

MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, JULY 4, 1887.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

MY LITTLE BO-PEEP.

My little Bo-Peep is fast asleep,
And her head on my heart is lying,
I gently rock and the old hall clock
Strikes a knell of the day that is dying;
But what care I how the days go by
Whether swiftly they go or creeping?
Not an hour could be but dear to me
When my babe on my arm is sleeping.

Her little bare feet with dimples sweet,
From the folds of her gown are peeping,
And each wee toe, like a daisy in blow,
I caress as she lies a-sleeping;
Her golden hair falls over the chair,
Its treasures of beauty unfolding,
I press my lips to her finger-tips
That my hands are so tightly holding.

Tick, tock; tick, tock; you may wait, old clock,
It was foolish what I was saying;
Let your seconds stay, your minutes play,
And bid your days go all a-Maying;
Oh! Time, stand still, let me drink my fill
Of content; while my babe is sleeping;
As I smooth her hair my life looks fair,
And to-morrow I may be weeping.

THE LAST HOURS OF MOZART.

I have been to see this great historical painting by the renowned Hungarian artist Munkacsy, purchased by ex-Governor Alger for \$40,000, and which was placed on exhibition in this city for the benefit of various local charities. On the occasion of my first visit I was unfortunate enough to find the hall monopolized by about 500 pupils of the public schools, who were singing their school songs with a rapturous zest more productive of noise than melody, and encoring all their own music. In presence of the great picture of the dying musician, the incongruity was painful; it was like a brass band playing Yankee Doodle at a funeral. So I came away soon, and went again one evening when everything was quiet, and only the low murmur of voices and quiet footfalls disturbed the silence, and studied it at my leisure.

Those who know anything about Mozart and his work will remember that the Requiem Mass was his last composition, being literally finished as he lay dying, his one earthly anxiety being to complete it. He had given up hope of longer life, realizing his moments were numbered. Heribert Rau, whose biography of Mozart's life reads like a romance, and is exquisite both in thought and diction, thus describes the closing chapter of a life which went out at thirty-five:

"The sheets of the Requiem have gradually been completed. It is done now as far as the Sanctus, but the hand of the master can no longer wield the pen. Sussmayer, his beloved scholar, sits at his side and writes. Mozart is lying quiet, but not

asleep. His eyes are looking upward, and their changeful expression betrays that the mind is at work. Every passage of his music had to be first completed there before it was put upon paper. Still as it is about him he is hearing wonderful tones, and harmonies of immortal greatness. The composer's momentary animation is gone, he is exhausted. Motioning to his scholar to continue writing, his head sank back and he closed his eyes. When he awakened after half an hour's slumber, Dr. Clossel had just come in and found him rapidly sinking, and to his question, "Are some of them there?" his wife at a nod of consent from the physician replied, "Yes," and admitted his devoted friends, "You true souls," said he; "Thank God, there are some friends who hold fast even in bad times," and continued after a pause, "I want to hear the Requiem just once." Sussmayer sat down at the harpsichord, Schack sang the soprano, Hafer the tenor, Gori the bass, and Mozart—the dying Mozart—the alto. The good doctor had led his wife and son to the farther part of the room, for the scene was more than they could bear. Then softly, softly, swelled forth that ineffable music from the dying room, and it was to her as if she heard far off angel choirs imploring at the throne of God for her darling, her dying beloved. And bowing down her awestricken and desolate heart, she mingled with their prevailing voices her inarticulate prayer. Still went on the sweet, sorrowful, sacred death song, now swelling up in its solemn pomp, as if it ushered in the very presence of majestic death, now breathing out the childlike supplications of imploring hearts. Softly, softly, as with nameless, eternal sadness and self renunciation, it breathed forth upon the night: Requiem eternam dona eis Domine! et lux perpetua luceat eis (Rest everlasting grant to them, O Lord, and light forever shine upon them). The music has died away and all is still. Suddenly Mozart moved one hand as if he would find that of Constanze. "What is it," said she, terrified at the look which overspread his face. "Death," whispered Mozart. "Wolfgang, oh Wolfgang!" cried she. "Oh, leave me not! O God! let him not go from me!" But he whispered, "Courage, darling! I told you—I wrote it for myself—'tis almost done. God bless you, true wife," and he sank into a profound slumber, and in a short time rallying once more, but only for a moment, he gently glided into that unknown world."

It is this "last rehearsal" that the artist has chosen for his theme. Mozart is of course the central figure. Seated in a great chair, a two-thirds view of face and figure is presented. The light from a window in front of him and indicated at the side of the picture by casement and drapery, falls upon the delicate, high-bred features, emaciated by sickness, yet glowing with inspiration. One hand is extended towards his three friends who are singing, as if in the act of directing the movement, the other arm is thrown out over the arm of the chair, and the hand grasps a sheet of music. Grouped before him are the singers, in the quaint

costumes of 1791, the long coats and waistcoats, voluminous neckcloths, knee breeches, stockings and pumps. All are represented in the act of singing; singing with heart and soul concentrated on the music. Sussmayer, "the beloved pupil," is at the old fashioned harpsichord, his homely face uplifted in a rapture of musical ecstasy. The doctor leans over the instrument, his eyes upon the dying maestro, his expression that of professional anxiety, as if calculating the effect of this excitement and effort upon his patient. A screen conceals a door, in the background, and at the corner of the screen are three neighbors who have just come in and are watching with mingled curiosity and awe the scene before them; one, the most striking of the three, is regarding Mozart with every line of his rugged old face instinct with expression. But, apart from the central figure of the dying composer, the observer's interest centers upon the wife and son, who are seated partly behind his chair. The beloved Constanze has her eyes apparently fixed upon the singers, yet it is easy to discover that she does not see them; her gaze is far beyond, her thoughts are with her husband, and the loneliness of bereavement shadows her heart already. Her face, wan with grief and watching, is yet very beautiful, half hidden as it is by the hand against her cheek. Her hair ripples away from a low, full forehead, and is coiled at the back; again and again the observer's eyes turn to study the expression, which seems almost to change as we watch it; indeed, regarding the picture through an opera glass, one's own slight muscular movement seems transferred to the painted semblance, and it is easy to fancy the half involuntary change of position resultant from continuance in one attitude. The boy's face, too, is an equally interesting study; there are signs of recent tears, of the exhaustion after violent emotion.

There is a wonderful fidelity to detail. The bare, worn floor is covered with a rug under Mozart's chair, one corner has been pushed away, you almost wish to put it straight; the blanket thrown over his knees has a tangled fringe straggling over the rug, and the frayed edges are outlined against the cushion of the chair; the pages of music he holds, edge toward the front, still show the black score of notes; there are many such evidences of careful, painstaking attention to little things.

The canvas is ten by eleven feet, and contains eleven life-size figures. The hall where the picture is exhibited is darkened, all the light being concentrated on the picture; it is like looking into a lighted room

through open windows. It is a painting which must be seen and studied to be appreciated, and the longer one gazes the more profoundly he is impressed with the genius which conceived and executed it.

BEATRIX.

THE CARE OF THE AGED.

It has been a long time since I visited the HOUSEHOLD, but the little paper comes each week, bringing words of comfort; surely our home would not be nearly so happy without it. I would say a few words of praise and admiration of our excellent Editor, but I fear the waste-basket; yet we do not seem to give her just credit for this bright little paper. Do we ever think of the hours of hard labor it costs her to place it at our disposal each week?

Much has been said of late with regard to the lack of peace and contentment in our homes. Some blame the wife, some the husband. In my experience a man usually comes home tired with the day's toil and cares, and expects comfort at home, expects to be free from trouble, and find something pleasant and entertaining there, prepared by the wife of his choice, the one for whom he labors hard and does what he can. And it is our duty as far as possible to make the reception a warm one, let him see we are glad to see him. Let a little of the zeal remain that we were once so full of in the days of youth, and our hearts were filled with love and great was our anxiety to please. Let us try and be at least partly as anxious to do what we know will be most agreeable to our husbands, and make ourselves just as neat and presentable as possible. Fall well I know it is a great trial to those who have children to keep things up and in place, and always be cheerful, but surely it is worth trying. The cares and vexations multiply with each new arrival, but God gave us that mother's love for our little ones so that we can easily overlook all the disagreeable part, for truly

"There is nothing on earth so holy
As the innocent heart of a child."

Then there is the care of the old. The aged parent left without a companion comes to our home whether it is agreeable to us or not. We read so much, "Children be kind to your parents;" that is perfectly right, but on the other hand it is just as much the duty of the parent when old and wholly dependent on the children to make himself as agreeable and as little trouble as possible. I have in mind two cases where the children are perfect slaves to the aged parent. Full of kindness and Christian forbearance, they administer to every want, only to receive in return peevish fault-finding, grumbling and quarreling. I tell you it is just as much the duty of the parent to be kind and obedient (if I may use the word) as it is the children; but I would not convey the idea that we should not be patient and enduring with the dear old people. Oh no! I have the greatest respect for the old, and gladly would I furnish a home for my only remaining parent, were it necessary. There is nothing that helps more toward the bringing up of children to make noble men and women than the presence of the white haired grandmother or grandfather, if their influence is only for the right, accompanied with a kind, loving, gentle disposition. The

sweetest memory I have is the thought of the large rocking chair in which is seated a dear old lady, with the kindest of faces framed round with silver hair. On her lap sits the little grandchild, and how happy they are in each other's love! I can almost hear her speak, the dear old mother, and how many times I heard the words, "Grandma loves Gracie." But the dear gentle voice is silent now, no more will she come to cheer and bless us, but by the help of the Merciful Father above we may meet her where partings are no more.

If any of the HOUSEHOLD readers can give a tested recipe for soft soap without ashes it would be very gladly received. I have tried concentrated lye, and the soap was worse than none. A leach and ashes to fill it I cannot get, but I want to make such soap as the lye from good wood ashes will make.

My bird used to sing very beautifully, but now does not make a noise except a chirping like the female canary. He is nearly two years old and has done moulting long ago. He is not sick, is sleek and healthy looking. Cannot some one tell me what to do for him?

Though beaten by "Dade" on the celery question, and grateful to Beatrix for the recipes for cooking it, I am yet to be convinced that any mode of cooking is an improvement over the natural state, raw. Will some one please give us their own experience in growing celery?

MAYBELLE.

BRIDGEWATER.

CHLORIDE OF LIME FOR CURRANT WORMS.

I would like to ask Mrs. Fuller how she applied chloride of lime to her currant bushes. I tried it, by sifting over the bushes in the morning when the dew was on, using two five cent boxes, the bushes came near disappearing before the worms. I have used white hellebore ever since currant worms came in fashion, with good results, one tablespoonful to a pail of water being sufficient to go over the bushes, and never had to apply it more than twice, seldom but once; fifteen minutes would do the work, while I sifted lime one hour and a quarter, before any one else was up.

I would recommend that the directions for canning corn, as given last year, be republished for the benefit of new subscribers, as I know them to be good.

Lima beans gathered when ripe are just boss, soaked over night and cooked with dried corn, and made into succotash precisely the same as in summer.

E. L. Nye's letter encourages me to tell my strawberry story. One year last spring we planted three rows across the garden (ten or twelve rods long) from which we have just picked over eight bushels. We did not keep the runners off, but let them grow thick in the rows, keeping out all weeds and grass; they are of three varieties, Wilson, Crescent and Downing, the latter is not a prolific bearer. We sold part of the strawberries for five cents per quart. Just as I had filled my last can with well sweetened berries, a neighbor called in and told me they were much nicer put up without sugar.

I also raise ground cherries in the garden, which are raised the same as tomatoes and I think are excellent for sauce and pies.

Let us hear from the poultry raisers of this HOUSEHOLD, as I am much interested in poultry raising, and promise you the history of my thoroughbreds by and bye.

Will some one please give some suggestions or practical plan by which money may be raised to start a library in a quiet country neighborhood.

What is the meaning of the phrase, "like carrying coals to Newcastle." BESS.

[We know of no better way to start a circulating library in a country neighborhood or small village than to call a meeting of those interested, enroll members, elect officers, agree upon a small sum to be paid quarterly, to meet expenses and for the purchase of new books, and solicit subscriptions for a fund to start with. Such regulations may be established relative to the loaning of books, their care, etc., as seem most convenient to the members. Books are so cheap now that a little money will go a long way in their purchase. And such enterprises grow in popular favor, if well conducted, and from small beginnings often grow great things, as we all know. But the committee appointed to purchase the books ought to be pretty well up with the times in literature, conversant with authors, and able to make judicious selections. A circulating library, while it can do a great deal of good if wisely conducted, may be made the means of disseminating a great deal of literary trash, more or less harmful. We observed not long ago, in a list of new purchases for a library in an interior town in this State, books by The Duchess, Ouida and Bertha Clay. Now, however "thrillingly interesting" such authors may be, and while at least the first and last named are not immoral, no good can come to young people, whose literary tastes are as yet unformed, by their perusal. If you are going to waken a love for literature in the young, it is just as easy to teach them to like good books, books which are elevating in tone, as those that are simply entertaining through sensationalism, and which make the readers discontented with commonplace life, and full of visions of impossibilities.]

Newcastle-on-Tyne is in the midst of the coal-mining districts of England, and from that point large quantities of coal are distributed all over Great Britain. "Carrying coals to Newcastle" would therefore be something quite superfluous and unnecessary, and the phrase came into usage as a synonym for that which is useless, or not likely to give due returns, or an overstocking of the market.]

CANNING STRAWBERRIES.

In answer to E. L. Nye's inquiry in regard to canning strawberries, I would say if she will try my way I think she will be pleased with the result. I find strawberries as easy to can and keep as any fruit, and always put up a great many of them. If possible, I have them picked in the morning and get them ready while fresh. For canning, after washing, put them in a preserving kettle over a slow fire, allow-

ing one cup of granulated sugar to a can of berries. Use no water, as they make juice enough of themselves. Let them come to a boil slowly and boil about one minute. Skim and can immediately. They will look very light-colored at first, but turn darker as they cool.

There will be more juice than the berries need, and to that I add more sugar and make jelly, which is nice. I never cook enough for more than two cans at a time, as they muss so easily. I hope E. L. Nye will try this and report if she is any better pleased than with the preserves.

LENAAWEE JUNCTION.

H. C. J.

FLOWERS.

"Flowers, flowers, beautiful flowers,
Unfolding to brighten this dark world of ours;
The pale sweet blossoms of early spring,
Bright clusters the days of summer bring;
And the gifts of princely autumn too,
Stately and tall, of richest hue;
No painter's skill can e'er portray,
The countless beauties they display."

How our hearts are cheered by the first blossoms of spring; how eagerly we watch for them after the snow has melted from the hillside, and the breeze comes soft and warm! The darkest places are brightened by their presence, the hardest heart fosters a love for them. There is no place where they are not appropriate. We place them in the hands of our dead, we lay them lovingly around them, group them in bouquets, and they take away our horror of death. We twine them in wreaths for the bridal, the orange, the rosebud, and white lily too, mass them in fanciful shapes, horseshoes, umbrellas and bells, under which the happy couple plight their vows "till death do them part." We send them, God's messengers, to the bedside of the sick, a rare glimpse of the outer world to the suffering, lonely one; their lovely color and form charm the eye, and the delicate fragrance fills the room, and for the moment pain is forgotten, the lonely feeling passes away; each flower, possessing a language of its own, breathes hope, love and confidence. June has been rightly named the Queen month, with its profusion of roses.

"And what so rare as the days of June?
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green.
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are blue, and grass is growing."

And along with the roses come the lilies.

"Lilies washed by dews of night,
Pure as snow of clearest white,
Bending from their slender stems,
Meet the kiss the sunbeam sends;
Fragrant as the blushing rose,
Sweetest flower the summer knows."

What can be more exquisite than the water-lily, lying so gracefully and lightly on the blue water, with its lovely white leaves and heart of gold, swaying to and fro with the ripples, smiling in the sunshine, but closing so sweetly when his rays are gone! You all have read no doubt that

"When to the flowers so beautiful,
The Father gave a name;
Back came a little blue-eyed one,
All timidly it came;
And standing at its Father's feet,
And gazing at his face,
It said in low and trembling tones,
'Alas! I have forgot!'
Kindly the Father then looked down,
And said 'Forget-me-not.'"

I read such a lovely story once about the moss rose, that when the Father walked

upon earth he was foot-sore and weary, and rested where a soft carpet of moss covered the earth, and a beautiful rose was blooming there, and cheered him with its fragrance and color, and he said to the rose, "Henceforth, in return for the pleasure thou hast given me, a delicate covering of moss shall thou have, and henceforth be known as the Moss Rose."

It strikes me that I never knew another such a beautiful custom as that of Decoration Day, laying flowers on the graves of the dead soldiers. If, as is reported, the idea was originated by our southern sisters, we should let all past prejudices be forgotten and honor and love them for this truly Christian act.

"O'er graves of the loved ones
Strew beautiful flowers,
'Tis the germ of affection,
To sweeten life's hours,
With roses and lilies
Let us deck each mound.
At the head of the dear ones,
Spread violets round."

Oh! we cannot honor the fallen heroes in any better manner. It keeps their memory fresh and green. For many a noble head lies low, many a brave heart gave its last throbs on the battle field, or in the hospital for our country's cause.

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

In death they are the same, the great general and the humble private. It is all the same where the great tomb is filled and covered with elaborate designs in flowers, or where the humble grave in one corner of a rural cemetery bears the one little bouquet of daisies; the one is the offering of a great nation for her illustrious dead, the other a tribute from some loving heart, laid with reverent hands on the grave of the dead. It is the spirit of love that prompts the act. It is well to cultivate the love for God's beautiful things, for of nature's thousand voices there is none more eloquent than the flowers.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

ANSWER AND QUERY.

As we live on a fruit farm where almost all kinds of fruit are grown, I have the best of opportunities for trying experiments. Last year I experimented with strawberries, and E. L. Nye need have no anxiety about the fruit put up without sugar. When the cans are opened in winter the strawberries will be as fresh as when first cooked, and mine kept their color better than when canned with sugar. I cooked mine slowly about two hours, skimming when necessary, covered each can with a little dress made of two thicknesses of paper to exclude light, and set the cans in a dry place in the cellar. Strawberries, cherries, red and black raspberries retain their flavor much better canned without sugar, and this year I shall try peaches the same way.

Last year I pickled a great many peaches, The freestone varieties kept splendidly, but a four gallon jar of White Heaths (clingstone) fermented. I heated the sirup twice and steamed the peaches the second time, but to no effect—they would spoil. Can any of the HOUSEHOLD tell what I ought to do should the same occur again?

PAW PAW.

E. R. S.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Never before, I think, within the past twenty years at least, have children's fashions been so plain and sensible as at the present time. The elaborate puffings, pleatings and flounces formerly worn by even five year olds, are discarded and for every day, girls from three to ten, and older, wear the the plain full skirts, with perhaps a few tucks round the bottom, and the blouse waists which are so cool and comfortable. For school wear such dresses are often made of light weight woollens, and are suitable and serviceable. Ladies who prefer wash goods make up for their ten and fifteen-year old girls gingham and sateens, with plain skirts, simple apron draperies without trimming, and yoke waists to be worn with belts. Some of the unlined gingham waists are like the old-fashioned Garibaldi, in that they are fitted to the shoulders and the fullness gathered to the belt at the waist; but generally they fit the immature figure better when some fullness is added at the neck, both front and back. Plain round basques are cut for these wash dresses, with thin linings, and loosely but smoothly fitted. A pretty variation is to add a deep pointed yoke in front, with the fullness which would go into the darts gathered at the short point of the basque at the bottom. Lace, so popular on all sorts of wash goods last year, is now confined to more dressy materials like lawns and mulls, and better grades are used. Chambery dresses are trimmed with embroidery. A pretty dress for a six-year old consisted of a plain skirt of a single width of embroidery, gathered to a plain waist with bretelles of a narrower embroidery. A sash of the same color was tied round the waist, the ends being finished with the embroidery, but this might be omitted and a belt inserted, or the waist simply sewed in with the skirt. I have seen some pretty white suits with waistcoat fronts, the close fitting vest worn beneath being of solid embroidery. The idea is pretty in plainer material; a striped or plaided gingham basque could have a plain vest of the dominant color.

Children's hats are usually quite large and bent into the shape most becoming to the juvenile wearers. For best, fine white leghorns or fancy straws are selected, left unlined, and trimmed with fluffy ostrich tips or clusters of flowers, daisies and rosebuds being especially preferred. Ribbons and silk scarfs trim everyday gear, and often a rough straw has no decoration save a straight band around the crown, and a full bow where the wide brim is fastened against it.

AN INVITATION.

The subscribers have received an open invitation to call on the Editor when visiting Detroit. Much has been said of the tired wife, but little about the housed-up Editor, and I was thinking why not return the compliment, and say "Come, see the ups and downs, the rough and tumble of a country life!" We like to see our city friends, if they will leave their agony at home. It would not be all lost; we might gain a lasting impression of what our Editor is like,

and she too might pick up some "notes by the way." It is almost too late to frolic in the hayfield, but in the fall we generally take a ride of about 15 miles, through a fine country to a huckleberry swamp, whose mossy bed is almost like a Turkish carpet, passing by lakes that would remind one of the Lakes of Killarney. It is a rule that each one shall pick in his or her own basket, and take an equal share of heat and dust. If we hitch Buck and Bright to the lumber wagon, it is double fare, but a free ride with the grays. Why not take a vacation?

PLAINWELL.

ANTI-OVER.

STRAWBERRY JAM.

As I have put up half a bushel of this delicious fruit for winter use in the form of jam, I venture to give my method for Dot's benefit, if not this season, at least for another. I allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit, put all together, and cook about an hour, then put in cans and seal while hot, exactly as if canned. I consider the strawberry a rather difficult fruit to put up with success in keeping. I find strawberries require considerable sugar; if canned with no sugar the berries lose their color, and come out of the can about the color of an underdone biscuit, and about as insipid in taste. The cans must be kept where it is dark.

DETROIT.

MRS. C.

ROSE LEAVES.

A correspondent in the last week's HOUSEHOLD asked how to prepare rose-leaves for a perfume or pot-pourri jar. We were not able to obtain, at the moment, the directions desired, but in last week's *N. Y. Tribune* the following method was recommended:

Gather rose petals in the morning and let them lie in a cool place spread out to dry for about an hour, then put them in a large dish in layers with salt sprinkled over each layer. Gather the roses for several mornings till you have a quart of rose leaves; let them stand for ten days, stirring every morning. At the end of this time mix them with two ounces of crushed allspice and two ounces of stick cinnamon broken in bits and put the whole in a fruit jar, keeping it covered tightly for six weeks. Now mix together an ounce each of coarsely ground mace, cinnamon, cloves and allspice, add an ounce of orris root crushed and shredded, two ounces of dried lavender flowers and an ounce of lemon verbena leaves thoroughly dried. Mix all together, add a drop of oil of roses (the most costly of all the ingredients) and finally moisten with half a cup of good Farina cologne. Such an odor-jar or pot-pourri will last for years, though from time to time you may add a few fresh rose petals, or once a year a drop of that precious oil or attar of roses. Nothing gives so subtle and refreshing an odor to a parlor as one of these jars, which should be opened for an hour every morning after the necessary sweeping and dusting, then carefully closed."

The above recipe calls for expensive ingredients, and some, as the attar of rose, are not easily obtainable. Little glass tubes containing six drops of the attar of roses sold here last Christmas for \$1.50 each, and the precious perfume is not often to be had in that form. A much cheaper jar can be made at less expense, but of course the perfume will not be as lasting nor as powerful as if the attar, the concentrated sweetness

of a thousand roses, were employed. Gather the petals of fresh blown roses in the morning. Put in a shallow box a layer of rose leaves, sprinkle with salt and then with a mixture of ground cloves, mace and cinnamon; add another layer of rose leaves, more salt, spices, etc., until the box is full. Cover with coarse muslin and dry in the sun. The mixture may then be packed in bottles or jars, with wide mouths and close stoppers, and will emit a delightful odor. Also nice for sachets, cushions, the quilted bottoms made for bureau drawers, etc. One's rose garden must be well supplied with this most beautiful flower, for large quantities of leaves are needed.

KNITTED SKIRTS.

These skirts are very warm and comfortable, handsome, easily made, and the following directions, from *Harper's Bazar*, will enable any person who can crochet to make one. They are almost universally worn instead of flannel underskirts, and make very nice presents for Christmas:

"Three-threaded Saxony yarn is the best for working under-skirts which are to have constant wear. Four-threaded is too heavy for a crocheted skirt, and two-threaded is too light.

"A medium-sized skirt of almost any pattern requires about eight skeins of yarn. For the one given below five skeins of gray and two of dark red, seven in all, are sufficient.

"Using a medium bone crochet needle, make a chain of 230 stitches, join, and work one long crochet in each of first four chain stitches, three in the fifth, and one in each of next four, which completes one point. Miss two stitches in the foundation chain, and without making any chain stitches between, repeat the points to end of row, making twenty-six in all. Commencing the second row, make one long stitch in second stitch of first point, one in each of the three following, three in the centre stitch, one in each of the four following. Miss the last stitch and repeat. Continue widening at centre of point and narrowing at each side for 24 rows without increasing the stitches. In the 25th row make five in middle stitch, then in the 26th row make five long stitches on each side of point, with three in centre stitch as before, the point having been widened one stitch on each side. Make six rows, then widen again. After the 38th row commence the stripes around the bottom, work one row of red, then one row of gray, two rows of red, one row of gray, three rows of red, one row of gray, making three graduated stripes of red, separated by single rows of gray. Next, with the red yarn, make a frill two inches deep around the bottom. Work one long stitch in first stitch of point, one in second, one chain stitch, two long stitches in third, one chain, two in fourth, one chain, two in fifth, one chain, two in sixth, one chain, one in seventh, five in center stitch, and down the other side of point in same order. Repeat to end of row, making three chain stitches between the points. Commencing the next row, make one long stitch in second stitch, and one in every following stitch with one chain between them, three stitches in centre stitch, and three chain stitches between the points. Repeat the second row until the frill is deep enough, then finish with a picot edge by making a chain of six stitches, miss one long stitch, and catch the chain with a single crochet stitch to third long stitch; repeat to end of row. Finish the top of skirt with one row of open-work, into which run a ribbon for drawing the skirt.

"Very dainty skirts can be made by using deep cream for the upper part and very pale blue or pink for the stripes and frill. A little more serviceable than these are skirts

of pale pink or blue with stripes of contrasting colors. Instead of graduated stripes, three even stripes of one or two rows look well, as does also one broad stripe. The frill may be made of the same color as the stripes or the shade of the skirt, with only the picot edge of the contrasting color. A pretty skirt of pale blue had five stripes of one row each, the top one pale pink, the next a darker shade, and so on to the darkest shade at the bottom.

"A very pretty, easily made skirt is worked thus: Make a foundation chain of desired length, join, work three long stitches in one chain stitch, make one chain, miss four chain stitches in foundation, work three long stitches in next; repeat to end of row. In the second and each following row work three long stitches in center stitch of group of three, and one chain stitch between. The skirt is made as wide at the top as at the bottom, and requires no widening. After the body of the skirt is finished, crochet separately and over-seam to the edge any preferred pattern of lace, using yarn either the color of skirt or of a contrasting color."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

AN elderly lady says that if No. 24 black thread is knitted in with the yarn in the parts of stockings which receive the most wear, the knees, heels and toes, they will wear very much better by doing so.

A GREAT many people complain of the unpleasant odor of boiled cabbage, and also of the indigestibility of the vegetable. Remove the loose leaves, cut the cabbage into quarters, removing the core, and put into plenty of boiling water. Boil half an hour, over a good fire. The cabbage will come out tender, and pale green. Boiling a long time in little water causes the disagreeable odor and the sodden indigestibility.

THE best cement for crockery, or almost any purpose, is a pure article of lime mixed with white of egg. The best lime is that from oyster shells. The shells should be cleaned, well burned, air-slaked and finely powdered. The quantity of powder which will lie upon a dime, mixed to a thin paste with white of egg, will firmly unite any ordinary piece of crockery. Another excellent cement is the thick part of white lead paint, neatly applied. A pitcher mended at the spout with this has been used two years, and bids fair to last as many more, so far as the original break is concerned.

FREED of seeds, fruit juices are, says Miss Clarissa Potter, invaluable in correcting deranged bowels. They relieve constipation and check diarrhoea. This seems a contradiction, but personal observation justifies the statement. I was not afraid to give my nine-months old baby bread softened with these juices, when I found milk nauseated her, the child having inherited a strong antipathy against it, and, though my other children have been "bread and milk babies," she has always been a bread and fruit juice baby. A pint of red, ripe, currant or raspberry juice, tart, thick as cream, with flavor and sunshine, and as fresh as when swelling the ripe berry on the stem, is just the gift to send an invalid friend who is heartily tired of her moulds of insipid, sweetish jellies.—*Horticultural Times*.