

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### JOYS.

Joys have three stages, Hoping, Having and Had;  
The hands of Hope are empty and the heart of Having is sad;  
For the joy we take in the taking dies, and the joy we Had is its ghost,  
And which is better, the joy unknown or the joy we have clasped and lost?

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

### AMELIA'S PRAYER.

Wanted!—A man about six feet in height,  
Who can split up the kindling and blow out the light;  
Who can wind up the clock and put out the cat,  
And sweep off the doorstep and shake the hall mat;  
Who can brush his own clothing, do up his own shirting,  
And be blind to his wife's predilection for flirting;  
In fact the description of man I would find  
Is a sort of a seraph and hostler combined.

### OVER-SENSITIVE CONSCIENCES.

I was much interested in Mrs. Averill's paper, "The Farmer's Wife and her Conscience," in the HOUSEHOLD of the 12th inst. The wife she portrays is the type of thousands; women who began their married lives with bright hopes and ambitions, and firm resolves not to become domestic drudges nor

"Servant to a wooden cradle,  
Living in a baby's life,"

but who have been unable to reconcile their duties with their aspirations. There is nothing so disheartening and depressing as the sense of failure to carry out a well-defined, cherished plan; and there are few women who have not, at some time, felt that the possibilities of their natures have failed of full development. The lives of many women, supposed to be free, are in reality chained in the thralldom of a thousand petty obligations, customs and prejudices; the claims upon them typify the Oriental legend's idea of concentration—a company of angels dancing upon a needle's point. And always the problem presents itself, how far the true ideal of life permits an entire devotion to our own aspirations gained by ignoring the claims of others upon us.

But is not the little woman our essayist depicts, who wants to make herself the embodiment of all feminine virtues, possessed of a morbid oversensitiveness to the opinions and criticisms of others, whose lives touch hers at one point only, who judge her from that one point of contact, and about whose judgment, thus necessarily imperfect, she

need not be unduly solicitous? She is not content to live up to her own standard, to satisfy her own conscience, but she must needs try to reach the varying ideals of her neighbors, and live by their criterion of what a woman ought to be and do, as decided by and for themselves. She wants to reach the neat woman's perfection of house-keeping and the collegiate's maximum of intelligence; the society woman's daintiness of dress, and the accomplishments of the woman unencumbered by family cares. Like the faceted diamond, she wants to shine at all sides and angles, although each plane requires the skillful polishing of a specialist. Alas, not she, nor other mortal woman, can do everything.

Is so much more demanded of farmers' wives than of women in other walks of life? Have not they the same right to decline to honor social obligations, or those schemes for charming money from the pockets of the ungodly which are usually dignified by the name of "church work," as the woman worker in the city, who frankly says her time is not her own, and that she cannot assume such responsibilities? What hinders her, except her own timidity, her fear of "they say?" Society may ignore her; the church may forget her; so it happens to the woman worker in the city, but she need not be the less happy or useful for that; at least God does not overlook her. God never meant women to be like pack-horses, stumbling along under burdens beyond their strength; but they lay the cares on their own shoulders, and bind them fast with their own hands, and then murmur because they are heavy-laden. What women need is more rigid moral backbone, and more of the courage of their convictions of what is right for them to do.

"Let not thy soul be troubled that they say:  
He might have done this thing or that a better way.  
Mayhap thy way is best, how can they know  
or see  
With thine own eyes, what seemest best to thee?  
\* \* \* 'Tis only that thou art  
Too eager for approval; and that what thou do  
Shall please all others as it pleases thee."

Why should she not feel the Professor "a precious prig" for quoting Latin at a farmer's table when good rotund English would serve his purpose better, instead of being mortified and abashed? Why should she compare her own strong, sturdy-limbed children with the puny offspring of her neighbor to their disadvantage, when she knows her own methods are those which lead to sound minds in sound bodies, while her neighbor's hot house processes are unwise and pernicious? She ought rather to feel a virtuous satisfaction in herself and

her children. If she loves flowers, why wish they were onions because a friend expresses a preference for that esculent? Why, in short, be dissatisfied with what is in harmony with her own tastes, because another prefers something else? Why be so distrustful of what right reason and sound judgment conspire to teach is best for her and hers, because others, from different standpoints of needs and inclinations, require or prefer other things? Should not every woman have character enough to be independent of what she feels are unjust criticisms?

The college professor dwells in an atmosphere of educational particularity, as narrow in its own limit as "Mrs. Lap-ham's" conversation, which conveys a fatiguing sense of being excessively domestic. To the neat woman a spot on the paint is a more serious matter than a blot on the soul. To the utilitarian, blossoms are an uncalled for preliminary to future vegetables. Each declares his own way of thinking the best and most sensible, and calls his neighbor uncultivated or foolish or sentimental for thinking otherwise. If the woman, in farm home or city one, knows in her heart she is doing the best she can in the place it is ordered she shall fill, her conscience ought not to reproach her unless it has been educated to morbid sensitiveness.

"No more than this she asketh of just praise,  
So willing she to do her best always."

BEATRIX.

### OUR HAPPIEST TIME.

The pan of golden peaches upon my lap keeps my fingers busy, but as I skim over their furry surface my thoughts wander about among our HOUSEHOLD writers, and what the different ones have lately said regarding their happiest moments. Then my mind goes back in search of mine—beginning this side of childhood. Oh, what a regret it is to have no happy childhood to remember, to feel that something or somebody robbed life's morning of its dewy freshness, and made you always old! But then I see a lovely autumn day, when for hours I wandered by the side of a lake; found fossils and shells among the pebbles continually washed by its waves, while those waves joined their soft tones with the breeze, and told me wonderful stories of Nature and her secrets. Then again, I sit alone upon the foothills of a mountain, and wearied with my climbing, yield my senses to the enjoyment of the beauty about; scenes I had hungered for for years. The valley and village below; way up on one side a snowcapped peak; in another



direction a storm beating its fury upon a rugged mountain top. The beauty was like a cup of cool water to a thirsty soul, and the remembrance of the hour will never fail to rouse a thrill of ecstasy, so long as reason lasts.

Then come those October afternoons, when by the side of a beloved sister, I sat upon the sandy dunes and watched, in dreamy silence, sails appear and disappear in the distant blending of wave and sky. The majestic steamer puffing past with her load of human freight; the sighing of the wind through the pines near; and above all, the feeling of perfect companionship. We were so happy that there was no need of words.

Then my thoughts slip along to hours too sacred for description, to hours of love and days of perfect joy, some, like that of motherhood, born of intense agony. On, and on, slowly; as the fruit grows lower; to my present years, when, like Evangeline I often rock my babes to sleep with the thought that after all, life gives no joy so deep and sweet, no peace, no content like this.

And so I reason that that hour which upon the wings of its intense pleasure, lifts us above the fret and care of life, into an atmosphere of purity of thought, peace of heart and high purpose, drops naturally into the niche in memory which holds, perhaps, many different dates, each labeled "Our happiest time." A. H. J.

#### POULTRY EXPERIENCES.

Bess wants some of the sisterhood to narrate their experiences in the chicken business, I suppose with the idea of encouraging some fainting sister to "take heart again." I do not know that my adventures would operate in that manner exactly, yet the lessons of our failures are sometimes profitable. I went into the chicken business and housekeeping at the same date. You can keep chickens if you don't keep house, but housekeeping seems to require chickens, especially in the matter of omelets and potpies. Six little black hens and a belligerent rooster to match, of no breed known to chicken fanciers, composed our first stock. But I question whether even standard Plymouth Rocks, "bred to a feather," would lay more eggs than did these greedy, half-wild fowls the first year in their new home, and they went into winter quarters increased to a round score, which were considered worthy of perpetuating their lineage.

An old "tumble-down shed" was their "house;" how I begged for a better one! But there were so many things to buy, so much fixing up to do, that the chickens could not be attended to, so eggs, though fairly numerous through the winter, were generally frozen before they were found. The second summer I sold many dozens of eggs at prices which would have been really very unremunerative, only you know the proverb says a hen's time is of no particular value. But the 20 dozen I packed in salt for the winter market, netted me a neat little profit above summer prices, which encouraged me to persevere.

The third season I decided the little

black hen had outlived her usefulness on our farm; and as I had often noticed the fine large fowls on the premises of an acquaintance living several miles away, I approached her with a proposition to "change eggs," telling her I had often admired her chickens, and would like to have some of that kind. Will you believe that the disobliging thing actually refused to exchange with me! I heard afterward that she paid \$3 for her own "start" in that breed, and by keeping it pure, made a good deal of spending money by selling eggs and fowls at fancy prices. But I thought it was downright mean in her to refuse such a slight favor to a neighbor—though to be sure we were not very well acquainted. My eggs were just as good as hers to cook with. But another of my friends gave me a couple of "sittings," with which I had very good luck. But such birds! Their necks were so long they could look into the parlor windows, and they seemed to walk round on stilts. And eat! If you had fed one of them a bushel of shelled corn it would have gobbled it all and then tried to eat the basket. They were recommended as being excellent fowls for the table; but the carving process was rather like dissecting a windmill.

I may as well acknowledge right here that one great obstacle to my success in poultry raising was due to a family trait—obstinacy. Now Socrates (the masculine head of the family) never ate chicken. He said once that chickens were filthy beasts (Socrates occasionally got mixed a little in the natural sciences), but as he never refused pork in any form, I was at a loss to understand his fastidiousness. Hence, he would kill the chickens after considerable persuasion, but he would not dress them. I insisted that it was not my part to do the butchering, that as he never asked me to dress the swine at the annual slaughter, he had no business to expect me to dress fowls, so I would not dress them. Naturally, chickens were seldom served at our table; and really I did not mind, for Socrates would look so disgustingly at a platter-full of fried chicken that it always took away my appetite—I think he wanted a piece dreadfully, and was disgusted with himself because he was too stubborn to give up and have some. So of course all the chicks were sold "on foot" at low rates, and though Socrates always picked out the largest and best when the buyer came, and left the late ones and little fellows to "grow bigger," I did not seem to get rich on the sales. Socrates had a very disagreeable way of speaking about the meagerness of the returns, too, which often hurt my feelings; I have always been sure if we had had a chicken house with a cupola on top we should have got higher prices—we would have had better fowls in it.

Socrates seemed to have a very unjust prejudice against hens; in his idea they were always where they ought not to be, and never where they ought. He was so vexed because they ate off a little patch of freshly sown grain one fall, that he declared he wished there wasn't a "cussed hen" on the farm, and threatened to get down the old musket that belonged to grandfather, and "blow 'em all to blazes,"

wherever that may be. I was not afraid for the chickens—they were wild as hawks, but I did tremble for Socrates, for the old musket had a "kick" equal to "Baby Anson's." Now I prided myself on my diplomacy, and on managing Socrates very judiciously. So I told him that I would consent to the banishment of the hens if he would agree to live for three weeks, without murmuring, on a diet into which eggs should not enter. (I wanted to pack a lot of eggs for winter, and they were pretty scarce.) He agreed readily, and I drew up a written agreement (I had known Socrates a long time) to the above effect, which he signed and which I put in a drawer where it would be handy. Then I put that poor man through a course of dieting which did not agree with him at all, but which he bore with Spartan-like fortitude for a week, only forgetting himself once by asking "why in thunder" we never had any more doughnuts for breakfast. Socrates always relished half a dozen doughnuts with his coffee. But he never said a word when I remarked "It takes eggs to make doughnuts." No custard pies, or puddings, no omelets, no poached eggs on toast, no muffins, no cake except some cookies which I am afraid I maliciously made as hard and dry as I could—none of his favorite dishes made their appearance till he said, after breakfast one morning, "Oh, hang it, 'Toodles', (Toodles was a very undignified name by which he *would* sometimes call me) give us something to eat and keep your confounded cacklers. I cave; I'll never say a word if they eat up the whole ten acres." Socrates was inclined to a conversational style more noticeable for its forcefulness than for elegance. And what a custard pie we had for dessert that day!

I always read the alluring reports of profits of poultry raising published in our agricultural papers—with the name of the breed spelled out in full—very much as I do Haggard's novels, merely as amusing fiction. When you come to encounter the roup, cholera, lice, and the inherent perversity of the average hen, which makes her do everything you don't want her to do and nothing you do, you find there's a good deal of romance somewhere. When somebody produces a hen that won't insist on laying an egg a day when they are worth eight cents a dozen, and one in two months when eggs are quoted at thirty cents, I'll go into the business, till then "excuse me!"

PLYMOUTH ROCK.

#### ERRORS IN JUDGMENT.

Wherein lies the remedy for one whose perceptive faults are so obtuse, though she earnestly desires to act for the good of those around her, that every day her friends are made to suffer for her want of judgment? If it were only once, but its name is legion; and though it is natural to expect that experience would be a stern teacher, it does not answer in this place. It seems that the experience gained in one case, bitter as it is, will not answer for another. If one could only lie passive, and not feel that the happiness of those connected (to a certain degree) depended on her, how much easier it would be to live! But we must go on. Sisters of the HOUSEHOLD, where shall help be found? Dot.



# THE HOUSEHOLD.

## HAPPINESS.

[ Paper read by Mrs. E. Liott T. Sprague, at the meeting of the Athens, Calhoun Co., Farmers' Club, Sept. 2d.]

"Its no in titles, nor in ranks;  
Its no wealth like Lon'on banks,  
To purchase peace and rest;  
Its no in making muckle gear;  
Its no in books, its no in law;  
To make us truly blest.  
If happiness has not her seat  
And center in the breast,  
We may be wise or rich, or great,  
But never can be blest;  
Nae treasures nor p'asures,  
Could make us happy long.  
The heart aye's the part aye,  
That makes us right or wrong."

If there is any one trait of character to which all members of the human family must plead guilty, it is discontent. Poor old humanity, whether clad in purple and fine linen, or beggar's rags, stalks around with the same dissatisfied expression, the same fault-finding tones. No one seems quite contented with his or her position, surroundings or income. Royalty is always avaricious for more kingdoms over which to wield the sceptre; the man in moderate circumstances is envious of his millionaire neighbor, and the laborer of the rich land owner. Monopoly and equalization are the cries of the day.

If a "contented mind be a continual feast," then truly many go unfed in this land of plenty. No matter how large and productive the farm, the owner's eye will rove to "Jones' medder" or a timber lot that would join so nicely, and he talks economy and saving to his wife till she can scarcely distinguish the dividing line between prudence and stinginess, and tries desperately to think with him, that perfect happiness means owning the largest farm in town. It crops out in infancy, mere babes crying for each others' play-things and toys. What we possess never makes us quite as happy as we fancy something would that lies far beyond our reach.

"The valley seems full of contentment,  
Which the mountain conceals from our eyes,  
But when we have climbed the embankment,  
The mystical beauty flies."

The boy standing on the threshold of manhood, with plenty of money and a rich father to fall back on in case of emergency, finds happiness in owning a good stepper and stylish buggy, with which to spin along the public thoroughfare, and take no one's dust; while to the average young man the knowledge that his best girl does not like ice cream or bananas, fills his soul with wonder and admiration. The railroad magnate takes comfort in a cruise around the world in a steam yacht, of which modern luxury he is the happy owner, while the ex-congressman finds a trip to Europe a source of happiness. The society girl thinks that as many beaus as can be counted conveniently on her ten digits, is the height of earthly bliss. If invitations in such numbers as to fill the entire time of one clerk, and delegations from all parts of the country pouring in on our President, can cause happiness, then certainly we must class Cleveland as the A No. 1 happy man in the United States. We are largely creatures of habit. Just as there are worms which take their color from the leaves they feed upon, so unconsciously we mold ourselves after those with whom we are in daily contact.

There is a strong magnetic affinity in

people, which insensibly tends to assimilate man. Every person has two educations, one which he receives from others, and one which he gives himself. Many people in their inordinate desire to become rich, fall into the settled habit of being grasping and avaricious, they hardly realize that they are branded so by their fellow men. We do not always know when we have a habit. Just as lightly and imperceptibly as the snow falls upon the bare brown earth, flake by flake, until the huge drift is formed, so the small events of life, taken singly, may seem unimportant, but accumulated, are as firmly fixed as the rock strata, which in its several layers, marks a distinct epoch of time in the earth's history. We all know from experience that it is much easier to form a habit than to uproot it. Have you ever noticed how the letters cut in the bark of a tree grow and widen with age? Just so the little habits, formed in youth, bind us like cables in later years; we lose our free activity and individuality, or they become suspended in habit; our actions become of the nature of fate, we are powerless to resist.

Principle is but another word for habit. In like manner happiness may become habitual. It is just as easy to form the habit of looking on the bright side, as on the dark side. I have read somewhere that it was worth a cool thousand a year to a man to always look on the bright side of things, and we all possess the power to concentrate our thoughts upon objects which will yield us happiness and improvement rather than their opposites. We can direct our thoughts into pleasant channels, rather than brood over things which only tend to make us morose and disagreeable. How desirable then to have happy thoughts; they not only make our pathway bright, but color the lives of others. Burleigh told Queen Elizabeth "to win hearts and she had all men's hearts and purses."

(Concluded next week.)

## NOTES OF TRAVEL.

It was my fortune to take a trip on a crowded excursion boat not long ago, and I improved the opportunity to study humanity out upon what A. L. L. calls "a pleasure exertion." That it was an "exertion" to a good many of the excursionists was made evident by the weighty lunch baskets, whose varied contents suggested a day spent in baking and general preparation. "Why," I reasoned with myself, "do people bent upon a day of rest and recreation, tire themselves out getting ready to enjoy it, and further weary themselves carrying as much provision as if they expected the boat to be wrecked and cast upon a desert island, with nothing to eat unless they could rescue their baskets, when a 'square meal,' served comfortably, only costs half a dollar?" The cost of the provision prepared and purchased often amounts to as much as to buy dinners all round; and the wife must spend a day in the kitchen getting it ready. One hot morning in July I saw a party of three, man, wife, and child of ten or twelve, en route for one of our river boats, and I really thought they must have been going into the woods to starve. The man was struggling with two market baskets and a tin

pail, the wife had one big basket, one little one and a bundle, while the small boy bore a pail, a fruit basket and a hammock. The man was delivering a very energetic opinion on the folly of carrying so much baggage, to which the wife listened with a woman's accustomed meekness, and the lad had dropped part of his burden in despair as he tugged viciously at the wide starched collar round his neck. All were tired out before they were fairly started, and would not get half the pleasure out of the day that they would had they gone, unencumbered, with the money that elaborate lunch cost in their pockets to buy a dinner. Take my advice; if you go away for rest and a change make it really a rest, be reckless in the matter of expenditure for one day only, buy your meals, and be blessed with little or no luggage.

There was a party of ladies on board the boat, with five children ranging from four to ten years of age. The boat had hardly left the dock before the children began to eat. Apples first, then pears, then a couple of peaches apiece; then they chewed gum. Then they began again on fruit, and so they kept it up all day. No one said a word; they helped themselves as they pleased. But if some of those mothers did not have a case of colic or cholera morbus to look after within twenty-four hours, then I'm no judge of the capabilities of the juvenile stomach. And they will say: "Oh, it always makes the children sick to go on the boat!" when it was simply overeating, unbridled license in green fruit, that caused the sickness. How easy it is to lay blame on irresponsible agencies rather than shoulder it ourselves! But the children were not the only offenders. Before we were ten miles from the city, lunch baskets were opened and the eating began, and by eleven o'clock the whole excursion was steadily and patiently going through its lunch baskets.

Lunch baskets to right of us,  
Lunch baskets to left of us,  
Lunch baskets in front of us  
Pickles and sandwiches,

cheese, hard boiled eggs, sardines, "pop," bottled beer, cold tea, pie and pretzels, and the odors thereof rose like incense to a Saint Soyer. One woman flourished a turkey's drumstick as a baton while she ordered the children to "stan' round;" and another left off berating her minister to open a pop bottle with a hairpin. I watched a young girl eat a whole tumbler-ful of beet pickles; then she finished up with cake and bananas. "What do people go on excursions for?" "To eat," came the prompt response. Next day two-thirds of the excursionists will have headaches, colds, and neuralgia, and they'll lay it all to "the motion of the boat," when it was simply the natural result of eating too much, too many dainties, and keeping it up all day long. Moral: If you go to a picnic or excursion and do not wish to be "most sick" for a week after, either buy a warm dinner, if practicable, or else eat a moderate lunch of sandwiches and other plain food, at the usual hour for dinner, and nothing more till time for supper. If humanity ever makes a gourmand of itself it is at picnics and excursions; it is as if there was no pleasure in anything but eating.



It was positively disgusting to see the deck of that boat, so neat and clean when we came on board, after "the animals began to feed" as one expressed it. Everything not wanted was thrown on the floor; the children dropped apple cores and peanut shells, the women pickle ends and bread crusts; I saw one man throw half a glass of lemonade, with several slices of lemon in it, on the deck, and later had the happiness of seeing his child slip and fall on one of those same slippery slices. Why people who are presumably well bred, decently neat and tidy at home, should be so utterly regardless of what is decent in public, I really cannot see. Because boats and railroad cars are public conveyances, some people seem to think they have a right to be as dirty and disagreeable as they please. They would not think of throwing waste of any kind on a neighbor's sidewalk, or dropping an apple core on his floor, but they will throw half a greasy sandwich on the brussels carpet of a steamer's cabin, or a buttered biscuit on the deck, for others to step on or sit down upon, with no compunctions of conscience. And my private opinion of such people is that they have no more manners or breeding than those four-footed animals that have long been the type of disregard for anything but self, and utter absence of common decency.

DETROIT.

L. C.

## FROM GRAND TRAVERSE.

I wish to ask the question—does the HOUSEHOLD recognize the Grange? I would like to call the roll and see how many of the sisterhood are members of the order; I know of some who are and others who are not, and to those who wish to read about it I will give a short account of a very pleasant Grange meeting which was held at Old Mission, September 8th and 9th, it being the occasion of dedicating the new Grange hall at that place, also the meeting of the Grand Traverse County Pomona Grange. The dedicatory exercises were public and a large number of people were present in the afternoon. The exercises were ably conducted by the State Lecturer, Jason Woodman, of Paw Paw. He also delivered an excellent lecture in the evening, which was well attended and appreciated by all. Why can not more people see that the Grange is a school, an educator; a place wherein one may prepare for more important duties? Brings the young into the Grange and teach them self-reliance. Teach them not only the value of dollars and cents, but also the worth of brains and the ability to make use of what they possess, both for their own good and that of others. Active brains go far toward making good and successful farmers and farmers' wives. The brawn and muscle of a man would hardly earn him a living, were it not for the brain with which he guides them.

The last time I wrote I promised to talk at some future time about the crops which were raised in this section. I will not mention the dry weather with which crops of all kinds had to contend. Corn is good; better, old farmers say, than it has been in twenty years. Potatoes have suffered most of anything, but are quite plenty though small; wheat about an average,

never a heavy crop here; hay plenty and of excellent quality; clover seed good and well filled. Last but not least by any means, I will mention the famous Grand Traverse fruit grown on our beautiful little peninsula. Fruit of all kinds has been both plentiful and particularly fine this season. Most of it has brought good prices in Chicago. We hope ye Editor will sample it direct from tree and vine another year. Truly we ought to feel grateful for our loving Father's goodness and for His many benefits. He has kept our gardens green when in some sections drouth severe and long prevailed. But now we must bear in mind that

"Summer is past; and autumn, hoary sire,  
Leans on the breast of winter to expire."

How we dread the long cold stormy days that are to come very soon! Snow piled high; roads blocked for days at a time. Ah, well, it will all pass by again, even too quickly some of us may think; and let us not forget that

"Here, within our home we hold the priceless power  
To keep a little world as cheery as we will;  
To light the gloom with face of friend or flower,  
And all the space with voiceful music fill."

And now I will close by discarding my old *nom de plume*, Mollie Moonshine, and henceforth will sign myself

OLD MISSION.

MRS. E. O. LADD.

## AN INQUIRY.

Will Beatrix, or some other member of the HOUSEHOLD, please tell me how to wash a wine colored gingham dress, so as to brighten it where it has been faded by the sun?

MRS. H. L. F.

[We fear our correspondent has asked us an impossibility. We have never heard of any way by which the color of any goods, faded by sun or by washing, can be renewed, except that sponging with chloroform is said to restore the color of sun-faded plush. This would be too expensive in the case mentioned, even if it should by any chance prove effectual.]

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

STRAWBERRIES dried in sugar are said to be an excellent substitute for raisins in cakes, puddings and mince pies.

COPPERAS, being a salt of iron, also extensively used in dyeing black and making ink, we think cannot be removed from any goods stained by it.

WRING a cloth out of water as hot as you can comfortably bear your hands in it, fold it in brown paper and lay it on the hot stove, and in a few moments it will be heated as hot as the patient can bear, without the usual pain and scalding of the hands by the attempt to wring it out of very hot water.

WHEN it is not convenient to take locks apart in the event of keys being lost, stolen or missing, when you wish to fit a new key, take a lighted match or candle and smoke the new key in the flame, introduce it carefully into the keyhole, press it firmly against the opposing wards of the lock, withdraw it, and the indentations in the smoked part of the key will show you exactly where to file.

A PHYSICIAN says a good bed is one made of corn husks, inclosed in a case of ticking, made like a regular mattress tick. Over this spread a comfort made very soft and thick, containing six or eight pounds of cotton. The husks can be renewed whenever necessary, and the comfort aired on the clothes-line every day.

KEEP your bread knife sharp, so as not to waste the bread by crumbling it in cutting. Do not cut bread, butter, cake, or any thing else, in fact, with a knife that has been used to cut cheese, or onions, until it has been thoroughly purified. The food cut is sure to partake of the flavor of the stronger article, to the disgust of those who are to eat the food thus contaminated.

"ELNO," of Ypsilanti, violates two important rules to be observed in writing for publication; she writes on both sides of her paper and omits to give her real name. The compositors would bless her if she would come again, remedying these omissions, for her handwriting is most excellent.

OUR thanks are tendered to Mrs. E. O. Ladd, of Old Mission, Grand Traverse Co., for two crates of very fine apples and pears forwarded to the HOUSEHOLD Editor. Judging from the excellence of these samples, Grand Traverse is to be assigned a foremost place among our fruit growing counties, a position, indeed, which is being conceded to it as its resources and possibilities are being developed.

## Contributed Recipes.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLES.—Select firm light green tomatoes cut them in thin slices, without peeling, and lay them in a weak brine, using about a cup of salt to a gallon of water. Let the tomatoes remain in this brine for twenty-four hours; remove and rinse them in cold water, put them in a boiler and cover them with vinegar. Use two quarts of sugar to every quart of vinegar. Cook the tomatoes till they are done, but not till they break; it will take fifteen minutes. Add an ounce of cassia buds, an ounce of cinnamon, an ounce of whole cloves, an ounce of whole mace and an ounce of sliced ginger root to every quart of vinegar. Cook the ginger root in the vinegar with the tomatoes, and add the other spices just before you remove the pickle from the fire. B.

HERMIT CAKE.—One cup butter; one and a half cups sugar; one cup stoned raisins or currants; three eggs; one teaspoonful soda dissolved in three tablespoonsfuls sour milk; one tablespoonful mixed spices; flour to roll. Roll half an inch thick, cut and bake like cookies. C. N. H.

JONESVILLE.

TURBOT.—Six pounds of fish, either pickerel or white fish is the best. Boil, and when cold pick out all the bones. For the dressing, take one quart of milk, one bunch of parsley, (small bunch), a very little onion, a little salt, boil in the farina kettle, and thicken. When cold stir in one beaten egg and a little butter. Butter a baking dish, and put in a layer of fish, then a layer of sauce, until the dish is full, having the sauce last; cover with powdered crackers, and bake half an hour.

CORN FRITTERS.—One dozen ears of corn, grated; two eggs; half cup butter; tablespoonful salt; a little pepper; two cups sifted flour; teaspoonful baking powder; one cup of milk. Fry in hot lard. Mrs. C.

DETROIT.