novels of a purely sectarian nature for the Sunday school library. But a blossoming plant can find a place in any home without shaming the surroundings; it gives full "value received" in its beauty and perfume, and even though it may fade soon, we have had our share of pleasure from it. And these fairs are educators, and exert a beneficial and uplifting influence, instead of lowering the moral sense, as do lottery schemes, whether under the auspices of the church or the betting-ring. By all means let the flower sales flourish.

"EVERY one over against his house." I wonder sometimes if in these days of organizations, when there are associations for the purpose of conducting all sorts of philanthropic work, we are not in danger of forgetting how Nehemiah rebuilt the walls of Jerusalem, "every man over against his house," and not putting the plan into practice in our own lives, by each one doing the little she can in alleviating the misery and wretchedness which comes under her immediate observation. We wait for our organizations to find out the needy and help them, perhaps refer those who apply to us to the "society" to which we belong, and wait for them to be "investigated." Are we not in danger of letting "red tape" bind up our kindly impulses as well as our funds? We may give to the unworthy, perhaps, sometimes, and thus encourage vice; promiscuous and indiscriminate giving ought not to be encouraged, but cannot we take a little of our own time to look into the real merits of those who apply for aid, instead of falling back on a "committee?"

"I AM wont to think that men are not so much keepers of herds as herds are the keepers of men, the former are so much the freer," quoth Thoreau, poet and philosopher, who dwelt for a time in a house he built for himself at a cost of \$28, and lived for eight months at a total expense for food of \$8.74, and \$8.40 for clothes. He shows

us conclusively, how cheaply man can live, how few his real needs, if he can but be content to live simply and plainly, and put aside those superfluities which to most of us are necessities solely by custom. Many a woman's house keeps her, not she it, because she makes herself a slave to sweeping, and keeping free from dust its adornments, the knickknacks which are useless except to take up time. Slaves to the moloch of a kitchen stove to get up good things to eat; and held in bondage by yards of ruffling and embroidery we put upon our garments, simply because it is the custom so to do. When shall we adopt Frances Willard's motto, "Plain living and high thinking?" when follow Thoreau's example and give up the chase for fortune to dwell near Nature's heart and learn her secrets? Never, so long as we let the limitations of custom and luxury engross us.

BEATRIX.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

SOMETIMES a new shoe will press so closely upon a tender joint that great discomfort results and one feels willing to sacrifice almost anything to secure ease. Try wetting a bit of flannel in hot water and laying it across the tight place. Do this several times and the leather will have stretched to the shape of your foot.

A RULE in the South for preserving hams in warm weather is to place the hams in flour sacks that have been boiled in unslacked lime—a gallon of lime being sufficient for twenty-five sacks. Let the sacks dry, then turn them inside out, drop the hams into boiling water a few seconds, dry them in the sun and sack them at once.

TO WASH blankets, put three cents' worth of borax into a tub-full of warm water, put the blankets in, and see that they are thoroughly wet. Let them soak several hours, or half a day, even, then squeeze them through the hands a couple of times, wring, rinse in plenty of hot suds, and they will come out fresh, sweet, and soft. They should be pulled, both lengthwise and crosswise, finishing with a lengthwise pull.

WASHING-POWDERS are almost always composed of carbonate of soda. They may occasionally be of use in removing very obstinate spots, but their constant use causes the clothing to wear out very rapidly. Borax is less objectionable, and may sometimes serve a good auxiliary to the soda. Ammonia will often remove stains which are not affected by the ordinary cleansing process, but so powerful an agent should be used with care.

THE process of bluing illustrates an important law of color. Freshly washed linen is of a slightly yellowish tint, which appears to be an optical illusion depending upon its excessive whiteness. Now, blue and yellow and complementary colors; that is, when blue and yellow light are combined, white light is formed. So the addition of a trace of blue color to the linen neutralizes the yellow tint, and rendered it apparently perfectly white. Bluing is usually made from indigo, though Prussian

blue, ultramarine, and aniline blue are sometimes used. The same process of bluing is applied to sugar to give it a whiter appearance.

WHETHER a remedy for corns can legitimately come under the head of "Household Hints" is a question which might be disputed. But those who have "got 'em" will not care particularly where they find relief, if they only find it. Try a daily application of two drachms fluid extract Indian hemp, and two ounces styptic colloid.

CATHERINE OWEN, author of that seductive cookbook serial, "Ten Dollars Enough," says in the *Inter Ocean*: "Let it be understood that the delicate use of such flavorings as fine cooking calls for, does not necessarily imply that your dishes will be highly spiced or strong of herbs. I have met many people who would not try a recipe in which there was any parsley or thyme flavoring; others who could eat nothing in which onions were used, yet who would eat a dinner at first-class restaurants and hotels with great relish and wish they could have the same things at home, little dreaming that the variety of flavor and the richness of the sauces was owing to the delicate proportions of the very herbs they despised; that the consommé they enjoyed so much would have been flat stuff, without the due proportion of onion. Strong flavor of anything but meat is to be avoided, and for any dish to be strong of any one herb or spice, is an indication of poor cooking. There are exceptions to this rule in such things as mock turtle soup, spiced beef, etc., but the rule is that no particular flavor predominate."

## Contributed Recipes.

SCALLOPED SQUASH.—Cut up a Hubbard squash and take out the seeds; lay in a pan and bake till soft. Scrape out the inside, mash it smooth, season with butter, pepper and salt, stir in two well beaten eggs. Butter a baking dish and pour in the mixture, cover with cracker crumbs and bits of butter. Bake half an hour, covered, then brown for fifteen or twenty minutes.

DUTCH CREAM TOAST.—Grate some remnants of cold ham, previously removing all the fat and drying in the oven till it will grate like cheese. Cut bread into thin slices and toast a delicate brown; butter the slices and spread with the grated ham. Take a cup and a half of sweet cream or rich milk, with a bit of butter added; heat boiling hot and pour over the toast; serve immediately. Nice for breakfast, and a good way to dispose of remnants of ham.

ASPARAGUS WITH EGGS.—Boil a bunch of asparagus in salted water till done. Cut the tender part into inch pieces, lay in a buttered dish, season with salt, pepper and butter; beat four eggs just enough to break the yolks and pour over the asparagus. Bake eight minutes and serve with thin slices of boiled ham. B. J.

## FLOWER SEEDS FOR 1887.

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