

# MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, AUGUST 8, 1887.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### THE HUSBAND'S COMPLAINT.

These fearful, fearful days have come,  
The hottest in the year;  
I vow! I'm tempted to abscond  
And never more appear,  
Day in, day out, week after week,  
The role of cook I've played;  
So many loaves of bread, rusks, buns,  
Pies, puddings, cakes, I've made.

Our men have healthy appetites,  
They really gormandize;  
The meals that daily disappear  
Are monstrous for their size;  
And if I even hint that it's  
Precarious for this weather,  
They think I'm stingy, and mistake  
My meaning altogether.

There is no time to take a nap,  
Much less to read a book,  
And at the weekly papers  
I scarcely take a look;  
My lord and master says: "Look here,  
This fact I'll demonstrate,  
I got a wife to broil my steak  
And dough manipulate.

"To mend my shirts and darn my socks,  
But, oh, the truth to own,  
My shirts are minus buttons, and  
My socks no heels have known;  
Your mending-basket stands piled high,  
The housework is neglected,  
And the way your management has turned  
Is not as I expected.

"Such notions now as women have  
Their mothers never had;  
In the twentieth century I hope  
Women's Rights won't be the 'fad,'  
For woman's sphere lies right at home  
To do her duty well.  
She should not go to farmers' clubs,  
And her experience tell;

"How to simplify housekeeping,  
And how their fruit to can,  
And how to make daisy tiddies,  
And how the house to plan;  
And how to manage poultry  
And how to flowers grow,  
And how to manage hired help,  
Girls are so scarce, you know,

"And hired men are not refined;  
What books our girls should read,  
If they shall wash the butter,  
Where they shall buy flower seed;  
Shall women who have property  
Unto their husbands yield,  
The right and title of the same  
Or keep their separate field."

The husband often judgment lacks,  
His wife's the better man,  
Trust to her financiering,  
Hers is the solid plan;  
She'll crack such nuts—yes, every time,  
Experience bids me say;  
To bask in radiant sunshine  
Just let her have her way.

EVANGELINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

### IN A BOOK STORE.

A dry goods or milliner's store has not half the attraction for me which centers in those more unassuming establishments where books alone are to be found. Were I desirous of obtaining a situation as saleswoman, I should try all the bookstores before resorting to the lace or ribbon counter of a fashionable bazar. I love the smell of a book store; the fresh clean odor of paper, mingled with the mysterious fragrance of Russia leather,—mysterious because of the secret process of tanning, so long and so carefully guarded—even the more plebeian, leathery odor of legal "half-calf," has its peculiar charm. I like to browse among the tables covered with the very latest, fresh alike from the great press and the author's brain, like an epicure daintily choosing the most delicate morsels, the freshest and richest crumbs of a literary feast. But best of all I like to encroach upon the realm sacred to the languid, slow-going clerks, the privileged space behind the counter, and look over the contents of the crowded shelves, which hold an attractive jumble of fiction and fact, poetry and philosophy, science and "slop." These shelves are the ultimate asylum of the books which hold the popular fancy for a moment, the ephemera of literature, enduring hardly for a day. Asked after to-day, forgotten to-morrow, they are relegated to the shelves, where they get their corners broken and their bindings faded, and finally fall into a state of decrepitude known to the trade as "shelf-worn." One cannot but moralize over the bright hopes of fame and profit, with which these ventures were pushed out upon the literary sea, to sail down the tide among the great and small of their kind. How disheartening it must be to find the little volume—one's best and brightest thoughts, and profoundest reflections, which the author and his partial friends believed so fresh and original that it could not fail of success, fall dead from the press; dismissed with a few careless phrases by the critics, or blasted by their sarcasms. Though such is the public in its contrariety, that even the sharpest satire or denunciation is better than to be "damned with faint praise," as Byron puts it.

It would seem that everybody writes books nowadays; authorship is no distinction, till one has won the public attention; and where one succeeds, hundreds make dismal failures. What author would not like to emulate "Ben Hur," with its fifth of a million copies already published, and its translations into foreign languages? But

"Ben Hur" is not a new book; it grew upon us slowly, and is read by a different class of people than those who seek a moment's diversion in the lightest of light reading; or perchance choose books as did the watering-place belle, who did not care what book it was, if its binding harmonized with the dress she would wear while she read it.

H. Rider Haggard, in the "Witch's Head," makes one of his characters accuse another of being "as dull as the dullest thing in the world." Then she asks him what that is. He don't know at first, but finally wakes up enough to say that it is "the American novel." And a cursory glance over the new "summer novels"—which are supposed to be light and brilliant, to amuse and interest without requiring mental effort in comprehension—makes one believe he was right, and that the American novel is truly the "dullest thing on earth." "Bar Harbor Days" is perhaps the brightest, but even it would put one to sleep on a hot day. The narrative purports to be written by a terrier dog, who takes wise views of human frailties, but one don't want to put himself on a doggy level even in the dog-days.

"Mr. Incoul's Misadventure," which made the most stir, is hardly the sort of reading one could commend; though its situations are dramatic it rather "leaves a bad taste in the mouth."

Everybody is reading Haggard nowadays. Not to have read some of his books is to be quite behind the times. Seventy-five thousand copies of "She" have been sold in this country, and in London alone 10,000 copies of "Allan Quatermain" were subscribed for before publication, while in this country 8,000 copies were taken the first week of publication. "Allan Quatermain" is a continuation of "King Solomon's Mines," in that some of the characters who helped make the search for the "Mines" amusing, are brought forward again. Haggard's writings are stories of adventure, wild, thrilling adventure, mystical and wholly improbable, yet so well told that you read on and on, infatuated with the narrative. The scenes are principally laid in South Africa, and the author, who was stationed for some time in the Transvaal, is able to describe with vividness, if not accuracy, the life and scenes of that comparatively virgin country to the novelist. His narratives are not at all of the "Buffalo Bill" order; their literary merit is far above that class, and there is a dry humor which makes you laugh outright, yet when you go back to see what caused your



smiles, you find it was only his "way of putting it," a humor which evades yet pleases. The trouble is that his romances are too highly seasoned; there is too much cayenne and olives. The climaxes are startling, and at every such thrilling situation you think "How can he surpass this?" that it must inevitably be an anti-climax, yet he carries you on to something yet more dramatic.

I think it is always well to read one or two of the works of an author who has merit enough to win public attention, whether quite in one's line of thought or not. It is good to become acquainted with the literature of one's own time, even though it be evanescent. Hugh Conway's "Called Back" made a sensation, but was soon forgotten; yet one wishes to know a book that is being much discussed. Haggard is refreshing after so much Howells and James, with their insipid "studies" of commonplace character; and the "upholstery novels" long ago palled upon us.

The young people will be sorry to learn of the death of Eugenie John, whose tales, published under the *nom de plume* of "E. Marlitt," have been made familiar to Americans by Mrs. Wister's translations. Among the most favorably known of her books are "Gold Elsie," and "The Old Mam'selle's Secret." The author was for many years friend and companion to the Princess Sonderhausen, and there became versed in the ways of courts. She is always interesting, and portrays vividly the caste distinctions of social life in Germany. But the reader who, pleased with the first, reads another, and still another, finds a certain sameness in the plot which grows wearisome at last. There is always the haughty dowager of high rank, and the titled but disagreeable heiress, the proud, self-contained man besieged by aristocratic relatives and madly in love with a beautiful but lowly maiden who is unmercifully snubbed by the gentry, or kept out of her inheritance, but who turns out to be the princess in disguise, love triumphs and the haughty are cast down.

"The Late Mrs. Null," by Frank Stockton, so well known by his magazine stories, especially by that great conundrum, "The Lady or the Tiger," is a very ingenious and amusing romance, though one cannot claim that any "great moral lesson" is taught thereby; the public do not care to find "*Hic fabula docet*" underlying the thread of a narrative. But it is certainly one of the most original novels one can find, and some of its characters are extremely amusing and interesting, especially Mr. Brandon and Widow Keswick, who monopolize the attention at the denouement.

A young friend of mine is reading Scott for the first time, and her absorbed interest pleases me. I can sympathize with her, for the works of the great Scotch novelist were almost my sole reading when I was from eleven to thirteen years old; I read and re-read them, and never tired of "Kenilworth" and "The Abbot," "The Heart of Mid-Lothian" and "Ivanhoe." I know a great many condemn the historical novel, which is not always history, yet there are many good words to be said for it. If young people are left to read merely for

the story's sake, they get vague, uncertain ideas and knowledge of historical personages; yet they get also an idea of the character and standing of those personages which is generally true to history. No history could give a more faithful idea of the real character of Louis XIV, the strange mixture of treachery and nobleness, than does "Quentin Durward." I would put Scott in the hands of the young people, and interest them in finding out from history all additional information relative to the life and times of the characters, and I think I could thus keep out the fascinating but pernicious "Buffalo Bill" and "Bertha Clay" stuff.

BEATRIX.

#### CANNING TOMATOES.

An experienced housekeeper tells how she cans tomatoes in tin cans which she procures at the hardware stores. Her method is as follows:

"After putting on your tomatoes to heat, get together all the things needed about canning, so you may proceed without delay after the tomatoes come to a boil. Lay a newspaper on the kitchen table and set the cans on it, so you may not soil the table if you spill any of the tomatoes or cement.

"All hardware dealers keep canning cement, so you will have no trouble in procuring it. Some of it comes in sticks, some in tin cups, and some in the form of tapers. I have tried all, and they will all answer a good purpose, in the hands of a careful person. If you use the stick cement, keep an old frying-pan for the express purpose of dissolving the cement in it, and keep a pewter teaspoon to dip it up with. Have on hand a bundle of clean, soft old rags to wipe the rim of the tin cans perfectly dry, as you are apt to spill some of the juice on the rims in filling the cans. This is one of the most important points about canning in tin, so I would especially urge it upon your attention.

"When the tomatoes come to a boil, dip them up with a tin dipper, so your hand may not come in too close contact with them. When you have filled the can as full as it will hold, take a rag and pass it around the rim twenty times, or till you are certain that it is bone dry, as the least moisture on it will prevent the cement from sticking on permanently. Then press the top firmly on, and again pass a rag round the rim, as the act of pressing down the top may squeeze out a little juice. Then dip up a spoonful of the melted cement and pour it from the point of the spoon into the rim of the can. If you hear a hissing sound, stop instantly, for that is a sign there is some dampness about the rim. Dry it with a rag, or if you have gone too far, set the can aside till the can cools, then unseal it, heat the tomatoes again for a few moments, dry the rim more carefully and seal up the can again. The cement hardens in a few minutes and is much more easily removed then than when warm and sticky. If you are canning more than a few quarts, you ought to have the cook or some one to help you, as otherwise too many details will press upon you at once. Let your cook fill the cans and you dry the rims and seal up the cans, or vice versa.

"Leave the cans in some accessible

place, so you may daily examine them for at least a week. If they keep that long, you may feel pretty secure of them. Sunlight has no effect on tin cans, but they ought not to be left where they are apt to freeze in winter, as this injures their quality and makes the cans burst.

"The same directions given for tomatoes will apply, with very slight variations, to all vegetables. Corn alone is said to be beyond the power of an amateur to can successfully. I have kept it very well, however, by canning it half and half with tomatoes. A housekeeper ought to aim to have a large and varied stock of canned vegetables, green peas, asparagus, butterbeans, etc. Canned green peas make a delightful addition to giblet soup."

#### WASHING WINDOWS.

The labor of washing windows is almost thrown away if performed when a whirl of dust is blowing, or when the windows are in the full blaze of sun. In cleaning windows the first step should be to give them a thorough brushing to dislodge dust from the sashes and ledges; a small whisk broom is best for this purpose, and also for use on the blinds. Then wipe the windows with a dry cloth, rubbing them well. Wash the sills and woodwork in warm water, then you are ready for the glass, for which a fresh supply of water is needed. Never use soap on windows; it makes the glass cloudy. Borax, pearline, or dilute ammonia are better. Choose old cloths that are not linty; wring out the cloths before applying them to the glass, and follow the wet cloth instantly with a dry one; otherwise streaks are apt to appear. It is not necessary to use much water if the glass is wiped with the dry cloth first.

The best window rags are made of worn-out flannel under-wear, cut to convenient size. A chamois skin is a good substitute. A cloth moistened with alcohol and rubbed on the glass gives a fine polish. Plate powder produces a brilliant effect, but makes much more work. Soft tissue paper is excellent to polish mirrors or window glass; old newspapers rubbed limp are a good substitute, and plenty of rubbing in either case. Choose a cloudy day to wash windows, both for your own comfort and because the glass is less apt to be streaked. The outside blinds or shutters must be washed at the same time as the windows, otherwise a shower will beat the dust off on to the panes. Washing windows need not be a dirty or disagreeable task, if only these few hints are observed.

L. C.

DETROIT.

#### AN INQUIRY FOR ABSENT ONES.

In looking over back numbers of the *HOUSEHOLD* a short time ago, in search of something I wished to remember, I found many names that used to sound familiar, and ask, where are they now? Have they tired in well doing, or are they with us yet, though disguised under new *nom de plumes*? If so, why wish to change the old name for the new? We learn to know them by their names, and prize the name as well as the letters. Do you think it would satisfy the readers as well should our little *HOUSEHOLD*.



HOLD come to us each week with a letter from Flora or Helen, as though it were Beatrix or Evangeline? Though we might appreciate the letters the same, yet we would miss the old familiar names, not knowing they had made the change, and thinking the new name belonged to some new member. Week after week we would watch eagerly for their friendly chat. I often picture to myself each member as I read their letters, and wonder if I draw a correct likeness. Each member seems like an old friend. No doubt there have been many changes since we first gathered as a HOUSEHOLD; and like the old time friends perhaps

"Some are scattered now and fled,  
Some are married, some are dead,"

but we miss each absent member so much. We once had a Bruneille, Anna of Westington, Tom's Wife, Mertie, Ellenor and a host of others who answered to the roll call, but where are they now? And those good old Aunties, where are they?

One writer tells us that we can judge by the letters what sort of men and women the writers are, and another that you can often read the character of a man simply by seeing his old shoes. Be that as it may; I will not venture an opinion, but I am quite sure I will never change my views concerning *nom de plumes* as long as I remain  
OLD HUNDRED.

#### OUR HAPPIEST HOURS.

It has been an unusually hot, close, oppressive day; one of those days when no one feels just exactly right, when the home machinery is out 'o gear; and as if it needed the last straw that broke the camel's back—the baby was sick. But just as surely as there is "no night but hath its day," there is no day but comes to a close. And I watched a little anxiously for the sunset, and it came. The sun dipped lower and lower; long shadows were thrown across the lawn and meadow, the leaves that had hung so limp and lifeless began to rustle faintly in the slight breeze, occasionally the birds twittered, and sent forth a gay carol, the least bit of dewy freshness was apparent. And now the sun has dropped, a great red ball, below the horizon, and as he leaves our sight the fair moon smiles down upon us in silvery rays. Straggling along up the lane came the cows,

"Gretchen, Queen Bess and Florimel,  
With linkle, lankle, linkle,  
With merry song and tinkle,  
And the cows are coming home;  
Let down the bars, let in the train  
Of memory's hopes, and fears and pain,  
For childhood days come back again,  
When the cows are coming home."

I sit here in front of the screen, with the baby in my lap; she has forgotten her fretfulness and worrying, and is fast asleep; the little dimpled hands are folded, the blue eyes closed, the least bit of a smile hovers about the mouth, and if perfect peace and happiness ever sat enthroned on infant brow it is here; and as I sit and drink my fill of baby's charms I am wondering, when are our happiest moments? The lazy drone of insect life, the chirp of the cricket, have set me off on a trail of memory, and I am a little child again, hanging on the old red gate, seeing the cows milked; barefooted, sunbonnet hanging on

my back, not a care in the world, chasing butterflies in the peach orchard that covered a side hill back of the horse barn, hunting wild flowers along the creek and in the woods, swamp pinks and spotted lilies; going after water lilies in an old leaky boat. Ah! we were up by sunrise those days, and had to tramp through the wet grass a good mile, but what cared we; our cup of pleasure was filled to the brim, we drank in all the beauties of country life.

"What tho' our clothes were ragged,  
Our faces tanned and brown,  
We never envied no, not once,  
The children of the town;  
We gathered waving burdock leaves,  
Or wandered by the pool,  
To watch the titbits gliding past,  
Beneath the waters cool."

Making daisy chains under the big cherry tree, weaving leaf wreaths for our hats, peeping into the robin's nest to see if the blue eggs were hatched, eating the big sweet apples that grew so plentifully in the orchard, living entirely in the present, with but one wish, for the time to hasten when we would be big like mother and keep house. Then came the school days, the hard struggles with problems and rules, but more than overbalanced by the pleasant companionship of girls of our own age; the discipline, so well calculated to fit us for the life that lay beyond our school life, the vacation, one ceaseless round of pleasure, boat-rides, excursions, serenades. There were four of us then, two brothers and two sisters, we had the quartette complete. But "into each life some tears must fall," the dearest wish of my life was hid away with my school books, and my childish wish was verified—I was big like mother and could keep house—but I must take up the work she had left unfinished, and without her gentle council and help. Oh! the first great sorrow, it seems so terrible, as if it would crush us with its weight, but the kind Father wills that Time shall heal the wound, although the scar remains, and it rests with us whether we bear our sorrow meekly or rebel. After the first link is broken the chain falls to pieces fast, so one after another went; the last time I went back to the old home it was so changed.

"On creaking hinges it backward swings,  
Spared from ruin by time and fate,  
The most familiar of old time things,  
The rickety, loose-hung, door yard gate.  
Few are the footsteps that now pass through,  
Over its portal there's silence to-day,  
The world is older, all things are new  
And its time of favor fades far away."

I had heard about

"The land where milk and honey flow  
Go join the throng, 'tis westward ho!"

and the whirligig of time found me in Michigan, in a lovely home of my own, which looks lovelier and fairer to me to-night than ever, bathed in the silvery moonlight; and keeping the thought, that I have no earthly parents, no brothers or sisters around me, uppermost in my mind again comes the query, "When are our happiest hours?" I must answer, "when I hold my babes in my arms." Oh! there is no love like mother love, so absorbing, so satisfying, "children, ay, forsooth they bring their own love with them when they come." They have been rightly classed "troublesome comforts;" with their cooing voices and merry laughter.

"I love it, I love it, the laugh of a child,  
Now rippling and gentle, now merry and wild;  
It rings on the air in its innocent gush,  
Like the trill of a bird at the twilight's soft hush;

It floats on the breeze, like the tones of a bell,  
Or the music that dwells in the heart of a shell."

Our happiest hours! We seldom recognize them as they are passing, just as sometimes we "entertain angels unawares." Do not let us wait, thinking they may come to-morrow, for the present is the only time we are sure of. Yesterday has gone beyond recall, to-morrow we may never see. It is not our surroundings entirely that constitute happiness, it is the inner life that lies within the heart.

"Within our lives of conscious care  
There lies another, fair and sweet,  
All gracious sanctities are there,  
And trust, and consecration sweet,  
A heaven that lieth not apart,  
A spirit world within the heart."

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

#### HINTS ON BREAD-MAKING.

The *N. E. Farmer*, in a long article on bread-making, makes the following useful suggestions:

When bread is mixed with water, more flour is needed than when milk is used. With milk no shortening is used, while to water bread one tablespoonful of lard or butter to every two quarts of flour is required.

Lard makes whiter bread than butter, but many cooks prefer the taste of the butter. Milk is boiled to prevent souring, and must then be cooled until luke-warm. Bread with too much sweetening or shortening is not good for an every day diet, doing more harm than an occasional piece of cake or rich pastry.

Seventy degrees is about the right temperature for raising dough, and it should never fall below 45 deg. Sometimes in cold weather bread will rise but little during the night, and it may be hurried along by placing the bread bowl into a pan of hot water in the morning, but care should be taken in setting bread over or about the stove, that one side does not become over-heated and spoiled in the effort to hasten the rising.

When bread has risen too soon, or you do not wish to use it at once, stir it down if batter, or cut it down if a stiff dough. This lets out the carbonic acid gas which would turn into acetic acid, or in other words sour. To rectify sourness in bread dissolve a small teaspoonful of soda in a little warm water and put into bread before stirring it down, by raising the dough at the sides of the bowl with a spoon, so the soda will run into the meshes of the raised dough.

An earthen bowl is better for mixing bread than a tin pan, bread also rises quicker in a bowl, as it keeps an even temperature. A tin lid fitted to a bread bowl is a convenience. Flour added to bread while kneading it will make it tough. Kneading calls for the expenditure of a good amount of physical strength, and cannot be omitted without injury to the bread.

In baking bread increase the heat at first to check the rising and then let it slacken.

Rolls should rise longer or until lighter than loaves at the time of going into the oven, because they are so quickly baked.

Small loaves bake more evenly and cut into better slices than large ones.

When a loaf is taken from the oven rub it over with a bit of butter and the crust will be tender.

Wash the bread-board in cold water, as



this removes the flour and dough sooner than warm water. Scrape any bits of the dough from the board with the back of a knife, and with the grain of the wood, that the surface may not be roughened.

#### FRIENDSHIP.

"Be just to God, be just to man,  
Then injure any if you can.  
Friendship cheers the sinking soul,  
The sorrowing heart it doth console."

How much harm can be, and is, done by gossiping; how many friends parted, how many hearts broken just by a few idle words, and those spoken in jest, perhaps, but repeated until they would not be recognized if heard again by the one who first uttered them? How often when we listen to a story regarding a friend, we ponder over it till it becomes an unpardonable thing, and two dear friends are parted; while had we seen the same thing with our own eyes or heard with our own ears, it would have appeared as nothing.

There seems to be something about our human nature, that the mere presence of fellow men gives cheerfulness; how much more when we can call them friends, for mere acquaintances must not be called friends. True friendship is rare, like a great many other things of great value; and we should be very careful in selecting our friends, not only because we can have so few, and so want the best, but because a true friend has a very great influence upon our lives and character. When we have entered into partnership with any one, we should be constant, and be especially careful not to allow new acquaintances to part us from old friends "tried and true."

"Make new friends but keep the old,  
Those are silver, these are gold;  
New made friendships, like new wine,  
Age will mellow and refine.  
Friendships that have stood the test—  
Time and change—are surely best.  
Brow may wrinkle, hair grow gray,  
Friendship never knows decay;  
For 'mid old friends, tried and true  
Once more we our youth renew.  
But old friends, alas may die,  
New friends must fill their place supply,  
Cherish friendship in your breast,  
New is good, but old is best;  
Make new friends but keep the old,  
Those are silver, these are gold."

YPSILANTI.

MARY B.

#### SCRAPS.

The prettiest garden hat that I have seen this season was a large rough straw, white, trimmed with folds and puffs of sheer India muslin and a big bunch of what is variously known as "everlasting clover" or "globe amaranth," botanically as *Gomphrena globosa rubra*, a plant whose blossoms somewhat resemble clover heads. The flowering branches had been cut from the plant, and so carefully dried as to preserve their gracefulness—though, like most everlastings, the plant is not famous for elegance—and they looked very rural and countrified among the loops of soft lawn.

The crinkled seersuckers, at eight, ten and twelve and a half cents per yard, have come into great popularity this season for wash dresses. And very pretty suits they make, too, when tastefully designed. Two young girls I met the other day looked particularly sweet and fresh in dresses of pink and white stripe, cut with plain skirts, apron draperies in front and sashes at the

back, and simple, loosely fitting basques with revers and cuffs of plain pink satteen. A friend has just made up a very pretty cream-colored wrapper of this goods, which only cost her a dollar, all told, as she made it herself. It has a yoke in front, to which the fullness is gathered, and confined at the waist line by a crimson ribbon; the back is cut princess, with extra length caught up in pleats to take away the straight effect; it is what some dressmakers call a polonaise back. The sleeves are close-fitting at the armsize and loose at the wrists. A knot of ribbon at the throat and little bows on the sleeves add to the dressy effect. These seersuckers are not to be starched, and should be pulled and smoothed and pressed straight rather than be ironed, as the ironing spoils the crinkle.

How one must fight her washwoman to be free from the tyranny of starch! I abominate the rattle of skirts starched to a paper-like stiffness, so that the wearer advertises her coming by a noise that exceeds and yet is not half as musical as the wind moving "down the sierried ranks of corn." It is hard for the woman who is the arbiter of our linen to make way for the era of limpness. She has so long starched everything to the last degree of stiffness, that the order "no starch" is only obeyed after much iteration. These heartfelt observations are the result of recent sore experiences. Having occasion to employ a new lady of the flatiron, my washing came home in a condition calculated to make angels weep. Skirts, pillow slips, underwear, handkerchiefs—all had a liberal portion, and when I attempted to—excuse my blushes—attire myself in a *robe de nuit* fresh from her hands, I felt as if I had forcibly encountered a pile of broken crockery. Such stiffness is ruinous to the goods, too; embroidery cracks all to pieces and lace tears like a cobweb. It was only after a severe lesson—a white dress crumpled up and sent back to be done over because starched to sheeriness after I had especially ordered "no starch at all,"—that my entreaties were heeded. Half the beauty of these muslins and soft washgoods comes from graceful lines and folds they take in draping, and now we have left off our ruffles and pleatings, fashion decrees a fullness of drapery very unbecoming to stiff goods, and perfectly preposterous when starched. Remember this, girls, and see that your wash dresses get only "the least little bit" of starch.

B.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

If a garment is mildewed, attend to the removal of the mildewed spots promptly. A weak solution of chloride of lime will remove such stains without damage while they are fresh. The goods should be carefully rinsed in an abundance of water to remove all traces of the lime.

BOILING water poured through the fabric will remove fresh fruit stains effectually and without damage. A bit of unsalted butter as large as a pea, will entirely neutralize a bad stain from fresh grass. Machine grease must be rubbed with soap and cold water before putting into hot suds.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Indiana Farmer* says: "I often see advertisements for broom-holders, but I know of none that answers the purpose better than the following: Take two empty spools, No. 30 or larger; slip nails in the center of each; drive one in the wall; take your broom, brush end up, and let the part where the broom begins to widen rest on the spool, and then you will see where to put the other spool."

JAVELLE water, a bleaching compound much in favor with washwomen, is made as follows: Take half a pound of chloride of lime to two quarts of water. When the clear solution is poured off, add to it a pound of saleratus dissolved in a quart of hot water. This will make a milky looking mixture, which will clear itself in a few hours, when it should be poured off and bottled. It will keep indefinitely in a cool cellar, and a tablespoonful or more, in a quart of water, will remove stains and effectually whiten handkerchiefs and napkins stained or off-color from careless washing. The ordinary rubbing and boiling should be given after the use of javelle water, to remove it entirely from the fabric.

#### Contributed Recipes.

HAM SALAD.—Cut up cold boiled ham in small bits; cut several heads of lettuce fine and mix in the salad bowl. Make the dressing as follows: Put in the sauce-pan one pint clear cream, slightly sour, half pint vinegar, pepper, salt, lump of butter, sugar, mustard, the well-beaten yolks of two eggs; now stir very carefully until it thickens like starch, and be careful not to scorch. Set in a cool place, or on ice until cold; then turn over the salad and mix thoroughly.

GREEN CORN PUDDING.—Cut the corn from the cob, scrape the pulp, and to one pint of it add one quart milk, three eggs, a little butter, a little sugar, and salt and pepper. Stir it often until thick; bake an hour. A side dish for meats.

NEW POTATOES WITH CREAM.—Scrape and boil them; when done turn them into a tureen; take a sufficient quantity of sweet cream, a lump of butter, pepper and salt, and set over the fire. Let it come to a boil, add a little thickening and turn over the potatoes. Serve immediately. Nice.

GREEN CORN PUDDING.—One dozen ears of corn; one egg; three tablespoonfuls butter; pepper; salt; a little sugar. Cut the corn from the cob and scrape thoroughly; add the egg, butter and sugar. If the corn is not quite young, add a little cream; it should be moist. Bake in a deep dish, to a deep brown. Serve as a vegetable. Very appetizing.

RASPBERRY SNOW.—Dissolve half a package of gelatine in half cup water; add one cup of boiling water and one cup sugar; strain and set to cool. Beat the whites of four eggs, and when the jelly is nearly cold whip them in. Stir in a pint of red raspberries, and pour the mixture into a mold; when thoroughly cold and firm, turn out and heap over one pint of whipped cream.

There are so many weeks during the year that we cannot have the fresh fruits that we can afford to make these delicious dishes in the season of the separate fruit. The eating of too much pastry is not good for one's stomach. It is not so healthy during the hot summer months as these creams and custards.

EVANGELINE.

BATTLE CREEK.