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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

GIVEN AND TAKEN.

Smoothing soft the nestling head
Of a maiden fancy-led
Thus the grave-eyed woman said:

"Richest gifts are those we make,
Dearer than the love we take
That we give for love's own sake.

"Well I know the heart's unrest;
Mine has been the common quest
To be loved and therefore blest.

"Favors undeserved were mine;
At my feet as on a shrine
Love has laid its gifts divine.

"Sweet the offerings seemed, and yet
With their sweetness came regret,
And a sense of unpaid debt.

"Heart of mine unsatisfied,
Was it vanity or pride
That a deeper joy denied?

"Hands that ope but to receive,
Empty close; they only live
Richly who can richly give.

"Still," she sighed, with moistening eyes,
"Love is sweet in any guise;
But its best is sacrifice!

"He who giving, does not crave,
Likest is to Him who gave
Life itself the loved to save.

"Love that self-forgetful gives
Sows surprise of ripened sheaves,
Late or soon its own receives."

—John G. Whittier.

HINTS FOR HOT WEATHER.

These torrid days of midsummer, when the mercury reaches the nineties by day and lingers among the eighties by night, are trying times for every one. There is a great deal of "constitutional tiredness" developed, and industry is below par. It makes us tired even to see other people work. But most of us must work, and the great question becomes, How can we perform our tasks most comfortably? And I am not sure but those who stay quietly at home, simplifying their work as much as possible, and making the most of their comforts, really endure the hot weather better and come out at the close less exhausted and fatigued, than those who rush off to mingle with the crowds at summer resorts. A great deal depends upon the individual and her surroundings.

How to keep cool is the great question. A little care and forethought help us wonderfully, especially in the matter of shutting out the heated outside air by day, and admitting the cooler air by night. Shut blinds and windows on the sunny side of the house, opening them again when the sun shines there no longer. Do not be so afraid of fresh air that you keep your bed-

room windows open but a crack. From such hot, unventilated rooms one comes forth tired and unrefreshed, languid and "headache-y." Put up the windows "sky-high" and produce a draught by raising those in opposite rooms. Occupy the most comfortable and commodious rooms in the house during the hot weather. Do not assign the room over the kitchen, through which stovepipe or chimney passes, to the boys or the hired men if you have a more comfortable one vacant; it is for your interest to have your help rest well, that they may be able to give you efficient aid, which they cannot do unless they can sleep comfortably. Better give up the spare bedroom, with all its glory of ruffled shams and star-spangled hair receiver, to the boys, than let them go to the barn to sleep on the hay, "because the house is so hot," in company with a lot of tramp haying or harvest hands.

Spread comforts over the feather beds, if you use them, you will sleep much cooler; and however tired do not omit the nightly sponge bath; it is worth an hour's sleep, aside from its cooling and sedative influences.

Get a kerosene or gasoline stove; either will pay for itself in the single item of ironing. You have no idea—until you have tried it—what an amount of heat and discomfort such a convenience really saves. Trade off your old flatirons for those with wooden handles; you will thus avoid blistered and heated hands.

Simplify living as much as possible. Rise early, to accomplish as much as possible in the cool morning hours, but do not cheat yourself out of needed rest by working straight through to bed-time. Take a nap after dinner, or if you are one of those wide-awake individuals who cannot sleep while the sun is above the horizon, lie down and rest a couple of hours. Do not have a "general baking day," but each morning bake what pies and cake will be necessary for the day's meals, that the food may be fresh and palatable. Set the bread sponge over night, and it will be ready to bake in the early hours of the day. Forget how to make fried cakes and cookies till cool days come again; they require too much fire and hard work. Remember fresh fruit is the best dessert you can serve, and if you have berries don't think you must make pies of them. Stir up a cake which shall be fresh, light, and not too rich, to eat with them; it is less work than to make pies. Serve fruit for breakfast; it is both "stylish" and healthful at that meal. There is an old proverb: "Fruit is gold in the morning,

silver at noon, and lead at night." Fruit, fresh and not over-ripe, is healthful at any time of the day.

Use the light tin and granite ware for cooking, instead of the heavy iron pots and kettles; do this the year round. Educate the men to keep the woodbox and the waterpails full, unless you are so fortunate as to have both these indispensables at hand. (It is a bad plan to begin this education during harvest time; the training should be finished by that time.) I have known men who would go thirsty till the women brought fresh water; if you have such men around let them choke awhile, and be sure to serve salt fish quite frequently.

Do not forget to soak the clothes over night; they require much less rubbing. Do not do much scrubbing. Spread squares of old carpet about the kitchen floor to stomp upon; it is hard on the feet to stand on a bare floor. I think comfortable shoes, which do not pinch, are better than slippers to wear round the house. The shoes support the ankles, and protect the feet better than slippers, which are often so thin-soled that the chill from a stone or brick cellar floor strikes through them. Sit down to pare vegetables and wipe dishes, and to iron napkins and handkerchiefs. Fold towels, sheets, coarse shirts, and anything else practicable, and place a weight upon them instead of ironing them. Have the stove set up high enough so you do not make a rainbow of your back bending over it. Do not wear the cumbersome, heavy, warm cotton undergarments, but rather the gauze merino vests and drawers, which are so cheap and cool, and have no extra fullness or weight. There is not enough wool in them to irritate the skin, and yet they are sufficient protection against sudden changes of temperature; they are as easy to wash as a handkerchief and need not be ironed at all. Do not try to sew during the hot weather. It is all one ought to do to manage the housework and keep the mending basket from running over.

Be sure that good sanitary conditions prevail around and in your home, that the cellar is sweet and clean, and the drains in active working order. If you have a sink, treat it to a dose of copperas water at least once a week to clear it out and sweeten and keep it free from poisonous gases. Care on such points may save sickness, that "mysterious dispensation of Providence" which is most often due to our neglect or ignorance of sanitary laws.

Above all, don't fret or worry; keep cool mentally and spiritually if you cannot

physically. Do not give way to temper, or get irritated at trifles: and before you know it we shall have a white frost and be looking for fall flannels. BEATRIX.

THE WIFE'S FORTUNE.

That question presented to us in the *HOUSEHOLD* of June 13, we shall hardly know how to answer, as we are in the dark as to circumstances. You know the old saying, "Circumstances alter cases." It might be a duty the wife owes herself, yes, and even her husband, to keep it in her own name, for sometimes the wife may be the most prudent of the two. If she has earned the money herself she would be competent to know how to keep it, but if she has inherited it she might need some experience to make her competent, and who can she trust better than the husband that she loves to guide and direct. I presume this is only a supposed case to draw us out through the busy season, when some are apt to forget the duty we owe our *HOUSEHOLD*. Through this warm weather we do not feel like writing, but we would be surprised to turn to our little paper and find one article from Beatrix and the rest a blank, but then I do not think that the faithful Evangeline would fail us. One said to me last week, "Do you suppose that Evangeline can be a farmer's wife; if so, how can she find so much time to write?" Will Evangeline please tell her through the *HOUSEHOLD* that others may profit by it! But will they do so? I know from experience that it is not those who have the most spare time, but those who have the will. And I wish to express my thanks to Evangeline for her faithfulness. But I see I am running away from that duty of the woman and money question.

A law that would apply to woman fifty years ago will hardly do for to-day. The time has come when she can take her place by the side of man as his equal, though the laws of our State may not consider her so; for the laws as yet are made by man, and most men seem to take pride in holding the woman as the weaker vessel, although the prosperity of the coming generation depends on the mother. If we have money entrusted to our care, it is our duty to use that money in a way that it will do the most good. The wife herself can only say what her duty is in that respect to her husband. Somehow I can't make that word duty fit in there, it seems unpleasant, as if she did not desire it. A kind and loving husband would hardly accept the offer if he thought it was given through a feeling of duty. What must be the feeling of a farmer's wife, these hard times, if she can look out in the harvest fields and see her husband with his men, the thermometer up to 90 degrees, trying to secure what little wheat the insect has left, in hopes to pay a little more on that mortgage, and she with money in the bank, or perhaps speculating in options? The laboring woman has been taught self-denial from her infancy, so it is not so hard for her to yield her property to her husband, and in some cases it might be best, if by so doing it made a comfortable home for the family. It is contentment that brings happiness, not dollars and cents. The most happy homes are those that have but the one

interest, where in speaking of their property they can say "ours." But if the husband has enough to supply home comforts, I should keep it in her own name if it does not interfere with her home duty to her family. When I took my pen I thought I could crack that nut but I see it is too hard for me. I hope another will try.

MRS. R. D. P.

BAD OKLYN.

ANSWER TO DOT.

I could hardly repress a smile at Dot's luck; at the same time I had lots of sympathy for her. It is only by patience and perseverance that good housekeepers are made.

Occasionally we meet women who are "born cooks," but the majority become so through numberless failures. In the first place, I know soft soap is an uncertain article. I have read that "it should be made in the moon and stirred with a sassafras stick." By this I expect is meant the old of the moon. You know there are people who have explicit faith in the moon.

With regard to the jam: Mash the berries; and nearly all kinds of fruit require but three-fourths pound of sugar to one pound of fruit. Jam requires but little cooking, which should be slow; just allow it to simmer, the superfluous juice will evaporate, and the jam will not be strong. I think raspberries are greatly improved by adding a little currant juice. Perhaps this will be a little late, as strawberries are nearly gone, but in using them for jelly do not allow them to turn red, use them while they are white, just before they turn. The jelly is superior when made in this way. If I were Dot when I was ready to do work of this kind I should ask some friend who had had experience to come and assist me. The knowledge thus gained will be worth more to her than to fret and worry over it alone and perhaps lose it all.

E. ANGELINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

[And didn't Dot ask not one friend but many, when she called on the *HOUSEHOLD* family to help her?—Ed.]

THE SOAP QUESTION.

I take it for granted that Dot has already received all necessary instruction about jam and jelly-making, so will only say that my way of canning strawberries is similar to that of H. C. L., of Lenawee. Perhaps she would like to know how to remove fruit and vegetable stains from her hands. Although lemon-juice is very effective, it is not always at hand, for sometimes, like "Gail Hamilton," we are "twelve miles (or less) from a lemon." If she will put one ounce each of borax and muriate of ammonia and one-half ounce of soda in a quart can and fill it with soft water, it will remove the most of the stain, being careful to not use soap on the hands first, as that is apt to set the color.

In regard to her inquiry about soft soap, I do not know of any way of making good soft soap except the old-fashioned one, with lye made from wood-ashes. I have been a house-keeper nearly thirty years, and have not learned it all yet. In the *HOUSEHOLD* of June 15, 1883, there are directions for making hard soap with Babbitt's potash. I would like to ask Lucy, of Ann Arbor, (the

writer of the article) if it makes any difference what kind of grease is used. Last summer I made hard soap with tallow and lye made from sal-soda and lime. It is very hard, and will not make nice suds like the soap we buy. It will last a life-time, for I cannot use it.

In this intensely hot weather and for weeks to come, our cellars will need looking after very often. A liberal sprinkling with copperas water, in the corners and behind barrels, etc., will remove all foul odors. So much of our time must be spent in doing things that belong to the no-name class of duties, yet are necessary for the health and comfort of the living, and no one but mother has time or patience to attend to them. No matter what sorrow she has to bear, or how much she longs for "the sound of a voice that is gone," every morning she must take up the burden of life again, and go her daily round of duties. Happy is the wife and mother who does not grow weary in well-doing.

AUNT FANNE.

PINCKNEY.

PRESENT ENJOYMENTS.

I have not come among the members of our *HOUSEHOLD* to discuss any of the numerous topics advanced heretofore, but to tell you of a great enjoyment which it was my pleasure to participate in recently. I attended a "diamond wedding," the sixtieth anniversary of the wedding day of a gentleman and lady eighty-one years old, whom I have known all my life.

No ordinary house could hold all those invited to join them on this rare occasion, so they held a picnic on the banks of a beautiful lake on their farm. Six children, twenty-six grand-children, three great grand-children, relatives and especial friends numbering one hundred and fifty, came to greet them on this their wedding day. We often hear of two people living together fifty years and celebrating their golden wedding, but scarcely ever are they permitted to walk side by side sixty long years, sharing each other's joys, cares and sorrows. Sixty-three years ago this aged gentleman took his farm from the government, and for sixty consecutive years the two have lived on it, and he is proud to say there never was a mortgage on it. To-day they are honored for their uprightness, stability and wonderful hospitality; both are well preserved, both mentally and physically. What a sterling example for the rising generation to follow, instead of fluctuating here and there like "Pussy hunting a corner!"

Usually at picnics the table and its contents claim a large share of attention. Years ago a pig was only a pig, and frequently formed a prominent part of a bill of fare. In later years he has become of greater importance; has had a high record as to price and number, and gets his name in the papers, this covering has been of "green-backs" as well as bristles and fat. But the idea prevailed that for this festive occasion nothing was too good, and forthwith pig-gie must be killed be he ever so costly, and must be roasted and occupy a prominent position at dinner time. Then there were puddings and pies of great variety, and all the luxuries suitable to the time.

After dinner came "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." Two ministers were present and they were invited to make remarks appropriate to the occasion, and did so in choice sentiments and well chosen words. A gentleman who had known the old couple forty years read from an original manuscript prepared for the occasion, words which were like strings of pearls.

Then two beautiful little girls (grandchildren) sang several pieces so sweetly (as children are apt to do), songs prepared for the occasion, and speaking so lovingly of grandma and grandpa. A lad less than eight years of age, a grand-child, recited a poem, the sentiment of which was that when a boy needs a ball covered, or hurts his finger, or wants to make molasses candy, "It is so nice to have a grandmama or two around," and when some people think he is too noisy, grandma says "boys will be boys—but he will be a man sometime." This ended one of the most enjoyable, memorable occasions I ever enjoyed.

PONTIAC.

MYRA.

OUR THOUGHTS.

[Paper read by Mrs. R. D. Palmer, of Brooklyn, before the Norvell Farmers' Club, June 25, at "Evergreen Home," the residence of James Hayes.]

That is something that we all have more or less of. But no two think alike. What is thought? Where does it come from? Where does it go to? What is its mission? Have we power of ourselves to control it? Can we say to it come, or go? Are we accountable for our thoughts? If so, do we treat them as our best friends, or abuse them with neglect, as if they were our worst enemy? Do we value them at their true worth, or let them pass, and be lost as worthless? Or do we gather them and place them in memory's store house, to be called back when needed; or safer still, write them down, which doubly preserves them, for memory will sometimes play us false? Sometimes our thoughts are out of their proper place, and should not be spoken, but be kept to ourselves, and crowded out with better ones. To think highly of any one is to speak in their praise, but to be low in our thoughts is an insult to humanity. But few people think too much. Most of our troubles in this life come from want of thought; although it is not those deep thinkers who are the best associates, for they may lack a certain degree of thought that is needed to make them amiable. So we need wisdom to direct our thought, and the good book tells us what to do that we may have it. How much trouble and hard feelings might be avoided if those in command would use a little more forethought, and choose their words when it is necessary to reprove, that the reproof might be in the form of a suggestion or caution, instead of accusation, for that in most people will arouse self-defense, which sometimes leads to hard words that are not beneficial to either party.

Do our thoughts ever trouble us, if so, then why? Thoughts are said to be cheap things, but some things may be rich with thought. I have known persons to offer a penny for a good, earnest, candid thought. And then there is the rich and abiding thought, its value cannot be estimated; its

next neighbor is a thoughtful thought, such as are employed in meditation or when the mind is carefully directed to an object or being. We speak of a passing thought, or of being full of thought, as if they pass through the mind and we can hardly catch them.

What is thought? Webster gives it, the exercise of the mind in any way except sense and perception. It denotes the capacity for, or the exercise of, the very highest intellectual function. Then how does one who acts without thought, show that he is higher than the brute creation? There is a power of moral beauty in high and noble thoughts, and what occupation is there better than farming for such thoughts. The seed sowing and growth of vegetation, and the blooming of the beautiful flowers, all give us thought of a wise Creator. Now is it best to let these thoughts all pass by unheeded; surely they are God-given blessings; why not put them on paper, that others may be blessed by their coming! Is it not selfish to keep them all to ourselves? Suppose for lack of education our thoughts do not flow as smoothly as our friend's at the right, is that any reason we should not think at all? Unspoken thoughts and thoughts on paper are two different things, with some it is an improvement, with others if they do not look as well, you have them where you can reject the brass and preserve the gold. Many a precious thought has been saved by having a paper handy when performing some manual labor that did not require brain work. Some receive their best thoughts at such times. But says one. "I have so much to do, and then I am so timid. Oh, I can't bother, I know I have only the one life to live here, but the ladder of perfection is so high and hard to climb, I guess I'll not step on the first round for fear I would never reach the top." A friend of mine once had an occasion to ascend to the roof of his house by the way of a ladder, his little two year old boy following his footsteps up the ladder nearly to the top. The mother seeing her child in peril, for want of thought screamed and fainted. At that sound the father turned, and seeing his boy, and being blessed with a great gift of forethought said, "Is Frankie coming up to see papa? step up one step more and take hold of papa's hand," and he thus saved the child. Some may claim that this man had a natural gift of forethought, but if you watch closely you will see that those gifts are acquired by exercise, just as the blacksmith gets his strong right arm. Then, if we do not improve in this direction the fault must lie at our own door, for we have power in ourselves to control our thoughts and they will either elevate us and make us strong in our resolutions, or lead us to weakness of mind, for impure thoughts are sure to lead to degradation. Our thoughts are like sowing seed, much depends on the cultivation of the soil. The wise man of old has said "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." Then how essential it is that we go to Christ for help, for he can keep the fountain pure from which all our thoughts spring. We should adopt Frances Willard's motto, "Plain living and high thinking," but it seems that the most of us

farmers choose to reverse this. We must have the high living and take our chances about the thinking.

A FRUITLESS SEARCH.

When one has borne the ills one knows, till the ills one knows not seem pleasant by comparison, it is time to act. That is how I felt about it. I had endured the heat, the dust, the incessant rattle of passing vehicles, the chatter and giggling of the servant girls at the big boarding-house over the way, who rendezvoused on our corner and flirted with their "fellers"—in servant girl vernacular—till midnight, until it really seemed as if a desert island like Robinson Crusoe's would be an earthly paradise. I resolved to set up my household Lares and Penates in a new location. A modest card in a Sunday paper brought me 31 replies. The young man at the office kept piling the letters before me, while I looked on in speechless amazement, and when he laid the check which ensured me the use of the box for a week on top of the heap and pushed it toward me, I handed it back, saying faintly, "I know when I've got enough, thank you," and went away, most firmly convinced that there is nothing like the newspapers for getting close to the public. From these 31 proposals for the company of a "respectable middle-aged widow," I selected twelve, that I thought from location and other circumstances might suit me, and bravely set forth upon the not altogether pleasant tour.

The search for rooms or a house to rent always affords opportunity for brief but interesting studies of character. I have learned to make an immaculate street toilette when I sallied forth on such a quest, for as I myself judge of the character, position and disposition of a possible landlady by dress and demeanor, so also she hazards a guess at my own desirability as an inmate of her house by the same standard. "Appearances are often deceiving" was an axiom I patiently traced down one page of a juvenile copy-book. I find it true. A woman whose words are smoother than butter while you are a tenant in prospective only, may develop into a forbidding female you would not for your life venture to ask twice for pie, once you are established in her domain.

I find a great trouble to be that though one may advertise explicitly for certain essentials, those who are anxious to secure tenants will ignore these specifications and trust to something else they can offer to balance what they have not. Though I advertised for unfurnished rooms, three out of the twelve selected replies were from people whose rooms were furnished, and who strongly recommended me to store my own goods and chattels and pay them roundly for the use of theirs. I like to have my own belongings about me; if they are shabby, I know who made them so, and if I come home out of temper and bang the furniture round, it is no one's business but my own.

I do not think farmers who live in their own houses are ever properly grateful for the blessing. I know I never appreciated the delicious sense of ownership and

absolute control, till by contrast with the uncertain tenure of rent-ship. House rent is a big item to the city man. The farmer who envies the book-keeper or salesman his \$100 per month, and thinks he could get rich fast on what he could save from \$1,200 a year, never takes into consideration the fact the city man must pay at the very least one-fifth of that sum for the bare house he lives in. The farmer's house is his; he does not have to beseech a reluctant landlord to paper a room, nor wait three months for him to send a plumber to mend a leak in a pipe that is flooding the house with foul air.

The tenant who sub-lets has few privileges and no rights. If people have two rooms to rent, they expect the unhappy occupant to pay about half the rent of the whole house for their use, while they enjoy the six or eight remaining. A man who offered me two front rooms, unfurnished, for \$18 per month, as I rose to go, saying, "I need not detain you longer; your terms are above what I wish to pay," replied: "Why, I pay \$40 for the house, and \$18 is not half of that, and I have in addition the water rates to pay!" "But," I could not help retorting, "you surely do not expect me to pay half the rent of a ten-room house for the privilege of occupying two rooms, do you?"

An "aristocratic location" is highly prized by the room-renter. Two little rooms on the third floor of a fine house, on a nice residence avenue, were rated at \$16 per month. "But think of the location," urged the anxious owner, "it's elegant. Mr. — lives on that corner, Major — owns the next house, and Banker — lives next door. It's a real aristocratic locality!" I hate snobbery. So I said: "I'm not renting the locality, but rooms I want to live in, and it is quite immaterial to me who my neighbors are if they are quiet and respectable," and the front door banged viciously as I tranquilly descended the steps. Of course location is a most important consideration, but no self-respecting woman will pay an exorbitant rent for the sake of a latch-key to a fine house, or to live next door to a family she don't know from Adam, and never would know by such propinquity, if she lived there till the crack o' doom.

The "professional room-renting fiend," who scrutinizes your letters, catechises your callers, and establishes a watchful espionage over your goings out and comings in, is to be specially avoided; so also is the woman who "takes boarders for company," or has "seen better days." To get as much as they can and give as little in return as possible, is their motto, which they live up to with an earnestness that would be highly commendable in a better cause.

Then there's the talkative landlady. I encountered one of her in my round. For fully three-quarters of an hour she held me — not by "her glittering eye" but by her awful tongue. She told me her family history in all its ramifications, and my endeavors to stem the tide of talk that issued from her lips were as fruitless as to dam Niagara with a fence rail. She might have been talking yet, for all I know, but for an opportune ring at the bell which gave an opportunity of escape I was not slow to

embrace, though rather uncertain as to the propriety of venturing on the street, least, in the parlance of the day, she might have "talked the buttons off my clothes."

I wonder why so many of my sex feel it necessary to make such profuse apologies for "the looks of things" to a stranger? Seems as though, if the family can stand the disorder, the casual caller on business intent might be spared long explanations as to why "things" are not in place; and if one sees packing cases and corded trunks, or paper-hangers and painters at work, it is no compliment to her perceptive powers to be informed the family has just moved in, or that the house is being renovated. I don't wonder John Chinaman says, "Meli-can gal too much talkee-talkee."

And when I went home, a tired, unsatisfied woman, no better off than when I started out, Fidus Achates unfeelingly remarked: "Didn't find anything to suit in those 31 answers? Well, you must be very difficult to please!"

BEATRIX.

A STUDY OF NASTURTIIUMS.

Alice Crockett, in the *N. E. Farmer*, tells the girl artists how to paint this old-fashioned, bizarre flower, whose brilliant colors are very fashionable now:

"Nasturtiums are a very showy flower, and the red and darker shades are very effective on the cream colored background. To paint the bright orange-red flowers use vermilion and deep chrome, adding crimson lake in the darker tones; shade with burnt sienna, where the back of the flower shows, use also a light yellow with a little green in some places. For the flowers of a lighter shade use the light chrome and vermilion, and for the brown spots on the petals use caledonian brown, crimson lake and black, shade with raw umber. For the dark red and maroon flowers use crimson lake and a little vermilion, shading with black and caledonian brown; paint the calyx with yellow, shade with raw umber, and crimson lake and a little green. In the high lights use more vermilion. No white is needed in these dark red flowers. The nasturtium is in several shades of red and yellow; some are streaked with red, others with brown, but I think the colors I have given will be sufficient to paint any of the shades desired. This flower is very showy for many things and makes a handsome picture for framing; it is pretty on black satin, for a hand bag, or on dark green felt for table scarf, or for lambrequins. I have not given the colors for the green leaves, for those that are already given in previous chapters are all that are needed in the different shades. It is always best when painting any special flowers to have some of the natural ones to study, even if you are copying from a good study. The nasturtium is a flower very much cultivated, also easy for the amateur to paint, and when nicely done is very effective. If one wishes to paint this flower on canvas with a background, a light silver gray is pretty and harmonizes well with the different shades of the flowers. To make this shade of gray mix white, raw umber, with just a little cobalt blue, adding more of the colors to shade it darker at the lower part of the

picture. A very handsome background for pansies of the dark shades is a greenish yellow. I have a study of pansies arranged in a little white bowl standing on a brown table. The background is made by mixing white, lemon chrome, and a little black to give the green tone for the lighter part and shaded with raw umber. The table is painted with raw umber, burnt sienna, caledonian brown, a little black and white in the light. The harmony of the yellow, rich purple, and brown is very pleasing. The effect of a picture depends very much upon the harmony and contrast of the different colors in it. The arrangement of the flowers and accessories is also important."

CHAT WITH HOUSEHOLDERS.

I think the trouble with Dot's soap was the salt in the butter. Had she melted it, let stand and settle, then drained off the clear grease, I believe her soap would have been all right.

Maybelle should give her bird lettuce seed, instead of hemp or canary, for a few days or a week. I have tried this with good results, for loss of voice.

What has become of Wild Rose, and those weekly letters she advocated? Surely they cannot all have found the waste-basket.

I have quite a curiosity to know what brought the change in N. E. V. P.'s husband. Not that I have the least idea of idea of trying to convert Mr. Hundred to sound judgment; we both found out years ago that our interests were identical, but through other motives wholly unselfish.

Will some one be kind enough to send an article on the best approved plan of constructing an out door milk cellar, one large enough to accommodate the milk from five or six cows, to be built of stone?

OLD HUNDRED.

INFORMATION WANTED.

I wish to learn how to cure bacon so that it will be like that we get in a city market, and which is such a good relish for the early breakfast. If any reader of the *HOUSEHOLD* can give me directions, I will be very glad. I want to know what parts are chosen for the purpose, and all about it. In our ordinary country curing there seems no medium between salt pork and ham.

MASON.

DAISY.

It is quite cheering to the Editor in the dearth of "copy" which has prevailed since the hot weather and busy times set in together, to hear from some whose pens have been idle a long time. Maybelle came back to us a week or two ago, and now Aunt Fanne and Old Hundred let us know they still live. No one drops from the circle of contributors without being missed by both Editor and readers. There are many we wish to hear from again; if you have not time for a long letter send us a short one, often the brief sentences contain just what we want to know, just the "words fitly spoken" which so penetrate the mind. These are busy days, trying days, but we are none the worse for breaking away from our bondage to our work, and seeking a little diversion in interests outside. Make the *HOUSEHOLD* one of these interests.